

A
RABBI
with the
AMERICAN
RED CROSS

BY
FERDINAND M. ISSERMAN



introduction by
BISHOP IVAN LEE HOLT

FERDINAND M. ISSERMAN

A RABBI

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AMERICAN RED CROSS

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To
IBI
and
JUNY

Preface

My battlefield experiences were cleared through the censors by the Public Relations Department of the American Red Cross in Algiers and sent to headquarters in Washington to be used as Red Cross officials saw fit. My Town Hall and subsequent activities were kept in a leather-bound notebook given to me by the 1943 Confirmation Class of Temple Israel, of which my son was a member. Unfortunately, I was not present for his confirmation, though I attended his Bar Mitzvah. The rest of this material I gathered from letters or memory. Thornton Wilder first suggested that I put it all in book form. So here it is. My varied overseas experiences gave me a ringside seat both on the battlefield in Tunisia and at headquarters in Algiers.

This book I hope will bring to its readers a sense of the dignity in many war situations of the American soldier by whose side I labored, an awareness of the importance of the home population to the armed forces in time of war, and an appreciation of the invaluable and gentle ministry carried on by civilians through its Red Cross representatives. I have tried to make a record of the reactions of the G. I. in the war zone, as well as of the environment in which he lived, worked and fought.

I do not sit in judgment on events, nor evaluate them. I merely record them. I volunteered to go overseas as I desired to be under fire for my country, whose blessings I had enjoyed. In many wars, others had risked their lives for my liberty. Why should I not do as much? In World War I, I had waived my exemption as a theological student to enlist in the army, but never left our shores. Through the American Red Cross, I had a chance to serve my country at a battle-front.

I am appreciative of all who encouraged the publication of

this book, but especially to Nathan S. Bender, a vice-president of Temple Israel, and a good friend of many years. The brunt of many details in its preparation fell on my secretary, Sara Gervich. Rabbi William Kramer served as the substitute at Temple Israel in my absence.

I am also grateful to the members of Congregation Temple Israel whose patriotism led them to spare me from my duties with them. One of them said to me the day I was leaving, and voiced their sentiments, "Don't worry about the congregation. We shall look after things when you are gone." And they did.

FERDINAND M. ISSERMAN

St. Louis, Missouri

March 4, 1958

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Introduction

Some years ago a young rabbi came to St. Louis from Toronto to minister to the congregation of Temple Israel. He was following Rabbi Leon Harrison, one of the most popular speakers St. Louis had ever known. Soon he made his own place in the life of the city and began to build a reputation for eloquence and dynamic leadership.

On the corner where his Temple was located stood the Second Baptist Church and St. John's Methodist Church. It has been known for years as Holy Corners, and there is not in America any corner with more pretentious religious buildings. I was the minister of St. John's Methodist Church when Ferdinand M. Isserman began his ministry at Temple Israel. He manifested such a spirit of cooperation that we planned annual dinners of the men of the Second Baptist Church, Temple Israel and St. John's Methodist Church. Those dinners have continued over a period of more than twenty-five years. For some years there was a joint service of the Sunday schools of Temple Israel and St. John's Methodist Church on Armistice Sunday. But Dr. Isserman's adventures in fellowship extended further. He was one of the organizers of the Conference in St. Louis of Catholics, Jews and Protestants. Often he provided in Brotherhood Week significant discussions of faith. On many occasions he invited me to speak in his pulpit. When I was elected a bishop in the Methodist Church, a telegram from him urged me to speak at the Temple on my return to St. Louis. It was my first sermon after I became a bishop, before I had spoken in my own church. His spirit was revealed in the closing moments of that service. Turning to me, he asked if he might open the doors of the ark of the covenant and pronounce a blessing on me. I doubt if such a thing was ever done before in the United States or the world.

There were tears in our eyes and in the eyes of our people in the pews. Reports of it went over the nation. While some persons of a fanatical type wrote me letters of criticism, it was recognized as one of the high moments of spiritual fellowship in American religious history. In the city of St. Louis is a large Negro population, and long before the Supreme Court decision on school integration, this Jewish rabbi was pleading for recognition of the rights of Negro citizens. It is a fact that no white man in the city is honored by its Negro citizenry more widely than he. In his recognition of human rights, he was from the first a protagonist for social justice. Some people disagreed with his positions, but he was ever courageous in his defense of them. He was interested in world situations, and when Hitler began his persecution of the Jews in Germany, he went to that country to study the situation. Perhaps the most graphic and stirring address ever given in St. Louis on the treatment of the Jews in Germany was given by Dr. Isserman at Christ Church Cathedral of the Episcopal Church before a congregation that was largely Christian. No one who heard it will ever forget its emotional appeal. He was honored by Central College of the Methodist Church with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the only Jewish leader in the college's history to receive such recognition. On a recent trip around the world, he spoke in the leading Methodist Church of Melbourne, Australia, in a service which has the largest radio audience in the Commonwealth. On that trip he encouraged many Jewish groups in communities where sometimes the Jewish people were too small a minority to have regular services. A man with such social passion and world outlook has been in great demand as a lecturer and commencement speaker at colleges and universities all over the United States.

The conscience of this man led him into service with the American Red Cross in its ministry to soldiers in the field. He was assigned to the American Army, and found himself in North Africa in the days of bitter fighting. This book he has written is a record and story of the American Red Cross, but it is more than that. It is an amazing revelation of contacts with all the types of fighting men in the American Army, and reveals a human approach to all these varied types. He overcame the

prejudices of many who had made up their minds to resent both the man or the service he rendered. These are insights of religious interpretation to sympathetic and unsympathetic groups, and every reader will be thrilled by this story of a devoted man, serving his country, a great cause, and other human beings. In a world scene and with an entirely different background, the author is a servant of the human race as he had been in his chosen city of St. Louis. The reader of this book will be a far better informed man, and a man with a wider horizon. I hope the book will have the circulation and sale it merits.

IVAN LEE HOLT

Retired Bishop of the Methodist Church
President of the World Methodist Conference
Former President of the National Council of
Churches of Christ in America

On the plane between London and New York, August 7, 1958

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AT HIS SIDE

The official story of the American Red Cross Overseas in World War II was told by George Korson in his book, *At His Side*. (Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, 1945). In it he gives the following description of my work:

"Another significant development was the Town Hall program sponsored by the American Red Cross.

"Based on the traditional New England type of forum, the Red Cross Town Hall met the distinct need among intelligent United States Army officers and enlisted men for the kind of thinking stimulated by free discussions. For those men who had little or no conception of what the United States was fighting for, this project opened new horizons. It made them far less susceptible to enemy propaganda broadcasts at the front, and lent significance to their sacrifices.

"While novel among American forces, the type of program was well established among the members of the British Army in North Africa. It was carried on by the British Army Education Corps, whose chief purpose was to stimulate clear thinking by means of informal talks and group discussions. The British appeared keenly aware that the post-war world would be shaped largely by the men who were doing the fighting, and the B.A.E.C. speakers' program was aimed at informing British soldiers.

"Red Cross Town Hall hoped to do the same for American soldiers.

"The idea was conceived by Dr. Ferdinand M. Isserman, rabbi of Temple Israel, St. Louis, Missouri, in the spring of 1943. Dr. Isserman, who had come to North Africa as a volunteer special American Red Cross representative, spent four weeks of the final phase of the Tunisian campaign at the front. There he noticed how eagerly the American soldiers awaited the daily seven-o'clock broadcast of the British Broadcasting Company. This confirmed his belief that many fighting men, however

much their talk and wishes were concerned with physical comforts, also were keenly interested in the world about them.

"Upon his return from the front Dr. Isserman persuaded Red Cross club leaders to sponsor a Town Hall program as part of their recreational program in the North African theater. After Army clearance, the club leaders were willing to experiment.

"Eager to make an auspicious start, the St. Louis rabbi scoured Algiers for a good speaker. At a rest camp he first approached Ernie Pyle. While entirely sympathetic, Ernie begged off with the statement that for him speaking in public was an unendurable ordeal. Fred Painton of the *Reader's Digest* launched Town Hall with a lecture on Why Battles Are Boring based on his experiences in the Tunisian campaign. The lecture, given at the Red Cross officers' club in Algiers on June 7, 1943, won Painton an ovation from the two hundred officers present. The experiment was a success.

"The next morning Captain Robert Neville, editor of *Stars and Stripes*, received a letter from a sergeant inquiring why this type of program was given to officers only, and not to enlisted men. This letter led to Town Hall's being extended to the Red Cross enlisted men's club in Algiers. The first speaker there was Relman Morin, former head of the Associated Press bureau in Tokyo, who spoke on What Led Japan on the Road to War. The following week Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, the President's son, addressed a capacity audience on Photo Reconnaissance, the Eyes of the Army. When he finished, he was overwhelmed by some two hundred GI's demanding his autograph. He signed American dollar bills, French bank notes, and an assortment of paper scraps.

"With Dr. Isserman as moderator, Town Hall became a regular weekly feature on Monday evenings at the Red Cross officers' club and on Friday evenings at the Red Cross enlisted men's club. Subsequently, under Town Hall auspices, groups of officers and men gathered at theaters, lecture halls, overseas clubs, airfields, rest camps, bivouac areas, and hospitals in French North Africa.

"One thing Town Hall always insisted upon was complete

freedom of speech, and lively discussions developed at every meeting. The Army protected itself by ruling out operational subjects.

"A significant development early in Town Hall history was the exchange of speakers with the British Army Education Corps and the Comite de la Liberation. This led to a notable improvement in mutual understanding among the three chief allies in North Africa—Americans, British, and French.

"Town Hall audiences regularly heard well-known war correspondents, authors, historians, diplomats, and Allied Army officers. Some of the speakers were: Robert Murphy, President Roosevelt's personal representative in North Africa, who spoke on *Some Phases of Our French Policy*; Harold Macmillan, M.P., British Minister Resident in North Africa; M. Henri Bonnet, Minister of Information of the French National Committee of Liberation; Andre Maurois, Captain Leon Torrou, ace G-man who tracked down Nazi spies in America before the war, Major Melvin Purvis, another FBI agent, and Captain Robert Neville, editor of *Stars and Stripes*.

"Also the following British and American war correspondents: Gerald Norman, *London Times*; Demaree Bess, *Saturday Evening Post*; Helen Kirkpatrick, *Chicago Daily News*; Drew Middleton, *New York Times*; Cy Peterman, *Philadelphia Inquirer*; Quentin Reynolds, *Collier's*; Roland Stead, *Christian Science Monitor*; Merrill Red Mueller, NBC and *Newsweek*; H. R. Knickerbocker, *Chicago Sun*, and Pierre Huss, International News Service.

"Upon Dr. Isserman's return to the United States in the summer of 1943, Professor A. Buel Trowbridge, on leave of absence from Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, was appointed by the Red Cross to take over direction of Town Hall."

What Mr. Korson has told in *At His Side* on a large canvas covering the far-flung overseas operations of the Red Cross, I have tried to tell in great detail of one segment of the operation. I can compare his work to photo reconnaissance. He has made his picture from a high altitude. I have given a picture in detail of the intimate day-to-day operations in a small sector of American Red Cross war work.

MY DEPARTURE FOR WAR WORK

On Sunday February 28, 1943, I preached my farewell sermon at Temple Israel, St. Louis, Missouri, prior to my departure for six months' overseas service with the American Red Cross. Neither the Midwestern Area Red Cross officials nor I knew in just what capacity I was to function or to which theatre of war I was to be sent. Because my enlistment was for a six-month period, the Far East was out of the question. It would take too long getting there. The authorities had planned to send me to England until they ran into a transportation snag and then sent me to North Africa. I had been given the rank of club director, a title to give me some status. I preferred not to do administrative work but rather to work in personal contact with American soldiers. It was understood that upon my arrival in the theater of war the Red Cross delegate would decide how best to employ my services. The Red Cross authorities also hoped that my work would be varied so that on my return, I might be in a position to interpret overseas Red Cross activities to the American public.

At the concluding services, the children of the Sunday school presented me with a recognition bracelet, which I took off only once in six months, a Bible and a leather-bound notebook, which might serve as a diary. After the services when I came to my study to dictate a few last messages to my secretary, I found that a friend had left me a bag, partially of leather and partially of canvas. I had almost decided not to take it with me (I had too much baggage) but I rejected that as being discourteous and ungrateful to the giver. I decided to take it to Washington and then perhaps send it home with my civilian clothes. This odd-looking canvas and leather bag proved to be one of my most cherished possessions. It was a musette bag, the most useful piece of baggage a soldier possesses, of which there was a scarcity. Its contents are never considered part of the baggage weight on plane flights. When I left Algiers by plane to return to the United States an officer in the air transport command told me that my baggage was limited to 55 pounds. "But anything that you can stuff in your musette bag does not count as that is con-

sidered part of your personal equipment." While driving to the station after the services with twenty minutes left to make the train, I was stopped by a policeman because I had not attached my 1943 license plate to my car. He was going to insist that I attach it immediately. When I told him that I was headed for an overseas mission for the Red Cross and had to make a train in fifteen minutes, he reluctantly permitted me to proceed. On March first, as per schedule, I arrived in Washington and joined the 58th class of the American Red Cross training school. On my return I addressed two training classes which I believe were the 98th and 99th. From a rookie freshman, on March first, I had become a sophisticated alumnus on the first of September. This was characteristic of the blitz tempo of this war. On the morning of March first I reported at the Red Cross training school in the Printcraft building, Washington, D.C., for a period of orientation before being sent overseas. Besides carrying on its traditional functions of serving the ill and the wounded in military hospitals and through field directors maintaining the tie between the soldier and civilian life, functions carried on both domestically and overseas, the American Red Cross had been asked by the United States Army to be the sole civilian morale-building agency in all overseas areas. This was a big order and demanded prompt, efficient and large scale efforts, supplies, equipment, personnel. Facilities had to be provided and planned for the millions of Americans who were destined to serve in the armed forces overseas.

The army was moved to ask the American Red Cross to take charge of all recreational activities with the armed forces outside of the United States because of its unpleasant experiences in World War I. At that time, many denominational recreational agencies sent personnel over with the troops. The army had great difficulty coordinating them and satisfying the legitimate aspirations of their representatives. There was a good deal of overlapping, rivalry, and competition. At that time there was no USO. The agencies all found it necessary to publicize their activities to keep the funds flowing to maintain them. Consequently, their representatives were all anxious to do the dramatic things which would remind their supporters at home of their

great usefulness to the armed forces overseas. This situation made it very difficult for the army and rendered coordination almost impossible. Therefore, the army decided to work with one recreational agency overseas and selected the Red Cross because of its good experience with it for many years and because it represented every segment of the population. The army had to have civilians to do this work.

It was to this new phase of Red Cross work to which I was to be assigned. I should have preferred to have been a Red Cross field director. But they are generally attached to units in the United States and only go overseas if and when their units move overseas. They serve for the duration. For immediate overseas service some phase of the morale-building program was to be mine. On Tuesday, March 2, I appeared among the Red Cross trainees in my uniform. It is the uniform of officers of the army with exception of the buttons and insignia which contain Red Cross symbols. It was quite a problem at first to affix the insignia correctly and accurately. These details are unimportant yet important. Red Cross workers are always urged to conform to military regulations. They serve with the military and while the violation of minor regulations might hardly be noticed, it is bad policy on the part of Red Cross personnel to jeopardize good relationship with the army by carelessness about its rules. Correct dress in the army is essential not merely for the sake of appearance but also because careful obedience to minor orders on inconsequential matters leads to exact obedience on major matters when lives are at stake. New Zealand soldiers are noted for their independence which, admirable as it is in civilian life, may lead to difficulties if not curbed in a battle situation. It actually happened that the refusal of a unit of New Zealanders to obey their officers after they had taken a certain position from the Germans and their headlong plunge in in violation of their officers' commands towards another German position led to some of them being the victims of strafing by American fighters. They had been ordered to strafe certain positions where there were German soldiers and had been assured that no New Zealanders would be in these areas. Thus, the New Zealanders'

reluctance to obey their officers in critical situations had tragic results.

INDOCTRINATION

The indoctrination classes of the Red Cross have a three-fold purpose. First, to acquaint the trainee with the aims, purposes and history of the International and the American Red Cross. Secondly, to acquaint him with the traditions of the army and the relationship of the Red Cross work to the army and thirdly, to acquaint him with specific tasks that he might be expected to perform in overseas situations. It was a great privilege to hear from some of the men and women, who have made the American Red Cross what it is, its aims, ideals and goals. It was a treat to sit at the feet of Miss Mable Boardman, Secretary of the A.R.C. who herself personifies the finest ideals of Red Cross, and to hear from her lips its humanity, its internationalism, its consideration for the weak, its chivalry, its readiness to serve human beings in distress, its generosity, the epic story of this great effort to minimize human suffering midst war and catastrophe. There was a dignity about her, a grace to her speech, and a nobility in the words she chose. A trainee could not but feel that by joining the Red Cross, he received a rich heritage, that the wearing of its insignia was a privilege, an obligation and a challenge. There was something inspiring about these presentations, something which was bound to abide and to be of help in times of crises. Inspiring others is part of my job and I must confess that I was touched by the indoctrination course. Besides getting an appreciation of the breadth of the Red Cross, I got the feeling that it was prepared to back with its resources the humblest of its workers. You are made to feel that in a time of crisis, of acute crisis, when help was needed, you who represented the Red Cross had the right to commit it and to use its resources to help overcome the crisis. This gave you a tremendous amount of confidence in yourself and a pride that this great trust was placed in your hands. On very few occasions was I called upon to make any commitments for the Red Cross without previous consultation, but the fact that in case of an emergency I could

do so, gave me poise, strength, and confidence which I am sure reflected itself in all my endeavors. In these classes I learned of the varied activities of the Red Cross, of its civilian program, of its hospital tasks, of its nursing aid safety work, of its contribution to nutrition, of its emergency calamity services, of its international concerns, of its volunteers, staff and executives. Though I had been active in civic affairs, my knowledge of the Red Cross was superficial. I knew that it was doing good work, but I knew neither the universal scope of its ramified concerns nor of the large variety of causes which find refuge under its banner.

The matter of introduction to the army was carried on by army officers. Wherever the Red Cross functions in a war situation, it is subordinate to the army. Its personnel must obey the orders of the commander-in-chief. The Red Cross may only function at the request of the army and only as long as the army desires it. Though a civilian organization, it is subject to military control, and its personnel are governed by the articles of war as are members of the armed forces. The special services branch of the army was especially designated to cooperate with the Red Cross. At times it was suggested that special services assume full charge of morale and recreation in camp situations and the Red Cross in cities or in leave areas, but this division of function was not adhered to. One of the most effective pieces of work done by the Red Cross was in the Aero Clubs on airfields in the United Kingdom and at front line air bases in North Africa. Though subject to military regulations, the American Red Cross remained a civilian body representing the American public and its desire to make as comfortable as possible the living of our soldiers in war situations.

After the first week, the induction classes were divided—those being prepared for overseas were put in a special task-force class. There we were introduced to some of the thousand situations and circumstances which may arise overseas. An interesting exposition was made of the philosophy of recreation. Red Cross deals with adult soldiers. They know how they want to spend their leisure. Our task was not to impose on them our concept of recreation, but rather to help them find the

recreation they desire, provided of course that such recreation was not in contradiction with the highest values of life. We were cautioned not to foist upon soldiers what we enjoy, what we think is fun. We could make plans and suggestions. Theirs was the privilege to accept or reject. This philosophy has born a rich harvest. No soldier, I believe, has gotten the impression that the Red Cross is trying to put something over on him, or is trying to keep him from doing something he wants to do or to force upon him a program for which he does not care. It may be that the Red Cross programs have had an influence upon the recreational habits of our soldiers, but this influence is the result of the soldier's wanting what the Red Cross has to offer or preferring what it offered to other available amusements. In one air field, the commanding officer informed me that the daily requests for passes diminished from 71% to 11% as a result of Red Cross functioning. The soldiers, of their own free will, preferred the Red Cross recreation program to the recreation available in the pubs of nearby communities. Trainees too, were told time and time again, that the Red Cross' goal is to be of service, that it would like to make all of its service gratis, including sleeping accommodations and snack bars. The army had requested that certain minimum charges be placed both on items of food and overnight lodging. These charges were always far below cost, and no soldier can say that the Red Cross, at any time, made one sou of profit on any service that was rendered to him. In one area, I was informed that after costs were computed, the price set was forty per cent below cost. Two cents for a sandwich, four cents for a huge bowl of ice cream, twenty cents for a night's lodging on a bed with clean sheets, and nothing for coffee and fruit. These nominal charges were levied at the request of the military, who believed that our boys could and should pay these minimum amounts.

RUMORS ABOUT RED CROSS

Time and time again rumors crop up that Red Cross supplies intended to be given gratis to American troops were

sold by Red Cross personnel. No one can vouch what each one of the thousands of Red Cross personnel may have done in far-flung parts of the world in battle and other areas, but I know that the Red Cross was reluctant to sell anything to troops. Remembering the experiences of World War I, the Red Cross wanted to give away everything it had. Whenever it charged for anything, it did so at the command and insistence of the army which furnished the supplies. Because American troops were comparatively well-paid, the army believed it would help the morale of the men to pay small sums for extra luxuries which came from military and not from civilian resources. This, however, did not apply to wounded men in hospitals, or to men in battle areas. There, all Red Cross supplies were given away gratis. I personally gave away tens of thousands of packages of cigarettes. I gave them to men driving tanks in battle. I gave them to G. I.'s manning batteries. I personally ministered to the wounded in the battle zone, giving them my own personal comfort articles when Red Cross supplies were exhausted and unobtainable because of difficulties in transport. The foundation for the rumor, for example, of the sale of Red Cross cigarettes may be due to the fact that cigarettes intended for the Red Cross and bearing its label were delivered by mistake to a post-exchange, and those intended for a post-exchange were delivered to the Red Cross. The post-exchange, therefore, was selling Red Cross cigarettes, whereas the Red Cross was giving away unmarked cigarettes. Neither the Red Cross nor the post exchange were happy about this situation, but nothing could be done about it. To do so would have been to delay the distribution of cigarettes. The post exchange did not like it because it seemed as if soldiers were paying money for objects that they were supposed to receive gratis. The Red Cross did not like it because the Red Cross was giving away supplies, and not getting credit for it. In view of the wonderful publicity that the Red Cross received, the soldiers expected something free from the Red Cross.

Sometimes, Red Cross publicity was too good. The plan of having American Red Cross girls at the side of American

soldiers was widely publicized in magazines that reached the front. When boys saw my Red Cross insignia, they asked me where the girls were. They were not there because General Montgomery, in command of the Tunisian Theater of Operations, objected to the presence of women in the battle zone. In my own experiences, even when the Red Cross charged nominal sums like twenty-five cents for a hotel room, or a few cents for a corned beef sandwich, impossible to obtain elsewhere, it was incurring a financial loss. Some of the rumors about the sale of articles by the Red Cross were occasioned by bad feelings against it due to a variety of reasons. The Red Cross served only a fraction of the millions of troops overseas. Neither its personnel nor its resources were big enough to reach all. I believed that all in hospitals received Red Cross ministry. The boys who read of Red Cross services, but never personally came in contact with them, believed that the Red Cross was not on the job anywhere.

The Red Cross also made enemies because it was in charge of loans for troops. It reminds me of Shakespeare's adage, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend." The rules and regulations for the lending of this money were determined by the army. The Red Cross had to follow army policy. A soldier who knew he was going overseas in ten days and wanted a last fling in New York or San Francisco, or even a chance to go home before he went overseas and wanted to borrow money for that purpose from the Red Cross had to be turned down. Red Cross loans were available for emergencies like rushing a soldier to his ill wife, mother, father or child. They were not available for entertainment, however valuable as a morale factor. This was an army decision. To have been the banker for eleven-million men and women in the armed forces would have required huge resources. The army expected the Red Cross to collect this money, and collecting money at best is a thankless job. I know that Red Cross field workers regarded that as their most unpleasant assignment, and if many shirked it, one cannot blame them for it. Another reason for some hostility against the Red Cross was due to the fact that Red Cross personnel had officer status,

and some of the resentment against authority might have been channelled in their direction. Because of this officer status, Red Cross girls in their leisure time were not permitted to date enlisted personnel. As one G. I. expressed it, "I am not interested in looking at Red Cross girls if I am not good enough to date them." These are some of the bases of ill-will which generated rumors against the American Red Cross and abetted their circulation. It was the victim of unavoidable circumstances.

In the task class, we learned about concrete situations which we might have to face or which others might have to face. Different theaters of war present different problems, different localities, different challenges. The availability of supplies, of buildings, or equipment, of civilians help determine the types and quality of service that can be rendered. The situation in England is different from that in New Guinea and in Iceland from that in Cairo or Tel Aviv. It was frequently stressed that we were to be free to use our ingenuity, that we should not hesitate to be pioneers, to blaze new trails, to recognize that in many instances there were no precedents and that for unprecedented situations we were not to hesitate to use unprecedented measures. It was exhilarating for the trainee to let him feel that his own ingenuity, his own originality, his own creative powers were to be called forth in the task that he was to assume. The common denominator was to be the spirit of service of the Red Cross, and that spirit of service might have an infinite variety of amplifications and ramifications.

At the end of two weeks, the course was drawing to a close, and day by day, individuals disappeared from the class as they were sent to some theaters of war, perhaps by air, perhaps by convoy. Once the clearance summons came, the trainee, without farewell, left the group, and only his vacant chair in the classroom indicated that another one of our number had set out on a mysterious adventure. It had been planned that I go to Great Britain, and I proceeded to secure a passport and was told that reservations on a clipper plane had been requested. For passport purposes, I had to have a photograph. But in my uniform it could not be taken, as the clipper might stop in a neutral country, and anyone, even a Red Cross man in military

uniform, would be subject to internment. But the photographer was ready for this situation. He bade me take off my military blouse and put on a coat he had for that purpose. Its sleeves were short, but he promised not to show my arms. In the resultant picture, I was a civilian. Red Cross advisers later suggested that if I go by clipper, no uniform or military equipment must be seen on top of any baggage. It would be examined, though superficially. At that time, no clipper seats were available, and other avenues of transportation to Great Britain were closed. I was asked if I would go to North Africa. I leaped at the proposal, and then waited impatiently for a week until I finally was told that I was to be put in charge of a group of forty-two Red Cross people, destined to North Africa, whom I was to lead to a port of embarkation and bring to the Red Cross military liaison officer of the port for final preparations and for full enrollment and identification as an adjunct to the armed forces.

OVERSEAS

Now it may be told that we were scheduled to embark from Staten Island. We awaited embarkation at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn and were briefed and supplied for overseas at the port of New York military base. Other personnel waiting for overseas shipment were at the same hotel. Our movements were not restricted to it. As I look back, I see very good reasons for the secrecy about our hotel location. News about movements of ships was of great importance to the enemy, and of potential danger to us as long as the seas were filled with submarines. During the course of waiting, I met an officer of high rank, a commodore, who was waiting to take a convoy overseas, drinking rather heavily at the hotel bar. It was not difficult to ascertain from him why he was drinking. He was greatly disturbed. He was divorced from his wife. The last convoy he had escorted across the ocean had met with a mishap. Three ships had been sunk. His convoy moved only at the rate of eight knots per hour and had no protection with the

exception of the guns on the ships themselves. Unhappy because of his family life and knowing the difficulty of the task that was ahead of him, he found liquor a temporary soothing balm. He was speaking pretty freely, and I suggested that because of the junior naval officers present he go to his room where we could talk privately. He told me of the cargo of aeroplane parts that he was taking overseas, and why he feared that this would be his last trip. It was not. Months later I met him in Algiers. From his gay manner and jaunty step, he weathered that crisis very well.

While waiting thus to be war-processed and for our convoy to leave, the date of which, of course, was uncertain, all being housed in one hotel, we became a closely-knit fraternity and formed friendships which still endure. Weeks later on meeting members of the group in North Africa, sometimes in air fields, sometimes in Red Cross clubs, sometimes at messes, I found a great deal of joy in renewing our friendship and strengthening the ties that bound us.

What are the processing steps for overseas service? They are not secret, else I could not write about them. They are those essential steps whereby a civilian is prepared for being transferred from a theater of peace to one of war. We had to be photographed and fingerprinted for identification purposes. A record of both was kept in the files of the War Department, and a card with both was given to each one of us. We were urged always to have it available. This card was the "Open Sesame" to all sorts of military establishments and it also secured one admission to allied countries. With this card, I could go to Egypt, Palestine, England and Scotland. With it, too, I could be admitted to the United States and also to front line air bases as well as to a Post Exchange in Washington, D. C. We also had to receive basic overseas equipment, a bedding roll, an indispensable item in a theater of war. Blankets were issued overseas where if you carried your blankets and bedding rolls you were assured of sleeping with some degree of comfort under any circumstances. A helmet, likewise, was provided. Its use is obvious. In case of air attack on ship and of shell fire or bombing on land, the head protected by a steel helmet is

safer than one without one. In the battle area, wearing such a helmet was made mandatory upon all personnel. War correspondents as well as Red Cross field men had to wear them. Gas masks, too, had to be provided and gas mask drill was a requirement. It would be silly to have a gas mask and not know how to use it and so we had to go through all the paces. We were also provided with a pistol belt but no pistol, canteen, and advised always to keep the canteen filled with fresh water in case of emergency. We also received a first-aid kit. Pistols were not issued to us. The use of weapons is outlawed for Red Cross personnel. Adjusting the head band of the steel helmet was quite a task. Practicing wearing all of our equipment also occupied some of our time. We had to organize ourselves into watches and had to post guards. While waiting for the final alert, we were free to leave the hotel provided that we telephoned every two hours so that we would know when the orders came for our move. We were also asked not to divulge the hotel at which we were stopping to friends or relatives, nor to have anyone come to see us there.

When I was appointed in charge of men and women who were destined for North Africa, I did not realize that there might be some who would resent my leadership. Believing in democratic processes, I resolved to exercise no authority, but to have all decisions made by vote. For example, we did not know the date of our sailing nor did anyone else. It would depend on when our ships and supplies would be ready, when naval protection was available, when the whole convoy could be assembled, when there was a minimum of danger, or many other reasons which the military of course did not communicate to us. I learned from the army liaison representative that we would be given from two to six hours notice. I carried this information to the group, and we decided that all of our members could leave the hotel and go where they pleased, provided that every two hours they would report to the hotel to find out whether our call had come. This would enable them to enjoy as much of New York as they pleased, and at the same time be on hand when necessary. To carry this out, we organized watches. My room was to be headquarters, and

a schedule of watches was determined. Two were always to be on duty. I took the first watch. I found that the woman who had been appointed to head the girls began requiring military drills daily, etc. To this we put a stop at once. I believe this democratic procedure enabled our group to function very smoothly, and very harmoniously.

All sorts of inoculations had to be taken for typhoid, typhus and tetanus, yellow fever, smallpox. Some of us were inoculated against cholera by mistake. I knew that we were going to North Africa. The cholera serum was given for those who were going to the Far East. I could not object to receiving the serum, because to have given my reason would have been to have violated a secret. When, therefore, I was stuck with the needle of the cholera serum, I knew that I was experiencing unnecessary discomfort. But because of my orders, I had to keep quiet. When half of our party was inoculated, the mistake was discovered. A shortage of yellow fever serum prevented inoculation against that. Each one of us received a record of our inoculations, and we were warned to guard it preciousely, for without such a record, we might be asked to submit ourselves afresh for all the required inoculations. Suddenly the travel order came. We had barracks bags issued to us and were to dispose of our foot lockers. These barracks bags had to be stenciled and packed. Some of our belongings could be packed in our bedding rolls. We were warned to travel as lightly as possible, to carry with us no more than we would take along if we were going on a week-end trip. Our foot lockers were sold. I had gone to a great deal of trouble in purchasing mine. It was the last one available in St. Louis. I sold it to another Red Cross man who was going on a trip to another theater of war and was permitted to take one. Three months later, I saw that trunk in Cairo, Egypt. I was a veteran of the Tunisian campaign and the owner of that trunk had just landed in Cairo after ninety-eight days on the high seas. There was great excitement in our group when the final order came. Our barracks bags and bed rolls were called for in the evening, and the following morning we were all assembled in full battle-array with helmets, leggings, canteens, gas masks, and handbags. We

were to make our exit through the basement of the hotel into two busses which were to convey us to our ships. There were forty-two of us, seventeen men and twenty-five women.

While there was need for secrecy of our departure, the regulation demanding us to embark dressed in full military attire nullified that. For a number of days we had been seen in the lobby of the St. George Hotel regularly in army uniforms, the sort that you could see at that time all over the United States. Suddenly one morning we appeared with gas masks, canteens, steel helmets, and other battle equipment. Although we were told to use the freight elevators of the hotel, we were nevertheless observed and the object of comment. Everyone at the St. George Hotel who had any powers of thought would have known that something unusual was taking place with this Red Cross contingent. We stood around for some time in the streets waiting for our transportation. That too was not conducive to secrecy.

We heard that the girls were to go on a separate ship, though in the same convoy. Only one bus came, and we did squeeze ourselves into it. When we arrived at the docks, we were identified, given the number of our cabin, then told to carry our own baggage. The army does not furnish porters. Then and there, some of us regretted that our bags were so heavy.

We regretted that on urgent advice we had taken with us a year's supply of towels, soap, shaving cream, toothpaste, razor blades, toilet paper and other essentials. If I had known then that I was to give away tens of thousands of these articles for the Red Cross on the field of battle, I could have spared myself, and especially my bags, many strains. On the dock, we said farewell to the girls and we embarked first.

ZIGZAGGING ACROSS THE OCEAN

I was a bit shocked when I boarded our ship. I have crossed the ocean frequently, but this seemed to be the oldest boat that I had ever been on. It was a sister ship of the old *Morro Castle*. It had plied between New York and Cuba. Now

it was serving as a troop transport. I laughed to myself. In times of peace, I would spurn traveling on such an old tub. It would have been too slow for me, too cramped and too backward. Yet this was war, when speed was more essential and I had to travel on what seemed to me to be a small, unprotected boat across a submarine-infested ocean. The day we embarked on shipboard, I remember reading the headlines in the press, "Hitler Assumes Personal Charge of Submarine Wolf Packs and Plans to Carry Campaign Against the Atlantic Supply Line." Previously the Atlantic supply line had been a theoretical thing to me, now—it was flesh and blood—I was part of it. I then recalled reading that our shipping losses were five per cent. One out of twenty chances was not too bad and besides, I was going in a troop convoy and these convoys are especially well protected. But four weeks before, several ships of such a convoy had been sunk. Our ships might be sunk too. But why should I be immune from the risk that thousands, even millions of other Americans were taking for our common liberty.

Just before leaving the hotel, each one of us had received secret letters of instructions. I had received two. These letters contained orders as to what to do on arrival at our destination. My second letter contained orders for the entire group. We had arrived too late for noon chow, but the ship's cook graciously volunteered to prepare some sandwiches for us, and then we received the information that because of limited kitchen facilities only two meals could be served to passengers though three to members of the crew. Our cabin was comfortable and large and we were informed that after this trip, this boat would be overhauled and additional bunks put in it. There were two of us in a cabin, too great a luxury for wartime. Only officers had such accommodations. The enlisted men slept on triple-deckers wherever there was space available. Our troops were Negro. Their officers were white with the exception of the chaplain and the physician. I was glad that we were on shipboard and that my duties as leader of the group had brought no friction.

We were in the harbor all day and when we awoke the next morning, we were on the high seas. We had no chance

to speak farewells to familiar landmarks on the shores of our country. We saw other ships and our escorts, the destroyers, out on the horizon. Nearer to us was a large battleship, the S.S. *Arkansas*, with two planes. At first, shore-based planes or blimps hovered overhead, but after a day or so at sea, we were alone on the vast ocean except for our neighbors, the other ships in the convoy and the protecting warships. Day by day as we went to the deck, we greeted these friends. Never before while at sea have I seen so many ships around. Communication between individuals on the ship was impossible. The distance between them was at least a quarter of a mile and even more. The ship zigzagged all the way to avoid being hit by submarines. I have since heard that forty thousand troops were in our convoy; one troop ship alone was said to have carried twenty thousand men, and that ship landed at Casablanca. Among the twenty thousand men, I discovered years later, was Jonas Weiss, the golf champion of the Westwood Country Club of which I was a member. One day while in the locker room we discussed the time of our departure and then discovered that we were in the same convoy to North Africa.

One day a freighter was missing. Whether it was torpedoed or developed engine trouble and returned, no one knows although every sort of rumor about her abounded. Some day perhaps, we shall know when the records of the War Department will be open to public scrutiny. What our course was, we did not know. We thought we were near Bermuda when we saw sea gulls. Other days we thought we were near the Azores. The ship's officers were like sphinxes. The captain never left the bridge. He had a bunk right near it. The communications officer was uncommunicative as far as we were concerned. There was gun practice. Tracer bullets followed by other bullets filled the air. The sister ship in our convoy likewise engaged in practice. All of us were ordered to wear our Mae Wests always, whatever we did, awake or asleep, in the dining hall or on deck. After two days, I could read the menus of past meals by looking at my life preserver. We were told to close our portholes after 7 o'clock, not to smoke on deck after that hour. This regulation was violated by a few and all of us were penalized. No one was per-

mitted on deck after 7 o'clock at night. A burning cigarette can be seen a mile at sea—a lighted match five miles. Occasionally we thought we heard the discharge of depth bombs. There were daily drills. We had to come out on deck, stand in our assigned positions while the crew placed themselves around the lifeboats and the commanding officer shouted his orders over the loud-speaker system. One night amidst tense excitement we were alerted and for ten minutes called to stand on deck. We wondered what was going to happen. I knew that there weren't enough lifeboats for everyone on the ship, though there were enough life rafts. I knew that some of the lifeboats were going to be destroyed if the ship was hit. Under the most favorable circumstances, in case of being torpedoed, loss of life would be inevitable. Who would be saved and who would be drowned? The chances of being saved in the event of torpedoing were, at best, six to eight out of ten. Transports dare not stop to pick up human beings at the scene of disaster lest they themselves be victimized. Only escort warships may come to the rescue. The night was dark and cloudy. The sea was rough, and we knew that these diminished our chances. We waited tensely.

At the request of the Red Cross men, I had asked the transport commander why we were assigned to specific boat stations on deck during alerts but to no lifeboats. He laughed and answered, "If we are hit, we expect to lose from twenty to forty per cent of our personnel. It may be impossible to launch some of the lifeboats. Nor does the ship have enough lifeboats." It had many more men than it was equipped to carry in boats. The only lifeboat assignments he had made were to members of the crew who had to man them. "There are, however," he said, "enough liferafts available." I never reported this answer to our group, as I believed that that information could serve no purpose. My own tension, because of this knowledge, therefore, was intensified. Two to four out of ten would die. Which were they? In the heavy darkness that enveloped us on this deck, someone noticed a light. Furious epithets were hurled at the individual responsible for it. To my amazement, I was the guilty party. The figures on my wrist watch were illuminated, and as my hand hung limp at my side, my wrist protruded from my sleeve.

The illumination on my dial was the light which alarmed many. When I covered it, quiet was restored.

There was an awed hush on the deck. Many like myself must have said their prayers silently. Finally, the bell rang announcing that the alert was over. There was much hysterical laughing immediately thereafter, and with easy hearts we returned to our cabins. Whether it was a practice alarm or a real alert, we do not know. As we were nearing the Straits of Gibraltar, we heard rumors that the bigger ships would not go through the Straits, but would dock at Casablanca, and we learned that we would go directly to Oran. Near the Straits, the American destroyers disappeared, and British corvettes took their places.

We had consented to let the British control the Mediterranean. They knew it well, and it helped their morale. They were in the show. Churchill probably fostered this sensitivity in order that at the end of the war he might be in command of the Mediterranean. It was he who urged us to attack through Italy and who opposed for some time the assault through Normandy, in order that Britain's hold on the Mediterranean would not be weakened. Most Americans resented the fact that our big naval escort was compelled by the courtesies towards an ally to abandon us just at the time when we were within reach of land-based enemy planes, and when the orders had come that we must wear our steel helmets at all times.

The Mediterranean was then a British sea. The British escorted us until we reached Oran, our harbor in North Africa. Nationalistic pride led us to have more confidence in American destroyers than in British corvettes. As far as we were concerned, they both did the same excellent job. We were glad that they were with us and their presence assured us that nothing untoward would happen.

Before boarding the ship, we had been given instructions that we had no responsibilities for recreation on shipboard. That prerogative rested either with the ship's chaplain or with the special service officer of the troops. As leader of our group, I reported to the chaplain that if he needed us, we were available and that we would be glad to help him out.

I felt sorry for this transport chaplain. His job was crossing

and recrossing the ocean. I did not mind making the trip across the submarine-infested sea once, but I would not have relished making it continuously as was his duty. The same holds true of the merchant marine. Manning these ships through danger zones continuously was no easy assignment. They had special equipment which was not issued to us. Heavy rain coats, which contained air and could enable one to float, were equipped also with red lights so that they could easily be distinguished in the darkness. No protection for them was too much.

The next day the chaplain came and asked for editorial talent to help him with the ship's newspaper. Two Red Cross newspaper men volunteered for the work, reported to the chaplain, and offered to do the paper for him. One evening several of our Red Cross men helped with a bingo game; another led in a community sing, several with religious training took part in the various religious services on shipboard. One of our men, a Catholic, led the Catholic service. I presided over a Jewish service which was attended by one Jewish officer, two chaplains—the ship's chaplain and a negro army chaplain, one negro soldier and myself. Only five were present. To reach the chapel, they had to walk through a dense blackout on the ship's deck. The only light in the chapel was the light of the Sabbath candles. In preparing for Sabbath services, I, of course, could locate no candlesticks on shipboard. I conferred with the ship's technician who suggested that a board in which holes could be drilled for candles would suffice. What an excellent idea! Because candles were plentiful, I took a board about two feet long and two inches wide, and drilled seven holes in it. There I had something that would suffice for a seven-branched candlestick. I lit the candles and pronounced the Sabbath blessing.

The only light in the Chapel was the light of the Sabbath candles. How brightly they shone midst the surrounding darkness, symbolic of a light that Faith can generate even in a dark age! I invited both chaplains to share in the service. For me, it was a great spiritual experience, this interdenominational and inter-racial fellowship under the influence of the religion of the synagogue and the American flag. It was a source of great comfort to be able to pray with others who believed in God

midst the dangers of war on the hazardous seas. This inter-faith and inter-racial cooperation was characteristic of the best in the American tradition. Other services were rendered by our Red Cross contingent. It soon became known what our destination was and that a knowledge of French would be desirable. Two of our intellectuals, one an attorney and the other a Ph.D. who had been on the staff of the Board of Economic Warfare, prepared a small French vocabulary in which, at the request of the Transport Commander, they put in the phrases, "You are a pretty girl," "When shall we meet," "Where shall we meet," "Will you go walking with me." If these phrases do not reveal the vocabulary needs of a G. I. overseas, they reveal at least the mind of one transport commander.

The whole ship was notified that as we approached the Straits of Gibraltar the commanding officer would tell us something about the new continent or the new land in which some of us were destined to live and some of us were destined to die (Two Red Cross men, Clifford Markle, and Burt Harris have since lost their lives through transportation accidents). After a few preliminary words about the geography of Africa, which were punctuated by generous profane expressions, the commanding officer proceeded to state that the Arabs among whom we were to live were dirty and unworthy, that the French were incompetent and inferior and that the British rightly deserved our criticism. He then proceeded to speak about the availability of bordelloes and advised against patronizing the very inexpensive ones. This is a fair summary of what a commander of American forces of liberation said to his expectant soldiers on the eve of disembarkment on a strange continent in a war for the emancipation of mankind. Some of us were outraged, in turn crushed and infuriated. Here were we, about to enter the Straits of Gibraltar. On the left, we saw the twinkling lights of the coast of Spain, part of the European continent, the cradle of the civilization which had made America. On the right were the lights of Spanish Morocco, the shoreline of the continent of Africa from which had come the slaves, torn from their homes, the ancestors of the more than a thousand negroes borne on our ship. Ahead of us lay the Mediterranean—that

historic ocean whose waves had lapped the shores of a score of great civilizations. Rome and Carthage, Athens and Constantinople, Jerusalem and Alexandria, spoke to us with the tongues of memory. The most cherished traditions of the human race, the traditions of Judea, Greece and Rome came out of the Mediterranean civilization. Of these, not a hushed whisper did we hear, but only a torrent of vulgarity. What sort of liberators were we who came with contempt in our hearts for the native population, with contempt even for our allies, at whose side we were ready to die? What kind of examples were we of American Democracy if our commanding officer urged upon us such undemocratic sentiments? What could we expect of the world tomorrow, of the emancipation of man, if this spirit of arrogance was going to prevail and to be inculcated into American soldiers? The Straits of Gibraltar, the continent of Europe, the shores of Africa and a petty word. What would Hannibal have said, or Caesar or Alexander? Some of the ship's officers as well as members of the Red Cross party shared in the indignation.

Franklin Roosevelt knew how historic this hour of disembarking was, how important in the history of America and in the life of every soldier. A letter from him, moving, gracious, and encouraging was distributed to every soldier, to all the personnel. The transport commander had spoken about it to me. He said that it was nothing but a lot of eye-wash, like cheering at a football game. That eye-wash was idealism. The idealism which made our country great, which elevates men and for which good men are ready to fight and to die, that he failed to mention.

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

TO MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY EXPEDITIONARY
FORCES:

You are a soldier of the United States Army.

You have embarked for distant places where the war is being fought.

Upon the outcome depends the freedom of your lives:

the freedom of the lives of those you love—your fellow-citizens—your people.

Never were the enemies of freedom more tyrannical, more arrogant, more brutal.

Yours is a God-fearing, proud, courageous people, which, throughout its history, has put its freedom under God before all other purposes.

We who stay at home have our duties to perform—duties owed in many parts to you. You will be supported by the whole force and power of this Nation. The victory you win will be a victory of all the people—common to them all.

You bear with you the hope, the confidence, the gratitude and the prayers of your family, your fellow citizens and your President—

Franklin D. Roosevelt

What could we do about it? The first test of our ingenuity had come. Tomorrow was the bicentennial of Thomas Jefferson's birthday, April 13. In Washington, D. C., President Roosevelt was going to dedicate the beautiful Thomas Jefferson monument. His address was to be broadcast to the nation. I resolved to hold our own Jefferson celebration on shipboard before we landed. The chaplain agreed to work with us and to serve as chairman. The Lieutenant Colonel in command of the troops agreed to read a portion of the Declaration of Independence. We invited the Transport Commander to speak. He declared he was no speaker. How well we knew it! We had only asked him out of courtesy. He accepted and later declined. Our program was given over the loudspeaker system of the ship. It heralded the equality of man, the right of liberty of all human beings, as the teachings of Jefferson, the basic principles of American history and the American heritage. The last words spoken on this ship were worthy of the glory of America, of the great effort of the American people and the sacrifice that many of these soldiers might have to make. It was a good Red Cross job. It was a good American job. It was a good way to end a hazardous voyage on the high note of Jeffersonian idealism.

Seeing lights for the first time at night was a heartening experience. We knew then the meaning of "Lead Kindly Light." Here were the lights of Spain and Spanish Morocco. But we saw them with mingled feelings. Near these lights were enemy spies, nests of them, and our presence at the mouth of the Straits would be reported to our enemies—and planes might come. We were ordered to wear our steel helmets. We were within the reach of land-based planes of our foes. The moon shone brilliantly on the sea. Its beams dancing on the waves blazed a way for us. The blacked-out ships were silhouetted against the light of the moon. It was an inspiring sight, but these friendly moonbeams were also beacons to our foes. There were alerts in North African ports that night—but we saw no planes. We had excellent protection.

Entering a port safely after a sea voyage that might have been catastrophic was a great experience. There was in our hearts a feeling of relief and of gratitude. Some of us might have wanted to pray and thank God that this first hurdle in our war work had been successfully overcome. All of us were appreciative of the gallant sailors of the navy and merchant marine to whose labor and vigilance we owed our safety.

In some quarters it had become customary to bait the men of the merchant marine because of the high wages they received. They were of all ages. Some were of draft age, exempt from military service because of their occupation and some, over draft age. They were like workers in shipyards who, because of the war, received higher wages and whose work was essential to the successful prosecution of the war. Ships were needed to convey cargo to troops. The army had no such transports, neither the navy, nor was there time to train fresh crews. The ships were owned by civilians, and the government was glad to have trained personnel available to help. The difference between a shipyard worker and a member of the merchant marine, both of whom received high wages, was that the mariner's work was much more hazardous and away from home. Transport ships were sunk, and their crews lost their lives. Members of the armed forces received less compensation, but are eligible for benefits like the G. I. Bill of Rights, care

in Veterans Hospitals and pensions, closed to the merchant marine. When submarine warfare was at its height, theirs was a most hazardous job. I, on the other hand, felt grateful to the civilian crew who handled the ship so well in the face of danger.

IN NORTH AFRICA

In single file did our ships move into the harbor, perhaps to avoid mine fields and to facilitate their docking. Little boats began darting in and out, each one destined for one ship, each one bringing orders to the Transport Commander which he, in turn, was to transmit to the Commanding Officer of the units on his ship. I was called in to receive the orders for our Red Cross party. We were to be met at the dock by a Mr. Tom Irving, and if he was not there, we were to communicate with the Red Cross headquarters. The harbor of Oran is beautiful, suggestive of the natural beauty that abounds in North Africa. It was unlike anything that I had expected. It was much more modern than I had anticipated. White and painted houses, suggestive of California residential areas, abounded. Four- and five-story buildings were plentiful. Although I had been in Egypt before, I had always associated North Africa with jungles and wild beasts and a very primitive civilization. Here, nestling on the hills around the harbor, was a beautiful community that from a distance seemed most modern. I was somewhat relieved and looked forward eagerly to landing and to the experiences and work that awaited.

In the harbor of Oran we saw several British submarines come to the surface. A sailor turned to me and said, "We are turning our guns against the wrong people. I would like to have a chance to shoot down these subs. When the war is over, we shall have to fight it out with them." This hostility against our allies, seemingly at times more bitter than against our foes, was frequently expressed. American and British sailors did not like each other. Though they speak the same language, they have different ways. Though they understood each other's language, they did not understand each other's ways, and dis-

liked each other. Our boys had more money. The rich are never popular. This young sailor who wanted to shoot the British submarine out of the harbor just subordinated international issues of which he was dimly aware to a personal aversion for British sailors. Throughout the theater of war I was to hear similar sentiments under a variety of circumstances.

While we arrived sometime in the early afternoon, the rumor soon spread that it would be hours before we would disembark. This rumor proved to be correct. At five o'clock, the ship served us our last meal. Most of us were too excited to appreciate it nor did we realize that it was to be the best meal that we would have for months and months to come, featured as it was by steak, French fried potatoes and pie a la mode. After dinner all of us hastily prepared to leave the boat. We dressed as we had been advised to dress by the Red Cross Military Liaison Officer in the Port of Embarkation, with steel helmets, leggings, gas masks, and pistol belts, canteens filled with water, etc. I shall not forget his words, "You must look like men of military bearing when you disembark. The natives will judge America and our army by how you look." We were all determined to make a good impression. We might have spared the effort. We landed in the darkness of night, and no natives were on hand to see us. We waited for hours and hours and hours, until the boat docked and until the 1100 soldiers who were to be disembarked first, moved off with their baggage. There we sat, waiting and waiting, weary, warm and worn. As soon as the boat docked, a Red Cross representative had told us that two trucks would be awaiting us at the end of the dock, but that we would have to carry our bags about a quarter or half a mile as the trucks were not permitted to drive up to the docks. About ten o'clock in the evening it was our turn to move off. We called the roll, were sure everybody was there, and set off. At the last minute on shipboard, many of us had bought boxes of Hershey chocolate bars, chewing gum, cigarettes and cigars. Even if we, ourselves, did not use them, we had heard that these were appreciated both by soldiers and by natives. A few steps off the boat and we began to regret not only the things we bought, but the rest of our baggage. We also carried typewriters for the Red Cross.

The trucks waited not a quarter of a mile, but two miles away. By the time we all arrived there in the dark, with no lights, we had received our initiation into some of the rigors of army life and we also had learned the lesson that when you travel in a theater of war, it is wise to travel light. We piled into two trucks, called the roll, assumed that everyone was there, as in the dark we couldn't distinguish individuals and found out the next morning that one of our men had been left. He slept on the boat all night and joined us in the morning. We were driven to our temporary sleeping accommodations. The men moved into a dormitory that had just been vacated by army nurses. Two of us were told that we were to sleep at the Stork Club. The Stork Club is a former maternity hospital which had been requisitioned by the army and was being used by the Red Cross as a hostel for its permanent and transient personnel in Oran. They found a cot for me in a room where three others were sleeping and told me that we would meet tomorrow morning at ten o'clock at the Red Cross Officers' Club for assignment. I told the group at the Stork Club that I had a box of Hershey bars and I couldn't resist the unspoken appeals for a taste of it. Most of one box quickly disappeared. It is too bad that it did not disappear entirely, for a day or so later I found that the ants had taken possession of the rest of the Hershey bars. Afterwards, I learned that they were priceless to men who had not tasted chocolate for months and months, and to civilians who had great difficulty getting adequate sweets and adequate nourishment for themselves and their children.

Though Algeria had never been invaded by the Nazis, it, having been subordinate to the Vichy government, had been visited and victimized by the Nazi Armistice Commission which had stripped the country bare of food and of any other war potential. This was true of every part of North Africa. The supply situation was bad. Foodstuffs were scarce. In territories like Tunisia occupied by the Nazis, conditions were far worse. Beautiful North Africa, rich normally in agricultural products was as if it had been visited by a plague of locusts which had stripped it bare. Everyone working or fighting in the North

African area was always handicapped by this situation. Our problem was not merely to supply our troops but also to supply the civilian population. Food and clothing, to feed undernourished hungry civilians in North Africa, French and Arab alike, had to come from America, had to be brought over the high seas and carried over an inadequate railway or else by trucks which needed gasoline and oil over hundreds and thousands of miles of poor highways in a hilly country. I got to bed at about two A.M. and slept soundly for four hours. I was awakened by the clamor of loading and unloading ships at the docks, and normal street noises when early risers begin to move around. I opened the shutter of the room in which I slept and there saw a beautiful park with tropical vegetation and magnificent flowers. Beyond the park, were the harbor of the city, its blue waters placid, and the docks, a hub of activity.

As I washed that morning, I had a taste of some of the inconveniences that I was to encounter. For the scores of people who slept in the Stork Club, there were altogether two bathrooms. The men were expected to wash in the kitchen on the second floor. For shaving, there were no mirrors, but I managed to get along. I was then given my choice of eating my breakfast there or of going to the Red Cross restaurant and meeting the rest of the crowd. I chose the latter, as I had heard that our party would be broken up. Some were to go to the Casablanca area; some would remain in Oran and its environs; others would move on to Algiers, Constantine and points east. The girls, who had been on another ship, had been re-united with us, and forty-two of us assembled at ten o'clock at the Officers' Club in Oran and received our formal welcome from the representative of the delegate of North Africa, Mr. Tom Irving. Bill Stevenson, the delegate of North Africa, in charge of all Red Cross work, had gone to Washington to put in his request for supplies and to confer about expanding the work. After a few words from Tom Irving, he met with three or four of us; with Bob Hulsum, who had been my lieutenant as leader of the group, with Eleanor Miller who had been the leader of the girls, with Betty Lessman, her assistant, and with Larry Cadwell, whom Irving had known in Chicago. He asked us our impressions of the members of our

party, as it was his duty to place them in their jobs. We had been together for about two and a half weeks, and our impressions such as they were, were at best, cursory. After conferring with us, Tom Irving made the assignments and arranged for plane transportation for those who were going to Casablanca and to Algiers.

Those of our personnel who received the finest rating were sent to Algiers and were destined for front line service, those with less rating to Oran, and those with the least to Casablanca. When the name of one of the men was mentioned, Bob Hulsum, second in command, who was bringing a medicine ball to General Eisenhower, turned to me and said, "Ferd, you say nothing and let me evaluate him. This man likes liquor, and holds it poorly. Furthermore he does not have the international and interfaith ideals of the American Red Cross." It suddenly flashed on me why Bob made me keep quiet. The individual who was being evaluated had been invited to my cabin for a social hour to which both the transport and troop commanders had been invited. When I introduced him to the troop commander, mentioning the city of his origin, he said three times, "I am a Welsh Gould, (a fictitious name) I am a Welsh Gould." Because some Jews bear the name of Gould, this individual wanted the troop commander to know that he was not Jewish. I had noticed the prejudicial slant of his statement but had ignored it. Bob had also noticed it and hence, Bob's evaluation. The individual in question proved to be an inefficient worker and tragically lost his life. Unfortunately, Bob Hulsum did too.

Bob had been assigned as a director at an airforce base from which periodic missions flew into action. Associated with him were four or five Red Cross girls who, when the planes returned from their missions, were on the field serving coffee and doughnuts to the returning airmen. Their very presence was a morale-building factor at that time. It was a very exciting time. How many planes would not return? How many would return with wounded personnel? Whose close friends would be lost? Whose would survive? The presence of the girls put the men in a better frame of mind for their meeting with intelligence personnel in which they described what they had seen and what had

happened. Bob soon found that the Red Cross girls had easier entry to the Commanding General of the camp than did he. Instead of giving him, as head of the Red Cross, any important information, the Commanding Officer gave it to the girls to relay to him. Thus, Bob was put in a very awkward position of getting news from headquarters through his subordinates. Instead of him imparting it to them, they imparted it to him. Consequently, his authority over the Red Cross girls was gone and his position became increasingly more untenable. When the girls told him that the camp was to be moved to another site, the Commanding General had given Bob no information. Bob asked for and received a transfer. Having been a social worker for the state of New York, he asked to be put in Red Cross civilian relief work in Italy. His request was honored. One day while on a road in Italy, he saw the bodies of Italian civilians. He had no formal obligation to serve them, but his compassion moved him to march over to these bodies, and he was blown to smithereens. The bodies had been mined. Bob had not had enough military experience to be conscious of the fact that this might be the case. Bob had four children. He was one of five of the forty-two American Red Cross personnel who crossed to North Africa with me who lost their lives before the war was over. Almost twelve per cent were casualties.

As the nature of my own assignment was uncertain, Tom Irving asked me to remain with him in Oran and to go with him to Algiers by plane the following afternoon. By four o'clock that afternoon our party had been disbanded and was on its way to various assignments. Some went to clubs. The field men were stationed with troops, the bi-lingual secretaries in offices. Some were assigned to air bases; others were sent to hospitals in various parts of the theater. The following morning when I visited the Big Empire Club at Oran, I saw three or four of my group at work. Secretaries were taking dictation; others were carrying on tasks as if they had been there for months. Even the most experienced Red Cross people had only been there five months. Those who had been there since December and January were already veterans. I welcomed the

twenty-four hours of comparative leisure. It gave me a chance to look around, to gather my thoughts and to crystallize my impressions. Oran was not as beautiful as it had seemed from the sea. The blundering of man had marred the beauties of nature. It was an unkempt, dirty city. It seemed to me to be a shabby Paris with French architecture predominating and French balconies on all buildings. The streets were narrow, crowded with soldiers and civilians. It was a port with a large Spanish element, notorious for the anti-American, anti-democratic tendencies of its population. Many American lives had been lost needlessly at Oran.

Rumors were spread by fifth columnists among the population in North Africa that the invasion of American troops was part of a Jewish plot to dominate the Arabs. This they proved by the fact that air force equipment, autos and planes were clearly marked in white paint with a five-pointed star. Fifth columnists said that this was the Jewish star. The shield of David, which has become the symbol of Judaism, is six-pointed, consisting of two equilateral triangles transposed upon each other. German sympathizers misrepresented and misinformed the populace that this was Jewish equipment brought to enslave them. Such is the war of propaganda.

I soon found that there was very little to buy in Oran except wine. The stores were empty. Supplies were very scarce. Food was meager, and Americans were advised to keep away from native restaurants for health reasons. Dysentery is one of the foes against which any army must guard itself. Where food is carelessly handled and screens are unknown, dysentery is bound to claim its victims and it did.

One of my greatest joys in Oran was to contact Lt. Col. Harry Agress who was stationed in a large hospital nearby. I had seen his wife and baby in St. Louis before I left. He invited me to stay overnight with him at the hospital. I would have done so, but I had no transportation. The hospital was sixty miles away, and I had an inkling my first day that transportation was going to be one of the acute problems. I was especially anxious to get to that hospital because Captain Joe Kohn, of St. Louis, a dear

friend of mine, who had been with the First Armored Division in command of a tank company and was wounded in Tunisia, was a patient at that hospital. Col. Agress came out to see me in the morning. I gave him all the cigars I had bought on the ship for Captain Kohn. We walked around together. We met the Jewish chaplain, Emanuel Hoenig, who told me of the dearth of Jewish chaplains, and suggested that if I went to Algiers, I should remain there to conduct Passover services for Jewish soldiers as he did not believe that there was a Jewish chaplain in that area. He only knew of three other Jewish chaplains in North Africa. One was in Casablanca, and two were at the front in Tunisia. Algiers and Constantine and their environs had no Jewish chaplains. Col. Agress was pleased with the work he was doing. If his wife and child could be with him, he would be most happy. He told me what I have since learned, that money has no meaning in countries where nothing can be bought. The movies in Oran were furnished to the troops free by the special services of the army and in the theaters of the Red Cross. Food could not be purchased. Articles of clothing were furnished by the army. Transportation was unavailable except for official purposes. Many boys were sending their spare money home. Others found some excitement in losing it the day after payday in games with their best friends. In the afternoon, I was driven to the airport and on the plane flying from Oran to Algiers, Tom Irving and I discussed what I was to do. I told him of what the Jewish chaplain had informed me and asked if I could make my services available to army chaplains in Algiers for Passover services if they needed me. Tom Irving informed me that the Red Cross, an interdenominational organization, preferred to avoid specific denominational ministries. However, in an emergency at the request of an army chaplain, he would not object to my serving, rather would be glad that the Red Cross could be helpful to Jewish boys on an important holy day by providing them with a rabbi. I told him that immediately after the Passover service, I wanted to go to the front as long as the campaign lasted, and he agreed to make such arrangements for me.

MY WORK BEGINS AND THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD OBJECTS

Apparently, the Red Cross officials were puzzled as to where to place me. When asked what I preferred to do, I told them that I preferred to work in personal contact with American troops especially at the front. I wanted to go to the front, because I wanted to share all the dangers that our soldiers had to face. I wanted to go to the front because I was a rabbi, and I wanted to give a demonstration of personal courage. I also wanted to go to the front for the sake of the Red Cross. I believed that I had to be "at his side." Wherever the G. I. was, there the Red Cross insignia had to be seen to remind him that he could contact the civilian community. I wanted to bear the Red Cross insignia wherever there was danger, even the greatest danger, to let the men know that the personnel of the American Red Cross would not spare themselves to serve them, and that Red Cross assignments were not easy. I have the personal satisfaction of knowing that I did just that. I got as close to the front as any noncombatant personnel. I was under shell fire. I saw Messerschmidts drop their bombs overhead and had to take refuge in a slit trench. I saw a general fifteen minutes after he had been wounded, and fifteen minutes before he had been wounded. If his aide had not warned me, I might have gone on the same road and perhaps met the same fate as the general and his driver, because the road was being shelled that day by Germans to prevent our supplies from being brought up and thus give them a better chance to retreat.

Because the number of Jewish chaplains in North Africa was limited, I was frequently in areas where Jewish services had to be rendered, as no Jewish chaplain was available. Army chaplains called upon me for burial and for other religious services. These requests I discussed with Bill Stevenson. It was not the function of the Red Cross to supply a religious ministry, but of the army. The Red Cross could not recruit ministers, priests or rabbis to do the work of the chaplaincy corps. Bill Stevenson recognized that in emergency situations, at the request of army

chaplains, I could be drafted. So it was that I was called upon to do Jewish religious work until the Jewish chaplaincy situation was improved.

To my surprise and amazement, the Jewish Welfare Board in the United States never forgave me for ministering to the religious needs of Jewish soldiers, even when no Jewish chaplains were available. Like a good Red Cross worker, I had written up all my experiences. These were turned in to the Red Cross public relations department, submitted to the censor for approval, and then sent to Red Cross Headquarters in Washington. There they did with these reports what they pleased. I was not consulted about their disposition. I found that excerpts of my Jewish religious experiences were released and given wide publicity in the Jewish religious press of America. My stories were the first accounts of Jewish religious services in the battle area to reach the American public. Fifty or sixty Jewish weekly periodicals carried them in full. One story even found its way into the Yiddish press with a very liberal translation which changed my article considerably. Because credit for these religious services went to a Red Cross worker, the Jewish Welfare Board leaders became furious. Its national president wrote to me in North Africa, accusing me bitterly of having conducted services for the Jewish dead in the battle zone. A delegation of the Jewish Welfare Board descended upon the Red Cross officials in Washington, demanding that they order me to cease any religious activities. This order reached North Africa after I had left it. It followed me, however, to England. When I preached in the West London Reform Congregation, I wondered whether I was violating that order. Red Cross officials in London indicated that I was not.

Some of the men who went to Washington to request that I cease my religious activities were friends of mine. Why this strange conduct? I thought that my colleagues would appreciate the fact that in addition to my Red Cross obligations I rendered this service to Jewish soldiers as an extra chore. Instead, I found that I had become the center of a jurisdictional dispute and rivalry. Some of the USO personnel resented the fact that the Red Cross had been selected to do the morale work overseas.

The Jewish Welfare Board was part of the USO. From that conflict I suffered.

All agencies that function overseas wanted to publicize their activities so as to commend their efforts to the public. The Jewish Welfare Board believed that when a Red Cross worker did Jewish religious work he was taking the play away from the Jewish Welfare Board and hurting their campaign for funds. Their displeasure at my activities was intensified by the fact that I recognized the justice of the army ruling that a Jewish Welfare Board civilian representative was not needed overseas to facilitate the religious activities for Jewish troops. The Red Cross had made necessary contacts with Jewish communities, and Jewish army chaplains could have done the rest. The Jewish Welfare Board hoped that the Red Cross would request the army to change its ruling about civilians from the Jewish Welfare Board. My judgment honestly given was that civilians were not needed, but Jewish chaplains were. I was unaware of the politics in the situation, and found that I had incurred the enmity of some of the Jewish Welfare Board bureaucracy. Even on my return to the United States, some in the Jewish Welfare Board were seeking to discredit my service overseas. One of its representatives offered to praise my work with the American Red Cross if I would publicly state that the Jewish Welfare Board had done a magnificent job there. There was nothing for the Welfare Board to do except to facilitate the dispatch of Jewish chaplains. This was difficult because the army table of organization provided one chaplain for one thousand men. No one unit had one thousand Jews. Therefore, no unit could requisition for a Jewish chaplain. In time this was recognized by the armed forces, as was also the fact that Jewish chaplains should be attached to large units and have the privilege of roving and thus serving Jewish men wherever they were located. On my return to this country I spoke of the dearth of chaplains to my colleagues in the rabbinate, to the men in the Chief of Chaplains' office in Washington, one of whom said, "Everything you say is true, but little can be done about it. By the time the war is over, the Jewish chaplaincy problem would be solved." I never discussed this in public, but

I felt it my duty to give the benefit of my experience to the rabbinate, the Welfare Board, and the Chaplaincy Office.

Tom Irving was tired and fell asleep in the plane. My eyes kept wandering over the hilly landscape and over the blue Mediterranean until Maison Blanche, the Algiers airport, was reached.

My first warning that I was nearing Algiers was when I saw the barrage of balloons in the air like sentinels of the harbor warning hostile aircraft to stay away. As we were about to land at the airport, I noticed that the precautions taken in our country of drawing the blinds on the windows of an airplane as the plane takes off and lands were not being taken in a theater of war. Since then, I have been in many airports in four theaters of war. At no time were blinds drawn. Of course, all my trips but one were in army transport planes, all of whose passengers were either military personnel or civilians approved by military intelligence. The precautions taken in the United States were probably due to the fact that it is impossible to check on all civilians who travel by air. Either that, or else the farther one is from the scene of war operation, the more jittery the officials are apt to be.

How jittery people can be far removed from the front can be seen by my experience in a small city in Kansas near which there was an air base. When I had registered at the hotel one afternoon, I told the aged room clerk who was hard of hearing that I was a rabbi and had been in the service of the Red Cross overseas, and asked him how the recreational needs of the airmen nearby were being met. That evening I addressed a branch of the Kansas State Teachers' Association, and was introduced by the mayor of the city. I learned that it would be possible for me to take a train at 2:00 A.M. which would bring me in St. Louis twelve hours earlier than I had scheduled. However, I could have no assurance that a berth would be available. I informed the hotel clerk that if I could secure a berth on that train, I would leave for St. Louis. If I would not return to my room twenty minutes after the train had left, he could consider it vacant. I thus tentatively checked out of my hotel room. While sitting in the railroad station, waiting for the

train's arrival, I noticed three men eyeing me. Finally one of them approached me, flashed the gold badge of chief of police, and asked me to go with him to the train platform. Both he and the two men with him surrounding me had their hands in their pockets as if they were covering me with guns. Outside they asked me for my credentials as an F. B. I. man. I told them that I was not an F. B. I. man, but I had been overseas with the American Red Cross and had my Red Cross credentials with me. They were not satisfied. They wanted my F. B. I. credentials, and insisted that I had represented myself as one. I suggested that they might telephone the mayor who had introduced me at a public meeting that night before a thousand teachers. Apparently, I finally convinced them. I knew what had troubled them. The hard-of-hearing hotel clerk had understood me to say that I was with the F. B. I. when I informed him that I was a rabbi. Thus, these local police patriots were sure that they were capturing an important spy when they were about to arrest me. I did get a berth on the train, but I did find that small town in Kansas very alert, very patriotic, and very suspicious of strangers, almost too suspicious to suit me.

At the airport in Algiers, a Red Cross car was awaiting us. Our headquarters had been notified of our coming by phone. A second-hand civilian car purchased at an exorbitant price, driven by a French driver, was there to receive us and our baggage and take us to the club. It had been impossible for the Red Cross to ship any vehicles to North Africa with the exception of a few clubmobiles. There were no taxicabs in North Africa. The civilian busses and street car systems were inadequate. In some areas, they were even out of bounds to military personnel. The army did supply to Red Cross field men some jeeps, weapons' carriers and trucks, but in the cities Red Cross personnel must have their own cars or else do without automobile transportation. The Red Cross officials therefore had to go into the market and buy up second-hand civilian cars. Most of the cars so acquired were of French manufacture and the greatest difficulties were encountered in securing parts, all of which in times of peace came from France. At best, the Red Cross transportation system in North Africa was a headache.

At worst, it was paralyzing. Just before I left, there was a transportation crisis when it seemed that all Red Cross work had come to a standstill. Many new workers had come in from the States. Because there was no transportation in a port of embarkation, they were marooned. While waiting for transportation to their assigned areas, they lived in a camp. Later some traveled by rail and took a whole week to cover several hundred miles with no sleeping and no eating accommodations and inadequate sanitary facilities. With half our second-hand cars in the shops waiting for parts which never came and the other half used in the transportation of some of the personnel for a few days, some phases of Red Cross work which depended on automobiles was suspended. Hospital workers lacked transportation to make their rounds. Executives with appointments in military offices could not meet them. Programs servicing the troops, which involved the use of clubmobiles had to be suspended. Transportation was not only a Red Cross problem. It was an army problem. It is all part of the difficulty of supplying an army with all its needs over thousands of miles of oceans and hundreds of miles of rough roads through hilly countries. But these are the crises which one must expect and to which one must learn how to make adjustment in a war situation.

The amazing thing is not that there was a scarcity of transportation, but that there was so much of it. It revealed the vast industrial capacity of our country. Not only did we maintain with slight modification a high level of living at home, but we supplied our own armies as well as those of our allies with transport and ordnance. The Soviet Union was the recipient of a good deal of our transportation. For the automobiles available in Algiers, there was naturally a good deal of competition. Outfits put in their requisitions for vehicles, and when or whether they would be filled frequently was a matter of conjecture and hope. In charge of the garage in Algiers was an ordnance officer, Irving Fain, who had become a friend of mine. One evening he telephoned me to inform me that six jeeps earmarked for the Red Cross had arrived in his garage. His recommendation was that the Red Cross call for them at once, as some higher officer walking in the garage and seeing new jeeps might appropriate them

for other purposes. I scared up two other Red Cross men, and we took turns driving the jeeps into the Red Cross garage so that this equipment would be available for Red Cross use.

Irving Fain had been trained to work in his father's tire company in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. He was offered and accepted a post with the Rubber Administration in Washington. While there, he found that the air force had no tire expert on its staff. He was prevailed upon to accept a commission in the air force that he might look after its tires. On that basis he resigned his post with the Rubber Administration. Instead of looking after tires which he was expertly equipped to do, he found himself in charge of a garage in Algiers. It took him two years until he was transferred and began doing the work he was qualified to do, and for which he had enlisted. Whenever I thought of mistakes like these, I reminded myself of the huge task of the military and the speedy way in which it had to prepare. I also consoled myself with the fact that the enemy too must be making similar mistakes.

The garage did not require much of Irving Fain's time. He was available for considerable court martial duty, serving on officer panels. I was glad that he did so, for he was a man of warm human sympathies with a keen sense of justice, and a spirit of compassion. His work brought him into contact with a group of intellectually-minded British officers. Among them was Major Crichton, a lawyer from Liverpool, whom I introduced at the Red Cross mess to the girl who is now his wife. Also Lord Corvedale, the son of Stanley Baldwin, former Prime Minister of Great Britain. These men had established contacts with the Free French, especially with the followers of General DeGaulle. From these political exiles who had opposed the Vichy government, they learned a good deal about the political struggles going on behind the scenes between General DeGaulle and General Giraud. Among the Free French sympathizers was Henri Bonnet, later French Ambassador to the United States, and Monet, one of the most distinguished economists of France.

Driving from the airport to the Red Cross Club in Algiers was an interesting experience. The road was crowded with all sorts of traffic. Our car had to stop several times for military

convoys. The docks were a beehive as was the whole harbor shoreline. Ships were being loaded and unloaded. Assembly lines of new equipment which had just arrived were going on right in the open. American mechanics were training French workmen in assembling American trucks and jeeps and ordnance equipment. These were to be our gifts to the French, gifts which would give the French army, once one of the greatest in the world, but now humiliated and demoralized, a chance to rehabilitate itself and to strike a blow for national freedom. At times, I heard officers and soldiers criticize the fact that so much of our equipment had gone into French and British hands. Americans who were walking while French and British were riding American jeeps became infuriated. The equipment which we gave to the British and the French they were going to use in battle, and for every Frenchman who drove a jeep into battle, one American boy could be left at home. We had given our allies this equipment to fight a common foe. If we had kept the equipment to ourselves, we should have had to fight him alone. Courage and daring are not sufficient to win wars. Machinery is essential and that is what we Americans had to give. We would have been indeed blind amongst the blind, if we had not given this equipment gladly, eagerly, grateful that men were willing to receive it, to join us in battling against the common enemy.

IN ALGIERS

The Red Cross Club in Algiers was an elevatorless six-story brick building which previously had been used by the University of Algiers Student Union. When Vichy controlled Algeria, the Student Union had been the center of Fascist intrigue and conspiracy. Even its caretaker had been an active Fascist and anti-American so that the Red Cross discharged him, and thus set a pattern for the removal of Fascist sympathizers and anti-American agents which was to be followed, some think belatedly by other circles in Algiers. Portions of the second floor were not available for Red Cross purposes. The remainder of the building was. The building itself was secured by the United States Army through requisitioning.

Requisitioning is the process whereby an army secures the property of civilians for its use. It may appropriate homes, equipment, food; at times, even manpower. In a conquered land, the requisitioning process is easier, for the military need have little regard for the civilian population. The victor may requisition what he needs from the vanquished without compensation. North Africa was a member of the French Empire that was associated with us in the war. Requisitioning there was more difficult. It had to be done with the consent of the local authorities, and the individuals dispossessed had to receive adequate and just compensation. Madame Safar, in whose apartment I roomed, was compelled to give up two of her rooms to military personnel. I lived in her living room, and a Scotch captain occupied one of the other rooms. Both of us compensated her for our occupancy, though the American rental was the more generous. Madame Safar had no choice. She had to surrender these rooms. In England all civilians were compelled to submit to such requisitioning. Rooms as well as food were rationed there. When the Red Cross entered a community in North Africa to carry on its work, it would requisition facilities. This process went on through the civilian authorities and had to be approved by them. Nothing that any civilian possessed was free from requisitioning.

In many respects, the requisitioned building was very well suited for a Red Cross center. On the first floor there was a lobby in which there were lounging chairs and also a very large reception and information desk. It was not uncommon to see American soldiers lined up around the information desk waiting for a chance to speak to the American Red Cross girls to secure information or to find out if lodgings were available. An infinite number of questions might be asked of a Red Cross girl. One soldier whose outfit moved from his camp while he was away wants to know how he can locate his group. Another one is trying to find a watchmaker, a third, a barber. A fourth wants to meet a French girl who speaks English. Another is anxious to locate a brother who may be somewhere in the area. Another who is over thirty-eight and is eligible to be discharged from the army wants to know whether he should accept that discharge or whether he should remain in the army even though he has

not received the rank to which his abilities entitle him. Another boy wants to know where he can exchange American dollars for French currency, where he can buy picture post-cards that are good souvenirs to send home, where the Army post office is located, what size parcels may he send home. Where can he get some razor blades or tooth paste or a tooth brush or a towel? If the soldier can prove that he is separated from his outfit he receives these articles gratis from the American Red Cross. Another soldier wants to be married by proxy to the girl he left behind and wants to know what steps to take if he can do it. This is impossible unless his girl is an expectant mother. The army permits marriage by proxy only to prevent a child from being born illegitimately. The Red Cross girl must have an encyclopedic memory and a vast range of knowledge about everything in the world and also about the local community to be able to answer these questions. Some of the boys ask questions just to talk to an American girl and so it goes. The lobby is always crowded. The information desk is always busy and from early in the morning until late at night boys come in with their infinite variety of requests and the girls find the answers. To do so sometimes they have to consult their French civilian assistants. Sometimes they telephone various departments of the army. Sometimes they used especially prepared instruction books that are available.

One table in the lobby was always crowded. It was the table which contained the book of states. In that book every state was listed. And soldiers were asked to register their whereabouts. Men hungry for friends from their own states would avidly and eagerly scan the book of states to see if some pal they knew had been at the club recently or was stationed in the area. Sometimes this book made possible very happy reunions. Books of states were found in all Red Cross clubs, and were popular everywhere. The Red Cross club in Oran had a room called the Room of States. At one time it used to attract 10,000 soldiers per day. It was necessary to have one book for every state. I have seen such books of states in Cairo and in Palestine, in North Africa and in Liverpool, in Scotland and in Iceland, in London and in Cambridge. I have looked, like others, for some one that

I knew from St. Louis but not once did I come across a familiar name. I hope others were more successful than I.

Beyond the lobby of the Algiers club, there was a large auditorium, which was used for dances, for meetings, for plays. When not in use for such gatherings it was available as a lounge. In it were scores of comfortable leather chairs, the best that North Africa afforded and they were very popular. Not infrequently their occupants were catching up on some much-needed sleep. Unable perhaps to find accommodations in Algiers at night, some of these boys may have been up most of the night and in the daytime welcomed a chance to take a nap in these comfortable chairs in the auditorium. At noon, news was broadcast in this lounge. Surprised was I indeed when I saw boys listen to the regular news and walk out when baseball scores were being announced. On other occasions I found that boys were not interested in minor or major league baseball races. These were remote from their experiences. I have heard boys complain that the *Stars and Stripes* devoted too much attention to baseball scores and sports news. The soldiers had not lost their interest in baseball but they were not interested in a pennant race thousands of miles away about whose details they had little information and whose players were unfamiliar. Perhaps, too, those needs which the baseball race satisfied had now found satisfaction in the conflict on the field of battle. When I first saw this auditorium I did not know that it subsequently was to become the scene of many Town Hall meetings which I was destined to organize and over which I was to preside.

Only part of the second floor of this building was available. In the front there were writing and reading rooms where books, old magazines and old newspapers could be had. Everything was read from cover to cover. Boys were hungry for news from home and even the advertisements about women's styles usually spurned by the average male reader were read and reread perhaps even to see the picture of an American girl. On the shelves were books, donated by many Americans, transported to points of embarkation brought over the danger areas of the Atlantic and Mediterranean and finally placed on the shelves of the

Red Cross library in Algiers. A fine balcony about the entire building could be reached from the library reading room and when the sun was not too warm this balcony made a very popular reading and resting place.

On the third floor were the most popular functions of the club—the two snack bars. One was open practically all the time where coffee was always served gratis. It was small and it was close to the front balcony. The other was in a room larger than the auditorium. It was filled with chairs and tables. When open and functioning it was the most popular and crowded room in the entire building. The counters attracted hungry G. I.'s who either wanted to supplement their own messes or had no place to eat in town except at the snack bar. Many will be surprised that ice cream was available. In Algiers for example, several ice cream plants had agreed to place their machinery at the complete disposal of the Red Cross. The Red Cross supplied the ingredients. The manufacturer turned out the ice cream of many flavors, chocolate, pineapple, vanilla, at times even banana and coffee. The Red Cross paid a stipulated amount for every liter that was manufactured.

When hospital trains passed through, all the ice cream went to them first. When news of the arrival of hospital ships from Sicily reached Algiers, army planes were secured and the full output of the ice cream factories was flown by plane for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. At other times certain army organizations arranged to have this ice cream made for their men. At least three times a week ice cream was served in the Red Cross snack bar. Sometimes Red Cross girls took clubmobiles and went on ice cream missions, surprising some outfits who might have been coming from the front or might have been going to a port of embarkation to take part in a new campaign. Going on these missions usually meant late hours and hard work and extra work. But girls were always ready and available to render this special service. They were amply repaid by the generous appreciation voiced by the American soldier when this surprise dessert was provided for him.

I have already spoken of good public relations which proved too good, such as the news of Red Cross girls who would be

at the front. I encountered another example of public relations that defeated itself. When through the enterprise, wisdom, and ingenuity of the Red Cross the ice cream factories in Algiers began to function, and ice cream was available at all Red Cross installations, a wonderful story about it was written in the Sunday edition of *Stars and Stripes*. *Stars and Stripes* photographs showed G. I.'s walking away from Red Cross snack bars eating ice cream cones, or sitting before plates heaped full of ice cream. The Sunday edition of *Stars and Stripes* went out to the battle field and was read by men in the front lines. When they saw pictures of the men in the rear echelons eating ice cream, they were furious. Not only were these rear echelon men living in physical comfort in comparison with life in the field, and comparatively free from dangers, but they were the ones to whom the Red Cross brought ice cream.

The Red Cross club in Algiers did not serve meals. The army expected the soldier to get his food in the army messes. The snack bar was available just for snacks. It was not intended to supply regular meals. There was a mess for the personnel of the Red Cross and of the *Stars and Stripes*, the G. I. newspaper, on the third floor of the building behind the snack bar. It was very popular. It became so popular for a while that members of the mess were denied the privilege of bringing visitors, even though their meals were paid for.

On the fourth floor of the building there were ping-pong and game rooms, and a section of it was devoted to headquarters of the executive offices until other space was secured. Field directors and supervisors, club supervisors and the Red Cross delegate, as well as some of his assistants officed there. On the fourth floor there was also the apartment of the club director who had a bedroom with two beds and a large living room in which anywhere from two to six cots could be placed. Although I did not know it then, this living room was to be my home from the middle of April until the beginning of June, even though I was not to be in it for half that period.

On the fifth floor of the Algiers club were the offices of the *Stars and Stripes*, vacated by them later and converted into a dormitory. There were three daily editions of the *Stars and*

Stripes published in Oran, Casablanca, and Algiers, respectively, but the Sunday edition which came out every Saturday was published only in Algiers. Also on the fifth floor were the officers of the Civilian Relief Department of the American Red Cross. Through it, layettes and milk were supplied to the civilian population. The milk was given to the school children themselves who drank it wherever it was distributed lest their parents sell it and it find its way to the black market. Many anaemic youngsters, French and Arab alike, have been strengthened by the generosity of the American people through the Red Cross. The Lehman commission was supplying clothing and foodstuffs to the civilian population, and it appeared for a while as if it might render unnecessary the civilian relief work of the American Red Cross.

In the course of my work, I once sat in on a discussion of a Red Cross worker who was engaged in civilian relief in North Africa. I was amazed to see how completely she had swallowed the Vichy line. When the Germans occupied France and the Vichy government was established, most of the officials in North Africa and its French elite accepted the Vichy government and paid homage to the Nazi line. The exceptions were the French Jews in North Africa. They remained loyal to Free France and in active opposition to the Vichy regime. This Red Cross civilian worker was now cooperating with the social elite of the French in North Africa. Most of them had been pro-Vichy. Most of them had accepted the full Nazi line, including its anti-Semitism. This American girl, working with the American Red Cross did not have enough spiritual stamina to stand up against the Vichy-minded French and to assert the American doctrine of liberty for all. She therefore lent herself to making more difficult the lot of Jewish civilians as she echoed the Nazi slanders and was hostile to them.

The sixth floor of the Red Cross Club in Algiers served as a dormitory, where fifty to sixty boys could be accommodated overnight. The army did not want the Red Cross to have more beds available, as it wanted the soldiers to sleep in their own quarters. Only boys who had passes to come to Algiers were permitted to sleep in the dormitory as well as those who might

be stranded in transit. The Red Cross Club never had enough beds to supply those who applied for them. Every evening after the club closed, scores of boys who had missed the busses which were to take them to their outfits would sit on the steps of the building, hoping in vain to be admitted, but the Red Cross Club had to comply with army regulations. Those boys genuinely stranded in Algiers who could find no accommodations could have received some shelter either through the Military Police or the billeting office. Behind the dormitories, there were hot and cold showers, the use of which was always available for any soldier. These were very popular. Afternoons and evenings when the boys were free, they would come to the Red Cross Club for their showers, delighted to have access to this luxury. The shower room was the busiest place in the whole club setup.

In the basement of the Red Cross Club, there were the offices of the hospital workers who had to have storerooms for their hospital supplies, such as razor blades and razors, shaving cream and toothpaste, soap and wash clothes, towels and combs, sugar-coated chocolate which did not melt and reading material. Also in the basement were the offices of the entertainment bureau of the Red Cross which assembled troops of French actors and actresses to go to hospitals and bivouac areas to furnish entertainment and also which organized a number of Red Cross people into an original production along American lines.

It never was the intention to house all these offices within the edifice of the Red Cross Club. In a theatre of war, however, no blueprints are unchangeable. Elasticity must prevail. Ideal facilities were never available. Adjustments were always in order. So crowded was Algiers with its offices of the headquarters of three allied armies, the American, the French and the British, that for seven months, no office space was available for Red Cross executive offices. Therefore the Club had to be used. Around the middle of June, other quarters had been found not only for the Red Cross but also for the *Stars and Stripes* and the additional room made it possible for the Red Cross Club to install other facilities such as a barber shop, a tailor who did cleaning and pressing, a sewing room, additional dormitory quarters, more game rooms and a Chapel, interdenominational in nature, which

was made available for all religious denominations and which was used for worship by Jews, Christian Scientists, Protestants and Latter-Day Saints and for conferences by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish chaplains of the U. S. Army. The Red Cross Club itself did not sponsor any religious services. All religious services held under its roof were sponsored and organized by chaplains of the U. S. Army.

ALGIERS IS BOMBED

It was at this Red Cross Club that I arrived in Algiers and looked forward eagerly to the work that was to be mine. As I entered the executive offices, one of the Red Cross officials turned to me and said, "You look like an Isserman." It was George Slaff, Harvard graduate, formerly an attorney with a government commission in Washington. Rejected by the army, he had entered the service of the Red Cross, had become a club director in England, was transferred to North Africa right after the invasion and was an executive of Red Cross Headquarters Staff. George Slaff had known my brother who also practiced law and that was a lucky break for me. He invited me to stay in the apartment which he shared with Bill Kiel of Milwaukee until such time that I would be transferred to another area or could find other quarters. My bags were brought from the airport and placed in the living room of the director's apartment of the club. This room had four large windows and faced the harbor. From it could be seen many of the docks, the ships loading and unloading. Nearby there was a partially submerged ship which several weeks ago had been struck by a bomb. The day I arrived, there were no bathroom facilities in the apartment. The furniture and bathroom fixtures had been owned by the superintendent of the building when it had been the Student Union of the University of Algiers. When he was discharged because of his Fascist alliances and his antipathy towards Americans, he had insisted that he be paid \$100 a month for the use of his furniture and fixtures. The director of the club had let him keep his furniture and his fixtures and therefore, this

apartment was bathless. Till a bathtub and hot-water heater were secured and connected by a plumber, weeks and weeks ensued. When I came back from the Tunisian front in the middle of May, that apartment which was used by a score of people was still without a bathtub.

The living room in which I was to sleep was very bright and airy. The sun brightened it all day and at night, tropical Mediterranean breezes blew through it. I saw the comparative comfort in which I was living and thought to myself, "How odd this is!" Here I was prepared for the hardships and rigors of war and I was living in a clean, bright apartment. I didn't have the privacy of home, I did not have any closet space. My belongings had to be kept in barracks bags, but yet I had access to electric lights, running water nearby, even a frigidaire in the kitchen. I began to revise my ideas about war and I was sitting by the window watching the soft twilight when the first stars began to appear, when suddenly I was reminded that I was in a theatre of war. A weird sound resounded through the streets. It was the call of a siren, warning the citizens of Algiers that enemy planes were nigh and might begin their bombardment within ten minutes. "That's it," shouted Bill Kiel, director of the club, as he came into the apartment. "I didn't think that the jerries would permit this clear, moonlight night and this harbor filled with ships to pass without a visit. The thing to do," he told me, "is to open the windows so that if a bomb falls near, the concussion will not break them and in shattering the glass, possibly causing injuries. After the bombardment, close the windows because the city will be filled with smoke, created by smudgepots which will be kindled and which will throw a smoke screen that will make it difficult for the raiders to see their objectives." Thus was I prepared for my initial bombing. I was truly excited. It was not the excitement of fear, rather the expectancy of adventure, the realization that a new experience awaited me. I thought that after this was over, I would be a veteran and would know something about the blitzed people of London. I waited anxiously for something to begin. Our fine radar equipment served warning of the approach of enemy planes, usually ten minutes before their

arrival, and the sounding sirens gave people a chance to run to shelter. Here I waited, tense, excited, curious, filled with too many other emotions to be afraid. I was almost glad because life in Algiers had promised to be like life in any other city with a few minor handicaps. Now I was sure to be in the war, to know what it is to be exposed to enemy fire. But the first fire that I saw and heard was the fire of our own anti-aircraft guns and the fire from the guns of the many ships in the harbor. About a dozen Red Cross workers assembled in my temporary sleeping room to get the advantage of the fireworks display in the harbor. They were sure that it was coming, and it did.

In a few moments it seemed as if all the forces of Hell were let loose. Red tracer bullets streaked across the skies, followed by blinding flashes, by nervous ack-ack and by the repeated boom of bigger guns. The pattern of fire changed. First the guns were pointed in one direction then in another. Then they seemed to be shooting right overhead as if the planes were right above the Red Cross club ready to drop their loads. For fifteen successive minutes, the harbor was streaked with flame and all sorts of iron filled the air. Occasionally a loud, rough boom disturbed the rhythmic fire of the guns. Some said, "That's a bomb exploding." Others said, "There's a plane falling." From where we stood we only saw the fire of our guns. We could not see a plane. There was enough fireworks display for a hundred thousand Fourth of July celebrations in the average American community. Some of the Red Cross people foolishly went on the roof to get a better view, a dangerous thing to do, for men are just as apt to be wounded by falling shrapnel from friendly guns as to be struck by the bomb of the enemy.

Subsequently, I experienced at least a dozen bombings in Algiers. I went to a shelter once, because few shelters were strong enough to withstand a direct hit, and as many people had lost their lives buried beneath a debris of an air raid shelter as by a direct hit of bombs. At the end of 15 or 20 minutes, my first bombing experience was over. I must confess that I was frightened. It was caused less by the fear of danger and more by the terrific noise. If I had been told that enemy planes were around and had heard no bombardment, I think I would have been alert.

I should not have been afraid, but the noise did get on my nerves. When I saw the flames in the sky and heard the explosions, I thought to myself, "Here am I, exposing myself to this when I might have remained at home. And even begging for worse by asking to go to the front and to be sent there within two days." What the emotions of the other people in that room were, I do not know. We all stood at the windows. We speculated and even argued as to whether ships were being hit and then, the guns ceased and there was quiet. The contrast of the quiet after the storm was a great relief. We closed the windows because the smoke from the smudgepots had begun to penetrate into the apartment. I was glad that the apartment was darkened so no one could see the fear reflected on my face.

Is fear cowardice? Fear is a natural reaction of men to the terrific hazards of war. Good soldiers are soldiers who are afraid. They will protect their lives, wear steel helmets, dig fox holes or slit trenches, and seek protection. During the bombings, motivated by fear, they will take all precautions needed to save life. A good soldier is afraid. But he carries on his duties even though he is afraid. The one who yields to his fears and leaves his duties is a weak individual who cannot master the terrible emotions that the proximity of death brings to every person. I knew of fool-hardy soldiers who did not take shelter when enemy planes came overhead and paid with their lives for their lack of fear. I remember seeing a soldier at the front overcome by fear, afraid, and terribly concerned lest others know of his fears. When I told him that I too was afraid and that everybody else in our tent was afraid, he was somewhat calmed.

After the bombing, I went out to see what happened. The streets were filled with people and smoke. No one knew what, if anything, had been hit. In the morning we learned. "An orphan asylum had been hit," said the waiters in the Red Cross mess, "and fifteen nuns had been killed." Propaganda, I thought to myself. That is one of the amazing mental phenomena of our age. We have become so suspicious of being propagandized that we believe nothing. So successful had Nazi propaganda been with us that we questioned that they would do anything wrong.

Nazi propaganda was very effective, because it was based on

the knowledge of the nature of man and unrestrained by moral scruples. Nazi propagandists were not hesitant about debasing and degrading the people to whom they directed their appeal and then using them for their own ends. The Sudeten Germans were perfectly content in Czechoslovakia until Nazi propagandists came along and appealed to their prejudices. The German people themselves sabotaged their own freedom when they succumbed to the prejudicial appeals of Hitler, Goebbels and company. Just as it is the moral obligation of the individual to discipline himself that he will not steal or slander, so it is equally a moral obligation for the individual to discipline his emotions as not to yield to appeals to the basest in him. To succumb to envy and to cupidity is more of a crime than to commit one overt act in violation of the law. The thief consciously breaks the moral law. The man who is degraded by propaganda ceases to know moral distinctions. This was the insidious character of Nazi propaganda. It was carried through radio among our troops in battle. Nazis knew our personnel. They mentioned the names of wives and sweethearts of soldiers and suggested that they were faithless, thus trying to upset their morale. They also cast aspersions on America's motives in participating in the war. As we study the history of the Nazi movement, we can see that it concealed its ultimate goals by clouds of propaganda. While Hitler re-armed Germany, he proclaimed his pacific intentions, and people believed him. While he was writing an eternal friendship pact with Poland, in his schools he was teaching hatred of Poles and contempt for them. While he was stating that not a hair of a Jew's head was harmed, he was murdering Jews in concentration camps. Diplomats in Germany had great difficulty in convincing their governments of the deceptive character of Nazi propaganda. In many parts of the world people believed the propaganda, and not the reports of their own newspaper men and statesmen. Propaganda is not only a distortion of the truth, but it has no compunction about stooping to the most degrading methods and making the lowest appeals.

I wanted to satisfy myself that the death of those fifteen nuns and the bombing of the orphanage were not propaganda. Two

days later I went to the funeral of these nuns. I saw the hearses, each one bearing three bodies. I saw their grief-stricken relatives and the children for whom they cared and the Archbishop of Algiers marching in the funeral procession. The Nazis did not try to hit this orphanage. It was located on a bluff along the shores of the sea about five miles from the harbor. So well was Algiers protected with anti-aircraft fire that these raiders were hurried, and releasing their bomb loads a few seconds too soon meant missing their targets and hitting fifteen nuns. The bombings of the Germans were never very accurate. That is why the Red Cross Club in the harbor of Algiers was just as safe as a spot in the outlying hills. The most accurate bombing that I ever witnessed had been accomplished by American bombers in Tunis. The docks were destroyed, but very few hits had been scored in the city proper. My first air raid was over, and I was a veteran. The raid was repeated the following night. The bombers came over about the same hour. An apartment building was hit and scores of civilians lost their lives. I saw the ruins. Any other building might have been hit. Not a ship in the harbor had been touched either night, and both times we heard reports that half of the raiding planes were brought down. It was said that Algiers was one of the best protected cities in the world. One time while a bombing raid was on in Algiers, I had been attending a motion picture theater managed by the American Red Cross. The picture being shown was an educational film prepared by the Air Corps of one of the allied armies and contained a demonstration of combat planes. Just as a plane was about to set out on a bombing mission, the siren sounded and we were to see the real thing. The motion picture auditorium was filled with officers. All late showings in Algiers were for officers as there was a curfew hour for enlisted men. Practically all the officers left the auditorium of the theater. It was only protected by a roof and if that would have been hit, there would have been a great loss of life. Some of the officers remained in the lobby of the theater. A few of us began to walk in the streets. Soon we decided to take shelter in the hallway of an apartment building facing a large cathedral. We stood in the doorway of the building, a silent group awed by the spectacle in the air, made

solemn by the boom of guns and the crash which meant either a bomb had been dropped or a plane had been shot down. Whatever happened, it brought tragedy to human beings. Soon I began to hear mingling with the boom of the guns, a very pleasant tinkling sound in the streets. It was sweeter than the sound of sleigh bells. I wondered what that was and then I realized it was the shrapnel from our own guns falling in the street. A shower of shrapnel, a chorus of tinkling sounds like falling hailstones in a hail storm except melodious. When the firing finally ceased, the whole population of Algiers poured out in the streets and began to hunt for souvenir shrapnel. We had no flashlights with us. We just dragged our feet across the sidewalk and streets until we struck some metal. Every one of us secured several pieces of souvenir shrapnel. Little bits of iron about two inches long when falling from a great height on an unprotected head, can do considerable damage. After the bombardment the motion picture went on, but most of us had had enough excitement. We had seen bombers in action. A screen showing thereafter would be very tame.

The next day was the eve of Passover. The Air Corps Chaplain's office had made contacts with members of the Jewish community of Algiers who had gladly offered to invite American soldiers of the Jewish faith to participate in the Passover dinner in their homes. Notices had been sent to all outfits, and those Jewish soldiers who turned in their names received invitations from Jewish families in Algiers. Others were told to apply at the Red Cross Club, and the Program Director, Larry Cadwell, was assigning homes for boys to go to. It was quite a job, an undertaking which the Red Cross was glad to assume. Many boys applied late for home hospitality, and at the last minute it was found that not enough homes were available. The Chief Rabbi therefore arranged that a community seder be held to accommodate fifty American soldiers. The Red Cross assigned more than fifty soldiers to this seder. It was to be held in a small synagogue on a street which was difficult to find. I guess our soldiers failed to find it, as no one appeared. Many Algerian Jews too were disappointed because the boys did not turn up. They might have had difficulty in finding the homes of their hosts or

else an emergency situation arose in their outfits which prevented them from coming to town. The same things likewise happened in America and in England. Many a person working through the U.S.O. or the Red Cross had gone to great efforts to arrange for home hospitality only to find that the soldier guests could not or did not appear. I had to extend apologies to the Jewish community for the non-appearance of so many Jewish boys. It had gone to some expense to arrange for their hospitality, but in military situations such disappointments are inevitable. It is quite possible that a good many of the boys actually reached the synagogue where the seder was to be held, but because there was no sign on the outside indicating that there was a synagogue there, they probably assumed that they had gone to the wrong place.

PASSOVER IN NORTH AFRICA

I conducted the Passover service in the Red Cross auditorium that evening at 6:30 P.M. I did so at the request of Army chaplains and with the approval of the Red Cross authorities. The Red Cross is an interdenominational body. Among its workers all denominations are represented. I have met two Methodist and two Presbyterian ministers who were functioning in some capacity for the Red Cross. When they affiliate with the Red Cross, they do so as Americans and not as members of a denomination. At all clubs that I visited, the time of the religious services of all denominations was posted. Subsequently when I was in London, I found a Jewish congregation and worshipped with it because its location and the time of its service were posted on the Red Cross Officers' Club bulletin board. The Red Cross does not, however, organize religious services. However, there was an emergency in Algiers in that there was no Jewish chaplain in the area, and a major Jewish holy day was to be observed. One of the Red Cross workers happened to be a rabbi, and the Red Cross was glad to help out the United States army chaplains in this emergency. So I conducted the service for two hundred and fifty boys who came there that evening and arranged also to conduct the service the following morning and the following evening.

I spent Passover eve at the home of Chief Rabbi Eisenbeth of Algeria. In accordance with the Jewish religious tradition, he had quite a good many strangers as his guests. There were three American soldiers. There was one refugee from Vienna. There was a professor and his wife from the University of Algiers. There was a young French naval officer who had helped pilot the American invasion fleet into the harbor of Algiers and who had risked his life for the allied cause. Two days later, this young pilot deserted, shipped to England on a British vessel, and joined the Free French forces under General DeGaulle. He had been disgusted with the fact that his superior officers in the navy remained the very men who had not only been pro-Vichy and pro-Hitler, but also anti-American, anti-British and anti-Republican. He had thought that the allied occupation of Algiers would remove the Fascist officers from control of the French naval forces. When this was not done, he deserted to join up with the forces of the Free French. Many young French officers did the same thing.

The heroic story of North African Jewish youth has still to be told in full. None could tell it better than Assistant Secretary of State Robert Murphy, who has since served as Ambassador to Germany and Japan. When we were preparing for the North African invasion we hoped to be able to land without loss of life and to be hailed as liberators. Who would collaborate with us? Not the Arabs who were effectively propagandized by the Nazis! Not the sympathizers with Vichy who welcomed a Nazi regime for France! Not even the average Frenchman in North Africa who, in case of failure, would go to a concentration camp! The only ones available in the North African population who would throw in their complete lot with the cause of the allies were its Jews. Many of them were old-time settlers in North Africa, whose ancestors had come there in the year 70 when Rome conquered Judaea. They had accepted French citizenship. Among them also were the descendants of French Jews. It is with these on whose loyalty he could absolutely depend that Robert Murphy conspired to secure control of Algiers and to overthrow its Vichy government and Admiral Darlan by a coup. This would have been a great advantage. For then we could have

ignored the existing civilian officials about whose loyalty to the allied cause there were always some doubts. Robert Murphy contacted Jewish leaders in Algiers. They assembled for him four-hundred Jewish young men loyal to France and ready to die for the allied cause. These piloted allied ships into Algerian ports. On a given date, these four hundred young Jews seized the government of Algiers at night, imprisoned Admiral Darlan, took charge of the police and radio stations in the city and made themselves the masters of the government. In the morning, United States troops were scheduled to land with tanks and other arms. The coup would have been accomplished, and we would be in control of Algiers. Unfortunately, either a storm delayed our ships, or for other reasons the plan miscarried. The four hundred young revolutionists who seized the government of Algiers in collaboration with Robert Murphy were overcome by the Algerian police when they came to work the next morning and were imprisoned. Hours later, when our troops landed, we had to deal with the existing civilian administration. For four months, many of these four hundred young men were kept in jail by the civilian administration. Of course they informed Mr. Murphy that they were imprisoned, not because of their collaboration with the United States, but because of other civilian misconduct. Mr. Murphy and his advisors believed that it was then essential to play ball with the Algerian Government, as that would facilitate our military effort. Four hundred brave youths were kept in prison for a number of months. Frequently it seemed that our diplomatic representatives were attracted more by the social graces of the Vichyites than by the social idealism of their opponents.

The rabbi's family, his wife and three boys, were present at the seder. His oldest son had been a medical student at the University of Algiers. The Vichy laws had prevented him from continuing his medical studies. Though barring him from the practice of medicine, these laws did not bar him from being drafted into the French army. He was a non-commissioned officer in a medical unit, but was given no chance to continue his medical schooling, even after the American occupation. The other son was a member of an infantry unit of the French army.

When his unit was to receive a flag and a celebration had been arranged, he, as well as the other Jewish boys in his regiment, were put on work details so that they would not be present when the national colors were presented. The whole regiment assembled, but these Jewish boys, good enough to die and to fight for France, were not considered good enough by their Fascist officers to share in the honor of welcoming the colors. These Nazi-indoctrinated officers continued to hold power after the Nazis had been driven from North Africa. Allied officers, hearing of this insult to Jewish soldiers, protested to General Giraud who promised that it would not happen again, and stated that this indignity was caused by a subordinate. All over Algiers, these subordinates kept on heaping such indignities upon Jewish soldiers.

The rabbi's seder was conducted in the orthodox style, although I was surprised to see the rabbi remove his hat when the service was over. Carrying on a conversation was rather difficult. The American boys only understood English. I could speak German fairly well and French adequately. The rabbi knew German and French. So did the Viennese refugee. The rabbi did not care to speak German. The professor of Arabic knew only French and Arabic. The American soldiers knew only English. All of us, however, could read the Hebrew responses, and through the old chants and the prayers for freedom we all found the tie of spiritual and historic kinship. It was thrilling to share in the celebration of the festival of freedom in a land which had just been freed from tyranny on the continent where the Biblical Exodus had taken place. Everybody but the four Americans around that table knew what a living Pharaoh was and knew how tyranny can embitter human lives and degrade personalities. This too was the continent of Pharaoh. The Viennese refugee had fled from her home country to Free France only to find that the tyrant caught up with her. The Professor of the University of Algiers had been deprived of his position. His children had been insulted by their schoolmates. The Rabbi's son had been denied the right to pursue a career for which he was fitted. The Rabbi himself had seen the flock for which he cared imprisoned, degraded, disfranchised, their property con-

fiscated, their lives in jeopardy. To them, Passover was not a historic memory. It was a living experience. Until the allied armies came, they had lived in Egypt. They had felt the taskmaster's lash and had borne the cruel decrees of the Twentieth Century Pharaoh. The seder service acquired richer and deeper significance for me and for all of those present. We had expected an air raid that night, but someone must have tipped the Luftwaffe off about the festival of Passover, and that God was on the side of freedom. The planes of tyrants feared to attack on the eve of the festival of freedom. Perhaps the memories of Passover suggested the plagues that were to be visited upon their countries and the defeat and doom that were to be their ultimate portion. The Rabbi insisted that I spend the second seder with him. I could not refuse him. I had received other invitations that I would have liked to accept, but I could not hurt the Rabbi's feelings. The day after the second seder, I set out for Constantine in a clubmobile on the trip which was to take me to the front lines of Tunisia.

I RECEIVE THE SCROLLS

On the Saturday prior to Passover, arrangements had been made by a Jewish family in Algiers to present two scrolls to the United States Army for the use of Jewish soldiers who worshipped in the chapel at the Red Cross club. The scrolls were very old and had been in possession of the family for three hundred years. They were to be presented by the Chief Rabbi and were to be accepted by Chaplain Ford of the U. S. Air Force.

To the Red Cross it seemed that when I arrived in Algiers it was an act of God. A minor crisis had arisen. The Chief Rabbi of Algeria was to present sacred scrolls, two Torahs, to the American army through the Red Cross, but did not want to give them to one who was not Jewish. He believed that only Jews were qualified to hold the Torah. Bill Kiel, in charge of the Red Cross unit in Algiers, would not do, neither would Chaplain Ford, a Protestant. As soon, therefore, as I arrived,

the situation was eased. I could accept the Torah from the Chief Rabbi for the Red Cross and the army. This function I was happy to perform, and one crisis was overcome.

It was I who received the scrolls from the Chief Rabbi on behalf of the Red Cross, and the army. The Chief Rabbi, Chaplain Ford and I made brief addresses. Rabbi Eisenbeth spoke in English and made most appropriate remarks. The service was attended by Jewish soldiers and by Algerian civilians. Members of the United States Signal Corps were on hand to take pictures. Some of these photographs were subsequently widely published in the United States. The news cables carried the story of this service, and that is how my family and friends knew that I had been in Algiers.

I DRIVE A CLUBMOBILE

Tom Irving, the active Red Cross delegate, had told me that he was going to the front and would make arrangements for me to serve there. He wanted me to meet him in Constantine and drive a Bedford Clubmobile up to Constantine. The truck, like all British vehicles, had a right-hand drive, and the mirror in which I was to observe the advent of enemy planes was missing. It took me some time to get used to the right-hand drive. I had also been warned not to take up with any strangers, as North Africa was full of German spies. It was a simple thing to land them by parachutes at night somewhere in the hills. Many Arabs, too, aided the Nazi fifth column. On more than one occasion, American soldiers had been killed, stripped of their uniforms and their recognition cards, which were then used by German spies. With these warnings in my mind, I set out on my journey. The clubmobile designed by the American Red Cross in England for North African use was being unloaded at the Algerian docks and would be at the Red Cross club some time the next day. These were Tom Irving's instructions to me. "The clubmobile will arrive sometime tomorrow. You leave with it the next day. It is an English-made truck, and I would advise you to practice driving it for fifteen minutes so that you

will be familiar with the gear shift. Be sure that the mirror is in place so that you can see what is going on behind you. Whenever you see any trucks behind you stop, stop immediately, run away from the vehicle and find some shelter. You will be traveling in territory which may be attacked by enemy fliers. They come very quickly, try to break up our supply lines, and shoot at our vehicles, so you must be prepared to abandon the vehicle and to find some shelter in order to avert being hit. I also advise you," continued Tom Irving, "to take some sandwiches with you, as you take a chance when you eat the food in restaurants. Your gas and other supplies you will get where everybody else gets them. I expect to see you there Thursday evening." These were my instructions. I did not know what a clubmobile was. I did not know where Constantine was. I had never driven on an African road before. I did not know whether the roads were marked, whether maps were available, whether there was a choice of roads. I was merely told to do a job. In a theater of war, you have to do what needs to be done, not necessarily what you are trained to do. You also have to take care of all the details yourself. You have to draw upon your own resourcefulness and ingenuity. Tom Irving had said that six hundred trucks traveled daily from Algiers and Constantine, and I might have to tie up with a convoy, but I would have no difficulty finding the road.

After a few hours of inquiries, I located the truck. It really was large. In the body of the truck, there were thermos jugs for coffee, all sorts of drawers with cups, forks, knives, doughnut trays, sugar bowls, oil stoves, dishtowels, towel racks, kerosene, jugs, lamps. One side of the truck would open so that there would be a counter on which the coffee and doughnuts could be served to the men. I began to drive the truck and found that there were four forward gears and one reverse. Their location was marked on the gear handle. I drove the clubmobile around for fifteen minutes and while it was not easy driving, I could manage. My instructions read that I was not to drive the truck faster than 25 miles an hour. Constantine was about 275 miles away from Algiers. I figured it would take at least twelve hours to make the trip. I heard that the country between Algiers and

Constantine was very mountainous, that it would be very inadvisable to drive in the dark as blackout restrictions were strictly enforced. Therefore I had to try to make the trip in the daytime or else I had to find a place to sleep overnight. In the clubmobile, I had taken my bedroll, containing four blankets, a pup tent, a folding cot, and a gas mask. I also wore field shoes and leggings, government issue woolen trousers and a steel helmet. The wearing of a steel helmet was mandatory east of Algiers. I had asked the Red Cross cook to prepare some sandwiches for me and I took some oranges for dessert. These were the last oranges I was to see until I returned to the U. S. in September. I had secured a map and had written out the towns through which I was to pass. I had learned that I could secure gasoline from any allied supply depot on the highway and that I could secure my meals at any American or British outfit that would be encamped by the road. I set out at about six in the morning on a mission which was not to be over until I had been through the closing battles of Tunisia and until I saw thousands and thousands of Germans driving themselves to prison camps, prisoners of war of American troops, disarmed by American power and the principles of the American heritage.

ON TO THE FRONT

I encountered some difficulty getting out of the city of Algiers and finding the main highway to Constantine. I probably wasted about twenty minutes until I got my bearings. Going up one of the hills outside of Algiers, just as I was about to reach my first town, I almost had an accident. A bicyclist going down hill fell off his bicycle right in front of my truck. It was a good thing for him and also for me that I was driving slowly up hill because I was uncertain about the vehicle, or there might have been a tragedy. The cyclist was not injured badly. He quickly rose, smiled gratefully at me because he knew that he might have been killed, and we both continued our trips.

At the outskirts of one of the cities, I saw a British Military Policeman, and asked him whether any convoys were going

to Constantine and whether I had to travel in one. He knew nothing about any convoys, and told me that I was free to travel by myself. And so I kept on. After I had gone about seventy-five miles, I came to a road intersection where I was stopped by the police who were French. They told me that there was a French soldier who was going to Constantine, and asked me if I would give him a lift. I told them that if they vouched for him, I should be glad to do so. This they did, and so I had company. The French soldier had been wounded and was on his way to rejoin his regiment in Tunisia. He had been a member of the now famous French Corps d'Afrique, a group of French volunteers who formed infantry outfits. A large proportion of them had been Jewish, and they wrote a brave and heroic chapter in the Tunisian campaign. They held an important sector at the front, suffered fifteen thousand casualties and did a fine job. The French were excellent infantry soldiers. They were glad to have a chance to get at the enemy who had destroyed their Republic. The soldier knew no English. I knew a little French. We managed however to convey the most important things to each other. He was armed; I was not. Red Cross men usually are unarmed. Some of our men carried weapons of defense to protect themselves against hostile Arabs if they had to spend the night somewhere out in the hills or in the field. I had been warned not to pick up any strangers who would ask for lifts lest I pick up German spies. Parachutists were being dropped all over the countryside and it was generally known that Nazi spies and sympathizers abounded in the hills.

Around the noon hour, we stopped for lunch. Both the Frenchman and I had brought some food. We stopped near a French inn and ordered a bottle of wine. I had some water in my canteen, but I wanted to save that water for emergencies. I had been warned not to drink native water and then too, I wanted to drink the wine. My sandwiches were considerably more substantial than that of my companion and I shared them with him. He insisted that he pay for the wine. I also gave him oranges to give to his friends. He warned me that I would not have oranges for a long time.

The first two-thirds of my trip was through magnificent

mountainous country. We passed snow-capped mountain peaks, drove through beautiful gorges, rode over many a high bridge, which spanned two hills between which roared some mountain streams fed by melting snows. The hillsides were covered with many-hued flowers. Poppy red was everywhere to be seen, as if suggestive of the blood of men, spilled in the war against tyranny. All along the road, we saw Arab villages. In some, the homes were made of mud. They were very small, one-room affairs. In others, they were made of stone, quarried out of the mountains, brown stone that blended with the countryside. I had been advised not to stop at these Arab villages as I could not know whether they were friendly or hostile. The villages looked attractive and so did their inhabitants. The Arabs that I saw were very poor. Ninety per cent of them walked without shoes. Their clothes were rags. Some of the men wore trousers that had eighteen or twenty patches on them. The principal garb of others was a sack, but the Arabs carried themselves well. They wore rags gracefully. They know how to drape flowing garments around themselves. They also sat gracefully on the ground. They seemed to blend with the landscape and fit right into the scene. Sometimes from the distance it was hard to decide if what I was looking at was an Arab or a tree stump. Most of the Arabs are oblivious to traffic. They are not used to having speeding cars and trucks driven through the main streets of their villages and towns. Their sheep and goats clog up the thoroughfares. Their shepherds may be boys of four years or old men of sixty. They know how to manage the sheep. While they carry a rod, they never strike the sheep. By yelling at them and waving the rod, they manage to lead them in the right direction. I was very fortunate that day as I met few convoys. Convoys have the right of way. British convoys are preceded by motorcycle escorts and followed by them. American convoys sometimes are led by officers in jeeps.

In the middle of the afternoon my clubmobile developed a little trouble. The accelerator would stick, and that was rather dangerous going around mountain curves. I caught up with an American outfit, and spoke to the officer who had his mechanic stop to help me. This help was graciously and generously

given, characteristic of all my experiences with army outfits. They were always ready to help a man in need. They couldn't do enough for Red Cross workers because they appreciated the service the Red Cross was rendering. The sergeant found the difficulty. The accelerator spring was too tight, and he loosened it up a bit. That relieved the situation and I proceeded, feeling at ease that this little defect had been remedied. Just as I was coming out of the mountainous country, I approached the city of Setif and began to hear the hum of airplane motors. I did not know one airplane from another. Afterwards I found that there are not many men who can distinguish them 10,000 or 30,000 feet in the air. Hardened veterans of Tunisia could not tell the difference between a Messerschmidt or a Spitfire. When these planes came into view, I hoped that the French soldier would know if they were friendly or enemy planes, but he could not tell either. So we just watched the traffic and the planes. Both of us were ready to jump from the vehicle at a second's notice. But they were our own planes from bases nearby. As I approached the city, I saw a small Red Cross clubmobile parked by an Officers' Club. I parked my clubmobile and introduced myself to the girls who were driving the other. They had doughnuts with them and offered us some of them. Both the French soldier and I appreciated them. These were the first Red Cross doughnuts that I had eaten. I went into the Officers Club which was nothing but an old shack at the side of the road and spoke to two officers that were present. It was about six o'clock and they urged me to stop at their base overnight. They would find accommodations for me. I was weary with driving all day and was tempted to accept their invitation. I still had forty miles to go, a drive of at least an hour and a half. But I could make that distance before dark and I wanted to be in Constantine that evening. Therefore, I went on. Just as the sun was beginning to set and motorists driving opposite me began to turn on the black-out lights on their cars, I arrived in Constantine and was grateful to the policeman who directed me to the heart of the city where I found the Red Cross headquarters. I marched into the Red Cross field office just as darkness was settling over the town.

The clubmobile was turned over to a field director. I was told

to be ready early the next morning with as little baggage as was absolutely necessary, as I was to go to the front. I took my bed-roll, blankets and pup tent, one barracks bag and a musette bag and also my folding cot. At the last thought I threw in my barracks bag all the cigarettes I had bought to give away, as I am a very indifferent smoker, also the cartons of chewing gum, as I thought I might need them. Little did I know to what good use I was to put them later on. Some of these cigarettes I was to throw to men in tanks as they drove into battle. Others I was to light and give to wounded men, and the chewing gum was put to similar good use. I went to bed that night, eager and excited, wondering what the next days and weeks were to bring forth. The regional director had given me four letters of introduction to the four Red Cross field directors with different units of our forces. I was to tie up and work with any one of them that could use my services.

In the morning four of us started out in the jeep which had just been given to the Red Cross by the army, and which had been recovered after being stolen for a few days. It was found by military police abandoned in Phillipeville. There were four of us: Ray Fallone, an assistant director who was to be attached to the Second Corps; Hayward Madden, also an assistant field director who was going to take charge of an advanced supply station; Allan Fink, regional supervisor and I. It was a nasty cold day with light rain falling as we set out. The top of our jeep was up, so also were the side flaps. We all wore the required battle dress for the area—woolen trousers, shirts and ties, field shoes and leggings, field jackets and steel helmets. In the jeep, besides our belongings, we had also a large tent and a cot for one of our field directors who had been sleeping in a bed roll and on the ground since the campaign had commenced. The last thing that I had done in Constantine was to buy from the quartermaster a mosquito bar to be used if mosquitoes or flies became too troublesome.

Our first destination was Bone, a small harbor town which the Germans believed was going to be used for the next invasion. Its harbor and port facilities readily lent themselves as an assembly and embarkation point for men and a shipping point for sup-

plies. Regularly, German planes were visiting that little community and in an endeavor to destroy the docks and the ships in the harbor, did considerable and serious damage to the city. Bone was about three hours drive away from Constantine. The first part of the ride was through magnificent hilly country and breathtaking scenery met your gaze at almost every turn. There was a maximum speed limit of forty miles at the front, if memory serves me right. More than once when going around the curves to Bone, I wished the speed limit had been even lower. Part of the journey, we passed between rows of munition supplies, stacked along each side of the road, apparently unwatched and unguarded. This was the general practice of keeping munition supplies out in the country stacked along side of the roads where they can easily be reached and transported either to shipping centers or to areas in which they were to be used. Some of these munitions were protected by being placed under corrugated iron covering. Others were just stacked in the open. Sometimes you drove through miles and miles of such supplies. Occasionally as you approached them, there were warnings not to stop for a mile or two miles for any excuse whatsoever.

When we arrived in Bone, we began to hunt for Fred Jupenlasz, the assistant Red Cross field director who had been left at Bone a few days previously to contact the American military authorities to find out if Bone was to become an important center for American troops and whether any Red Cross service might be needed there. As we approached the city, we saw a magnificent church standing out on a large promontory. It was named after St. Augustine who either was born or died there or did both. In a very old church in the city, his remains are said to be buried. In Bone itself I saw the damage that bombing can do to a town. Here and there there were large ruins. In one section of the city, a magnificent tree had saved a building from demolition. The bomb had fallen in the treetops and had exploded high up in the air. It had damaged the building slightly but the destruction was insignificant in comparison to what it would have been if the tree had not protected the buildings and caused a premature explosion of the bomb. In the harbor of Bone itself, there was no evidence that any damage had been done and it was apparent

that the work at the port had not been seriously interfered with by the periodic marauders. We experienced no difficulty in locating Jupenlasz, finding his whereabouts by making inquiries and learning where American officers were stopping. He was tremendously enthusiastic about the possibilities for work in Bone. He had seen the military authorities and had found out from them that it would become the center of a considerable concentration of troops. His information was correct. It did become such a center and was one of the ports from which came part of the armada which invaded Sicily. Jupenlasz himself would have been in that invasion wave had he not been taken ill and had he not been at the hospital when the ships left.

From Bone, we traveled on to Sukh-Arras, a supply point for the Red Cross. There we had several warehouses filled with comfort articles. From here, our men would visit the various hospitals and bring the Red Cross girls the supplies they needed. Here would also come Red Cross field men for the supplies they needed. Individual units, also passing through, hearing that Red Cross supplies were available would look for our supply officer and try to replenish their depleted stocks. There was only one hotel in town. To it, we made our way and found, as we expected, that Frank Correl, our representative, resided there. At the hotel, people also knew the whereabouts of our warehouse, and a few moments after our arrival, we had contacted him and heard the latest news. Two of our men whom we had expected to meet had been delayed 60 miles from town when their car had broken down. They had remained there overnight while members of the American army were repairing it. They would not be back until late this evening or perhaps the next morning. While we were talking to Frank and catching up on the news, some American soldiers came in looking for us. They had been sent to get some supplies. I was glad to go with Frank to the warehouse to help him and also to meet and talk to the boys who would come in. The first group was very much interested in getting baseball equipment. They wanted baseball bats and indoor balls. They stated that they had been inactive so long, waiting to do something, always on the verge of going into action

and invariably being delayed, that a serious problem of morale had developed among them because of this continued idleness. In fact, one of their men was being court-martialled because, in a minor altercation with an officer, he had shot at him. This would not have occurred if the morale of the men had not been low because of the monotony of doing nothing and of waiting, waiting, waiting for action which never came. Soon the report spread by the grapevine of the armed forces that the Red Cross was handing out supplies and the men began trooping in. Especially were they interested in towels and washcloths and reading materials. These were the most sought after articles at the front. If men and women in the United States had seen the smiles of appreciation and the genuine attitude expressed by these boys, some of whom had been at the front, they would have felt amply repaid for any sacrifice that they had made for the Red Cross.

There were no American units nearby and we had no rations with us, so we had no other choice but to eat in the native restaurant. Frank had assured us that the food was good and so it was. That evening the restaurant served, miracle of miracles, steak and french fried potatoes. The steak was small; the potatoes were few; and no seconds were available. These restaurants were only open to traveling officers. Enlisted men had to find their food elsewhere. That evening a lot of British soldiers from the Eighth Army came to town. They clamored in vain for food. They could not be served. These Eighth Army boys were tough looking. They showed the effects of their march across the desert. They were bronzed, tanned and healthy. Their unit had been taken from the front line duty and were relieved by the First Army. They were to receive a welcome rest while preparing for the next invasion. They had the greatest respect for General Montgomery, their commanding officer, and were confident that they would smash the Germans in Europe even as they smashed them across the desert. They liked the American troops with whom they had fought. They appreciated the pilots of our planes who had backed them up and they spoke glowingly of our equipment. Our own American forces likewise had only appreciation for the British Eighth Army.

American units felt safe and secure when they knew that their flank was protected by the tried soldiers of the Eighth Army. Between the allied armies on the front line, there existed genuine comradeship and friendship. It grew out of mutual appreciation and reciprocal confidence. When the First Infantry Division later on returned from the front, it heralded far and wide its appreciation of the British soldier and treated roughly any American doughboy who spoke unappreciatively of the exploits of the Eighth Army. On all fighting fronts, reports of genuine friendships between members of the allied armies were frequent.

After breakfast the next morning, we brought our luggage down, stored it away in the jeep and prepared for the last lap of the journey which was to take us to the front lines. Because we were approaching territory where enemy bombers strafed continuously, it was necessary to take down the windshield and to cover it. The windshield reflects the rays of the sun and is apt to serve as a very good signal to enemy aviators. It was not easy to sit in the back of the jeep and keep one's eyes open while the wind rushed by and the pebbles in the sand pelted us not infrequently. I had great difficulty following the road. I had no sunglasses and no eye protection. It made driving unpleasant, although the scenic beauty was magnificent. Occasionally there were Arab farmers, plowing their fields with 8, 10, or 12 oxen, utilizing the same methods of agriculture that had been employed by their ancestors millenia ago. All their tools were primitive. The machine had made no inroads on their way of life, and their level of living was low, pitifully low. The road which we took was in very bad shape. Fast driving on it was impossible and out of the question. Detours were continuous and frequent. On one fork of the road, we made the wrong turn and found ourselves behind a convoy of big cannons, American cannons. The road came to a dead end when we realized we had made an error. As we turned, a colonel of an American ordnance unit who was in charge of the convoy, engaged us in conversation. I offered him some cigarettes. He spurned them and instead, offered us a good cigar. Apparently he had just come from a ship and was well supplied with these undreamed of luxuries. His

cannons, too, had come from the ship and he was readying them for the knockout punches which they were to deliver to the Nazis within two weeks. It was comforting to stand by these cannons on that hillside, to know that they were on your side, that they were made by your people, that they would speak the only language that tyrants understand and heed. These cannons were destined to bring the Tunisian struggle to a quick close. They were the fruit of the labor of American civilians, indicative of the importance of the home front to the front lines.

We went back to the right road. We again drove on winding hills, along corkscrew drives. Time and time again, our advance was retarded by convoys of tanks and of supplies. They had the right of way and we gladly waited for them to pass. Towards the noon hour, we passed an American outfit and resolved to see if we could mess with them. Like ourselves, it was on the move. Its mess sergeant barely had enough food for the unit. Nevertheless he felt an obligation to take care of us and gave us each two cans of "C" rations that we might eat our own food. One of these cans contained a mixture of vegetables and meats. The other had biscuits, sugar, coffee and a few pieces of hard candy. In the can with the biscuits, there were several can openers. We opened our vegetable cans first and then scoured the side of the road for sticks or pieces of wood with which we could eat. We did not want to take the time to build a fire to heat our food and to make coffee. So we sat there on the road and on the jeep eating cold "C" rations. It was my first attempt and I enjoyed the food thoroughly. It was filling; it was novel; it was part of the adventure. I was destined to eat the same "C" rations for the next few weeks, and greater familiarity with them, did bring some contempt. We continued our journey to Tobarka. There we left Hayward Madden. He was to get quarters with some British soldiers stationed in town and was to hunt around to see if he could find space for a warehouse where our supplies could be kept. Tobarka was on the Mediterranean, had a good harbor and a number of small ships were anchored in it. The town, itself, had no civilian population as it had been shot to pieces and only the military were in it. Tobarka was already in Tunisia.

PSYCHIATRY IN TUNISIA

A few miles out of this town there was an evacuation hospital. To it were brought the wounded who had received preliminary treatment at clearing stations or at field hospitals. This hospital was equipped to keep them until they were ready to be moved to permanent station hospitals. The wards consisted of large tents, which contained beds and mattresses and wooden floors. There also was an operating tent. A large chapel was attached which was equipped with games furnished by the Red Cross. Mess tents, kitchen tents, sleeping quarters for nurses, doctors, ambulance drivers and the other military personnel were in evidence. Already the stakes on the tents had been painted yellow which indicated then, weeks before the Tunisian campaign was ended, that this hospital was being prepared for the next invasion and equipment was being marked for shipment by boat. I presume that it took part in the Sicilian invasion. (I have since learned that this hospital had been in Sicily.) At this hospital, the Red Cross workers told me that the psychiatrist was a St. Louisan, Major Louis Tureen, whom I would find in the psychiatric wards.

There I saw him, sitting on a bed, talking to a patient who was under the influence of an opiate, finding out the cause of his anxiety-neurosis and trying to heal the wounded mind of the young American. The boy over whom he was bending, had come in from the battlefield with his right arm paralyzed. He had slain a German, and in his mind, that slain German had been confused with a cousin whom he had seen killed in his presence by a jealous lover years before. This slaying of the German had given this boy a terrific sense of guilt, and had subconsciously led to a paralysis of his right arm, the killing arm. This the doctor sought to overcome. He urged the lightly sleeping soldier, to take the cover in his right hand and to cover himself. The patient responded. The doctor quickly awoke him. The boy said, "Doctor, did you cover me or did I cover myself?" When he heard the truth, he said, "Well, I guess I can

move my right arm." Before the day was over, this boy was moving his right arm. He shaved himself. He had been healed by psychiatry, by the auto-suggestion to which he responded while under the influence of an opiate. Major Tureen said that as the result of immediate treatment of these cases, known in the last war as shellshock, many are being rehabilitated for immediate duty. Major Tureen had been very lucky with them. Fifty per cent of his patients had responded to his treatments and had gone back to their outfits. Of these 90 per cent had made good. The army has recognized the great value of having those afflicted with anxiety-neuroses treated as close to the battleline as possible so as to prevent their neuroses from developing to alarming proportions and to save them from becoming mental cripples for the rest of their lives. Anxiety-neuroses are in part the result of the fear of death and the terror that this fear will be made manifest to one's companions and thus that one would be branded as a coward. Subconsciously, this terror works and leads to genuine physical disability. In the last war, such cases were regarded as hopeless of cure. It was assumed that there had been some damage to the nervous system. Today, it is known that the damage is mental, spiritual and psychological and not physical and the cure must take these factors into consideration. In this war, Major Tureen and others have demonstrated that many psychoneurotics can be cured quickly by immediate treatment and others can be rescued from being permanent, psychological invalids. I spent many hours with Major Tureen, hearing about his work and learning of the miracles modern medicine and scientific achievement made possible.

Towards six o'clock, we arrived at Second Corps headquarters to which Ray Fallone was to be attached, and there Al Fink made some telephone calls. He contacted all the units with which Red Cross men were connected and urged the directors to come in to see him. He then would arrange to have me assigned to one of them. The first one to come in was Joe Mason. He had been with an infantry division and had run short of supplies. He arrived in a jeep to which a trailer was attached. We helped load both his trailer and his jeep. He had an assistant in the front line

and unless he had more conveyances, he could not make use of my services. We loaded his jeep with comfort supplies, with soap and razors and toothbrushes, tooth paste, combs and chewing tobacco, cigarettes, reading material, towels and wash cloths. Joe Mason's face just beamed as we opened the cases and stowed the goods in his vehicles. In his mind's eye, he already saw the delight of battle-weary men with these materials which would give them some well-earned comforts. While we were loading him, up drove a captain who had just come from the front lines. His men wanted supplies badly. None had been able to get to them. He was part of Joe Mason's division. Joe Mason jotted down his outfit and his location, planning to visit it shortly. The captain was not satisfied. He wanted to take some stuff there immediately. We gave him everything he wanted. His driver and he just roared with joy and delight. If only the people back home could hear their exclamations, how glad they would be to know that their efforts and sacrifices were doing some good. I had no idea that these comfort articles could mean so much. Whenever we need them at home we can run to a neighborhood drug store and buy them in all the quantities we want. We do not know what it means to be without them for days, for weeks, for perhaps even months; and hence we do not appreciate them. But they certainly did. I suddenly began to realize how important and worthwhile a job it was to bring these comfort articles to men in battle areas. For a while I thought that I would be no more than a delivery boy, as I used to be when I delivered packages for a department store in my youth. I had looked down on this function that I was to fulfill, but then I began to become sensitive to its great value and significance. It was a privilege to be a delivery boy, to go to men who had been in danger for me and for my liberty, for my country and its traditions, for all humanity and for its liberation, and to render them these little services. Such errands do not win battles and do not win wars, but they give the men an inner satisfaction. They make our boys feel that there is someone who cares for them, someone who appreciates what they are doing, that there are loving folks back home who will stand by them and want them to be as comfortable as possible, even in the midst of fierce battles.

THE FIRST ARMORED DIVISION

Later, Cal Calahan of the First Armored Division called. He stated he would be glad to have me and could make good use of me. He was shorthanded. There were only two Red Cross men for a whole division. He needed at least three more men to cover the division adequately. He would call for me the next day. Just then, it was supper time and we marched into the officers' mess. Because this was the headquarters of the Second Army Corps, the mess was comparatively deluxe. There were tin plates, forks and knives and waiters. The mess tent was set up adjacent to a field kitchen which was mounted on a truck. There were long tables, boards placed on wooden horses. The floor of the tent was covered with gravel. There were small folding chairs, an unheard of luxury. Hauling furniture is a luxury that cannot be afforded in a war of lightning speed where mobility is highly desirable. Everyone at the front speedily learns that the less baggage he has, the happier and more comfortable he will be. Movement is continuous and there are no red-caps there to lug your bags. But this was a headquarters company. The food here, too, was better than the average because the enterprising mess sergeant had ways of reaching the Arabs. Bread also was served. You could have as many slices as you desired. For the next week, I was to see no bread, that is why I make mention of it now. After supper, we set up our tent, placed our cots in it, our bedrolls upon the cots, readied our flashlights, became fully acquainted with the camp in which there were about 250 men. I walked up to the chaplain's tent to introduce myself to him and found that he was conducting a Bible class. There were altogether three soldiers in it. I was the fourth. Here I was on the battlefield of Tunisia, sitting in on a New Testament Bible lesson, led by a chaplain of the U. S. Army, a member of the Missouri Lutheran synod. After the Bible lesson, there were a few simple prayers. By that time, it was pitch dark on the outside. If I had not had my flashlight, I could not have gotten to my tent. And even if I could have gotten to my tent, there was considerable danger of falling into the numerous foxholes which

many men had dug as a precautionary measure. I had about reached my tent when I heard the whirr of an airplane, irregular and harsh. Suddenly I heard the cry all over camp, "All lights out!" Some of the tents had electric lights in them. In one tent, they were slow in putting out the lights and what expletives filled the air! I put out my flashlight, sat down on the ground to see what, if anything, was to happen. There were three enemy planes overhead, but either they did not see us or else they were interested in more important game. After about five minutes of tense silence in complete darkness, the "all-clear" was sounded. I went to my tent, rolled under the covers of my bedroll and fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning, I found it had been raining all night, but our tent which had been secured by the Red Cross from a French military unit proved adequate protection. Right after breakfast, the chaplain came to me and asked me if I would conduct a Jewish service for the 25 Jewish men attached to this headquarters unit. They had been in Tunisia six months and no one had conducted a Jewish service for them. I was glad to do so. The chaplain set the service for 9:00 o'clock and through his clerk, sent a notice of it to every headquarters office. The service was to be held in the officers' mess. Chairs were arranged, prayerbooks were provided for by the chaplain. The prayerbooks were the ones furnished by the Jewish Welfare Board. There was no organ, no music, but there was a warmth and a glow in the sincerity of that service. The 23 boys who came wanted to pray in accordance with the traditions of their fathers. They came there in battle dress, wearing steel helmets and leggings. They took their helmets off during the service of their own accord, I followed suit. I led in the singing of some familiar, traditional synagogue hymns. As it was the Passover, I spoke on freedom, the freedom of which the Hebrews of old won through pain and suffering and the freedom which they were winning for all the children of men through pain and suffering. Here we all were in a land from which a modern Pharoah had been expelled and which had been liberated by their courage and heroism. During a few moments dedicated to all of our homes far away, tears trickled down the cheeks of many sun-tanned soldiers hardened by the experiences of battle. They were still

the same American boys. Shrieking shells, exploding bombs, living in foxholes, driving in tanks, going against pillboxes, had not destroyed in them their tender ties with home, nor severed the bonds of love and affection which reached out to their dear ones. After the service some of the boys chatted with me. At 10:00 o'clock they all returned to their various duties to help win the war and I went on my first mission to the battlefield for the Red Cross.

A letter had come from a chapter in the U. S. that the brother of a soldier had died, the brother who had taken over the soldier's business. The request was that either a Jewish chaplain or a Red Cross worker notify the soldier of his brother's death and assure him that other dear ones were looking after his business interests. Out I went in a jeep, over muddy, skiddy roads to find the outfit. It had moved three days before and was believed to have gone on the way towards Oran. The letter was then forwarded to the regional director in the Oran area with the hope that he would be able to deliver the message. Thus does the Red Cross director through the Red Cross chapter link the soldiers on the battlefield with their homes in the States.

When I returned from this mission, Cal Calahan was waiting for me to take me to the First Armored Division, a part of the Second Army Corps. I did not like to leave headquarters then because they were busy testing the new equipment which was coming over and had I remained there, I could have seen this equipment in operation. Yet eagerly, did I go with Cal Calahan to the personnel echelon of the First Armored Division, a division which has written its name on the hillsides of Tunisia which had frequently borne the brunt of the battle and which was the pioneer American tank outfit in the European theater of war.

Cal Calahan was a licensed Methodist minister who had been serving the YMCA in Maine. He enlisted with the Red Cross, was assigned to the First Armored Division, had gone with them to England in July and had been with the invasion forces in North Africa in November. From that time on, his outfit had been at the front and Cal had been with them the entire time. In the beginning of the campaign, Cal had been within one hour of being taken a prisoner.

The Germans were advancing, the Americans retreating. Cal's outfit had orders to remain at Sukkh-el-Arbre. They remained there. The Germans arrived at the town at 4:00 o'clock. At 3:00 o'clock, Cal and the men he was with received orders to leave town in vehicles that had arrived for them. It was a close shave for him and the reports had reached Red Cross headquarters that he had been captured. Cal had been bombed at night and in the daytime. He had been in convoys which had been attacked by enemy raiders, had seen trucks set on fire, friends killed near him, and made prisoners of war. For some time, he had been the only Red Cross man attached to the First Armored Division. He had slept on the ground in a pup tent, although he was the fortunate possessor of an air mattress which was a rare luxury and a cherished possession. From Constantine I had brought along for Cal and his assistant, Robby Robinson, a former football coach of Topeka, Kansas, a large tent as well as several cots. Cal had called for me in a weapons carrier which had been turned over to him by the army. He had converted it into a supplies carrier and his assistant and he made regular trips to the front to supply comfort articles, reading material, stationery, cigarettes to American soldiers who, because of the exigencies of battle, had either lost these articles or had run short of them. As we parked our weapons carrier between two trees, we covered it with the camouflage nets. Then we tried to find two trees under which we could set up our tent.

One of the camp regulations was that every vehicle and every tent be completely covered either by camouflage netting or by the foliage of trees, for enemy planes were continuously passing overhead and the tents, looked so much like the yellow sand of the Tunisian roads and hills as to be undistinguishable from them from the air, especially if covered by some green foliage. The tanks and cots were soon set up and I found Cal Calahan's bed roll had been soaked from the rain of the night before. To protect himself for that night and for the next few nights, Cal slept in all his clothes. Right near our tent, he dug a slit-trench with the hope of not having to use it. Soon, we saw the boys line up for mess and we followed. The food for men and officers was the same. For the enlisted men, the tables and chairs had to

be the running board of a vehicle or else the ground. For the officers, there were tables under the trees, but no chairs. We stood in line with our mess kits. This was the first time I used mine and as we walked by, the mess sergeant put one dipperful of the evening meal in our tin plates. That night, it was "C" rations, a highly spiced meat and vegetable hash, some beets, some preserved fruit, some hot coffee and no bread. On the table at which we stood while eating, there were some hard biscuits, perhaps the well-known hardtack. With that outfit, I never received any bread. It was not available. No bakeries were around and carting loaves of bread on trucks over hundreds of miles would have required too much space.

After supper, some of the boys were going swimming in the Mediterranean. I drove along with them for about four and one-half miles away there was a beautiful beach. We undressed in our vehicles, and enjoyed a swim. The air was rather cool as the sun already was setting. We got back in time to hear a news broadcast coming out of the tent of the special service officer and then went to sleep to be awakened the next morning at 5:15 when everybody else arose. We were to eat at the second breakfast which was not served until 7:00 o'clock. Between 5:30 and 7:00, we had nothing to do but straighten up our tents and clean up for the day. Again the small group went in swimming and I joined them. It was cold, but exhilarating. Even the powdered eggs tasted good that morning. Twice a day, these swimming parties were held until one boy drowned and then all swimming was forbidden. Eventually this rule was modified and swimming in groups was permitted. But surf bathing is dangerous when no life guards are present and when young men with exuberant spirits on unfamiliar beaches are not too careful. Three more men of different outfits were drowned and then all swimming on the part of American troops was forbidden.

That day, many planes on their way to the Tunisian front flew overhead. Sometimes as many as 50 or 60 could be seen going in formation to drop their load on Bizerte or Tunis. Whether there were any missing or not, we could not tell. Throughout the day, boys kept on coming to us for supplies.

Some had been in hospitals and their baggage had never caught up with them. They were being returned to the front and needed equipment. Others were newly arrived from the states, casualties who had received no supplies, because, as yet, they were attached to no units. They were like the man without a country. No one felt the responsibility of supplying them and so the Red Cross stepped in. Some of these casualties were anxious and eager to get into the fray. Others complained that they had very little training and would not know what to do on the battlefield.

Cal and I were going to take care of the correspondence and get in touch with the individuals about whom inquiries came from home. The correspondence was addressed to us from local chapters to whom the relatives of soldiers had applied for some information. One mother had not heard from her son for six weeks and was worried. A brother wrote to find out whether a soldier would assent to the sale of a house which was part of an estate in which the soldier had an interest. A wife wrote to find out what name to give their baby and she wanted a reply by cable. Fifty to a hundred inquiries arrived each month. As soon as Cal would receive the letters, he would go to the record bureau and find out where the individual was, whether he was well and whether his unit was available. He would then dictate a letter to a clerk who had been temporarily assigned to him. The clerk was a sergeant, a lawyer graduate from the University of Syracuse who served both the chaplain and the Red Cross director, and who had declined a commission, as he won too much money playing poker with enlisted men. After Calahan had dictated the letters, he would set out in his jeep to speak to the men about whom he had had correspondence. If cables had to be sent home, these cables were sent by courier to the field office in Constantine. Each day they were telephoned into Algiers and cabled to America. It becomes evident why instantaneous replies to cables could not be made. Even after the cables reach Algiers, there might be a delay of two or three days until the cable office could transmit them. Military messages, of course, took precedence and social messages were sent in the order of their importance. In cases of grave emergencies, quicker results were possible. Sometimes

cables were so slow in being transmitted that letters from home would be received before the cable. Such incidents were irritating but delays were frequently inevitable and no one could be held accountable for them.

Calahan had known a day before that I was going to join him and he told Father Martin, a lieutenant colonel, the divisional chaplain, that I would work with him. Father Martin had expressed a desire to meet me that he might urge me to help him out, in ministering to some of the Jewish soldiers. Cal thought that while we were out trying to locate some of the men about whom he had received inquiries, we might also try to find Father Martin. We set out for division headquarters, where Father Martin's headquarters were and where a soldier for whom Cal had a message, was stationed. We drove about nine miles on the road towards Beja in the jeep which was at Cal's disposal. The road was muddy and my face was spattered with mud. When we came to where division headquarters had been located, we found that they had moved. We kept on driving. Five miles beyond we saw a large open field filled with all sorts of supplies. There were cases of "C" rations. There were stacks of shells. There were cans of gasoline. We made inquiries and found that our headquarters had moved beyond. We kept on driving and saw a very beautiful viaduct which crossed the valley in which we were driving and connected two hills. Beautiful concrete arches supported the viaduct. We were now more than 25 miles away from our camp and soon came within sight of the city of Beja. Some infantry units were quartered outside of the city. The town itself had been declared out-of-bounds for all soldiers. A report was current that typhus had broken out there. This I was never able to verify. Another report was that it was full of prostitutes and they wanted to keep our soldiers away from them. This I was never able to verify either. I passed often near Beja, once drove through it, but never stopped in it. It had no interest for me. Tunis and Bizerte I was anxious to see, but Beja was merely a way station in the hills of Tunisia. At one of the crossroads, we spoke with an American M.P. He had seen our headquarters unit move. It was about 20 miles beyond where we were and Cal thought it was too late to try and reach it and

get back in time for mess or before dark. While driving in the jeep, I was told periodically to look around to see if any planes were coming. In all closed vehicles, it was customary for someone to sit or stand where he could see behind the vehicle and thus warn of the approach of enemy planes. Cal and I saw a number of planes overhead, but he decided they were our own observation planes and that we could just go on driving.

FRESH EGGS

Some distance up the road we met a group of Arabs who held eggs in the palms of their hands, hoping that we would stop and purchase these eggs from them. That the Arabs everywhere in North Africa stood there offering to sell eggs was a tribute to the American and allied soldiers. They had confidence that we would treat them fairly and we would not take the eggs from them which we had the physical power to do. While in our own country, where eggs are plentiful, the chance to secure fresh ones may not seem desirable, but to a soldier who has lived for weeks or months on canned food, powdered eggs, powdered milk, fresh eggs are a rare treat and a great luxury. Cal and I stopped one Arab who had three eggs to see if we could purchase them. We wanted the eggs but we also wanted the experience of dealing with the Arab and if you deal with him you must bargain. This Arab did not want to sell his eggs for money. Money was of little use to him because with armies in his country, there was nothing to buy. He needed supplies and needed them badly. He wanted some of the supplies that the Americans had. He came up to our jeep and asked for cigarettes. Usually Red Cross men have lots of cigarettes. We distributed them to soldiers with the compliments of the American public. Even when we did not go on a supply mission, we took several cartons with us to give the boys whom we met on the road and who might be short of them.

Neither Cal nor I had any cigarettes. I smoke very little and Cal happened to be out of them. We looked around to see what we could give for the three eggs which became

more and more desirable. In the back of the jeep, I found a cube of sugar. The Arab's eyes beamed when he saw it. He wanted that sugar. I knew that I had one egg. Arabs and French would do anything for sugar and candy. There was a shortage of both. I then found a small cellophane bag which contained some powdered chocolate for the making of hot chocolate. I showed it to the Arab who, of course, could not read what it contained. He took the cellophane bag and smelled it and was willing to take that. I had two eggs. He wanted more for his three eggs. The only thing that I could find about my person was a package of chewing gum. I showed that to him but he shook his head and did not want it. I had two extra sticks of gum. I began to chew one to let him know it was edible and gave him one. He bit into it and swallowed it. It was sweet and he liked its taste. He was satisfied. We received the three eggs for a cube of sugar, a bit of powdered chocolate, and a package of chewing gum. We were just as satisfied as the Arab. That evening after supper, we boiled the eggs in tin cans filled with water. We heated the water with gasoline in another can and had a great party. Subsequently I learned that chewing gum had become very popular among French and Arab children. Our soldiers must have given them tons and tons of chewing gum. In cities and small towns, children would follow American soldiers shouting "Chewing gum, Joe; chewing gum, Joe; chewing gum, Joe."

A chaplain having heard that a rabbi was in the vicinity in the service of the Red Cross, sent a message to me asking me to conduct a service for Jewish boys who had not had a Jewish service since leaving England. "Call" Calahan, Red Cross field director, drove me in his jeep about five miles up the road to that chaplain's regiment. There we had our lunch, and the chaplain had arranged for a one o'clock service, which was to be held in the officers' mess, a large tent which had been erected right behind the field kitchen which was mounted on a truck. About twenty to twenty-five Jewish boys found themselves free to attend the service. The only music was the clatter of pots and pans in the adjacent truck. The boys were very devout. Prayer meant something to them. During the worship I saw more than one tanned and helmeted soldier whose eyes were filled with

tears. When the service was over, the boys hoped that I would remain in the area a long time and would return to them.

A chaplain I met informed me what I subsequently heard from many others, that the Red Cross insignia in Medical Units was being respected by the Germans and was not being fired upon. He told me of an American medical officer who had wandered on the field of battle in order to give first aid to a wounded soldier. When the Germans saw him coming, knowing his mission, they ceased firing. While he was walking around, they began to yell at him and to urge him not to walk in a certain area. They did this because that area had been mined and the doctor would have been blown to smithereens. At times I heard other reports from our soldiers. One said that he was wounded, lying in the field for four days, receiving no medical treatment and eating flowers of the field. The Germans held their food tantalizingly before him. Another soldier told me that the Germans shared with them everything they possessed. Reports of kind treatment increased as the campaign came to a close. Nazis were bullies. The philosophy of Nazism is the philosophy of a bully. A defeated army is always kind to prisoners. Toward a weak foe the Nazi showed no mercy and consideration. Toward a strong foe he was sportsmanlike. Nazis respected only one thing—might stronger than their own, and that the Allied Forces had.

In the evening at the request of Chaplain Woodruff, of the Ninth Evacuation Hospital, I conducted a religious service there. It was not only attended by the personnel of the hospital, who numbered about thirty-five, but also by wounded soldiers who were convalescing, among whom were several Moroccan Jews who were black and had negroid features. This service was held out in the open, behind the chaplain's tent. His organist had last year played in the Catholic Cathedral in St. Louis. Now he was to play on a field organ for a Jewish service conducted by the Rabbi of Temple Israel of St. Louis. The men wore their steel helmets during the service. They sat on the grass and lustily sang some of the familiar synagogal chants. Chaplain Woodruff was most sympathetic. He had been conducting Jewish services regularly on Friday evenings and during the Passover had ar-

ranged, with the aid of a Catholic chaplain, to have a Passover seder, which was greatly appreciated. The setting for this service was magnificent, on a plateau, surrounded by hills not far from the Mediterranean. The Psalm "I Look Up Unto the Hills from Whence Cometh My Help" forced itself upon my lips. The boys, too, seemed to sense the power and the majesty of God. Here, and far away from home, they were carrying on their hazardous, but merciful ministry. Many of them were ambulance drivers. They frequently went right into the thick of the battle, or at times they were compelled to cross roads where shells were flying continuously and furiously. Casualties were not uncommon among them. It was as hazardous a service as any. All army services in combat areas are hazardous. When I returned again to my camp, I heard that a Corporal Baker, of Chicago, stationed somewhere in the area, had left a message for me, that I be sure and notify him if I held another Jewish service. There appears to be some truth in the saying that there are no atheists in foxholes.

Immediately after breakfast, Robbie Roberts of Wichita, Kansas, an assistant field director of the Red Cross, attached to the First Armored Division, took me with him as he went out to the front lines to bring Red Cross supplies to men who had been in battle and who were in need of comfort articles. While passing along the highway, we were hailed by an outfit which was repairing damaged tanks. Their ration of cigarettes had not been forthcoming and they wondered if we could spare some. Of course we did. The boys were profuse in their thanks. We told them that these supplies came from the folks back home, who appreciated what they were doing and wanted to make them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances of war. After making a number of inquiries, we located the units for which we were searching. The captain in command said that most of his men were manning batteries in the hills, that it would be difficult for us to locate them and that he would be glad to get their supplies and give them to them when they were relieved in the evening. The captain was especially interested in getting books and playing cards. Both diverted the men and gave

them relief from the tension of being under fire or of firing themselves. Once during a heavy bombardment, I found great relief and relaxation in a chess game with Chaplain Bailey. As we lay on the floor of a tent immersed in protecting our kings, we didn't hear the boom of the cannon and the whistling shriek of the shells. After supplying this unit, we moved on and the captain of our next company met us with open arms. He asked that we drive the truck up to the center of the field and that he would have the men lined up. Two hundred lined up. I was on the inside of the truck, opening cartons of cigarettes, boxes of playing cards, handing out stacks of towels, washcloths, and as the men passed they took the things they needed. Two packages of cigarettes were allowed to each person. Some didn't take any. They had enough. They said, "Keep these for someone who needs them more than I do." That was the spirit of camaraderie among the soldiers. For over an hour they kept coming, and I was perspiring inside the truck, the inside of which was never intended to accommodate one of my height. The appreciation of these boys made us happy that we were in the service of the Red Cross, whose work meant so much to battle-scarred soldiers.

When these boys were through, there was very little left in the truck. The commander invited us to have chow with him, which was very good. There was some liver, also some pork from a freshly-killed pig. When I ate it I didn't know it was pork. It was the first fresh meat I had eaten in weeks. A colonel was also a guest at chow. He wanted to know where the pig had been obtained, for American soldiers are not permitted to take anything from the native population. The captain replied "This pig had been wandering around, French refugees had abandoned it when war had hit their community." The story was accurate. Arabs do not raise pigs. Islam forbids eating the flesh of swine. When the French fled from their homes, no one was there to care for or to take possession of their pigs. The colonel was satisfied. Articles of war had not been violated. Outside of the kitchen truck there walked a goose which was being fattened and which some day would grace the table. We had brought no kitchen utensils with us. An empty tin can served as a cup, a plate and fork were unearthed by the mess sergeant,

and so we dined in state. We moved on down the road to another outfit. At the next unit we disposed of everything we had left. Every old book, every scrap of magazine were eagerly taken. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Our truck was empty. In the distance we heard the boom of artillery and we returned home, weary, dust-covered, but happy in the knowledge that we had been of some use. Once home, there was a tent, a cot, and a bedroll, with no lights after seven o'clock. My washbowl was my helmet. The water was secured from the water trucks which were filled daily with purified water. The tent was home, and it was easy to fall asleep at eight o'clock at night, but not easy to get up for reveille at five A.M. the next day.

Two atabrine pills, which everyone must take twice a week to prevent malaria, proved too much for my system. I was incapacitated for one day, as were thousands of others. I lay on my cot, could retain no food, and ran a temperature. It is not pleasant feeling upset, especially on a battlefield.

BROADWAY AND RILEY STREET

Early one Sunday morning we drove about four miles for a swim before breakfast in the Mediterranean. Looking out across the waters, we saw some Naval patrol boats. The day before some of the bathers had seen submarines in the distance. After breakfast I set out with Calahan again to find division headquarters. We drove in a jeep. We weren't quite certain where division headquarters was. It was supposed to be about six miles up the road, but when we arrived it had moved. When we reached Beja, ten miles away, we were told that we had to travel four miles on Riley Street until we came to Broadway, and that on Broadway we would find our headquarters. While driving home along Riley Street we passed mine fields and saw a Messerschmidt flying around. We wondered whether he would dive at us, or leave us. Apparently, its pilot did not think it worthwhile to come down to try to get two Red Cross workers driving in a jeep. We reached Broadway and drove eight miles instead of two until we came to headquarters.

There I witnessed one of the most dramatic scenes of my experience. Five miles away was the battle line. We could clearly hear the boom of artillery. Our infantry was advancing under the protection of an artillery barrage. If it could dislodge the Germans, the tanks would follow and could easily get to the plains of Bizerte. The infantry gained their objective. The tanks and other auxiliary vehicles were ready to drive through the wedge when the signal was given. The night before, headquarters had been shelled and bombed, and this might be resumed at any moment. Suddenly, in the distance, a sergeant waiting near his truck said, "There go the Stukas." He loaned me his glasses and I saw five German planes drop down over the hills. They looked like mosquitoes to the naked eye. A few minutes later we heard the explosion and saw white smoke arising. The Germans were counterattacking. They regained the hill acquired by American lives and blood. For several days the tanks remained and did not move until, from other flanks, the Germans were pressed backward and compelled to vacate this hillside stronghold, known as the Mousetrap. I later saw some of the German dugouts. They had been built in the rock, roofed over with concrete. Some of them even had windows taken from damaged planes and pictures of girls were still pasted on the walls. Apparently the Germans had had plenty of time to dig in while waiting for the attack. They had made themselves as comfortable as possible. These caves protected by concrete were difficult to assault. This was the closest that I had been to an actual battle line. We drove back cautiously over Broadway and Riley Avenue and reached home in time for chow and for the Protestant service conducted by Chaplain Bailey.

CHAPLAIN BAILEY

Chaplain Irwin C. Bailey, Jr., of Reading, Pennsylvania, attached to the 47th Medical Battalion of the First Armored Division, had gone with it to England, had accompanied the invasion forces and had been with his unit throughout the Tunisian

campaign. There were three companies in his medical battalion. He was responsible for ministering to the men and officers and also for giving spiritual strength to the wounded when they were brought in to the field hospitals. On Sundays, he visited other outfits in the First Armored Division where he conducted Protestant services. When I heard that there was to be a Protestant service Sunday evening which would conflict with a softball game between the boys of our company and the company attached to a nearby evacuation hospital, I was disturbed. I was anxious to go to the ball game. Robby had been asked to pitch for the boys. Money had been wagered on the outcome of the contest and I was eager to see it. I felt, however, that I should attend the religious service, not merely because of what I would get out of it, but also as a courtesy to the Protestant chaplain. Then, too, I was curious to see how many men would choose the service in preference to the ball game. Chaplain Bailey had at his disposal a truck in which he carried his personal belongings, his tent, and also the personal belongings of his clerk, Corporal Larry Meyers, of Nebraska. In the truck also were comfort articles which he had received from the Red Cross to distribute to soldiers. There were also hymn books, prayer books, and religious literature for boys of all denominations.

Before the chaplain commenced the service, Corporal Meyers set up the organ. The tailboard of the truck served as an altar. On it he placed a crucifix. From it, he hung the chaplain's flag, a cross of white on a field of blue. The service was held out in the open. The men used their steel helmets as seats. Larry Meyers passed the hymn books. We sang hymns, bowed our heads in prayer. Chaplain Bailey read from the Bible, preached on the text of the week and gave the same sort of sermon that he might have given in his own church. Unaffected was this service by the fact that we were in the vortex of a great war with the exception of the greater devotion evident in the worshippers. Here we were living daily in the face of crisis that at any time might bring sudden death to all of us. The consciousness of this lifted us above the superficial judgments of life. It made for more profound thinking and also, for keener consciousness of God.

Civilians, too, in times of great stress rediscover religious values.

By the bedside of a dying mother, by the hospital cot of a sick child, by the operating table of a dear one, men and women are suddenly apt to realize the loneliness of man, his weakness, his dependence upon God, a continuous source of power and strength. Crises like this are the daily lot of men in a fighting zone. That is why their religious sensibilities are keener and that is why 60 to 70 American boys who had been working hard seven days a week preferred to worship to going to a ball game. In America under similar circumstances, they would have gone to the game and the church would have been empty. But here, prayer meant more to them than the joyful thrill of watching a ball game. After the service, the chaplain and I went to the ball game. Hundreds of men were among the spectators and I understand thousands of francs were bet on the outcome. The umpire, too, came in for his share of abuse. After the game, we all sat on a hillside and a St. Louis composer and entertainer sang the songs he had composed. They all concerned his girl, who was not faithful to him and though she had forgotten, his love was abiding and endured. The songs continued until it became dark and then we walked over the hills to our own camp. We were forbidden to use our flashlights, but when our eyes were accustomed to the dark, we could find our way.

The next morning, Chaplain Bailey was very friendly. He had remembered hearing me on a radio program which had been broadcast nationally, and had once even written in for one of my sermons. He was anxious to have me go with him. A battle was raging. There were many wounded, and he could not minister to them all. Some of them had died, and he felt that my ministry would be of use. Also, he needed a Red Cross worker. I was somewhat reluctant to accept his invitation as I was deeply interested in my work with Calahan and Robinson and especially in my trips to the front lines. When I mentioned this to Chaplain Bailey, he said to me that his outfit was as far front as any and that any time that I felt I was not of any use, he would be glad either to bring me back to Calahan or to other Red Cross personnel somewhere in the area. Chaplain Bailey was very convincing. I discussed this proposal with Calahan who urged me to go, especially since there was no Red

Cross man as far front as that with the First Armored Division and he thought that my presence there would be of value. Chaplain Bailey informed me that he would leave right after lunch and asked me to have my belongings ready by that time. Calahan told me to leave any surplus baggage I had with him and that wherever he moved, he would take it along and I would have no difficulty in locating him as he would always be with the service echelon of the First Armored Division which is where the records were kept.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

After I had packed my belongings while waiting for the noon mess, I strolled across the road where a cemetery detail in charge of a sergeant had established a roadside cemetery. It consisted of what would be in the city, a rather good-sized lot. The first two-thirds of it was set aside for American and Allied dead. The last third of it was reserved for German dead. About 18 or 20 graves had already been dug. Sixteen were of American soldiers, two of British soldiers, and two of German soldiers. In the front row, the first three graves were those of Jewish boys. I knew that from the identification tag which was nailed to the marker. On that identification tag there was a capital H, which indicated that the boy was of the Hebrew faith. Many a Jewish boy was concerned over this "H" because he was fearful of what it might mean to him if he were captured by Germans. He was concerned lest the Geneva Convention about prisoners of war would not be heeded in his case. The Jewish soldier really was in a dilemma. He did not want to foreswear his faith. In case of death, he wanted the rites of his own religion, yet at the same time, in case he was taken a prisoner of war, he wanted square treatment which he feared he might not get. I did not have any authentic information as to whether the Nazis made any differentiation in the treatment of Jewish and other American prisoners of war. There was a rumor, and only a rumor, for which I had no substantiation, that Jewish prisoners of war were segregated. From the Nazi point of view, such segregation would

be pointless. If Jews exercised the degrading influence Nazis claim they did, they should have left them among the other soldiers to continue their degradation and thus weaken the foes of the Nazis. Of course, Nazis did not have to be logical, especially when it did not suit them to be so.

I noticed that on the graves of the Jewish soldiers, there were crosses. Army regulations call for a six-pointed star. Calling that to the attention of the sergeant was not my business. I was not a chaplain. I was in the service of the Red Cross. I did, however, call it to the attention of Chaplain Bailey who forthwith spoke to the sergeant in charge of the cemetery. The sergeant said that the six-pointed stars were in the warehouse in Constantine. He had put in a requisition for them but they had not arrived. In the interim, he had put crosses there. Later I met Chaplain Earl Stone of Chicago, who told me that he had seen the same thing. He had ordered a sergeant to remove the crosses lest this become a precedent. The first American graves that I had seen were Jewish graves just as the first victims of the Nazi onslaught on humanity had been Jewish.

While at the cemetery, a Protestant chaplain attached to an evacuation hospital drove up to bury two bodies. One of an American soldier and one of a German soldier. My first contact in North Africa with Germans was with a dead soldier. The bodies of the soldiers were placed in mattress covers. The pockets of the American were searched for personal belongings. A ring forgotten on one of his fingers was removed with soap. The American soldier's body was in a cast, and apparently a desperate attempt had been made by the physicians to save his life but in vain. The cast had to be cut to fit the body into the cover. The cover was tied and reverently lowered into the grave. The cemetery detail and other soldiers who had gathered stood around with bowed heads while the chaplain read the service.

As I saw this American soldier lying there, I read his dog tags. He was from a small town in Nebraska, but military regulations forbade me from jotting down his name. His freckles could be seen through the pallor of his countenance. As he lay there in full uniform, I was hardly aware of the fact that he was dead, until a fly lit upon one of his nostrils. That he could not brush

that fly away annoyed me and suddenly made me conscious that he was dead. There I saw the "supreme sacrifice." I never again have been able to use these words glibly. They are not two words to me. I see this cemetery outside of Tobarka, this pale Nebraska boy, the cast on his body, the pallor of his features, the undisturbed fly on his nostril. A sacrifice for his country, a sacrifice to the institution of war. When will men rise to all their moral grandeur and abolish this curse which takes their children prematurely to die on continents far from their homes, to be buried in temporary roadside graves?

There was an unusual solemnity there. Every soldier knew that a similar fate, burial in a roadside grave far away from home and friends, might be his destiny amid the fortunes of war. While the body was lying in the grave, I thought of the boy's parents waiting in vain for his return. After the American boy had been interred, the German boy was buried with the same reverence in another section, and the chaplain conducted a religious service. Among the American boys there was considerable curiosity about the uniform, shoes and equipment of the German soldier. About this curiosity I shall comment later. It was universal among our troops. These roadside cemeteries were temporary. The chaplain made a careful record of the location of each grave and identified it with map symbols as it was planned later to move these bodies for burial in permanent cemeteries.

CONFIRMATION MESSAGE FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS OF TUNISIA

I wrote the following message while camped eight miles east of Tobarka on the road to Beja, Mateur, and Bizerte. I hoped that my son would read it if it reached him in time, at his confirmation services in Temple Israel in St. Louis. I sent him six copies. One reached him, and he read it.

"I write this message to you on a Sunday morning while sitting in the open on the front seat of an Army weapons carrier, used by the Red Cross to carry emergency comfort supplies to

soldiers at the front, or in areas remote from any normal army supply centers. In that truck I have made several trips on missions of service.

"The scene here is peaceful. All around are tents of various khaki colors. From a large one nearby, I hear the clicking of typewriters, where some Army office functions. On my right I see a field kitchen, with cooks busy opening the cans for the noon-day meal. No Sunday chicken here. No ice cream, no cakes, no pies. In the distance I see a volley-ball net strung up between two trees. Close by there is a round fox-hole, and behind me a slit-trench, and mounds of earth dug up in building fox-holes and trenches. Nearby, is the road, and its hum of vehicles, some going back for supplies, others bringing supplies, and others on essential errands needed in the huge undertaking of keeping an army going and moving. Opposite my camp, on the other side of the road there is a cemetery of freshly-dug graves. The first two rows are of American boys. The next two of British boys, and in the rear section a few graves, marked enemy, either Italian or Nazis.

"The other day I visited that cemetery, and the first graves were those of Jewish boys, one from New York City. Six-pointed stars were to have been placed on these graves, but in their absence crosses have been temporarily put upon them. There rest these young Americans of all faiths and of our faith, comrades in life and comrades in death. It was quite a coincidence that the first graves that I should see here should be those of Jewish boys. Jews of Germany were the first victims of Hitler's tyranny—not because they had been guilty of any crimes, for they had been useful, creative, good citizens, but because by history they, more than any other living peoples, were identified with the religion of the prophets of Israel, their teachings of love and of justice, of brotherhood and of peace, of equality and of liberty, of faith in a God, who is merciful and just, who chastises because he loves, and whose word will endure and whose Kingdom will be established.

"Hitler's chief aim in seeking to destroy Jews was to discredit that way of life which our part of humanity had received through Jews. For his way of life differs from the prophetic

way. Tyranny, slave and master races, violence and brutality, oppression, might being right, are the principles which he regards highest. If he wins, prophetic influences, championed by synagogue and church, will be submerged, and mankind will have its weary struggle for right and liberty all over again.

"But prophetic ideals shall not be submerged—God's word cannot be. Hitler will not be victorious. His armies will be defeated, but at a terrible cost. This defeat will demand sacrifices, sacrifices and more sacrifices.

"Today, you take your stand on the side of prophetic religion as have your forefathers. The Ten Commandments, on whose birthday you are given religious birth, contain the noblest values of life; the heart and kernel of Jewish teachings. They are of greater significance today than ever.

"As I sit here in the theatre of war, and behold the ruined cities, the men and the materials, the result of violating the Ten Commandments, I know better than ever that it is the duty of every decent human being to build such a world in the future that wars will be unnecessary. Backward people will have to be helped; destroyed areas rebuilt; weak nations strengthened; despised races elevated. A League will have to be created on the ruins of the old.

"Judaism teaches now, as it taught in the past, that these lofty goals are not idle dreams, but can be attained. Confirmation should renew your faith in them and should impel you to dedicate your life to them. Not how you speak your part, but how you live the prophetic way will be of most vital importance. You must, if you are true to Judaism, on this day dedicate your energies and pledge your hearts and souls to that better world of peace and brotherhood, love and justice which our sages meant when they spoke of the 'Kingdom of God.'

"You of the Confirmation Class represent a cross-section of American life. Some of you come from comfortable homes, and some in which the struggle for a livelihood has been difficult. Some of you had every advantage placed before you, and others have had to do without them. In the sight of God, you are equals, equals as those who stood around Sinai's heights, and your worth in the future will be determined by how loyal you are to God's

will, so beautifully expressed through the prophets, and the religious tradition of Judaism.

"I am sorry that the fortunes of war keep me from you this day. I have great hopes for you. I believe in you. I know your fineness and decency, and have confidence that with the cooperation of the youth of all the nations, you will build a just world, in which all races, nations and individuals will be equal and free. In the future, therefore, no rabbi of Temple Israel will have to pen his message from a theatre of war, where his thoughts are occasionally interrupted by a plane speedily flying on a mission of life and death.

"With faith in your future, humanity and God, I close with the Sacred words:

" 'May God bless you and keep you, May God cause the light of His countenance to shine upon you. May God lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace.' "

Tunisia, April 25, 1943

SERVING THE WOUNDED

Thereafter, we set out on our trip. Near Beja we stopped at an evacuation hospital. There, soldiers were taken after their wounds had been treated at the receiving hospitals. At the evacuation hospital there were beds and nurses and doctors and well-equipped operating rooms where soldiers can be kept, fed, and cared for, for days and days. Some might from here return to their duties. Others might be sent to permanent hospitals where they could get treatment for months and months, and others might be sent back home. In this hospital I saw the victims of war. Some of them were too weak and too sick to pay attention to what was going on. Others appreciated a word of greeting and a kindly smile. The chaplain met some of the men who had received first treatment at this station. Some of the boys were in fine spirits, cheered by reports of the victory in Mateur. They were anxious to be in Bizerte for the finish. They wanted to rejoin their outfits. A soldier's outfit in a theatre of war is his home. There are his friends and pals with some of whom he has

lived for a year or more. In one of the wards of this hospital and every ward was a tent with about twenty-four beds, two rows of twelve each, I saw several German prisoners. I knew that they were Germans by the tag on their beds, with P.O.W. (Prisoner of War). That's the only way that I knew they were our enemies. For in this hospital they were considered as wounded human beings, in need of care and attention if they were to survive the wounds of battle. They received the same treatment. Germans and Americans ate the same food and received the same attention. A doctor with the rank of major was leaning on a bed and arranging an oxygen mask over the face of a sufferer. He was a German, not an American. I spoke to the German prisoners. Both declared that they were receiving excellent treatment and appreciated American kindness. On the table next to the bed of one of these Germans, I saw a package of Lucky Strike cigarettes. One of these boys had arrived in North Africa on March 4th; another had left Sicily on April 29th, and had immediately been placed in battle, thus indicating that the Germans made desperate attempts to reinforce their ranks, to hold and to save the "Afrika Corps." This prisoner had come over in an Italian passenger plane which contained twenty-four soldiers without equipment. This soldier said to me resentfully "I landed here on the 29th, and immediately they shoved me into battle. Two weeks ago, I left home and here I lie wounded—Tunis is lost and I think the whole war." I then told these boys that I was a rabbi and a look of fear came into their eyes. I added "Rabbis are not as bad as Julius Streicher, editor of *Der Sturmer*, had stated."

We left the hospital wards and walked into the chaplain's tent. We knew the tent because the chaplain's flag was unfurled before it. The chaplain was out. Several convalescent soldiers were busy trying to tune in on a radio program. The radio had a loud speaker, so that occupants of the wards could listen to it. We moved on to B Company of the 47th Medics and ate supper with them. The major in command had been at Mateur and displayed a First Aid kit, taken from a captured German ambulance. It was well equipped and the medics admired its contents. It had many appliances of rubber and one of the doctors said "They seemed to suffer from no rubber shortage."

All German soldiers were well equipped and had the best of everything. Europe had been impoverished and plundered to equip Nazi armies for war. After supper, we drove about five miles on the road towards Mateur, until we came to A Company of the 47th Medics. In a large open field we parked our car, in accordance with regulations, a hundred yards from any other vehicle. This medical company was mobile. It must be ready to move, on fifteen minutes' notice. It had two hundred and twenty men. Among them were ambulance drivers, stretcher bearers, surgical technicians, kitchen or rather mess attendants, supplies units, clerks, doctors, surgeons, and one dentist. The next day this company was destined to move three times. It moved in a convoy, at a speed of 30 to 35 miles an hour, roads permitting.

While Corporal Meyers was setting up our tent and our cots, we placed our bedrolls on them. Chaplain Bailey and I then spent the rest of the evening ministering to patients. Every medical company had two surgical tents. These were divided into two sections. One was the receiving room, in which 20 stretchers can be placed on the ground. The other was the operating room, in which there were three operating tables in which three major operations may go on simultaneously. The doctors and their aides have been exceptionally original and had created some surgical equipment which is bound to influence surgical treatments on the battle field. The operating room consisted of a truck. In the body of the truck there was one operating table. On each side of the truck there was another operating table. The inside of the truck was painted white and was lined with all sorts of cabinets. On one side there was a water tank. Its spigot was on the outside of the truck. It was taken from a destroyed home in the city where the company had been camped. The lights for the operating table outside of the truck were suspended from fixtures made of pipes taken from an abandoned refrigerating plant. The operating table was the stretcher, which rested on folding aluminum horses, the material for which was taken from a Messerschmidt plane which had been shot down. These horses were very light, were handled easily and took up very little space in the truck.

There was a small gas range used to heat water for the sterilization of instruments and for the making of distilled water. There was also an oil stove that could be used when additional warmth was necessary. There were other ingenious mechanical contrivances which represented the work, the skill, and the ideas of the company.

When I entered this operating tent for the first time, three major operations were in progress. In the truck, itself, a surgeon and assistant were searching the intestines of a man for bits of shrapnel. Assisting in the operation were the technicians, who had formerly been truck drivers. They had been trained by the company medics and now possessed unusual skill. On another table a foot was being amputated. At the third table lay a soldier with a fractured limb. His pulse was gone, and on his face was the pallor of death. Hastily, the blood plasma was brought in. The distilled water was mixed with the powdered plasma and poured into his system. It worked miracles. I saw the miracle of the resurrection of the dead. As if touched by the angel of life the wounded American revived. First his head moved, then his eyes opened and stared blankly. Then life, recognition and all mental faculties returned. Animation came to his body. Some generous American, perhaps Christian or Jewish, perhaps white or Negro, perhaps rich or poor, perhaps from a city or a farm, was reaching out through the Red Cross and its blood bank over oceans and hills to give a helping hand to this wounded patriot, who was stumbling in the valley of death. This hand brought him back to life.

A few minutes after the plasma had been administered to him, Rube was a new man. He began to be interested in what was going on around him. He gratefully accepted the cigarettes I gave him, asked for a glass of water, and then with interest watched the surgeon proceed to clean his fractured limb and place it in a cast. Rube was well enough to complain. His complaint was not against his wound. It was over the fact that he had been wounded performing a menial task. His lieutenant had forgotten some wire matting. Too tired to go for it in his jeep, he asked the sergeant for a man to accompany his driver. The sergeant picked Rube, and Rube was wounded

en route by a shell fragment. He would have preferred to have been wounded in personal combat with the foe. But such is modern warfare. Many of the casualties in war are acquired when performing non-combatant tasks. Rube was of the Jewish faith and before he left the operating table I blessed him and he was pleased. The surgeon believed that after a month of convalescence Rube would be well and have complete use of his limb. He said, "Blood plasma has saved my life." It brought him out of the valley of the shadow.

WITH THE 47th MEDICS

I remained with the 47th Medical Battalion. The battle was on and the ambulances brought in the wounded all day in a steady stream. We moved our unit three times in six hours. We rose in the morning at 5 A.M. and joined the other section of A Company at breakfast. Immediately thereafter orders came to move to a site about eight to ten miles east. The site selected was located on a road intersection where roads to Beja and Mateur met. The spot was about 37 kilometers from Bizerte. As we entered our camping site one person went out of each conveyance and walked slowly in the field exploring for land mines, little presents which Nazi soldiers had acquired a habit of leaving behind as reminders of the grimness of war. All the roads in the battle area were carefully searched for mines by the engineers and usually signs indicated that the mines had been cleared within 20 feet of the edge of the road. Fields known to be heavily mined were marked with red and white diamond-shaped signs. In some cases, white tape had been strung along the highway to indicate the areas of safety. More than one life had been lost and more than one jeep destroyed when men drove off the highway to turn around.

Within a few minutes after the camp was settled and the tents pitched, the company ambulance drivers began to bring their wounded from the field and the surgeons and medical attendants began their work. Sometimes the ambulances came with full loads of four stretchers, sometimes with two wounded, sometimes with more when the wounded were able to walk. After about a half

hour a major from another medical unit came and spoke to the commanding officer, informing him that this site was, from a military point of view, poorly chosen, that it was quite certain that German artillery fire would endeavor to interfere with traffic at this important road junction. The commanding officer of A Company had been assigned to the site and did not feel that he should move.

Within 100 yards of the road one of the surgical tents had been erected. Over all the tents of the medical unit there were large red crosses on white fields. All the vehicles carried Red Cross flags and red crosses were painted on their roofs. These signs, in accordance with the Geneva convention, were supposed to render them immune from attack. The officers of the medical unit informed me that, by and large, the German soldiers had respected the Red Cross. At times, objectives near the medical sections were attacked, but the medical tents were spared. Occasionally an ambulance was strafed. This may have been due either to accident or to the willful caprice of an individual and not to military policy. I commenced to minister to the wounded who lay on stretchers on the ground in the large tent while waiting for admission to the operating room.

For a moment I stepped out of the large tent and was about to enter the operating tent when I heard a whistling noise overhead. I said to myself, "This is what I have often heard described as the whistling of a shell." No sooner had this thought flashed across my mind than I saw the surgeons in the operating room bend low with their instruments in their hands, and a second later I heard the explosion of the shell on a mountain side approximately a half mile away. Nazi artillery was trying to get the road junction. More shells began to whistle overhead, as the attempt was being made to find the range. About 15 or 18 were dropped ahead of us, none of them doing any damage except to leave pock-marked craters in the earth. Then the shells began dropping behind us and one jeep which had no occupants in it at the time was hit and its papers were scattered high in the air so that for a moment it seemed as if a paper barrage had been planned. After the initial shell, the surgeons kept on working, immersed in their ministry of mercy, forgetful

of the imminence of personal danger. Those with nothing to do were worried about shell fire. They said to me, "The shell that you hear never hits you because the shell strikes some distance from where its whistle can be heard." When it seemed as if the artillery fire was coming closer and closer, a decision was made to move the medical unit after all the cases in it had been disposed of.

An hour later, we moved for the third time, a mile up the road, and again we searched the field for mines before we pitched our tents. One of the ambulances brought in a pale, white-faced, trembling lad who walked out of the ambulance in a complete daze. He had been under artillery fire and air bombardment for 14 hours and was suffering from what is popularly known as shellshock. He trembled at every untoward noise. When the tent sides flapped in the breeze, he shrieked, "Bombs!" He spoke incoherently, couldn't think of his name or of his home city. There was nothing that surgeons could do for such cases on the battlefield. They required rest and quiet and psychiatric treatment to restore their shattered nerves. Men like this lad were taken to evacuation hospitals where psychiatrists were available and gave them immediate treatment. When I saw this trembling shellshocked victim lying, as pale as a ghost on a litter, I decided to try some of the techniques that Major Tureen had mentioned. When a shell whistled overhead and he winced, I said to him, "These shells will not land here. There's a Red Cross over this tent, and the enemy respects the Red Cross." When he shrank from fear as the wind blew on the tent flaps, and said, "Bombs are coming," I said to him, "I don't want bombs to come, and I'm sure they're not going to land here because this is not a military objective." Then he said to me, "I'm not scared, I'm not scared." I told him that I was scared and that everybody else was scared, and that information seemed to pacify and soothe him. He began telling me about his family in New York, his brother in the Marine Corps, his widowed mother at home. He appeared to be relieved that he was not the only one who was afraid. He was a Catholic lad and wanted to speak to a chaplain. I sent Chaplain Bailey to him. The voice of the chaplain comforted

him, and I believe that some of his fears were partially allayed.

A lieutenant from Worcester, Massachusetts was brought in and also a sergeant. They both had been hit by shrapnel while riding in their jeep. They had had nothing to eat all day. I went to the mess sergeant and asked him to let me get some jelly sandwiches. I brought in a tray of sandwiches and coffee. The lieutenant was grateful for this. After his wound was treated, the sergeant turned to me and said, "I wish I were going to be taken to the same hospital as my lieutenant. He's a swell fellow." The sergeant's wish was gratified. All the lieutenant's belongings were in his helmet and I saw to it that they were placed in the ambulance with him. The lieutenant was confident of a speedy victory and said his men were making great progress. This was very comforting to us because we had heard other reports of the failure to make progress and that some ground had been lost by our troops.

I spent the rest of my day chatting with the wounded, lighting cigarettes for them, giving them a stick of chewing gum, or talking about their home towns in the States. They were in good spirits throughout my stay. I was moved by the stoicism and courage with which men suffered, and heard no complaint from any source and no cry and saw no tears except in one case where the individual was suffering from malaria and watery eyes may have been occasioned by the disease. It was an amazing thing what young American civilians, used to sedentary occupations, and full of fun and frivolity, whom the Axis propagandists called soft, endured. It was inspiring to see both their physical and moral toughness. The spirit of Valley Forge lives today. During the afternoon, we saw German bombers fly overhead and heard the boom as they dropped their load. All night artillery fire resounded in our ears and I could not sleep until I covered my ears with my blankets. I met Chaplain Abbott, who formerly had been on the staff of the *Star-Times* in St. Louis. He asked me to come to his unit to discuss the Red Cross with its commanding officers, and to conduct a Jewish service for the boys who had had no Jewish service for six months. He agreed to send for me the next morning, to have me take lunch with his colonel and general.

A GENERAL IS WOUNDED

After breakfast, Chaplain Carter came to take me to Major Abbott, who was located within two miles of Mateur. Their camp had been bombed during the night and they had had quite an exciting time. On the way up the road I saw a German cemetery. On some of the graves there were crosses, on others swastikas. In front of us we saw bursting shells. We passed an engineering unit and saw one of their trucks which contained bridge-building materials, aflame. Apparently, a shell had found its mark. As I was writing these notes, a big American field gun was flinging its heavy projectiles over my head into German lines 10 miles away. The concussion was terrific, though the gun was at least a half mile away. I saw the flash of its explosion almost 10 seconds before I heard its sound. A Piper Cub plane flew overhead to report to the artillery, and to observe its fire. The unit to which I came had been subjected to strafing and shell fire. At night, planes had dropped flares and had even used a searchlight in an attempt to locate a target. Our guns did not fire on these planes at night as they did not want to give away their positions.

Across the hill I saw an Arab hut in flames. The men believed that it probably was an attempt on the part of an Axis agent, to direct Axis planes and artillery fire. The chaplain advised me to remain near a slit trench and that he would take shelter in a nearby ditch in the event planes came over. In this hot spot, the luncheon was unusually good. For the first time in weeks, I ate some good Wisconsin cheese and was even given a second helping. For the first time in weeks I sat down to a meal. My chair was an empty munitions case. The colonel with whom I lunched had very definite notions of the functions of a Red Cross field representative. "The Red Cross," he said, "is the link between the soldier and his home. Its thousands of chapters reaching into every community, make it possible for the field director to be the link which reaches from the battlefield of North Africa to the farms of Nebraska or the homes of Chicago." It was his belief that the comfort supplies which the Red Cross

furnishes were relatively unimportant. These supplies should be furnished by the Special Services of the Army. The colonel felt that the Red Cross director should visit the units in his division periodically. He said, "All the director needs is a jeep, a pencil, and pad of paper, and a driver. He should make notes and communicate to the soldier's home. This is an invaluable morale-building factor."

As soon as luncheon was finished the commanding general of this unit arrived. Chaplain Abbott was anxious that I hear his version of the function of the Red Cross. The general ordered Chaplain Abbott to go out on the road beyond Mateur and to take the bodies of soldiers out of tanks that had been destroyed that morning and to arrange for their burial. The general, Brigadier General Robinet, said that the overturned tanks were up the road beyond Mateur and ordered the chaplain, with no further direction, to go out and find them. At that time there was heavy artillery fire over Mateur and machine gun fire, but the chaplain went as ordered. I wanted to go with him, but he felt that I should remain and speak with the general. I asked the general for suggestions about Red Cross work. He said, "I'm right now in the midst of an important battle, and cannot discuss this now." Nevertheless, he proceeded to do so between bites of food. He gave me the impression of great efficiency and tremendous dedication to his job. He spoke quickly and nervously. He appreciated the toothbrushes that had once been furnished to his outfit by the Red Cross, and the coffee that once had been distributed by a Red Cross man to his men on the roadside. "They build morale," he pointed out. He believed that Red Cross men should be in the front lines, and saw no reason why they should not be everywhere the American soldier went.

In fifteen minutes the general was through with his lunch. At one o'clock his jeep and driver were ready, and he sped off. Chaplain Abbott arranged that I conduct a service for the three Jewish men at that headquarters who were present there that day. Three boys came. The others were at battle stations. They wanted a service. The chaplain's organist took the field organ from the truck, and we used the army hymn

book. It was the smallest service in which I ever participated, but the boys needed it and seemed to cling to it. We wore our steel helmets throughout the service and heard shells land and explode on the other side of the hill. When the service was over, the boys loitered about and then planes came overhead. They were German Messerschmidts, and we ran to foxholes. There were not enough foxholes, and not having dug one, I was not entitled to use one. That is the army tradition. But the soldiers insisted, and one of them took shelter in a nearby ditch, where I offered to go. If that boy had been lost, I never would have been free of a feeling of guilt.

There were nine planes altogether. They came in formations of three, and when they began to release their load, they formed into single file. They seemed to me like a whip in the process of striking. They came down with terrific speed. There was no anti-aircraft fire, and I saw what seemed to be graceful white jugs drop from the planes, and then I heard the terrific explosion just across the hill. I wanted to come out of the trench after the explosion, but the boys warned me. They said, "On their way back they might come and strafe us." And so we waited until the buzz of the airplane motors ceased. We wondered whether they had done any damage. The Germans were notoriously poor aerial marksmen.

At about two o'clock we saw some excitement around the tent of Major Samuel, a medic of Little Rock, Arkansas, and learned that the general to whom I had spoken an hour before and his driver, both had been wounded, struck by shell fragments while driving on the road to Mateur. Interestingly enough, of the three boys for whom I had conducted the service, one was from St. Louis and had often heard me preach, and another had been at my Temple for Passover services while a student at a military academy at Booneville, Missouri. The general's driver was to be taken immediately to our medical unit for treatment. The general, however, wanted a two-hour conference with his colonel to give him full instructions, and, therefore, asked that an ambulance be sent for him in two hours. I was then ready to return to my unit and as

Chaplain Carter and I began to set out, the general's aide advised us not to go by way of the main highway as it was being shelled very heavily and on it the general had just been wounded. We, therefore, drove around a hill, over some streams, across a field, and when we came to the main highway we found it deserted. The chaplain put on all possible speed, as he had been told that the Germans had been firing at every speck of dust on the road. We arrived safely at camp and there was great excitement when I told them that General Robinet, a Missourian, had been wounded and that an ambulance was to be sent for him in two hours.

At the general's camp I had heard the report that General Giraud's daughter, a prisoner in Tunis, had been flown to Germany, as all other pro-Allied sympathizers, that the Germans were preparing to abandon Bizerte, that Mateur had been completely stripped of its furniture, its jewels, that it looked like a Hollywood "ghost town."

WOUNDED GERMANS

At the medical tent, there was considerable excitement as three wounded Germans had been brought in. One of them was a young fellow of 24. He said, while on the operating table, that Hitler was a dog, and that he had ruined Germany and also him. He turned to me and said, "Must I die?" The doctors gave him some blood plasma, but had little hope that he would survive. The boy said, "I am a farmer. War is evil. Why did this have to happen to me?" He was very bitter. The other German was a staff sergeant. He was very appreciative of the treatment given him and offered the doctors some of his money, which they could not accept. When he saw my Red Cross insignia, he asked me to write to his wife and his parents. He had a five-year-old boy. His leg was fractured and he seemed to be in great pain. He was very apprehensive as to what we would do to him. He carefully scrutinized everyone who came near him.

All German prisoners had to be searched. Any potential weap-

ons, such as knives, scissors, forks, had to be taken from them, except their personal belongings. They could give them away or trade them. The third German prisoner was a lieutenant, 21 years of age. He was not relieved at being a prisoner of war, and was very brazen and defiant and perhaps symbolized the problem that the world would face with the poisoned minds of German youth after the war. He had some Italian money in his purse, and one of the boys asked him for some as a souvenir. He asked what the boy would give him in return. The boy refused to trade. The Nazi officer asked for a glass of water which the boy brought for him, and then the G. I. asked for some Italian currency in appreciation for the water. The lieutenant replied, "I am not running a bargain counter." He had a wrist watch which a number of the boys admired and wanted, but regulations forbade them from taking it and they did not, at least in that surgical tent. When some of them asked the lieutenant to show them the watch, he said, "What is this—a swindle game?" The boys were furious and some wanted to give him a licking, but I pacified them. The young lieutenant then, in a surly tone, demanded a dry stretcher. There was some blood on his. Because of his insolence, they ignored his request, and he yelled out, "What sort of a pig-sty is this?" Then he asked that we stop talking, as we were interfering with his sleep. By this time the boys were ready to give him a good licking. I don't think they would have done so, but who could tell. I remained in the surgical tent until this lieutenant was placed in an ambulance.

I laughed to myself at the whole procedure—that I should sit there and prevent a young Nazi, who probably murdered in Poland, Greece, or Belgium, from getting a thrashing which he deserved at the hands of Americans whom he had insulted. There was some speculation as to whether this young Nazi should be carried out to the ambulance on a stretcher or whether he should be made to walk because of his insolence. One of the physicians, most incensed over his remarks, checked his limbs and insisted that he be carried out, for to walk on the injured limb might have injured him permanently for life. So he was carried out. There was some speculation as to whether he would have his wrist watch when he arrived at his next destination.

HE DIED

Later on, a young Texan was brought in, very severely wounded. He was a medical aide and had bound up the wounds of two sergeants who had been hurt by shell fragments. While he was bandaging up one man, another mortar shell fell nearby. He could have gone to a slit trench, but instead he placed his body over the wounded soldier to save him, and thus was severely wounded, a wound that was destined to prove fatal. The doctor who ministered to him was deeply touched and made a valiant effort to save his life. Five units of blood plasma were given to him, but they were unavailing. A weary sergeant who had been asleep was roused from his slumbers to give the boy some blood which was badly needed. His was the right type. The sergeant gladly gave it to him. The doctor worked over this lad for hours and hours, but the struggle was in vain, and the boy died. A discussion arose among the medical men as to whether they had the right to give so much time to one individual when a dozen whose lives too might be in jeopardy lay waiting for treatment. One doctor said, "I'd stay up all night to save his life." Another said, "These are not private patients. If you give up too much time for one, you may be dooming others to death." Who can decide this argument? Another soldier died that night. His arm had been shot away, and he could not be saved. A third was saved by having his foot immediately amputated. General Robinet was brought in. His litter was placed in the tent and he waited his turn just like any other soldier. He was wounded in the ankle and in the leg. The shell fragment rested on the nerve of his leg and the doctors believed that he would be incapacitated for at least six months. He could not move the toes of his left foot. The general was quite nauseated and after his treatment he was placed in one corner of the tent and he awaited his turn in an ambulance which would take him to the evacuation hospital. His aide, a young lieutenant, remained with him and planned to accompany him to the hospital.

As a result of the injury received that day, Brigadier General Robinet was sent back to the States, where for a while he was

in command of the armored training school at Fort Knox. His days of campaigning were over. Had he not been wounded that day near Mateur, he might have succeeded General Patton when the latter was removed as a result of the slapping incident in Sicily, and who knows to what greater heights he might have risen? Months later I wrote to General Robinet in Washington, D.C., where he was living, asking him to come and speak in my pulpit in Temple Israel. I began my letter to him, "I presume that you will not remember me as the rabbi who was working for the Red Cross who was with you during luncheon the day on which you were wounded." To which the general replied, "How can I ever forget that fateful day." The Robinet name is well-known in Missouri. I believe it is the general's brother who was a member of the Missouri Senate. General Robinet was known as an able tactician and a courageous soldier. He was always blunt in his speech. In discussing the morale of soldiers, he said, "I suppose the best boost for the morale of the men would be woman companionship." He used blunter language. "Serving them coffee and doughnuts by the side road is a gesture that is appreciated, but above all the presence of the Red Cross workers is most welcome. It reminds the soldier that communications with the civilian community are not broken, that if there is any bad news for him, he will receive it. If only the Red Cross insignia could be seen once in three weeks by all men at the front, it would help morale."

VICTORY IN NORTH AFRICA

That night our artillery units laid down a furious barrage. It seemed as if fifty or more guns were shot off at ten-second intervals. It was like a continuous tattoo. Our tent shook, and from 3:00 to 5:00 A.M. no one could sleep. We were told it was the beginning of the last and final drive in North Africa, and so it proved to be. The Germans, who in increasing numbers kept on being brought to our tent, said that American artillery was the best in the world, and they were really afraid of it. They said that where they fired one shell, we fired a thousand.

They seemed to suggest that superior resources caused their defeat. So rapid were our shots and so continuous, that they assumed that we had automatic artillery. May 5 was a big day for me, and the night brought no sleep except that the continuous booming of our artillery and the knowledge of the accuracy of its aim gave me a new appreciation of the power of American industry, and filled me with the hope that the power of my country, now making itself felt on the field of battle and crushing tyranny would some day make itself felt in the building of a just world.

For the first time I made my own latrine. My hesitation about doing so had resulted in a general feeling of discomfort. Hereafter, adjusting myself to primitive plumbing was easy. This day was marked for me especially by the score or more of wounded German prisoners who were brought in. Whenever a group came, I was called upon to interpret, a function which at first I unhesitatingly performed. It was necessary to get some information from the prisoner for the record, such as his age, military unit, identification number, APO number. It was also necessary to examine his belongings to see if he had any diaries in his possession or any letters which might prove of value to our Intelligence Service.

The German prisoners became the objects of curiosity. The boys carefully examined their equipment. They seemed to have trick eating utensils. Some also had decorations. Others had cameras, watches, pens, rings. Our boys were permitted to receive gifts from the prisoners or to make trades with them. In the pockets of one of the prisoners we found an American compass. He tried to state that he had it before the war but it was an Army issue which he had taken from an American prisoner or from the body of an American soldier. This compass was confiscated. Another prisoner had a camera which he was glad to swap for a carton of cigarettes. Another wanted to give his pen and pencil to a sergeant, who gave him five packages of cigarettes for them.

Some of the prisoners were obviously relieved that they were out of the war and that their wounds were comparatively slight. One said, "I've been in the Army since I was

twenty. I'm now twenty-three. My whole youth has been spent at war. I've been in Russia and was wounded twice there. I didn't want the war, but what could I do about it? I didn't want to persecute Jews, but I had nothing to say about it." Many others like him were greatly relieved. One prisoner spoke English well. He was in his thirties and had been a traveling salesman. He, too, was happy to be out of the war. He said, "Men of my age who thought, before the Hitler regime, were against the war, and are glad to be out of it." But he said, "The young soldiers, who were 9, 10 and 11 years of age in 1933, they will never surrender and will fight to the last patrol." (But they did surrender.) The prisoners who were not defiant won the friendship of the American boys and if they spoke English our boys enjoyed talking with them.

Wounded prisoners attracted more attention than wounded Americans and the situation became somewhat embarrassing for me. When I was called upon to interpret, a crowd of soldiers would gather around and I began to worry lest our own wounded would feel slighted. I determined then to try to train a sergeant so that he would know enough German to get the needed information from a prisoner. At times I was called upon by surgeons who asked me to speak to the Germans on the operating table, that they might get accurate information about their condition and thus might be guided in their treatment.

There was a fine spirit among our doctors. They were most anxious that our Army get the reputation of treating prisoners humanely and in accordance with the best medical tradition. Germans whose lives were in jeopardy were given first-aid treatment before Americans whose hurts were minor. This is a tribute to the character of the American doctors—yes, to the character of the American. While this day was supposed to mark the beginning of a final crushing offensive, and it was, some units walked into a trap set by the Germans. Thirty of our tanks were reported to have been knocked out. Our officers had believed that a hill had been evacuated but it had not, and for that mistake, human lives paid the price. Reports continued to drift in that our boys were nearing Bizerte. One soldier told me that he had been lying wounded in a field all night until he was found, and

he had sent the stretcher bearer to find his comrade about whose fate he knew nothing. Chaplain Earl Stone, of Chicago, one of the few Jewish chaplains in North Africa, came over to visit with me. He had had more than his baptism of fire. For six months he lived in a foxhole and had been at the front since November.

Chaplain Stone was attached to the First Infantry Division, and his commanding officer insisted that he limit his activities to men in that division. The First Infantry Division was from New York, and probably had six hundred Jewish boys. The First Armored Division had no Jewish chaplain, and although they frequently were close to each other, Chaplain Stone was not permitted, by orders of his commanding officer, to do any service beyond his division. So here he was in the front line, not being able to do the specific work for which he had left his congregation in Syracuse. It was a very frustrating experience. He came to me and asked me to speak to his superior officer. When I said that I have no influence whatsoever, he answered that as a civilian I would have influence. Here I was, a Red Cross worker in the battle zone, functioning for a Jewish chaplain whom the army should have furnished, and a Jewish chaplain a few miles away was denied the right to do these things. It was evident that the conception of the functioning of the Jewish chaplain had to be changed. Instead of being attached to any specific unit, they should be attached to an army, free to move about wherever small units of Jewish soldiers could gather. It was difficult to do this because of the table of organization.

When I returned to Algiers, I recommended to Colonel Parker, who afterwards became a major-general and Chief of Chaplains, that Stone be attached to an army and be given the right to move about anywhere within its confines. This was done, and he participated subsequently in the invasion of France before he was returned home. I likewise pointed out to Colonel Parker that it was a mistake not to have had a Jewish chaplain at allied headquarters in North Africa who could suggest directives which would be sent out to the entire expeditionary force. Chaplain Parker pointed out that the table of organization was filled. The Jewish holidays were coming on and he would have no one

to advise him about them. Algiers had a large concentration of troops, and for thousands of Jewish men no Jewish chaplaincy service was available.

In the meantime, Chaplain Henry Tavel who had been attached to a New York Mt. Sinai base hospital unit which was theoretically composed of all Jewish personnel, but had been changed so much that only twenty-four people of the Jewish faith were left in it, appealed to me to have him moved to a unit where there were Jewish men so he could be more useful. Colonel Parker, with whom I discussed this appeal, found that in the month of June Chaplain Tavel had held services for twenty-one Jewish soldiers. In Algiers hundreds of Jewish soldiers were attending services without benefit of chaplaincy. Chaplain Parker said, "If Tavel remains there, within two months he will become a captain." I replied to him that Tavel had not left his congregation merely to secure military rank, but to minister to the religious needs of soldiers. As a result of this conference, Tavel was attached to allied headquarters and became an assistant to Chaplain Parker. When the latter was moved to Washington, Tavel came along with him. Chaplain Parker induced Tavel to remain in the military service when the war was over, and he became the first regular army Jewish chaplain to attain colonel's rank in the history of the United States Army. Knowing of the part that I played in his career, some years ago Tavel sent me for use in my Temple a sabbath lamp which had been left by Jews in Heidelberg in custody of their Christian neighbors. When the Jews failed to return after the war, the lamp was turned over to the chaplain, who in turn gave it to me for safekeeping.

I was also called upon to act as a French interpreter. Accompanied by an Arab, a thirteen-year-old French girl who had been wounded on the chin came in for treatment. Her face was swollen to twice its size. The physicians feared that infection had set in and that she should be rushed immediately to an evacuation hospital for surgical care and treatment. The girl did not want to go. She wanted her mother to accompany her. The doctor suggested that the girl go to the hospital and the Arab notify her mother, who would then be brought to the hospital

by our ambulances. The Arab made the counter suggestion that an ambulance bring the girl home to her mother and then the mother and child go to the hospital. This could not be done, as ambulances were needed at the front, and no one knew into what trap the Arab would lead the driver. After a prolonged discussion, the girl walked out of the tent with the Arab holding his arms around her as if to protect her. They were pathetic figures as they began marching up the road. They reminded me of pictures of refugees that I had seen, but nothing else could be done. The necessities of war prevented the amenities of peace from being extended to this suffering child.

If I had been a medical officer in command, and I had felt this girl's life was in danger, I would have insisted that my men take her by force, arrange for her operation, and have the Arab bring her mother to us so that one of our ambulances could bring her to the hospital where her daughter would be. My conduct would have been against military regulations, but I would have placed the saving of human life above the discipline of military etiquette. I have often wondered whether this girl survived or not.

One American soldier refused the gift of a German. He said, "I want nothing to remind me of this war. At its close, I will drink two quarts of whiskey a day for two weeks and then get to work and forget all about it."

That day I attended the funerals of two American soldiers. One was of the Texas medical assistant who gave his life to shield a comrade, and the other was that of an artillery lieutenant from Poplar Bluff, Missouri. Among his belongings were his last letter from his wife and a picture of their two beautiful children. There was also a photograph on which was inscribed that he had only one thought and that was of soon returning to his family. He had sent large sums home since his arrival, as indicated by receipts in his possession. All the wounded I have seen failed to drive home to me as much the poignancy of war as this beautiful young wife and lovely children whose husband and father had just been buried in the grave by the road. They would never see him again. Many weeks would pass before the belated message of his death would reach his dear ones. Why? Because on a

battlefield the record of death must go through headquarters, from headquarters to Washington, and then to the family. Such notices are not considered pressing war business. Whether dear ones know a week sooner or later of the tragedy in their family is of minor importance to the war effort. No individual was permitted to write to the next of kin about a death on the field of battle. The first word must come from the official source.

One German prisoner said, "Hitler is all right, but his subordinates are bad." Many German prisoners had called the North African war a humane war. By that they meant it had been characterized by humane treatment of prisoners. Some Americans who had been blown out of their tanks and were captured were relieved of their weapons and watches and told to return to their units. One ambulance driver who was surrounded by Germans, when he told them he had wounded men in his ambulance, was told to take them to the American hospital. In modern warfare, there are no fixed battle lines. There were Americans on one side of a hill, and Germans on the other side. If you took the wrong road, you found yourself in German territory. Many of the German prisoners had been in Russia and had been wounded. They had no relish for fighting the Russians, said that they were barbarians and fight as such, and that they took no prisoners or else were cruel to them. The Germans often stated that in the Russian war they kept one bullet in reserve to be used on themselves in case of capture. One youngster said, "The Russians are poor fighters, but their numbers are endless, and they keep on coming no matter how many you kill." What an unconscious tribute to the valor and bravery of the Russian soldiers. This afternoon an ambulance had been riddled by shells on Broadway and Riley Avenue, two roads named by American troops. I had often passed that intersection and there had been no firing on it for days, but that day apparently it had been shelled and the ambulance was riddled with shrapnel. One bit of shrapnel tore the shirt on the left shoulder of the driver's assistant. Another hit the steering wheel which broke, and struck the driver on the left knee. Two bits of shrapnel went through the windshield. Both men might have been killed yet one was only slightly wounded. Such is the chance of war.

In the front lines there are no safe places. A shell may land anywhere, at any time. It might cause severe injury or it might do nothing except tear a shirt, as it did in this case. The driver received the Purple Heart.

The next day it rained. The field was muddy and the stretcher bearers, with difficulty, held their footing. We knew that the battle was going our way because more German wounded were being brought in than Americans. Mateur had been captured and as usual it had been well mined by the Germans. A half dozen French civilians, hit by mines, were brought in for treatment. One opened the door of his house, and there was an explosion. Another turned on a faucet, and was hurt. One German prisoner was lying on a stretcher and intuitively I suggested to the sergeant that he search his pockets, which he did. In one of them he found a hand grenade. The German soldier said "I no longer need it." With that hand grenade he could have killed a score of men and destroyed all in the surgical tent, including me. There I was close to death. A German colonel was brought in fatally wounded. He had a magnificent physique, was tall and well built. He died within an hour. Among his possessions there was a beautiful letter from his wife.

Most of the German prisoners were short in stature, looking like anything but supermen. One American army officer was reported to have taken his company of men to see German prisoners, that he might expel from their minds the false notion of the formidable strength and huge size of Nazi fighters. This reminded me of the spies sent out by Moses. Among the letters of prisoners I read the account of the bombing of Essen and the destruction of buildings there. One girl wrote of her plans to visit Cologne, whose environs were still beautiful despite frequent visits of the English. More American dead were brought in and two were buried simultaneously. A corporal who witnessed the double funeral said, "At home a funeral is a great occasion, but no one cares when you die on the field of battle, and only the chaplain and grave diggers are present." As if to refute him, some aviators flying overhead, noting the funeral service, dipped their wings in salute to their fallen comrades. Officers and men in trucks and

jeeps that passed by doffed their hats. Five minutes later a Piper observation plane landed one hundred yards from our field. Its pilot had come to find the grave of a comrade of his, and wanted to pay his last respects to his memory. In one cemetery, Arab grave diggers, inmates of prisons, stood with bowed heads in respect to American dead. Convicts of a backward civilization pitied us. These convicts picked poppies and other flowers of the field and reverently placed them over the graves of the American soldiers as a symbol of their common humanity.

In one of the medical tents, a wounded Russian soldier was brought. He had been sent to Africa and had been told that he was to perform some manual labor. Upon arrival here, he had been pressed into the front lines and offered the choice of death or fighting. I have since learned that this was not a unique case and that representatives of the Russian government were here to investigate the situation which was in violation of all international agreements. This Russian reported that many German soldiers wanted to surrender and were shot by their own officers.

The cheering news came that the English were in Tunis and the Americans in Bizerte. The English 8th Army had a right to enter Tunis. Its great fight had won the admiration of all. American soldiers who had been at the front and fought side by side with the British had only respect and admiration for their allied comrades. Perfect friendship existed between them. Behind the lines, among men who have never seen the front, there was sometimes petty quarreling between members of different allied nations. There were now three German casualties for every American, and I saw ten truckloads of German prisoners drive by on the highway. One infantry unit alone was supposed to have captured one thousand prisoners. One wounded American in our tent saw a wounded German corporal and said, "I'd like to kill him. I wish the doctors wouldn't treat him. He held up his hands as a symbol of surrender and then threw a hand grenade which killed my pal and wounded me." The doctors told me that the corporal did not have much chance to survive his wounds. I have since had a chance to verify this incident. Other wounded men informed me that because of this incident they stopped taking prisoners of war. The insolent Nazi lieu-

tenant to whom reference has been made, claimed that while he was surrendering, a tank had run over his leg. This would have made no sense if I had not heard about the corporal who had thrown the hand grenade, and that as a consequence some outraged outfits were taking no chances with prisoners of war who showed the white flag of surrender.

THE NAZIS SURRENDER

The news of more successes created an atmosphere of cheer, and that evening one of the medical lieutenants held a conversation with a German prisoner which entertained all. The chief topic of discussion was the women of Germany, whom our boys hoped soon to see there. They wanted to know how generous they would be to conquering Americans. The comedy was vulgar but amusing to men tense from battle experiences.

Our medical company moved. We drove beyond Mateur, which had been shot to pieces. All along the highway there were upturned American tanks and also abandoned German equipment. We camped on a hillside, opposite Lake Bizerte. In the distance we could see the town of Ferryville. I walked up the hillside to an Arab village. It was deserted, and I saw the humble and dirty Arab homes. Soon I began to observe American soldiers coming from Ferryville covered with garlands of flowers. They told stories of the royal reception they had received at the hands of the inhabitants. Nothing was too good for the American liberators. They gave them wine. They gave them the little food they had. They invited them to their homes and they even extended sexual favors to them. When the morning was still young, two soldiers came in for prophylactic treatment. The boys were very happy. The company commander was going to town to find another camping site and I accompanied him.

A Jewish soldier had told the local rabbi that an American rabbi was with his company, in the service of the Red Cross. The soldier spotted me and brought me to the rabbi's house. We were followed by a group of 15 children, boys and girls, who were delighted at being freed from German terror. The rabbi

showed me the Jewish Synagogue, which was nothing but a very small room. There were altogether about fifty Jewish families in Ferryville. All the young men had been forced to work as slaves for German soldiers. The Tunisian community had been fined 20,000,000 francs and had been warned that if the money was not forthcoming within one hour the fine would be doubled. They were all very poor, and could not raise such a large sum. The rabbi drank some wine with me, proposing a toast to the President of the United States and to the American people. Suddenly the room was emptied and I heard people cheering in the courtyard. There were American bombers flying toward Sicily or to Cape Bon. We called them Liberators. They knew that they were liberators.

I handed the rabbi my visiting card. He took it and kissed it. Several men kissed me on both cheeks, French style. In my case, no girls volunteered to do the same. Ferryville was crowded with people, and the French population gave the Americans a royal welcome. Many of the Arabs were Nazi sympathizers, and a few of the French. Ferryville had not been touched, and was in good condition. Germans had attempted to escape from Ferryville in barges and boats. One soldier told me they were just like ducks for our artillery. In the harbor some of these sunken boats could still be seen. Bizerte was only about 15 miles away. A major who had driven there had told me that the town was shot to pieces and that there was still slight street fighting going on. Tunis, on the other hand, showed the remarkable accuracy of American bombing. Only the harbor area had been completely destroyed. The residences of Tunis remained untouched. An officer informed me that there were thousands of German troops in the hills who were surrendering so quickly that our boys did not know what to do with them. The wounded began to decrease. It was evident that only one of the tents would be needed that night. Chaplain Bailey and I were invited to sleep in the other tent. A sense of victory prevailed. There was a let-down from the strains of the past week. In one section of the tent a poker game was on, with 20 fr. as the ante, and pots rarely smaller than 300 or 400 fr. at 50 fr. to a dollar. As ambulance drivers came in from the battle-

fields they spoke of the mopping up action and stated that the problem of taking care of the prisoners would be tremendous.

VICTORY

Chaplain Bailey invited me to join with him in a victory service on Sunday. Orders had again come to move and he thought that not many men would attend the service. It was announced that the service would be held at 8 o'clock, the announcement being made at the chow line. When the service commenced, four G. I.'s were there. Before it was over, 50 were in attendance. Chaplain Bailey conducted the service. He and I each read from Scripture, he from the New Testament and I from the Old. I read part of the 19th Chapter of the Book of Leviticus. In my sermon I quoted from that chapter and also from the 12th Chapter of the Gospel of Mark, which I said showed the close spiritual kinship between Judaism and Christianity. At the close of the service, Chaplain Bailey and I gave the benediction. We used the three-fold priestly prayer, I quoting the Hebrew and Chaplain Bailey giving the English. The service was characteristically American. A little bit of America in Tunisia. That morning we saw a dozen American bombers, followed by pursuit planes, fly over our field in the direction of Cape Bon or Sicily. It seemed as if every 10 minutes a dozen came and within a half hour we saw them come back. On the right a dozen were going, and on the left a dozen were coming back. It looked like a shuttle service. The next day we heard that a whole square mile in Palermo, Sicily, had been razed to the ground by these bombers. Into our tent that afternoon was brought an American aviator. He had bailed out of his plane having been shot down by anti-aircraft fire. While falling, it had exploded. He had become conscious, opened his parachute, and with two of his men made a safe landing. They had been badly burned and were prisoners of the Germans for four days. The Germans had treated them well and freed them when they were ready to surrender. Chaplain Bailey and I found, when we compared notes with the flier, that we had seen this plane shot down a few days ago.

At about 11 A.M. there commenced the strangest, and for me the most thrilling, parade I have ever seen. They were the soldiers of the "Master Race" who were driving their own vehicles to American prison camps. Autos, trucks and ambulances, and every other kind of conveyance, were filled with German prisoners, driven by Germans, unguarded by Americans. As far as the eye could see, there was this procession of the once-proud members of the renowned "Afrika Korps." The trucks and autos kept coming, and coming, and coming. It was the longest parade that I have ever witnessed and what joy it brought to my heart! American soldiers, with their British and French allies, had dissipated the myth of Nazi invincibility. It seemed to be the beginning of the end. Nazism was doomed. The weight of American industrial power, plus the valor, skill and courage of our and Allied soldiers, cannot be gainsaid. Victory is inevitable. No axis combination can withstand that force when it is brought to a field of battle. This victory was a prelude to a world victory. It was a German Dunkerque, except that no Germans were destined to escape. I judged that 50,000 German prisoners drove past our road on that day. They were surrendering like Italians. Africa was free of Nazism. Still other troops were going up to the front for the final blow and to capture, with the aid of the French and English, an additional one hundred thousand Germans, including their Commander-in-Chief, General von Arnim. The Germans preferred to surrender to the Americans, since the French and English had too many grudges against them, and we had better physical facilities.

Some strange things began to happen in our tent. A German physician drove up with two orderlies in an ambulance which had been captured from the British. I was called upon to speak to them. He said, "I belong to a base hospital. I was only sent out to be with the troops in the field for two days. They need me at my hospital. May I not return there?" When he was told that was impossible, he added, "Well, then let me stay here and work with American doctors. Knowing Germans, I shall be better able to treat German wounded than Americans." When this proposal was turned down, undaunted, he suggested that he

be permitted to establish a hospital for German prisoners. When he was informed that he was a prisoner of war and would have to go to a prison camp, his face fell. We told him to go with his two orderlies and drive to the prison camp, which he did. Before going, he said to me, "Why did Americans have to enter this war? What business have Americans in Europe?" I answered him, "What business have Germans in Africa, in Greece, in Russia and in France?" Then he said that the Russian barbarians will rule Europe. I answered that in our judgment Nazi barbarians were then the worse evil. He countered by saying, "I am a prisoner of war, and cannot speak my mind freely." I replied by stating, "Americans believe in freedom of speech and that privilege is extended also to prisoners of war."

I could not but be amused that right after being taken prisoner of war, this officer was trying to create a soft berth for himself. It then occurred to me that my transportation could be solved if I could get hold of this ambulance. I mentioned that to the medical officer in charge of the company, but he would not give his consent to my seizing the ambulance. It was of no use to the Germans any more, but it could have been of use to the American Red Cross.

A crestfallen German officer who was ill was brought in. He was in great pain and suffering from gallstones. A G. I. looked at his medals. The German said, "Genfer Konvention." (Geneva Convention.) He was evacuated to a hospital. Toward evening two German medical aides walked into the camp and said, "We have seen the Red Cross and want to be of service. Let us work with you." The sergeant put them to work folding bandages. That evening, unguarded, they slept in the tent with American boys, and the next morning they took their turn in the chow line and ate with the Americans. When I left the company that morning the two Germans were still there. I went out on the roadside, where there was a convoy of tanks on their way to final battle. I gave these boys the last Red Cross cigarettes which I had in my possession.

Months later I saw some of these prisoners in the United States. Some were in an army camp south of St. Louis. They were healthy, bronzed, well-fed. Our boys had to go out and

drill in the heat of the sun. The P.O.W.'s did some work as kitchen police, and beyond that were free to do what they could behind barbed wire. They were viewing the war from comfortable side lines, well-fed, well-protected, waiting for the dawn of peace and the return home. It was even reported that romances involving these prisoners of war and some of the personnel working with them occurred, some of which later flowered into marriage. I also saw some of the P.O.W.'s working for a farmer near the Missouri River Bridge on Highway 40 outside of Gumbo, Missouri.

I GET A GERMAN CAR

There was little for the medics to do this morning. It was soon evident that there would be no work for me to do there, no wounded to comfort or to give some of the refinements of life with which the Red Cross supplies troops. I asked the chaplain, then, whether he would take me to where I could get transportation to Red Cross headquarters in Constantine, which he agreed to do. At first Chaplain Bailey had to turn in his report on deaths and burials as well as the personal effects of the men who have given their lives for the liberty of mankind. We tried to locate Father Martin, Division Chaplain, found his clerk, and left the records with him. We then had chow.

I met the division adjutant and told him that I needed a conveyance for the Red Cross. He suggested that I go to the prison camp where German cars were, and that probably all that I would have to do would be to find a car and drive off with it. The chaplain drove with me to the prison camp. In one field there were 17,000 German prisoners. It reminded me of the Nuremburg congresses. I thought how the mighty and proud have fallen. Some of them were singing, glad that the war was over; others looked glum and downcast; others were trying to create favored positions for themselves; still others were gathering some hay on which to sleep. I got into a captured German car which I had picked out and began to drive it, when I was informed by the Military Police that an order from the M. P. colonel giving his consent to my taking it was necessary.

Upon seeing the colonel he said, "Where can I get water for these 17,000 men? And food, and shelter, and medical care?" He informed me that he had no doubt that vehicles would be available for Red Cross use but that I would have to see the ordnance officer of the Second Army Corps. I walked into the field where the vehicles were parked and spoke to the first ordnance officer I saw, a first Lieutenant. I introduced myself and informed him of my mission. He said, "I know you. You are Rabbi Isserman. I was in your Sunday School class in Philadelphia 20 years ago. I shall have to refer your request to my superior officer, who is from St. Louis and knows you." He introduced me to Captain O'Neill, who lived on Westminster Avenue in St. Louis, exactly one block from my temple. We talked about St. Louis and the captain was glad to lend me a vehicle for Red Cross purposes. He advised me the ambulances were needed by the medical corps, but he selected a very good Austrian car with a convertible top. The car had been checked, was in good condition, and, signing for it in the name of the Red Cross, I drove away, Chaplain Bailey with me, his car being driven by his clerk. Here I was, driving a German car, with the insignia of an armored division on it, over the hills of North Africa. Wherever the car went, American soldiers stared at it. It had been made in Styria—a convertible with leather seats—used by a high-ranking officer. When we reached Tobarka, I found that no supplies were available. I had planned to load my car with supplies and drive it back to the front. None being available, I decided to go on to Constantine to urge the speeding of Red Cross supplies to the front. On Tuesday I drove my captured German car across magnificent hills along the shores of the Mediterranean, getting gasoline from supply dumps along the highway, eating lunch in an officers' mess in one of the towns through which I passed, and finally pulling up in front of the American Red Cross Club in Constantine. As my car came to a halt, a short circuit caused by defective wiring created a mild blaze. It was quickly put out, and my trip was over. Word came over the phone that the war was over, that the last units had surrendered. It was the end of the Afrika Korps and also the end

of one phase of my work with the American Red Cross in North Africa.

BACK TO ALGIERS

As I entered the office of the Red Cross Field Director in Constantine to report my presence and to ask for supplies which I wanted to take to the Cape Bon Peninsula, there to meet the boys as they came out of combat, the telephone was ringing which brought the news that the last German at Cape Bon had surrendered and that the Tunisian campaign was completely over. No one in the Red Cross office stopped to celebrate this important event. There was too much work to be done and too few hands to do it. The secretary was talking to Algiers on the phone, receiving cable messages for boys in the Tunisian area which she would transmit by courier to Red Cross field directors with our troops who would deliver them to the boys. Sometimes it took her an hour to take down all the messages and carefully check them. When she was through, she in turn, dictated a number of cables that were to be sent to the States. They were either in reply to queries which had come in to the Red Cross or else were messages that had been relayed in by soldiers through field directors and were going to families in the States through the Red Cross organizations. It is a thrilling thing to sit there and see how this tie to home is maintained, how through the Red Cross, a mother could reach her son and a husband could reach his wife. As soon as the message hour was over, I discussed my future plans with Al Fink. I asked him what there was in the warehouse at Constantine. I wanted cigarettes, shaving materials, comfort articles, towels and wash cloths. He said there was absolutely nothing. Their warehouse had been completely empty. They had telephoned to Algiers and Casablanca for supplies. Transportation was scarce or else the supplies were not to be had in North Africa. He heard my story and said, "You have a fresh story. Why don't you go back to Algiers and tell them at headquarters just how imperative the need is. That may galvanize them into action." Al Fink makes quick decisions. No sooner had he made this suggestion than he was on the tele-

phone, secured a reservation for me on the morning plane to Algiers. He also telephoned the Algiers office that I would be in sometime the next afternoon.

He told me to sleep in my old billet, a room which the Red Cross had rented by the month to accommodate field directors or others of its personnel who passed through on the way to the front or on the way from the front. I had been there before and knew the people. The head of the family was a French army officer. It was not difficult to understand his philosophy or to learn his politics. A large picture of Petain hung in his living room. Petain had been either the willing or the unwilling spokesman of Vichy France with its contempt for democracy, its repudiation of the French revolutionary ideals—liberty, fraternity and equality, with its acquiescence in the Nazi new order for Europe. Petain was this Frenchman's hero. Perhaps that is why he had remained an officer of the French army after the surrender to Germans. One time I discussed with his son the status of the Arab. His son was viciously anti-Arab. When I spoke about the ideals of the French Revolution and the need of applying them to the Arab, he laughed and said that I did not understand the realities, that the Arab was so low that he was incapable of the privilege of freedom. I then spoke to his son from the religious point of view, talking about the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God, pointing out that God is the God of all humanity—of Arabs as well as Frenchmen and Americans. I apparently was not convincing. I learned later that my attempt to champion the philosophy of the French Revolution in this French home only irritated the Frenchmen. They did not like me, although they did like the cigarettes and soap and chewing gum that I gave them.

The next morning I took the bus into town, had my breakfast at the officers' mess, found a Red Cross man who knew the place where a truck left for the airport and induced him to drive me up there. By nine o'clock, the truck was filled. Nearby we saw a general's car. On its flag, there were two stars. It was the flag of a major general. Afterwards, I learned it was the flag of a fellow St. Louisan, Major General Doolittle. Afterwards, his car passed us on the road. Later on I saw him at the airport,

taking a plane to Algiers. His plane was more comfortable than mine. It had regular seats. Ours only had the bucket seats on the side of the plane. The airport was located in the heart of the mountains. That morning lots of motors were being tuned up and planes were taking off on battle missions. Naturally our passenger flight was delayed until all the planes of the mission were gone. It was interesting to see them take off, go up in the air and head for their rendezvous, and wait there for the other planes until they could get into formation. An hour and a half after we started, we were at the airport in Algiers. It is a flight over beautiful mountainous country and the sea is only visible when you get near the city of Algiers. I arrived at the airport in time to catch Red Cross transportation to the Red Cross Club and lunched at our own mess.

I had been gone from Algiers for about four weeks, had been in battle, under fire, had heard shells shriek overhead, had seen bombs drop from enemy planes, had stood by the wounded and dying, had interviewed scores of German prisoners and had seen men of the master race surrender as meekly as did soldiers of the other axis power. I then realized the importance of machinery in war. The Germans were good and experienced soldiers. But they were beaten, beaten because they had come in contact with courageous young Americans who were their equals in soldierly capacity, but who had superior weapons. The Germans surrendered because we had more and better tanks, more and better planes, more and better cannon, even though we had fewer men. The American civilian population, the genius of our industrialists, the skill of our workers, the will of our laborers, the resolution of our people to maintain their freedom enabled us to achieve the miracle of production which astounded the world and confounded our foes.

We upset the Hitler time-table. We produced more in one year than he could produce in ten years. We drove his crack legions out of Tunisia. With the weapons furnished by the American people, our youth—farmers last year, or necktie salesmen, or clerks or typists, or lawyers or factory workers, insurance agents, skilled in the pursuits of peace became masters of the techniques of war. They conquered the elite Hermann Goering regiments—

the crack troops of the greatest military power on earth. They showed the power resident in the youth of a "decadent" democracy. They flung Hitler's sneer into his teeth. Hitler had shouted that they would not sacrifice an hour of fun for a century of freedom. He had banked on the "softness" and "degeneracy" of the youth of America. On that he had gambled. His stakes were world empire. He had gambled and he had lost. As I thought over the campaign I realized that courage is not enough, that heroism is not enough. French soldiers had both but were defeated. Greek soldiers had both and were defeated. Dutch, Belgian, and Norwegian soldiers had both, but were defeated. Machinery is *essential*. American youth had the courage and the heroism and American civilians gave them the machinery and they freed North Africa and struck terror and trembling in the hearts of tyrants. They cracked the fortress of Europe and the pillars of the new order began to quake. *It was the beginning, the beginning of the end.*

While waiting for my next assignment I had a number of conferences with Bill Stevenson, the Red Cross director. I was very anxious to go to Tunisia to open a club there, anxious to create something, if possible, so that when I left North Africa, I could point to a concrete or specific achievement. Other Red Cross field directors began coming in. Four toughened veterans arrived when the first infantry division, which had been in the battle area for six months, came to town. It was like a cyclone hitting the town. The boys took it by storm. Everybody felt that these veterans deserved everything they could get. They had been in the battlefield longer than any other troops in American history. They had met and whipped the best the axis had to offer. We were proud of them and appreciative of their work. Then the Red Cross began its now famous "ice cream missions." When we heard that some outfit from the front was going to camp thirty or forty miles from Algiers, we took all the ice cream we could get, piled it into trucks, sent our girls to meet these troops with a treat as a small token of our appreciation for their efforts. Sometimes these ice cream missions waited for hours until the convoys appeared. Sometimes, they did not get back till way past midnight, but they met the

boys and let them know that they were not forgotten and that people were interested in their welfare. Of course the ice cream mission made a tremendous hit and they were greatly appreciated. They were excellent morale builders. Ice cream meant home and its comforts. The tears of the boys were adequate compensation for the extra hours put in by Bill Kiel, Marjorie Bomberger, and others who had helped them. Later on, ice cream missions were sent by planes. When hospital ships came back with wounded boys, ice cream was flown to them in planes gladly furnished by the army. There was even talk of flying ice cream to Sicily in the early stages of the campaign. Whether that was done or not, I never knew, but the Red Cross people were on the alert. The first infantry division was given all the facilities of the club. The snack bar was theirs and the dance floor. We might as well have given it to them, as they would have taken it anyway. The other boys were willing to step aside for a few days for the veterans who came back from the front. The first infantry went on a tear in Algiers. They continued to tear in and around Oran. They continued tearing until they had to begin invasion practice all over again and learn the new invasion tactics. Some Nazi agent had spread a cruel rumor among the boys, that after the campaign they were to go home. On the face of it, it was absurd. No general could think of sending experienced troops home when important military invasion plans had been made. The First Infantry and other divisions were given a vacation and then the stern drilling for the next invasion was resumed.

When the field directors of the first division came in, Bill Stevenson called a meeting in his office to get a report of all of us who had been at the front to know how Red Cross work could be improved for the next invasion. Bill was anxious to know the deficiencies in Red Cross service, anxious to hear criticism that the Red Cross might do a better job the next time. That is the spirit of the Red Cross. We all agreed that our work in the field had not been perfect. That was inevitable. This was our first campaign experience. In some divisions, there were not enough Red Cross people. The usual practice was for a division as it moved overseas, to have four Red Cross directors

as part of its personnel. Some commanding officers did not feel that they needed the Red Cross. When their divisions were organized, they omitted Red Cross. Overseas, they began to clamor for Red Cross personnel but it was not very easy to get personnel overseas. In one division, there was one Red Cross man. He could not possibly cover 15,000 troops and hence his work suffered. His commanding officer had not appreciated the value of the Red Cross until too late. We also found a lamentable scarcity of transportation. Most of the Red Cross men had difficulty with their cars. Without transportation, a field director cannot contact the troops or bring up supplies. The army had not permitted the Red Cross to bring civilian cars from the states. We were therefore compelled to buy second-hand French cars and their wrecks were strewn all over North Africa. Bill was going to discuss the matter of transportation with army officials and also to recommend that they requisition at least four Red Cross field men for every division. The boys at the front had done a good job, but not enough of them were there, and some of the troops had not been reached. After they came out of the front, they certainly received wonderful treatment at the hands of the Red Cross Club personnel. But those who saw no Red Cross personnel were bitter and critical.

I LOOK FOR NEW WORK

In the Red Cross mess there were no assigned seats, and one day I found myself sitting next to Major Van Buskirk who was attached to General Patton's headquarters as a special service officer. He was then stationed at a town outside of Oran, which had fine beach facilities. He had come to Algiers on a mission, and was very anxious to enlist the Red Cross in the opening of a beach club near his headquarters. Many troops were to be quartered there who were to be in training for the invasion of Sicily. That it was to be Sicily, of course we did not know at the time. Van Buskirk said he had acquired four villas on a beach and was about to acquire two more. He wanted the Red Cross to run these villas, supervise the recreational facilities,

establish a snack bar, and create a beach club. I was delegated to go to Mostagenem to look into the feasibility of a beach club. The beach club was quite some distance from Mostagenem. Major Van Buskirk informed me that I need have no concern about transportation, as there were six cars always in front of his office, any one of which would be placed at my disposal at any time. He also would furnish a detail of men to assist in getting the club started, and all other equipment needed would be supplied by the army.

A few days later I left Algiers taking with me all my belongings and went by plane to Oran. Thence I was to go to General Patton's headquarters by car, to look into the potentialities of the beach club. I set out very eagerly and very enthusiastically, anxious to be on my own and to get something started. I had told Bill that I should like to go to Tunisia and open a club. Bill had told me that there were to be no Red Cross operations in Tunisia, that in Tunisia, British troops were to be concentrated and in Algeria, American troops. Therefore, there were to be no Red Cross operations in Tunisia. The next morning at eight o'clock, I set out for Mostagenem. A driver had been assigned to me. That driver was needed for a rehearsal in a Red Cross show and could not go. While I was prepared to drive myself and willing to do so, I had to take a driver with me. The car was there in the morning and I asked whether it had been checked for gas, oil and grease, and the answer that I received was that it had all been taken care of in the garage. When the car got up to 60 kilometers, about 40 miles, I heard a strange humming sound. The driver sitting next to me said, "Don't be alarmed at that, this is an old car, and anything will happen." On the road we were stopped half a dozen times, by barricades behind which stood armed troopers. They carefully examined our credentials. German prisoners had escaped. They had gotten hold of some American cars and American uniforms and were presumably on their way to Spanish Morocco. This was one of the few times when I had to show my credentials in North Africa.

On arrival at Mostagenem, I went to the Red Cross Club. It was very large, had comfortable reading rooms, ping pong tables,

and a snack bar. Thence I went to headquarters to find Major Van Buskirk. Though he had asked me to see him in the morning, he was busy and told me he would meet me after lunch. Headquarters was heavily guarded. Barbed wire and machine guns surrounded it. Admission was only through personal identification.

After lunch, I went out to the beach and to see the six villas. Only four were to be available as Major Van Buskirk had failed to get a requisition for the other two, since they were owned by an intimate friend of the mayor of the town. One of the villas was to be reserved for an officers' club and was to contain a bar. When the officers were to use the beach, the enlisted personnel had to be gone. The other villa Major Van Buskirk was going to use as a residence for himself and some friends as he had been dispossessed by a superior officer from the hotel in which he had been living. This left two villas. In one, the soldier detail who had been assigned to the beach, was living. In the other I was to live and establish a club. Not much, of course, is needed for a beach club. The beach is there. As I began looking into the proposition, I found that Major Van Buskirk could not carry out all the promises he had made. He could not furnish transportation, nor could he provide the equipment. This would all have to be done through army channels. I asked him about lifesavers. He did not think that any could be furnished, but suggested that I speak to the provost-marshal. The Red Cross could not afford to have any drownings at its beach. Drownings are inevitable on uncontrolled beaches. I heard of a hospital in town, one of whose non-commissioned officers was a professional lifesaver in the States. I spoke to the adjutant in the hospital. He could not spare his non-com for this work. The provost-marshal's office neither could afford to give us the needed lifesavers. I was about to give up the project when I met some soldiers standing in town on a very hot day waiting for the Red Cross picture show to open. I asked them if they would like to go to the beach for a swim and have the Red Cross operate a beach club. Of course, they were enthusiastic. They even offered to come on their day off to help with any necessary work. They said there was nothing for them to

do in town when they had leave and a chance to go to the beach would be just the thing. That afternoon on the way back from Oran, I decided to go in for a swim and see what the beach was like and what the depth of the ocean near the shore was. I found a gradual slope. I could walk out almost half a mile without the water reaching up to my neck. In the meantime, in the bay I saw some naval ships from which men were diving and beaches from which men were swimming. Nearby also were invasion barges and barbed wire. Apparently the beach was being used for invasion practice. In the bay also, there were grounded ships which had been either torpedoed by submarines or bombed by planes. When we went in swimming, I saw a crowd of about 100 soldiers brought there in army trucks for a swim. They undressed in the trucks, wore either no swimming suits or trunks made out of towels. When I saw that they came on the beach, played ball and had a good time without a club, I did not think a beach club was so essential. However, I left my bags at one of the villas and hired some Arab boys to begin cleaning up the rubbish and removing the glass from the beach. I left to make my report.

On the way home our car broke down. An American dough-boy, driving an Army truck, stopped to help us. He towed us back to town. When I said to him, "It is good of you to stop and do this for us," he replied, "How far would we get in this army if we didn't help each other." He missed his supper and we took care of him at the Red Cross snack bar. My driver was greatly worried. He was a flying sergeant. He had to be back at his barracks by midnight or else he would be A.W.O.L. Every Red Cross car in town was undergoing repairs. The boy was greatly distressed. He would be court-martialed and lose his stripes. To his rescue came the Red Cross field director. He called up the commander of the port who agreed to put a jeep and a driver at our disposal. The soldier was to drive us 60 miles over a blacked-out road to Oran and he was to return the same night. This was very decent of the Commander of the port and it also showed how kindly disposed he felt towards the Red Cross.

The next morning I conferred with the Red Cross regional director on my findings about the beach club. He believed that

the beach club was desirable but that it would involve considerable expense and would tie up a number of workers. Because of the large concentration of soldiers in the area, he believed that other installations were more important and essential. He also thought that army units would make their own arrangements for the use of the beach. While conferring with him, a call came in from Algiers ordering me to come back as soon as possible to go to Tunisia on a survey trip as the army now wanted us to establish clubs in that country. Plane reservations were immediately made and the following afternoon I was at the airport in Oran waiting for a plane to Algiers.

TUNISIA'S CHALLENGE

It was then around the twentieth of May. My wife's birthday was on the twenty-fourth. At that time, there were no cable facilities available for soldiers. On her birthday I was anxious to get a birthday cable to her. Mrs. William Stevenson, the wife of the Red Cross delegate, had once told me that on her children's birthdays, she had cabled to them through pilots who went to Gibraltar whence cable messages could be sent. In the booking room of the Oran airport, I saw the sign, Gibraltar, indicating that planes with passengers were leaving from this port to Gibraltar.

I then asked the clerk in the booking office if he knew someone who was going to Gibraltar who could take my message. He suggested that I try Captain Carter, pilot of the Gibraltar plane, who had just stepped out of the office and whom I would probably find in the mess. I followed his suggestion and Captain Carter was very happy to accommodate me. My wife received the cable three days before her birthday. It certainly was transmitted very quickly.

As the plane for Algiers started out, I found myself sitting next to a youthful first lieutenant. He looked at me very closely and said, "Aren't you from St. Louis and isn't your name Isserman?" He was Lt. Waddington who had worked for Curtiss-Wright Company prior to enlisting in the army and had heard

me speak on a number of occasions. He was administrative officer at an airport near Algiers. He knew Captain Carter very well. Lt. Waddington had just had his tonsils removed at a hospital near Oran and was on his way back to his post at Blida. He had no travel orders. In order to go on a plane, the pilot had signed him up as a member of the crew and every half hour or so, he went to the front of the plane to carry out his job as navigator. Of course, he was not needed, but the pilot could justify his taking a passenger for whom he had no orders by appointing him as a necessary member of the crew. This plane was a local. It made about six stops until finally it brought us to Maison Blanche, the airport at Algiers. Sometimes the flight from Algiers to Oran is over the blue Mediterranean and is most magnificent. This time, as Lt. Waddington expressed it, we had a cross-country run visiting every airport in North Africa.

ON TO TUNISIA

I arrived at the Red Cross mess in time for supper and heard that Bill Stevenson and Walter Heineman were already on their way to Tunisia and that I was to leave with Jim Maggard by car the next morning. At that time, there were many visiting field directors in Algiers. They were with troops who had come in from the front, and Bill Kiel's apartment was filled. I had to find myself another billet and that evening, was housed with an Italian family on Rue Hoche. I had a rather large room, comfortable bed, all sorts of lamps and above all, the room was right next to a bathroom, in which hot water was available. I wished that I could make that room my own permanently. It had a blackout curtain and a reading lamp over the bed.

At breakfast the next day I met Jim Maggard who had been club director at Rabat where he had built one of the most sumptuous Red Cross clubs in North Africa. He had been assigned the task of organizing the Red Cross club in Tunis. He and I were to drive to Tunis in a cream-colored La Salle coupe which had formerly been owned by a doctor in Morocco. Maggard wanted to know how soon I could get ready and I said in a

couple of hours. I drove out to the airport to get my bags but none had arrived. I, therefore, procured a new bedroll, four blankets to go with it, two new cots, one for myself and one for Maggard, two mosquito bars which are suspended over your cot and give you protection against mosquitoes. I had no comfort articles but these were supplied to me by the Red Cross—also towels and soap. I was ready at noon to start out for Tunisia. Maggard, in the meantime, had gotten four new tires fitted to the car and had its engine checked. The car was supposed to be in perfect condition as we set out at four o'clock. Maggard had taken some sandwiches along and I had taken a can of sardines which I had seen in Bill Kiel's cupboard. The motor of the car hummed nicely as we set out. We had over 500 miles to go to Tunis and planned to cover enough territory that day so as to arrive in Tunis the next afternoon or evening.

There were two ways of getting to Tunis. We could have cut over the hills to Constantine or else we could take the coast road. I had heard that the coast road was beautiful. I had been over the inland road. Maggard had never been east of Algiers before. He had no desire to see Constantine and told me to plan the route of the trip. I elected to go by the coast road. Our motor purred at 50 miles an hour. It kept to the road well and I was traveling more comfortably than I had since I left the States. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun was shining and my spirits were high. I was going to Tunisia to have a chance to open a club of my own and to do something creative.

We had started out on the main road from Algiers to Constantine but beyond Menardville, we turned north. We found ourselves driving over hills through a large cork forest, the densest forest I had seen in North Africa. We saw a fox run across the road. I had seen little of animal life in North Africa. Rabbits were very scarce, but in this forest we saw some. We came to a small town where I purchased a loaf of French bread, fresh from the oven, for which I paid six francs or twelve cents. I also tried to buy some wine, but found that I would have to furnish my own bottle. I went to the grocery store, where the proprietor gave me a bottle. In appreciation, I gave him a package of cigarettes. I then paid twelve francs or twenty-four cents

for a quart of wine. It was safe to drink wine, but not water. The people of that village were very friendly to us. I was amazed at the fact that so much bread was available because in Algiers, bread was rationed. I had often see large queues of people waiting for a chance to buy bread. We drove about five miles beyond that village and parked at the side of the road to eat our supper. Maggard found that his sandwiches contained spam. These we ate, I drank wine, but Maggard was not interested in it.

While we had thought we parked far away from any habitation, about five minutes after we had stopped our car, Arab youngsters began to appear, and stood around hungrily watching us eat. Even though our food was limited, we had to share it with them. We gave the boys whatever was left of the spam sandwiches. They ate them with relish. Spam contains ham, and the Moslem religion forbids the eating of swineflesh. I wondered whether these hungry Arabs would have eaten the sandwich had they known that it contained forbidden meat. Our journey took us over hills, and we passed through many Arab villages. Their one-room houses were built of stone quarried out of the hillside. As we passed, their youngsters cried out, "Chewing gum, Joe, chewing gum, Joe." We came down to the valley, and Jim Maggard thought that we were running short of oil. We passed by an inn and saw a number of British cars parked near it, and asked the occupants if they had any spare oil. They were certain that they could accommodate us, but before they gave us some oil, they wanted to buy us a drink. One of the officers was Scotch, and said to me, "You are going to experience something which rarely ever happens. A Scotchman is going to buy you a drink." We walked into the tavern and ordered wine. Apparently a party was in preparation. There were five officers and five British nurses. The tavern keeper was somewhat distressed when she saw us. She told the officers that she had dinner for ten, but not for twelve. We quieted her and told her that we had already had our supper. We drank two glasses of wine with the officers. They were with the Eighth Army. Four of the officers had been at Dunkirk. They had been in North Africa now for eight months. They were confident that the Germans

would be defeated. They thought that we were foolish driving about the countryside at night. They said that the hills were filled with escaped German prisoners and that the night before some of them had killed American officers and stolen their jeep. They advised us to stop for no strangers.

We were determined to drive on to see how far we could get. We wanted to reach Bougi which was about forty miles away. As we approached it, angry voices called out at us and told us our lights were too bright. Soon we heard the boom of falling bombs and the staccato barking of anti-aircraft guns. Apparently there was an air attack in the neighborhood and Bougi had been alerted. When we arrived at the town, the alert was over. It, however, was completely blacked out. Bougi was on the Mediterranean coast. We met some English soldiers and asked that they take us to the town major, as we wanted to find out if there were any billets available for us. The town major occupied a beautiful palatial home, facing the sea. He was out but his clerks were there. They telephoned to him and learned that there was a room available for us in the hotel which had been requisitioned by the British troops, but that there was no bedding on the beds. They also asked us if we wanted breakfast in the morning. We answered in the negative as we had some food with us. The English were relieved as they were running short of food. One of the town major's soldiers went along with us to show us where the hotel was. We took our bags out of the cars and hotel attendants took me to my room. Jim had, in the meantime, gone to park the car when another alert sounded. The planes, however, headed away from us. They were attacking a harbor 40 miles to the east, at Didjelli. We went on the terrace of the hotel. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Opposite the hotel was the harbor of Bougi. It contained ships. As soon as the alert was sounded, smokepots on the ships and in the harbor were kindled and in a few minutes, a heavy pall of smoke covered the entire town. From where we stood we could see the flash of fire and we could hear the boom of dropping bombs. For a half hour or more, Didjelli was being pounded by German raiders, but they did not come to Bougi. Though 40 or 50 miles away we

could see the glare and hear the sound of explosions. It would have been a beautiful sight if it hadn't been war bringing death and destruction.

The drive from Bougi to Didjelli is unquestionably one of the most beautiful in the world. The road is cut out of rock and winds along the Mediterranean. At certain places, there was only room for one car to pass at a time. The speed was limited to 25 miles an hour. Only someone bent on suicide would have driven faster. It was a glorious day. The sea was calm and as blue as the Mediterranean ever gets. We just drove along slowly to allow the beauties of nature to bathe our souls. How remote war seemed to us! If occasionally we had not seen a ship on the sea or a bay in which there were invasion barges, we might have forgotten the war entirely. All along the road we passed units of British troops, on the beach, apparently getting ready for the next invasion which was to be Sicily. On the outskirts of Bougi, we had seen large trucks containing huge smudgepots which were brought into town each night, ready to create a pall of smoke in case of air attack. On arrival at Didjelli, we went to the City Hall to inquire of the town major for the American rest center which the Air Corps had established for tired American flying personnel. It was the town's famous casino, right on the beach. The boys came here for a week or two of rest before returning to combat. The casino was a magnificent hotel which in other days had attracted an exclusive clientele from France, Italy, and Spain. It had large, commodious rooms, and a beautiful terrace facing the beach and sea. It was a place where one could rest very comfortably.

The air corps was running the rest home, but two Red Cross girls had been assigned to take charge of the recreational program. The morning we came we found the American personnel almost gone entirely. Obviously there would be no rest for aviators if Nazi planes came overhead each night. The Red Cross girls told us about the raids the night before. They had gotten into a car and driven into the hills and gone into trenches. The harbor and installations were very close to the casino. Bombs had been dropped within 200 yards of the casino and huge ugly pieces of iron re-

sembling the grates in old-fashioned home stoves, had been picked up on the terrace of the casino. The Red Cross girls wearing steel helmets, had taken refuge in the trenches in the hills. They had seen the bombardment from afar. The Germans had scored some hits. The entire dock area was roped off. Some of the buildings in town, too, had been destroyed and French and Arabs were beginning to desert it. Before long all civilians left Didjelli, as it had been completely destroyed. The Germans however, did not get much of the shipping. At night, the ships were usually taken out and anchored in bays between Didjelli and Bougi. There they were hard to see from planes and they were safe. On the beach near the casino, there was a good deal of barbed wire and evidence that the beach was being used for invasion practice. We ate breakfast at the casino and then determined to find an auto mechanic who could either repair or replace our generator which had ceased to function. I suggested that inasmuch as we were in a hurry to get to Tunis while Bill Stevenson was there, the best thing to do was to buy an extra battery and when one battery gave out, use the other and at night, have the battery recharged. Then in Tunis we could have the generator repaired. Jim, however, was much more thorough, and determined to have the generator repaired in Didjelli.

We found a French mechanic who had a generator that was working, but a frame had to be built in which it could be placed. We were directed to a machine shop at the end of town where, after hours of work, the generator was completed. It worked and we set out hoping to reach Bone that evening and surely to make Tunis the following afternoon. We were on the road about ten miles when it became apparent that the generator repairs were inadequate, and here in the midst of the Algerian hills, our car began to smoke. We had to disconnect the generator and continued to use the power that was in the battery, hoping that it would not give out until we reached Phillippsville about 40 miles away. In one of the small towns through which we passed we met some American soldiers who pored over our engine, gave us good advice and encouragement, but could do no more for us. The sun was setting and it was slowly beginning to get dark. We stopped at a French town where a French soldier opened

the can of sardines that I had. We drove on into the hills expecting to eat by ourselves. No sooner was our car parked than quietly beneath the trees there stood an Arab in a spotless white gown and a red turban. He did not ask us for any food but his eyes did not leave our mouths as we munched away at our supper. When we were through I gave him what was left of the can of sardines and half of our loaf of bread. He thanked us profusely.

We then set out on our drive for Phillippsville. Our lights were gone. Here we were in Algerian hills, about 30 miles from a community, near no outfits, with night coming on, with a winding highway ahead of us, and a good chance that our battery would go dead at any minute. Jim Maggard had a pistol with him which he got ready in case of trouble. I at no time carried any weapon with me. We considered sleeping out in the open, but we knew that Arabs would learn of our presence and one of us would have to be on guard all night. Even then, we doubted whether we would be safe because we could easily be overpowered. We therefore decided that the best thing to do would be to drive on into town and to drive very slowly. For awhile I stood on the running board of the car, held a flashlight on the bushes at the side of the road, so that Jim could see the road. I then tried to hold the flashlight inside the car. It was quite a strain and struggle, but finally we realized we were out of the hills and hit straight road.

After five miles of straight driving, we came to the outskirts of Phillippsville where we met some British soldiers. They told us where their military police station was. Serving with them was a negro sergeant from America. He agreed to ride with us to take us to the American military police. That station was located in a room in a store on the side of the main road. When I told them that we were looking for a place to sleep, they said that we could lie right in that room and go to sleep on its tile floor. One of them saw the disappointment on my face and suggested that there might be some space available in the schoolhouse where their company was billeted. For us to have found that schoolhouse alone at night would have been impossible and one of the men volunteered to show us the way. At the schoolhouse, the captain in

command told us that we go up to the third floor, but that it would be quite a job to lug our cots and bedrolls and baggage at night through rooms in which men were sleeping. He suggested that we put up for the night right in the room in which we were sitting. There was a space there for two cots. We set up our cots, put our bedrolls on them and began to doze off. The captain left, but his two sergeants remained with us. They slept there too. One of them was thirsty for Algerian wine and suggested to the other that they go out to the kindly French lady in the neighborhood who was giving American boys all the wine they wanted. The other sergeant said it was against their orders and he hesitated to leave. While the discussion was at its height, I suddenly remembered the wine bottle in our car. It was three-fourths full. I told the boys I had it and that they were welcome to it. They finished it in a few minutes and all of us went happily and peacefully to sleep. During the night I was aware of the fact that my head was lying on something hard. I assumed that it was the framework of my cot. When I awoke in the morning, I saw that my head had been lying on an empty munitions case which bore on it the name "St. Louis Ordnance Plant." Here in Phillipsville by the Mediterranean in a theatre of war, I found the products made in a factory a few miles from my home.

In the morning we washed in the basin put up in the school courtyard. For breakfast we got out our canteens, stood in line and ate with the men. After breakfast, we made inquiries about an ordnance unit where our generator might be repaired. There was one in the hills about six miles away and the captain of the military police sent a man on a motorcycle with us to lead us. A mechanic diagnosed the difficulty, agreed to put in a new generator and put the car in first-class shape. He worked on the car from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon. We had lunch at noon with the outfit. While waiting for the car to be fixed, I sat beneath a tree and finished the book which I had begun in the States. It was "The Last Train from Berlin." It had been given to me by my son and I was determined to finish it. When I was through with it I gave it to the officer who was delighted to get it and agreed to pass it around to the men. We were greatly relieved when the car was repaired and we started

on our journey. About five miles out we stopped at a gas depot to fill our tank with gas, have our tires checked and our oil replenished. A little Arab girl came along and said in French, "The English are bad, the Americans are good." That probably was a bit of Nazi propaganda aimed to stir up bad feeling between Americans and English. Then she said to me, "The French are bad, but the Arabs are good." This was a youngster of five or six. I asked her why the French were bad and she said, "The French are immoral." Apparently this child was being filled with hate, hatred for her French neighbors, and for her British emancipators. I suppose that if she had been talking to Englishmen she would have said, "The English are good and the Americans bad." What hope was there for the world with such hatred filling the souls of little children? Can a just and enduring peace be built when impressionable youngsters are taught to look with contempt upon their fellow man?

Again we set out, relieved that at last our car was repaired. Our relief was short-lived. The generator began to smoke again. Jim gave up in disgust and he agreed with me that the only thing to do was to drive on our battery, have it recharged during the night and then have the generator repaired in Tunis.

The next town we struck was Tobarka, also a small Mediterranean port. Five miles out of Tobarka, we located an ordnance unit. It was Sunday morning, but the boys were working. Up came the hood of the auto. Together came the heads of a number of auto mechanics. They studied, took counsel, and decided that the best thing to do would be to find another generator for it. Our battery was almost gone. They could recharge it. They would have to find a car into which our recharged generator would fit, and whose generator would fit into ours. They looked at every car around but could not find a suitable generator. The only thing left for them to do then was to see if they could not repair it. Then after hours of work, they were successful. The generator generated, so we ate lunch with them, thanked them copiously and set out on the road to Beja, Medjez and Tunis.

The road from Tobarka to Beja was familiar to me. On the right I saw the site where the First Armored Division had

camped, where I had lived for about a week. Across the road was the cemetery where Chaplain Bailey and I had helped bury the dead one morning. Farther on was the site where the Second Army Corps had had its headquarters, where I had slept several nights. Everything here was deserted. The war had moved beyond western Tunisia. Everything was peaceful here now. Over the hills we kept going until we saw the viaduct near Beja. On the left was the road, across which I had often brought supplies . . . the road which had led to Mateur, to Ferryville, and to Bizerte. We, however, went on the road from Beja direct to Tunis. This had been the road taken by the Eighth Army and American units to which I had not been attached. When I saw the huge hills, the remnants of German dugouts, I realized again what a difficult job it had been to dislodge the foe from these hills. No wonder casualties, at times, had been heavy. But the hills were cleared of Germans except for the prisoner of war camps which we passed.

As we approached Tunis, the road was crowded. Every American who could get hold of a vehicle was on his way to visit the city he had struggled and suffered and perhaps even bled to liberate. Tunis was the mecca for the battle-weary troops of the Tunisian hills. Thither they came with high hopes and thence they departed disappointed—disappointed because there was nothing for them in Tunis. Everything worth taking had been taken away by the Germans. The store shelves were empty. There was no food available. The only thing that city-hungry boys could get was wine—wine which at first had gladdened the hearts and afterwards, had maddened the brain. In Tunis there were no restaurants, no sleeping accommodations, no food stores. Americans slept on the sidewalks, in the parks and on the beaches. That is why army officers quickly put in a call for the American Red Cross to open a club, to establish a snack bar, to have an information counter, so that our boys would have a place to eat, a place to rest and American girls to advise them where to go and what to do. Carthage was nearby, a suburb of Tunis. Our boys wanted to go to Carthage, but when they got there,

they did not realize they were there. When they realized they were there, they had no guides. The army wanted the Red Cross to arrange a tour to Carthage so that our boys could see its historic ruins and have some contact with the old civilization which once had been cradled there.

TUNIS AFTER VICTORY

On arrival in Tunis, we hastened to the office of the American Consul who informed us that the Red Cross had secured two rooms at the Tunisia Palace Hotel and that there, we would find Bill Stevenson, and Walter Heineman. We were glad to park our car in front of the hotel. We found a room available for us. We unpacked our bags, went across the street to the air corps officers' mess, had some supper—it was an all "C" ration supper—but we were glad to get that food. After supper we drove out to the beautiful beach on the outskirts of Tunis and went in for a swim. Most of the bathers were nude, many of them were French civilians and French men and women did not hesitate to walk right in among the crowd of nude bathers. Afterwards at the hotel, I met Fred Hoehler who was the head of the Lehman Commission in North Africa and in charge of civilian relief. I had known Fred many years ago when both of us were students at the University of Cincinnati. On graduation, he had become head of the University Y.M.C.A. When the charter government was instituted in Cincinnati, Fred had become a member of Mayor Murray Seasongood's cabinet, in charge of public welfare and thus had become a national figure in the field of social work. Hoehler and I enjoyed our reunion. He told me that Tunis was full of Jewish refugees who had been compelled to evacuate Bizerte and who were housed in one schoolhouse in Tunis. All the women, he said, were pregnant and Nazi soldiers were the fathers of their unborn children. "The first thing we did," he said, "was to bring in wheat and to increase the weekly bread ration of civilians." This was done for humanitarian reasons and also because it was an effective

weapon of psychological warfare. It proved to the people of Tunis that the allied armies had come to help and not to hurt.

At breakfast the next morning, I found a captain of the air corps sitting opposite me. Seeing my Red Cross insignia, he asked me if I knew whether Bill Stevenson was in town. He said that he knew him well. He introduced himself to me. He was Captain Eric Warburg, formerly of Hamburg, now of New York. He thought that I didn't know his name and spelled it out for me, but I had known it well because of the philanthropies of his uncle, the late Felix Warburg. I also told him that I had met his sister, Grisella. She was a young woman of unusual charm who had gone about America pleading for funds with which to settle German-Jewish children in Palestine. Captain Warburg was with the air force intelligence and had been one of the first Americans to enter Tunis after it had been captured by the British. He said the population of Tunis had been most enthusiastic when the allied armies had entered. The enthusiasm was prophetic of what would happen in Europe, where, he predicted, allied armies would be greeted with tremendous acclaim. He said to me, "Why wasn't the Red Cross here sooner?" I told him that the army had informed us that we were not to go into Tunis and we worked at the command of the army. He said, "It's too bad that the Red Cross had not been here sooner, for American soldiers had no place to go and nothing to do." Rowdiness followed and that rowdiness dampened the enthusiasm of Tunisians for us. They contrasted it with the military bearing of the Nazis who did their looting under the semblance of discipline. They bought everything at high prices with money they had printed and which had no value. Thus did they fool the people. Tunisian bars closed at noon. In the first days, the soldiers went wild, broke store windows and just made merry in rough and tumble fashion, like college boys after a football victory.

During the stay of the Nazis, the Jews were the worst sufferers. The Nazis played up to the Italians and the Arabs. They had to be fair to the French because of Vichy. They therefore vented their wrath on the Jews. Captain Warburg had in his possession some food, which he had gotten in a German warehouse. He wanted me to turn it over to the Chief Rabbi for dis-

tribution among poor Jews. While Maggard and Heineman were trying to requisition a building for a Red Cross club, I learned where the synagogue was, decided to visit it and to try to locate the Chief Rabbi. Externally the synagogue had not been damaged. While I was looking around, some young lads followed me and when they learned that I was American and Jewish, they kissed my hand and tried to show in their way, their appreciation for having been saved from a tragic fate by the arrival of allied troops. I looked at these little boys and wondered how anybody could be so brutal as to put them to death. It seemed as though no human being could be capable of such atrocities yet that was the Nazi pattern in all conquered countries. Little boys like these were asphyxiated or some thrown alive into the graves of their parents. What madness possesses these Nazis? Can that be cured in one generation? If it is not cured, will mankind be safe? Not only from another military attack but from the hateful and spiteful propaganda, the moral poison that these indoctrinated Nazis will disseminate whether prisoners of war or living in their own land.

The boys led me to the home of the Chief Rabbi. He was a venerable old man with a short snow-white beard, attired like an Arab in a brilliant red gown and a turban around his head. He spoke Arabic and Hebrew. He sat behind a table on which there were coins which he was distributing to the poor as they came in to see him. I told him of the food that Warburg had given me and asked whether he would accept and distribute it. He agreed to do so. I informed him that there was canned meat in the lot, meat which, of course, was not kosher. "In times of crises," he stated, "the dietary laws may well be suspended." While he was talking to me, his wife entered the room. She spoke French and said that her clothes had been taken from her, all except the one dress she was wearing. This was true of all Jews. Their clothing, their furniture, their ornaments had been taken from them by Germans. The planes which in the morning had brought troops from Sicily, in the afternoon returned laden with the spoil taken from Jewish homes. All radios owned by Jews had been confiscated. Their sons had been forced to labor as slaves building the fortifications

at Bizerte and Mateur. Twenty-five had been killed at Bizerte. The Jewish community of Tunis had been fined twenty-five million francs, and it had been forced to produce its sons for slave labor. Jews had lived in terror. The arrival of the allied nations had given them hope. Their condition still was bad but they could see the dawn and they knew that a brighter day was coming.

The Rabbi's secretary took me to the synagogue. It had been used as a clinic by the German army, and the medicines they had left were still strewn about. There were typhus serums, atabrine tablets, a prophylactic against malaria and delousing powder. On the walls where previously there had been biblical verses, there were signs in German, French and Italian forbidding smoking. Everything in the synagogue that could be, had been destroyed. The silver decorations had been stolen. Ornamental doors had been wantonly broken. The marble steps leading to the altar had been smashed as if with a sledge hammer. Cases in which prayerbooks were kept, had been shattered. Closets where sacred vestments were stored were demolished. The windows had been stripped of their stained glass. The balcony had been used as a dormitory where there were still beds stolen from the civilian community. In the cellar, there were gasoline drums which had probably been stored there for the purpose of burning the synagogue before it was to be abandoned. But the allies entered too quickly and the Germans had no chance to burn this synagogue as they had burned hundreds in their own country. Only the scrolls had been saved. They had been hidden in the house of the Rabbi. A tablet containing the Ten Commandments and a shield of David, placed high above the Ark, were untouched. The Nazis could not reach them. That is the trouble with their whole lives. They have never been able to reach the Ten Commandments. That is why they brought ruin on humanity. As defaced as was the interior of the synagogue, so untouched was its exterior. The passerby would imagine that the synagogue was undamaged and that this shrine had been respected by the Nazi invaders. This was characteristic of how the Nazis had swindled the world, an innocent exterior and an ugly interior. Hitler making pledges of peace in the Reichstag for the consumption of

the world while secretly issuing decrees stepping up Germany's armament industry. Hitler signing the Munich pact and promising never to seek additional European territory only to have his armies storm into Prague later on. Hitler signing a five-year non-aggression pact with Russia, only to break it in two years when it suited him. Hitler knowing that he had lost the war, seeking to swindle the allies out of the fruits of victory by dividing them and finding among the parochial-minded of the allied nations innocent, but nevertheless effective, allies in his program.

After I came to my hotel from the synagogue I looked into the Bible to read the prescribed selection for the week. It was Leviticus 26: Verses 3 to the end. There I read

And I will give peace in the land
and ye shall lie down,
And none shall make you afraid,
And I will cause evil beasts to cease out of the land,
And ye shall chase your enemies and they
shall fall before you by the sword.
And I will set my tabernacle among you and my
soul shall not abhor you.
And I will walk among you and I will be your
God and ye shall be My people.
And I have broken the bars of your yoke and
have made you go upright.
And if you will not for all this, hearken unto me.
I will make your cities a waste and
will bring your sanctuaries unto desolation.
But I will for their sakes remember the
covenant of their ancestors whom I brought
forth out of the land of Egypt in the sight
of the nations that I might be their God,
I am the Lord.

Walter Heineman and I drove out to LaMarcia to speak with the American colonel, second in command to Air-Marshal Tedder about the possibility of opening a beach club. The colonel was with an outfit in which there was perfect cooperation between British and American air forces. Friendship and fellowship

prevailed between officers and men. When Heineman told him that the American Red Cross would not favor a club to which Americans and British were equally welcome because the Red Cross was created primarily to create an American atmosphere for American boys, the colonel was displeased. He said that that would not further Anglo-American cooperation. He added, "We Americans and British here fight and die together, why shouldn't we play together? If the Red Cross opened a club here and excluded the British, it would have a bad reaction on our cooperative war effort." The colonel said he would not be in favor of any institution which discriminated against any ally.

There were two beautiful buildings on the beach. One was a summer palace of the former Bey of Tunis. That was to be an officers' mess and officers' club. The other was a beautiful pavillion which already was being used by the British. Of course it would have been bad sportsmanship and bad for morale to deny admission to the British in a community where English and American troops worked so closely together. I spoke to the colonel about lifesavers. He said that he had been swimming all over the bay and that it seemed perfectly safe to him. He didn't see why anyone should drown there. I told him that all the bathers might not be good swimmers and that on all beaches accidents do occur. He had no patience for this. He said, "Let four or five of them drown. That will teach them to be careful when they go in swimming." I thought, that is how men talk when life becomes very cheap and life was very cheap in and around Tunis. I had seen a civilian hit by an auto and twenty or thirty cars pass by without anyone stopping to find out if the civilian was dead or injured and needed help. I realized then that life was very cheap, that to people who had been in active combat so long, a few more deaths did not matter too much.

On the way back we passed an airport. On it there was an American flying fortress surrounded by a large crowd. It had been compelled to make a forced landing. Two of its crew had bailed out at sea. The others had landed the craft on this field. One gunner had been hurt. All over the plane there were bullet marks. Nearby another fortress had made a forced landing. On the same field there were half a dozen destroyed German

planes, destroyed while on the ground by our air force a few weeks ago.

While in the hotel lobby that evening, we met a young American flying sergeant. He had been on 27 missions over Italy. The flak, at times was so heavy, he stated, that he could not see the target and now he had come for a rest and he had drunk very heavily to forget the hardship he had suffered. Into the bar of our hotel he had wandered, and there he had quarreled with British officers. He had said that after the war the United States and Great Britain would have to fight it out. That had provoked a row and the British Military Police had been summoned. While this row was on, we had been sitting in the lobby. The British Military Police had a lot of sense. They knew that to make arrests would only create more ill will. The young sergeant was standing talking to us. The British police came up and said, "Did you see this young fellow create a disturbance?" They knew we had not and that is how we answered them. They said sending for them must have been a mistake and they left.

Around the hotel lobby I heard that some of the Italians who had been vocally pro-Nazi during the occupation and had spat on American prisoners of war, were being arrested. The French also determined that these sympathizers with the Nazis should be dispossessed of their homes and their quarters should be requisitioned for the use of allied officers and troops. Some of these Italians had refused to leave their homes and soldiers came there with bayonets to get them out. I also heard that a number of Arabs had been shot for selling poisoned wine to our soldiers. Before turning into bed, I walked around the deserted streets. Here and there I saw a number of American soldiers sleeping on park benches or on the sidewalk. I then realized how imperative it was that our club be opened as soon as possible. Here were boys coming to Tunis for recreation. They had no place to sleep, to wash, to eat, and nothing to do. The Red Cross club was just what they needed.

ANTI-AMERICANISM

The next day I overheard a shocking conversation. On arrival in Tunis, Jim Maggard had gone to the office of the

American Consulate to get recommendations for individuals who might serve as interpreters in the Red Cross club. Inasmuch as Jim was going to have to do considerable alterations, purchase furniture, install showers, build a kitchen, set up a dormitory, and construct the other facilities which are part of a club, he would have to have an interpreter, to deal with French civilians, and also with Arabs. Among the names suggested by the consulate there was a young man whom Maggard interviewed, had liked and engaged. While waiting in front of the Tunisian Palace Hotel to go into our mess, we ran across an American consular official. He turned to Maggard and said, "Did you get an interpreter through my office?" Maggard replied, "I did, thank you very much." "What's his name?" said the Consul. Maggard answered, "I don't recall his name, it sounds Arabic, but I do have his card here." Maggard reached into his pocket and located the card of the interpreter and handed it to him. A look of indignation spread over the features of our diplomat, and he said, "Why did you get that fellow, don't you know that he's a Jew? Don't have anything to do with Jews—they are full of good will, it's true, but don't get mixed up with them." Maggard of course knew that I overheard the entire conversation as we were standing together, and it was an embarrassing situation for both of us. A day or so later Maggard did dismiss this Jewish interpreter, and told me he did so because he could not understand his English.

A few days later I had a personal conversation with that consular official. I introduced myself to him, and reminded him of the remarks that he made to Maggard in my presence. He blushed and stammered his explanations. "I felt that if Maggard was going to employ a Jew, he should be a representative Jew. This young fellow does not amount to very much. Then too the Arabs here hate the Jews. If occasionally Maggard would have the need of going to outlying villages and dealing with Arabs, a Jewish interpreter might prove a source of embarrassment to him." Then he told me of having found in some islands a noble group of Jews who sat and studied all day and whose anxiety to know the will of God and to submit to it constituted an inspiration to him. This whole incident made me feel

pretty badly. Here was a city which had been liberated by the allied nations in the war against the axis powers. Anti-semitism was not merely a capricious whim of Hitler. It was the keystone in his philosophy—the spearhead in the wedge destroying the bastions of democracy. If he could persuade any free people that it is just to torture, to uproot, and to annihilate the Jewish minority then he had succeeded in inducing them to destroy the basis of the democratic philosophy. For if it is right to deprive one minority of its inalienable rights, then it is right to deprive all people of their inalienable rights for everyone is a member of some minority. This was the representative of the great American republic, the spokesman of its noble traditions. Although individual Americans may succumb to anti-semitic propaganda, anti-semitism is as foreign to the American government as tyranny. Our consul was in a community which had just been liberated by allied arms. Throughout the campaign in North Africa the one group in the civil population on which we could rely was the Jewish group. Many of the Arabs were pro-axis, so also were many of Italian and Spanish descent. The French population was divided. Some were pro-Vichy, others pro-ally. All the Jews were pro-ally. Many of the Jews performed various hazardous services for American forces. On their friendship and good will allied military and civil officials could place utmost confidence. The jubilant welcome which allied troops received were organized in many communities under the leadership of Jewish civilians. To them the allied forces were liberators and here America's leading diplomatic representative urges another American citizen representing the great and humane Red Cross to continue the persecution of a people who had befriended America and who had saved the lives of American soldiers. This incident made me feel very pessimistic about the future. I wondered whether Hitler's armies would be defeated but Hitler's spirit would survive.

CARTHAGE

I again met Captain Eric Warburg at breakfast and I discussed with him the possibilities of the Red Cross arranging daily

tours to Carthage, a suburb of Tunis. He believed that was very important and suggested that I contact the White Fathers who had a monastery adjacent to the St. Louis Cathedral in Carthage. The St. Louis Cathedral, like the city which is my home, is named after Louis the Ninth. He died in Carthage on the site of the cathedral during one of the crusades. His remains had been taken back to France but in his memory centuries later a cathedral had been erected. Some of his relics were still said to be in the cathedral. Warburg said that he was driving out in that direction shortly and would be glad to take me with him. On the way out Warburg picked up a French lieutenant. Here they were, both former Germans, refugees from Nazi tyranny, one was working in the intelligence department of the American army, the other in the intelligence department of the French army. Both were determined to do what they could to rid humanity of the plague of Nazism. I wondered whether they had known each other in Germany but did not ask. At the time they were gathering evidence of Germany's violation of the Geneva convention with respect to the use of the Red Cross flag. The Red Cross flag which in a battle zone brings immunity from attack is supposed to be used only to protect hospitals and wounded and injured men. Many were the reports in Tunis that Red Cross ships had been used by the Germans to bring fuel to Tunis as well as other military equipment. Warburg and his friend were tracing this evidence. Among the places we stopped was La Goulette and there they conferred and found some of the material for which they were searching. Thence they went to Carthage where there was a hospital of German wounded, run by the White Sisters. They there held further conferences. What they learned I did not know. I parted company with them and went to the Cathedral to see if I could not find an English speaking White Father who would point out to me the Carthaginian ruins. The White Fathers are so called because they wear white robes and white shoes. They dress like Arabs. They carry on missionary activity in Africa, receive their training here both in theology and languages and thereafter they are sent to various parts of the Dark Continent to bring to them the light of Christianity.

I walked around the St. Louis Cathedral, Byzantine in design

and reminiscent of Venice. From it I could get a good view of the harbor where in ages past the fleets of the Hannibals and the Caesars had sailed. I made inquiries of a priest in the cathedral whether an English speaking priest would be available who could guide me around Carthage. A young Irish student, whose sister, a Mrs. Hayes, lived in Fall River, Massachusetts, was put at my disposal for an hour. He was a very attractive young fellow and was preparing to work in British East Africa. Within one year he was to be ordained. To go with me he had been taken out of a class in theology. The professors lectured in French and this the young priest understood very well. He told me that he was glad to meet someone who spoke English as he had been forgetting his English. He was anxious to spend hours with me, but his superior did not feel that he could excuse him from classes too long. However, he did walk around the hills with me and show me a tomb of the days of the Punic wars around which English troops were bivouacked. I also saw the ruins of the Roman baths, the temple of Juno, the site of the ancient amphitheater, the spot where St. Cyprian was massacred, the Carthaginian harbor, and many other places of great historic significance. I was planning to go out there again and to write up the sights of Carthage so that Red Cross girls could take American soldiers out there and guide them around with some intelligence. There was great need for that as many American soldiers were aimlessly wandering around in Carthage trying in vain to find historic places. I asked the priest how the Nazis treated the White Fathers. He said that the Germans did not molest them but they did search a sarcophagus for hidden munitions. They claimed that they had found them in other Catholic shrines.

Since the coming of the Germans the services had lost much of their solemnity. They were always hurried. The Germans wanted to requisition some of their rooms, but they did not have enough for their own seminarians. Few of the German soldiers attended services Austrians were more devout. Italians came in large numbers. Since the advent of the allied armies more civilians had come to services as the people felt freer. The French had been just to Arabs and Jews. The Germans maltreated the Jews cruelly.

On arrival in town I noticed in the press that an accord had been established between DeGaulle and Giraud. In trying to purchase a newspaper I found that I only had paper money. The newsboy had no change and gave me the paper. Just then, from loudspeakers all around the public street in which I was, the melody of the French national anthem was heard and everyone around me stood at attention. To me it was a welcome sound. I wondered if this was the first time it had been heard since the German occupation. In the mess I met a young American lieutenant who was working with our Civil Affairs Administration. He spoke French fluently. He said he found that there was much ill will among the French toward the Jews. They had been effectively poisoned by Nazi propaganda. Even though Hitler's armies were gone his spiritual poison remained.

I listened to a very interesting conversation between Jim Maggard and a Frenchman. The British had requisitioned the largest theater in Tunis for the entertainment of their troops. The Americans for the Red Cross had requisitioned another theater. The remaining theaters were to be available for the civilian population. This Frenchman had been to see Maggard about releasing the Red Cross theater for French civilians. He presented a very interesting argument. He said that the Americans and British were beginning to make a very bad impression on the French by taking the two best theaters and leaving the inferior ones for the French. He said the Germans had used better psychology. They had allowed the Tunisians to keep their best theaters and had used the inferior ones for the entertainment of their troops. I did not believe that this Frenchman was honest or sincere. I joined in the discussion, because I was indignant. Here we had come, and had driven out the tyrants, given the civilians extra bread rations, were furnishing them clothes, protecting their properties, saving their lives, and supplying their beaten and battered armies with all the weapons of war. I told him to tell the French civilians that as a token of gratitude and appreciation the least they can do is to allow American doughboys to use their places of amusement. These French civilians were at home. These boys were away from home. When this

Frenchman learned that the American army was paying for the use of the theater he changed very perceptively. Apparently I guess he had been sent there by the owner of the theater who was afraid that he would get no revenue for his property. In the course of the conversation the Frenchman referred to bad and good theater proprietors so I tried to get him to tell me what he meant by that. He refused.

I once got into conversation with an Arab. I had known that there is a kinship between Hebrew and Arabic. In course of conversation I found that the Hebrew numbers are very much like Arabic numbers. I tried the little Arabic that I knew on this Arab. I told him that I wanted to learn to speak Arabic. This pleased him very much and he became enthusiastic. It was not hard to understand why. Most Europeans look with contempt upon the Arabs. They think they represent a lower civilization and that they are inferior. And when he found an American interested in the language of his fathers he rejoiced in the recognition of the dignity and decency of his people. It revealed how easy it is to overcome racial tensions and group hatreds where there is sympathetic understanding.

It was now already the end of May. I had to be back in St. Louis by the first of September. Under the circumstances I thought it best for me to return to Algiers to find something to do. And so the next day I was on a plane bound for Algiers. Next to me on the plane sat a French civilian physician. He had found a preventive of malaria which was as effective as atabrine, but which had no bad after-effects. He was on his way to confer with American medical authorities in Algiers with a view to arranging mass production of his drug. I have heard nothing about his discovery since. It either was not as good as he expected it to be or else it could not be produced in sufficient quantities.

BACK IN ALGIERS

On my arrival in Algiers I found a meeting of chaplains in my apartment. They invited me to sit in and hear their discussions, although I was most anxious to go off in a corner and

read the mail which had accumulated in the three weeks in which I had been gone. At the chaplains' meeting there was a discussion of army brothels. There had been reports that the army had conducted brothels both for officers and enlisted men and against this the chaplains wanted to voice their protests. They also believed that some of the plays that were being shown to soldiers should be censored and complained that some of the French actresses uttered blasphemies in French. These blasphemies were understood by a few who knew French and also by one of the chaplains. Among the chaplains was Chaplain Locke, formerly of Christ Church Cathedral of St. Louis, and of Poplar Bluff, Mo. He took an intelligent part in the discussion and we had a nice reunion afterwards. I also saw there Chaplain Sessil, who formerly had been at Scott Field, Ill., and now was in charge of Chaplains of the Air Service Command. I learned that a Russian delegation was visiting Algiers and that all branches of the service were anxious to be very friendly with them in order to express appreciation through these Russian visitors for the gallantry of the Russian army. Lord Russell, head of the Judge Advocate Department of the British Army in North Africa, said, "Of course we ought to be grateful to the Russians; they have saved civilization."

Some of the Red Cross people had arranged to play tennis with the Russian delegation. I was asked to join them but I had no tennis shoes. I afterwards learned that the Russians were excellent tennis players. That evening I saw the show prepared and produced by Martin Jones of the American Red Cross, formerly vice president of the National Broadcasting Company. Jones had observed the inadequacy of the fourth and fifth class French vaudevilians that were available for the entertainment of our soldiers. He also knew that there was much talent in the American Army and also among the Red Cross workers. He had gotten together a Broadway revue. His actors were drawn from the army and the Red Cross personnel. Some of the Red Cross girls have had wide stage experience. It was quite a job preparing gowns and lighting effects and stage settings. The stage of the Algiers opera-house, Jones thought, had better lighting effects than any other stage in the world. The Jones show was excellent. It was not as

good as Broadway but it was an approximation of it. Soldiers with whom I spoke said it was better than any show they had seen in North Africa so far. That show ran for weeks and weeks and kept on drawing crowds. After the play was over while standing at the side of the operahouse, some Arabs, very likely Fascist sympathizers, threw eggs at a group of us. If we had been actors we might have understood why the eggs were thrown but none of us standing there had had any part in the performance. My clean new cap was irreparably stained.

The next day I spent in reading accumulated letters and late in the evening I received a call from Colonel Roy H. Parker, American Senior Chaplain of the North African Theater, asking me to deliver the memorial prayer at the service to be held on Sunday, Decoration Day, in which General Eisenhower and Robert F. Murphy, the President's representative, were scheduled to participate. I spent part of the day preparing the following memorial prayer:

"Dwarfed and pigmied, Oh God, are we before Thee in Whose sight a thousand years are but as a day and Who weighest nature in the balance. On this memorial anniversary we voice our silent gratitude to our fallen comrades who gave their lives on the altar of human freedom. To the generations of Valley Forge, of Gettysburg, of the Argonne forests, we now add the generations of the Mediterranean and the Pacific. They, too, are part of the American tradition and have fulfilled the American dream. Their unmarked graves on the hills and valleys of far-flung continents and beneath the waves of the sea are evidences of the stamina, sturdiness and idealism of American youth and proclaim to the world that the American legacy of liberty has found a worthy generation to sustain it. Not to enslave have we come here but to emancipate; not to forge shackles but to break them; not to persecute but to palliate; not to rule by might but to establish the right. The unfinished mission of our pals we must fulfill until tyranny is struck down and a new emancipation proclamation will resound for all men. Towards victory inspired by their example, we shall march and

its fruits shall be a new covenant of brotherhood and justice. In that covenant our honored dead will gain new life and their shortened lives will become like a perpetual flame to warm the hearts of men, to comfort their dear ones, to stir future generations and to herald the dignity of man. May we, O God, prove worthy of fulfilling this mission and thus obey Thy will. Amen."

On Sunday morning I attended church services in the Red Cross club conducted by Chaplain Sessil. At the end of the service he asked me to preach for him a week from Sunday and Chaplain Lauter asked me to give a sermon over the army radio network going to Oran, Casablanca, Algiers, and Constantine the following Sunday. Chaplain Lauter drove me out to the El Aliyah cemetery outside of Algiers for the Decoration Day services. At the cemetery there were a few seats for General Eisenhower, Mr. Murphy and other dignitaries. Before every grave stood soldiers or sailors with flowers. The sailors were dressed in summer white, the soldiers in regulation woollens. Other soldiers stood at attention with fixed bayonets. The American flag flew from a tall white flagpole. White crosses stood over the graves and here and there a white six-pointed star, the star of David, the symbol of Judaism, over the grave of a Jewish soldier. A speaker's stand had been erected near which there were places for the hanging of four wreaths. Behind the stand stood a soldier chorus which was to sing religious music. Chaplain Walsh acted as marshall. As General Eisenhower came, everybody saluted. It was my first glimpse of the general. He is a very attractive looking man, seems to have a kindly sympathetic face, and did not impress one as being a hard-boiled soldier. Chaplain Parker presided over the service. He presented Chaplain Lauter who offered a brief prayer and read the 23rd Psalm. Chaplain Burgess then read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Music followed this and then I gave the memorial prayer. Following my prayer General Eisenhower hung a wreath and saluted. Hon. Robert Murphy placed a wreath in behalf of the President of the United States. Two more wreaths were hung, one by a representative of the American Legion and the other by a French-

man, symbolic of Franco-American good will. Volleys were then fired and taps sounded. Eisenhower then departed. The whole service was soon over. It was very touching. Very little was said, but everyone there was profoundly impressed.

TOWN HALL IS BORN

The next day I conferred with Chaplain Parker. He asked me to serve as acting Jewish chaplain in and around Algiers until such time as he could secure a Jewish chaplain on his staff at Headquarters. I told him that I could give him no answer until he had conferred with Mr. William Stevenson of the Red Cross, and I arranged for the three of us to lunch together at the Red Cross mess on Wednesday. I had been thinking of what I could do for the next ten weeks. I could help out in a number of places but scores of people could do the same thing. Because my stay with the armed forces was so short I was especially anxious to make some contribution to the well being of American soldiers which would be continued after I had left the theatre of war.

When I first arrived in North Africa and I had had a chance to observe the program of the Red Cross clubs, I asked myself what in their programs would I miss if I were an enlisted soldier. I came to the conclusion that I would miss programs of an intellectual nature, like the forums held in so many places in the states, like the public lectures arranged by universities, temples, and junior leagues. This deficiency was accentuated for me by the fact that I knew that in Algiers there are always some of the world's leading war correspondents. Some of these men were capable lecturers and received fabulous fees for their services in the States. We, in the theater of war, never had a chance to read their dispatches or their stories until six weeks or two months later when the newspapers arrived and by then the news was stale. Some of these journalistic celebrities came in and out of the Red Cross mess. I wondered whether it would not be possible to get them to speak for the boys, to give their opinions, to make their prophecies, and to give the men about whom they wrote the benefit of some of their talents. Most of the men in charge

of the Red Cross club did not believe that there was room for such a program. They said that when the soldier had an afternoon off he wanted more earthy amusements. He would enjoy a shower, a snack, a dance, a woman. One Red Cross man told me that on Easter Morning he had gotten a string quartet to play in the Red Cross club at Oran. The auditorium there was usually filled. Boys liked to sleep in its comfortable chairs, but when the quartet began to play he said it was pitiful to see how quickly the hall was emptied. Other club directors echoed his sentiments. Still others felt that discussion programs were dangerous and the army might object to them very seriously.

Mrs. William Stevenson, known as Bumpy, the daughter of a Yale professor, believed that such a program had a place in the Red Cross schedule, and she urged me while in North Africa to make it my business to develop it. While waiting for a new assignment I thought I would like to experiment with such a program. I discussed the matter with Bill Stevenson. He was not opposed to it, but he could not give the matter much thought. He had other things to do. One noon at the Red Cross mess, I happened to be sitting next to Margaret Chase of San Francisco. She was the assistant club director of the Officers' Club that had just been opened in Algiers. She was searching for good programs, and was very enthusiastic when I mentioned to her the possibility of utilizing war correspondents as speakers for officers and soldiers. She discussed it with Fay Smith, the club director, and both agreed that they would be glad to have such programs at the Officers' Club. Margaret Chase was very friendly with Major "Texas" Lee who was General Eisenhower's aide. I knew that Texas Lee was from San Antonio, Texas. Later when in San Antonio, I asked Rabbi David Jacobson whether he knew Major Ernest R. Lee, who was known as "Texas Lee." He told me that he knew him very well, that he had been a member of his congregation, who, while in civilian life, had been an intimate friend of General Eisenhower. It was General Eisenhower who prevailed on him to accept a commission in the army as his personal aide. When during the political campaign, intimations were made that General Eisenhower was bigoted religiously, I could

not help but remember that he had selected a member of Rabbi Jacobson's temple to be his personal aide. In that selection there certainly was evident no bigotry.

Being so close to General Eisenhower's aide, Margaret Chase, of course, met General Eisenhower frequently and learned to know him very well. She had only spoken about him with the highest respect and admiration. Learning to know him on an intimate basis did not dim his stature for her. From Margaret Chase and others close to him, I got considerable appreciation of the character of General Eisenhower. When he heard from Margaret that the Red Cross was establishing an Officers' Club, he said, "Why worry about officers? They have good incomes, and facilities. Why not concentrate on the enlisted personnel who need recreation facilities most?" When he heard that the Officers' Club was functioning and that it was attracting junior officers, he was pleased. He said, "Senior officers can find their own recreation." When he learned that the Town Hall program was attracting good crowds of officers he made some remark about the officers going intellectual.

When the Tunisian campaign was over, there was considerable carelessness in dress on the part of soldiers. They came in town with unpolished shoes. On the dusty roads of Algeria it was not easy to keep shoes polished. G. I.'s at times wore no neckties. That did not bother me as a civilian, but it did annoy regular army officers. The military police in Algiers were ordered to begin making arrests for dress misdemeanors. Because they knew so many of the troops they made few arrests. At the initiative of General Eisenhower, I was given to understand a battalion of military police from Oran was brought to Algiers. Having no personal ties with the G. I.'s there, they carried out their orders. Officers complained that their men were fined \$25.00 for dusty shoes, and that that was a severe blow to their morale. I heard G. I.'s discussing this order. They all were sure that General Eisenhower, their friend, could not have issued it. They believed him to be too considerate of them. It was the work of his adjutant. The fact that they refused to believe that General Eisenhower could issue an order which seemed harsh was indicative of their affection for him. About other generals they disliked, all sorts of unfavor-

able reports were given wide circulation, and none rose to defend them. There is no question that General Eisenhower had the welfare of the soldier at heart and that was sensed by the men who served under him. But he was a disciplinarian, and once sternly rebuked a Red Cross director who failed to stand at attention when he walked into his headquarters at the St. George Hotel.

Margaret Chase suggested that I discuss the program with Texas Lee, as he could help me avoid mistakes and subsequent difficulties. Texas Lee was greatly interested in the matter and suggested that I discuss this type of program with military personnel, and also with Special Service officers. I followed his suggestions and the men in Military Intelligence were interested and sympathetic and even offered to be helpful. I then went to see Colonel Leon David who was in command of Special Services in North Africa, and he referred me to his education officer who also was interested in the program. I then conferred with Winston Burdett of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, who agreed to cooperate with Captain Bob Neville of the Stars and Stripes who promised to give the program publicity, and who assured me that such a program would be welcomed. I also received a good deal of encouragement from Martin Codell, Public Relations Officer of the American Red Cross of North Africa, who agreed to speak to his newspaper friends to urge them to cooperate with the program. Thus, the way was cleared for the first meeting. I knew that the first meeting was very important because that might make or break the program. I was therefore very anxious to get a man so well known that he would attract a vast throng.

Everyone suggested that Ernie Pyle should be that man. I found out that Ernie Pyle was resting from his work in the Tunisian campaign at a camp set up by the public relations office about forty miles from Algiers. I drove out to see him. The camp was on the shores of the Mediterranean. The tents of the newspaperman were pitched under trees near the beach. Meals were served in a beautiful villa on the beach which had been requisitioned by the Army. In his tent in the woods I found Ernie Pyle. He was lying down and appeared to be

sleeping, but he heard us talking on the outside and invited us to come into his tent where we sat and chatted. Simple and sincere, a man who loved men and who understood them, Pyle was neither a crusader nor a reformer. He was just one of the crowd who was very articulate through his pen. Ernie Pyle, at the time was doing nothing but sleep, eat, and type-write. For the weeks that he was there, he never went into the Mediterranean. The day I was there he was writing up his notes on his trip on the Congo River which was to be part of a book of his which has since been published and is now known as "This is Your War." Ernie Pyle was very modest and very accessible, unspoiled by the fame which had justly become his. His column had become the most popular in our country, but he was just Ernie Pyle, an Indiana Hoosier living with the boys he loved, sharing their lives and their thoughts and being able to express them. He liked the idea of a discussion program for the boys and was willing to help it along, but he could not speak in public. Once at Dakar, Quentin Reynolds had made a talk, and he had listened to it. When Reynolds was through the boys yelled for Ernie Pyle. He said he was just frozen. He could not stand up, and could not say a word. He could never be a public speaker. Ernie, however, promised to speak to other correspondents and journalists and encourage them to speak for me.

Although Ernie Pyle never spoke for Town Hall, by inducing Fredrick Painton of Readers' Digest to be its first speaker, he helped to launch its program. Once the generous reception of Painton's lecture became known, it became comparatively easy to get speakers for the Town Hall program. I chose the name because it was typically American and suggested no controversy. When I saw Ernie Pyle once more, he showed me the last paragraph of his first book, "This is Your War." It had been censored, and he had to rewrite it. The censored sentences as I recall them were as follows, "When the war is over, we must not be surprised that men who have been trained to kill think nothing of robbery when they return home." Why the censor eliminated that sentence, I do not know. It was not giving away any enemy secrets. It was purely a personal judgment of one

war correspondent. Perhaps the censor assumed that that would negatively affect morale at home. It tells us something of Ernie Pyle's soul, of his inner revolt against the whole institution of war. I am not surprised that Pyle was killed in the war. No man who participated in as many campaigns as he could avoid being killed. The odds were against him. To my friends on my return home, I said, that I believe that Ernie Pyle wants to get killed in this war. He wants to share all the hardships, all the agony, and all the destiny of the American soldier whom he loved dearly.

The incident also points out the problems of censorship in the war zone. No one could tell you why anything was censored, for that might be giving away a military secret. When Elliot Roosevelt once spoke for Town Hall, I was informed that he violated military security, but Elliot Roosevelt was the authority on photo reconnaissance in the army. He told me that nothing he said had not been published in the United States. The censor told me that because Elliot Roosevelt was in charge of photo reconnaissance, what he said was much more authoritative than what was published by journalists. Even then the censor would not say which of Colonel Roosevelt's remarks were out of place. I often found letters that I sent home censored. Different censors clipped out different material. While those of officer status were expected to do their own censoring, there was a spot check made of such mail. Once I believe I received a warning from the censor. To what he objected, I do not know, and he would not say.

At the club, I happened to meet a sergeant who was from Cairo. He had come in about noon to hear the news broadcast. We were sitting next to each other and began to talk. He told me that all the American boys in the Middle East were anxious to get a leave to visit Palestine. It was the favorite leave-area. The new city of Tel Aviv built by the Jews in the past 25 years had become the mecca for American boys. They say it reminded them of home. Its modern buildings, clean streets, well-dressed populace, up-to-date plumbing compared favorably with the squalor and backwardness of Egyptian cities. It served as a cure for their homesickness. All the Jewish soldiers that could be

spared had received a seven-day leave for Palestine for the Passover Holy Days. They had been greatly stirred by their experience. He was deeply regretful that he was engaged in important work and could not have made that trip.

I kept on working on my lecture programs. I met Drew Middleton of the New York Times who agreed to take a program after the pressure of work would be lighter. He kept his promise. Stead of the Christian Science Monitor and Gerald Norman of the London Times likewise agreed to speak sometime. In the course of hunting around for public speakers, I contacted the British Public Relations Office. The officer-in-charge was very anxious to secure for me as many English speakers as possible. He was eager for intellectual cooperation. He was somewhat concerned about the friction between American and British in the theatre of war.

Bill Stevenson of the Red Cross, Roy H. Parker, Chaplain of NATOUSA and I lunched together. Colonel Parker asked the Red Cross delegate for the use of my services as a Jewish chaplain until such time as a Jewish chaplain would arrive in Algiers. Mr. Stevenson acceded to his request with a definite understanding that this was an emergency. The Red Cross was an interdenominational organization which served all denominations at all times. It had set aside a chapel in the Red Cross club for the use of any denominational groups of the United States Army. All services held in that chapel were under the auspices of the U. S. Army Chaplains. The Red Cross would permit the chaplaincy to borrow my services only as long as the emergency continued.

After this agreement had been reached by the Senior Chaplain and Mr. Stevenson, the Senior Chaplain sent out a notice to all chaplains in the area that I was there and available for assistance in services with Jewish troops when called upon provided it did not conflict with any work that I was doing for the Red Cross. That day also Frederick Painton, correspondent of the Readers' Digest, had agreed to speak at the officers' club on June 7th. I hastened to prepare for that meeting and notified the Stars and Stripes who agreed to give the lecture prominent space. I had some posters made and decided to call the program

"Town Hall of the American Red Cross." I rejected the word Forum as it suggested controversy and might irritate some. Town Hall would be as acceptable anywhere as Cabot in Boston. The next day the debut of Town Hall was announced in posters at the officers' club. Frederick Painton's subject was to be "Why Battles Are Boring." Painton had just come in from the Tunisian campaign. He claimed that he had never spoken publicly before. Ernie Pyle doubted that assertion when he heard it but after the arrangements were all made, I began to worry whether the speaker and the subject would draw a crowd and whether officers were interested in thoughtful programs in a theatre of war.

It seemed now as if my work in Algiers was cut out for me.—Town Hall for the American Red Cross and assisting the Senior Chaplain in the conduct of services for Jewish boys. I therefore began to look around for permanent living quarters, and was fortunate to find a very large comfortable living room in the third floor apartment of a prosperous French middle-class family. The family consisted of the husband and wife, and a young boy. It occupied a seven-room apartment and the requisitioning authorities had been to see them. They had to make room for some men in the armed forces. They leased their living room to me. My rental was \$20.00 a month or a thousand francs and \$3.00 a month or 150 francs for maid service. I was to furnish and pay for my own laundry and linen. They moved a cot in the room and a wardrobe. The room had gray carpeting on the floor, two large French windows which opened out on balconies which overlooked the street. It had a large crystal chandelier which I could only use when the windows were closed and the blackout drapes tightly drawn. But even then it was bad policy to use it as there was a shortage of electric power and excessive use brought mild reprimands from the family. Right across the hallway from my room was the bath. It contained a washstand, a tub and a shower. That was an unheard of luxury. My room had very beautiful living-room furniture, a large comfortable divan and other unheard of luxuries for a theater of war. There were oil paintings on the walls, Louis XIV furniture, and crystal chandeliers.

At times I had quirks of conscience when I saw the luxurious room that was mine and recalled the men I had seen at the front lying on the bare ground, and all the other discomforts which were theirs. But I learned from English officers that it was no crime to be comfortable in a theater of war. It was the part of wisdom to suffer as little discomfort as possible. They said, "You must be ready to accept discomfort when necessary, but when not necessary, it is foolish to do so." I once saw a British officer pull an air mattress out of his sack, inflate it, and put it on the floor of a plane and go to sleep. He made the statement that it is silly to be uncomfortable when you do not have to be.

Subsequently, I was to see many officers' quarters. No one individual had a room that was better than mine. As beautiful as was the room, so gracious was the family with whom I lived. They invited me to use all their facilities, placed their icebox and its contents at my disposal, offered to entertain my friends for me and prepare parties for them and on important occasions invited me to dine with them. They were also very much interested in my work and very proud when one day they heard me speak on the radio. Mrs. Safar was ready to teach me French if I would teach her English. The little Safar boy became quite a pal of mine, especially on days when I came home with my candy rations. Even though his mother would slap him gently for asking me, nevertheless the word "bon-bons" would slip out of his mouth. I always remembered him on candy day. However delightful the Safars were, they seemed to know little of what we Americans call child psychology. That little boy was slapped never meanly, but gently and reprovingly for all sorts of things. When he got restless at the dinner table, as a youngster should when he is expected to listen to the talk of adults, he was scolded. He was always being sent out of the room, threatened with punishment, reprimanded or given mild spankings. Had I known French better, I would have tried to tell Mrs. Safar something about American mothers and how their children handle them. If I had, I suppose Mrs. Safar might have thought that was more of the inexperience of a young country. I am sure that Millard Safar will grow up to be a fine

young gentleman, and the continued reproofs of his parents will contribute much to that. After all, someone did say "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

A HOSPITAL SHIP

I had been hearing a good deal about the hospital ships which had been leaving the port of Algiers for England and spoke to Mrs. Coots of San Francisco, the Red Cross hospital worker, about taking me along sometime when she went on a mission to a hospital ship. This she agreed to do. Mrs. Coots' office was in the basement of the Red Cross enlisted men's club. There in a rather large room whose walls were covered with shelves, stood her desk which contained notations, records and a telephone. Mrs. Coots' function was to make periodic visits to the hospitals in and around Algiers, both American and British and to supply our soldiers with any comfort articles that they needed and also to find out how she could be of help to them. On the shelves in her office there were all sorts of supplies, reading material, sugar-coated chocolates which do not melt easily, corncob pipes, chewing and smoking tobacco, many brands of cigarettes, chewing gum, razor blades, toothbrushes, toothpowder, tubes of toothpaste, shaving cream, combs, wash cloths, towels, V-mail stationery, kits and other similar articles which the sick and wounded are apt to need and which, it is possible, they did not bring with them when they were brought to the hospital. A sign in this room read "This Is Not A Post Exchange," a gentle reminder to any who came in that these things belong to the sick and wounded and were not to be distributed to the well, either American or French.

Mrs. Coots, our hospital worker, had quite a problem, as her visits took her to British hospitals where there were few Americans. She found it very hard to supply Americans and walk past wounded British soldiers without giving them anything. She would have liked to have supplied them all, but Red Cross resources are limited. There was not enough to go around. If she were to supply the British and Americans, there were many

Americans who would get nothing and their friends back home would complain. The British Red Cross just did not have the resources to supply their boys as well as we supplied ours. They taught them occupational therapy and were beginning their rehabilitation program right in the theatre of war. It was hard for Mrs. Coots to pass by the British boys, but if any asked her for something which they needed in an emergency, she would give it to them even though it was against regulations. However, she said, "I can give to all a smile and a kind word." As she made her rounds, week after week, she began to know the British as well as the American soldier in these hospitals, a few by name but all by sight. Some of her experiences were most pathetic. Once she had written a letter for a lad who was very ill. He was an English lad. He had been delirious, too delirious to give the name of the girl to whom he was writing. When she returned the next week, someone else was in his bed. He had died.

As the hospital ships came to Algiers, the British boys were evacuated from their hospitals to be sent home. Mrs. Coots liked to go to the ship to bid them farewell. "It is courteous," she said, "to say goodbye to your friends when they leave." The colonel in charge of these ships had refused to give her permission to enter, but she was determined. To attain her objective, she visited the British general in charge of the port and invited his wife and him to have lunch with her at the Red Cross mess. The general and his lady came and Mrs. Coots achieved her goal. She received a pass admitting her at all times to all hospital ships and the colonel was notified to honor that pass.

So one day I found myself on the way to the docks with Mrs. Coots to join with her in a farewell to wounded boys who were on their way home. The soldiers were brought to the ships in ambulances. Italian prisoners of war served as stretcher-bearers and carried the wounded on to the ship. They were placed in double-decker beds where the soldier was to sleep for the week the journey lasted. What bed a soldier had, depended on where the stretcher-bearers placed him. Some occupied the upper berth, some the lower. Some were near windows. I found most of the wounded in good spirits. One boy was seventeen. He only had one arm. He was a wounded war veteran. He

had been in Tunisia for six months. Another was twenty-one. He had been in the army for six years. He had joined the band when he was fifteen years of age. Most of the soldiers had been in the war for at least three years and nine months—since the declaration of war. One man of magnificent physique, bronze and tanned, whom I assumed was a veteran of the famous Eighth Army which had chased Rommel through the desert, had lost one leg. He was certain, however, that on his return home, he would be able to carry on his work. Another fully dressed, sat at a table. His head was bowed. He was blinded. He sat in stony silence. I wonder what his thoughts were. Were they as despondent as were my emotions upon looking at them?

I followed Mrs. Coots as she walked around, shaking hands with some, speaking to others, smiling to all. If she forgot to glance in the direction of any one, she had to return. The man who was overlooked was so disappointed. He wanted the warmth of friendship to console him for his handicap. Mrs. Coots had a handshake and a kind word for all. I found that I overcame my initial reserve and hesitancy and began to converse, though briefly, with many. In one ward, the whisper spread. I overheard it, "Here comes the American chewing-gum lady." For several hours, we went up and down steps, through all sorts of doors. Wherever she went, Mrs. Coots gave the same smile, the same kindly word, and brought the same friendly spirit. She was like a ray of sunshine. I was proud to be identified with her. I asked one English soldier if he liked to see her. He said, "Oh yes," and added, "She comes to cheer us up and we are glad to see her." After having made the rounds of her ship, Mrs. Coots suddenly reminded herself that she had forgotten one of her favorites. She insisted on going down six flights of steps to see him. I was too weary to follow her. She was older than I but she was not weary. She had time and energy to perform this last kindness.

Before leaving the ship she left playing cards and some other supplies with the colonel. He who had at first refused her admission now was glad that she had come. He invited us to stay for tea. We did not have the time. We had to get on. Mrs. Coots will long be remembered by many a con-

valescent soldier in England, by many a boy or man crippled for life. When they think of her, they will think of the American Red Cross. They will think of America. Experiences with her reminded them that there was kindness in the world, friendship between allies, goodness in all human beings. In their gloomy hours, perhaps, they will think of her and know that lasting peace is possible because of the goodness they have seen in Mrs. Coots, the chewing-gum lady of the American Red Cross. No wonder the colonel forgot himself and when she left, he turned to her and said, "Goodbye, Lady Coots." He had unconsciously given her a title. She did wear the badge of nobility.

Next to me at mess one day sat a cartoonist who was on the staff of the Stars and Stripes. He told me of the fact that there was considerable art being produced by American soldiers and that he had invited the boys through the columns of the Stars and Stripes to send their work in to him and had arranged for an exhibition of American soldier's art under French auspices. I was delighted to hear this. I was glad to know that our boys, even in a theatre of war were creative and that this cultural interchange between American soldiers and French civilians was taking place. I, however, thought that an exhibition of this art should be held under American as well as under French auspices and told the cartoonist that I would discuss the possibility of having an art exhibit at the American officers' club. Several weeks later, such an exhibit was held. Few of the canvasses contained war scenes. One exceptionally attractive painting disappeared. A little column was published in the Stars and Stripes asking for its return. It was returned. The Stars and Stripes is not only an effective news medium, it was also, in this instance, a good conscience.

A soldier told me of some interesting experiences which were his, which I have never been able to verify. In his company there was a call for volunteers to go into Bizerte, while Bizerte was still being held by the Germans. The volunteers of course, would be in terrific jeopardy. If caught, they would be shot for what they were—spies. They were to dress like Arabs, live like Arabs. For several weeks before going on their mission, three American and two English boys put on Arab garb and practiced walking,

sleeping, eating with Arabs in order to acquire their habits and to perfect their disguises. After some time, they found that Arabs are very uncommunicative and leave each other alone. They knew enough French to do the purchasing that they might have to do and Arabs, anyway speak French badly. They acquired confidence that disguised as Arabs, they could live their parts. And so they set out for Bizerte.

How they got there, he couldn't tell me even then. What he did there, he didn't tell me even then. Before the mission was over, two of the five men had been killed. One met his end, while sleeping in the streets of Bizerte from shelling of American guns. Arabs frequently sleep in doorways or on sidewalks. The other boy was killed because of his independent American spirit. These disguised young fellows had been hanging around a German mess line. Like other Arabs, they used to beg cigarettes from German soldiers. What they were doing around German mess lines, I do not know, perhaps getting information. If they got the information and communicated it to others, I do not know either. One day a German soldier struck one of the American boys. That is one thing they had not rehearsed when they had planned their Arabic disguise. The American boy forgot to be an Arab and became an American. He struck back. In the ensuing melee, his Arabic robe was torn and his white skin was exposed, and also his disguise, as his face and arms, like that of his comrades had been stained. When his comrades saw that, they knew that he would be shot as a spy. For them there was only one thing to do—to get out of town and in the hills as soon as possible. They stole some donkeys and left. What an adventure that must have been! For three weeks, this boy had lived in Bizerte. His comrades and he had stolen some food, bought other food and eaten by themselves in the outskirts of the city. He said those were three trying weeks and added that sometimes, he wondered how he survived.

My visit to the hospital ship whetted my desire to assist Mrs. Coots when she next made her hospital visits. On a Saturday afternoon, I started out with her. A number of French civilian volunteers were helping her. We drove up to the Clinic Des Oranges which was a large hospital on a hill overlooking the sea. I met the

Lt. colonel in charge, an oldtime doctor, who was very friendly and gracious. When I told him something about the psychiatrists I had met at the front and the fine work they seemed to be doing in helping the so-called shellshocked soldier, he was unimpressed and frankly told me that he had no use for these new-fangled cures. Another doctor who overheard him, called me aside and said, "You've spoken to the wrong person. Speak to the psychiatrist of the hospital who will give you further information and be very sympathetic." I looked forward to doing so as I wanted to get a psychiatrist with battle experience on the program of Town Hall.

There was a great deal of friendly rivalry among the French civilians as to what they were to distribute. Mrs. Coots gave each worker some baskets which contained the things they were to give away. I was given a basket of chewing gum, and just told to follow the others. Mrs. Coots led the procession, giving out toothbrushes, toothpaste and shaving cream. The French women followed with cigarettes and candy and I brought up the rear with chewing gum. In that hospital, I do not recall any large wards. I do recall rooms with from four to six patients. I found myself engaging in conversation with some of the boys and realized that I could not cover the hospital as quickly as the others. One boy had a package of cards and wanted to learn how to play solitaire. So I stopped and showed him the solitaire that I knew. I laughed at my role—a clergyman teaching a wounded soldier how to play cards! Another soldier had a French girl to whom he wanted to write letters and wanted me to get some French stamps for him. He gave me a hundred francs. I bought the stamps and got them to him the next day. Another soldier was lying flat on his back and wanted me to write a letter for him. He was from Chicago and as I began to write, I asked him if he had any particular writing style as he did not want his parents to know that he was wounded and did not want them to suspect that he had not been able to write. He looked at my scrawl which only my secretary can read and said, "Your handwriting is as bad as mine. You don't have to change it. None could read my writing, and yours either." With other men, I chatted. We compared home towns, talked about the states, etc. Three

hours passed very quickly. In one of the wards, some of the men played a trick on me. One engaged me in conversation while another took chewing gum out of my basket. I was aware of the trick, but I knew it gave them pleasure and I knew the chewing gum was intended for their consumption. As I left they laughed uproariously at what they had done and I laughed inwardly with them.

ANNIVERSARY

June the sixth was my twentieth wedding anniversary. It was a Sunday. In the morning I attended Protestant services. At noon I had an engagement with Pierre Huss of the International News Service who was one of the last Americans to leave Berlin and knew Nazism very well. When I entered the press room, there was great excitement as the communique had just been issued that 100 bombers had attacked the Italian fleet. The result was not known as yet. The early reports did not indicate that the raid was too successful. Pierre Huss was a very busy man. He was head of a large news service and did not have enough help. He was very much interested in Town Hall, agreed to speak for it, only when some of his men would return from the field. I found him exceedingly interesting. That he was a graduate of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri and had recently been honored by it gave us a common bond. He told me of a good many Missouri men who were in and around Algiers. He certainly knew the ABC's of Nazism. He didn't need any indoctrination courses to make him realize the menace of Nazism to the security of Americans. He told me that the year before the attack at Pearl Harbor, Hitler at a secret meeting, had told of his plan to attack America. Pierre Huss claimed to have buried in Germany proof that Hitler had planned Pearl Harbor and had induced the Japanese to attack us. He also added that the President and Stimson also, had word about the attack by Japan and had cabled this information to the American admiral who claimed that he had never received that cable. Huss was just the man that could be most useful in

telling the full story of Nazism to soldiers. But to pry him loose from his work was not too easy.

In the afternoon I went out to Zeralda, a resort near Algiers, which was the rest camp. There I saw Ernie Pyle again (read the last chapter of his book, "This is Your War"), and went in swimming. In the evening, I went to the officers' club where a concert was planned. There I met Major Texas Lee, who was General Eisenhower's aide. I tried to have the French quartet play "The Wedding March" from Lohengrin in honor of my anniversary, but this they could not do without rehearsal.

TOWN HALL'S DEBUT

June 7th was the first Town Hall meeting at the Officers' Club, and I had eagerly looked forward to it. There was an important conflict, as a big event in connection with some touring British movie actors and actresses was taking place that evening. But even as in civilian life, conflicts in a theatre of war are unavoidable. The attendance overwhelmed me. I had asked that 35 to 50 chairs be prepared. To my great surprise, about 200 officers appeared and enjoyed Painton's interesting narrative as to how boring battles were. The address was received most enthusiastically. What I recall now of Painton's address was his remarkable exposition of the marvelous teamwork between the various branches of the service and that victory is the result of complete cooperation and coordination. He talked of the supply line, of the thousands of trucks that pass certain points on the highway, of the signal corps, laying its wires under shell fire, of the coordination essential between infantry and artillery, air forces and ground forces. It was a fine appreciation of the campaign in Tunisia. Painton did not gloss over inevitable mistakes, but he did give you the impression of teamwork, of comradeship between Americans and British, of harmony and unity. He also told that he only saw a small segment of the Tunisian campaign and that he frequently was in the midst of a battle without knowing it.

At the close of Painton's address, I met Col. Chamber-

lain, head of the British educational unit in North Africa who hoped that I would cooperate with Capt. Page, British educational officer in Algiers. Col. Chamberlain voiced glowing tribute of our program which he afterwards put in writing. Capt. Page did come to see me and put me on his list of speakers which he was submitting to British outfits. Among them, weekly educational programs were mandatory. British soldiers were encouraged to discuss political and economic problems, not however from any partisan point of view. Present also was Capt. Kohilane, connected with the educational department of special services, who expressed his appreciation for the program and promised the cooperation of special services in bringing Town Hall to units outside of clubs.

I was greatly excited when a young lieutenant connected with a submarine patrol base, offered to send a plane to Algiers to fly Painton and myself out to his unit to repeat the program. He said, "We, a detached unit of the air corps stationed at a remote base, know nothing about what our ground men are doing and our men would be thrilled to hear Painton." He added, "And we are so far away from everything that recreation is a real problem for us. To maintain good morale without a good recreational program in a lonely spot is pretty difficult." I could not arrange to get Painton to make the trip, but when I had others lined up, the lieutenant could not come through with his plane. However, the officers I met through that lieutenant subsequently arranged several Town Hall programs with their units near Algiers.

Presiding at Town Hall meetings gave me a chance to meet old friends whom I normally might not have met. This was so especially after the first Town Hall. In the audience was Lt. Colonel Cunningham of St. Louis. Colonel Cunningham had been a member of St. Peter's Episcopal Church of St. Louis. His minister, the late Hub Wolfall and I had been very good friends. It was Rev. Wolfall's annual practice to invite me to occupy the pulpit of his church one evening during Passion Week. Col. Cunningham was a lawyer and had something to do in connection with the requisitioning and leasing of properties by the American forces. In the audience also was a Major Crichton of Liver-

pool, England. Major Crichton was attached to the Judge Advocate's staff of the British army. On hearing that I was from St. Louis he asked me if I knew the Reverend Ivan Lee Holt. Bishop Ivan Lee Holt had been the pastor of St. John's Methodist Church which is right across the street from my temple. We had been neighbors for almost ten years and good neighbors. I knew Bishop Holt very well. When he had preached in Liverpool some years ago, he had been the guest of Major Crichton's family. Crichton and I became very good friends and saw each other quite often. He was one of the speakers for the British educational department and one evening I went to hear him speak to a group of soldiers working in the civil affairs bureau.

Major Crichton came from a conservative political background. As a result of his war experience and his religious sympathies, he had begun to question that status quo in England and had come to the conclusion that reforms were essential. These reforms could be achieved, according to Major Crichton, if men would practice the great teachings of the Bible.

CONFIRMATION AT HOME

During the first week of Town Hall, occurred the Jewish festival of Weeks or Pentecost. It was a very difficult day for me. My son was being confirmed in St. Louis. I had to miss his confirmation. It was the first confirmation I had missed in the twenty years I was in the rabbinate. I didn't have much time to stew over not being home at my son's Confirmation. With no Jewish chaplain in Algiers and many Jewish soldiers being around, I arranged for Jewish services, at the request of Senior Chaplain Roy Parker. I held about five that week with the attendance ranging from six to two hundred and seventy-five. The largest attendance was at a Memorial Service. Quite a number of the English soldiers came to the Red Cross club to take part in our service. At the close of the service therefore, we sang "God Save The King" as well as "The Star Spangled Banner." During the prayers, I added a prayer for King George to the prayer for our President. As we concluded singing the English

and American national anthem, a British soldier called out and said, "How about singing the Jewish national anthem." I replied quickly that I would be glad to discuss this matter with him at the close of services. Here was the voice of Jewish nationalism. I met this soldier and told him that if there had been present members of a Jewish army as there were present soldiers of the British and American armies, I would have been glad to have sung the Zionist national anthem.

During this Holy Day, I attended a service at one of the Algerian synagogues and there was extended many courtesies. When it came time to offer prayer for the welfare of the nation, a French soldier offered a prayer for the French republic and its speedy liberation, a British naval officer offered a prayer for their majesties, the rulers of the British Empire, and I was asked to offer a prayer for America, for its president and for its liberties. I was glad to do so. This added a memorable international touch to the services. I was especially struck by this prayer for the French republic at a time when no one knew exactly whether the Giraud government was pro-republic or not. The international touch was significant. Here were three Jews, representing three countries—France, Great Britain and America. We had different national allegiances but we had a common religious faith. One was loyal to a republic of France, another to the King of England and I to the American republic. For the welfare of our respective countries, we prayed to the same God.

G.I.'S DEMAND TOWN HALL

Right after the first Town Hall meeting, a number of letters were sent in to the Stars and Stripes by enlisted men who demanded that programs like Town Hall be held for enlisted men as well as for officers. I was delighted with these letters, took them to Bill Kiel, director of the enlisted men's club who agreed to set aside one evening a week for Town Hall lectures. No sooner had he agreed to do so than I trudged over to the press room in the Maison Agricole to get a speaker. Edward

Kennedy of the Associated Press had promised to speak for me but he had just heard that he was to go home for several months. He turned to Relman Morin, his lieutenant who had come to take charge of the Associated Press office in his absence and prevailed upon him to speak at the Red Cross club. Morin had been in charge of the Associated Press Bureau in Tokyo, for many years. He had been interned by the Japanese in Indo-China, was lucky enough to be repatriated and agreed to speak on "What Led Japan on The Road to War."

In the press room, I heard rumors that Pantellaria was to be invaded soon and later on heard German radio reports state that it had already been invaded. It was believed, however, that the big push would not be on until September. The Sicilian one, certainly big, was on in July but the Italian one, not until September. The Red Cross had been warned that heavy casualties could be expected and many hospitals had been prepared.

While dining with the Safars, I learned from some French friends of theirs some details about the American capture of Algiers. It appears that American civilians under the leadership of the President's representative, The Honorable Robert Murphy, had contacted French civilians who were opposed to the Vichy regime and who were anxious and eager to join in the overthrow of the Vichy government in North Africa, from Admiral Darlan down. These French civilians had secretly organized a group of about four hundred young men, a large proportion of whom were Jewish who on a given date were to seize the government of Algiers in a sudden coup d'etat. On that day, the American fleet was to steal into the harbor of Algiers and the American army was to enter the city. These rebels would then turn over the entire government to the American forces. The whole Vichy regime would have been thrown overboard, and the allied nations would have been in a position to establish any government they chose in French North Africa.

The young men did their part. On the appointed day, they seized the government of Algiers. They imprisoned its leaders, including Darlan. The American fleet entered the harbor of Algiers, but for some reason or other, it left and

did not land troops. One Algerian battery fired on our fleet. The next day our troops landed at Siddi Ferruch and marched to Algiers. In the interim, the French police had recaptured the government, had arrested the hundreds of young Frenchmen who had carried out the coup d'etat. When our troops, therefore, arrived in Algiers, Darlan and his coterie were again in power. A brilliant plan had miscarried. The young Frenchmen who had wanted to aid us were imprisoned. Many of them were kept in prison for months and months, our protests notwithstanding. The men who opposed our landing and who fired upon our soldiers and our fleet were permitted to hold the reins of government, and were even wined and dined by our representatives. It seemed to these French as if enmity to the allied nations was to be rewarded. If this was to be the allied pattern for Europe, then our armies would have no civilian friends.

Major Crichton about whom I have written, invited me to dine with him at the British Senior Officers' mess. All English officers' messes had bars. Before dinner, cocktails were served. English officers received liquor as part of their regular rations when liquor stores were available. After dinner, Major Crichton and I were to go over to Lt. Fain's company to hear an address by Lord Corvedale. Corvedale is the son of former British Premier Baldwin. He had repudiated the conservative political principles of his father and had become an active and enthusiastic laborite. I was anxious to hear what this Englishman would say. It seems as if the military authorities had shelved him in a gentle way. They had given him the job of censoring cables. Only a few cables were sent daily, so Lord Corvedale's duties were not onerous. He devoted a good deal of his time to speaking to British units on "Post-war England." When we arrived at the barracks, we found that the men had gone to a ballgame. Lt. Fain was greatly disappointed. We waited for an hour or so until they returned and then Corvedale made his address. It both amazed and disappointed me.

Corvedale himself is a veteran of the last World War. Like other men of the last war, he believed that we were too careful with life in this war, and that more lives would

have to be sacrificed if victory was to be achieved. He urged these men not to fear death. He told them they must be prepared and to keep on fighting along-side of the bodies of their comrades. They must steel themselves to resist the stench of decaying corpses blown to pieces. He said that in the next invasion, we should expect many, many casualties, many times the casualties that we had experienced in Tunisia. Corvedale spoke fluently, but his words did nothing to strengthen morale. I was disgusted, to put it mildly. His friends excused the talk. They said he was brilliant, but erratic and this was one of his off nights. Later on in the evening, we met at the home of rich French refugees who were allied with General DeGaulle. Among other things discussed were British-American relationships. The British criticized the Americans and we criticized them. It is very evident that the British do not understand Americans. Lord Corvedale had very decided opinions on the treatment of Germans after the war. He believed that all Germans are bad, and that the only way the world can be spared from the agonies of German militarism is to castrate all German men. What hope is there for the future when from the lips of one of England's enlightened liberals flowed these sentiments?

Captain Page, in charge of education of British troops in the Algiers area, came in to see me. He was trying to form an Anglo-American braintrust which would lead stimulating discussions among British and American troops. He asked me to speak on the subject of American ways and also about my three visits to Nazi Germany. Subsequently Capt. Page sent out a list of about a dozen speakers to the British units in the area. A number of them asked for my talks.

By accident, I ran into a Lieutenant Schlesinger of St. Louis, Mo. He was attached to a company of military police and is Jewish. He has regular features, red hair and is a good refutation of any theory that Jews are a pure race. He possesses all the so-called aryan features that Goebbels wished he had. Lt. Schlesinger at this time, was in charge of trains of German prisoners whom he convoyed from Tunisia to various ports. He found the German officers very haughty. Their enlisted men

were good workers and anxious to work. He did not find the Italians to be such good workers. His interpreter was a Nazi who did not know anything about his Jewishness. Among the troops who guarded these German prisoners were black Senegalese. They stood for no nonsense, were rigid in enforcing the minutest of regulations against German prisoners. They remembered the treatment of their own fellow-countrymen who were captured in France and they were familiar with the contemptuous role they would occupy in the Hitler racial scheme.

I do not know whether it was the plan of the American military police to have Jewish officers supervise German prisoners of war. I doubt whether it was so. Lt. Schlesinger performed his duties to the best of his ability. Whatever grudges he might have had against Germans, he certainly did not manifest them in his treatment of German prisoners. He was right. The treatment of prisoners is regulated by international procedure. Schlesinger was a representative of America. His business was to keep American pledges about prisoners of war and this he did. Any private feud that he might have with Germans could receive no consideration when he was performing his duties as an American army officer.

RELIGIOUS MINISTRY

At the request of the senior chaplain, I had been conducting services on Saturday morning for Jewish soldiers, members of an engineering outfit who were doing some secret work. They were located in a village near the Mediterranean. I was out there perhaps a dozen times, but to this date, I have no idea what that outfit was doing for the war effort. A good many of the men had high ratings and apparently technical skills. One sergeant was a trained geologist who just completed his work for a doctorate at the University of Colorado when he volunteered for the army. I used to conduct the services out of doors. My back was to the Mediterranean. The boys who came to pray faced that historic sea. The music of the field organ was enriched by the gentle lapping of the waves. The

boys told me that after German plane raids on Algiers, they not infrequently found the bodies of German pilots who had been shot down, washed ashore right where we were holding our service.

My date to preach at the Protestant services under the auspices of Chaplain Sissel had arrived. I had asked Bill Stevenson and his wife to attend the service. I took an old theme, "The Things We Have In Common." In the war setting, in an old civilization, in a cosmopolitan center where many races mingled and where many nations were working together, it lent itself very well. Most Americans had looked down on the Arab. Their civilization seemed to be inferior to ours. I reminded my audience of worshippers of the great Arabic civilizations of another age which gave us Arabic numerals, the foundations of astronomy, of medicine, of great art, of Arabic civilizations which even preserved the Greek classics, returned them to Europe, thus inspiring the Renaissance, the Reformation and the political idealism of the French and American Revolution. I spoke of the Christian, Moslem and Jewish religions—all three observing a Sabbath day. All three putting the worship of one God in the center of their faith. All three advocating universalism and Islam practicing it better than the other two. In pointing out the things that nations had in common, I referred to the legacy of liberty of French, English and Americans. I told of the frictions inevitable when people live under tensions of war, the handicaps of limited supplies, the hardships of the battle zone. I added that it would be tragic if we allowed these temporary irritations to be translated into lasting antagonisms which would certainly cast their blight upon the history of mankind. My address seemed to be well received. This soldier audience, like a civilian audience, asked for copies. Bill Stevenson thought that General Eisenhower would like to read it, and asked me to take time off to dictate it to his secretary the next day. I did so, but due to some mixup, it was not ready for four weeks. Whether Bill sent it to General Eisenhower or not, I do not know. This service was exceedingly well attended and hundreds of soldiers came to it each week.

RUSSIANS

That same Sunday evening I had arranged a meeting for the Russian diplomat, Dr. Miskewitz. He had come to Algiers to arrange for the transfer of Russian citizens who had been freed from Vichy-French concentration camps. All the allied leaders were anxious to be friendly to him. Military men recognized the great contribution that Russia was making to the combined war effort. Lord Russell, a colonel in the British army, stated that it can be safely said that Russia had saved civilization. Despite this fact, a few American officers were put out because Miskewitz was invited to speak at the officers' club, refused to attend this meeting and one even suggested that it might even be a subversive one. About 25 officers, colonels and majors, many of them doing important staff work, were tremendously interested in what Miskewitz had to say. He spoke English, though not too fluently, yet clearly. He stated that in his opinion, the Ukraine had been of little value to the Germans. It had been farmed entirely with tractors which the Russians had taken with them. There were no horses available for plowing. The Germans did not hesitate to hitch prisoners of war, men and women, to plows. Russian guerillas kept on fighting and Russian aviators dropped food to them. The guerrillas would burn the crops. Russia was producing 90% of the war materials that it needed. It needed 10% of goods from us, chiefly transport. Russia needed our help and badly. Russia would beat Germany alone but without American help, it would take too long. Our 10% of help is more than 10%. Because in the item of 10% there might be 90% of some items that the Russians need.

He mentioned the fact that there was a shortage of food in Russia. He thought that Russia needed some control over Finland and over the Baltic states. Finland was a perfect invasion base and no Russian government feels safe unless it is certain of Finland's friendship. He believed that Russia would want parts of Finland and parts of Poland for protection. He pointed out that Poland had made a mess of her minorities and that Ukrainians pre-

ferred to be in Russia rather than in Poland. He stated definitely that the Polish Consul in Algiers had refused to repatriate Communists who had been Polish subjects and Jews who were natives of Poland. He did not believe that the German nation could be destroyed. Seventy million people cannot be wiped off the face of the earth and should not be destroyed. The Junker spirit, the desire to rule the world, must be destroyed. Russia needed peace to build up her industries. Her people have abandoned the eight-hour day. Stalingrad was ruined but it would be rebuilt. Men had fought in every room in every house. He would not say anything about Japanese-Russian relations. Red Moeller of the NBC fought with the Russian representative about Russia's support of the Partisans in Yugoslavia. The American officers resented Moeller's flippant interrogations very much. They asked me who this young newspaperman was, why he had been so rude and why he had been invited. The American officers were deeply grateful for getting first-hand information about Russia from its diplomatic representative.

TOWN HALL'S STRUGGLES

Following this meeting, I found the Town Hall program in jeopardy. Gerald Norman of the *London Times* was scheduled to speak on "The DeGaulle-Giraud Accord and Its Influence on the War Effort of the Allies." This subject had been selected by Gerald Norman at least ten days before he was scheduled to speak. Like the great newspaper he represents, Norman is conservative, cautious, and scholarly. When he selected the subject, it seemed as if a temporary peace had been established between DeGaulle and Giraud. Without the Algerian public knowing about it, on the 14th of June, DeGaulle had threatened to resign from the committee. Those on the inside who knew that, might have imagined that the Town Hall subject, "The DeGaulle-Giraud Accord" was a gentle bit of sarcasm. When it was announced in the *Stars and Stripes* it seems as if one army officer who was in charge of education, tried to use this unfortunate incident as a means of cancelling all Town Hall

programs. A complaint therefore was made at headquarters that discussion programs should be held only under army auspices and urged that the Gerald Norman program be called off. In the course of the complaint, the following statement was made, "The American Red Cross at the instance of a rabbi now in Algiers, has instituted a discussion group program." The official who made this complaint had met me. He knew that I was a member of the Red Cross, but apparently he hoped to discredit the program because "a rabbi had instituted it." The subordinate of the army officer making this complaint, telephoned me, informed me that an important meeting was being held at headquarters.

A decision on Town Hall was to be made and the chances are that the directive would be to cancel the Gerald Norman meeting. No such directive was issued and the Norman meeting was held. A few days later, the general to whom the complain was sent, passed it on to the Red Cross for comment. It came to my desk and I turned it over to Bill Stevenson. When he read it, he said, "This is a damned nasty letter." Bill answered it in masterful style, revealing his clear mind and his fine thinking. His Rhodes scholarship training as well as the religious traditions of his father, the President of Princeton Theological Seminary, stood Bill in good stead. Among other things, Bill wrote in his letter, "The memorandum is deceptive, in trying to give the impression in paragraph two that the Red Cross program was not being arranged by one of its own representatives. Mr. Isserman of the American Red Cross Headquarters Staff is in charge. The fact that he happens to be a prominent Jewish churchman in America has no more bearing on the issue than the fact that the author of the letter happens to be a prominent lawyer." Bill added with the following: "These Red Cross meetings are being well attended and have been enthusiastically received. We believe that they round out our service club programs and fill a vital need for serious recreation for intelligent officers and enlisted men. We hope that nothing will prevent or delay their continuance and believe that the colonel's apprehensions are unfounded." As a result of this complaint, Town Hall was given careful scrutiny by the military. The

decision finally was that discussion groups should be held, that the American Red Cross, a civilian organization, is especially qualified to lead them, that any subject can be discussed except those which involved military operation and military security, that all programs should be reported to the department of censorship and information which would check on them that the director of Town Hall would be responsible for keeping the question periods away from subjects involving military security and that all programs should be cleared through a certain official. This decision paved the way for Town Hall.

In the course of the discussions, some humorous incidents occurred, one which I can and must report. One officer, a lawyer in civilian life, said to me, "After all, I don't believe in freedom of speech." Laughingly but gently because his was the authority, I said, "What about the Atlantic Charter?" To which he replied, "I did not sign it." We all laughed. Whether at the humor of the remark, or the fact that an American army officer in the war for democratic values should scoff at freedom of speech, I do not know. Throughout these discussions, I made no reference to the anti-semitic innuendo made by the complaining officer and so capably answered by Bill Stevenson. One morning, however, I was surprised to learn that a colonel was waiting to see me and that he had come in to apologize to me. The colonel informed me that there had been a good deal of shooting around his head because of a careless remark in his hastily written letter. He had come to apologize. I felt sorry for him. I was glad that he had come to apologize, seemingly under orders, because it indicated that the American army would not tolerate any attempt to stir up religious prejudices. I made the apology as easy as possible for the colonel. When news of this apology spread, it was hailed as a victory for true Americanism and so it was.

MORE TOWN HALL

In keeping with the traditions of the great *London Times*, Gerald Norman read a carefully prepared paper. Besides Ameri-

can and British officers in his audience, there were representatives of various French parties. He pointed out that France always had a powerful royalist element. After the American Revolution, American Tories went to Canada. The French royalists were never expelled from France. They were unanimous in their support of General Giraud. This cleavage between the old-line royalists and republicans has characterized French politics. DeGaulle was a symbol of the French Revolution. Not all DeGaullists could leave France. Some had been delegated to remain in France to help prepare for the invasion. The differences between DeGaulle and Giraud are temperamental. Giraud was conservative and was ready to make changes slowly. DeGaulle was impetuous and impatient and wanted quick changes. Giraud was handicapped because he was the successor of Darlan. Norman did not say so, but he intimated that the naming of Giraud as the head of the French government was not good. DeGaulle sought to eliminate all Vichyites. Giraud wanted merit and not politics to determine the removal or the retention of officials. If not for the allied forces, civil war would have broken out between the French. Norman believed that most people in France would be behind DeGaulle, at least 95%. How Arabs feel he did not know. There were many questions asked of Norman when he finished his lecture which indicated that his officer audience was on the side of the DeGaullists. Norman hesitated when he stated that the British approved all of Murphy's policies, as it was generally recognized that the allied political program in North Africa was made in America. The officers who did the questioning seemed to give me the impression that they had accepted the DeGaullist theory that our diplomatic policies in North Africa were concerned about assuring a conservative regime in control of France after the war. Norman did not accept this interpretation. We became good friends after this meeting. I saw him often. He was ready to talk at other times for Town Hall. The paper which he had written for Town Hall was to be published in a British magazine.

The day after the Norman address, Relman Morin of the Associated Press was to inaugurate a Town Hall series at the enlisted men's club. His subject, "What Led Japan On the Road

to War," was bound to be of interest. Morin spoke very briefly and factually. It sounded like the report of the head of an industry to a group of stockholders. His address was characteristic of that anonymity which, for many years, the Associated Press, gave to most of its writers. Recently the Associated Press has changed its policies and now features the names of the men who write the stories. Apparently the appearance and popularity of columnists forced the Associated Press to do this. Relman Morin is of the old school of impersonal reporting. His talk was like that. As soon as he was through, I realized that he had not told a good story because of his training and not because he did not have the facts. I asked him to give some details about his internment and treatment by the Japanese. Immediately the audience braced up. That was what they had been waiting to hear—the personal and the intimate experiences.

After this question, the ice was broken. The G. I.'s wanted to know everything about Japan, her industrial resources, her raw materials, the standard of living of her workers, her religious ideals. Morin pointed out that Japan would have preferred peace with America. She was compelled to choose between Germany and the democratic nation. She chose the axis because she wanted to be on the winning side. Morin was certain that conquering them would be a very, very difficult task.

THE PRESIDENT'S SON

I had learned of Elliott Roosevelt's presence in Algiers. He was said to have had one of the most luxurious apartments, and thanks to his English friends, also had a good cellar. I had known that Elliott Roosevelt had spoken regularly over a radio chain and frequently had lectured in public. I made an appointment with him to discuss Town Hall and he was very kindly disposed towards it and very eager and anxious to help it in any way that he could. He agreed to give me three evenings on which he would lecture. I thought I would schedule him at the enlisted men's club, at the officers' club, and at a bivouac area. The Red Cross club gave me Saturday night for the Elliott

Roosevelt lecture. Colonel Roosevelt had selected as his subject, "Photographic Reconnaissance, the Eyes of the Army." It was a subject on which he was *the* authority in North Africa. He had heard of the fact that Town Hall had initially only been given to officers and knew that the enlisted men had insisted that they, too, receive Town Hall programs. He said that in his outfit, they frequently had quiz programs between officers and enlisted men and the enlisted men always won. Therefore, he thought that enlisted men would like Town Hall programs even more than officers.

I scheduled Col. Roosevelt at the enlisted men's club for Saturday night. The hall, of course, was packed. Every seat was filled, the balcony was jammed and Roosevelt did a magnificent job. He is a very good speaker. He had his address very well arranged. He spoke with confidence and fluency and without notes. Though his subject was technical, his outline was so clear and his illustrations so interesting that it was easy to follow. It was a most useful talk. Many of the audience learned a good deal and so did I. Photo-reconnaissance was a mystery to most of us. Col. Roosevelt cleared it up. That a photograph made by a camera 30,000 or 40,000 feet in the air, would, when developed and interpreted, reveal mine fields, gun placements, troop movement, camouflaged guns, was news to most of us. Whoever heard the address was convinced of the tremendous value of photographic-reconnaissance work. Col. Roosevelt said that the Germans had superior photo-reconnaissance planes and superior cameras. He also stated that he needed additional personnel for his organization and was looking for men who wanted to be trained in this specialty.

When the question period commenced, a soldier from the balcony in a squeaky sort of a voice said, "Colonel, when does the invasion begin?" Immediately I stepped to the microphone and told Col. Roosevelt that I would rule this question out of order as it would involve military security, but he asked me not to do so, as he would answer it. To get an opportunity to think, he asked the soldier a question, "Which invasion do you mean?" The answer came, "The European invasion." Roosevelt quickly answered, "That's been on a long

time ago. It began when we landed here last November." Many questions were flung at Col. Roosevelt. Most of them were technical in nature. They were too technical for me to rephrase and repeat for the audience as was my usual custom, but Roosevelt rose to the occasion and handled the question period himself very well. At the close of the meeting he was besieged by a couple of hundred soldiers who wanted autographs. He signed his name on passes, French currency, American currency, copies of Stars and Stripes, etc. Col. Roosevelt had agreed to speak for Town Hall the following Monday at the officers' club. He was pleased with his first appearance and was looking forward to his second, but it never took place.

TOWN HALL SUSPENDED

By this time, Town Hall was established. Officers and enlisted men in the Algiers area knew about it. Men in bivouac areas began to talk about it, and officers began to drop in at my office at Red Cross headquarters to ask me for programs. I was greatly pleased with this fine result and made as many contacts as I possibly could in order to find lecturers to keep up the high standards set by the early beginnings of Town Hall. At the front, I had met Major Tureen of St. Louis a neuro-psychiatrist. I met him again at Algiers. He lived in my room and slept on its divan. The landlady was very hospitable and said that her sister would be willing to share her house for two or three days with any friends of mine who might pass through town. I asked Tureen to lecture on anxiety-neuroses, the new term for shellshock, but he said, "I'm not the man to speak for you. The biggest man in the field in this area is Lt. Col. Roy Grinker, neuro-psychiatrist of the Northwest African Air Force." Through Major Tureen, I met Col. Grinker, and his aides, Capt. Spiegel and also Captain Hanson, who had just been appointed neuro-psychiatrist of the ground force. Grinker was pleased to speak and selected as his subject, "Psychological Reactions to Battle." I wasn't quite certain as to where I could place him.

At the very inception of Town Hall, I had tried to get in touch with the Honorable Robert Murphy, President Roosevelt's personal representative to North Africa, to be one of its speakers. I was anxious to have him because he was the leading American civilian in the theater of war and also because many officers and enlisted men were eager to hear from Mr. Murphy an explanation of our diplomatic policy which had frequently been discussed. Inasmuch as the Giraud-DeGaulle conversations were then at their height, Murphy was very busy. He agreed, however, to speak within two or three weeks. It suddenly occurred to me that an excellent time to have him speak would be on the Fourth of July and at the same time endeavor to secure The Honorable Harold Macmillan, British minister to North Africa. This program would have a dual purpose. It would be a suitable celebration for the Fourth of July and at the same time, it would help promote Anglo-American friendship. I thought of arranging this meeting at the Algiers Opera House which the Red Cross had secured for its recreation program. I went to military headquarters to get clearance for our Fourth of July program. It wouldn't do, of course, for the American Red Cross to have a program which would conflict with one prepared by the army. Although the Fourth of July was two weeks off, there was plenty of time to do planning. G. I. military intelligence with whom I consulted, knew nothing about Fourth of July plans, but urged me to hold off my program until they found out what General Eisenhower's pleasure in the matter was. Eventually, General Eisenhower did arrange for a Fourth of July observation at headquarters and the Red Cross program was abandoned.

Sunday noon, I delivered the sermon over the soldier Chapel of the Air, at the invitation of Chaplain Lauter, who had charge of the program. The sermon, as well as every word of the prayers, had to be submitted in advance to censors. Representatives of the censor were on hand when the broadcast was on. A young Frenchman played the organ during the services. He understood English and was truly appreciative of my address on Americanism. He said, "How wonderful it is for us French-

men to hear the philosophy of liberty once more expounded over the radio." The radio network covered Oran, Casablanca, Algiers and Constantine. I never heard from any soldier who listened in. I did hear from a number of French civilians who had been in the radio audience. There was no fan mail for this broadcast of mine.

That afternoon while wondering what to do, I met Ray Healy, Red Cross field director in charge of transportation, who had to go some distance from Algiers to confer with officers on some matter. I went along with him for the ride. We had a great deal of trouble finding this outfit as it was located in the hills and was doing secret work. What that work was, I never learned. The officers were afraid of paratroopers and in order to guard against them, they not only kept a careful constant vigil, but they had also cultivated the friendship of the Arabs in the neighborhood. They were confident that any German landing near them would be reported. The headquarters of this signal corps outfit was in an old health resort which had famous sulphur baths. Both Ray and I preferred these sulphur baths to going swimming in a pool made by damming up a mountain stream. Following our sulphur baths, we had dinner, and I met the commanding officer and arranged to bring a Town Hall program to his outfit. As I returned to my room that night, I was refreshed, not only by the fine experiences I had that day, but also by the excellent reception Town Hall had received. Officers, enlisted men and Red Cross people were greatly pleased with it. And I looked forward to my work on Monday feeling that the pioneer work had been done and that the rest of the time, Town Hall would just be a matter of routine, getting lectures, scheduling programs, keeping it going.

As I left my office on Monday morning, I seemed to feel that it was now going to be much easier to find speakers and when I came to the press room, I was not disappointed. Lt. Bob Neville, editor of the Stars and Stripes, now Captain Neville, former foreign correspondent for Time magazine, agreed to be a speaker at the signal corps outfit located at the sulphur baths resort. He would speak on "Editing an Army Newspaper." Helen Kirk-

patrick, of the Chicago Daily News, the only woman correspondent in the area, was going to speak on the future of France on Thursday to an air corps ordnance unit somewhere in the hills. Drew Middleton of the New York Times, agreed to speak on the "French Campaign of 1940" before the enlisted men's club. Demaree Bess of the Saturday Evening Post, likewise agreed to take a program and so did Cy Peterman of the Philadelphia Inquirer. Between 11 and 12 o'clock, these five individuals agreed to speak for Town Hall. It meant that Town Hall had arrived. Previously it had taken me many days to get one speaker and now I had five in one hour and in addition, had Col. Grinker who had also promised to speak. I was elated when I arrived in my office. Now my problem was to find outfits where I could place speakers. While engaged in these thoughts, I received a phone call from Elliot Roosevelt's office. He had been called out of town and could not keep his engagement that night.

I left my office and went up to Demaree Bess' apartment to induce him to take Roosevelt's place. I suggested that he speak on "The League of Nations." He preferred to speak on "The Role of Russia in the Future of Civilization." Bess had lived in Russia for some time. He was convinced that America and Russia could be friends and could cooperate in the future. He was appreciative of the contribution that Russia had made to the war effort. He was very gracious in agreeing to substitute for Col. Roosevelt at the officers' club that night. That afternoon, I went to G-I to report the speakers and their subjects. The Lt. Colonel who was supervising Town Hall was puzzled. The criticism of the program had made him uneasy about it. Even though Censorship and Information had stated that any subject could be discussed, he was afraid of every subject that I presented to him. "Russia," Bess' subject, he thought, might cause international complications. I assured him that Bess was a patriot and outlined to him what Bess said he would speak about, and that Bess would make friends, not foes for Russia. I did not convince him. Neville's subject, "Editing an Army Newspaper" might give away too much about censorship and thus about military security. Helen Kirkpatrick in discussing France might

irritate the Giraud-DeGaulle situation. A discussion of the Tunisian campaign by Peterman might be a violation of military security. Not a subject pleased him and in the discussion of every one, he saw danger or goblins. General Sawbridge, in command of G-I, was not in town. Hence he could not get his approval. He therefore resolutely, but firmly, stated that all Town Hall programs would have to be canceled until "the stars will make a decision on it."

The stars are the generals and I knew that that would take some time. General Sawbridge would not be in town for a week and nothing could be done until he returned. The generals were busy making campaign plans and it looked as if Town Hall which had gotten off to an auspicious start was finished then and there. I could not understand this Lt. Colonel's attitude. He then informed me that Censorship and Information had taken exception to some of the questions and answers in Col. Roosevelt's discussion, and that they had been a violation of military security. I was surprised to hear that because Elliott Roosevelt was the authority on photographic reconnaissance. Everything he said had been public property. The censor agreed that this was so, but when Roosevelt says it, that gives it authority. Everything Roosevelt said was known by the Germans, but that too, made no difference. The Lt. Colonel in charge of my program did not care whether Town Hall went on or not. He was indifferent about the whole thing. He wanted to avoid getting himself into trouble. He wanted higher authorities to sanction the program so that if subsequently it was criticized he would not be called on the carpet for it. He said so very frankly. "If this thing ever blows up, I don't want it to blow up in my face." He was playing safe. That was that. There was no appealing that decision.

I told it to all people on the program. Some shrugged their shoulders and some were fighting mad. This was especially true of Bess because he had already prepared his speech for that night and he was resentful of the fact that this army officer did not have sufficient confidence in his ability to make a satisfactory presentation of Russia. It was a peculiar situation for a conservative correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post to find himself in. Some

of the newspapermen sympathized with him and egged him on. Naturally, all of them had their battles with the censors. Demaree Bess wanted to go and see his friends among the higher-ups. I begged him not to do so. I wanted no controversy with the army. I wanted to do nothing to create friction between the Red Cross and the military. I had confidence that the army's decision would be just and that the "stars" would do what, in their judgment, was best for the troops. As a Red Cross man, I was there to help the army and the soldiers and not to create problems for generals. I believed that Town Hall was something the army needed, and good generals would recognize that as they did when their final decision was made known. But until the generals could act, what was I to do.

Arranging and planning for Town Hall had consumed all my time. My days were spent in getting speakers and in locating outfits for them. My programs were held in the evening. The mechanics of preparing a program were a hundred times more difficult than they are in a city at home. I did not mind them. My days were full. My evenings were taken up. All day—at the office or out trying to get speakers, or clearing the subjects with the military personnel . . . evenings—with Town Hall itself. I tried to be fresh and alert for the question period. The speakers were always supper guests at the Red Cross before their lecture. I worked seven days a week, and seven nights. I wanted no days off. I was glad to be busy. I thought the program was worthwhile and saw how the men responded to it, but now it seemed suspended and suspended indefinitely. I only had two and a half more months in North Africa and I couldn't afford not to do anything for several weeks. I wanted for myself the satisfaction of having created something through the American Red Cross. Mr. S. A. Mitchell, director of overseas activities for the Red Cross, had told me in Washington, D. C., "Go over there and see what ought to be done and what isn't being done and do it." These parting words of his, I had not forgotten. I was trying to do it. I seemed to be succeeding and now, my work appeared to be suspended. Everybody in North Africa was busy. No one had time to worry about me. I would have to make my own plans. I was going to suggest that I

spend three weeks in the field, three weeks at a hospital, three weeks at a club. At my first opportunity, I went in to see Bill Stevenson to discuss with him my future assignment.

MISSION TO THE MIDDLE EAST

I received it. If transportation was available, I was to go on a Red Cross mission to the Middle East, to study Red Cross facilities there and to get some supplies. This would give me a chance to observe Red Cross operations in that theater of war. If, on my return home, I stopped off in England, I would have seen Red Cross in operation in three theaters of war and my usefulness in the States would have been heightened. Bill Stevenson was not sure whether there were Red Cross operations in Palestine. I had heard that there were. I had been both in Egypt and Palestine, exactly seventeen years before. It was on my first trip to Europe from Italy, I had gone to the Holy Land and from the Holy Land to France by way of Egypt.

A MASS FUNERAL

While awaiting transportation to Cairo, I received a telephone call from Chaplain Lauter asking me if I would be available for Thursday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock for a funeral service. I tried to get the chaplain to give me the details over the telephone, but he said he would meet me at one o'clock and then he would give me the full information. I met him at one o'clock right in front of the Red Cross club after mess. He called for me in a navy automobile. In the station wagon with him, was the navy chaplain. I wondered what was up and this was their story. Some ships leaving the harbor or lying outside of it had been torpedoed. The torpedo had gone right through the crew's quarters while the crew was at mess. Fifty-six to sixty American sailors had lost their lives or at least as many bodies had been recovered and a mass burial was to be held at the El Aliah Cemetery. We drove out to the outskirts of Algiers

where there was a small naval base, or rather some naval offices. We learned that there there was some delay in the funeral. Apparently they had found more bodies and it would take more time to prepare them. As I had to be at the airport at 7 o'clock, it was agreed that the service would be held at six. The naval chaplain was Catholic and the army chaplain Protestant. In cases of mass burial, the ritual is that chaplains of the three denominations take part and that each conduct his own service.

I had no time to get any supper that night as I had arranged to leave town by plane right after the funeral service. The sight at the cemetery was memorable. Fifty-six or sixty flag-draped caskets resting above the graves. Three different internment rituals were read, volleys were fired and five dozen young Americans were laid in their graves. We were all cautioned not to discuss this burial service as the torpedoing of that ship at that time was a military secret. What kind of a ship it was, I do not know to this day nor do I have any further details. If all secrets were as well kept as this one was from me, the enemy would get very little information. What were my emotions as I stood before these sixty caskets? Just sadness, sadness for these boys who would never again see their homes. Sadness for their parents and dear ones who would never see them again, and speculation whether humanity would learn anything about the abolition of war in order to avoid such sacrifices in the future. Right from the cemetery, I was rushed in a very sporty station wagon of the navy to the airport to board a Flying Fortress which was waiting there for me. From the station wagon, I carried the Scrolls of the Law and placed them in the Flying Fortress, but that is another story, of a historic experience of mine which followed immediately.

A TORAH IN A FLYING FORTRESS

When I left my congregation, Temple Israel in St. Louis, to serve overseas for the American Red Cross, little did I dream that I would take the ancient scrolls of the law, the Torah, in

a Flying Fortress to a front-line North African air base. Now I know that in a war of lightning speed, for which the American temperament is especially suited, anything may happen at any time.

I was sitting in my office at Red Cross headquarters when a young major walked in. Before I could see his insignia, I noticed the way his cap had been crushed and knew through that, that he was attached to the Air Corps. On second glance, I saw the silver cross, the chaplain's insignia, on his shirtcollar. He was Chaplain James Davidson, Jr., formerly religious leader of students at Stanford University and now in charge of chaplains at an air base in North Africa. After introductions, I learned from the chaplain that the Bishop who had ordained him, William Scarlett of St. Louis, Mo., was one of my most intimate friends, and that the chaplain and I had met previously in St. Louis. The chaplain turned to me and said, "Will you do me a favor?" I answered, "Doing favors for the Army is the business of the Red Cross." "At my post, there are scores of Jewish boys, one of them, Goldberg, has just been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, for dropping his bomb load after being seriously wounded. I have conducted Jewish services for them, but they have not had a service by a Rabbi all the months they have been in North Africa. When can you come to our base?", he asked. I consulted my schedule. I had no appointments which could not be cancelled, until the following evening at 6:30. I said, "I can leave this evening, if you could have me back here by 5:00 o'clock the next afternoon." "I am leaving in a flying fortress at 7:00 o'clock from the airport. Meet me there. I shall bring you back in the fortress or in some other plane in time for your appointment the following evening."

I went to the Red Cross enlisted men's club, took a scroll, 300 years old, loaned to the United States Army for the duration, by a Jewish family in North Africa, and kept in the chapel of the Red Cross club, placed it in a mail-sack which exactly fitted the case which I had made for the Torah, took the Jewish Chaplains' flag which had been issued to me by the U. S. Army for use at Jewish services, and found myself in a Flying Fortress on my way to an air base. I set the scrolls down upon one of the

barrels of doughnut flour which the Red Cross was sending to the same base. We arrived at the latter part of the evening, and the chaplain arranged the service for the following afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. We decided that the service would be interdenominational in nature, along the lines of the fine fellowship developed by Jewish and Christian clergy in America—so uniquely American and so expressive of its finest tradition. The chaplain showed that he could work with lightning speed, telephoned a number of units, received assurance from the officers that announcements would be made at breakfast the next morning, communicated with various chaplains under his command, secured their cooperation, cleared with the Red Cross to make certain that the Salle des Fetes used as the Red Cross club would be available, arranged with his own clerks to mimeograph a large poster which would be put up in time for the noon mess, contacted Sergeant Flanagan, a musician who agreed to play two violin solos and contacted Captain Sechrest who was happy to play a number of piano selections. The altar was then set up. In the center stood the scrolls which had flown in the Flying Fortress. The regular altar cover was draped about it, with the chaplain's crucifix in the middle, Chaplain Davidson's flag, a field with a light cross, was hung on the left, my Jewish chaplain's flag with a field of blue and the Ten Commandments and the Shield of David in white, at the right.

Sergeant Flanagan played the opening prelude, the congregation sang "America"; Chaplain Davidson's prayer was followed by Captain Sechrest's opening solo. I then read from the scrolls in Hebrew, and Chaplain Davidson read the translation in English. Another one of the base chaplains, Chaplain Morford, read selections from the New Testament, "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might," which was a quotation of the identical portion read by Chaplain Davidson and myself from the Torah. A hymn was sung, and my sermon treated with the basic unity of races, nations and religions. The benediction was given by myself in Hebrew and by Chaplain Davidson in English. In the course of my sermon to these pilots and their co-workers, I said, "This is the first time in history that a Torah had been flown in a Flying Fortress that it might

be used in a religious service. At first it seemed strange to have these sacred scrolls placed in this most modern dreadnaught of the air which went on missions of destruction and desolation, but I have changed my mind. You men who fly over the territory of axis nations are in a sense not bringing desolation and destruction. The bombs you unload are striking shackles from the hands and feet of the enslaved peoples of Europe. You are not bringing death and desolation, but liberty and justice. You destroy the prison-house that men might be free. Whenever you go on such errands, you are carrying out the goals of liberty and justice—the kernel of the teachings of the Torah.”

A Torah in a Flying Fortress—the law of justice and of love in the bombing bay of a war plane—not a contradiction nor a clash. Under the guidance of allied aviators, the flying forts were bringing justice and liberty and were obeying that commandment of the Torah inscribed on the Liberty Bell: “Proclaim liberty throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof.”

To get back in time to my base, I was flown in a P-38. With the parachute on I could not squeeze myself into the narrow compartment. I seated myself first; then the pilot, Lt. Johnson and his sergeant, strapped the parachute about me. In a few minutes the propellers were spinning and off we were over mountain peaks and harbors to arrive at my destination in 38 minutes, having flown approximately 175 miles. There was no room for the Torah in a P-38. The next day, Chaplain Davidson brought it back in a Flying Fortress, and where it functioned in the interdenominational chapel of a Red Cross club in the North African theater of war. American soldiers and their allies were disseminating the law of justice and utilizing the force of democracies to establish liberty throughout the world. Among the 75 soldiers who attended this service, there was Lt. Jonas Weiss, one of the best golfers in St. Louis, and the club champion of the Westwood Country Club.

There was no irreverence about putting the Torah in the mail sack. It had the usual mantle, and in addition to that it was covered with a wooden case. I certainly knew of no better way to carry it around. It was just about the size of a mail sack and fitted into it perfectly. Unless I opened the case, no one

knew that in it there was a Torah. Seeing the Torah meant much to boys in action, and I can assure all that its appreciation in the theater of war was not at all dimmed because of the method of its transportation. Of course, I can understand that to sensitive civilians it sounds irreverent to carry a Torah in a sack. Actually it was not. Hundreds, even thousands of orthodox Jewish boys saw how it was conveyed and none voiced any objections to it.

Outside of the thrill of flying with the Torah, my trip to this frontline airbase was most interesting. I slept in a cot in Chaplain Davidson's room, in an apartment shared by two other officers. Chaplain Davidson's housekeeper was a French Jewess who lived close by with her family and who had begun to feel the persecutions of the Vichy regime. Thanks to the arrival of the Americans, her family and she were on their feet and were getting along. Early in the morning, the Chaplain and I arose to take a steam bath in a bathhouse built over a hot spring. The bath was followed by a massage administered by an Arab and both of us felt refreshed and invigorated. We ate our breakfast and sensed that there was a lot of tension and excitement in the air.

A MISSION TAKES OFF

That morning, a mission was on schedule. At 8:30, 158 bombers began to take off from a number of fields around the base. Throughout the town you could hear the whirr of warming up motors. As you got near the field all you could see were clouds of dust caused by the breezes coming from propellers. Out of the dust, you saw the planes fly, get into their formation and proceed to their rendezvous. Subsequently I learned that they were on their way to Sicily and that they were expected back at 4:30 that afternoon. For the four Red Cross girls that were there, that meant lots of work. They always met the planes when they came back from their missions. There were two clubmobiles and two girls were assigned to each clubmobile. They knew in advance of the missions and prepared fresh

doughnuts so that as the boys came off the plane, they could be served hot coffee and fresh doughnuts and how they looked forward to them. Next to dropping their bomb loads over their targets and coming out of the danger zone safely, the boys looked forward most to the coffee and doughnuts given to them by a smiling Red Cross girl on their return.

General J. W. Atkinson, in command of that base, recognized the importance of morale among his young warriors. He did everything to facilitate the Red Cross work. A number of soldiers were assigned permanently to the Red Cross officers' club and enlisted men's club to help the clubmobile girls. The doughnut machine was established in a building in town and it received its power from an army generator. When doughnut flour or other morale-building supplies were needed, the general had no hesitancy in sending a Flying Fortress as far as Casablanca if need be to get the materials. That morning right after breakfast, the doughnut machines were on the job and hot doughnuts began to circulate. While conferring with the chaplain, the general came in, and we conversed for several hours. The general was greatly interested when he learned that I had been in Nazi Germany and he was anxious for all the information that I could give him. When I was through he turned to me and said, "I wish that all of our boys had the information that you had. It would make them better fighters. They are anxious and eager to fight the Japanese, but they don't understand Nazism and they don't have the same eagerness to fight Nazis. I wish I could get someone here to talk to them who really was an authority on the Nazi plan for world conquest."

I told the general that Pierre Huss of the International News Service was in Algiers, that he was an authority on Nazi Germany and that he claims to have the proof that the attack on Pearl Harbor was planned in Berlin. Huss is a very fascinating lecturer and I was confident that if the general would send for him, he would come. The general invited Huss and brought him. He spoke at several of the fields and received enthusiastic receptions. The general was under the impression that somewhere someone had failed to give these boys an appreciation of the values involved in the European war.

He believed they would fight more enthusiastically if they knew that Nazism was just as great a menace to the survival of America as the Japanese bombers who dropped their load over Pearl Harbor. That morning a briefing period was to be held, when stereopticon pictures of another raid were to be thrown on the screen. Pictures of the city made from films taken by planes before the raid and after the raid were to be shown. The general invited me to sit in on that briefing. It was scheduled for eleven o'clock. With Chaplain Davidson I had arrived there somewhat before eleven. When the general came in, he called me and invited me to sit next to him. Throughout the showing, he made side comments for my benefit. From these pictures it was clear how deadly and accurate were these bombers and these Flying Fortresses. We saw pictures of the docks before and after. The docks were the targets of our boys and the docks were ruined when they were through. I told the general that I would be back in the states by September and promised to call his wife in Washington. I kept my promise.

At first I felt flattered that the general should spend several hours with me, but when I thought about it, I recognized that I served an important function for him that morning. By telling him of my experiences during my three visits to Nazi Germany, I took him away from the thought of these 1500 or more young men who, under his direction, had gone this morning, on a bombing raid over Sicily. It's not easy for a commanding officer to send young men on these raids when he knows that a certain percentage will not return, either losing their lives or being taken prisoners of war. All those who were left behind were nervous and tense until the planes returned. When they did come back and the roll call was to be taken, the tension was at its height. Who will be among the missing? Maybe that is why while the planes were off on missions, briefing sessions were held to divert the thoughts of the administrative officials from speculation on the outcome of the mission.

Even though over 150 bombers had left the base, the large majority of the personnel remained because most of the personnel in an air base were doing essential work, but did not enter into combat. Someone must prepare the planes. Someone must provide

gasoline. Someone must take care of munitions, of the weapons on the planes. Someone must man the anti-aircraft batteries. Someone must look after the photography, the development of the films. Someone must look after the briefing, the public relations of the base. Someone must keep records, take care of payrolls, look after food, supervise medical care, assume responsibility for housing and look after the thousand other very important matters which must be performed if planes were to fly and pilots, navigators and bombardiers were to get to their destinations and carry out their missions. Between the officers and men of combat crews in the air force, there was a close relationship. That personal relationship makes it all the more difficult to bear losses. Members of a crew become as closely knit as a family. To see members of the family wounded and dying or being compelled because of duty to refrain from going to their assistance, was indeed a great strain on the nervous system. It led to the development of anxiety-neuroses unless proper precautions were taken. The air corps personnel had recognized this great strain and had established rest homes for flying personnel.

That evening I ran into Demaree Bess, who was still disturbed because the Town Hall program was called off. Bess said, "The Germans are certainly educating their men about the cause for which they are fighting. So should we. What our army thinks now certainly is important for the future of America." I also ran into some French civilians with whom I discussed the status of the Arab. They said that the Arabs were land poor and by reclaiming waste lands through irrigation and making more land available, their problem would be solved. I then heard a lot of racial nonsense spoken. I knew that the ancestors of these Arabs had built a great civilization and to speak of them as being eternally inferior was just a matter of racial vanity. It had neither historical nor anthropological basis. Most of the Arabs were poverty-stricken. Their toleration of polygamy may partially account for that. Even humble middle-class Arabs may have many wives and children. They cannot care for these children and so at four or five, they were sent into the streets to make their living by their wits and thus to supplement the family income. It was not unusual to see four- or five-year-old semi-nude

Arab children hanging around where American soldiers gathered to make a few francs shining shoes. It was equally not unusual to see them rolling dice and occasionally a G.I. offering to show them how and invariably receiving a lesson.

That night I also ran into Irwin Shaw, the playwright. He did, indeed, seem like a lost soul. The army was trying to find a useful place for him, and he was trying to make himself useful in the army, but he had not found his niche. He was looking for a room where he could work. Inasmuch as his typewriter was clicking day and night, he wanted a room without roommate or roommates. That was not easy for a buck private to get. Rooms were very scarce. I tried to help him out. Shaw had been attached to the staff of "Yank," a weekly magazine published by the troops for the troops. His headquarters had been in the Middle East. He had been given a truck and had driven from Cairo to Algiers. It had taken him about a month to do so, but on the trip he had gotten many stories. He had followed the route of the British Eighth Army. For a while in Algiers, he wrote humorous stories for the Stars and Stripes. One of them was entitled "The Day After The War Is Over." Among the things that would happen, all the wine would be sold out in Algiers, all the boys would go broke and three Arabs would take a bath. The last I heard of Shaw was that he was going back to Cairo with his truck. He had many talents, and could be very useful.

ON TO EGYPT AND PALESTINE

One evening at the mess I looked into my mailbox and there I found my travel orders. At nine o'clock the next morning, my plane was to leave and I was to be at the airport at eight. I had no money, I had no letters. Packing would be no problem. I was limited to fifty pounds, and I would take just my musette bag and a barracks bag. At the last minute I decided to take my valapack and my dress suit. I was glad that I did, because Egypt was very dressy and I would have been out of place in my khakis or at least I would have been uncomfortable. Algiers was an active theatre of war and few people had any formal

uniforms with them. Cairo was the capital of a neutral country where a king lived and hence, was fashionable. When I got to London, I found that despite the blitz, London was even dressier.

Fortunately for me, Bill Stevenson, Red Cross delegate, and Sterling Tomkins, assistant delegate, were eating in our mess and I discussed my going with them. Bill said that he would write me a letter of introduction to the head of the Red Cross in Egypt and advise him to give me whatever funds I needed and charge them up against the North African account. I went to the office and wrote my own travel orders. Mr. Tomkins signed them and put the seal on them. I arranged with the Red Cross motor pool to have a car available to take me to the airport. At the airport the next morning, I met Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson. Mrs. Stevenson was on her way to Oujda. She was terribly upset by a report she received that the brother of a Red Cross girl had been condemned to death by army officials. What the charges against him were, she did not know. What ever happened to this soldier, I never learned. Mrs. Stevenson asked me to buy two dozen sun helmets in Egypt to be used by the clubmobile girls. No sun helmets were being issued in North Africa. For girls exposed to the sun, sun helmets were essential. I promised to try and get them for her.

On the plane, I found myself sitting next to Major Thornton Wilder, the playwright who was in the intelligence section of the air force and who was a good friend of my mother-in-law and my brother-in-law. I had met him at my mother-in-law's home in Chicago some years ago. Major Wilder was on his way to Constantine. I had heard that he was in the area and had been trying to get in touch with him in the hope of inducing him to speak for Town Hall. I had hoped that Major Wilder would be going to Cairo and that I would have some time with him on the plane. He, however, was going only as far as Constantine, the first stop. The plane was loaded. Every seat was taken. Among the passengers was a Greek diplomat on his way to Egypt to join the Greek government in exile in Cairo. There were British soldiers and officers and American soldiers and officers. There were also three young Americans who wore the insignia of the American Field Service.

Just as the plane was about to take off, three British officers rushed up. They had high priorities and they demanded that they travel on this plane. The pilot spoke to them himself. He told them that his orders were to recognize no travel requests which had not been filed through the office in Algiers. This, these officers had not done. They raged and fumed, but the pilot was adamant. He said, "If I take you three gentlemen, I cannot take the mail and my orders are that the mail takes precedence over passengers." During this altercation, I was getting nervous because I thought my priority being No. 3 and theirs being No. 2, that I might be put off. I was relieved when the pilot closed the door in the face of the furious officers. As we were ready to take off, one American Field Service fellow said to me, "Am I relieved! I was afraid that we were going to be put off. There are three of us of the American Field Service on this plane. We have no travel orders. We are hitchhikers. We are stationed outside of Tripoli and are due there tomorrow morning. If we didn't make this plane, we would be A. W. O. L. We had spoken to the pilot who had agreed to take us." The pilot was a young American. He was not going to let these three young fellow Americans down.

The American Field Service provided non-combatant personnel for service on the battlefield. Its men drove trucks and ambulances. The young fellow on my right was from San Francisco. Because of a bad knee, he had been rejected by every branch of the American armed forces and so had volunteered with the American Field Service. His term of enlistment was about to expire and he was going back to the states where he had been promised a job in Washington in the Office of War Information. He was a writer. He said, "My experiences with the American Field Service had given me an opportunity to understand what makes a man tick. I'll be a better writer because of them." He was pretty much disgusted with the fact that the American armed forces had rejected him and he had been working just as hard as any soldier under just as trying battle conditions.

The plane flew over deserts and mountains and for long stretches over the blue Mediterranean. We were retracing by

air the route of the British Army as it pursued Rommel's Africa Korps. Here and there in the desert we saw damaged planes, or the ruins of vehicles or equipment. It was a big waste land. It was like flying over the Painted Desert of our own country except that the terrain was not as rugged. The flight was very smooth and at about two or three o'clock, we landed at an airport about thirty miles from the city of Tripoli.

TRIPOLI

As we got out of the airplane, we knew that we were on the edge of a desert in the summer. It was hot and dry. We were informed that the plane for Cairo would leave early the next morning and through passengers could get accommodations at the Hotel DeGink near the airport. Since then I have stopped at many Hotels DeGink. That is what the transient hotels maintained by the air force are called all over the world. They truly illustrate that you cannot judge anything by a name. The Hotel DeGink in Tripoli was a series of shacks which had cots in them and in an adjacent tent, there were blankets. Water was to be had out of Lister bags a quarter of a mile away. Crude latrines were built not too far away. Wash basins—there were none. The Hotel DeGink in Iceland had rooms with private baths but I'm running ahead of my story. I learned that there were several Red Cross clubs in the city of Tripoli and therefore decided to go into town. Before doing so, I picked out a cot in the Hotel DeGink, put my bags on it, as I decided that it would be wiser for me to sleep there than to sleep in Tripoli and risk the possibility of missing the plane in the morning. I had a terrible fear throughout my service that some time I would be stranded without transportation. I could take the last bus which left town about nine o'clock. It was a thirty mile drive from the Casa Benita airport to the city of Tripoli.

I reported to the commanding officer of the American forces. He was engaged but his adjutant and I visited together. The adjutant informed me that I had no business in Tripoli. He was right. My orders did not call for a stopover there. I was

merely passing through. Accommodations had to be provided for me at the airport and at no other place. He continued however by saying that the Red Cross had done so much for his men that he was prepared to extend every courtesy to me as a representative of the Red Cross. He then offered to provide overnight lodging for me, arranged for me to eat at the officers' mess and placed a jeep at my disposal so that I might see the town. I was glad to get in the jeep and see this famous city which, in times of peace, had a population of 100,000—20,000 Arabs, 20,000 Jews and 60,000 Italians.

Tripoli had been pretty badly battered. Some of the ruins of the blasted buildings could still be seen and there was no business as usual there. The few stores that were open sold trinkets and souvenirs which hungry people cannot use. Tripoli had been despoiled and the only food it had now had been brought in by allied armies. I saw the palace Mussolini had built for his daughter, Edda, the Countess Ciano. While driving around I saw a Post Exchange, stopped off there to buy whatever candy they would permit me. Only Italian money or English pounds were acceptable, but the American soldier agreed to take an American dollar, and said that I would have to spend the whole dollar as he could give me no change. This satisfied me as commodities were of greater use to me than currency. After my jeep ride, I found a snack bar to my great surprise. It was operated by the army, but my French currency or American currency proved unacceptable there too. I got up and walked out. The American military police saw the gloomy look on my features, asked me what the trouble was and why I had not eaten anything . . . whether I had not gotten used to this food. Of course my answer was that the food looked wonderful to me, but my currency was unacceptable. "You're a Red Cross man and you fellows have often been decent to me. I'll stake you gladly to anything you want. You're my guest here and I'll pay your bill. The bigger the bill, the more I'll like it." That just set me up, made me feel that a lot of the drudgery and worrying, disappointments inevitable in a theatre of war were worthwhile. What Red Cross men were doing apparently was appreciated. This meant, too, that my work was appreciated. After I had a sandwich and a cup

of coffee, the M.P. told me "We certainly miss the Red Cross. It closed up just a few days ago because they are opening a bigger club. It certainly means much to us. The British here like it too. It gives us a chance to meet the British soldiers socially and gives you a good feeling to know them better."

Later on I met Jack Rosston of San Francisco, an assistant Red Cross field director who had opened an officers' and enlisted men's club there and for whom the army had requisitioned the first floor of a large office building which formerly had been occupied by the bank of Tripoli. Rosston was most enthusiastic as he would have magnificent space and could do such a fine job. In Tripoli, there was nothing for our boys. They waited for the opening of the Red Cross, as a traveling man in the States waits for a vacant room in a hotel in a convention-crowded city.

I ran into an American soldier who told me the tale of the famous Eytie chef. Among the Italian prisoners of war taken by this American air force group was an Italian chef. No sooner was his identity known than his services were drafted. What a difference in the meals! The boys bragged that theirs were the best meals in the army, and so they probably were . . . certainly in that theatre of war. Outfits received usually the same food ingredients, but their palatability depended upon the skill of the company chef. This Italian chef could even make spam, the pet abomination of all soldiers, taste like steak and turkey. So proud was this company of their mess that when a visiting general came by, they petitioned him to dine with them. The general enjoyed his meal, marveled at it and then asked the secret of this superb cooking. When he heard the story of the Italian prisoner cook, his brow clouded. This practice was against the Geneva Convention. Prisoners of war were to be employed, but not in battle zones and not working for soldiers, so this company had bragged once too often, for its chef had to leave and had to cook for Italian prisoners in an Italian concentration camp two miles away from where the company was located. Such are the unexpected cruelties of war.

I took the bus back from Tripoli to Casa Benita and at the army post near the field, made inquiries for the American Red Cross. There I met Field Director Ross. He had been in the

desert for over a year and had had enough of it, especially as he had no supplies and could do very little for the soldiers. He told me that he had known First Lieutenant Phillip Gram, of St. Louis, who had been reported missing in action. I had taught Phil Gram in Sunday school. Ross thought he had gone home. I knew that he had been decorated, but I did not know that he was missing. More than six months have passed and nothing had been heard from him or any member of his crew. He had more than 300 combat hours to his credit. On a stormy day his plane failed to return to its base from a mission. His mother, however, had not abandoned hope for his return some day.

Ross took me to see a movie that was to be shown out-of-doors. A large crowd of men had gathered. Every American accent could be heard. Just as the picture was to go on, a fuse or a bulb gave way and there were groans of disappointment and the men scattered. By this time, it had gotten very dark. Being used to living in a city that was blacked out, I had taken my flashlight along. I told Ross I could find my own way to the hotel that evening. I found the hotel all right, but I had some job locating my own cot. All the shacks looked alike and I had failed to mark mine very carefully, having forgotten that I would come there in the dark. I found I had a roommate. He was a civilian engineer of the Curtiss-Wright Company who had been in India and now was in Tripoli watching the performance of Curtiss-Wright planes, noting their defects and giving instructions on their proper operation. By having engineers in the actual battle zone, the company learns at first-hand, the defects of its planes and the new combat requirements. It was very hot in that shack, but after a while, I moved my cot out beneath the stars, preferring to risk the chance of being bitten by mosquitoes and getting some rest than sweltering all night with no sleep. Apparently the North African food made me tough. The mosquitoes did not find me tempting. At any rate, they did not find me.

I had a great fear as I arose the next morning, that the plane would leave without me. The mess tent was about three-quarters a mile away and walking to it in the soft sand with heavy field

shoes was not easy, especially with the sun up and the heat intense. My plane was scheduled to leave at 7:30 and the mess was scheduled to commence its service at the same time. I then learned that there was an early mess in another tent. I went over there and found a sergeant frying powdered eggs and serving coffee, bread and peanut butter. I did not care for the powdered eggs, so I just took one bread and peanut butter sandwich and off I raced, picked up my luggage, got to the transportation office and waited 45 minutes for the plane to get off. Soon we were up in the air again. More wasteland, more desert, more destroyed vehicles and smashed planes. Miles and miles, oceans and oceans of sand and heat. While flying along, two fighter planes caught up with us. They were Spitfires. They escorted us. One on each side, wing to wing, we flew. This was my first closeup of a Spitfire in the air. Both fliers had the top down. Apparently they wanted to get the breeze. They hardly looked like men. They were covered with so much equipment. They wore headgear and seemed to have masks over their faces. They looked like automatons rather than human beings; flying machines, rather than flying men. They were out on patrol to keep hostile machines away. They accompanied us for a while and then left. In doing so, they went right straight up, flying perpendicularly. It was a great maneuver. The easy maneuverability of the Spitfire is among the qualities which has made it, in the judgment of experienced flyers, the best fighter plane in the world, better even than the much-publicized German Messerschmidt. This judgment was true that summer.

All judgments about air equipment must be dated as new apparatus is always being developed. It may be that the new P-51's or A-20's were an improvement on the Spitfire, but that plane was appreciated and respected by American allies of the British as well as by German flying personnel. More than one American told me how happy he was when he knew that he had Spitfire protection. Around noon, we landed at the airport at Bengasi.

One look at its shattered hangars, broken windows, demolished buildings was all that was needed to tell that this airport had been in the war. In one of the shattered buildings there was a mess and thither we all went, but my currency was unacceptable

and an American army officer gladly took care of the 35¢ that I needed for my lunch. It was very embarrassing to be penniless but I evened up matters on the way back when I fulfilled the same role, and paid for and secured sandwiches and coffee for quite a number of the men who did not have the right currency with them. But these things in a theatre of war create no embarrassment. You are used to sharing. You share danger, risks, so what's a little thing like sharing a lunch. I had bought a box of candy in Tripoli which had been put up by the Hudson Bay Company in Canada. The candy was packed in a tin and it was like gumdrops. Well, that box of candy did not belong to me. It belonged to everybody on the plane and everybody enjoyed it. On one of the battered hangars at the Bengasi airport, I saw Hebrew letters written with chalk and also the six-pointed star, the shield of David. I surmised that some of the Jewish Palestinian regiments of the British army had been there. I subsequently learned that this was correct. Some of these regiments had been part of General Montgomery's Eighth Army and had given a magnificent account of themselves. They had effectively dissipated the myth that the children of East-European Ghetto Jews were too intellectual to be hearty fighters. These Palestinian regiments had proved to be as tough as the toughest from El Alamein to Tunis, from Sicily to Bari. They had proved that intelligence does not preclude vigorous fighting ability.

LUXURIOUS EGYPT

Right after lunch, our plane moved on again, flying into the East and the South, across Libya bypassing Tobruk, going near the Devil's Pass, and finally we spied the Nile River, saw its fertile banks, standing out like a green carpet on the brown floor of the desert. A sense of the historic significance of this land swept over me. Seventeen years ago, by a coincidence, at this time of the year, I had been there. Then the world was at peace. There was that river, unaffected and unperturbed by the centuries of human strife and conflict that it had witnessed. Each year, it overflowed its banks and fertilized the barren

desert so that men may sustain themselves and rear their civilization only to find that men so frequently used these powers of life to bring about death. The river Nile is thought of mostly as the river of pyramids, the river of the land of the great tombs. Forgotten are all the grandeur, the intelligence of the pharaohs whose artisans made magnificent jewelry I had seen among the relics of King Tut seventeen years earlier. The land of the Pharaohs, the birth place of Moses, the river in which he was found by Pharaoh's daughter and then the pyramids burst into view. I had seen them from the ground, from the back of a camel. Now I saw them from the air. From the ground, they looked huge. From the air, they looked small, like stone steps by which we could descend from our heavenly heights, but large were they again by the side of the buildings in Cairo. The airport was not ready to receive us. The plane flew around and around, and we enjoyed seeing the domes of the mosques, the slopes of the pyramids until we finally landed. Here I was in another country. I had gone from Algeria to Tripoli to Libya to Egypt.

Egypt was theoretically neutral. The last time I had entered Egypt, I had come by way of the Suez Canal. I had to present passports, have my bags inspected by Egyptian officials. This time I had to go to an American private, show him my army identification card and my travel orders and he nodded his head that he was satisfied. I had greater difficulty getting into an army post exchange in Washington, D. C., a block away from the hotel where I was stopping, than I had in entering Egypt. An air force bus was there to take me to the town of Heliopolis. There I was to be on my own. I was not concerned about how I was to get to Cairo or to the Grand Hotel, the club for the enlisted men leased by the American army for the American Red Cross at a cost of \$100,000 a year. It sounds like a lot of money, but who would not provide hotel accommodations for boys who have been in the desert for a year and come to visit a city about which they had dreamed for seven days. To have provided no accommodations for them would have been cruel. The army and the Red Cross gave them the best. The enlisted men who could not afford to pay fabulous prices for hotel

rooms could stay in this magnificent Egyptian hotel for twenty cents per night and the hotel was overcrowded every night.

Men of the merchant marine would come in from long voyages after tussling with submarines, pleading for admission, ready to sleep in the chairs of the lobby when all beds had been sold out for the evening. At Heliopolis, I caught a cab and for two dollars and something, I found myself at the Red Cross Hotel. What a luxury a cab was! I had not seen a taxicab for months. I did not know that people were still running them, nor had I seen a city as whole as Cairo. It had only been bombed once. The threat that Rome would be bombed if Cairo was had kept Axis aviators away. While driving into Cairo, I sensed that this town was different from Algiers. Algiers was still then an active theatre of war. It was raided quite often. It suffered a shortage of everything. The shelves of its stores were empty. Cairo had big shops out of which came shoppers carrying parcels. The people were well dressed. They seemed well fed. They had not been touched by the ravages of war. Afterwards I learned that Egypt had a terrific boom just as European neutral countries had in World War I.

I also was aware of the fact that people were much better dressed—men, women and also the military. When I entered the lobby of the hotel, I met the director of the Red Cross. I realized that there he was wearing pinks and a blouse—formal attire. The cloth was of summer weight and his trousers were pressed. Their crease was like a razor's edge. That too, was different from Algiers. I suddenly became aware how shabbily dressed I was. I wore unpressed summer khakis and a shirt open at the neck without a tie and a khaki overseas cap. I suddenly was aware of another difference when I saw men registering for rooms. Only those were permitted to register at the hotel who were on leave. When I heard the words on leave, I did not feel right. I did not know what they meant. When had I heard them last? In North Africa, they are foreign words. No one gets a leave. Even then, if there were a leave, there would be no place to go. But Cairo was a leave-city and Red Cross Club work here was not for active troops but for men on their vacations and so were the plans

for the troops. Sightseeing tours were arranged to the pyramids and to Memphis. There were moonlight rides on the Nile. That night there was a roof dance for men with partners and the lights were ablaze on the roof, not possible in Algiers where blackouts were still enforced. And moonlight roof dances would have been taboo.

To Algiers the men came for an afternoon of entertainment. To Cairo they came for seven days, and there they must be entertained. Why Cairo was dressier was easy to perceive. A king lived in Cairo and exiled kings held court there. American officers, therefore, as other officers, must keep up with the court; so must British officers. Cairo seemed more like a social than a war center. At one time, the war had come near it, but now the war was far away. If the Germans had come to Cairo, I don't think that the native population would have cared much. They do not like the British. They would like a change of masters. But if the Germans would have come in, how these natives would have welcomed and even prayed for the return of the British!

I introduced myself at the club, telephoned Mr. Ralph Bain, the Red Cross delegate in charge of the Middle East, and arranged to meet within an hour or so. In the meantime, I was given a room and a roommate. When I entered my room, I found in the occupied bed a weary Chicago soldier who was enjoying the luxury of sleeping beneath sheets. He wore no clothes and really wanted to get the feel of the sheets. He was catching up on sleep in the daytime and seeing the sights at night. My coming in awoke him. We exchanged greetings. I unpacked my bags, slipped into more respectable looking clothing and went out to meet Ralph Bain. He was a fine gentleman, a Red Cross career man with the traditions of service and standards of idealism which that great organization has always held high for its men. All of its executives know that there is no big financial reward in a career with the Red Cross. Unless they can be compensated by the satisfactions of humanitarian work, they have no place among Red Cross personnel. Men who, like Ralph Bain, have risen to important executive positions are imbued with the Red Cross tradition.

I found him to be a fine gentleman, an efficient admin-

istrator and a good representative not only of the Red Cross but of the American people. Ralph Bain was not only the head of the Red Cross service of the armed forces but also of the civilian relief force. In the Belgian Congo, in Eritrea, in Kenya colony, in the heart of Africa and on both of its coasts, the Red Cross was doing relief work among refugees and needy civilians. That, Ralph Bain had to supervise. He had been stationed in St. Louis for a while and had even been to Temple Israel. He did not need the letter of introduction which I brought along from Bill Stevenson. He asked me to see him at the office the next morning when he would plan my stay for me. He told me that there were several operations in the Holy Land and two clubs in Tel Aviv which he was very anxious to have me visit. He also wanted me to go to Alexandria. That night I could spend at the Cairo club. Right across the street there was a Red Cross snack bar.

There I had a bite and later on, had my supper at Shepherd's Hotel. It was all English, and seemingly the residential headquarters for many British military. After dining there, I returned to the Red Cross club, conversed with its officials, learned more of their activities. In the Red Cross club, there was a dining room. The snack bar across the street was only an auxiliary to the dining room. So busy was the club dining room that there was always a long line waiting for admission. All who wanted to eat there could not be accommodated. The help around the hotel was native. It was well managed and very clean. So great a need was there for sleeping space that additional quarters had been obtained in the neighborhood. While looking around the club, I came across a secretary who informed me that she accepted cables. Up to this time, I had not been able to send any cables from Algiers. She suggested that I send one of those cable formulas which cost about fifty cents. I selected one, "Feeling fine." She told me that I might select two others. So I added, "I hope that you are well" and concluded with the request "Please write to me." I sent one cable to my wife and one to my parents. I subsequently learned that when these cables arrived, they, of course, could not know where I was and that this was my first chance to cable. They both assumed that I had had no word from them and were wor-

ried. When I returned from Algiers, I found a cable both from my wife and my parents. The Red Cross girl who took my cable was from Elizabeth, New Jersey and recognized my name and had known one of my brothers very well.

In the lobby of the hotel behind the information desk, I spied a familiar face. It was Margaret Cotter, a Red Cross staff assistant. She had been in my indoctrination class in Washington but had just arrived in Egypt. Her ocean voyage had consumed 51 days in the course of which she had been in Australia. It seemed like a long trip, but there was one trip even longer. For the next day, a large Red Cross group came in who had made the trip from the States in 98 days. That group had had some submarine difficulty and had seen some boats sunk. They had not been in Australia, but they had been in South Africa. They seemed to be as at home, in the out of the way ports of the world, as St. Louisans are at the Cardinal ball park. Among those who had made the 98-day trip were some who had left a port of embarkation before I had. Here was I, a battle-stained veteran who had left the United States some time after these men and they were just arriving after I had been at work for two months. The next morning I heard my plans from Ralph Bain. That afternoon I was to go to Alexandria and remain there overnight and part of the next day. In the meantime they would try to book plane or train reservations for me for Tel Aviv, Palestine, and also put in a request for my return trip to Algiers to make sure I would not be delayed. I also discussed with the supply man the supplies that I needed and which he might purchase in my absence. I needed scores of mouth organs, also other musical instruments and several dozen helmets.

It suddenly occurred to me that it might be possible to buy a summer dress suit for Bill Stevenson in North Africa. While there was none available for sale, I learned that there were British tailors there as well as good English cloth. I went out with the Red Cross shopper to find some cloth and then to find a tailor. I showed the tailor my suit and he felt that he could reproduce it even in better goods. I then told him that Bill was my size but that he better make it a little larger as the suit could always be cut down to fit.

The suit was made, but it was quite expensive. Cloth and tailoring, altogether cost about a hundred dollars. A suit like that in the states would cost thirty-five dollars ready-made. That illustrates how expensive everything is in Egypt. The currency in use there was the Egyptian pound. It was worth about four dollars. They said that it was as easy to spend a pound there as a dollar in the States. So I was to learn. The suit did not fit Bill, and how it was disposed of eventually, I do not know. Its cost was charged to me months later.

In walking around the main streets of Cairo, I saw a drug store which had, among others, a Hebrew sign. Curious to find out the reason for the sign, I went in and spoke to the proprietor. He was a native of Greece, and spoke more than a half a dozen languages, English, French, German, Turkish, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek and Italian. I asked him if he knew of any kosher restaurants in the area. He sent his errand boy with me to locate one. It was on the second floor of an old apartment building. The apartment seemed very unappetizing, and I decided not to eat there. Instead, I ate on a terrace of the St. James Hotel. It was a meatless day, but the fish served was very good. The meal on the whole, was satisfying. I packed up my bags, checked out at the hotel and was on my way to the station. In the bank where I cashed a check, I had met the representative of Firestone Tires in the city of Tel Aviv. He had come over by plane and was returning by plane. Apparently there was no ban on civilian traffic between Egypt and Palestine.

I traveled first class and found myself sitting next to a captain of the Royal Air Force. He had been stationed in Morocco and was the liaison officer between the English and French. Of course, he spoke French fluently as well as Arabic. He was on his way to Alexandria or "Alex" as he called it, on leave. He was a sportsman and liked to ride. There was a track near Alexandria where races were going on. He was hoping to ride in a race this coming Saturday. He asked me to look him up in "Alex" and to be his guest at the races next Saturday. He was related to people who make a famous brand of Scotch, but he had none with him. His sister was married to an American and was, at that moment, stopping at the

Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. It was a novelty for me to be on a first-class train, and to be able to be served. Both the English captain and I took advantage of that and we ordered drinks until we arrived in Alexandria. By the time we got there, we were very intimate friends. He was worried about a taxi and I knew that someone would be there to meet me. My car was there—a Red Cross station wagon with two Red Cross girls who had just come from the States. They took Captain Anderson to his hotel and then drove me to the officers' club.

The officers' club was located quite a distance out from the city, overlooking the Mediterranean and close to the bathing beaches.

ALEXANDRIA

Alexandria I learned, was quite a summer resort. Besides being a great British sea base, it was a sportsman's paradise. At the officers' club, I was assigned a room and slept that night with several ensigns. Alexandria was a beautiful resort, but it was hard to associate it with war. Egypt was a rich country which had not been despoiled by the Nazis. What a difference between countries occupied by the allied armies and the Nazi armies! The Nazi armies brought desolation and destruction. The allied armies brought wealth and prosperity. What a difference between Algiers and Egypt! Algiers had been visited by a locust plague and was barren. Egypt was swollen with the profits from trade with allied armies.

Because Alexandria was a favorite leave-area, a wonderful resort, the Red Cross had a number of clubs there. Some American businesses, representing insurance companies, had given their palatial mansions, which they had used as office buildings, for Red Cross clubs. For some of these clubs, the rent was nominal. They were large palaces with elaborate gardens, truly restful places. They had lots of servants. The Red Cross staff was prepared to do anything the soldier wanted. An English woman had put at the disposal of the Red Cross her private yacht and when the weather permitted, sailing parties were available for the boys. On these parties, lunches were packed by the Red Cross. There

were also all-day beach parties with girls for those who wanted them and also regular afternoon swimming parties. Tennis, golf and horseback riding were available.

The civilian workers of the Red Cross who looked after the bookkeeping and the business management were European refugees. Native help, illiterates, performed the more menial tasks. The natives lived very humbly and simply, and the Red Cross required that each one take a shower before he commenced to work and also furnished clean clothes for them every day. This assured the club management that certain sanitary conditions were met by the personnel who wait on the American boys. The waiters were very well paid by Egyptian standards, receiving twenty dollars a month each. They, however, were very independent and did not care for their jobs. What they earned in one month was as much, perhaps, as their brothers on the farm earned in one year. One month's work therefore, could keep them idle for a year. The Red Cross club director there was Harry Truman, not the Senator, a tall rangy lad who had come over as an assistant field director and had been made a director in charge of the big club operations in Alexandria by the exigencies of war. Egypt had become an important leave area and club directors were in demand. Apparently the men who were to manage these clubs had been on the high seas for 98 and for 51 days. These delays had given Harry Truman his chance and he had made good. He had personality, and administrative ability. He had a tremendous job and was doing it well.

The Red Cross operations of the Middle East covered Iran as well. From the Persian gulf up to the Russian border flowed American supplies to Russia. American boys convoyed these supplies from the docks up to the Russian border. This long supply route was serviced by the American Red Cross which had a trainmobile in operation. The train carried Red Cross equipment and comforts. As it puffed its way along the roads of Persia, it stopped when it encountered an American convoy and served the boys coffee and doughnuts, comfort supplies, and reading matter. Whatever it brought them, it was a reminder of a civilian America, interested in their welfare,

anxious to do something about ameliorating their physical hardships, concerned about their comforts. I learned that these G. I.'s in Persia met with Russian soldiers to whom they turn over the supplies. The American boy then learned how well off he was materially. He became aware of the difference in the level of living between Americans and Russians. A Russian colonel had no more conveniences than an American private. What food there was in that Red Cross club in Alexandria! Luncheon cost 40 cents. After soup, I was served fish, fresh fish and good. I thought that that was the main course. To my great surprise meat was served after the fish. That would have been an unheard of luxury in Algiers. I told Harry Truman how excellent the dinner was and modestly he stated he was trying to do his best for the boys.

On the train from Alexandria to Cairo, I found myself in interesting company. Sitting next to me was a secretary of the director of the Egyptian railroads. He spoke English and had once worked for the Royal Air Force. He had been laid off by them. He was dressed like a European, but was a Moslem. He told me that he had one wife and I asked him why he did not have more. He said that the educated Egyptians only have one. He had two lovely daughters to whom he was devoted. If he had another wife, he would spoil the relationship between himself and these two lovely girls. For them he had a summer home in Alexandria. As the train rolled on through the countryside, I saw the muddy fields and beds of rice and rice pickers—whole families working in the fields. As I passed some of the homes, they looked slovenly, dilapidated. They were shacks and hovels rather than homes. One room in each. I asked this railroad official how many people lived in these homes, and he said a man will live there with his wife and children and perhaps her sister and brother too. He added that living conditions were awful. The people who worked in the fields were earning from one and a half to three piastres daily or from six to twelve cents. Their diet consisted of bread and onions. No wonder I had read in the Egyptian press that their minister of agriculture was in the U. S. studying a cure for pellagra, which was very common among Egyptian peasants. He will have found that pellagra can be

cured by plenty of milk and meat and fresh vegetables. As long as Egyptian peasants earn from six to twelve cents a day, they are doomed to disease and starvation will be their lot. He added that ninety per cent of Egyptian youth were illiterate and that child labor was universal.

The train went by some children working in the fields wearing practically no clothing and standing in indecent postures. This Egyptian railroad man blamed this terrible economic condition entirely upon the British. A member of the Egyptian parliament who was on the same train, agreed that the British were responsible for Egypt's sad economic plight. He added to the grievances against the British. The British had insulted their king and permitted no social reforms. They allowed them to pay their soldiers only two dollars a month. The British did not want the Egyptians to have a good army. The railroad man also began to blame the Greeks. They were responsible for the high cost of living in Egypt. The Greeks owned all the stores and made all the profits. The Egyptians had nothing to do with high prices. Greeks made the cost of living so high. The Egyptians should get rid of the Greeks, he believed.

I was amusingly relieved to have these things said of Greeks and not of Jews. Blaming everything on the British and then on the Greeks sounded so much like the scapegoat psychology of the Germans that I began to ask some questions. I therefore asked him, "What about the Jews in Egypt?" This educated Egyptian replied, "Jews are responsible for all the wars that have ever happened, including this one. By shutting the world market to Germans, the Jews forced Hitler to fight." He himself had no prejudices. His religion forbade prejudices. Jews are Egyptians and they are treated like other Egyptians. They served everywhere and were recognized everywhere. He had Jewish friends whom he visited and whom he liked. I asked him whether he had ever told these friends that they had caused the war. He said no, that he was too much of a gentleman. He would not insult his friends by telling that to them, but yet he believed it about them and disseminated this slander about his friends even though he must have known it to be false. I turned to an Egyptian colonel who was sitting there and asked him whether the Jews had

brought this war upon the world. He and all the others in this compartment just ridiculed that notion. Of course, here was Nazi propaganda, ridiculous and absurd and here was a well educated man who had accepted it. If well educated people fall for such a propaganda line, what hope was there that facts will ever triumph over fiction, or truth over falsehood? An Englishman in that railroad compartment was a good sport about all the anti-British criticism that he heard. Much of the criticism was made in Germany and was Nazi propaganda. He wanted all people all over the world to have a square deal. Like so many other Englishmen, he was too decent to underwrite all British imperialism.

That evening I was the guest of the Red Cross delegate at Mena House, now made famous by the Roosevelt-Churchill-Chiang-Kai-Shek conference held there. This was the second time that I had been at the Mena House. It was located in the shadow of the pyramids. Years ago I had taken the street car to within walking distance of the pyramids and then had gone the rest of the way by camel. Ralph Bain, the Red Cross delegate, drove me out to the Mena House. He lived there as did two other Red Cross executives. The drive to the Mena House from the heart of Cairo took about fifteen to twenty minutes. It was a glorious moonlight night and as we walked on the terrace of the hotel, it seemed to me like I was part of an Arabian night's tale rather than in a war situation. Here were these very graceful Moorish arches and a glorious swimming pool. Just a stone's throw away it seemed the pyramids arose from the sands of the desert. In view of the pyramids we sat down and had cocktails. The meal was very bad. It cost \$1.20. A ceiling had been put on the price of meals and hence they had deteriorated.

Among Ralph Bain's guests was the senior chaplain of the area, a regular army man who now held the rank of colonel. If I understood his conversation correctly, he did not know what we were fighting about and yet he was giving directions to men who were maintaining the morale of our soldiers. He did not believe that our country had been in any danger. He could not understand why we were anxious to kill every Russian we saw one month and the next become their best friends. He all but

said that we should have not entered the war. Mr. Bain discussed the civilian relief that the American Red Cross was carrying on in Africa for Greek and Polish refugees as far as the Belgian Congo, Kenya Colony and Rhodesia. Humane America at war herself, her sons and daughters far from home, many suffering, wounded and dying. Her economy strained to produce the weapons for her allies and herself, her industries working day and night, her farms yielding a record crop despite the loss of manpower, her shipyards spewing forth ships by the scores, astounding both friend and foe, her sons from the interior of America, manning these ships laden with supplies, charting them over submarine-infested seas, bringing them into port to keep the war effort going, the guns firing, the planes flying, the doughboys advancing. At the same time—feeding the victims of war, Greek and Polish refugees, her Red Cross workers lending their effort to bring a modicum of food and clothing to those dispossessed by Nazi tyranny. What a heroic page in the history of mankind!

As I returned to the Grand Hotel, the Red Cross club, I saw a civilian struck by an auto as he was getting off a bus, and bending over him, administering for him, caring for him was Albert Wasson of St. Louis, whom I knew by reputation but had never met in person. Of all the Egyptian civilians on the streets, no one paid any attention to this wounded fellow countryman but here was a civilian American of the Red Cross, a symbol of America's kindness, doing the job. Some say that Americans are "suckers" for doing this. Yes they are "suckers," like the good Samaritan was a "sucker," like Abraham, hospitable to the aged strangers was a "sucker." Would that my country remain such a nation of "suckers," succoring the sufferers among men.

I breakfasted with Wasson who made a very good impression on me. He had been on the high seas for 98 days and was eager and anxious to get to work. He had at times attended services at Temple Israel and we had made many mutual friends. Wasson was fortunate. He had received an excellent assignment. He was to be in charge of all Red Cross work in Palestine and in a day or two was to commence his work. I discussed Town Hall with Ralph Bain. He was very much interested in it. I also asked him if there was anything I could do for the Red Cross in Pales-

tine. He urged me not to leave Palestine in a hurry. He said it made little difference where Red Cross work is done, and there might be some situations in Palestine in which I might be of use.

TO PALESTINE

I met McCutchen, a reporter for the American Magazine. He was waiting at the Red Cross club for a sergeant to whom he had loaned twenty-five dollars and who had not kept an engagement with him. McCutchen had just come from Palestine. He had found it delightful and enjoyable. He believed the war would last at least five more years and felt he had a ringside seat whence to observe it. He advised me to go to Palestine by truck and said it would be easy to get a ride as there were many convoys to the Holy Land. My time, however, was limited and I had to take the train at two o'clock which would bring me into Palestine the next morning. When I arrived at the station, I found that the reservation which I had been promised was unavailable. While I had first class space, no berth was available. All berths were taken up weeks and weeks in advance by the heavy civilian traffic between Cairo and Tel Aviv or Cairo and Jerusalem. I had remembered that the last time I had been to Palestine I had traveled across the Sinai desert to Cairo in the daytime. This journey was one of the most unpleasant I had undertaken. It was stifling hot and no water that I could drink was available. The train moved slowly, consuming twelve or more hours, and I dreaded the thought of sitting up all night and then being so tired the next day that most of it would have to be spent in resting.

In a theater of war, you expect such difficulties. You are agreeably surprised if you do not encounter them. I, however, was agreeably surprised at the comparative comfort of the trip. The night proved cool. I went through my bags to find my sweater to keep warm. Even though six of us were in a compartment, we were seated comfortably and all of us slept a good part of the night. I had taken some sandwiches along, but I did not

need them as we stopped at a border town, I think it was Cantara. There the British maintained a restaurant for officers and some sort of refreshment booth for enlisted men. I had eaten my sandwiches, but I ordered a meal in the British restaurant for the sake of eating there. In my compartment, there were two American officers, both connected with the post office in Cairo. One of them, a lieutenant, was a veteran employee of the New York City Post Office; the other, a captain, was from Oklahoma and also an old post-office man. The captain seemed to be in charge of a post office in the Middle East. He asserted what I knew that the mails have priority and that they move heaven and earth to get letters from home in the hands of the boys and to move it back home. He believed that in establishing an efficient mail service, he was making a valuable contribution to the war and so he was.

The New York lieutenant was in charge of all money orders for the Middle East. The boys were saving so much money that he had a hard time keeping the various field offices supplied with blanks. These two Americans were going to Palestine on a seven-day leave.

About two A.M. the train stopped at the first station at Palestine. Coffee and bread and butter were served there. In that station restaurant, there were Hebrew signs. The restaurant was managed by Jews and here I caught my first glimpse of Palestinian Jews in Palestine. On the train, there had been a good many Palestinian girls who were serving in the A. T. S., Auxiliary Territorial Service. These girls were going home for a week. They are the WACs of the British army in the Middle East. Early in the morning we arrived at Rehoboth. To get to Tel Aviv, it would be necessary to change trains at Lydda. I had been advised to get off at Rehoboth and take a taxi to Tel Aviv. I had been in Rehoboth 17 years ago and had driven from there to Tel Aviv. This would give me a chance to see what external changes there were in that section of Palestine. I got off the train and two American army officers joined me. Together we arranged for a cab to take us to the Hotel Yarden, the Red Cross officers' club in Tel Aviv.

PALESTINE IN THE WAR

Breakfast that morning at the Hotel Yarden in Tel Aviv in its clean dining-room was a welcome relief after the discomforts of Egypt intensified by a continuous awareness of uncleanness, even though in Red Cross installations much of it had been overcome. There was a shower in the room reserved for me and it was put to use at once. What a luxury for the Middle East. It was not difficult to see just from this initial experience why Tel Aviv would appeal to American boys, and why it became the favorite leave-area for our troops in that part of the world. As one soldier told me, "It's the nearest thing to my home town I have yet seen." What a contrast Tel Aviv presents to the rest of the Middle East, even to the entire Southern Mediterranean basin! It is like a gem city, midst the backward communities of that region. It is American in all its externals and also in the enterprise and confidence in the future of its inhabitants. Most Mediterranean cities look back upon glorious pasts; Tel Aviv looks forward to a glorious future just as the United States. Tel Aviv's modernity was a striking phenomenon to thousands of American soldiers who had been stationed in lonely desert outposts and who had become sick of lack of sanitation, of disgusting odors and absence of minimum comforts, which characterized practically all the places in which they had served.

After breakfast an intense feeling of homesickness seized me. It may have been stimulated by the knowledge that a good friend and former classmate, Professor Nelson Glueck of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, Ohio, Director of the American School of Oriental Research, was in nearby Jerusalem. I guessed that our wives might be together in Wisconsin. (They were.) At that time speaking to and seeking Nelson would bring me nearer to my home. Suddenly I realized what I had been through. The tensions of an ocean trip in a battle area in the midst of a war, the physical difficulties of adjustment, the life in a more backward civilization in a theatre of war, the strains of being bombed in cities, the stresses of living with troops in

the battlefield, of seeing the wounded, the dying and the dead, the uncertainty of the moment in a trench when bombers overhead dropped their loads. All these contributed to my desire to speak to someone who knew my family and whom I had known in a civilian capacity. This feeling sweeps over all troops and that is why soldiers are so anxious to meet men from their home towns whether they knew them or not, or soldiers with whom they went to school even though their acquaintance was superficial.

The Yarden Hotel had a telephone and soon I was speaking to Nelson Glueck. He shouted from nervous excitement at hearing my voice. He told me afterwards that he actually wept. He insisted that I come to Jerusalem immediately, that he would throw aside all his work and wait for me. The Red Cross in Tel Aviv as elsewhere knew how to do things. A car was soon available. With orders for me from the Cairo American Red Cross to hold press interviews in Jerusalem with the Hebrew and English newspapers and to meet some Americans and talk Red Cross to them, I was on my way, driving over a road on which I had driven 17 years ago. How improved it was! These 17 years had made a difference in Palestine. Then it was a hard drive over a narrow road which exacted a certain amount of nervous energy. Now it was a wide modern highway, which in our country would be known as an improved hard-surfaced road winding its way over the Judean hills. Here and there we passed new developments and then again the oldest form of transportation, the camel caravans, and heard the melodious jingle of bells around the camels' necks. Again I noted how green the once burned hillside had become, green with freshly planted trees, a successful experiment in reforestation.

Jerusalem was more beautiful than ever, with a stately dignified beauty as if it were conscious that it was the sacred city, sacred to three faiths, Judaism, Christianity and Islam; as if it knew that it was the city that David founded and Solomon built, the city in which Jeremiah spoke and was persecuted and Jesus crucified by Roman soldiers at the command of Pontius Pilate, the city in which Mohammed descended from Heaven. The war

and its misery were for the moment forgotten, as if the spiritual alchemy of Jerusalem could heal the spirit of mankind from the hatred and violence which lead to wars.

Nelson Glueck and I had a happy reunion. He lived in the palatial home of the director of the American school, which was supported by the Rockefeller Foundation and scores of American universities, colleges, and seminaries. The home was part of a series of buildings. There were dormitories, classrooms and servants' quarters. There being few students, the dormitories were occupied by townspeople, glad to find a roof over their heads in the crowded city, which was experiencing a housing shortage, caused by the exigencies of war, the cessation of construction and the arrival of refugees.

What was Dr. Nelson Glueck doing in Jerusalem when there were no students carrying on archaeological work? Did this have to be carried on during the war? Dr. Glueck, while he ostensibly carried on archaeological work, was actually a representative of the State Department, stationed there because of his wide friendships among the Arabs in the desert. He was part of the machinery in the Office of Strategic Services. His duty was to let the American government know the mood and temper of desert Arabs, of their pro or anti-axis leanings, and his task was also to win as many of them as possible over to the allied cause. To achieve this goal, he was given unlimited funds. His secretary could not understand why so frequently large checks came to him. What he did with these checks perhaps only he and the files of the State Department know. He made a number of trips back home to report his findings, at times crossing by plane, at times by hazardous troop convoy. While he and I were walking down the streets of Jerusalem, he greeted an Arab who returned his salutation. Glueck remarked that this Arab was a notorious pro-axis leader and he wondered what mischief he was up to in Jerusalem. Glueck, according to the American Consul-General, was American No. 1 in Palestine, and the Consul-General added that he was very proud to have him unofficially represent our country here. The record of Nelson Glueck's war service is in the files of the State Department. When the war was over, he was invited to remain, but archaeology was

his line, and to its full pursuit he returned until he was called to the presidency of the Hebrew Union College.

The American Red Cross had considered asking for the use of the American School as a club for soldiers. Professor Glueck was happy to cooperate and ready to make it available though its sleeping space was limited and its location inconvenient, a half-hour's walk from the center of the town necessitating the continuous use of taxis and therefore undesirable. The Jerusalem YMCA was perfect for a Red Cross club. It was centrally located and it had magnificent facilities. There were some difficulties in placing it at the disposal of American troops. Arab residents would have to be moved. The "Y" had just built up a fine working relation with them. The "Y" officials recognized the claims of American troops. The "Y" had been built and supported by Americans. Its directors wanted to cooperate and eventually found a way of doing so.

America may well be proud of the magnificent structure of the YMCA. Oriental in its architectural design, it is yet most modern, with sleeping quarters, gymnasium, swimming pool, auditorium, game rooms, library, beautiful lobby, playground, with football gridirons, baseball diamonds and the best equipment. The auditorium is the finest in the city and is used for all sorts of important intellectual and civic gatherings. The "Y" tower affords a magnificent view of Jerusalem and its environs. From it I could see the Jordan River, the site of ancient Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Hills of Moab, where Moses is said to have died. At the base of the tower, there was an inter-denominational chapel, where Christian, Jewish and Moslem sacred objects had been placed and were available for worshippers of these three faiths. That chapel seemed to have caught the universalism of religious outlook which Jerusalem inspired. In it much of the parochialism of sectarianism had been overcome. The spirit of Jerusalem has truly guided the planners and designers of the "Y." High religion had here returned to its geographic and spiritual source.

That same spirit was evident in the Hadassah hospital, which occupied spacious ground near Mt. Scopus. In it the old idealism

of the prophets and the new wisdom of modern science met. Built and maintained by American-Jewish women, its healing ministry was available to all, regardless of race and creed. Its wards and rooms welcomed Moslem, Christian, and Jew. Its medical facilities were the best in the Middle East. It expressed symbolically how the Jew of this age was bringing modern science to the Old World as years ago his forebearers brought classic philosophy to Europe, philosophy which inspired the Renaissance as this new Palestinian Renaissance is bound to inspire the Middle East.

Near the hospital stood the Hebrew University. Seventeen years ago it consisted of one building, a micro-biological institute. Then it was composed of a cluster of buildings and a rambling campus that extended over hills and valleys. The Hebrew University did not have too many students. There was no conscription in Palestine but the University accepted no student of military age who was physically fit and besides Palestine Jewish youth had to serve in the British army to aid human liberation. Exigencies of history have compelled its students to put aside the pen for the sword. Before the pen may write in leisure, the sword of tyranny must be destroyed. The founder and present chancellor of the Hebrew University, Judah L. Magnes, was an American rabbi who had been the head of the Temple Emanu-El in New York City. In the first World War he was a pacifist but Hitlerism's growth led him to reconsider and painfully to renounce his former views. He did so in a memorable address at a student congregation in the university, in which he expressed the pain of his spirit at the remorseless march of events which compelled him to abandon the cherished convictions of a lifetime. His was no sword rattling declaration. He was sensitive to the tragedy of war while he urged support of it, sensitive of the guilt of us all, which brought this war upon us, perhaps, as a punishment from God Himself.

Judah L. Magnes possessed the charm of sincerity and saintliness. From his sensitive features one could read the high idealism by which he lived and the noble convictions whose slave he had been. Repeatedly rebuffed by those whom he served, his faith had not been weakened. He was dream-

ing dreams still as he had in his youth. Life's realities had not succeeded in dimming his hopes. So strong was his faith that he could not be disillusioned. He was the prophetic spirit with its perpetual flame, its burning indignation, its unbending perseverance, its high-confidence and awareness that the right shall be triumphant because it is in the nature of the universe and the will of God. Magnes was at odds with the Zionist powers-that-be in Palestine as he was at odds with the powers in America. He believed that Palestine should become a bi-national state with Jew and Arab possessing and enjoying equal rights. He was the father of Berith Sholom, the Covenant of Peace, which sought to build amicable relations between Jew and Arab. The Zionists too, wanted that friendship. They demanded a Jewish majority in Palesitne as an indispensable condition. Hence the conflict between Jews and Arabs. Like other Moslems, Palestinian Arabs had known no nationalism. One had been synthetically created for them by Arab feudal lords, afraid of the social justice achieved by Jewish labor, by Axis propagandists, anxious to weaken this bastion of the British Empire, and by British imperialists practicing the immoral policy of divide and rule. Magnes' still small voice went unheard and unheeded, but determinedly he clung to the prophetic way though repudiated by those to whose services he had dedicated his life.

On Sabbath eve Nelson Glueck and I worshiped at the Wailing Wall, the only authentic remains of the last Judean temple. Only a bit of its outer wall dates back to the Roman period. The Wailing Wall was unimpressive. It consisted of large irregular blocks of stone, through the chinks of which weeds pushed their way. It was part of the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar. It faced a narrow alley in the worst Arab slums of Jerusalem, never cleared away by the British in deference to Jewish religious sensibilities. Access to it was not easy to find through the labyrinthine streets of old Jerusalem. Arab urchins persistently offered to guide us, but Nelson Glueck drove them off, with guttural Arab phrases. At the Wailing Wall there were a handful of worshipers, most of them old. None of them seemed to fit into the speed and ferocity of the modern world. They seemed to be unaware and unperturbed by the cataclysm going on about them.

They came here to pray for the rebuilding of a shrine that the glory of God might again rest upon the Holy Hill as the Shekinah had of yore. Some prayed in groups, others by themselves. An old woman kissed the sacred stones, worn smooth by centuries of fondling by those who loved them. Nelson and I worshiped silently. Through my mind there passed a panorama of Jewish history, its spiritual glory and earthly suffering. Martyrs because of their faith, Jews clung to that faith and found through it the strength and the will to live.

Zionist leaders whom I had met through the Palestine office of the Jewish Agency were full of hope and plans. They were proud of the Jews' contribution to the war effort. They referred to the chemicals that were being taken out of the Dead Sea; to the more than 30,000 Jewish volunteers in the British Army reluctantly accepted by the British authorities. They spoke of the courage of these soldiers tried and tested at El Alamein, at Tobruk, Bengassi, Tripoli, Crete, and Tunisia. Palestine had no conscription law and the British High Commissioner had even urged Jewish youth not to enlist in the British Army. Jewish youth wanted military experience for the future. No family allotments were initially provided for Palestinian volunteers and their pay was even less than that of the regular British soldier, but these handicaps did not restrain them. Outnumbered in the population of Palestine by the Arabs two to one, Jewish volunteers to the British forces outnumbered the Arabs by a ratio of fifteen to one. For their blood and sacrifices these Jewish warriors expected no recognition nor opportunities from the British Administration in Palestine. But power politics and traditional imperialism dominated it. It was said to be importing notorious Axis sympathizers to initiate anti-Jewish agitation among Arabs to weaken Jewish post-war demands. The reward of imperialism for heroism on the battlefield may be, and I hated to think it, pogroms by Arabs, sanctioned secretly by British agents.

The Zionist leaders believed that the Negev, an area south of Palestine can be cultivated and developed. They contended that scientists have found water there and more can be brought in from the Mediterranean. The Negev was desert and waste. This they hoped to reclaim and they believed it could sustain 2,000,000

people. If the British Government would let them develop this useless waste stretch of land, they would find means to do so. The sheer daring and imagination of the plan compelled admiration. Zionist leaders were greatly interested in the work of the American Red Cross and were very anxious to be asked to cooperate with it.

So also was Henrietta Szold, the American Jewess, founder of the Hadassah and for the past decade the leading spirit in the Youth Aliyah, through which 10,000 orphaned and unwanted Jewish children of Europe had found a haven in Palestine. One thousand of the children she had saved were serving in the British Army and repaying the British Empire for the privilege of sanctuary it gave them. Henrietta Szold, white-haired and old seemed a little weary and was anxious to return to her home in Baltimore, but civilians may not travel in times of war. So, she continued with her work. Politically she stood half-way between Magnes and the Zionist organization. She recognized what she felt were the weaknesses of both positions but remained a disciplined Zionist. She believed that the leap from the restrictions of the European Ghettoes to the modern, almost anarchic, freedom of Palestine has been too great.

Judah Magnes and she were the noblest and most distinguished Americans living in Palestine.

Oliver Wasson, St. Louis, new director of the American Red Cross in Palestine in Alfred Brandt, his predecessor, who was initiating him in his duties, met me in Jerusalem and we dined in Nelson Glueck's home. I introduced them to Dr. Magnes. Both Glueck and Magnes offered to aid the work of the American Red Cross. I was interviewed by the Palestine Post, the English daily, and the two Hebrew newspapers. I saw the Palestine Post's article. It contained a good description of the Red Cross work. Whether the Hebrew dailies ever ran my story I have never learned. They had not done so up to the time of my leaving Palestine.

A MEMORABLE FOURTH

The next day was the Fourth of July. Mr. Pilkington, the American Consul General of Palestine, had offered to drive me

to Tel Aviv for the Fourth of July celebration which had been prepared by American military units and by the city of Tel Aviv. Before ranking officers and Tel Aviv municipal dignitaries, our troops passed by in review. An official military dinner followed.

I dined at Tel Aviv at the large Red Cross Enlisted Men's Club which had been established in the old Palestine Office Building. It had facilities for housing, eating, recreation, and information. It was patronized by soldiers of the Middle East Air Force who came there for a week of rest and play. The reservations for the G. I.'s were made by their outfits. When they came to the club, everything was set for them. Daily tours to Jerusalem were available, also three-day trips to the shrines of Palestine. For these tours the Red Cross furnished the bus gratis, but the men paid for their own food and hotel expenses. One morning as a bus was preparing to go on a three day tour, a bit of excitement was created by some angry officers. They had refused to ride in a bus with enlisted men. The bus was half-full. Yet they demanded a bus for themselves, even though the Red Cross was paying the cost. To avoid any scene, the Red Cross director agreed to secure another vehicle. The enlisted men could not help but hear the angry discussion and were infuriated. One of them said, "We're good enough to die with them but not good enough to ride with them." Not many American officers would have created such a scene, or would have refused to ride in a bus with such fine clean-cut Americans. In most instances, especially in an active theatre of war, the relationship between officers and enlisted men was intimate, cordial, and personal. In some outfits there were officers who did not use their prerogative of preceding enlisted men in the mess lines. At one front line Air Base, a Colonel who was idolized by his men, waited his turn for meals like everyone else. But fools like the complaining officers in Tel Aviv are found everywhere and there was no law which can make our officers' corps immune from such.

The city of Tel Aviv had arranged a garden party for all Americans in Palestine in honor of the Fourth. A public park had been set aside for American and Palestinian dignitaries. I went out there with Alfred Brandt, now in charge of all club operations in the Chinese-India-Burma theatre of war. Brandt

was a fine fellow. Tall, attractive, with a friendly engaging personality, he was liked by the G. I.'s and by the city officials, and by the civilian personnel. The latter had given him a farewell party and were genuinely sorry that he was leaving the area. He was considerate, cooperative, and intelligent. He was a fine representative of America and the Red Cross. He made friends for both while doing a first class job for our soldiers. On arrival at the garden party Brandt and I were received and introduced to Mayor Rokeach of Tel Aviv, and his wife. After they had greeted us, ushers escorted us to a table where we met our host. Because they assumed that American Red Cross personnel were connected with hospital service, they had sent us to a table at which the host was the head of the Hadassah hospital in Tel Aviv. He spoke English quite well and that was our medium of communication. At a large table in the center of the park sat diplomatic and military dignitaries, among them Rabbi Toledano, the head of the Sefardic community in Tel Aviv. He wore the clerical garb of an English Bishop and looked very imposing. I had greetings to him from kinsmen in Algiers and welcomed the chance meeting which made it possible for me to transmit them. At the table at which he sat, Tel Aviv girls served coffee, tea, and sandwiches. The Palestine orchestra played light music throughout the afternoon.

From the garden party we went to the Red Cross beach party, too late, however, to go in swimming. The Mediterranean was sparkingly blue; the beach large and excellent, but the sun had already begun to set and Red Cross workers were preparing hamburgers, hot-dogs, potato salad, soft drinks and donuts. Even if I had wanted to swim I would not have done so for fear that I would miss this good food. It was the best food that I had come near since I had eaten at an officers' mess at a port of embarkation in the States. The moment the G. I.'s saw the food was being prepared, they dropped everything they were doing and with their Tel Aviv girls, secured for them by the Red Cross, they thronged to the sandwich booth. Here was the U.S.A. by the shores of the Mediterranean. The Fourth was being celebrated in American fashion in this American style city, with its aggressive youthfulness, its appreciation of liberty and its genuine

desire to make American soldiers feel at home. After the sandwiches had been served and the hot dogs disposed of, there was a program of community singing, arranged by the Special Service Officer of the American Army. Here were these Jewish girls from Tel Aviv and American soldiers from all parts of our country brought together by the fortunes of war, singing together American songs and arm in arm watching the sun set in radiant beauty across the sea. Here were these Americans fighting for freedom as have their ancestors and these Jewish girls who had come to Palestine to find freedom from tyranny, to find the same freedom which all Americans enjoy. But there was no rest for Brandt and myself. We could not linger in this atmosphere of freedom and romance.

The Palestine Symphony Orchestra made up of refugee artists under the baton of Ben Hayim, was to give a special all-American program in honor of Independence Day. Though I had notified Brandt rather late of my eagerness to hear this concert, and though the hall was sold out, he managed to get two tickets through Mr. Ben David, an official of the Tel Aviv community who served as the liaison officer between the American Army and the city of Tel Aviv. His functions were to aid in making the stay of the American G. I. as pleasant and as comfortable as possible. Mr. David had been of great help to the Red Cross and to our soldiers. A week ago, a G. I. orchestra had arrived by plane to play at a dance. Their instruments had failed to arrive. In despair an appeal was made to Mr. Ben David and in a short time all the instruments required by the G. I. band were available. The dance was held as scheduled.

Mr. Ben David had known how to get excellent seats for me. It was a warm day. The auditorium was packed. It could accommodate, I should judge, from eight hundred to one thousand people. The heat made me perspire and I felt uncomfortable only until the orchestra began to play. Then all discomforts vanished. The first section of the program contained numbers by American-Jewish composers, Bloch, Copeland, and ended with Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," which brought the house down. The last part of the program consisted of a splendid rendition of Dvorak's "New World Symphony." As the familiar melodies about the

freedom of the New World poured out from this great orchestra, I looked around and saw individuals around me in tears. The same liberty pioneer Americans had sought they were seeking. The woman in front of me was a pioneer from one of the Jewish colonies. She wept freely. Her husband was with General Montgomery fighting the Nazis and she was carrying on his work. She was glad he was where he was. She was willing that he risk his life for liberty. The people of Tel Aviv were very close to America. They have imitated American mechanical civilization but they also appreciate the freedom for every man which inspired the production of creature comforts for the common man. The tie between Tel Aviv and America was spiritual as well as mechanical.

It had been a great day for me—one of the most memorable Fourth of Julys in my life. I was spiritually moved. When I arrived at the hotel, I met the Commander of the American troops in Palestine. He had waited to see me to express to me his appreciation of the work of the Red Cross. He told me that the officer's and enlisted men's clubs had been secured by him for the American armies and he had planned to run them himself but found he needed the Red Cross, so he telephoned to Cairo. The American Red Cross in Cairo did not let him down. Personnel and money were sent over. The Army and the Red Cross were cooperating perfectly. Of this he was greatly appreciative. He complimented me on the fine personnel the Red Cross sent him.

After he had gone on for something, he said to me, "Coming here has been a great experience for me; it has changed my philosophy of life. When I read my orders sending me here, I dreaded the thought of coming. Now I dread the thought of leaving. This is one of the world's choice communities. Its people have been most generous and cooperative. They have extended every courtesy to us. They are as fine as any people. We are proud to be invited to dine in their homes and consider it a privilege to be allowed to take out their daughters. I didn't know that there were such fine people here and that I would find such a magnificent community." An American general passing through here refused to believe what he saw. That such a modern clean

city could be found in all the misery in the Near East seemed miraculous. I was glad to hear this. Glad to hear the fine impression that Jewish Palestine had made on American soldiers. Glad to hear that Palestine Jews were so generous, so hospitable, so considerate to American soldiers. Glad to hear that the officers appreciated what Tel Aviv was doing for them. But I wondered. What did this Army officer mean when he said that his philosophy of life had been changed? He seemed to read my mind and sensed what was bothering me. Voluntarily he spoke up and said, "You know I never knew there were Jews like these in the world. I come from the East, and I had few Jewish contacts, except in the subway rushes and these were not pleasant. I am profoundly changed. I recognize now that you cannot judge a group by personal contacts with a few uncouth individuals. I recognize that each man must be judged on his own merits. Both my officers and I have been compelled to revise our own attitude towards Jews as a result of our experiences here." Mingled emotions filled me. Pride in the fine impression the Jews of Palestine had made on the American Army, sadness to think that American soldiers and officers had to go to Palestine to learn the truth about their own fellow-Americans.

No propaganda can overcome the reality of Jewish accomplishments in Palestine, and the Americans who came there were surprised and their judgments were fair. Who would have thought that the Jews of Palestine would in this way undermine anti-semitic propaganda among American soldiers? Palestinian Jewry had begun to repay its debt to American Jewry.

I had another day in the Holy Land and my friend Brandt arranged to have me visit the Jewish colonies in the Valley of Jezreel, the historic Emek. I had been in the Emek seventeen years ago and was anxious to see if its progress had kept pace with the rest of the country. When General Allenby had been there in World War I, the Emek had been a swamp. Seventeen years earlier the swamps had been drained. Farm settlements containing 25,000 souls had sprung up and their inhabitants were trying to make a neglected land once more fit for human habitation. So little land was available that each farmer was allotted

twenty-five acres at the most. It seemed almost impossible that these agricultural colonies could ever be self-sustaining, no matter how high-minded their inhabitants. The sunshine of Palestine makes possible three crops a year, so that a twenty-five acre farm would be equivalent to a seventy-five acre farm in the United States. I shall never forget the unbearable heat of the Emek seventeen years ago. It seemed as if I was sitting in front of a hot furnace all day.

Accompanied by Rabbi Davidowitz, an American World War veteran, Chaplain with the AEF in France, who now made his home in Palestine, I set out for the Emek at six o'clock in the morning, and stopped at the first village we came to for breakfast. Eggs and dairy products were plentiful and we ate to our heart's content. What a pity that such good food was not available in North Africa! The change that I saw all around was most startling. In seventeen years the Emek had made centuries of progress. Straggling farm villages were now well-developed communities with attractive homes, neat buildings, fine roads. All around I saw trees and even orange groves already yielding rich harvests and repaying the workers who by sheer determination had retrieved the water in the soil. Driving through the Emek was like driving through a new civilization that spoke of the creative possibilities of the human spirit.

My destination was Ain Harod, a colony located in the eastern part of the Emek right opposite Mt. Gilboa, on which King Saul lost his life. Seventeen years before it was just beginning. Its annual deficits had to be met by contributions from the outside world. The people in the colony were extra fine, noble spirits, intellectuals of the ghettos who had come to Palestine in the spirit of idealism with determination to regenerate the soil so that it would be theirs. Unwanted in their homelands in Europe they craved for a land which would love them. The pioneers fought malaria and other diseases and their graves can be seen on the hillsides. On their tombstones there are no last names. The only memorial they wanted was this land productive, creative, playing once more an important part in the civilization of man. In their colonies they experimented with social ideals, working cooperatively, one for all and all for one. They had

faced two problems. Could the ideal work and could the land support them? What I saw there convinced me that they had solved both.

In August of 1943 the colony consisted of eight hundred souls, eighty of whom had volunteered for the armed forces. Its total income last year was 460,000 pounds. Its total expenses, which included the housing and living and all the other needs of all the inhabitants were 440,000 pounds, leaving a profit of 20,000 pounds or eighty thousand dollars. The colony was more than self-sustaining. For a farming community in the Middle East to earn one hundred dollars per capita, above all expenses, was a miracle of miracles. But here were the figures. While the war had brought prosperity, the war had also prevented the disposition of its orange crop. There were orange groves on Mt. Gilboa, bare seventeen years ago. The colony was governed by an elected council whose leader was a woman, Susanna Finkelstein. The five commissioners elected were in full charge and apportioned the work and incurred expenses. The colony was also engaged in industry. It had a blacksmith shop and small factories in which it made tools and utensils for the allied armies and for the bigger cities. It also had a clothing factory. There was an air of activity about it. It hummed like a beehive. Mrs. Finkelstein proceeded to show me around. In the blacksmith's shop, I saw girls at work welding. The colony had tractors and reapers. It bought the motors in America and made the rest of the machinery itself. In the shop I saw an old man building shelves. I had seen old men and women in homes for the aged, disgruntled and disappointed, almost eagerly waiting for the day of death. There was something benign about this old man and unusually serene about his face. He was happy in his old age. He was contributing something to the community in which he lived. He was as proud of his shelves as a boy in a manual training room and he insisted on showing them to me. There I met the community artist, a carpenter in the morning, and an artist in the afternoon. He had to show me the museum. The small farm colony, seventeen years old, that had to grapple with the fundamentals of a livelihood already boasted a museum

located in a large house containing religious objects and paintings. In peace time, the artist had been sent to Europe by the colony to rummage around in the stores of Europe's cities in search of unknown works of art. He had made some creditable finds and had restored them and they were the pride of Ain Harod. Children who had artistic talents came to this artist for instruction.

I walked over to the school. In it the most modern pedagogical methods were employed. Its teachers were sent to progressive educational conventions to learn about the latest teaching methods. There was a large playground with fine equipment. I saw the nurseries where the babies were cared for by experts while the parents go to their labor. At the age of six, the children were taken out of the nursery to live with their parents. There was a large common dining hall which relieved individual families of much of the drudgery of housework. Separate families had their own living and sleeping quarters. In the community dining room, women were at work setting the table for the next meal. We had to eat something. Vegetables and all sorts of dairy dishes were placed before us in bewildering confusion. I asked for some honey to bring to my landlady in Algiers. A two-quart tin was brought to me. It was too heavy to transport in a plane and so I took a little of it and left the rest at the Red Cross club in Tel Aviv. I wanted to pay for the honey but Mrs. Finkelstein refused to accept anything. I told her that there were American soldiers who might want to spend a week or a week-end with them and asked what her rates would be. She replied, "American soldiers will be the guests of the colony as long as they are willing to come and accept our modest accommodations."

In so many places, even in our country, I had found people trying to exploit soldiers. Here in Ain Harod, they appreciated them and were prepared to offer them the generous hospitality of their homes. I was asked to stay all night. My time was limited. I had to go on. I saw ten Polish Jewish orphans who came from Teheran. They were in a separate dwelling. They had been given foster parents, but the sight of fathers and mothers putting children to bed reminded them of the horrors they had seen and so they had to live by themselves. The homes and nurseries had

screens, rare in the Middle East. I asked Mrs. Finkelstein what they were doing with the profits. She said they are used to improve the colony. What happened when a person wants to leave the colony? He was free to go. What happened to the boy who wants to go to college? If he had the ability the colony sent him to college. Men and women have perfect equality there. They both have obligations to work, as teachers, as carpenters, as cooks or as farmers, as dairy-maids or as welders. Everybody worked for the welfare of the community, and all shared alike in the product of their toil. As I was leaving, I met Mrs. Finkelstein's son. She called to her boy in Hebrew. She told him I might get to Tobruk where his father was. She asked him if he had a message which I might give his father. The boy kissed his mother and said, "Tell my father that I am anxious that he come home as soon as possible after Hitler has been conquered." In Ain Harod the finest of human spirit was revealed. I drove throughout the Emek, skirted Nazareth, went over Mt. Carmel to the city of Haifa, Palestine's great port, and drove down the coastal plain through all sorts of colonies, arriving in Tel Aviv at night.

I dined in a restaurant. At a table at which I sat was a Latvian refugee, a manufacturer of textiles, who now was busy supplying the Palestine market. He told me of the high cost of housing, of the shortage of land and of homes. His wife, three children and he lived in three rooms besides a kitchen and bath. The average worker had two rooms. Domestic help was organized, worked eight hours a day, and was paid \$40 a month. Palestine was free of beggars. Labor was well organized. It was very efficient and the goods it produced could compete in the open market with other countries despite high wages. Land speculation was going on in Palestine and small houses cost as much as \$30,000. Like all communities near which troops congregated, Tel Aviv had a night life which was as unappetizing as night life anywhere. There were, however, some American nightclubs, which specialized in American orchestras and jazz. There was dancing in gardens.

A BATTLE-WORN PILOT

My stay in Palestine was over. The next day I went to the airdrome in Lydda. It was the airport for Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. My heart fell when I saw the plane of the MSR Lines which I was to board. It was a one-motor antiquated De Havilland. It was painted white not battle green because Egypt was a neutral country and this plane therefore had immunity from enemy attack. Every seat in it was taken. Few Americans were on the plane. I took this private plane because our army had no plane service to Palestine. The flight to Cairo lasted two hours and was easy and comfortable. As the plane rose into the air it headed toward the Sinai Peninsula. I could see where green patches had invaded the barren desert. These were the colonies created by intrepid Jewish settlers. How can the world refuse to let those European Jews, who have no homeland, reclaim this desert? In a short while we came near the Suez Canal and landed at Port Said. I counted at least sixty ships in the harbor and realized how important this route was especially before the Mediterranean had been opened.

On arrival in Cairo I found that none of the supplies I wanted was available. In the evening I took a carriage and drove around Cairo in the moonlight following the banks of the River Nile towards the king's palace, and meditating about the historic events in which it had been a factor. My thoughts reverted to Palestine which had been a forgotten country, neglected and deteriorating until Jews in modern times began to reclaim and resettle it. They had done something with it. What a pity that the politics of nations prevented more from going there! They could do something with that land which would beneficently affect the whole Near East and might make it another center of a significant civilization.

I remembered the remark of the Latvian manufacturer, "America," he said, "will control the world when the war is over. What will it do with its power? Will it do what other empires have done? Seek its own well-being and use other nations as

pawns or will America turn her face against any imperialism, and by seeking to serve, bless mankind?"

My stay in the Middle East was over. I packed up, left word to be called at the Red Cross club, the former Grand Hotel, where I lodged. Early in the morning I was at the Heliopolis Airport, waiting for a plane. The last thing I had done the last afternoon was to get permission from the commanding officer of the Middle East to leave for North Africa only to learn there that I never received similar permission from General Eisenhower to leave North Africa. To go from one theatre of war to another required the consent of the commanding officer. I am sure General Eisenhower lost no sleep over this but I had one or two uncomfortable moments when an officer stared at me for unwittingly having violated this military regulation. The plane, an army transport with bucket seats, took off. In a short while I saw the pyramids in the morning sunlight as my plane headed westward across the desert, to take me back to my home in Algiers. I laughed to myself as I wrote this. Algiers had become my home even though I don't believe I had lived in it more than fourteen consecutive days at a time. I had to have a home.

Our plane stopped first at Bengasi for lunch. The installation there was in British hands. The hangars at the airport showed signs of heavy bombing, having been taken and retaken by British and Germans. In one part of the ruined structure the British Nafi, their parallel of our PX, was selling lunches. What a lunch! Strong tea and tomatoes on dry bread. But it was better than nothing. I found that few of the men travelling had any acceptable currency. I had, and I gladly paid for all the lunches. Lemonade was also available and I ordered it for everybody, but it was warm. Our next stop was Tripoli and there we had to remain all night. The plane for Algiers was scheduled to leave at seven in the morning.

A young American flyer, pilot of a pursuit plane, had become attached to me. He was a first lieutenant and was being transferred from the Middle East to North Africa. He seemed to be in bad spirits as he had just been discharged from a hospital. His ankle bothered him and he wore tennis instead of the regulation shoes. He had had a quarrel with his commanding officer

and therefore had been transferred. He had been part of our American Tactical Air Force which had strafed the Germans in cooperation with the British Eighth Army. He had quarrelled with his superior officer because he had lost confidence in the plane he was flying, the P-40. He believed that it was too slow and no match for a Messerschmidt. He was very anxious to fly a P-51, the now famous Mustang. He was certain that it was not being supplied because of politics at home. I knew that he was wrong, that no politics would have for one second kept our Air Force, from supplying our men with the best of planes. His making these charges, I believe, was simply part of his battle fatigue. I asked him if he would not like to go to town with me to visit the Red Cross. If we couldn't get a bus out of town that night, the Red Cross would see to it that we got back. He accepted my invitation eagerly and at four o'clock we were on the bus which speeded us to Tripoli thirty miles away.

The sun had gone down and Tripoli was not so hot. We were looking around for a cafe or tavern. We saw a civilian coming by and hailed him. He spoke French and understood English. He also spoke Italian, Hebrew and Arabic. When I asked him whether he spoke German he answered negatively with a look of disgust. He sent us to a lovely Italian garden. There we were served cherry brandy, sherbet and cookies. We sat and chatted until it was time to take the bus.

My pilot friend had enlisted in the air force immediately upon graduation from an engineering school and hated war—a disgusting and dirty business. He wanted to do his duty and go home. War was a nightmare to him. He was anxious to get his new assignment, to complete his flying hours and then go home. He said that his friends and he had often discussed the wisdom of existing international law, and had chafed under the restraints which it had placed upon them. He believed it right to strafe the civilian population, women and children. He also believed it right to use dum-dum bullets. Anything was right according to him which helped bring the conflict to an early close and thus would save American lives. Attacking civilians would weaken the morale of the soldiers, and thus would hasten the end of the war and was therefore justified.

He told me of a tragic story of an R.A.F. pilot whose family had been killed in the blitz and who was alone in the world. Once, when shot down, the British officer had been captured by Arabs in the desert who had castrated him. To save the lives of flyers the British were offering a five-hundred dollar award for their safe return by Arabs. This news spread in the desert like wild fire by word of mouth. As a direct result many lives were saved. This maimed British officer had two ambitions; to kill as many Arabs and as many Germans before his life came to an end. On seeing Arabs, when flying, he would leave his formation to wreak his vengeance. He did the same to any German troops under any and all circumstances irrespective of international guarantees. He was finally killed by a Messerschmidt after he had shot down twenty-two German planes and had repaid the Nazis for the destruction of his family.

I kept this young American pilot with me in Algiers for several days. He slept on the divan in my room on sheets that I furnished him. He seemed to enjoy my companionship and accompanied me wherever I went. He was reassigned and sent to aid in the invasion of Sicily. I learned from his parents that he had won a citation. I wrote to him but have never received a reply from him. I do not know whether he is alive or well or whether he is abroad or in this country. By an interesting coincidence when I was leaving North Africa for England by plane, I traveled for a while with men from his original squadron who were homeward bound for a rest after they had fulfilled their quota of missions.

It was awfully hot in the morning in Tripoli and I felt sorry for the mess sergeant who on that day had to stand over a stove and fry powdered eggs and prepare coffee. A piece of bread with jam and a coup of coffee was all that I wanted. Our plane took off as per schedule. On nearing Sfax, my flyer friend became very excited. We were within reach of enemy planes and he was ready to take over the plane from the transport pilot in case of emergency, as he would know better how to maneuver it. I asked him what we could do having no weapons with us. He said there was only one thing to do and that is fly straight at the enemy plane. His concern was groundless. We landed at Tellurgma, near Con-

stantine and by noon, we were at the airport in Algiers arriving there in time to have lunch.

TOWN HALL MARCHES ON

As soon as I entered our mess, Bill Stevenson told me that he had bad news for me. Town Hall had been killed.

The next day I went to Headquarters to ascertain why Town Hall had been banned. I learned that that morning General Jock Whitley, Deputy Chief of Staff of General Eisenhower, had issued a ruling approving the holding of Town Hall meetings and giving permission for the discussion of any subjects except those involving military operations, but speakers and subjects had to be cleared through military intelligence. The only limitation was military security. Above all, recent operations must not be discussed. This was a very liberal ruling. General Whitley was an Englishman and the English are noted for encouraging free discussions among their soldiers. Because the allied commands were merged, it was possible for an Englishman to make a ruling that would affect American troops. By Sunday, July 11th, everything was cleared for the resumption of Town Hall and I set out to find speakers. I first approached Captain Bob Neville, editor of the Stars and Stripes, who agreed to discuss the theme, "Editing an Army Newspaper." Bastille Day was three days away and I prevailed upon the officers' club to arrange for a Bastille Day celebration and secured Henry Bonnet, De Gaulle's Minister of Information, then a member of the Provisional French Cabinet to speak.

That same Sunday I heard that the Sicilian invasion was on and that everything was going well. I heard that John Gunther and Raymond Clapper were in the area. I tried to contact them for Town Hall but they had gone. I also ran into Kurt Peiser of Philadelphia, and Dr. Joseph Schwartz, who had come overseas as the agents of the Joint Distribution Committee, which was in charge of all overseas Jewish relief. Both of them were trained social workers and were heading for Tunis on a trip of investigation. They were pleased with the fine

cooperation given them by the military and the civil affairs offices. Drew Middleton of the New York Times agreed to speak at the officers' club on "The French Campaign of 1940." Helen Kirkpatrick of the Chicago Daily News said she would speak as often as possible and the subjects would be either France or Italy. She had lived in both countries. Rodman Stead of the Christian Science Monitor, who for a while was heard daily on the Mutual Broadcasting chain, was ready to lead a discussion on "For What We Are Fighting." For the Bastille Day celebration at the officers' club, I tried in vain to get General De Gaulle. I suppose that he could have come only if General Eisenhower had invited him.

I had made arrangements to take French lessons every afternoon with a French civilian who had volunteered her services to American Red Cross personnel. She believed that she and I should converse daily in French for half an hour. We held exciting discussions. She had some decisive comment to make on American foreign policy. De Gaulle was the hope of France and she believed that a deal had been made by Murphy even with Laval, and General Giraud in the United States. The French were beginning to suspect our foreign policy. It was her conviction and that of her friends that Murphy was a representative of big capital in America, a Wall Street diplomat, who wanted to be sure that no liberal government controls post-war France. She was afraid that Americans were wanting to exploit the world and were preparing to embark on a new imperialism. Americans did not understand France. France had seen hostile armies invade her borders, threaten and seize her capital too often for comfort. Americans could not understand the French because Americans could not put themselves in Frenchmen's position. I realized that the French were a very independent and proud people. Their defeat and the loss of their freedom were a terrible humiliation and they were very sensitive about it.

I again met Lieutenant Colonel Grinker and heard about psychiatric work among our soldiers. The lack of a clear-cut war goal he found to be most destructive of morale. The Germans had such a goal. Hitler had given it to them. For it they were prepared to die. American soldiers fight to return home—a per-

sonal desire, not a crusading cause. Hatred, thought this psychiatrist, was bad. It gave one a guilt feeling which was destructive. There was more psychological neurosis among the land troops than in the air force. In the air force the men were fighting machines and not human beings. The soldier who had no feeling for a cause was more likely to develop a neurosis. Grinker found opposition to his psychiatry because psychiatry was concerned with all phases of the individual and not merely in preparing him to be cannon-fodder. He noted, as did everyone in the theatre of war, that the men were hating everybody but their foes, the French, the Arabs, the British, and that that hatred was a germ out of which the isolation sentiment of tomorrow would grow. British morale was better. I met an English paratrooper in Algiers. He had taken part in the capture of Pantaleria. I asked him if he wanted to return home. His answer was, "Only if I could stay, and I couldn't stay until the job is finished. I know that I have got to protect my dear ones. Going home would be most pleasant but leaving home would be too hard. I shall prefer to go home by way of the continent." He was not ready to go when he had accomplished a certain amount of missions. He could not go home until Hitler was destroyed. That man had something to fight for.

Bob Neville spoke at Town Hall. He was not a good speaker, and he knew it, and there were limitations to his address. Much that he knew was a military secret. He could not mention the things that were censored. That would be a violation of censorship. He could not tell how many issues of the Stars and Stripes were published daily or weekly. That would give some information away about the number of our troops. He did tell that most of his complaints came from boys who felt for some reason or other that their exploits or those of their comrades had been overlooked. When he featured the bombers, the fighters complained and vice versa.

Neville was very grateful for all the suggestions made. A former foreign correspondent of Time and also on the staff of P.M., Bob Neville created a fine tradition for the Stars and Stripes. Despite his distinguished newspaper career, he found himself a sergeant on his arrival in North Africa to commence

his work. There was no mess in Algiers except the officers' mess. To eat at that mess he had to be commissioned. He was therefore brought before a Board of Examiners. They kept him for two hours, pumping him for information about his own experiences with Time Magazine. The board was apparently impressed with him and gave him a First Lieutenant's commission. He subsequently was promoted to a Captain. He had a staff of seventy-five in Algiers alone. Shortly thereafter he left to issue editions in Palermo and Naples. Members of his staff were devoted to him. They were not anxious for commissions. They loved their work. One of them, John Welsh III, in charge of the column on Pup Tent Poets, had been General Spaatz' secretary. He could have been commissioned but he was interested in poetry and preferred to be a buck private, editing G. I. poetry, than having bars on his shoulders.

BASTILLE DAY 1943 AND DE GAULLE

On the Eve of Bastille Day I was confronted with a problem of getting a French flag, as a courtesy to the French, who were most sensitive, and in honor of Bastille Day and the distinguished Frenchman who was to speak at the Officers' Club. While getting locks and chairs had been very difficult in Algiers, I had thought that French flags would be easy to secure only to learn that the contrary was the case. For three years now Bastille Day had not been celebrated and the French Republican flag had not been displayed. Many of the flags had been destroyed. Some had decayed. Cloth to make new flags was unavailable. Every Frenchman who had a flag was anxious to display it as an evidence of his pride in his newly-won freedom and his ability once more to celebrate the fall of the Bastille. Director Bill Kiel of the Red Cross club, with all of his contacts did not succeed in getting hold of a French flag. I was determined to get a flag if I had to see the mayor of Algiers. I went to the City Hall, and was sent to the colonel commanding the French troops. I waited an hour for the gentleman to return from lunch, and he turned my request down cold. I went to a police station. The chief was

out. On his return he told me he knew where there were some flags but he had no one to send with me. One look at the disappointment in my face led him to volunteer to go with me. He took me to the City Hall. It was a hot day. There were no elevators. We climbed seven flights of stairs, and wandered through long hallways finally finding someone who knew that there were some flags in a city warehouse. I explained that I wanted them for the Red Cross and he said he would give some to me. I added that we would use it at the officer's club. He answered, "Not for officers," so I stressed again the Red Cross. He promised to send me the order for flags to my office in an hour.

He appreciated the Red Cross. The Red Cross was giving milk to French children. On Bastille Day the Red Cross was going to give the Free French Army eight ambulances. These acts of generosity made civilian French appreciative of the American Red Cross. A messenger brought me an order for two flags. I induced him to come along with me to guide me to the warehouse. I secured the flags and brought them in triumph to the officers' club where they are to this very day, I presume. It took me a whole day to get these flags, but it was worth while. The best thing about the whole experience was the evidence that the humane work of the American Red Cross unselfishly given, and intelligently administered was making friends for America among French civilians.

Bastille Day in Algiers in 1943 was most memorable. General Giraud had gone to the United States to be the guest of President Roosevelt. It was a good thing he had for he might have been disturbed by the popular reception which De Gaulle received that day from the French people, three hundred thousand of whom filled the streets in what proved to be the greatest demonstration in the history of Algiers. Festivities began very early. I was invited to have breakfast at the home of Martin Codell who lived in an apartment with Gilly Gilbert and had a maid coming in to make his breakfast. After breakfast with Gilbert, I left the apartment to walk on Rue Michelet, the main street of Algiers. It was filled with people and military vehicles. Tanks given by us to the French to be used by them in the invasion of Italy were driven through the streets. Crowds were lined on the sidewalks and gendarmes on horseback and on foot kept order. I walked

down to the square opposite the post office where General De Gaulle was to review the troops. While walking I heard the clatter of horses and saw the brilliantly uniformed Spahi horsemen lead a procession. Behind them in a car sat General De Gaulle, a young man in his early forties, of fair complexion, smooth youngish features, and apparently very tall, judging by how he towered in his seat above those people who surrounded him. His face hardly revealed the maturity to be expected of the head of a great though partially conquered empire. As De Gaulle passed, the crowds cheered, and he waved to them. The cheering was spontaneous and not synthetic. I found a place opposite the reviewing stand and there met Betti Lesman and Marjorie Bomberger of the Red Cross. We could just about see De Gaulle saluting the troops as they went by. Buildings with balconies from which people were viewing the parade lured us. The two Red Cross girls had difficulty in seeing De Gaulle and we invited ourselves to try the balconies. We entered one of them. The first door on which we knocked was the office of "L'Humanite," the communist newspaper. The personnel welcomed us on their balcony, but a tree obscured our view. We decided to try the next floor, and before leaving were given a copy of the newspaper. It came in very handy for me for it contained a synopsis of the French Bill of Rights which was very much like our Bill of Rights. I translated it and read it at the Town Hall meeting at the officers' club that evening. From the third floor balcony, we had a good view of the parade and the reviewing stand. Next to De Gaulle stood the British Minister McMillan and Robert Murphy, representative of President Roosevelt. Present also in the group was the Archbishop of Algiers and next to him stood a short-bearded person whom I recognized as the Chief Rabbi of Algiers, Rabbi Eisenbeth. His presence there meant a good deal. It was a symbol of the restoration of liberty to Algerian Jews deprived of them by Vichy and of the repudiation of Nazism. The rabbi later told me that he had been invited to all the official receptions that day. Although all Vichy laws had as yet not been repealed, General De Gaulle's committee was going to repeal them, and did.

After the military parade was over, we were anxious to see the

civilian parade which was being held in another section of Algiers. So huge was the crowd on the sidewalks that the only way we could get through would be by walking in the middle of the street and getting by the French police. We saw some American Signal Corps photographers going in and out of the crowd, so I took a camera from one of the Red Cross girls, hung it around my neck, and boldly marched through the French lines. We were not challenged and we easily made our way to the starting point of the civilian parade. Again we decided to ask a French family for the use of their balcony. G. I.'s had preceded us and we received a hearty welcome and had an excellent view. Among the paraders were veterans of foreign wars, members of trade unions, communists, men who had come out of concentration camps and various youth groups. They carried banners which read "To the Gallows with Petain and Laval," "No Discrimination in Laws," "Punish the Torturers of Prisoners in Concentration Camps," "Purge the Administration of Pro-Vichy Elements," "Fascism Is Our Enemy," "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Among the marchers bearing banners were members of the railroad, gas and electrical and building unions.

The parade was led by pale men who had just been released from concentration camps. They were a pathetic and yet an inspiring lot. They were men of ideals and convictions who had loved liberty and were not afraid to make sacrifices for it. It was a touching scene to stand there as an American and to know that the sacrifices and suffering of our youth and the giving of our blood, even of our lives, had made possible this sacred hour. All the difficulties of living in that theatre of war and the hazards of the battlefield were made worthwhile to me at that very moment. While in this contemplative and exalted mood, an American soldier standing next to me totally unaware that he was witnessing a historic occasion, the rebirth of the French Republic, of the reawakening of the French revolutionary spirit, which had served as the cornerstone of democracy in Europe, called out to a young girl standing next to her father who had come from a concentration camp, "Hi, Toots!" I shuddered and so did Marjorie Bomberger. I do not blame the boy. He did not know any better. Why did not our

army leadership tell American soldiers what a grave and sacred day this was in the history of France, in the history of human liberty? This would have given our boys an appreciation of the occasion and great pride that they had helped to make it possible. It would have bolstered their morale and made their discomfort more endurable. But we were giving our boys the best of mechanical equipment and leaving ideals and ideas alone. We did not know then but we have learned since that ideas and ideals are weapons, yes, effective weapons.

The French family with whom I lived had a special noonday dinner celebrating Bastille Day to which were invited the English captain and myself. The English captain did not accept the invitation because the last family dinner had been a bore, and his hosts were Jewish. At the dinner there were some French soldiers, nephews of the Safars, who had received furloughs to celebrate this great anniversary of freedom. Because these Algerian French youth knew English, they had been serving with the British and American Military Police examining traffic on the road. They had been able to detect Italian and German prisoners who were trying to make a getaway in French uniforms. Their French would have seemed acceptable to English and Americans but not to them. These young Frenchmen, anti-Fascists, had no confidence in Giraud's officers and did not like to fight under them. One of them said, "How can we fight and be prepared to die under these men who have no respect for us and who make no pretense about their desire to persecute if not to exterminate us when the war is over?"

From the family dinner I went to the Park Galland, a small park located on a bluff overlooking the Mediterranean at which a grand fête was going to be held, to raise money for members of a French African Corps, which made a great record in Tunisia. The fête was to be signalized by the donation of eight Red Cross ambulances to the French Army by the American Red Cross. The presentation was to be made by the Honorable Robert Murphy, representative of President Roosevelt, and General Juin, later commander of French forces in Italy, was to make the speech of acceptance. Red Cross girls were drafted to drive the ambulances to Park Galland. There was much clicking of cam-

eras when Mr. Murphy spoke in French and General Juin replied. In French fashion, General Juin kissed Mr. Murphy on the cheeks. Afterwards General Juin handed out decorations to all who were around. I had marched off to inspect some of the booths and failed to get mine. When I arrived the decorations were exhausted. So fleeting is fame! General Juin held a social reception in honor of the American Red Cross where refreshments were served. The fête was like a county fair. It was almost impossible to get around. There were many American, British, and French soldiers and townspeople. It looked like many people from adjacent towns had come to Algiers to celebrate Bastille Day and to strengthen the leadership of General De Gaulle.

The Bastille Day celebration at the officers' club, and the address by the Honorable Henri Bonnet drew a fair attendance. There was too much excitement in town. Those who came were impressed. Henri Bonnet is an intellectual and an idealist. He drew parallels between American and French history and expressed the hope that next year French and Americans would celebrate Bastille Day in France. It seemed possible then. In 1945 it would be possible. Both Monsieur Bonnet and a Captain Breal were tremendously pleased with this first intellectual and spiritual contact between French and American officers. They were very eager and enthusiastic about arranging more such meetings. They believed it important that French and Americans exchange ideas, and bind closer ties between their two nations. They promised heartily to cooperate with Town Hall in the future. At the meeting I met Chaplain Gregory Locke whom I had known as Canon Locke while he was serving at Christ Church Cathedral in St. Louis and arranged to bring a Town Hall program to an outfit of ordnance mechanics in the hills about forty miles from Algiers the following Sunday. I also promised to bring out some ice cream in a Red Cross clubmobile with Red Cross girls.

TOWN HALL IS TRIUMPHANT

The British education office had listed me as one of their educational speakers and I had given the following subjects,

"My Three Visits to Nazi Germany," and "The United States of America." The education officer had assured me that British soldiers were tremendously interested in the United States. My own experience was that they were much more interested in hearing about my visits to Nazi Germany. The Education Office is part of the British Army. Every unit is expected to arrange for a discussion hour at least once a week. I filled five such engagements for British units. My first one was with an ammunition depot outside of Algiers. The major in charge of the educational program sent two soldiers for me. The major was a very kindly, sensitive man. He was feeling very gloomy at the time. While having some drinks with him, he told me that he was greatly perturbed because his son, a fighter pilot with the RAF, had not written for a month and he assumed that he was missing in action though he had received no official communication.

The major had been at Dunkirk. The ship returning him to England was wrecked at sea. He had come through the wreckage and landed. "All English soldiers who returned from Dunkirk were in my situation. We had no weapons. Our spirits were high but we were so adjusted to suffering that though our country was defenseless our enthusiasm at returning home and seeing our native soil dispelled all gloom. We thought it miraculous that we were able to return home in the face of our complete and overwhelming defeat on the field of battle. Altogether in England there were four hundred fighter pilots left." His son was one of them. As the major said, "Hitler could have walked into England and it would have been all over with the Empire. Why Hitler did not do so no one knows. It will rank as one of the great mistakes of history. The planes at the disposal of the British fighters were most primitive and crude. They were nothing but crates. My boy flew day and night in a wooden plane. His only weapon was a machine gun. These flimsy aircraft, manned by stout hearts frightened the mighty Luftwaffe, staved off defeat of the British Empire and gave America, the arsenal of democracy, a chance to prepare for the fray."

The major told me that if the Luftwaffe had kept up the blitz a little longer it would have met no opposition. The four hundred fighter pilots of England would have been worn

out by physical exhaustion. I felt awfully sorry for the major. He seemed to be very, very kind and take a personal interest in all the soldiers. He censored all their mail and knew most of their troubles. Once a month a soldier was permitted a private letter, which was not read by the unit censor. Otherwise the major read them all and he had a great deal of sympathy with and understanding for his boys—more so than I observed in the average British officer who so frequently is too caste-conscious to be greatly concerned about his men. The disease of aristocracy has eaten into the British officer class and as a result the British common soldier is one of the most poorly paid and poorly looked after in the world. Many a British soldier, who saw our Red Cross club with bitterness in his soul, remarked how decent we Americans were to our soldiers, in contrast with the treatment he received. It was often very hard to turn British boys away from American Red Cross installations. We lacked the funds and the facilities to do a morale job for all allied soldiers and that was too bad.

Before I had gone to Egypt, I had received a request from Major Allen of the 344th Engineers to bring a Town Hall program to him. When Town Hall was temporarily suspended, that program had been cancelled. Now that it was resumed, I determined to locate this engineering outfit. I drove out on a Friday morning and found it by noon. I was invited to lunch. The Major was pretty well disgusted. He said, "My unit is composed of older men. Our average age is thirty-five. We are a construction gang. We build hospitals, radio stations and air fields. We are now preparing to go in on an invasion—where, we do not know." It proved to be Italy. The major himself was from Lakeland, Florida. He was fifty-eight years of age, a road builder, an engineer by training. Half of his men were skilled workers who could make anything. One group had built a radio station. Another outfit had put a bakery into operation in Algiers. He was pretty much disgusted. He said, "The morale of my men is low. They had worked hard for little and had received no appreciation." "Well," I said, "the Red Cross will do something for them." He replied, "It is too late; we will probably leave on Monday."

That was a challenge to me as it would be to any Red Cross worker. Here was an outfit that deserved a treat. I was determined to get it for them, and promised to bring them something next Saturday evening. The major and his officers laughed. They didn't think anybody could work that fast. I hurried back to my office after lunch to get a Town Hall speaker and have him cleared, and if possible to bring out enough ice cream to take care of two thousand soldiers. Luck was with me. I met Cy Peterman, of the Philadelphia Inquirer, who had just come in from the Sicilian invasion. He had been a passenger on a transport plane which was towing some gliders. He told us of being fired on by guns from our own ships, and that he believed about one thousand of our men had lost their lives from our own guns because of inadequate signals and inexperienced gunners, who shot at anything in the sky. This can now be told. It was well-known in the theater of war, but it did not reach the public until months and months later. Cy agreed to speak on the subject, "After the Tunisian Victory." He was anxious to speak about the invasion but that was forbidden. I telephoned the subject into Colonel Shean of military intelligence who approved both subject and speaker. I hunted up Marjorie Bomberger who distributed the ice cream of the two factories whose total output went to American army units under Red Cross supervision. Marjorie could spare me five hundred liters of ice cream. I would have to get a truck to transport it and two girls to dish it out. In one hour everything was arranged. I was going to drive out to Major Allen to give him the good news but I was lucky and no Red Cross car was available.

I was lucky because I would have had to drive along the harbor road where a terrific explosion took place just about the time that I would have been there. Having no car, I went to my office. It was a small room, faced a courtyard, probably was a maid's bedroom in the old days, as it was right next to where the kitchen was. The room had a large French door and a window which was open. About two o'clock I heard a rumble and a terrific explosion. I thought Nazi bombers were over the city. There had been no warning. I assumed that some unfriendly na-

tives had tampered with our radar equipment so that the raid in broad daylight burst upon us without warning. The roar continued. I saw a charwoman in the apartment across the courtyard on an upper story bow her head as if in prayer or trying to ward off a blow. I too bowed my head. The roar continued. I heard glass breaking around me. I thought the building was going to crash over my ears. Suddenly it was quiet. I ran out of my office to Bill Stevenson's office and there in the harbor I saw flames shooting out of a ship. It was easy to realize what had happened. Two munitions ships had exploded and had disappeared with all their men. Four of my friends from the ammunition depot had been loading one ship. Nothing was ever seen of them or their two lorries. They had just disintegrated and disappeared. The ship on fire was a tanker. Nearby there were other ships. They immediately began to steam away to safe sections of the harbor. The flames on the tanker continued.

Then I saw one of the most heroic and courageous actions I had ever witnessed. A tiny tug manned by a British crew approached the flaming ship which might have had munitions and might explode any minute. From the tug a cable was attached to the burning ship. The cable broke and another cable was attached. It held. This little tug pulled this huge burning tanker with fire and smoke pouring out of its funnels to the far end of the harbor where it would be out of the way of shipping and where it would not endanger any other installations. Here was real heroism and moral courage. The tanker could not have been sunk as burning fuel would have endangered all the shipping in the harbor. All the warehouses near where the accident took place were shattered. Many civilians working on the docks lost their lives. No one knows how many. Repercussions of explosions caused damage throughout the city of Algiers. In my own apartment, hinges were blown off doors. In General Eisenhower's headquarters, windows were broken. The public never learned the extent of the damage. Rumors were that from two hundred to a thousand lost their lives and \$20,000,000 worth of ammunition was blown up in smoke in a few minutes. At least two ships went down. None of the correspondents went down to the docks, as the news was

bound to be censored. Reporting it would be of value only to the enemy. Who can tell what caused the explosion? No one on or near the ships lived to tell the tale.

Some distance away a sailor on a ship which carried TNT saw everything flying around him and was sure that his ship was next. With his mate he dived into the water, only to learn that his ship was unharmed and he had deserted his post in time of danger. He was so ashamed of himself that he tried to forget his misery in an orgy of drunkenness and was brought into the Red Cross club. He was incoherent and in a daze. I saw Marjorie Bomberger struggling to make him comfortable for the night. He forgot the name of his ship, but he knew it had something to do with a song from Kentucky. He was right. Marjorie called up the Maritime Commission. Among the ships was an S.S. Stephen Foster, named after the composer of "My Old Kentucky Home." The sailor was told to get to his ship as soon as possible. He did the next morning. He said, "This is a lesson for us. We threw these boxes of percussion caps around as you do a case of soap. If you drop a case of soap, nothing happens, but with a case of percussion caps, anything might happen." Some thought that the explosion was caused by mines being sent to England, to be tested and checked in the chemical laboratories. Military men who rushed down to see what happened were wounded by exploding shells. The American Red Cross was on the job, and soon was serving coffee and cake to rescue workers on the docks. It made me feel good to know that somebody in the organization was on the job, anxious to help out in a catastrophe, even as at home.

That evening Chaplain Louis Werfel, a rabbi of Birmingham, Alabama, walked into the Red Cross chapel. I wanted him to conduct the service, but he wanted to see how I conducted it. He was twenty-seven years of age. Though on limited service for defective vision, he had been sent abroad. He was to be the first Jewish Chaplain with the Twelfth Air Force and would have to cover air fields from Casablanca to Tunis and from Tunis to Sicily. I thought that he had a challenging job, but too big a job for any one man. It proved too big for Chaplain Werfel. He crashed riding in a plane in the fog in order to get to a

service on Christmas and Chanukah Eve. After the service I drove out to see the 344th and to tell them that I had a program for them. I had to drive by the burning tanker. It was an awesome sight at night—the flames shooting out of the funnel. This tanker was like a large kerosene lamp, burning in the harbor. How lucky I thought we were that this flaming vessel was there at the time the German Air Force was hard pressed in Sicily and Italy! What a beacon it would have been to guide the planes of our foe to further damage! The tanker burned there for more than one month. Nothing could be done to extinguish the flames. This burning tanker seemed symbolic of civilization being consumed and being fueled by the hatred of men and women. The world is full of hate. Everybody hates everybody else. This was so in the theatre of war. Americans, British and French seemed to hate each other more than they hated their Nazi foes. Arabs hated Europeans. Europeans hated Arabs. Hatred is the octane gas that keeps the ship of civilization burning.

The rabbi of Algiers told me that the food brought over by the Lehman Commission to help civilians was not being given to Jewish refugees of Bizerte in Tunis by Vichy-minded Frenchmen. The Nazi hatred had polluted French administrators and even after Allied victory their hatred continued.

The next evening was a great one for Town Hall. Two thousand men were assembled right out in the open. Cy Peterman, sports writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer, gave an interesting talk on what he saw American soldiers do in Tunisia after the campaign was over. Among other things he said, "The victorious American soldier, who had lived in the field for six months, had retained his decency and had not been bestialized. He expressed his good will towards the civilian population which was most receptive. It had given a royal reception to American boys. Some of our boys began carrying French babies around. They were only acting warriors. They were still young American kids. The rumor of the good conduct of American troops had spread to Sicily and the civilian population there was unafraid to meet and greet us. The conduct of our boys was making for appreciation of America and would make the conquest of Italy less difficult." Cy Peterman had been wounded and had

been awarded the Purple Heart. He had been driving a jeep on a road and had to get it out of the way of some tanks. While moving it, a German shell splinter caught up with him. He had fully recovered and was waiting for another assignment which would permit him to go to Sicily. Cy Peterman was not too happy to deliver what he called this serious talk. When he was through, he received much applause and he asked the men to ask him questions about sports, on which he was an authority. I also suggested when I took over the question period that the men ask questions about sports. Two questions were asked about the chances of the Cardinals and the Dodgers. Thirty-five questions were asked altogether. They were about other matters. Other things were more important to these men about to go into battle than baseball. They had serious sport, bridges to build under fire. The sports of peace were for the time being secondary.

The first question asked was, "What is being prepared for us when we get home?" At least a dozen questions were asked on jobs that would be available. Applause greeted the remarks that Congress must take steps to prevent future wars, and participate in international cooperation. I had to rule out one question, "Are bombs falling now in Tunisia?" It involved military operation. When the question period was over, two Red Cross girls who had just come from the States, one from Richmond, Virginia, and the other from Duluth, Minnesota, served ice cream. The five hundred liters were more than enough for the two thousand men and men from other outfits who had come. For an hour afterwards, Cy Peterman was surrounded by a group of thirty men who kept on discussing things with him. The first outdoor Town Hall was a success. Major Allen was delighted beyond words. A colonel who was visiting said to me, "There is too much democracy in that program. Democracy does not make good soldiers." My job was not to argue with officers. But I believe that he was one hundred per cent wrong. Democracy does make good soldiers because democracy is worth fighting, and worth dying for. Americans of other generations died for our democracy. Americans of this generation, too, will fight with greater zest when they know they are fighting for a great ideal. So delighted was the major that he invited me to come into his

tent and from some mysterious cache took out a bottle and shared it with us. He was profuse in his thanks of appreciation. He said, "That is a real morale job. That is a real service. I did not think it could be done. If Town Hall hadn't been here tonight, half of these men would have gone to town and gotten drunk, and would have been unfit for work tomorrow. It has given us a real lift and we are grateful to the Red Cross."

TOWN HALL IN THE FOREST

The most exciting of my Town Hall meetings took place in a beautiful grove of trees in the hills of Algeria. A platform had been built for entertainment, and there I brought Relman Stead, correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor in North Africa. Stead was regarded as one of the most intellectual correspondents, with an international conscience, and was deeply interested in what our men were thinking about. He had chosen as his theme, "For What We Are Fighting." I was hoping he would give a stirring idealistic talk. He had been very highly recommended. Instead he took a manuscript out of his pocket and began to read it. He had written an article for his newspaper on what the American boys thought they were fighting for, and wanted to get their verification of that. He made two major points. First, that the average allied soldier's supreme ambition was to return home. He is willing to fight hard to get home sooner. Second, that there was bad spirit between British, American and French soldiers. No sooner was he through than a lieutenant from Minnesota was on his feet. He said, "This war like all wars is for economic imperialism. We are not fighting for ideals. We are fighting for world markets," and concluded by sneering at Russia. A captain sitting in his jeep said, "I am not doing much talking now but I'm doing a lot of thinking. I'll do my talking when I get home, but I think the French stink, and the British stink, and the Arabs stink." This remark was greeted by enthusiastic and spontaneous applause.

I thought to myself how could these officers with so little feeling for the cause lead these men into battle and teach them that there is something worthwhile for which they are

risking their lives. Realizing that he had violated a directive of General Eisenhower about speaking disparagingly of our allies, the captain hastened to add, "I meant the French and British governments stink." He added, "Soldiers will not be given the right to vote. The major decisions will have been made when we get home." When he was through, a private arose and said, "I am not worried about the vote. My father and mother control two votes, and they are going to protect my interests. Besides, the issues of this war will not be settled immediately. Their solution will take years and years, and we'll have plenty of chances to express ourselves." A Negro soldier rose and stated, "We have no right to criticize the French for their treatment of the Arab. We ought to look in our own backyard. We don't treat all Americans justly either." Another Negro said that we should join the League of Nations as Wendell Wilkie and others proposed. Another soldier said that the British do not do enough for their poor. A chaplain stated that he wants a new world but he doesn't know what can be done about it, and we may not be able to win it through the war. I just could not hold myself back and I had to speak, though chairman. I told them that I was over draft age and I had left my family and my work because I believed in the cause. I could not agree with the officer who had spoken and who had ridiculed ideals and had mocked our allies. Liberty, Fraternity and Equality are great ideals. They are the heart of American democracy. And if we are to have a decent world in the future we have to learn to live in peace and justice with all men and we ought to practice living that way now with our allies. I must confess that my words were received in silence, with no evident enthusiasm. I was upset by the fact that the greatest applause came to the officer who voiced contempt for all peoples, especially for our allies. There was a basic morale job that was either being poorly or not being done at all. There was something wrong with our orientation program. It must be given continuously. It was even more important for troops in the field than for soldiers at home. The Nazis realized that. Their propaganda went on without abatement. The education of our troops must go on. They must become as skillful in championing American ideals as in manipulating a plane,

a tank or a bazooka. When the discussion was over, ice cream was served by Peggy Telfer and there was enough for a second helping. One soldier told me privately that Hitler had done one good thing in Germany. He had gotten rid of the rich. We too, ought to get rid of the rich he said. I wonder whom he meant. It seemed that he was an American lad in whose soul axis propaganda had succeeded. That boy is entitled to having that propaganda fully exposed. Our great army must do this spiritual job as efficiently as it has equipped and trained our boys in the material techniques of modern warfare.

There was great excitement in town. The news had been announced that Rome had been bombed. I spoke to some of the men who had returned from the raid. Catholic flying personnel who had scruples about the mission had been excused.

Drew Middleton of the New York Times spoke at the Officers' Club on the French Campaign of 1940. He told of German propaganda tactics, of issuing favorable reports and then cruelly disappointing people, of German officers who spoke French fluently wore the uniforms of French generals and gave misleading orders. He said that planes strafed civilian refugees to stampede them to block the roads on which military vehicles had to move. The British fought in Belgium not because they thought they had a chance but for morale reasons. Materially the British would have been better off if they would have withdrawn their armies from Belgium and saved as much men and materials as possible. Middleton knew his subject. His approach was scholarly. He stands very high in the newspaper corps and his colleagues expect him to go very far. He married an English girl and had been transferred to North Africa a few days after the wedding. He was hoping that he would be ordered back to England and so he was after a few weeks.

A WOMAN REPORTER

An example of the type of educational work that can be done among our soldiers was demonstrated by Helen Kirkpatrick of the Chicago Daily News, then the only woman war corre-

spondent in North Africa. In a Town Hall address on "France," before the Algiers enlisted men's club, Miss Kirkpatrick referred to the friction between American and French as inevitable when large armies upset civilian life. She proceeded to make these American soldiers appreciate the French. She said, "How would you like it if foreign soldiers came to your town, took possession of many of your best buildings, ousted you from your best homes and country clubs, monopolized the hotels, crowded the street, raised prices by spending lots of money, pushed you out of your restaurants, took over the schools, and in other ways made life difficult for you? That is how the French feel. We have brought them liberty but in their daily lives we have given them lots of headaches and lots of irksome problems." She added, "The French are an old proud people who had been terribly humiliated by the defeat of 1940, and who were unusually sensitive." As she spoke I could feel her changing the minds of boys and creating a finer attitude. Listening to her was informative. It was also a spiritual treat. She said that the Frenchman De Gaulle was a symbol of France unconquerable. She told of the bringing of Peyroutan to Africa to govern in Algeria. He had been suggested by Darlan because he had ordered the arrest of Laval. But the same Peyroutan was the author of anti-semitic decrees. The political situation, according to Miss Kirkpatrick, was confused. Murphy regarded DeGaulle as a fascist and at the same time countenanced the retention in jail of Dr. Abouker, an Algerian Jew who had saved Americans from the Gestapo and fed them at the risk of his life. She thought that our political policy in North Africa was a huge blunder and that criticism of it was worthwhile, as it would avoid mistakes in the future. Uninformed American colonels, she contended, had picked French officials because they had lovely villas and served meals in fine style. She believed that the appointment of Peyroutan was a colossal blunder of our State Department.

IDEAS ARE WEAPONS

That American soldiers were inadequately prepared for a war of ideals was a common subject of conversation among many

thoughtful people in Algiers. How serious this thing is in the morale of the troops I had learned from Lieutenant Colonel Grinker, neuro-psychiatrist of the North West African air force, who in civilian life had been a practicing psychiatrist in the city of Chicago. Among the causes which Colonel Grinker regarded as important was the lack of educational conditioning regarding the goal and the significance of the war. The lack of conviction on the part of many soldiers that the Germans and their ideology were our enemies, as well as enemies of the British. The fascist soldier had definite war aims. Most American soldiers had none. He said, "If the soldier could feel that the pain, the sacrifice and death, were dedicated to larger purposes in which he was identified, his capacity to ward off anxiety would thereby be increased."

Again I heard, "We have shot down our own gliders, about forty of them and lost about five hundred men." Our gunners shot at anything in the sky after they had once been bombed. There was great excitement and the coordination failed. Mistakes are made in peace and war. In war they cost lives.

I engaged a young Arab in conversation, one evening. He didn't like the British, he said, when he heard I was an American. When I pressed him why he didn't like the British he answered, "Because they like the Jews." He didn't like Jews because they had the clothing stores and Arabs did not have enough clothes. Here too was anti-semitic propaganda. This interview with the Arab worried me, and a lucky experience changed my mood. I was hailed by Chaplain Ed Baker of the Navy, whose church parish was in Overland, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis. I invited myself to dine on his ship with him. That was the ambition of every person in Algiers—to secure an invitation to dine on shipboard because ships have better food. Chaplain Baker, of course, agreed to take me with him and I refused to believe what I saw. White tablecloths, home-baked bread and steak, lemonade, freshly baked cake and ice cream. If the G. I.'s in town had known that, they would have rushed that ship.

It had been in on the Sicilian invasion, and was strafed and bombed. Bullet marks could be seen on it. The missiles had been too near for comfort. The chaplain had held three thronged

services on the eve of the invasion. Though a Protestant, he had held Catholic services. He was going to conduct Jewish services also but a Jewish soldier insisted that he conduct them. The chaplain acquiesced. He said the Jewish soldier spoiled the Jewish service. It was neither comforting nor inspiring. I told the chaplain that in case of another crisis that he should conduct the Jewish service. He was a man of good spirit and he would do a spiritual job. Chaplain Baker had been pretty upset at what he had seen at the invasion. He had seen British officers in an act of sportsmanship proceed to move the bodies of dead Americans to prepare them for decent burial, only to have them killed by mines which had been placed under them by the Germans. When the bodies of the dead Americans were first spied someone had suggested that a rope be tied to the foot of one body and that it be dragged to be sure that it held no booby trap. The British thought that that would be discourteous to the dead, and hence lost their lives. Amateurs and smart alecs take chances on the fields of battle.

PSYCHO-NEUROSIS AT TOWN HALL

After having heard Colonel Grinker's ideas, I felt it was of extreme importance that the knowledge he had gained from the treatment of war neurosis be placed at the disposal of army officers in Algiers. They were a very important group of men, though they did not command troops. As headquarters officers, they wrote the directives for troops. When I suggested that to Colonel Sheen, with whom I had to clear both speakers and subjects, he was unenthusiastic and did not give his consent. He was afraid of psychiatry and psychiatrists and thought that a presentation by Grinker might do a lot of harm and stimulate a lot of neuroses. I believed Grinker's message was of such importance that I asked Colonel Sheen to meet with Grinker to find out what he intended to say. The meeting took place in my office at Red Cross headquarters. Colonel Sheen was accompanied by Major E. Lansing Ray, Jr., whom I had known years ago when he was soliciting church advertisements for the Globe-Democrat, St.

Louis's only morning newspaper, which was owned by his father. Both Colonel Sheen and Major E. Lansing Ray, Jr., were impressed with what Grinker proposed to say, and permission was given for the talk. After Grinker had spoken, Colonel Sheen called to me to tell me how useful Colonel Grinker's address had been and how glad he was that I persevered until he gave his consent. That was fine sportsmanship. Such sportsmanship characterized all my relationships with Colonel Sheen. He approved all Town Hall speakers and only objected to one proposed program, a discussion by G. I.'s on "If We Could Write the Treaty of Peace." If I had remained in Algiers longer, I think that Colonel Sheen would have given consent even to this program.

Inasmuch as Cy Peterman had not gone on the Sicilian invasion, he was present at the Grinker lecture and sent a dispatch back home about it. This appeared in one of the Philadelphia newspapers. Grinker informed me that it was very valuable because it was the first notice of the psychiatry that was being done in an active theatre of war. In fact, it was the beginning of the popularizaion of the word "neuro-psychiatry" among our armed forces overseas. The book Colonel Grinker had written in Algiers, which I saw in manuscript form, was subsequently published by a foundation and was at the time widely circulated in military circles. Its title was, "Men in Battle."

One evening when I had scheduled a Town Hall program, I could get no speaker and so I booked myself. I spoke on, "My Three Visits to Nazi Germany." I received hearty applause at one point in my address when I urged increased friendship among the allies. My thesis was that Hitler was a colossal swindler and that now that he had lost the war he was trying to swindle us out of the peace by creating dissension among the Allies. I pointed out that irritations are inevitable when men live under such abnormal circumstances as soldiers have to live. If these temporary irritations would develop into lasting hostilities, it would be tragic. We must guard against that. To begin to hate our allies is aiding our foes.

When I was through the question I recall being asked, "Will we not have to fight Russia after we have fought Germany?" My answer was that if we build a cooperative world, we

shall have to fight no other nation. It would be just as wrong for America to dominate the world as for Germany. After Town Hall, the major of the outfit, who was on friendly terms with the Khaid, the Arab rulers of the area, invited us to drive out to see the Arab's home. We were delighted to go. Our soldiers were engaged in secret work and needed the good will of the Arabs to report the presence of any German paratroopers in the area. The Khaid lived in a large home in a valley surrounded by pastures and fields. He was a tall bronzed Arab and appreciated our visit. He invited us to have coffee with him and was sorry we had come after supper. We sat in a large yard in front of his home and the yard was filled with children. In the portals of his home, his wives would come out and stare at us. While we were sipping coffee in the garden, the Arab's cows walked by us. In the distance there was a well, and a mule was tramping around it primitively drawing water out of it. It was a very quiet and peaceful spot, and the many children of the Arab chief added to its domesticity. War seemed so far away yet it was only over the hill.

While breakfasting one morning at the officers' club, I met Ed Rousseau, of the Pittsburgh Courier, the first Negro war correspondent in North Africa. He was greatly pleased over the fact that no one had questioned his right to share in the comforts of the Red Cross officers' club. He also voiced satisfaction that in the enlisted men's club in Algiers no color line had been drawn and Negro soldiers mingled freely with whites. He had been disappointed over the situation in Oran and Casablanca, where there were clubs staffed by Negro personnel, which the military expected Negroes to patronize. He thought that there were separate Negro clubs. I believe that he was mistaken. The policy in North Africa in all likelihood was the same as in England. There were clubs staffed by Negro Red Cross workers, but any American soldier was welcome to patronize any Red Cross club. It generally worked out that most Negroes preferred to go to the clubs staffed by Negro workers. This, however, was not mandatory. It was inevitable, of course, that where Negro and white soldiers mix that there be some friction, especially when boys from below the Mason and Dixon Line were present. I tried to

arrange to have Rousseau speak for Town Hall. He had agreed to do so but he was afraid to tie himself up as he was impatiently awaiting a call to go to Sicily.

Doing Town Hall for the Red Cross was a genuine pleasure. I enjoyed the lectures and meeting the speakers. They invariably were my guests for dinner at the Red Cross mess and I had had intimate chats with them. I had been for some time anxious to secure a speaker from the large personnel working in various phases of activities of our State Department. I had invited the Honorable Robert Murphy, but he at the time, was involved in the De Gaulle-Giraud situation. He liked the idea of speaking before Town Hall but preferred to wait until the situation had been cleared up more. I tried to get Fred Hoehler of the Lehman Commission in charge of civilian relief in North Africa, whom I had known from my student days at the University of Cincinnati, but his movements were too uncertain, and he was suddenly called to England. I finally made contact with a Yale Law School Professor, Eugene Rostov, who in the absence of Alexander Royce, his chief, was in charge of all civil affairs. A large apartment house was being used for the office of civil affairs. On entering it one had to pass the scrutiny of several armed military police. Once they knew you, there were no formalities about getting into the building. It had seven floors and an automatic elevator.

Rostov was in his early thirties, attractive looking, and with a charming personality. At the time, he was in charge of all our relations with civilian population in North Africa, with financial arrangements, with our currency plans for Sicily and Italy and with our dealings in Spain. He was very glad to talk to the boys because he believed that an educated soldier is better equipped for the ordeal of battle. I booked him with a unit that was doing some secret work in a small village west of Algiers. The Special Service Officer of that unit who made the arrangements with me for the appearance of Town Hall, was skeptical whether his mechanics and technicians would be interested in anything intellectual. I told him that if the boys were disappointed in the talk, I would bring some ice cream with me to overcome their complaints.

All the men had arrived with their mess kits, attracted by the promise of ice cream and ready to endure a talk. They were as fascinated as I when Rostov told us some of the problems that our government faced and how solutions were found. The Arabs, for example, had lost their faith in paper currency and in armies of occupation. They, therefore, hid their wheat so that in Morocco and Algeria, normal wheat exporting countries, there was a shortage of wheat. Bread had to be rationed and American ships risking the lives of American sailors had to bring wheat to North Africa. Our Civil Affairs Committee soon learned the Arabs did not want currency but they would exchange their wheat for consumer goods. White cloth, which misinformed congressmen complained had been sent to Africa and taken away from American babies, was used by Civil Affairs to unlock the granaries of North African wheat. So successful was Civil Affairs, that ten shiploads of wheat did not have to be sent from America, and that valuable cargo space was used for other essential supplies. North Africa was a fruit-producing country and our Civil Affairs Committee had brought over canning machinery and re-established canning factories so that the fruit would be available to supply our troops in the coming winter months and there would be more available cargo space in American vessels. The currency had to be regulated to prevent inflation and to restore normal business. There was a shortage of cloth throughout North Africa, and Civil Affairs faced an acute problem with North African wholesalers, who at exorbitant prices had bought cloth in Spain. They wanted to dispose of their stocks before cheaper American cloth was made available to the civilian population.

Our Civil Affairs Committee worked through the local merchant and through the existing economic channels. Our aim was to restore normal economic relations as quickly as possible. Professor Rostov also told us of our purchases in neutral countries, of material we needed and of materials Germans needed. We bid against Germans and we outbid them to keep raw materials from reaching them. We were not completely successful in this. Professor Rostov was asked what the significance of American boys selling goods to the black market or buying goods from the black market was. His answer

was that exorbitant profits from black market dealings had taken many valuable laborers from the farms. To patronize the black market was to hamper allied economic plans and thus to hinder the war effort. Stormy applause greeted Rostov when he was through, and a crowd gathered around him, seemingly indifferent to the ice cream, more anxious for the intellectual stimulus he brought them. This group asked for a weekly Town Hall program and for months and months afterwards I heard that Town Hall was going as strong as ever whether it brought ice cream or not.

AIR FORCE REST HOME

The air force was establishing rest homes in quite a number of places. They were needed to give the personnel of bombing planes a chance to recuperate after some extraordinary harrowing experience. One of these was located in a resort west of Algiers. When it was first established, the air force authorities felt that they could manage without the aid of Red Cross personnel, and they did until one boy committed suicide. Then an SOS came to the Red Cross for a psychiatric social worker and Grace Louer, who had been in my party, was sent out by headquarters. So valuable did her work prove to be that a second Red Cross girl was asked by the army and in time was sent there. I wanted to see Grace and to observe her work. The home was located at Ain Taya. It was a middle-sized resort hotel overlooking the Mediterranean with easy access to a fine beach, with tennis courts, and a supply of bicycles. And I believe horseback riding was also available. In the lobby of the hotel there were magazines and tables for games. In the basement there was a large recreation hall for dances, and for motion pictures. There were more than one hundred boys there the evening I dined with them. They could do what they pleased. It was evident that most of those boys had been under a strain. They were very nervous. Some winced when you came near them. All had had pathetic experiences.

The purpose of the rest home was to rehabilitate them and send them back to action. Many of those that Grace had handled had

gone back and some had been killed in action. Many of the boys believed that they were living under a sentence of death. All of them were under great strain. One night when Algiers was being bombed the German planes could be clearly seen from Ain Taya. Some of the boys crouched under tables the moment the bombers came. One German plane was caught by searchlights, which meant almost certain that it was going to be hit because there was excellent coordination between the men who manned the searchlights and the men at the batteries. One of our boys seeing this doomed German plane, shrieked, "Please God, don't kill him!" "You silly, he is a Nazi," they said. To which he answered, "He is a man." These flyers at times see the men in the planes they shoot down. They know they are killing and they hate to do it. Most of the boys are anxious and eager to complete their missions that they might go home.

That evening I had an illustration of the work that girls like Grace Louer do. At ten o'clock when the lights were to go out and all were to go to sleep, one sergeant just sat there and ignored all suggestions that he retire. He looked tough, as if aching for a fight. He responded sullenly to all overtures of friendship. An officer present said, "What that fellow needs is a good kick in the pants." Grace said, "I'm in no hurry and I shall sit up with him." The sergeant sat there in defiant silence, oblivious to all. At 10:35 he rose and walked down the steps. Grace followed him. She saw him fall down sobbing on the beach. She got his story. His bravado was a mask to hide his lacerated heart. He was one of a bomber crew of ten, which had been shot down at sea. He was the only survivor and he had been picked up after eighteen hours in the water. His grief was inconsolable. His nine friends were dead. He had lived with them, fought with them, been wounded with them. The crew of a bomber plane becomes like a closely-knit fraternity. Now that his pals were gone, life was not worth living for him. He was rebellious and resentful. Grace was right. That boy did not need a kick in the pants. With the understanding and insight she possessed, she helped him.

Many of the boys came in there crying and some drank all day on arrival. One of the boys told me of the tension

they were under when they set out on a mission, of the great excitement when they were near the target, and of how cold they became out of nervousness. After they had made a successful run, they were elated and on the homeward journey they shouted and sang. They were not afraid of enemy planes. They were confident that they could handle them and felt secure in their weapons. They were afraid of flak because they could not fight against it. It stole upon them without warning and placed them in jeopardy. Grace told me that the boys she spoke to felt no cause and regarded their military service as an onerous mission and duty they would perform well but with no enthusiasm. They hated the Japs but not the Germans.

PROMOTIONS AND MORALE

There was considerable discussion about the injustice of the promotion system. Men at home were being promoted, while men on the battlefield were forgotten. There were the two brothers who were chaplains. One had been overseas for one and one-half years and in the army, even before Pearl Harbor, he was a first lieutenant. The other brother, just arrived from the States, had not been in the army as long and was a captain. One of the officers told of an experience of General Arnold, Commander of the Air Force. He had flown out to an American base in the South Pacific. The men at that base had been in the toughest fighting and were all veterans of many missions. After spending some time there, just before taking off, the General asked the Major in command whether his visit had helped the morale of his men. The Major courageously replied, "I regret to say it has not, sir." The General asked why. This was the Major's answer, "The pilot of your luxurious plane is a captain. He has lived in the States in comfort with his wife and family. He has had no combat missions, and has experienced little of the hardships of war. That captain is a classmate of scores of my officers. They have been in combat, faced death and are separated from their families, and are still second lieutenants. He has remained at home and is a captain, their superior." From all sides

I heard that the injustice of promotion was a serious destroyer of morale.

A chaplain told me of a St. Louis flyer he had met and who had been grounded and been declared unfit for flying. If he knew the boy's name he refused to tell it to me. The boy had been on a number of missions and had been decorated. He suddenly lost confidence in his machine. It was possible that he would be demoted and lose his wings. He insisted that he wanted to fly in combat but he wanted a different machine. He was waiting to reappear before a re-evaluation board and claimed that he was denied the right to see a psychiatrist. To my knowledge of Air Force procedure, this claim seemed impossible. No man is disposed of until there is a complete medical report on him and that includes a psychiatric study. This flyer had nothing to do. He was terribly worried. He wrote long letters to his family. He was worried because he was a failure. The government had spent a lot of money in training him and he had not measured up to expectations. He did not want to be grounded. He did not want to be demoted. He wanted to keep on fighting. He wanted a new machine.

An American medical officer came in to see me about marrying a British nurse. She was Catholic and he Jewish. He had written to his folks at home about it and they had no objection. The military authorities had granted permission. He wanted to marry the nurse because she was about to be transferred and he believed that he would never see her again. If he married her, it was possible that the British authorities (for compassionate reasons) would permit her to choose the area in which she was to serve. In Algiers two ceremonies were necessary: a civil ceremony and a religious ceremony.

Right after speaking to a British unit, I had to rush over to bring a Town Hall program to the 346th Fighter Squadron, which had then just been moved to a new location. It was engaged in Mediterranean coast patrol, tiresome and monotonous work. The men craved action. A soldier had attended a Town Hall meeting at the Red Cross enlisted men's club in Algiers and had suggested that I bring the program out to this outfit. I had contacted their commanding officer and when I intimated I might bring ice

cream, his eyes just beamed. I also discussed the possibility of bringing other Red Cross entertainment out to his unit. He, too, ached to get into more active work. The officer said, "We want a chance to get into this fight so we can end that war in a hurry." It gets awfully monotonous making these twenty-four hour patrols and being tucked away in the hills."

Bill Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, Tom Irving, as well as Buell Trowbridge of Rollins College, who just arrived in North Africa told me they wanted to come and see Town Hall that night. I was glad to have them accompany me. I drove out in a clubmobile and they followed in their car. Helen Kirkpatrick spoke on Italy. Mussolini had just resigned. Badoglio had taken over. Miss Kirkpatrick had said that Badoglio was the conqueror of Ethiopia but he had never joined the Fascist party. He had, however, been made an honorary member of the party and had not refused that honor. He had been Chief of Police of Rome when Mussolini marched against him. He could have easily dispersed the Fascists. The Italians were not war-minded but they would fight if accused of cowardice. In Pantelleria, the island taken by British and American troops, the Italians had forgotten how to vote and did not understand what was meant when they were told they would have a voice in selecting the mayor. They said, "The governor will appoint the mayor." She wondered what would happen to the Italian divisions on other fronts. Would they be withdrawn? When asked how long the war would last, she answered, "If we are lucky, until September, 1944—that is the European phase of it."

She did not believe that the Italian front would be the only second front. Germany would not be invaded through Italy. The Alps made that difficult. But Italy would furnish us important air bases to bomb German factories. The German successes were now working to their disadvantage. They had a bellyache from over-digestion. The Russians turned the tide. Their resistance fooled the Germans. Spain would not attack us because she knew we were going to win. The German secret police in Italy spied on the Italian secret police. When Miss Kirkpatrick was through and the ice cream was being served, a crowd of boys gathered around her and queried her further. When they learned that she

had had no supper, the mess sergeant got on the job, and in between bites of sandwiches she kept on answering questions. At 11:30 I insisted that she had done enough. The Red Cross officials who attended this Town Hall meeting were greatly impressed. They felt that Town Hall must be continued and Bill Stevenson then told me that he would speak to Professor Trowbridge to see if he would take over my work. This Trowbridge was glad to do, and that satisfied me because I knew he would do a magnificent job—as he did. Stevenson told me that he believed it important to serve refreshments at all these meetings. It was a good morale-building factor which he would back to the limit. Of course, that pleased me.

MURPHY SPEAKS

I received a call from Robert Murphy's office informing me that he was ready to speak and selected as his theme, "Some Phases of Our Diplomatic Work in North Africa." Murphy accepted my invitation to dine at the Red Cross mess. I also invited Major Thornton Wilder to join us. The officers' club had the largest crowd of the year. Every bit of available space was taken. Bill Stevenson as head of the Red Cross introduced Murphy, and I presided over the question period. Murphy had been sent to North Africa from France ostensibly as a consular representative, but actually to organize for our invasion. Five hundred young Frenchmen, most of whom were Jews, had agreed to seize by a coup d'état the government of Algiers on the evening that our fleet would enter the Algerian harbor. The five hundred young men carried out their part of the plan. They seized and imprisoned all major Algerian officials. Accompanied by some of them, Murphy went to the residence of General Juin, told him that five hundred thousand Americans were coming and that he wanted his cooperation with the allies. Juin telephoned Admiral Darlan and Darlan came to see Murphy. Fifteen guards surrounded the house and Juin and Darlan knew that they were Murphy's prisoners. All the utilities and communication facilities had been seized by the conspirators as part of the plan. Murphy reminded Darlan of his promise that if half a mil-

lion Americans came he would fight against Hitler. Murphy said they were here now. Darlan replied, "I must get my orders from France." Unfortunately, an error in navigation delayed our fleet. When morning came, the French police imprisoned the five hundred young men and then Murphy was under arrest in General Juin's home. In the afternoon our army came on foot and any advantage we might have gained from the coup d'etat was lost.

Murphy said that the aim of our diplomatic policy in North Africa was to have no difficulty with the French, win over the French army that it might fight on our side, avoid French civil war, so that allied troops could drive the Nazis out of North Africa with as little loss of life as possible. He had favored the retention of many Vichy officials because their knowledge and administrative services were needed. General De Gaulle, according to Murphy, had not been acceptable but he admitted that his popularity was growing. The five hundred young Frenchmen who had helped America were liberated as soon as possible, but Murphy admitted that some were still imprisoned in spite of all his efforts.

The present French Committee was not the government of France but only its temporary stewards. As yet De Gaulle did not have much military power in North Africa. Murphy made a very favorable impression on the officers, and made friends for his policy. He knew, however, that there was much dissatisfaction as many questions from the floor indicated. It also indicated that a number of American officers were very well posted on French affairs and apparently had made fine contacts with the French civilian population. Murphy stated that the Cremieux decrees would be restored, that Giraud is not an anti-semitic because he is a good Catholic.

The delay in restoring the Cremieux decree was not to offend the Arabs. General Catroux, Governor of Algiers, was studying the Arab and Jewish problems and would soon do something about it. Property confiscated had been restored, professors and public officers had regained their old places. Murphy was greatly pleased with the reception he received and agreed to be available for other Town Hall meetings.

I have often debated with myself the wisdom of his policy.

The United States was introducing Tammany policies in world affairs. We were using men while we needed them, though we hated them, and when they were no longer useful, we were tearing the mask off our faces. The policy had no great appeal for me. Many Frenchmen contended that our government would have received much finer cooperation if it had immediately disavowed everything and everyone connected with Vichy. It would have won over the masses of the French and many of the difficulties about which Murphy was concerned would have proved to be ghosts. Historians will long debate this issue.

One of the most refreshing Town Hall speakers was Sergeant Hillary Lyons, attached to the Stars and Stripes, formerly on the staff of the New Republic, and one of the first of that paper to go to Sicily. Lyons had just arrived from the States and he agreed to speak on, "What's Happening in America." He made an excellent impression and all sorts of calls for him began to pour in. The boys were interested in their homes. John Lewis, by his aggressive labor policies hoped to discredit President Roosevelt, whom he hated. Lyons admitted that there is race hatred in America and we ought to be ashamed of it. He praised the American civilian population who were glad to make adjustments and were willing to make sacrifices. The cost of meals was high and some commodities could not be obtained. Politics thus far had not hurt the war effort. The most marvelous thing about the home front was that production was up and that industry was clicking. Whatever the weaknesses were at home, the over-all picture was excellent. The Army was getting remarkable support in the way of the best equipment that any army had ever had. After Lyons' talk we went out to see if we could get something to eat. The downtown restaurants were closed. We finally found a suburban restaurant patronized by the elite, diplomats and high ranking officers. It was a Friday evening and the proprietor said that he was booked until the following Tuesday and could serve us no meal until then. We asked, however, if he would serve us a bottle of wine and he agreed to do this. Then we asked for some bread. We finally induced him to fry some eggs for us. It was a great party. We talked until the wee hours of the morning.

THE B'NAI B'RITH

Officers of a B'nai B'rith lodge, an international Jewish fraternal society founded in America, wanted to speak with me behind closed doors. I called on one of the gentlemen in his home. He told me that the B'nai B'rith lodges like the Masonic lodges had been disbanded, that they dared not meet nor write to the home office. That decree of the Vichy regime had never been rescinded. I told them that there were many American officers here who were members of the B'nai B'rith. This interested them very much. The head of the B'nai B'rith had occupied a very important position in the academic world in Algiers. The Vichy regime had ousted him but he was back in his old position a very unhappy man. He had lost faith in his neighbors who had turned against him during the days of the Vichy regime. Although his ancestors lived in Algiers for three centuries or more, he was so disillusioned and so embittered that he felt he could no longer lead a normal life there. When the war was over he planned to go to Palestine. He told me of the difficulties of young Algerian Jews in the army. They had all the responsibilities of French soldiers but neither their privileges nor pay. One hundred per cent of Jewish youth was in the army. Only twenty per cent of the Arabs. There was no freedom in Algeria. That was why he wanted to leave when the war would be over. I wondered how many Jews of conquered territories who survived this war would feel as he did. I met a French-Jewish refugee, a man of some means. He had not gone into business in North Africa because he did not like the business methods. When the war was over he hoped to be able to settle in the United States. I could not understand why he was not prepared to return to France. Apparently he had lost faith in the ability to restore democracy in France. It was disturbing to recognize that these Algerian and Parisian Frenchmen did not want to live in their native countries when the war would be over because of the poisonous propaganda which had taken root in the hearts of their neighbors and friends. If this was true, Hitler might win, even if he lost the war and the peace.

THE PRIME MINISTER

The British Minister, the Honorable Harold Macmillan, was a Town Hall speaker. He spoke of the three British Empires. One collapsed in 1776; one came into being after the Napoleonic Wars; and one was created by Disraeli and the Suez Canal. He admitted that the flag follows trade. He believed that in the post-war world there should be regional areas dominated by the great powers. One in the Pacific, one in Europe, etc. The British he hoped would secure the Malay Peninsula and Britain would again become an imperial power. The problem of India is complicated by the religious conflicts and all British favor the Beveridge plan. Mr. Macmillan opened his address by stating that he was a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a director of the great Macmillan publishing house. At the close of his address I met a French civilian who had attended a number of Town Hall lectures. He was so impressed with Town Hall that he planned to introduce a similar group of lectures in Syria where he was being sent by the De Gaulle Committee. Later I was a guest of Macmillan when he was Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street.

GRINKER SPEAKS

Colonel Grinker had been away at Tunis on a special mission for the wounded men in Sicily. On his return he spoke on "Psychological Reactions to Battle." A large crowd of officers came, some out of genuine interest and some out of curiosity. The sum and substance of what he said has since been printed and has been given wide circulation among the Army Air Force personnel. It has created quite an impression and the surgeon general said that Colonel Grinker's findings may prove to be an important milestone in the history of psychiatry. Colonel Grinker pointed out that in the army induction centers not enough neuro-psychiatric borderline cases were weeded out. Many of these men had enough inner strength to stand the tensions of civilian, but

not those of army life. There are other men, normal men, who break beneath the weight of war situations. The transition from civilian to military life is especially hard for American youth who had been brought up to regard war as evil and many of whom had subscribed to various phases of pacifist doctrines. All men have fears and fears have their value. They lead to proper defense precautions. The body responds psychologically to fear. The heart beats faster and the blood flows more rapidly. Many fears are good, and most men experience them. Sometimes men break especially after harrowing experiences. The stronger the man's morale, the less he is apt to break.

A good understanding of the purposes and goals of this war would do much toward strengthening the morale of our boys and prevent them from succumbing to psychological neurosis. He stated that the morale of our men could be strengthened. Not enough soldiers felt the cause. Not enough civilians showed, by their sacrifices, that they, too, felt the cause. Our goals must be clearly set forth and our determination crystallized. The mere verbal repetition of high goals would not be enough. A feeling for the great values involved must be cultivated. Educating our men in the goals and the significance of war would be more productive of good morale than any other single measure. The ego of man has at its disposal one supreme factor which enables it to meet the hostile environment without succumbing to anxiety, the ability to externalize its own hostile reactions. Some men are able to react immediately with true anger, and in other men because of previous neurotic patterns, the anger produces anxiety. Our soldiers knew that they were fighting for victory over the evil coalition of axis powers, but beyond that what? Victory is not enough. In this manner, soldiers of axis nations had an advantage over us. They had no doubt about the kind of world for which they were fighting. Our soldiers were puzzled, doubtful and slightly suspicious. Would it end in a fiasco? Would we win the war and lose the peace? These and other doubts assailed them to the extent that the final goal was limited to the proposition we must win the war quickly so that we could go home. This is a powerful incentive yet were the goal enlarged to include a more positive aim, the

individual ego would be fortified. If the soldier could feel that the pain, the sacrifice, and the death were dedicated to a larger purpose, with which he was identified, his capacity to ward off anxiety would thereby be increased.

In effect, the greater the span of identification the greater the ego span. From such identifications the ego abstracts strength with which to deal with the anxiety of the moment. This was a religious doctrine. In religion, God serves as the span of identification. There is no greater span than He. To identify oneself with Him is to be prepared to ward off the fears of living. Colonel Grinker continued to state that hatred is self-destructive. It creates a sense of guilt, and eventually destroys the hater. He does not believe that an army that hates passionately can be more efficient. He urged that the propaganda that the OWI was launching against occupied countries should be channelled also towards our own men. Our armies should do more and better teaching. Our officers needed it as much as the men. If they had a feeling for the causes of war, they could communicate that feeling to the men that they commanded.

Grinker's talk was very well received. I had imagined that there would be an explosion when he said that the dissemination of hatred is inimical to fighting morale. But the officers present appreciated what he had to say and wanted more information. Colonel Grinker and his associate, Major Spiegel, have since received national commendation for their work. Undoubtedly, their findings secured the hard way, through battle experience, will influence the training of our troops. If General Patton had known Colonel Grinker well, he probably never would have slapped the soldier. Grinker believed that there were very few men in the army who are yellow, and that many of the boys develop anxiety neurosis because they are ashamed of their fears and make desperate, but futile attempts to overcome them, and are filled with a deep sense of remorse. They are ashamed to go home, ashamed to face their comrades and that leads them to live in a world of illusion to try to escape from facing the realities of life.

Shortly after Dr. Grinker spoke, I had some clear-cut evidence of the need of taking our men more into the confidence of army

leadership. Although at that time the weather was quite warm and summer khaki was permissible, American troops slated to go to Sicily were wearing their woolens. General Patton considered woolens as battle dress. At the same time, French soldiers began to appear wearing our khaki uniforms. One G. I. asked me some where at a Town Hall meeting, "Why do the French soldiers wear good khaki uniforms when our own boys are compelled to wear winter clothing in midsummer weather?" Another one added, "Why do British Tommies drive our trucks and jeeps and we have to walk?" No one had told me the reason. If I had known why men were wearing woolens I could have said nothing about it. They were being readied for the Sicilian invasion. But it was not hard to understand why we gave the French new uniforms and both the British and French jeeps and trucks. The French Army had been defeated and demoralized. What was left of it wore ragged uniforms; new ones were unobtainable. When French soldiers stood next to American soldiers their shabbiness was emphasized and their demoralization intensified. A well dressed soldier has better morale than a poorly dressed one, and when a shabbily dressed soldier stands next to a well dressed one his morale fails even more. I told these boys that by giving the French soldier the attractive uniform of members of the great American Army, their morale was being heightened and the stronger their morale the more effectively would they fight side by side with us in the battles of liberation that lay ahead.

The same thing was true about trucks and jeeps. We were giving the French and British trucks and jeeps and tanks and planes, that they might ride or fly them into battle. The more British and French with jeeps and tanks, the more allies would we have in the coming battles and the fewer Americans would be needed overseas. I could feel that I was doing something to the audience and one boy rose and said the very thing that Grinker emphasized, "Why doesn't anybody tell us that?" Yes, why did not somebody tell that to them? Our army leaders have had a stupendous job. They have accomplished miracles. They will command the admiration of history. They had taken raw American youth and made first-class soldiers out of them.

They had seen to it that they had the best equipment. They brought that equipment and its youth, with the aid of our great navy and the merchant marine to the field of battle to trounce the most effective military machine in history. Psychological warfare is new. Building morale with ideals is also new and may not come within the purview of the average traditional officer. I learned in Algiers that the army had become cognizant of the problem and was changing its policy and directives were coming out of Washington telling commanders that it was their job to give our boys an appreciation for the good cause of human emancipation for which they were suffering and for which some of their comrades had died.

READY TO LEAVE ALGIERS

On my last Friday evening in Algiers, I had gone to the interdenominational chapel of the Red Cross club to see if everything was prepared for the Jewish service. When I entered the chapel, I saw a soldier sitting there. He seemed pale and sickly. I was surprised when I noticed that he was an English soldier and wore the insignia of the British Eighth Army. I frequently met with Eighth Army men. They usually were tanned and bronzed. They had driven Rommel from El Alamein to Tunis. They exuded strength and confidence. They believed that they could handle Hitler's best, and so they could. But not this lad who sat in front of me. His speech was as timid as his appearance. In an almost feminine voice he asked me, "Are you the Red Cross Rabbi?" "No," I replied, "I am a Red Cross worker here, but a rabbi in civilian life." "Do you conduct the Jewish service here?" he asked. "If I am here when no chaplain is available. The United States Army has asked me to serve until the Jewish chaplain arrives." "If you are a rabbi, may I discuss something personal with you?"

And this was his story. When he was eight, his mother died. His father had quarrelled with his mother's people. As a result, he received no religious training and was never confirmed into the faith. He frequently had heard his relatives whisper about him as if he was handicapped because he was unconfirmed.

He turned to me and said, "I have been wounded in Tunisia and have just come from a convalescent camp. I shall soon be reassigned and I shall be on my way to the next invasion. I should like to be confirmed into the faith before I go again into the battle. Without a faith, I believe myself handicapped. Do I have to know Hebrew?" I told him that I had confirmed many children who had known no Hebrew. Just then Chaplain Louis Werfel entered the chapel. I told him the story and asked the chaplain what was to be done. He said, "Confirm him, of course." Chaplain Werfel and I arranged for his confirmation. He was to read the Ten Commandments and the blessing in English, and I was to read them in Hebrew. The service went on as scheduled. After this British lad had read the Ten Commandments, I blessed him. I noticed a physical change in him. He became confident like the famous army to which he was attached. He looked more vigorous and certainly was more buoyant. The boys who were present congratulated him. I took his address and the name of his father. I told him I would write to his father and tell him about his confirmation. He was very grateful and expressed his thanks. Then he straightened out and saluted though he knew Red Cross workers do not rate salutes. It was his thanks to me. I answered his salute. Then I heard his boots clattering upon the stairways of the Red Cross club as he marched into the twilight of the Algerian night to go into battle strengthened by the faith of his fathers. I thought to myself, "Aren't all of us like this lad. If the light of faith would fill us, could not we walk through every darkness and could not we face the future with hope in our hearts, so that our boots, too, could be heard clattering on the sidewalks of life, a gladsome sound proclaiming our courage and our dignity?"

HOMeward BOUND

I had now begun to make preparations for my departure. I had to get currency—English currency—as I knew that I was to fly from North Africa to England. I also wanted to get some American dollars. To secure both, I would have to show my

travel orders and I would have to go to the American and British Finance Offices. I only wanted fifty dollars in American money, as I had plenty of American Express checks which I could use on arrival in the States. I had no difficulty in getting my American dollars and then went to the British Finance Office. As I walked up to the officer, he rose and to my surprise shook hands with me. He said, "I know you. You have presided at Town Hall meetings of the American Red Cross and many of us in the British Army have appreciated these programs. You do not have to show me any orders, I have confidence in you and I shall be pleased to take care of anything you need." Well, that was gratifying. It was like being in your home town, where the ticket clerk in the railroad station knows you. Apparently, my stay in Algiers had not been in vain.

I saw Bill Stevenson and he told me some of the trouble he had been having. The Red Cross had been extremely short of transportation. Our best cars had gone to Sicily to be used by our field men. There were thirty-five Red Cross men in Sicily. One man had been killed, and one jeep and supplies had been sunk on a landing barge. Bill wanted me to tell our Washington office that he could write nothing to them about the forthcoming invasion, and just could not explain to them why he was so short of transportation. With limited transportation he had to move our hospital girls and make them available, in and around Tunis and Bizerte where hospitals to receive Sicilian wounded had been established. Three club members had accompanied the invading armies to set up clubs immediately so that at the close of the campaign, soldiers would find clubs ready to receive them, and there would be no confusion as there had been at Tunis. Bill asked me to write my reports that he might send them on to Washington. Fortunately, for me, many Red Cross girls had come in to staff Sicily and Italy, and one of them was assigned to serve as my secretary. Without her I could not have prepared my reports in time.

Getting ready to leave was quite a problem. I had accumulated some belongings since my arrival in North Africa. The Air Transport Command had told me that my baggage would be limited to fifty-five pounds besides the personal belongings I could carry

in a musette bag. This meant that I could take none of my books with me, nor my winter clothing. I then found that the best thing to do would be to send my surplus baggage home by parcel post. I went to our warehouse to secure boxes and packed my belongings, nailed up the boxes, painted my address on them and took them to the post office. I completed the weighing of my bags. I was permitted to send as many packages as I cared under seventy pounds. I sent two packages. One reached me within a month. For the other I waited three months, the delay being occasioned by inadequate addressing. I appreciated the efficiency of our post office—efficiency even in a theater of war. Many old time post office workers handled the mail in the army.

My last Town Hall meeting was to be held in the Opera House on the night before I was to leave. Martin Jones of the Red Cross had arranged for an evening of music which he wanted to combine with a lecture by Robert Murphy. Unfortunately the meeting received inadequate publicity and the turnout was disappointing. The musicians did a very excellent job and Mr. Murphy read a very interesting paper in which he repeated practically what he had said at the officers' club. The audience again quizzed him, but he ably defended his policy. His goal in North Africa was to save American lives. That he thought he had accomplished. That noon I had luncheon with him in his villa. Present also were General Holmes and Alexander Royce. The meal was the best I had in North Africa. Fish and filet mignon, dry wine and excellent drinks. It was a good last meal and it put me in a good humor. My successor, Trowbridge, was ready to move into my room. A Red Cross car was to call for me and take my baggage to the airport. I was thrilled at the thought of going home by way of England, but I did not like the idea of leaving Algiers. I enjoyed my work there and was glad that my baby, Town Hall, was to be continued.

The next morning I was at the Algiers airport early and was assigned by chance to a luxury airship, a DC-54 transport plane with comfortable seats. Just before I left the house, my landlady had given me a thin loaf of French bread, a number of hard boiled eggs and a cake she had baked for me. She also made me promise to write to her and to be sure and bring my family for

a visit to Algiers after the war, and be guests in her home. I was glad to have her refreshments along because our plane left late and made a non-stop flight to an important air base where we didn't arrive until 2:30. I shared the cake with a Major Weinberg, an Omaha physician, who was on his way home from service in Iran. We had some acquaintances in common. On arrival at our base we were told that dinner was ready for us—all the fresh eggs any way we wanted them.

The supper was equally delicious. In between the two meals, although it was very hot, the Red Cross director called for me and took me to a magnificent enlisted men's club. It was the Casino of a very famous resort in Morocco and the G. I.'s were using its ample facilities to good advantage. Cold drinks and ice cream were served in the afternoon and there were comfortable chairs. The Red Cross girl, Letitia Hurt, in charge of the program had been in my party going overseas and we had a happy reunion. After supper we had orders to report to the ticket office where we would be told the time of our departure. My plane was to leave at about eight o'clock and I was glad that I was not put off because Merrakesch in the middle of the desert was awfully hot and I felt very sorry for our boys who had to stay there for any length of time. While there was little danger of attack there, yet the heat of the desert and the monotony of a boring routine made an active combat area much more preferable to most of the men. The plane was filled. As soon as the door was closed, the pilot and the other officers got us in a group and the pilot spoke. "The journey from here to our destination should last fourteen hours. We are leaving here at 9:00 o'clock summertime and should arrive at our destination at seven in the morning. The weather reports are favorable. We are flying away from the European coast and should encounter no enemy planes. I expect to land you without trouble in the United Kingdom tomorrow. But you are all military men and you know the hazards of war. In case we have to land on the sea each one of you will be assigned to one of the rafts. Each raft will be commanded by a member of the crew. You are to wear the life preserver the entire trip. If we have to fly very high to avoid storms, we shall furnish you with oxygen. Good luck, gentlemen, and a pleasant

voyage. Make yourself as comfortable as possible." Comfort was out of the question. It was a regular army transport plane with bucket seats. We rose off the desert airport and headed towards the sea.

TO ENGLAND

The sun was setting on another day and on my work in North Africa. The plane rose higher and higher. The stars began to appear and the sea was invisible. I sat next to a Scotsman, a lord of some sort. He was set for the journey. He carried with him a basket of fresh fruit. He knew what the English needed. He got out his sleeping bag and vacated his seat. His was the first seat and next to it were the mail bags. I crawled on the mail bags, placed my head upon them and my body on the Scotsman's and my seat. In a short while, everybody was stretched out—some lying in the aisle and others on seats. I slept intermittently and looked out at the night and the friendly stars overhead. After some hours, sandwiches were served by a warrant officer. The plane was more comfortable than a railroad train. I awoke early in the morning and saw the sun rise and then I saw mountains and green fields. It was raining. We might have been over the coast of Ireland, I don't know. It did look like an emerald isle.

My Scotch neighbor was very apologetic about not inviting me to his home. He said that he was not certain that there would be accommodations for him. The last time he was home he had to sleep in his garage. His rooms had been requisitioned. When we came to the airport it was raining hard, but we made a perfect landing. As the doors of the plane opened, we were conscious of the damp cold air. I wondered where my sweater was, even my heavy underwear, but I was grateful that the journey was over and that the first hazardous hurdle of my homeward voyage had safely been cleared. Tears of gratitude, I think, came into my eyes. I was too excited to look around. I rushed to take a shower and gave the hard boiled eggs of my landlady to the English attendant. I didn't know then that I

was giving him a fortune, but I do know that he gave me wonderful service. The English then were allowed one egg per month. I had given him two months' supply. In a high state of elation I ate my breakfast and learned that there would be a train to London at noon, but no planes were flying on account of the fog.

This gave me some time to telephone the Red Cross man in the area and to visit the Red Cross club. He called for me in his car and served me another breakfast in his club, which looked out upon the sea. He proved to be a teacher from Kansas who had heard me speak at a teacher's convention and we had a pleasant visit together. I bought some souvenirs for my daughter. The Red Cross director brought me back to the airport. Thence we were driven by bus to Glasgow where our railroad tickets awaited. We just had time to eat lunch before train time. As I looked around in Glasgow and saw the clean looking civilians, the good clothes, the shoes, I realized that I was in a different world, a richer world, and also a freer world, where the common man had a better chance and received better treatment. I was amazed at the plenty in the restaurant, plenty in comparison with North Africa.

From Glasgow to London the trip was long and I welcomed the chance of seeing the countryside. Half the time I slept. At the London station an army truck was awaiting which deposited me at the Reindeer Club, the officers' club of the American Red Cross. I had telephoned my arrival to the Headquarters Office in London and they had made reservations for me. Thus ends one phase of my work with the Red Cross and begins my brief stay in England.

The food at the Reindeer Club was the best in London. The dining room was very popular. At the table at which I sat there were two officers. A first lieutenant from the artillery and a second lieutenant from the Signal Corps. They both seemed to be new arrivals in England and they had had too much to drink that night, or rather enough to drink to be talkative and quarrelsome. Looking at the Signal Corps lieutenant the artillery officer said, "Huh, the Signal Corps. You are the fellows who wave the flag when the army goes marching to battle. Your job takes the brains of a parcel

wrapper in a five and ten-cent store and is just as dangerous." The Signal Corps officer looked at the artillery insignia and said, "Are you trying to pull your rank on me?" "No," replied the first lieutenant, "speak your mind freely." "Well," he said, "you fellows of the artillery do not even get near enough to the battle to see men marching by. You sit at the batteries fifteen to twenty miles from the enemy. The only noise you hear is the sound of your own guns and the only powder you smell is the smell of your own firing. They ought not to call you fellows soldiers. You are about as useful as assistants to an expressman. You put your shell in your gun and turn a lever and you don't do that too often."

The officers glowered at each other and one of them turned to me and said, "You are from the Red Cross. You be the umpire and you tell us which work is more dangerous—that of the Signal Corps or that of the artillery." How dare a Red Cross man be an umpire? The Red Cross depends upon the good will of the public, the entire public. As such we cannot take sides. I could not afford to offend either man without risk to myself and to the cause which I represented. But I didn't shy away from the invitation. In my mind again I saw the batteries in the Tunisian battlefield, to which I had brought supplies and I recalled seeing men sitting there with earphones glued to their ears waiting for the instructions to fire, brought to them over the wires laid by the Signal Corps. I recall again seeing several hundred tanks ready to charge in battle and interspersed among the tanks the vehicles of the Signal Corps. Communications had to follow the army. Without communications, a modern army is helpless. I recall the Signal Corps men who had gone out under shell fire to repair broken wires. I remembered the men at the batteries, sitting there when all of us went to slit trenches or fox-holes, staying at their posts in the face of Stuka dive bombers.

I told the men what I had seen. I told them how the Germans had praised our artillery, its unerring aim, its efficient work. I told them that without the Signal Corps, the artillery would be crippled and that without continuous perfect communication the army could not budge. From my experience there are no more branches of the army that are any safer than any other. There

may be as much danger in the service of supplies as there is in front line combat when enemy planes try to break up supply convoys. That is what we are doing all the time, bombing all supply centers of our enemies. When the boys heard that I had been in Tunisia they became very respectful and one of them said, "You fellows have done a wonderful job there." It is the first time I knew that the world was appreciative of what had been done in North Africa. All I had seen were the physical hardships, the loneliness, the tasteless food, the crowded sleeping quarters, the hot days, the hard work (that's what war is)—hard work, sometimes under great hazards, the lack of adequate amusement, the sick, the wounded, the dying, the dead. I was glad then that I had been part of the job which these officers called wonderful. That remark meant more than the good food, and happily I went to sleep.

AERO CLUBS

The next morning I reported to Red Cross headquarters in the very fashionable Grosvenor Square near the American Embassy. I suddenly sensed the difference between the English and North African theatres of war. The one was in an advanced industrial nation—the other in a half-industrialized and half-primitive civilization. In North Africa men were dressed in summer khakis and few men had summer blouses. In London, dress uniforms were mandatory. In North African headquarters everything was simple and informal; everybody knew almost what everybody else was doing. In London everything was efficient, businesslike, and impersonal. The Red Cross in North Africa was more like a small town. In England it was more like a large business in a metropolitan center. In North Africa our work was continuously hampered by a lack of everything under the sun, and the need of waiting for supplies for three months or longer; and when they arrived the need for them had changed or was less urgent. In England, the center of a great industrial civilization, things could be planned and done on a scale out of the question in North Africa. There were engineers and archi-

fects. There was cement and there was also a knowledge that there was a permanency to the front, whereas everything in North Africa was temporary. Berlin can never move away from England. The North African front was shifting and temporary. When I saw the comfortable offices, the secretaries, almost the inaccessibility of the office of Grosvenor Square, I realized that I was in a new world and had to make new adjustments.

I had no trouble seeing Mr. Harvey Gibson, head of the American Red Cross in England, and found myself ushered into his large office where everything was in spic and span order, and where he controlled the many phases of Red Cross work. Mr. Gibson was a successful banker. He had partially rescued the New York World's Fair after one disastrous year. He knew something about human beings. It was he, for example who conceived of and created the clubmobile, the aim of which is to reproduce on wheels an American living room and kitchen with American girls so that the boys in remote bases could sit in that clubmobile and imagine that they were at home and when they saw the girls making donuts and serving coffee they could think that they were seeing their mothers or sisters at work. Someone had suggested to Mr. Gibson that valuable space could be saved in the clubmobile if the donut machines were omitted. After all, donuts could be prepared elsewhere and could be stored in the clubmobile and the store could be replenished by supply trucks. That suggestion Gibson rejected. He knew the morale value of the boys seeing someone working in a kitchen as their mothers or wives at home. The clubmobile girls had to get up at five in the morning to start their machines and to make their fresh donuts. They would keep on making them when the G. I.'s came around, and these boys often offered to help as they had at home.

According to regulations, the Red Cross was to function only in camps and hospitals. Mr. Gibson noted that there was no recreational program in the many air bases scattered throughout England. Evenings the boys would go to town to the pubs and to everything that was associated with them. So he discussed the situation with General Eakers. "This morale problem is both yours and ours. We should do something about it." Mr. Gibson suggested that Aero Clubs be established at air bases. This was

done. A new phase of Red Cross work was launched. The requests for leaves to go to town each evening dropped. The boys had a place of refuge on the field itself. There was plenty of room on the air field and with the cooperation of the British Ministry of Supplies, and through reciprocal lend-lease, large one-story club facilities were built. They contained music and reading rooms, and quarters for the Red Cross girls who were in charge of the British civilians who worked with them, a very large room which could be used both for the eating of snacks and the holding of dances and other social functions, playrooms, etc. Mr. Gibson brought an American interior decorator to plan for drapes and living room furniture to match. An atmosphere of American home life was created. The Red Cross girls arranged parties for G. I.'s, joked with them, pepped them up, mothered them, sistered them, as the need might be. Aero Clubs spread all over England and the ground forces wanted similar clubs and camp clubs were established in violation of directives. But in a fluid war, changes and adjustments are essential.

Harvey Gibson had heard neither from Washington nor North Africa about my coming. The letter of introduction I bore from Bill Stevenson was adequate. The Washington wire came three days after I had been there. He assigned his assistant, Mr. Beineke, formerly connected with a trading stamp company, to plan my time in England and arrange for my departure. While we were talking, Mr. Gibson received word that the newest clubmobile was on the side street and down we went to see it. It was a large bus, which had been loaned to the Red Cross by the British government, and had been reconverted, and redesigned in accordance with the suggestion of Mr. Gibson and his clubmobile directors. It was most attractive. It had a living room at one end. The body walls opened to form a counter. In the body, there were the donut making machine, the coffee urns, the gas stoves to make coffee and a place for cigarettes and other comfort articles which the clubmobile girls distributed. There were fifty-five clubmobiles in England which regularly visited bases. They served coffee and donuts, played the phonograph over loudspeakers and brought little touches of America and a little reminder of the love of

the American people for the boys who were doing hard work in lonely places.

London had fifteen Red Cross clubs; some of them were huge, with eight hundred to twelve hundred beds. They were all managed by Americans drawn from many callings, most of whom never had such responsibilities. One club had about one hundred fifty employees. The clubs served meals at a nominal cost, perhaps twenty to twenty-five cents for the best meal. They had sleeping quarters for soldiers, playrooms, showers, etc. Club personnel arranged dances, showed moving pictures, held reunions of various cities and states, planned sightseeing tours, and organized all sorts of trips. For golfers they found links; for tennis players, courts; for fishermen, streams; for duck hunters, moors in Scotland. One club announced a dance for one night, telling the men who came that on arrival they were to describe the type of girl they wanted and that girl would be furnished. For a boy who wanted a red-head, a red-head was provided.

The Red Cross clubs were the soldiers' home in London. Without them London would have been a nightmare for the G. I., and his coming to London would have been a serious burden to the civilian residents greatly strained by the war crisis. Hotel rooms were at a premium if at all available. London was a blitzed city. Many of its people were living in its hotels after their homes had been destroyed. There would have been no sleeping facilities for American boys who were coming there by the thousands and whose predicament would have been unpleasant. The Red Cross clubs obviated that. The Rainbow Club in the heart of Piccadilly served as a clearing house. It had a record of the sleeping vacancies in all the London clubs and would send boys where accommodations were available.

On week-ends, mattresses were put on all the floors in all the rooms to accommodate the overflow. Running a club in London was a huge task, and involved all the problems and more of running a large summer resort. It was being done with remarkable efficiency by a lot of enterprising Americans, many of whom might have known very little about hotel business before the war. There was a special club for WACs. So excellent were the

facilities of our clubs, so considerate and thoughtful the service, that British soldiers complained that nothing like it was being done for them. The Red Cross wanted to charge nothing for its facilities but the army insisted that it do so. They believed that soldiers were paid comparatively well and could afford to pay these minimum charges. The Red Cross agreed to levy a charge of sixty per cent of the original cost, exclusive of rental, and so for seventy-five to eighty cents a day an American boy could live in a fine hotel in the heart of London and enjoy three meals a day, which most Londoners could not buy for any amount of money. In one of the clubs, the Mostin Club, I found one boy asleep. I introduced myself to him. He was W. C. Richter, III, of St. Louis. He had frequently heard me over the Radio Station KXOK in St. Louis, from which I broadcasted. I also was the commencement speaker when he graduated from Roosevelt High School some years ago.

ENGLAND AT WAR

The Red Cross clubs in England had fifteen thousand beds and needed thirty thousand. Frequently the club people would take a blitzed location and build it up. The aim was to locate a club near the heart of the town so that the facilities in which our boys were interested would be accessible. The Duchess Club, one of the finest in London, was staffed by Negro Red Cross workers. White girls came there and danced with Negroes as they did with white soldiers. Color prejudice was not known in England. I hope that our boys did not infect the English people with our own deplorable race attitudes, the legacy of slavery. While I made the rounds with Mr. Beineke, we used a Red Cross car and our chauffeur was an English woman of noble birth. All women in England between eighteen and sixty who had no children under ten years of age were expected to work, full time if they had no household duties, half time if they had.

The "Eve of St. Mark's" had been produced by the American Red Cross with the actors and actresses drawn from the army and from the Red Cross personnel. The production had

been a great success and tickets were not easy to get. I saw the play before a packed house. I had forgotten that I had seen it in New York, but it was good to see it again. The next day I spent driving around England observing our clubmobiles. My chauffeur was an English woman and my guide was a Red Cross executive who had promoted the series of music appreciation records. While driving around the countryside there occurred an unusual coincidence. In my training class at Washington there had been a graduate from Bryn Mawr whose name was Mildred Broughton. Because my daughter was at Bryn Mawr at the time, she and I had something in common. I had seen her neither in North Africa nor Cairo where other members of my class had been. I asked Mr. Ingless if she was in the clubmobile service in England. He could not place her. Just while we were talking, two Red Cross clubmobiles went by. One was really a showmobile because it carried a troop of British actors who were going from camp to camp giving entertainments under Red Cross auspices. The clubmobile and showmobile stopped and when three girls stepped out of the clubmobile, one of them was Mildred Broughton. She was disappointed. She had wanted to go to North Africa. England was too civilized for her. I told her that if she had been in North Africa she would have wanted to go to England because North Africa had been so difficult.

* In the afternoon we stopped at the Red Cross officers' club in Braintree for tea. Opposite us sat two young air force officers. They looked like they had just had a shower—and they had. They made inquiries about a dance that night, and said to us, "We are entitled to this cup of tea. We have done our dirty work over Germany this morning." The Red Cross girl said, "Shut up. You are not supposed to say where you have been." Here they were sipping tea waiting to go to a dance, and in the morning they had been dropping bombs over enemy territory.

Through the Red Cross, I very easily located Captain Lawrence Roos. He had been in England over a year and was, like all soldiers, anxious to get home. I knew him and his parents very well. I spent some time with him, but never did he tell me what he

was doing. On that score I could not enlighten his folks. He lived very comfortably in a two-room apartment in a residential section of London—near Hyde Park. From him I heard that the American soldiers had been royally received in England and most of them had so much money in comparison with the income of the British that they were giving the British girls the time of their lives. Romance flourished everywhere and Larry hoped that the American soldiers would have left England before the British Eighth Army came back, else there might be a war over the English girls.

The rest of my time in England, I spent going from club to club from town to town. At one bomber base I found that an enterprising Red Cross field director had initiated something similar to Town Hall. Every Monday evening he had a speaker leading a discussion on current events. These discussions became very popular. His attendance was usually a hundred—the capacity of the room. He said these lectures changed the tone of the camp. Because this was a headquarters area, the men had none of the excitement of flying nor did they care to go to town. They liked to remain in the Aero Club.

In the course of my travels, I met Chaplain Bertram Klausner, whom I knew twenty years ago when our parents were neighbors in Newark, New Jersey. Chaplain Klausner was the only Jewish chaplain for all our bomber squadrons in England. He had a difficult time in getting around and visiting the Jewish boys. He had no transportation of his own. He had to travel by train and by bus, by mail and courier cars. He never knew when he could get to a base. He covered five hundred miles a week. He did not mind the work but he was not getting the results. All Jewish chaplains had the same problem. No one division would have a thousand Jewish boys in it so as to warrant the services of one chaplain. Jewish soldiers were scattered among all units, twenty at one, and fifty at another, eighty-nine in a third. Jewish chaplains must rove around to serve their boys. Catholic and Protestant chaplains had arranged for Jewish services when no Jewish chaplain was available.

I visited a club in the outskirts of London which had a woman club director—the only woman club director in England at the

time. She made a great impression on me. She was just opening a club for WAC's and she was also rebuilding her other club. In the month of March, while I was speaking on behalf of the Red Cross Fund, a speaker was sent by the Red Cross to occupy my pulpit. She was none other than Miss Farrand whom I had met in England. I have never been able to see her and thank her for having occupied my pulpit. She probably would be surprised to learn that the Red Cross representative from North Africa to whom she showed her club was the rabbi of Temple Israel whose pulpit she occupied. While in London, I attended services at both Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. I also preached in the Reform Synagogue for Rabbi Reinhart and spoke at socials his congregation gave every Sunday for allied soldiers. Among them were Negro soldiers from Kenya colony. These colored boys mixed on equal terms with the whites.

From London I went to Liverpool by train. The meal on the train was the worst I had ever eaten in my life. Liverpool had a number of Red Cross clubs. The buildings are not as attractive as in London. I stopped at the Hotel Adelphia where I was given the only available room, a very luxurious one. The Red Cross graciously telephoned to an air base where Sydney Shoenberg, Jr., the son of a friend, was stationed, and arranged to have him meet me for supper the next day in Warrington. In Liverpool, as in London, there was a club staffed by Negro Red Cross workers. Many white soldiers preferred that to the other clubs and continued to patronize it. I heard of some friction between Negro and white soldiers, occasioned when Negroes danced with white girls. At one club four Negroes asked and received lodging all night and a military policeman remained with them to protect them. In another case an officer slept with his Negro drivers to assure them protection in case any white soldiers came in and objected to their presence. One of the most popular of the Red Cross clubs was the one at Warrington presided over by Professor Walker of McClennan College, Jacksonville, Illinois. I have frequently spoken there and she had heard me. She was a motherly woman, and had a wonderful personality. The club was like her. It was not a beautiful club but the food was excellent and the atmosphere warm and the boys loved it. Sidney Shoenberg, Jr.,

of St. Louis, and the son of good friends of mine, met me there. I was the first person he had seen from home in a long time. He was deeply touched by my visit and I enjoyed seeing him.

When I first saw Sydney, Jr., he had a harassed look on his face. This was due to the fact that he had been told that a Red Cross man was coming to see him. Usually when a soldier hears that a Red Cross man is coming to see him, it means that there is some special news about his family. Inasmuch as Sydney was unmarried, he thought that the Red Cross man came to see him to bring him some bad news about his parents or about his brothers. When he saw me, a look of relief spread over his features, and of course he was delighted at our reunion, even as were his parents subsequently when I returned to St. Louis. Sydney had come from a very luxurious home, and now he was glad at the wonderful luck which was his, in that he was quartered in a model home for English factory workers, and that his buddy and he could share a room which had a wash basin in it. He was greatly worried lest he be moved from his present location, the home of factory workers, into a military barracks.

There I ran into another Jewish chaplain, Chaplain Shure. He had just arrived and like Chaplain Klausner, he had a hard time reaching his men. Both of these chaplains told me that despite their travels their total attendance at services did not average more than sixty-five a week. They are dissatisfied because they want to do better work and serve more men. At the hotel in Liverpool, I had met a USO entertainer who was full of complaints about how his tour had been mismanaged and how inefficient he had found the army. I called him aside and said to him, "You have been living with the army for two weeks. You have found a number of weaknesses. I have been with it for five months. I have found a hundred times as many weaknesses, and so has everybody else in the army. But it is the only army we have. It is winning the war for us and it is smashing the mightiest military machine in history. That being the case forget about its weaknesses and recognize that its over-all job is magnificent." I must have made my point well because he accepted my reprimand and invited me to have breakfast in the morning. I accepted

his invitation, but he was asleep when I left for Stratford-on-Avon and the Red Cross club in the Shakespeare country.

On the way, I stopped to visit a large camp club and happened to listen to an exceptionally able field director interviewing a soldier who had come in to see him. He was an unusual soldier and an unusual case, and an unusual field director. The soldier was a native of Puerto Rico. His mother was white; his father Senegalese. In Puerto Rico, he had known no racial prejudice. He considered himself white and was stationed with white troops. Because of his negroid looks, strangers considered him a Negro when he left camp, and white soldiers ostracized him. He met all the prejudices that the American Negro unfortunately encounters. While in London, a girl at a pub called him an American Indian, assuming that this meant that he was of an inferior race. For this insult, he had knocked the girl down, had been tried by court martial and given a sentence of six months. He said, "I want to help win this war to help establish democracy, but I am getting no democracy myself. I am white when I am on the post but Negro when I am off the post. I'm like a man without a country."

While he was in prison, he learned that his mother had died and he wanted to go to church on his first free Sunday to burn some candles in her memory and also to place flowers on the altar as a symbol of his love for her. He had no money and wanted to borrow some from the Red Cross. The field director handled this case remarkably well. He was sympathetic and understanding and readily gave him a loan of five dollars. The soldier had no money because his pay was stopped during his period of incarceration. Leaving that camp, I saw the ruins of Kenilworth Castle which I had visited many years ago and also Warwick Castle. In Stratford-on-Avon the guest room in White Swan Inn then a Red Cross club, which dates back to the time of Shakespeare, had been reserved for me. At the Shakespeare Memorial Theater, "Henry V" was being played, and a ticket was secured for me. I ate in one of the Inns in the town and wandered around the old city. The news came that Sicily had fallen. That night I saw planes overhead, some practicing night flying, others

on their way to the continent. Stratford-on-Avon was a favorite resting place for the more thoughtful American soldier. Every three months a soldier in England received leave for one week. Some boys had spent every leave at the White Swan Inn. Bicycles were available for them and they could go cycling around the countryside or browsing around the bookstores in Shakespeare's native home. They liked the restfulness of the little English town and the fact that it took them completely away from Army life.

In one of the clubs I found the director, a woman, greatly alarmed over the Negro problem. She had been an unfortunate choice for that area. She hated the English; and she probably hated Negroes also. Whatever difficulties existed she probably intensified by her own prejudices, though she tried to control them. She was slightly tainted with anti-semitism. She spoke of a mutual friend. "He is not white—he is a Jew." Quite a contrast was the other club worker I met who was anxious that something like Town Hall be established in England. She was disturbed because many of the boys with whom she came in contact were fighting to go home as soon as possible. She knew that they felt no cause. They were doing an ugly, disagreeable chore and doing it well. They were determined to keep America well prepared and well armed when the war was over, and many of them were leaning towards isolationism. This was due in part to the fact that the British people and the average American soldier did not get along so well. They spoke the same language, but they had different customs and these differences were irritating. Our boys were disappointed in finding the British so different. Many of them, however, enjoyed going out with English girls. One G. I. was engaged to a girl in the States, and also to one in England. When asked which one he would marry, he answered that when he was in the mood to marry he would marry the girl in whose country he happened to be.

I visited the Red Cross club in Bury-St.-Edmonds. In its abbey, the Magna Carta had been drawn up. Around the abbey was a large wall. On the gates of the abbey there was a six-pointed star, the symbol of Judaism. I was informed that this was put there because local Jews contributed generously to the rebuilding of the abbey after it had been destroyed by fire centuries ago.

In another town there were two clubs near important air bases. One was staffed by Negroes and one by whites. I spoke to the directors of those clubs. The club staffed by Negroes was just as attractive as the other. The Negro club director informed me that he had taken care of many a drunken white soldier. The Red Cross practices no segregation. Most Negro boys prefer to go to a Red Cross club staffed by Negro workers. He added, "Segregate and you create trouble." The white people of that town showed remarkable spirit. Eighty-five white volunteers representing the best families served in the Negro club. Negroes like other American soldiers were invited to the best homes, and also to picnics and dances given by the social elite. This Negro director reported that a Negro officer had been refused a room in the local hotel. This prejudice was something new to that area in England. Were we democratic Americans importing this? The director was of the opinion that there would be no trouble between Negroes and whites unless they got drunk. Negroes contended that white soldiers attacked them whenever they saw them out with white girls and they fought back. White girls who dated Negroes were ostracized by white soldiers. Troubles started when southern boys insulted northern Negroes.

Among the last clubs I visited was the one in Cambridge. Many American boys were in that area. Some took courses at the university. The club was overcrowded, and could not accommodate all. The army was negotiating for the use of university dormitories. I tried to get in one of the great halls of Trinity College but it was locked. A don saw me and arranged for my admittance. When I thanked him he said, "We are grateful to you for the wonderful help you are giving us." I felt there was a lot of good will and appreciation for the Americans among the British. On the train from Cambridge to London, I sat next to a British girl soldier. Her corps is known as the ATS. I was amazed to hear the service they render. These English girls did more than office work. They comprised the personnel at the anti-aircraft batteries and guns, some of which send shells from six to seven miles in the air.

I had a few days left in London before boarding my plane to return home. I tried to see our Ambassador, the Honorable

Winant. He was out but I met his secretary. He proved to be an old acquaintance, Jacob Beam. I had known him in Berlin when he served as one of the secretaries in the German Embassy. I knew that Herbert Agar was in the Embassy and dropped in to have a chat with him. He was very much interested in the work of Town Hall. He said that similar programs were soon to be initiated for our troops in England. He believed it important to educate our boys about the basic issues of the war in this country and to help them overcome their antipathies for our allies which are inevitable when men with different backgrounds work together. He recognized that friendship and appreciation between English and Americans were essential for a just and lasting peace in the world of tomorrow.

On Sunday morning I attended services at St. Paul's Cathedral. The service was effective. The sermon by an old teacher on religion and economics was dull. The blitz had raged with great intensity around St. Paul's. There were empty lots all around the cathedral. Beyond, toward the docks, everything had been leveled. I did see grass grow in the business section of London.

I stopped in at the office of the Zionist organization and saw correspondence to the effect that the British government in Palestine was not adequately supporting the wives of Jewish soldiers. The British officials in Palestine were trying to discredit the Jews for fear that the Jews would make too many demands when the war is over. Polish Jews were being exterminated; a million Jews in Hungary were in jeopardy. Palestine would welcome them. The Jews and Arabs could get along if the British would not interfere. In no country could the Jews be as immediately creative as in Palestine. I ran into a Jewish chaplain whom I had known in the States. He had had a horrible experience with his senior chaplain. This was very unusual as Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant chaplains generally got along remarkably well and revealed the finest cooperative spirit. Army regulations were that there were to be no permanent denominational symbols in any army chapel. Each chaplain had the right, while he was conducting the service, to display the religious symbol of his denomination, but when his service was over these were to be removed. One chaplain failed to do so and when the Jewish

chaplain suggested that these denominational symbols were not in place, his answer was, "If you insist, I shall remove them. But that is the sort of thing that will bring pogroms in America when the war is over." Here was Hitler anti-semitism voiced by a religious officer of the American army.

I ran across this very delightful occurrence in Nottingham. A group of American Military Police determined in the best American style to do something for underprivileged boys. They were going to teach them how to play baseball and organized a baseball league among these British youngsters. The Red Cross was anxious and eager to get bats and balls and if possible, uniforms for this remarkable project, which revealed the basic goodness and decency of American youth.

A BLOCKING BACK FOR AMERICA

I could not leave England without visiting the American cemetery at Brookwood. It was quite a drive from London. In Brookwood are buried our dead of the last war. There I saw the new section dedicated to the dead of this war. Practically all of the dead then, were in the air force. In the front row I saw the grave of Jerry Notowitz of St. Louis. I had seen him play football at the University of Missouri. He had been the blocking back for All-American, Paul Christman. Notowitz took part as a bombardier in the first American raid over Europe. He was killed a few days after he had taken part in an overseas broadcast. I stood and prayed before his grave. I saw him in football uniform, protecting Paul Christman from the runners who wanted to tackle him. Now he lay there dead. A blocking back for America. Before his grave I recited the Kaddish, the Jewish prayer for the dead.

My driver was a grandmother, who according to British law, was compelled to work. She drove Red Cross cars six days a week, eight hours a day. Her pay, regulated by the government, amounted to sixteen dollars a week. Of this eight dollars had to go for taxes. She had no choice about working although she wanted to. Universal service for women who have no children

under ten was compulsory. Most women, she told me gladly, did their share. There were some slackers but no one respected them. Her husband was an important railroad official. Her home had been destroyed in the blitz and they were living in one room in a hotel. During the blitz she had driven an ambulance and had herself been wounded. What fine devotion and consecration! Most British women were like this one. What laudable national spirit! We passed Eton, that historic prep school for the children of British aristocrats. My chauffeur said, as we looked at the school which was partially blitzed, "To get in this school they had to know who your father and grandfather were, but that is a thing of the past. That England has died during the blitz and a greater England will survive, in which these inequalities will forever be eliminated."

"Amen," said I to that fervently.

I visited a great hospital near Oxford. General Devers, commanding officer of our troops in the United Kingdom, was there the same day and he had to salute me several times—but I had to salute him first. A remarkable job is being done at that hospital by the Red Cross. The hospital had been built by American funds for British use, but when we entered the war it was turned over to us. All the casualties were from air combat. Some had been affected by the high temperatures and had frozen limbs. Others had been hit by flak and bullets. Others had been injured by crash landings. Some had been blinded. The Red Cross was in charge of the arts and crafts shop. Out of shell cases boys were making souvenirs. Some were artists and were drawing; others were fashioning things out of leather which was very hard to obtain. The best artist in the shop was a Negro. He was also the best liked. In that hospital and in that shop there was no racial discrimination. I saw a Negro boy showing his white comrade how to operate a machine. As I saw their heads together absorbed in a common task, I was thrilled at the thought that under the banner of the Red Cross this insane racial hostility was being overcome.

I went around the wards with one of the Red Cross psychiatric social workers. Her job was to help adjust permanently maimed boys to living cheerfully though handicapped. Her second task

was to prepare, with the aid of Red Cross home service, their families back home for receiving the disabled soldiers and giving them the feeling that a maimed person could still live a useful creative life. As we entered one ward, I saw a boy sitting with his head bowed. He was blind. He looked down and out. When he heard the footsteps of this worker, he cried out, "Hi, Liz!"

His voice was vigorous, confident and cheerful. I commented on that. She laughed at my comment. When the soldier first learned that he would never see again, he begged for a weapon to end his life and this girl stood by him and had gotten him to understand that a blind man can be self-supporting and of use to society. He can marry and support children and have a home. She told him of a blind senator, of blind judges, and lawyers, and preachers. She had helped him understand. She had saved him from a living hell. Who is she? An American Red Cross worker, a representative of the love and friendship of the American people for their boys overseas, and a living guarantee to them that they will never be forsaken by their country and its people for whom they have sacrificed so much. In the game rooms of the hospital there were radios and pingpong tables, and coca cola stands, and reading and writing facilities and a juke box which was blaring out American songs. It helped ease the pain and suffering and the pangs of homesickness.

My English stay was drawing to a close. I had to weigh in and turn in some of my equipment—all the equipment that might be used by some others. There was no sense in transporting it back to America. I did not want to part with it. I had had it for six months, and some of it like the mess kit and canteen had stood me in good stead. I was allowed to keep my steel helmet but the gas mask, mess kit, belt, canteen I turned in. Sleeping space in a train had been arranged by the Army and I was to fly back by way of the northern route. Arriving at the flying field the next morning, we were instructed to have our lunch and to be available by two o'clock. We received instructions as to what to do in case of an accident. At two thirty, the weather was favorable and off we went.

We flew over the clouds. I saw no ocean until we came near and landed in Iceland. We were scheduled to leave by

midnight and informed that at eleven o'clock a meal would be served us. Immediately thereafter we would take off. In the meantime we were at liberty. I telephoned the Red Cross and someone came for me. In the first club that I saw I met someone from St. Louis, Miss Frances D. Boeckmann. Adjacent to her club was a large gymnasium with facilities for volleyball and basketball. The boys there needed it. Iceland looked bleak and drab. It seemed to me to be very cold, too, for the latter part of August. That night I saw a movie shown by the special services. We secured accommodations at the Hotel de Gink, a luxurious place with electric lights and private baths, luxurious in part because great dignitaries stopped there. We ate a steak dinner. The plane was loaded. Midnight came and we did not move. At twelve thirty we were told that the pilot decided that the weather report was too unfavorable and we would not leave then but that we should be on call and he would let us know when we would be ready to travel. Sleeping accommodations were given us at Hotel de Gink. I drew a room with bath. The next morning at breakfast I saw Colonel Balchen, an aide of Admiral Byrd. He was on his way to Greenland. He, too, was held up by the weather. We were told to be on call as we might leave at any time. We therefore, could not run into Iceland's capital. We waited all day. Another transatlantic plane came in and left right after supper. Our pilot waited. He was the sole judge as to whether to go or not. We were impatient and while waiting someone inveigled me into a poker game. I knew little about it, but I won. I won so easily that I understood why some men can make a good living out of playing poker in the army. When I was at an officers' infantry training camp in the last war, I remember the old army sergeant who slept next to me did not want to become an officer because as an officer he could not gamble with the enlisted men. He always won. He said, "My wife dresses better than any major's wife." If I could do as well in all card games as I did that afternoon, my wife would dress better than any general's wife.

At midnight we left. Before that we ate again but not as sumptuously as the night before. When I woke up it was dawn. We were over Labrador, and we each received a sandwich

and a cup of coffee. We passed over Newfoundland. Then we began to see the green grass of our country. It is no use trying to state how the men in that plane felt. All had had different experiences and different reactions. Tears came to my eyes out of thankfulness and gratitude. I had been gone from home six months, and overseas five months. I had sailed through a submarine-infested sea. I had been bombed at Algiers and in Tunisia. I had lived under shell fire in the battlefield and bombers compelled me to run to a slit trench. I had seen wounded, dying, and dead. Dead Germans as well as dead Americans. I had witnessed a historic surrender. I had done little things for American wounded, created Town Hall, helped out Army chaplains, worked under trying circumstances with some of the finest men and women, the personnel of the American Red Cross.

At about midnight we landed at La Guardia Field. I had no hotel room, but the officer said he would make reservations for me at Essex House at a special rate for overseas personnel. A taxicab took me to the hotel. I could not believe the lights, the well-dressed people, the prosperity. I could not believe that this country was at war. The contrast between North Africa and New York was like between day and night, and even between England the contrast was great. I put in some phone calls and went to the coffee shop. I ordered a good deal of food, but could not eat it. I went to sleep. The next morning I attended services at Temple Emanu-El, and lunched with some friends. I told them about my work with the Red Cross, and I am still telling people about it.

I ARRIVE HOME

As I arrived in the States, I received instructions to see the head of the Jewish Welfare Board in New York before reporting to Washington. I met with one of its representatives who chided me for having conducted Jewish services abroad. "That was not the function of the Red Cross," he told me. How could I have ignored these requests of Jewish G. I.'s and Jewish and Christian chaplains that I conduct Jewish services where no Jewish chaplain was available?

While made unhappy by this experience, I received the following telegram:

"DY ST LOUIS MO 1018A SEPT 1 1943

RABBI FERDINAND M ISSERMAN

RICHARD ALLEN VICE CHAIRMAN AMERICAN NATIONAL
RED CROSS C/CO WASHN DC

ST LOUIS RED CROSS CHAPTER DESIRES TO SPONSOR YOUR
FIRST PUBLIC ADDRESS IN ST LOUIS AND IS ARRANGING A
JOINT MEETING WITH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MEMBERS
ASSEMBLY FOR NOON LUNCHEON ADDRESS SEPTEMBER 15
OR 16 WILL APPRECIATE YOU ADVISING US WHICH DATE
SUITS SO THAT WE CAN PROCEED WITH ARRANGEMENTS

ALFRED FAIRBANK VICE CHAIRMAN ST LOUIS CHAPTER"

I accepted. The luncheon was held at the Gold Room of the Jefferson Hotel which was filled to capacity with more than one thousand present. After my address, I received an ovation. Some one after this address, in which I described the battle zone, came to me and said, "But you said nothing about the Red Cross." But I am saying it here.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ferdinand M. Isserman, L.L.D., D.D., D.H.L., is at present the rabbi of Temple Israel in St. Louis, Missouri where he has served for thirty years. He has had a long and distinguished career in the rabbinate and has been chairman or president of the following: Justice and Peace Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis; Jewish Student Foundation of the University of Missouri; Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion Alumni Association; Jewish Welfare Campaign of St. Louis; St. Louis Conference of Christian and Jews; Institute of Theology; and others too numerous to mention.

Dr. Isserman has served on the boards of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion, Urban League, Hillel Advisory Council, National Council of the Joint Distribution Committee, Bible College and the University of Missouri.

For the past twenty years, he has conducted Jewish radio services in St. Louis and now broadcasts every Sunday morning over Station KSD. He has frequently been the speaker on "Message of Israel" on a national hook-up and also the "Church of the Air" over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Dr. Isserman is the author of the following: "Rebels and Saints, the Social Message of the Prophets of Israel," "This Is Judaism," "Sentenced to Death, the Jews of Nazi Germany," and "The Jewish Jesus and the Christian Christ."