

VACATION IN 1938

We left Rio on October 28, 1938, on the first vacation I have had for about seven years, on the Italian CONTE GRANDE, a very comfortable ship; in fact the steadiest boat I have traveled on in years. There were few people aboard as the rush of travellers (after Munich) was the other way; people were pouring home from Europe to all of the Americas. On the second day out we stopped at Bahia, which is picturesque and has numerous interesting old Churches, generally with two low bell towers. São Francisco is the finest - baroque, with great twisted columns and large cherubims - all covered with dazzling goldleaf. There is a nice cloister with a balcony with walls covered with blue Delft tiles.

Two days later at Recife, where we stayed only an hour or two; and crossed the Atlantic to Dakar, where we stayed most of the day. Took a car, drove around the city, and out to a Moslem-Negro village about an hour away. Saw the Cathedral; appropriately African in architecture. Then on past Gibraltar, and sailing close to the Balearic Island of Majorca to Cannes. We passed Gibraltar early in the morning and although I stood on the bridge with the Captain, the morning was foggy and I couldn't see much, even through the best glasses, of either Gibraltar or Ceuta on the other side; could make out only a few English naval vessels in the Gibraltar harbor. The ship's officers were very attentive. One night we attended an amusing

amusing show given by the crew in their quarters. The Italians celebrated their Armistice Day and we attended their mass on the upper deck. We also celebrated All Saints Day and All Souls Day on the way.

We had a good variety of Italian dishes and I enjoyed the Chianti and Orvieto wines.

At Cannes we came off in a Lighter; stayed a day or two on the Riviera. The Riviera was very quiet, with only one important hotel open at Cannes; Nice looked dead. We drove one afternoon to Monte Carlo and found it full of Britishers living on the Riviera for reasons of economy. The Riviera is distinctly not what it used to be. The young and smart now go in for winter sports rather.

We

We took a car and went the first day as far as Avignon, where we arrived in the late afternoon. On arriving at Cannes we were met on board by Doc Matthews (from Bogotá and Habana), and Jimmie O'Neil (from Bogotá), our Consul from Nice, and local officials. Doc Matthews made a part of the trip with us. At Avignon he and I plodded around in the rain for several hours until after nightfall and were delighted with the exterior views we had of the Pope's Palace; the Cathedral; and the walls. The next morning we ran into a parade in celebration of a flame which had been carried from - I don't remember where - to the local shrine of the unknown soldier. Did the Chateau thoroughly; was impressed with

with the Pope's Gothic great-audience-hall.
Then on through Nîmes (the Roman Circus).
Narbonne, with its half-finished-end-walled-up-
end Cathedral which the Black Death stopped when
it was a-building. Carcassonne, where we
spent the night. Matthews and I clambered
around for several hours on the walls and around
the ruins (I saw how dangerous they were next
morning); a charming sight by moonlight. The
next morning we did it all over again. Car-
cassonne is as fine as its reputation. Then on
through Toulouse to Limoges, where we passed
the night. Visited the museum with its fine
collection of porcelain and pottery. Admired
especially some of the white table decorations;
very beautiful but too fine to be used - too
breakable.

When

When we started our from Cannes we supplied ourselves with Michelin guides. The Michelin, for every village of any size at all, lists the restaurants and cafés. The stars, when they are starred, one, two and three, for the food and wine; the crossed knives and forks, one, two and three, for the class of service; and they by no means always coincide. Then they tell you what each restaurant or café is famous for, either in the wine line or the food. I gained pounds on the tour.

We then started for Touraine and had a look at the famous Loire Chateaux of Loches, Chemonceau, Azay-le-Rideau, Chinon, Luynes

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(still belonging to the Duc de Luynes), Langeais, Chaumont (recently sold to the Government by the Princess de Broglie), Amboise, still owned by the Orleans family, Beaugency, Blois, Chambord and Cour Cheverney, which is owned and lived in by the Count de Vibray, who is Master of the Hunt in the nearby Chambord Forest. My wife and I are both very fond of Touraine; we both consider the Loire Valley an approach to an earthly Paradise. A pathetic note is the State carriages at Chambord which were prepared for the Count de Chambord to enter Paris in 1873.

We stayed at the hotel in Tours, and for our Chateaux visits went in and out of Tours. The French countryside was charming that November. The leaves were turning and the vineyards were red.

Then

Then on to Orleans; admired its Cathedral.

Then on to Chartres, with the most beautiful Church in the world. When we arrived there, to our dismay we were told that it was closed for repairs. The famous stained glass windows, as well as many other objects and decorations, had been removed on account of the war scare, and were then being put back into place. We were told we couldn't possibly enter. However, I eventually found the architect, who let me in. I had recently been reading "La Cathedrale" of Housemans and was still under its charm. The Cathedral was perhaps even more delightful as we saw it: it had a quality that cannot be defined; although the light was poor, and workmen were everywhere: high, high up
near

near the ceiling, on the walls, everywhere.

An old verger took us around; got out some treasured prints of the Cathedral from under his bed (he lived in a cubby-hole off the choir).

Then on through Versailles to Paris, where we stayed at the Ritz. Went to an amusing show called "Long Live Paris", where I found Dorville, the funniest comedian in the world, and whom I used to admire prodigiously back in 1917, still going strong. Paris in general was quiet and dull. The only active people seemed to be the English over for the week-end who filled the Ritz bar. The good restaurants were two-thirds empty; even the food, perhaps,

not

not up to its usual mark. The Ambassador, William C. Bullitt, was at home on leave; we had luncheon with Edwin Wilson, then Counselor *of the Embassy and* ~~but now Minister to Uruguay,~~ *Charge d'Affaires* Went one evening to Versailles to dine with the James Hazen Hydes. The dinner was interesting: there was the Socialist Préfet; a very well-known radical Socialist Deputy; and the well-known writer André Siegfried. The after dinner conversation as to why the French and English didn't go to war over Czechoslovakia was illuminating. The Socialist's wife had on more jewelry than anyone there.

At lunch at Ed Wilson's we met the Minister for Air and his wife, the former well-known singer, Cora Madou.

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In Paris we met our great friend Mrs.
James Hamilton Lewis.

Finally, I left my wife in Paris getting
clothes and I went on to London to get some
myself. She came on a fortnight later; after
nearly being held up by the attempted general
strike. Stayed at the Berkley, where the food
was better than ever. The Berkley has always
been my favorite London Hotel, but I was sorry
to find that they had done over the rooms and
not to advantage: they have installed that
horrible indirect lighting; apparently no one
reads now. In London saw any number of plays,
none of them particularly good. Thought "The
Fleet's Lit Up" at the Hippodrome dreadful;
"Elizabeth of Austria" fairly good; "French
Without Tears" amusing.

Went

Went several times to the Embassy (the Kennedys). One day there quietly to tea; John McCormack was there; wanted to go to Brazil. Another day to a luncheon for the ex-Queen of Spain, whom I was glad to see again. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, among others, were there. Lunched one day with the Cuban Minister, Guillermo de Blanck, whom I knew at Habana, and his recently married good-looking and much photographed wife; Augustin Edwards of Chile was there.

The popular Brazilian Ambassador, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, and his wife, the Regis de Oliveiras, had a luncheon for us; the Duchess of Sutherland and the Belgian Ambassador,

Baron

Baron Cartier de Marchienne, whom I had known during the war at Paris and later as Ambassador to Washington, was there.

My old friends the George Rublees were in London, he as the head of the Refugee Committee. Went one night with them to the European premier of "Suez", for some charity or other under the patronage of Queen Mary. A descendant of Lesseps, a young Count de Lesseps with us was very indignant about the whole thing. In connection with George Rublee's refugee work, had luncheon one day with Viscount Bearstead who was interested in Jewish refugees in Brazil.

Saw in Paris, and again at London (she was staying at the Berkley) that most attractive Brazilian Aimée Simões Lopez, who was having a
tremendous

tremendous success. (The very much photo-
graphed Aimée and her sister Vera ^{later well known} ~~are now at~~
^{in the U.S.A.} ~~new York~~).

Spent a day at Oxford; another at Edinburgh,
going out in the pouring rain to see Stirling
Castle in which I was disappointed. Found it
was now a barracks. Went to see it because
my grandmother was a Stirling. On the way back
from Scotland, stopped to have a look at the
Cathedral at Durham and York Minster; neither
of which had I seen before.

My wife came on to London and we left for
Southampton, boarded the QUEEN MARY. Was dis-
appointed in the QUEEN MARY; found her ^{far} from
gay. Ambassador Kennedy was on board.

Stayed

Stayed a night in New York; then down to Washington to report; then out to Chicago for Christmas with my wife's family. Didn't do very much because I got the flu. Did enjoy the New Year's Day luncheon at the Chicago Club where I met most of the prominent men in the Chicago business world.

From Chicago I went to my home in Louisiana; enjoyed the food; especially Antoine's in New Orleans, as usual; then a few days in Asheville, North Caroline, with my brother-in-law and his wife; then back to Washington where I stayed a couple of months for some financial talks with the Brazilian Minister for Foreign Affairs who was up on a visit.

Went

Went back to New York; saw a lot of plays , all pretty poor, except "One for the Money", which amused me. I hated especially "Hellzapoppin"; did the night clubs; had one pleasant evening with a group including the attractive Huberta Earle.

One day we went out for a preview of the World's Fair: had lunch with Grover Whalen; the Turkish Fair Commissioners were there; and Commander Flanagan, Vice President, showed us exactly what we wanted to see: not too long; not too much. We enjoyed the General Motors Building, which was far from finished; the Brazilian Pavilion was only well-begun. Had tea at the Terrace Club.

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At New York we stayed at the St. Regis, which I like: it has a little air. Went up to Toronto for a day with my friend Captain Flanagan at his sumptuous estate, Divadale; and sailed in early April on the S. S. URUGUAY, of our recently installed Good Neighbor Fleet, for Rio.

We stopped at Barbados on the way down, which I hadn't seen before. Motored around for a few hours. Had a swim at the local club (I forget the name), and luncheon at the hotel with friends of my wife who were staying there. Barbados is less attractive than Trinidad or Jamaica.

Passengers aboard were the Agricultural expert, Dr. Swingle, and Dr. Mann, head of the Washington zoo. Dr. Mann had a fine collection of
animals

animals which he was taking to Buenos Aires, including some buffalos and wolves. One of the wolves got out one night and there was hell to pay before he was recovered. Dr. Mann told me he would show me the wolves at three o'clock one afternoon. I went on deck and saw a man I thought was Dr. Mann and asked him to see the wolves. He looked a little surprised and said to come with him; he headed straight for his cabin; I said: "Are the wolves in there?" He said: "Yes". He opened a trunk; I said: "Are the wolves in there?" He said: "Oh, yes, oh, yes. I bought only these in Barbados" and produced some "woolens"; he thought I was a customs agent.

The dancers Estelle and Leroy were on board. The trip was smooth and restful and I passed a good deal of the time in the swimming pool.

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In October 1940 I realized that I had not had a single day's vacation since my return to Rio in early '38. We set out again on October 15 on the good ship ARGENTINA for New York to arrive in time to see the last two days of the World's Fair (which we found, of course, on its last legs). People in Rio are so very polite: this time, as took place in October '37, our rooms were banked with the most gorgeous orchids in the world. My wife had a hundred thank-you notes to write, and I stopped counting the postcards I sent people who came to see us off.

We made a non-stop trip to New York - in twelve days. The day I arrived I went to a dinner given by Gen. Harbord for the group of Latin-American Chiefs of Staff who were touring the

United

United States; then for consultation for three weeks in the State Department: Washington in November 1940 was particularly interesting: definitely a world center. I made a number of off-the-record speeches explaining why we are arming, why we are interested in hemisphere defense - in re Latin-America - in New York, Chicago, Washington, to groups of prominent business men, newspaper writers, etc., as for instance to 65 members of the President's Business Advisory Council, 40 or 50 Overseas Writers, etc., etc.

I then went to Louisiana; then to Chicago; then to New York; then back to Washington for several weeks' more consultation; then sailing again in the ARGENTINA on January, 1941. Attended President Roosevelt's third inauguration:

we

We American Ambassadors, Bullit, Daniels, etc., all sat together; attended the usual receptions, parades, and the inauguration Gala: a brilliant house but a poor show with Ethel Barrymore, Micky Rooney, Charlie Chaplin, etc.

We stopped a day at Port Everglades; a day at Nassau; cocktails with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; luncheon at the Porcupine Club.

Next stop, a week later, at Bahia: official receptions, calls, launches, flags, official cars, etc., etc.; big luncheon at Governor's country house; speeches in Portuguese; a lovely bird which loudly sang the tune of the Brazilian National Anthem: one of the Governor's aides took him out of his cage, held him in his hand

and

and talked to him first. Visited more churches.

Back in Rio, February 8; welcoming committees, orchids, salutes, etc., etc.

Carnival February 20-24: this year the President gave me his box for the Carnival Ball at the Opera: beautiful sight: attractive decorations; all very gay; packed; cheerful music; good costumes. We asked twenty people with us, including ^{John} Farley visiting Rio. Excellent supper at one, as Mayor's guest.

Took Farley to luncheon with the President at a Fazenda near Petropolis: Farley made an excellent impression. Aranha was in good form.