ASSIGNMENT TO EMBASSY IN PARIS, FRANCE
I took passage on the ESPAGNE of the French Line for Bordeaux which was the port of debarkation for the few passenger boats running to France. I found that I had a cabin marked with the name of Mrs. Josephine Treadwell (who did not sail), whom I did not then know. (I read the other day that she was killed in an automobile accident). Her beautiful sister was married to Walter von Mumm of champagne fame.

The trip on the ESPAGNE was amusing. We had on board the famous "beauty squad": a lot of attractive girls going over on "war work". There were other beauties too; and above all there was the popular Cornelia Armsby.

One day they told us that we were being attacked by a submarine but I was never very sure
sure about that, although there was excitement enough on the ESPAGNE. Then the sailors on board did some target shooting and missed all the targets: again excitement among the passengers.

Finally, we arrived at Bordeaux; we had an excellent dinner at the Chapon Fin; and on that night to Paris. (The Chapeau Rouge was also very good).

Paris was fascinating in those days. We had bread cards, and no butter and no sugar, but plenty of excitement and fun and plenty of work, too.

I was Administrative Officer at the Embassy and worked early and late.

I first lived in the Hotel Meurice and later moved to the Grillon, and then to the old Mirabeau on the Rue de la Paix.
I went through numberless air raids. One night as I was driving home with a reluctant taxi driver, at the Place Vendome the chauffeur firmly refused to move further. As I stepped out of the taxi I saw two German planes over the Hotel Ritz. I ran as fast as I could for the Rue de la Paix. In the meantime, the planes dropped a couple of bombs on the Ministry of Finance next door. Another night I saw planes using machine guns on the people on the streets in the Faubourg St. Germain. I saw another plane (French) come down in flames on the Place de la Concorde. As soon as German planes were reported, the anti-aircraft barrage all around the city set up and the din was terrific, but once the Germans were past the barrage they flew low and sailed
sailed around Paris at will. At two o'clock one afternoon I saw a German plane flying over Paris taking pictures.

On Good Friday I set out for the Church of St. Gervais where the Good Friday singing was famous. As I climbed to the platform on which the Church was built, I glanced at my watch and saw that it was three o'clock: too late for me; and so did not enter the Church but started back for the nearest Metro Station. Before I reached the station, I heard a tremendous explosion behind me and found out when I reached the Embassy that the Church had been hit by the Big Bertha and several hundred people had been killed. The Parisians hated the Big Bertha more than they did the air raids. It seemed to do something
something to their nerves. When the first Big Bertha shot was fired I was sitting in a barber chair; nobody could make out what it was and there was a good deal of guessing. In any event, the barbers pulled down all the metal screens in the front of the shop.

One morning on my way to the Chancery, two blocks away a shot had fallen and killed several people; they were carrying them away when I reached there. Another day a piece of shell hit the Chancery. I kept it.

One Sunday several of us from the Embassy spent the day at St. Germain. All day long every half hour a shot would fall! It made people panicky.

Another day some of us from the Embassy were lunching at Laurent's and were nearly thrown out
out of our chairs by a tremendous explosion. We rushed into the street and could see clouds of smoke pouring into the sky: it was the explosion of one of the enormous ammunition dumps. It was never explained.

Although I am far from brave, I can say that I never went into a cellar during an air raid or while a Big Bertha was firing except once, and that was at a party for the Prince of Monaco and his granddaughter, the present héritrice of that Principality, because the old Prince insisted that all of us go down into the cellar. The granddaughter was attractive.

Mr. Sharp was Ambassador when I went to Paris. His son, George, I believe is now a lawyer practicing in Paris.

Robert Bliss was Counselor of the Embassy and
and he and his charming wife, Mildred, had an apartment on the other side of the Seine where they entertained extensively. They knew everybody in Paris. She was very kind to artists and musicians; Ernest Schelling used to play there. When I got to Paris she remarked that as I liked to ride, and there were said to be no horses left in Paris, she would introduce me to a Countess de Berthier; and that if I were polite to her perhaps she might lend me her horses. I tried to be polite and she did lend me a horse, the use of which I had for my stay in Paris. A beautiful horse, too. The horse lived at Prince Antoine Radziwill's stable near the Chancery, all of which was very convenient. Mrs. Bliss and I often rode in the Bois; later on Sheldon Whitehouse rode with me occasionally.

Cornelia
Cornelia Armsby and her friend Gertrude Tower had a delightful little house on the Avenue Jules Janin. They had a good cook, a pretty little garden, and were a godsend for all the Americans in Paris. They both worked at Mrs. Vanderbilt's "Œuvre" at Neuilly.

Among the other charming workers there was the beautiful English Mrs. Daphne Earle, a cousin of the British Royalties; she was a Fitz-George, a descendant of the House of Hanover, I believe.

Among the interesting people at our Embassy was Warrington Dawson, Special Assistant to the Ambassador, who had lived most of his life at Versailles in France, and knew a lot about the French press and French politics. He had been a journalist, as well as a novelist, and had gone to Africa with President Theodore Roosevelt, but
he was stricken with some strange kind of a

disease and has made a very noble struggle for

many years flat on his back in his apartment

at Versailles, facing the old Palace kitchen
gardens. He was a friend of the old Duchess
de Rohan; and I went to lunch at her big house

with him one day, along with Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt.
The Duchess' famous daughter, the Princess Marie

Murat, was there too.

Two well-known sisters in Paris were the

American, Baltimore-born, Uhlman sisters. One
delighted to be the Duchess de Montmorency. She

had a nice house and received often. The other

was the wife of the Serbian Minister.

Among thousands of parties, I remember a

luncheon given by the Baron de Pichon in the

Hotel de Lanzun on the Quay Bourbon, which he had

restored
restored as nearly as possible to its original condition. Various of the people there were descendants and bore the names of contemporaries of the very interesting Grande Mademoiselle, whose romance with the Duke Lauzun is so well-known.

Another well-known hostess of the day in Paris was the American-born Lady Paget, who gave delightful luncheon parties.

Saw something of the Robert McCormicks, he of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE. His charming wife was a friend of Cornelia Armsby.

In the summer of '18, several of us went with Mrs. McCormick for a week to Arcachon on the Côte d'Argent where we had the only quiet week I spent in France. We motored around the countryside
countryside, lunching and dining on splendid omelettes, chickens and salads, in unpretentious farm-house-eating-places. One night we went to see a curious performance of "Thais" by local talent. All of this was in contrast to our entry there, because on our arrival at Bordeaux we had been received by cars and motorcycles sent by the American Military Commander, who took us to the Côte d'Argent, which we entered with tremendous clatter.

Notwithstanding the war, theaters were going on. Mistinguet was at the height of her fame: Maurice Chevalier was playing with her. Later on she changed her partner for a young American named Leslie. There were of course the Folies Bergères.
Bergères, Moulin Rouge, Casino de Paris, the Grand Guignol with all its horrors; Montmartre was full of amusement places -- dubious and otherwise; the Tilly girls were the rage, Dorville, the funniest comedian I have ever seen, convulsed us with laughter. (To my great surprise I found Dorville still going strong last year at Paris in "God Save Paris"). The funniest show I ever saw was called "Occupe-toi d'Amélie". Maxims was in its glory. The Opera Comique was good. I went frequently to the Opera in the box of the Cercle de l'Union. At the Cercle de l'Union, incidentally, there was always excellent bridge. The President is always a French Duke. Most of the European Monarchs are members. The Duc de Gramont was President. They had the best cellar and
and the best kitchen in town, and that is saying a lot in Paris. I gave some parties there.

I often saw Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis (Gypsy Lewis) at the Meurice, where Norman Davis was also sometimes to be seen, as was Oscar Crosby, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who handled so many billions in loans.

Elsie Janis used to dash in from the Front, where she was singing for the soldiers.

After the Russian Revolution, Paris was full of Russian refugees. I remember the Grand Duke Alexander and his tall sons.

In 1918 I made two trips accompanying the regular diplomatic couriers on their runs: one down to Madrid and the other to Venice. I stayed only a few days in each place.

In
In January 1918 I stayed a week at the British Front and a week at the French. On my trip to the British Front I went to Abbeville, and then by motor to the 13th Century Château de Redinghem, where they put us for the week, and from which we left daily to visit most of the British Front. We also went to Calais, where the Belgian Government was then established, saw some of the Belgian Front, and were back of the front occupied by the Portuguese, too. I still have a copy of the "Undertaking to be signed by all intending visitors to the British Front" in which I promised the many, many things I wouldn't do. Sir Philip Gibbs, the well-known writer, was staying at the Château too, as I remember. There were plenty of air raids at night and artillery firing on both sides all along the line.

On
On our way back from the British Front we stayed an afternoon at Amiens and had time to visit the superb Cathedral; and admired the celebrated "Beau Dieu" of Amiens.

On our trip to the French Front, we went first to Rheims and visited the decimated Cathedral. I was especially interested in the Chapel with its shattered altar, where for a thousand years the Kings of France were crowned and where Jean d'Arc stood. I carried away and have still a piece of pink marble which had been in the altar.

We lunched at the Café du Lion d'Or, opposite the Cathedral and drank a lot of champagne, without the champ, that is, non-aerated. It seemed harmless
harmless at the time, but we felt very brave
later on in the afternoon in the front line
trenches. All the time we were lunching, shells
were falling in the town.

We dined at the Fortress of Verdun, way be-
low the ground. I kept the menu card signed
by the French Officers. There was nothing left
above ground of what was called the Fortress of
Verdun. The Germans had shot it completely away.

The French were very kind to us in both
Rheims and Verdun and let us have our full of
the front line trenches. The sector was very
quiet at the time, but when the Germans saw us
moving they began shelling. Shells fell nearby.
We went afterwards through Soissons, with its
ruined Cathedral, and to the Church at Albert
with
with its statue of the Madonna still perilously clinging to its shattered tower.

In 1918 I was appointed American representative on the Permanent Committee to Study the Re-education of War Cripples and for several years attended the meetings of the Committee. I went to London in 1918 for an international conference on the subject. The Duke of Connaught presided at some of our meetings and gave us a dinner. We were received by King George V and Queen Mary. The interesting Marquise de Noailles, daughter of the Duke de Gramont, was one of the French delegates. I made several speeches.

We were taken to Portsmouth for a day; visited Nelson's flagship, the Victory; Lady Scott, widow of the Explorer went with us.
We were also entertained at a State luncheon at the Mansion House. State luncheons at the Mansion House have been so frequently described and all their elaborate paraphernalia so well-known that I shall merely say that they are done in state. I sat between Lord Charnwood and Lord Morris (Newfoundland). When I told Lord Charnwood some of my recent Russian experiences, he wanted me to see Lord Northcliffe; but I ducked that.

One of the Secretaries of our Embassy was the very amusing Bill Andrews (William Whiting). We occasionally made expeditions together. One Sunday we went to row on the Marne; got caught in the rain; fled to a nearby Café; found it full of sinister-looking people who at first looked
looked at us with no-good-eyes. Later on we offered to pay for a few rounds of drinks and they warmed up and became very friendly. There were some swings and merry-go-rounds in the garden where we all romped together. Afterwards they sent us off in triumph on the train to Paris. We discovered a few days later that the principal member of the group was the well-known deserter named Marcel L'Africain, who was caught by the military a few days later.

I was interested in boxing and had to do with the organization of weekly boxing matches for our Military in Paris. Carpentier boxed one night and I remember a young Marine who, I was told, was promising. He put on a good show: his name was Tunney.

On April 6, 1918, the City of Paris received
received in state our Ambassador and Embassy at the Hôtel de Ville, to commemorate the first anniversary of our entering the war.

On July 4, 1918, there was a big banquet given by the American Chamber of Commerce. Speeches were made by Walter Berry, President of the Chamber, André Tardier, Ambassador Sharp and Lord Derby, the British Ambassador. Ambassador Sharp gave a big reception that afternoon. And we had parades and inaugurations galore. There was a review of American and French troops; President and Madame Poincaré attended; and we were all in the President's box.

On July 14, 1918, the City of Paris received at the Hôtel de Ville the Allied Ambassadors and Ministers (and incidentally all of us younger diplomats too). President Poincaré was there and there
there was much pomp and circumstance. The famous Clemenceau and all the French Government were there. The French threw oratorical bouquets to the Allies and the Allied representatives threw oratorical bouquets back to the French.

Then on December 16, 1918 the Hôtel de Ville received in still greater state President and Mrs. Wilson (and all of us too). A handsome book describing the proceeding was given to each of us. I note that aside from President and Madame Poincaré, Clemenceau, and all the members of the French Government, all the French Generals present in Paris, the entire diplomatic corps; there were also Herbert Hoover, General Pershing, and Monsignor (now Cardinal) Baudrillard; Colonel House, Secretary Lansing and all the principal
principal members of the American Peace Delegation; also Benes (of Prague); Hugh Gibson, Fred Sterling.

I will never forget the Victory Parade:
(on July 14, 1919) the Marshalls of France, Foch and Joffre, leading it; soldiers and sailors from all the Allied arms; magnificent decorations; enormous crowds; much cheering (thousands and thousands had passed the whole night in the streets to be able to see the parade); trophies of war; massed flags; massed standards; massed music; the Marseillaise; cavalry, infantry, artillery, infantry, artillery, engineers, Indians, colonials, marines, sailors; General Pershing; Sir Douglas Haig; at night such illuminations and fireworks as Paris had never seen before. From an old clipping I see that I was in the "Tribune of Honour."
I had occasion to see "Poppa" Joffre occasionally; he was a kindly looking, but not brilliant looking, old man.

President Wilson was received in Paris as a democratic demigod. It is impossible to forget the enthusiasm of the crowds on the day of his arrival.

I was assigned to protocol duty with him and thereby had occasion to see something of him and of his charming wife, who always conducted herself with dignity and charm. Edith Benham, who since married Admiral Helm, was with her as private secretary. She was efficient and tactful. I remember some trying days when things were not going too well between the President and

Colonel
Colonel House and Secretary Lansing. The President did not take me very seriously but was always kind. They first lived in the well-known "Hotel" of Prince Murat, and afterwards in the attractive house of Francis Jammes on the Place des Etats-Unis.

After the Peace Conference was installed there was extensive entertaining. I helped Mrs. Wilson organize a series of receptions to which "the whole world" came. All the diplomats and the Peace Conference were there; of course Lloyd George and Benes and Paderewsky (I used to see Paderewsky around at dinners and sometimes hear him play) and Venezelos, and the picturesque Feisal, later King of Iraq, and so on. President Poincaré
Poincaré gave a large state luncheon at the Elysée for President Wilson on December 14th to which we all went, where appropriate speeches were exchanged.

In addition to President Wilson, the King of Italy came too and there were rounds of festivities for him, also. There was a round of entertaining done by the various Peace Delegations; including of course our own.

On the Fourth of July, 1918, we went to "inaugurate" the Avenue President Wilson. Lloyd George and Lord Derby (the Ambassador then) were there; they were sitting next to Sonnino and Orlando and directly in front of me: "Do you realize what we are celebrating?" said Lloyd George. "Yes", said Lord Derby, "the worst licking we ever got."
A moving ceremony I attended was in Notre Dame Cathedral when the music of "Jerusalem Delivered" was played after Allenby entered Jerusalem; music that had been waiting many years to be appropriately played. The French Cardinals were there and a number of Oriental Ecclesiastics in their picturesque robes.

On Thanksgiving Day, after the Armistice, the Knights of Columbus organized in the Church of the Madeleine a solemn Thanksgiving Day Mass. There were three Cardinals and a dozen more Bishops present. The music was superb.

I went out to Versailles for the signing of the Peace. The thing that impressed me the most was the arrival of the German delegates, received in dead silence; the expression on those men's faces was indescribable.
I will not attempt to describe Armistice Night. I was dining at Larue's. Everyone knows what was going on outside.

Guillaume Martin was the Chief of Protocol of the Quay d'Orsay and he did know his business.

After Mr. Sharp resigned, Hugh Wallace came as Ambassador. He was a delightful person, with a charming wife and an attractive niece, Sally Beecher, who afterwards married the Marquis de Luppé. Mr. Wallace took the Prince Antoine Radziwill's house, appropriate for an Embassy. He made his fortune (a large one), I believe, in a gold mine in Alaska. The story went, but I won't vouch for its accuracy, that he had bought a "salted" mine, a mine thought to be worn out and useless, which later developed into one of the best mines in the territory.

In
In 1919 several of us from the Embassy made a quick motor trip to Deauville for a week-end. The war was over and it was particularly gay. We did the usual round of bathing, Ciro's and casinos.

Just after the Armistice, I set out in an ex-German bomber with two Belgian pilots; flying over the former fronts which, from the air, at that time, looked like the Devil's country; had some motor trouble and a forced-landing, just missing some factory wires, at the famous Field of Waterloo. The plane crashed in the deep mud but we came out intact, but covered with mud. Officers from a British encampment there came to the rescue, cleaned me up and took me on to Brussels by car. Saw Minister Whitlock who had returned to Brussels
(he had been at Calais with the Belgian Government) the next day; and the day after young Farman of the flying family brought me back in a two-seater, flying nearly all the way above the clouds.

I made several trips to the so-called devastated regions after the Armistice; walked over many of the famous battlefields; visited the shell of Rheims Cathedral.

One day I was sent out to Neuilly to say something or other to the King of Montenegro. I was delighted with him.

After the Armistice, I often went to the races: the French racetracks are most attractively arranged and the French take their racing in rather fashionable fashion: in no serious Anglo-Saxon mood.

I passed many a pleasant hour in the Château and
and park at Versailles, at the Grand Trianon and Petit Trianon. G. Lenotre, himself, the authority on Versailles and the history of Versailles, showed me over much of the Château and particularly over parts not open to the public where the Court lived, etc. Their sanitary arrangements were primitive.