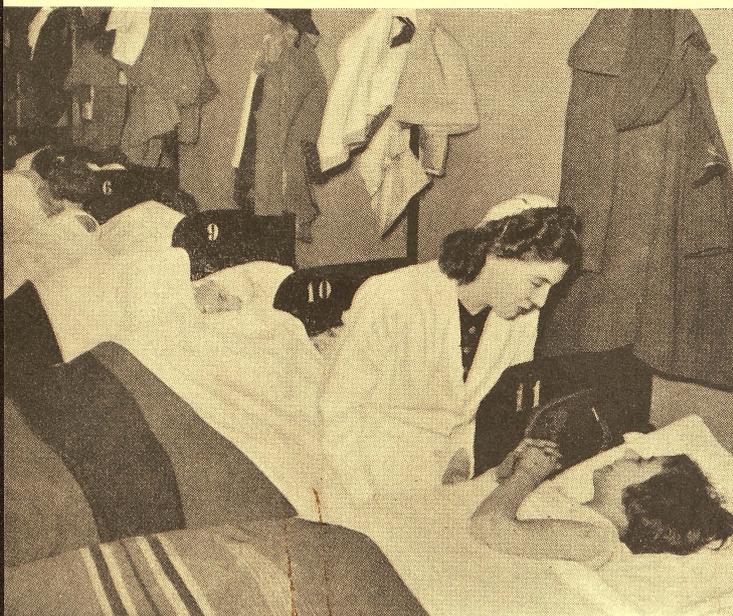




PRESS ASSOCIATION

Home from Berlin, courtesy of the Swiss, Vice-Consul W. S. Howard is welcomed by wife and son.



WIDE WORLD

Little French refugees in their new home in Geneva, haven for the lost and the orphaned.



WIDE WORLD

Belgian prisoners, deep in Germany, are cheered by gifts from the American Red Cross. The Swiss delivery service reaches prison camps of all belligerents.

No Peace for the Swiss

By MARQUIS W. CHILDS

OTHER people make wars and the Swiss pick up the pieces. Of the 4,300,000 inhabitants of the beleaguered island that is Switzerland today, at least one third must be engaged, directly or indirectly, in good works for a broken and battered world. The role of hopeful bystander and general coat holder in the face of a fight is, as the Swiss discover daily, a thankless one.

Take, for example, the case of M. Brossard. M. Brossard was a Swiss businessman in Japan. After Pearl Harbor, the Swiss legation in Tokyo drafted M. Brossard and other available Swiss to help with the job of rounding up and safely chaperoning out of the country Americans, British and other citizens whose governments had gone to war with the Nips. M. Brossard's specific assignment was to go to Formosa, officially seal up the American consulate there, collect various stray "enemy aliens" on the way and bring them back to Tokyo to await repatriation.

M. Brossard accepted the job as a disagreeable duty. He was not fond of official Japs and their New Order. Apparently, M. Brossard did not try too hard to conceal his feelings. When the ship docked in Yokohama, the Americans and the British were safe enough, but M. Brossard had disappeared and there was a rather untidy mess in his stateroom.

"So sorry," said the smiling Japanese. "M. Brossard jump overboard."

This was Lesson No. 1. The Swiss representative who later accompanied Ambassador Grew and the other Americans on the Asama Maru to the exchange port of Lourenço Marques maintained the proprieties with

exquisite care. He was scrupulously polite to the Americans and scrupulously, scrupulously polite to the Japanese authorities on board.

Although shepherding diplomats and aliens back to their respective homelands is one of the most troublesome tasks that have fallen to the Swiss, it is far from being the most important one. Up at least until the occupation of all France, the Swiss had managed to get some food and medical supplies into the most desperate areas, such as Greece and Yugoslavia. They have even managed to bring French, Belgian and Dutch children into Switzerland for a three months' rehabilitation period. Swiss nurses and doctors have gone into dangerously infected war zones to do what they could.

But most important of all, Switzerland, through the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva, is a connecting link between those loneliest of men, the war prisoners, and home. In the Central Information Bureau for Prisoners of War in Geneva more than 12,000,000 index cards covering the records of 1,600,000 prisoners are on file. On an average day 60,000 letters come in to be sent on.

After the fall of Guam, the bureau received one of the longest cables in its history. It contained the names of several hundred Americans held by the Japanese. And back of that cable was the long and painstaking effort of Swiss representatives in Tokyo to make the list accurate and complete.

The Japanese military had turned over to the Japanese Red Cross a list of the American prisoners taken on Guam. They had used Japanese characters

to spell out phonetically American names. The result was that a common name such as Robert White appeared like this:

RO	HO
BA	WA
TO	HI
	TO

To get these names back into some recognizable semblance of their original form was a heroic undertaking. The Swiss are brilliant linguists, but often even their talents are taxed beyond the limit. Thus far, contrary to reports repeatedly carried in the press, the Japanese have supplied only a few of the names of the men taken on Bataan.

Chinese in Belgium recently wrote to the bureau at Geneva asking that letters be forwarded to Shanghai and Tientsin. The letters were written in Chinese characters formed so obscurely that for the first time regular translators were stumped, and specialists had to be called in. In routing this correspondence between prisoners and their respective homelands, the Swiss must clear up such doubtful points as whether or not South Africans held in Italy are to be allowed to write back home in their native language.

Since there can be no direct communication, all questions and answers must go through Bern, the Swiss capital. The authorities at Johannesburg put the question to the Swiss representative there. He, in turn, cables it to Bern, and Bern passes it on to the Swiss legation in Rome. Eventually, Johannesburg is informed that South African prisoners are now being

allowed to write in their native language. With the Swiss officially looking out for the interests not only of the big warring powers but of numerous small nations that are at least technically at war with the Axis, it is small wonder that in overcrowded Bern it is almost as difficult to find a place to sleep as it is in Washington.

The business of watching out for war prisoners is done, of course, on a scrupulously impartial basis. Although this is the only way it could be done under international convention, Americans sometimes do not understand.

"Why," they demand of the Swiss, "are you helping the Nazis?"

The tragicomic story of the myriad puzzles which neutral Switzerland attempts to solve for a world at war.

The answer is that if we want the international rights of our men safeguarded in Germany, Italy and Japan, then the Swiss must, in turn, be able to assure the Axis that their nationals are being decently treated in the various camps in which they are held. The same thing goes for the exchange of diplomats as carefully supervised by the Swiss under various reciprocal arrangements.

In the United States, Marc Peter, a former Swiss minister to Washington, is the official delegate of the committee for war prisoners. He and an assistant regularly visit the camps where interned Nazi U-boat crews and interned German civilians are held. In Berlin, the official delegate, Dr. R. Marti, has a half dozen assistants who inspect the conditions under which Allied prisoners are living.

Inspecting prison camps is simple, easy work compared to the job of playing nursemaid to aggrieved and sensitive diplomats. The responsibility for the safe passage and the well-being of more than 3000 Axis diplomats and nationals in this hemisphere was an assignment to try the patience of Job.

More than 500, rounded up in South and Central America, arrived in New Orleans one day last April, prepared to go by train to New York to catch the Swedish liner Drottningholm on its first exchange voyage. They were told at the dock to take only small hand luggage necessary for the train journey. Their trunks would meet them at the pier in New York.

But arrangements for the safe crossing of the Drottningholm collapsed when the Germans refused to give it safe conduct. An indefinite delay was in prospect. What to do with some 500 Germans, Italians, Japanese, Hungarians and assorted minor aliens? They simply could not be turned loose. Finally, their special train was stopped in Cincinnati and they were taken to the Gibson Hotel and confined on the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth floors. Hastily, several members of the staff of the Swiss legation in Washington were sent to Cincinnati to be governesses, chaperons, guardians and counselors to the stranded diplomats, their wives and their young. Working with the Swiss in dealing with 500 touchy Axis temperaments was a representative of the State Department, Kenneth S. Patton.

It was a cozy nightmare that went on for eleven days. Where, they demanded in fourteen languages, was their baggage? Why weren't they allowed out for exercise? "Even condemned prisoners in the death cell are granted an hour's walk a day." They spent a great deal of their time telling their official guardians, who were required by diplomatic courtesy to listen, what they thought of the United States, of the Western Hemisphere, of democracies and, yes, of Switzerland.

The last straw was when the Axis young began coming down with mildly contagious diseases. There were 132 of them roaming the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth floors of the Hotel Gibson. Six of them came down with whooping cough and two with measles. Someone suggested that this would mean an indefinite quarantine, four weeks at least under city regulations, and the Swiss saw their little corner of hell enduring forever. But finally all the children were inoculated and those with whooping cough and measles were sent off to a special quarantine ward in the Greenbrier Hotel on a special train.

Several minor crises occurred. One diplomat insisted that his suitcase had been left on the pier at one of the ports in South America. Some sixty dollars was spent in cable tolls between Buenaventura, Washington and Bern. The Drottningholm finally sailed without the suitcase. While in Cincinnati one of the Japs reported an unbearable toothache. It was arranged to have him taken, under guard, to a dentist, who extracted three teeth. The Jap returned to the hotel with his head bandaged. The next day the newspapers reported that the Aryans and the Asians had been fighting among themselves in the Hotel Gibson, with at least one Jap casualty.

That was one thing the Swiss found mildly disturbing. The press was always reporting violence among their charges. Repeatedly, stories came out that the German and Italian diplomats from Washington quartered in the Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, had come to fistcuffs. While relations between the representatives of Adolf and Benito were strained, they never came to open combat.

The most temperamental charge at White Sulphur was Frau Thomsen, the blond wife of Hans Thomsen, who had been chargé d'affaires in the months preceding Pearl Harbor. Frau Thomsen had established a reputation for eccentricity in Washington, and she lived up to it in the luxurious hotel where the Axis diplomats were sequestered. Every night she complained volubly to anyone who would listen that she could not sleep because the guards outside her window talked too much. Finally, she defied protocol and carried her complaint directly to the State Department, ignoring the Swiss. On Christmas, Frau Thomsen presented all the Italians with packages containing small, live, furry animals—mice, gophers and chipmunks. She had paid the servants well to collect them for her. This, it might be added, did not intensify peace and good will at the Greenbrier.

Requests, both petty and pathetic, were constantly being made of the Swiss guardian angels. A prominent member of the German-embassy staff had a son in a mental institution in this country. Remembering, perhaps, the Nazi program for slaughtering defectives, or, it is possible, being ashamed to confess such a sin against perfect physical and mental Aryanism, he asked permission to leave the boy in this country. The Swiss were unable to cope with such an unusual request, and it was passed on to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Attorney General. Eventually, permission was granted for the young man to remain in the United States.

Curing Complaints About Our Food

THE Germans constantly complained that they were not allowed to receive the presents which came to them from admirers. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, taking no chances of information being smuggled in in this way, even refused to let them have the expensive flowers which were sent from Washington and New York. Though the Greenbrier is rated as one of America's finest hotels, the Nazi diplomats never stopped nagging the Swiss about the food. At each meal they were given a menu from which they could choose a wide variety of dishes, yet griping went on.

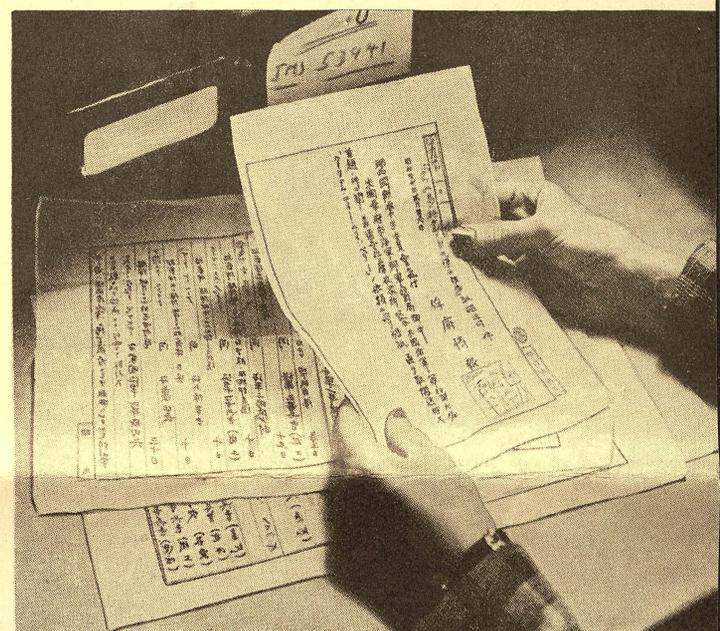
Finally, the Swiss found a cure. All right, this was what they would do, they said. They'd cable over to Bern three typical menus, for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Then from Bad Nauheim, in Germany, where the American diplomats were interned, they would get three typical menus and have them cabled to Washington. The Axis diplomats could then have exactly the same fare as was being served at Bad Nauheim. This put an end to all complaints, since the Germans knew how slim was the food ration in Germany, even for official guests. The conditions at Bad Nauheim were primitive compared to the luxury of the Greenbrier.

Touchy temperaments were not confined to the Axis by any means. On the second return voyage of the exchange ship Drottningholm, the Swiss representative, Colonel Gossweiler, had to keep the peace among an assorted company of rich American expatriates from the Riviera and a collection of minor diplomats who had not been brought back on the first trip. Complicating his task were the exotic dogs that many of these wanderers had insisted on bringing with them. The Pekingese, the Briards, the Afghan hounds, the English sheep dogs, objected as strenuously as their masters at leaving dear old Europe, and they made the night so hideous with their yipping that even the Swedish sailors on the

(Continued on Page 52)



Press Association
Sira Miliani lands in Jersey City. The Swiss repatriated her; in turn, she repatriated her doll.



American Red Cross
Japanese list of American prisoners, one of the rarer papers that Geneva gets and translates.

Hans Thomsen, German chargé at Washington, packed and waiting for a swap of diplomats.



Press Association

Europe's professional neutral. When American troops were landed in North Africa and relations severed with Vichy, the Swiss found themselves with M. Henry-Haye, the Vichy ambassador in Washington, two coach dogs and a valet on their hands, plus those few attachés who had remained Vichyites. The Swiss inspected still another hotel, at Hershey, Pennsylvania, solemnly tasting the food and punching the mattresses to make sure that M. Henry-Haye would live in approximately the elegant style to which he was accustomed.

If it had not been for the watchfulness of the Swiss, a minor tragedy might have occurred. The wife of one of the clerks in the American embassy in Berlin, a French citizen, had been interned at Bad Nau-

heim with the Americans and brought back on the Drottningholm.

Returning to Washington, she went to work for the French embassy, and when relations were severed with Vichy the Swiss narrowly saved her from a second internment and perhaps a second deportation.

The Allied victories in Africa and the rout of Rommel's Afrika Korps meant a tide of new index cards, German and Italian, in Geneva; new lists of prisoners, more correspondence flowing through the last link between the two worlds that are at war. If it keeps up, say the Swiss, all of Switzerland, not just a third or a half, will be doing war work. Being umpire in a global war is rapidly becoming a full-time job.

THE SABOTEURS

(Continued from Page 29)

Just aft of the boilers and just forward of the head-haul yoke. The men shackled the chokers. Toby tightened the line.

"Hold that!" Jeff said. He stood back to look at it.

The gunwales were like sled runners. The four chokers—one on each end of each runner—would raise the driver the way two men would raise a sled, if you thought of their arms as chokers.

"How does she look?" Jeff asked the men.

Brownie said, "I never moved a whole rig before."

"Neither did I," Jeff said.

He signaled Toby with two hands lifted—the up-easy signal. Toby pulled a lever. The Chinook panted softly. The lines came tight, then rigid. Sam held his breath. A little more. The driver was clear of the barge then, and riding nicely. Jeff stopped it six feet above the deck.

"How'd she come?" he asked. "Like pullin' your finger out of a lard bucket," Toby answered. "Half throttle. No load a-tall."

"Put her down!" Jeff said. He waved his hand. "All of you, get out of the way!"

Sam found a place in the bow of the Chinook.

"What about you?" he asked Jeff.

"I'm all right," Jeff answered.

He stood on the offshore edge of the barge. There he could see the pile driver, the way it lifted. He could see Toby in the control cab. It was the only place for him, but Sam Gallagher didn't like it. He thought of Max Lessing. He thought of the cut wire on the piling car. "Damn it!" he said. And there was sweat on his face, on the palms of his hands.

"Up she goes!" Jeff called.

He lifted both hands. Sam heard the Chinook's engine pant, felt her bow go down as the weight came on her boom. The pile driver rocked a little, lifted. Jeff kept his hands raised; the driver went smoothly into the air—five feet, ten, fifteen.

Jeff took it up twenty-five feet and stopped it there. He looked at it. There was no unease in his slim figure—a cool, deliberate concentration, no more. He waited until the driver had stopped its faint swinging.

"Turn 'er!" he called. His eyes never left the driver.

The Chinook panted. The hull trembled under Sam Gallagher's feet, swung a little. The driver moved toward the dock, and the motion set up a pendulum swing.

Jeff's voice snapped whiplike, "Hold that!"

They waited, unbreathing, until the motion stopped.

"Turn 'er," Jeff called again.

The Chinook inched around. Her stern drifted toward mid-river, a foot at a time. When the faintest swing touched the driver, Jeff's sharp "Hold that!" stopped the turning. Close work. Care-

ful work. Like climbing a very high cliff. All eyes were on the driver, breathlessly there.

No one saw the tugboat, no one heard it. Out early, slamming blithely down-river for the day's first load, she was suddenly abreast of the Chinook. Ikie's frightened squawk was the first Sam knew of it. He saw her then, the bow buried in foam, her screw kicking. The wave she left was big and high. It curled smashing against the carrier's bow, slid under the stern of the Chinook. The stern heaved up to the crest, came down in the trough, and heaved again.

The sudden movement shot through the Chinook. The bow sagged, lifted. The boom swooped down and up in a crazy, swinging arc. The driver lurched. The boom was a solid timber. Three feet through at the butt, it tapered to half that at the tip, with a length of more than ninety feet. It should have been as rigid as a bar of steel. Now it began to bend. It arched in the center, as a bow arches to the pull of the bow cord.

And a terrifying sense of disaster caught Sam Gallagher. "Watch it!" The voice was his own, tearing from a throat drawn tight, and lost in the deafening crack of the breaking boom. The top end went skyward, the butt crashed down on the deck of the Chinook. Now the whole great weight of the driver was loose. Twenty-five tons, hundreds of feet of steel and timber, thundering down on the barge. It struck across the barge and lay there, shuddering and intact.

There was a long moment of pause. A moment long enough for quick relief to flood through Sam Gallagher. For him to think fleetingly, *It's over. Over, and no one's hurt.* Then, like an ugly afterthought, the top end of the boom came down—several tons of boom, of head-block, of rigging—and crashed across the boiler. The driver came apart. Not explosively—bit by bit, a piece at a time.

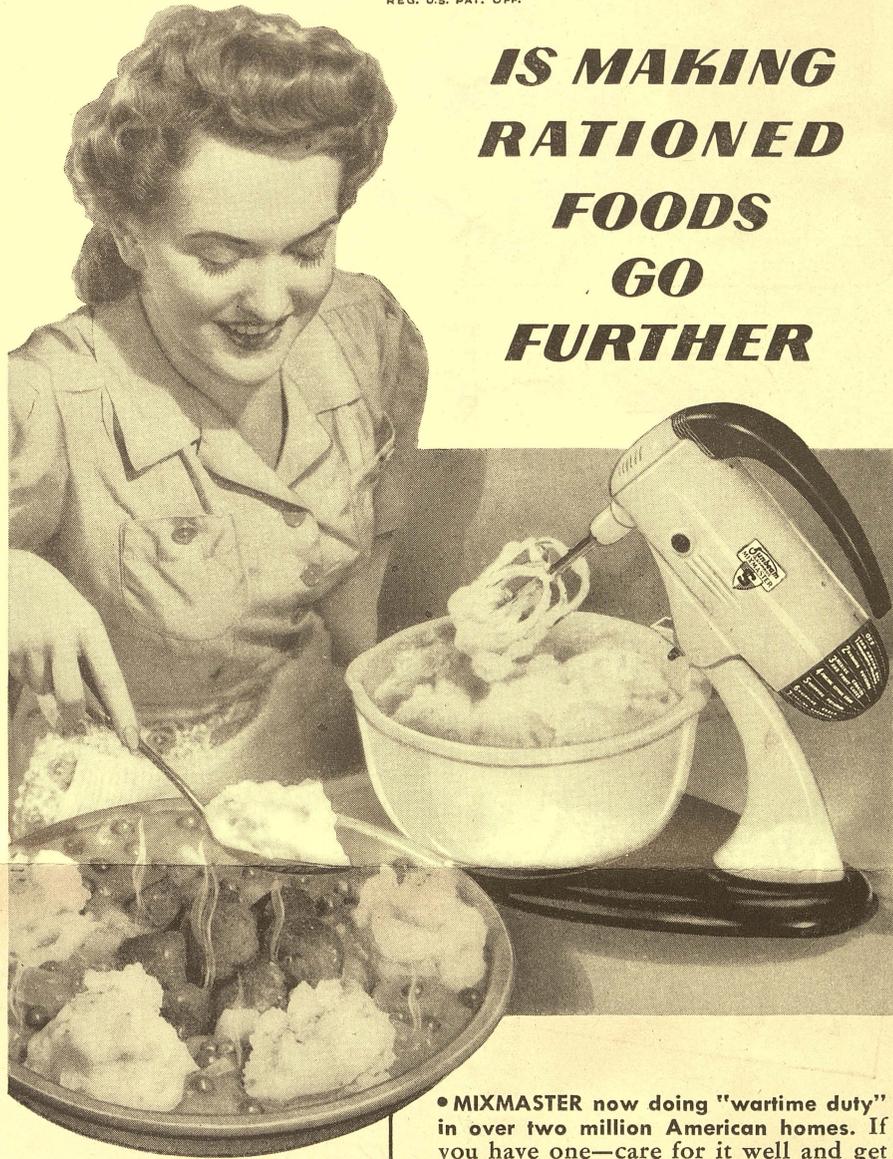
The gunwales snapped off ahead of the winch. The winch and the boiler spilled into the river, a torn mass of cable and steel. Across the barge, the gunwales broke again. The leads shot to the river bottom, thirty feet below, stopped there. Falling, the A frame jerked free of the kingpin, smashed down and broke into the river. The leads toppled; then the seventy feet of them still above the water fell slowly, majestically.

"Jeff!" Sam yelled. "Watch it!"

Jeff Gallagher saw the leads coming. He watched them come. There was no panic in his slim figure. He half crouched. The space he had was no more than enough. Knowing where the leads would strike, he would use that space wisely, throwing himself to the clear. The leads came against the edge of the barge, sheared. It looked, then, as if they would miss the barge. And they did, sliding toward mid-river. But there were the cables—the pile line and the hammer line—strung from the top of the leads to the broken winch. Neither Sam nor Jeff saw them whipping through the darkness. (Continued on Page 55)

Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
MIXMASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**IS MAKING
RATIONED
FOODS
GO
FURTHER**



The Budget-Saver Meat Pie illustrated above makes a little meat go a long way. It is one of the suggestions included in the new kit of Sunbeam Victory Recipes. All on handy 3"x5" cards for your file. Send for your free set to:

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5600 W. Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 84, Chicago, Ill.
Canada Factory: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto
Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

"WE'LL MARK THIS BOND FOR OUR
Sunbeam MIXMASTER
AFTER VICTORY"



- MIXMASTER now doing "wartime duty" in over two million American homes. If you have one—care for it well and get the most out of it. If not—buy a War Bond today for your Mixmaster later.
- MIXMASTER does the tiring arm-work of cooking, baking, getting meals . . . makes ingredients go farther . . . saves time and money. Mixes • Mashes • Whips • Beats • Stirs • Blends • Juices • Folds • Creams.
- MIXMASTER has the exclusive MIX-FINDER DIAL on which all the everyday mixing needs are plainly indicated . . . you simply "Dial your favorite recipe." A wide range of powerful, EVEN mixing speeds.
- There have been no Mixmasters manufactured at the Sunbeam factory since Spring, 1942. Production of war goods replaced them at that time. But they will be back with Victory. Get yours with a War Bond.