



FLORENCE JAFFRAY HARRIMAN

MISSION TO THE NORTH

BY

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17 ILLUSTRATIONS



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Afterwards, I wondered if I had shown them my passport whether they would have been less reticent. They seemed so stunned.

After considering the matter from every point of view, I came to the conclusion that there was no use searching any further at that time. The members of the Government might have taken any one of three roads. Also, as it had not been possible for several days to communicate with our Minister in Stockholm, it seemed wise to go to the border where I could telephone him that we were still alive. One road, we were told, was not yet free enough of snow, so we took the other that skirted the River Glomma.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE BORDER

IT WAS COMFORTING to settle back in the car on a route that had so far escaped the Nazi bombers. We drove east and south through the Glomma Valley, the sun at times so bright and the sky so blue, the snow so quiet, that it seemed as if good dreams followed bad dreams. Nothing was real. For all the sun, it was freezing cold, and the way was long, until we reached the border. The young man at the Customs was not one to be lightly taken in. A woman the American Minister to Norway?—No, Madam, he would telephone to Headquarters before he let us pass. My English maid stood nervously about, uncertain what she, too, would have to face but, when my unlikely story had been verified, and I was welcomed across the border and had explained that she was one of my household, all went smoothly, and no one ever asked to look at her passport. Just as well, because I had hidden all her papers in the front of my dress when there seemed a chance of encountering German raiders. We had made great plans, too, as to what to do with the code book, far too large for eating, too bulky to be tossed unnoticed into the snow, not easily burnt in a hurry.

Swedish troops, plenty of them, apparently well organized and disciplined, manned the border. We saw artillery and armored cars on either side of the road, and the dream of the afternoon was gone. War, as yet only potential war, hemmed us round again. My business was clear—to get in touch with Freddie Sterling and be guided by whatever information was (or so I hoped) pouring into Sweden, and my orders from Washington. The ABC of blitzkrieg is the seizure of communications. No one who has not been through it can readily understand what that first week of the Norwegian War was like. And everywhere these blows effect the same phenomena. The whole outside world is shut out, orders are interrupted, falsified and every hysterical personality tends to float rumors, give frightened orders and multiply the fog. I understand what happened in June in France the better for the period of running and waiting in Norway. For a week, from hour to hour, we did not know what was happening. Everybody I came in contact with behaved well. A certain stolidity in the Norwegian character saved us from panic, but could not prevent a general bewilderment.

I think I never had a clear picture of the many directions from which the attack came until long afterward I saw some graphic maps in the German propaganda magazine (printed in English for distribution in Africa and Latin America) showing how planned and how complete the attack from the air and all along the long coast had been. My own duty was simply to collect all possible information, whether I could collate what I saw and heard or not, to find the Norwegian Government, and to keep in touch with Stockholm.

The Customs officer waved us through, and we were directed to a small pension at Holjes. The little inn proved most comfortable. Its modern plumbing fixtures delighted us, but there was no hot water and only a little trickle of cold. A local drought turned the bath I had dreamed of into a mirage again. But I could take off my clothes. The bed was real! My first act was to telephone our Legation at Stockholm, for it had been three days since I had been able to report, and I knew that Washington was probably anxious to know that we were still alive. The Minister's first news for me was that Mr. Hull had instructed him to send a military attaché to join us and that I might expect Captain Losey would reach the border somewhere around midnight.

It was so reassuring to be talking to Freddie Sterling, and I suppose here is as good a place as any to set down for the record what I think of him. I know no better example of the career diplomat. Trained in the intricacies of professional diplomacy, he yet keeps an open mind, for he knows that only those traditional practices endure which add and grow and change as new occasions require new precedents. Continuity need not be static. His patience is amazing. His naturally sensitive nervous system is under complete control. I should be able to judge, for in the two months which followed I was in and out of his office at the Legation at Stockholm, a most trying interruption for any official and I knew it, but not once did I detect the slightest irritation. It is not too much to say that all his staff adored him; his devotion to his job was felt by all of them. Many more than I were grateful to have him *en poste* during those trying times. I called him constantly for advice, while I was on

the border and in Sweden, and as I look back now, I realize afresh that he never erred in his judgment where I was concerned.

My room at the inn was in an adjoining cottage. Just as I was tidying for dinner, the clerk rushed over and, tapping at the door, announced breathlessly, "There are newspaper men arriving. But I have warned them you will not want to give a statement. They are lying in wait for you now. They are insisting."

Even the Press could not keep me from warm food; besides the Press might have far more to tell me than I could tell them. As I went to my table, the two men sprang up and introduced themselves as Arthur Menken of New York and M. Valeri of *Paris Soir*. The usual fencing began. I compromised by saying I would telephone my mentor in Stockholm and abide by his decision. Fred Sterling's answer was simple, just to tell my story objectively as I had told it to him earlier. People at home, he thought, had for a week been getting almost no news of Norway. So I fetched down the notes I had been jotting as I traveled and, for almost two hours and a half, gave the tale of our flight, filling in details here or there, to the two men opposite me. At two a.m. Mr. Menken rang up Stockholm and read them what he had written to be cabled to America. I heard him spelling "H for Horace, S for sugar, C for Charles, M for Mary, etc." I began to get some idea of the tedious chore of newspaper work. And months afterward I was to appreciate the craftsmanship in the Menken story, when I saw it in the American papers. Only the most trivial mistakes in it; printed and read a day after I had given my account on the Swedish border. There was a sequel to the interview, however, not so

gratifying. Some days later I received a cable from the State Department questioning the wisdom of giving the U.P. an exclusive story. I had not even inquired what American paper Menken represented. I was quite distressed until the wife of an old newspaper hand laughed at me. "Oh, so you have missed the Thirty Years' War at home between the Press Associations—why, men have died, and been fired, which is worse, for being three minutes late with a story and, as for letting the rival association get a two column beat! The Department tries to be a Hague Tribunal for the competitive newspaper business. It's better for the public, they think."

Menken had finished telephoning; I was suddenly aware of my accumulated weariness, and too tired to stay up to greet Captain Losey, but both journalists hailed his arrival. He was an old friend, and they promised to find him a bed. I never asked which of the three had finally to sleep on the stairs.

Five minutes later I was in bed; and five minutes later than that, or so it seemed, I was up, so soundly had I slept. I ran into Captain Losey on the way to breakfast. I find I have noted in my diary, "The new military attaché is a nice, spare young man in a flying corps uniform, and seems in every way acceptable."

Directly after breakfast, we had a council of war. It was decided to let the clerk go on to Stockholm. There was no way for me to send out any code cables, and as there was no work for her, her seat in the car had better be made available for the Captain. So we packed all the cumbersome luggage for her to take with her, and in the two cars, with

the two newspaper men, went to the station at Malung with her, waved goodbye and set off for the north.

On and on we drove over the frigid mountains and through the snowy woods, the lights in the cottage windows throwing fantastic gleams across the snow so that the whole journey seemed to go through some fairy tale of Hans Christian Andersen's. It was 9 P.M. before we came to Särna where Freddie Sterling had told us to go as he understood the British had established themselves there and would tell me where to find the Norwegian Government. Sure enough, both French and British were there, just finishing their dinners. The hotel, the size of a doll's house, was crowded, but we found a place about ten minutes' walk down the road, with a comfortable couch in the parlor for me and a cot in the dining room for Elizabeth. Captain Losey and the chauffeur were packed like sardines in a tiny bedroom. But shelter is shelter, roof, walls and floor. As I ate my dinner the British and French Ministers brought me up to date on their news.

"The Norwegian Government is again somewhere in the vicinity of Hamar." Messengers had been sent back to the foreign representatives, however, suggesting that the diplomatic cars trailing the Government only made it more difficult for them to escape unobserved. That explained the halt. The Court Chamberlain had passed through Särna and stopped a few hours the day before. Whispered rumor had it that the King had been smuggled in with him, and had been able to snatch a few hours' respite. Not true. His Majesty had never crossed the border. But the two newspaper men bombarded the British and French Ministers for interviews. "See what you have let us in for," chided my diplo-

matic colleagues. I disclaimed the journalists, but smiled quietly, for I knew they would get their information.

Sunday, April 14. As I ate my breakfast, I thought there was nothing to do but wait. But at luncheon Captain Losey was ready to press on to Lillehammer, back across the frontier, where the Norwegian General Staff was supposed to have headquarters. As I was anxious to have news of the welfare and whereabouts of Margaret and Alan Cox, and the Consulate wives and children who had set off from Oslo for a mountain resort beyond Lillehammer, I agreed to the Captain's leaving.

Menken and *Paris Soir* had disappeared on a news foraging expedition; and a heavy snowstorm blew over the little town and hemmed us in. I dined in solitary state, my loneliness punctuated by darting little visits from the Countess de Dampierre, who kept notes of everything she heard in a little red book. Gifted with languages, she hung onto the radio, whirling the dials, and catching "official" propaganda, and contradictions from all over Europe. Now she would stop to serve as interpreter for some member of a delegation who needed her. She hovers over that day in my memory, at once calming and exciting, always delightful. When King Haakon made his thrilling proclamation over the radio, it was she who had someone take it down in Norwegian; she then made the French translation, and I the English from her French. Nothing has been stranger in this war than the role of radio. What name the town had where the King had fled no longer mattered, he was with us in Särna, he was everywhere, speaking to his people:

"In this hour, the most difficult our country has ever

known for a hundred years, I send the most pressing appeal to each of you to do all in your power to save the liberty and independence of Norway. We have been the victims of a lightning attack from a nation with which we have always maintained friendly relations. That nation has not hesitated to bomb the civil population, who are suffering intensely.

"The situation is such that we cannot at present tell where we are. In effect, the German High Command has not hesitated to bombard the Royal Family and the Government at the moment when they were in an unprotected place. They have employed against us, and against the civil population, high explosives and incendiary bombs, and also machine-gunned us in the most savage fashion. The assailants can have had only one object, to exterminate those who were gathered together trying to find a solution as to what would be best for Norway.

"I thank all those who are today with me and the Government, and who are fighting at their posts of duty for the independence and preservation of Norway.

"I pray you all to treasure the memory of those who have already given their lives for this country.

"God protect Norway."

The King's voice—firm, though tired—did not break, and when the voices broke out singing the Norwegian National Anthem—always for me one of the most moving of the songs of a people—a new strength flowed through us all.

The little company, taking cheerfully this cross between being snowbound and shipwrecked, compared notes . . . almost all of us were making official reports. Some young

Britishers arrived who had been at Nybergsund when air raid alarms had come. With the King and Crown Prince and members of the Government they had all fled, many on skis, into the woods behind the inn. The British were safe when the bombs struck, but the King had literally to flee for his life and the hotel was reduced to ash and splinters. Admiral Boyes, attached to the British Legation, took upon himself the arrangement for our baths. The drought in all that part of Sweden had made for a sort of rationing of water.

The charming little house where we were lodged, and its story-book family, were symbols of peaceful Scandinavia. The handsome young father, still on crutches from a leg broken at skiing, a large blonde girl of ten, another seven, a curly-headed boy of two, and the gentle mother, plainly ready for her time once more, were all so pleasant with each other. The simple and tasteful furniture, the rows of bookshelves with modern titles and classics, fine bindings and shabby, well-worn editions, gave me a fresh sense of the deep culture of the country. The ground floor of the house was taken up with the store of which the father was proprietor. The mother waited on customers at the dry goods counter; the eldest girl assisted. Even with several other sales clerks, the little shop had an air of business and of interest in the needs of the community, but no bustle. My constant telephone calls to Stockholm neither excited nor bothered them, though I had to make them at the office desk. Everybody merely nodded and smiled at a Minister at work.

At luncheon the second day Sir Cecil came by my table and whispered, "You had better come, too!" I was puzzled—where? Why? Beneath all our calm was an undertone

of confusion and expectation. I went to Lady Mary's room where she and the wife of Admiral Boyes told me that Lascelles, their First Secretary, had telephoned to Mrs. Boyes in Russian from Salen. They thought it must be Lascelles as he was the only one besides Mrs. Boyes who spoke that language. "Come at once, tomorrow may be too late!" Sir Cecil said he had no idea what was meant. They were going. He persuaded me not to stay on without my aide. It was mysterious, but reasonable . . . the bags were packed in twenty minutes; I hired a taxi as Captain Losey still had my car. The French Minister's motor car was already at Salen. He had gone along with Mr. Lascelles in search of news. Countess de Dampierre squeezed in as well and kept me roaring with laughter all the way, even when her dramatic imagination all but convinced us we were in the midst of a Warner Brothers movie. The poor taxi driver spoke nothing but Swedish. That was bad, she said . . . doubtless he was a Nazi in disguise, driving us to some rendezvous behind the German lines.

Once we passed some C.D. cars (Corps Diplomatique) going very fast. Perhaps one of them was French. She had forgotten the numbers. Our driver certainly was restless, and nervously insisted on passing everybody on the road. The British car was now far behind. But we did arrive at Salen only to find a call for me at the hotel. I was to tell Mme. de Dampierre that she must come at once to a place fifteen miles away as the members of their delegation were going to cross the frontier at that point. Mr. Lascelles was lukewarm about my coming, too; especially when he heard that I now had neither car nor money. So I decided to wait for Captain Losey. It wasn't easy to persuade Mme. de

Dampierre to go off with "that Nazi driver" alone. I had no cash to volunteer to go along and to pay for the drive back again. When the French Minister called, himself, I could only assure him on the phone that his wife had left and would join him shortly. Now and then a distracted Norwegian would appear, inquiring for his family. I felt helpless. I could request our Legation in Stockholm to ask those who were left in our Legation in Oslo to make inquiries, but would there be any result? There was really not much any of us could do for each other. Besides, I had just heard that all communication between Oslo and Stockholm was cut off.

Just then, going up the stairs, I saw the Crown Princess of Norway. Her behavior was wonderful. "Of course, I cannot help thinking," she said, and told me how the King had picked up fragments of the shells shot at him in the woods by mitrailleuse. They all felt keenly the sense of being personally pursued. The little Princesses came down to join their mother, and she smiled, saying that little Harald would soon come, too.

At dinner I saw three gentlemen of the Norwegian Foreign Office, and after piecing together their stories of the bombing—Mr. Aas had had two buildings bombed and fall around his head—I wrote my dispatch to Washington: "The German bombing of the open towns of Elverum and Nybergsund had no military significance and was in my opinion directed against the Royal Family, the Government and civilian populations." No other conclusion was possible. But the Royal Family was safe; and more than ever exalted in the hearts of their people.

After dinner, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, mother of

the Crown Princess of Norway, came and asked me to sit beside her in the hall. "Do I look a hundred years older than I did when you saw me last spring?" she asked. "Think of me," she said, "with one brother being hunted like a wild animal, another who has lost his country, the country of my birth. My daughter, Margharetta, is married to a Dane and cannot write to me. One son-in-law is in constant danger; and my other son-in-law is who knows where." Her other son-in-law was Leopold of the Belgians. She spoke, not in pity for herself, but with a quiet enumeration of the mounting heap of disasters to be dealt with. Worn and tired she certainly looked; but lovely as ever. At dinner she had been gay with her grandchildren and calm; she was no less so with the rest of us.

I shall remember those days always, like days on a desert island; telephones ringing, Freddie Sterling helping me to plan how to get the American women out of Norway. There were rumors of more fighting. Minister Lie's wife and two girls were there and Mrs. Thorp, wife of the Minister of Finance, and her son, a splendid youth of seventeen, chafing to get out and fight.

Only afterward did I hear the story of the Gold Saga. Not one of us knew about it at the time, yet on the morning of April 9th someone of genius was on the job. The cleverest, quietest counter-blitz of the war was carried out by two or three—no one knows by how many or precisely by whom—on the staff of the Bank of Norway. Planes whined overhead, troops were landing. Consternation everywhere. But casual trucks loaded with furniture and driven by two most unofficial-looking drivers, took the road to Lillehammer, fleeing from Oslo. Refugees, like any others? Not at all.

They looked like other trucks going north but, beneath the bed and desks, the chairs and old trunks, lay the twenty-million-dollar gold reserve of the nation. At Lillehammer the trucks halted; and the better to avoid suspicion, there they stood unguarded on the side of the road. Only more abandoned vehicles, they seemed. No one had time to bother with them, not even to commandeer them for the battle going on all around. Somewhere some German may remember his own sardonic smile at those deserted lorries, loaded with the simple household goods of one more free man on the run.

How the gold was unloaded in the night and taken across country on sledges to the coast, and taken piecemeal to England on destroyers, will some day be told in a book by itself, one volume in this story of a contest of men and machines *and* money.

When I came downstairs on the morning of the 16th, I heard that the Crown Princess and her children had left for Stockholm. The Court Chamberlain, Mr. Wedel Jarlsberg, had arrived and was the more pleased to see me because he thought I was a late arrival from Oslo and might have news of his family, and especially of his son-in-law, Per Paus, who was fighting. I shook my head. I did not know. I had left Oslo about the same time he had.

Just before luncheon I looked out of the window and saw Captain Losey with Fröisilie, the chauffeur, getting out of my car. He had certainly made a lightning trip. At Lillehammer he had found it impossible to get up the road to Sjursjon for it was blocked with snow. He had left a note for our Naval Aide, Commander Hagen, telling him orders were to rescue "our wives." It was important to get them to

Sweden before operations cut them off. Captain Losey had seen Commander-in-Chief Hvinden Haug near Hamar. The General's son had just been killed that morning. He had gathered all the military information that he could. Lest even one telephone operator be either bought or stupid, it seemed better that Captain Losey go as quickly as possible to Stockholm and make his report in person. He went off in a hired car, accompanied by Major Lunberg, Aide to the Swedish Crown Prince, and they drove all night.

Their journey to Stockholm over fresh-fallen snow must have been long and tiring, but next morning Freddie Sterling called me, saying that the reports had been received and there was very valuable information in them about German and Norwegian troop movements and that these were the first that had come out of Norway. I was proud of our staff. Captain Losey would return the following night by train.

Then Freddie read me several cables. Anne Vanderbilt was dying. Two messages were from Secretary Hull. "I am greatly relieved to learn that you and your party are safe and in good health. I congratulate you on the courage, energy and efficiency with which you are performing your duties under such trying and dangerous conditions. It is in the best traditions of our diplomatic service." I quote it not alone out of pride, and because it gave us all new energy, but because it was so kind and so like Secretary Hull to be personally encouraging. The second cable I have spoken of already, and it was by no means so pleasant to receive. It dealt with my having given the U.P. what it claimed was an exclusive story of the occupation of Norway, and ended, "It is proposed that should you grant an interview

to any other newspaper man that it be given out to the whole press of the United States and that it not be copyrighted as an exclusive account." Freddie came to bat for me and sent an explanation to the Department, took half the blame on himself for having advised me to talk, said that I had only given facts, and that Mr. Menken was the only correspondent on the spot. Good old Freddie. It was spilt milk and, as someone said, "already champagne to Mr. Menken."

Thursday, April 18th. Still we waited. That day, to my joy, many friends turned up. It was like watching a gang-plank in a strange port. Baroness Beck-Fries with her boy, and Mme. Oxholm and her girls, one of whom had been at Lillehammer and had seen "our wives." Alan Cox had mumps. Poor Margaret. Mme. Oxholm then came to my room and passed on information from her husband who was very close to the Government, information which he had said could only be passed on to a Minister. All she and her husband had was probably lost in Denmark. She hardly spoke of it, but bore herself with courage and philosophy. Then Captain Losey turned up again in time for dinner and we at first planned to start off at once for Lillehammer to find our own refugees. But we decided to make a morning start instead, and spent another evening, calm and ordered enough on the surface, but each new arrival brought fresh stories, and an undercurrent of excitement flowed strong.

Countess Douglas had ordered a first aid kit for us as soon as she heard that ours was lost. She explained all about it to the Captain in her sweetly fetching, broken English. "What a charming woman!" he whispered to me. Mme. Paris had come from Stockholm; Mrs. Holst, wife of the

famous surgeon, turned up near midnight on her way to Stockholm to get more medical supplies. Mrs. Lie bespoke the Captain's aid and mine in rescuing her nine-year-old child from Lillehammer.

Mr. Neumann, the Polish Minister to Norway, heard that we were going north and came to me and asked if we could squeeze him in. I was so sorry that we did not have an inch of room. He had told me the evening before that five thousand Polish troops were arriving in Norway, to help with the defense, and he hoped to go to meet them. I heard later that he finally went with the Finnish Chargé and at Rena had just escaped with his life when the town was bombed. So, by deciding at the last moment to cross the border into Norway further north, we had been prevented from witnessing the destruction of one more town.

I was very happy for Mr. Neumann—whose composure through the Polish debacle and the invasion of Norway had won everyone's admiration—when I heard that the Polish contingent had been the best fighters of any of the troops that came to Norway.

Countess Douglas and Baroness Beck-Fries were out on the steps to see us off. Captain Losey was very pleased that I had followed his advice and limited my luggage to one small bag and a dressing case. One change of frock—that was all. Elizabeth was sending all her things to Stockholm, and was in the village getting a ruck-sack. Not to be outdone, Captain Losey himself bought a ruck-sack and lightened our load of his own bags. Now we had room on the back seat, and a clean conscience toward the motor. We could ask speed of it. We were off. We discussed all along the way whether I should accompany him to Dombas, tak-

ing the northern route, as the road to Elverum was closed.

"You might be bombed," he argued; "the Germans are strafing the roads."

"But so might you," I said, "and that would be worse for you are young and have your life before you, while I have had a wonderful life and nearly all of it behind me."

"I certainly don't want to be killed," he would go on in a cheerful fashion, "but your death would be the more serious as it might involve our country in all kinds of trouble, whereas with a military attaché . . ."

He would explain that, in a moving car, it was almost impossible to hear the sound of a bomber overhead if it approached from the rear, which I already knew from experience. We argued about sounds. He gave me such precise details of the dangers we might encounter that I began to chaff him about being nervous. He laughed, but said he knew a lot more than I did about the kinds of danger so plentiful that morning. His final argument for my safety was that if he and the chauffeur went on alone, they could travel day and night without stopping. I was loath to listen but told him I would make up my mind after luncheon.

At three o'clock we found our hotel up north, and it was crowded with the members of the American-Scandinavian Field Hospital, originally designed for service in Finland. Arriving just after the Russian-Finnish armistice, they had now been ordered to Norway from Stockholm, and were not a little upset at the chance of being once again mobilized for service, yet prevented from working because the theatre of war was so unpredictable. There were fifteen nurses, an X-ray technician, ambulance drivers, thirteen American

trucks lent them by the Norwegian Government, sufficient to move an entire field hospital of a hundred beds. The chief surgeon was Dr. Fishwick of Bellevue Hospital, who used to play on the Yale football team. Pretty Polly Peabody, only twenty-two, was in charge of the commissariat. Also, of the group, was Baron von Blixen, brother of Countess Clarence de Rosen, and two Norwegian girls, Karin Paulsson and Astrid Lange Aulie, a doctor. It is hard to be patient in war time, yet that is what war is, hideous spurts of destructive work, and waiting. Karin Paulsson was from Oslo, wife of a doctor, and memorable for her beautiful, soft voice. I listened to her, went for a long walk with Baron von Blixen, answered telephone calls.

At the lunch table I told Losey that I had decided to be unselfish and not go with him. He was pleased and said, "When you stay behind you gather so much information one way and another that it is as useful as what I get."

I find in my diary, "The Captain couldn't be nicer, he is so understanding and gentle. I am certainly in luck to have such an aide sent me."

I hated to see him go, but when he impressed on me that "our first job now must be getting those women out," I knew that he was right. So with the first aid kit, some chocolates and biscuits, he and the chauffeur fared forth. Again I see in my diary, "I will cheer when they return."

Mrs. Worm-Mueller, wife of the Professor in Oslo, got through from Göteborg to ask if there was anything she could do—drive an ambulance, or what? I remember best my six o'clock engagement. I went to the public bath house and had a hot bath (they were only allowed on Fridays and Saturdays) for one kroner fifty. Food is something to

be doubly grateful for in war time; and the beds one can really sleep in are rare; but I have talked to soldiers. In war-time dictionaries, champagne becomes loot. The definition of luxury is "hot bath."

On Sunday, April 21st, early in the morning, I had a telephone message from the Norwegian Minister of Justice, phoning from some unspecified point. He gave me warm greetings from Dr. Koht and wanted to know how I was. Then Mr. Meloney arrived, representative of the American Red Cross in Scandinavia; we discussed conditions, and talked on the telephone with Mr. Hambro, who advised his returning to Stockholm where reports were centering. I rather thought Mr. Meloney should make a trip through Norway and perhaps gather some fresh impression of what was needed, but he seemed to feel he would gain "impressions" only and decided to return to Stockholm. Another day of waiting. Toward evening, good news came from Commander Hagen somewhere farther north that he had rescued all "our wives and children" and brought them safely across the border. No news of Captain Losey and I jotted in my diary, "Uneasy. No report from the Captain."

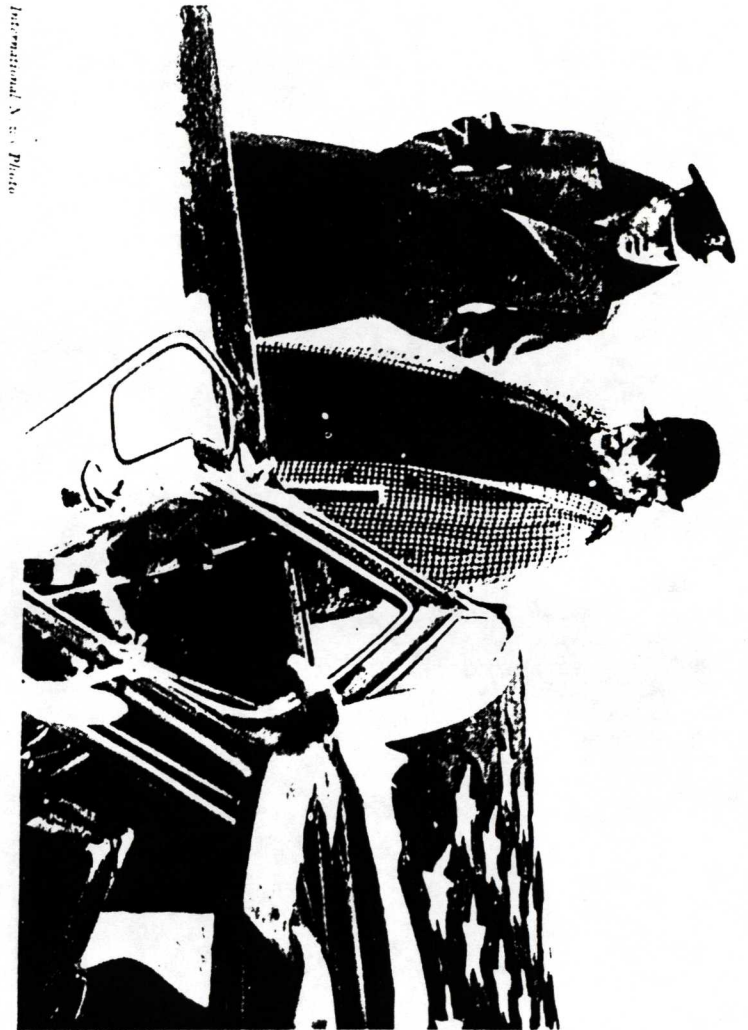
The next day Freddie Sterling called me, at about eleven. He had cables to read me. Anne Vanderbilt had died of pneumonia. Suddenly all the past work in the last war, the awareness that she was gone now, and her generous life swept over me. But that life had been long and varied. I caught my breath and Freddie went on. "And now I have some terrible news. Captain Losey was killed yesterday by a German bomb." So generous a human being, too, so young, only thirty-two. Cut off—and for what? There were no particulars, not even whether my chauffeur had been

killed, too. The news was a horrible shock. All day we had been expecting him. Our sense of loss in the world was centered in that one young American.

Bringing the body to the border, my motor became stuck in the snow and it was necessary to continue the journey by sled, leaving the car on the Norwegian side. Then we went on. The Scandinavians dealt with our loss movingly. The railway men lined a boxcar with branches of fir, and someone laid a touching little bunch of flowers on the American flag which covered the coffin. It was the same flag we had stretched on the roof of our car when we traveled in the combat zone, with some vague idea that it might deter a Nazi from dropping a bomb on us, or aiming machine guns at us as we sped along. Often people said things were done to neutrals purposely, though afterwards it was easy to explain it had been a mistake. There is no trust in war time.

I had the sad story from my chauffeur. An air raid had come when they were at Dombas. The car had just been loaded on a train. The passengers went into a railway tunnel to escape the bombs. Very soon an English officer said to my chauffeur, "You had better go to your Captain. He is badly hurt." Losey had been standing about thirty feet inside the tunnel, but not flattened against the wall, trying both to be protected and still to make observations. A splinter of shrapnel had gone through his heart. Mercifully his death must have been instantaneous. Five Britishers had been killed at the same time.

Arrived in Stockholm, I ate dinner with our senior military attaché, Colonel Hayne, and listened to his talk, for he and Captain Losey had been together in the Finnish War. The boy was dead, and suddenly one saw how every-



International News Photo

CAPTAIN LOSEY AND THE AUTHOR
The day before he was killed by bomb splinters at Dombas.

one who knew him had the same impression that I had. Menken and the correspondent from the *Paris Soir* were very much cut up. He had been so young, so disinterested, so thoughtful.

The next day, Freddie Sterling, his staff, representatives from the different legations, the military attaché and I followed the body from the station to the little chapel where the service was to take place. Many of the journalists and military attachés who had known Captain Losey in Finland—and each had had some special reason for remembering him—attended the services the next day. The bier was piled high with flowers. I saw many new and many familiar faces. King Gustav's nephew, Count Folke Bernadotte, and his American wife were there—she, Mr. H. Edward Manville's daughter. In her adopted country she has made a remarkable place for herself, at home there as few foreigners ever are, and yet no less an American.

I had known the young Captain only a few weeks, but the circumstances had been so full of danger and problems, that I felt I had known him a long time, for I saw what his character was, and as taps were sounded, it seemed as if I had lost a son. All our hearts ached for the young wife in California who must go on without him. She would be hearing Menken on the radio to America, telling of the service; she would read the beautiful tributes to him in the American press; she would not have the picture of the friends of his last winter, who mourned him in the north.