

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training  
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

**CONSTANCE RAY HARVEY**

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**INTERVIEW**

*Q: Your first post was Italy. When was that, and what was it like?*

HARVEY: I went out to Italy, to Milan, in August of '31. I was there seven years during practically most of fascism. But I had been in Italy before, in the fall of '23, with my parents, when I saw Mussolini enter Florence for the first time. Of course, the march on

Rome had occurred before that, but he had not gone officially to Florence. What I remembered was that the crowds in the street were cowed and silent as he stood up in his open car in the procession. They acted afraid of him, quite different from their subsequent admiration.

*Q: That was 1923. How do you account for the fact that the Italians, who seemed to be so either cowed or sullen, became so enthusiastic in their support and in their affection for Mussolini? Or am I wrong in assuming that there was an affection for Mussolini?*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, there certainly was. He became very popular. Of course, things began to seem to get better, and they seemed to like his taking a firm hand. The trains ran on time, you know; that was the one thing that everybody said was good. Everyone admitted, even I and the Americans, that there were very good things about fascism, that the country needed to be better organized, and attempts were made to do so.

I think that, like all Latins, the Italians believe that once a subject or a program has been outlined, it is almost the same as if it had been accomplished. Actually, about two and a half years after I had been in Italy and had been studying the corporate state earnestly, going to meetings of the Italian Chamber of Commerce, where I would see gentlemen with perspiring, fat necks sitting in front of me, trying to understand what the corporate state was really going to be and do, did I discover that in all the time and existence of fascism, only one corporation actually started to function. There was the corporation of the professors, there was the corporation of the manufacturers, of workers, and the industrialists. The corporation of the theater is the only thing that ever got off the ground and really operated.

*Q: If I understand this, you say that a combination of a Latin romantic image and rhetoric was more important than organization and accomplishment.*

*In 1935, there was the Ethiopian crisis and the invasion of Ethiopia by Italy. Did this change the ebullient mood of the Italians to a more somber mood, or how did the Italians, that is, the people, react to the war in Ethiopia?*

HARVEY: I might say to that, not yet. The war wasn't exactly popular, but it had its points, and people were rather proud that this was going to be a part of the new empire all around the whole of the Mediterranean, Mare Nostrum ("Our Sea, from Roman antiquity). And a lot of people felt they would get jobs in Ethiopia, and a good many did. The Italians, you know, are very good colonizers, and they probably wouldn't have done badly in Ethiopia, despite the brutal way they overran the country in the beginning.

But what really developed--and this I saw even then--what really turned the tide in the awful sense, not necessarily against Mussolini, but to show how wrong he was, was his getting into the Spanish Civil War. Many people, when they were called up, thought they were going out to Ethiopia, and they found themselves on ships headed for Barcelona. It was quite a different story. I think it was the turning point of Italy's capitulation to Hitler.

Everyone in Italy was afraid of Hitler. The Italians are not, in the ordinary sense, brave people; they're too intelligent to be so. They can see what's coming and they were really afraid.

The German influence, the Hitler influence, was really beginning to enter Italy. Jews, for instance, in Italy, were never particularly noticed as Jews. There were very important, wealthy Jews in Milan, who had done a great deal of marvelous work for the city and had founded wonderful organizations, and nobody ever particularly thought of them as Jews; they were just people like anybody else, living the life of the country, and were Italians.

One thing I must say about the delicious way the Italians often react: when someone from Germany who was a Jewish refugee, but who had a lot of business connections with Italy, came down to Milan, and I happened to get to know him, he said, "You know, I'm pretty sure I'm going to be arrested. I think I won't stay in Milan. I'll go up to Lake Como, where I know a whole lot of people, and I think maybe if I'm arrested, that would be a better place to be arrested." So he did so. He was exactly right, because this was just before Hitler's first journey to Italy, when everybody who had any doubts about Italian-German relations, especially Jews, were going to be pushed out of the way and perhaps locked up.

This gentleman was told one day by the police in the little village on Lake Como, "We're very sorry. We have to come to arrest you and put you in prison for a few days."

And he said, "Oh, yes, yes, I understand."

They said, "You know, the beds in our jail are very, very poor. We suggest perhaps with our help, we could move your bed from your hotel over for you. And the meals aren't good either. You'd better perhaps have them send you some meals while you're there, and wine, too. Then that would be better."

He said, "Oh, yes, I'll do that. I'll arrange it. I'm sure the hotel will arrange it for me." And that is what happened. He said, "My jailers came in and drank some of the wine every day, and we played trick-track and various things together, and had quite an amiable time." After Hitler went home, those arrested were released.

*Q: That certainly seems to be in keeping with the Italian character that I got to know during the war when I was in Italy. This fear of Hitler and the fear of Germany and the fear that Hitler was going to take Europe to war, as this became closer to a reality in 1938 with the crisis in Austria, the Anschluss in Austria, and then in 1939, with the Sudeten crisis, did the mood of the Italians change or did it remain the same? How did they see things as Hitler began to expand his influence in Central Europe?*

HARVEY: To go back a little, I was not there in '39. I was transferred to Switzerland just after Munich. But during the couple of years before then, there had been this growing fear and admiration of the Germans. They were very impressed by the Germans. They were the great master race for a large part of the Italians, which meant respect and fear, both. I

remember quite a few Italians spoke about them as supermen, and I said, "Well, that's one thing, but how would you like some super women?" No, no, they didn't want any superior women. That was out of the question. (Laughter)

For instance, when the Berlin Opera came to la Scala and gave the whole of the ring in a series, it was very, very popular. But the Italian audiences were exhausted because they had never sat through things like that. They were apt to consider their boxes in la Scala as a place to receive people and have a really good time, and it was rather different.

We began to realize that Americans were being watched, because there were always a number of Italians who disapproved of Mussolini from the beginning and who were very anti-fascist, but they were scattered. Of course, the government always wanted to know who these people might be, and Americans obviously would know. We did know somewhat.

Then after the beginning of the Ethiopian war, the government sent out into the various towns and cities, young Italian women who were, of course, devoted Italian fascists, all for the new regime, and they became sort of informal spies at cocktail parties. We began to realize what was going on. Then it became rather apparent, because the government couldn't reimburse these young women, they couldn't pay them because they were all from noble families and it would have been insulting. They had to do something to show their appreciation, so each one was gradually issued by the government a lovely new leopard-skin coat which came from Ethiopia. In no time at all, we realized what our spotted friends were up to. (Laughter)

*Q: At this time, of course, the House of Savoy was intact, and Victor Emanuel was the King of Italy, and afterwards Emperor, after the defeat of the Ethiopians. What sort of relationship existed between the crown and Mussolini, and how did people react to this relationship?*

HARVEY: I'm sure that the crown just had to put up with it, so to speak. Of course, the position in society of Italians would have affected their reaction. The nobility, of course, even the provincial nobility, almost certainly had reservations about Mussolini, but the people throughout the country felt that he had been doing great things for them. They didn't yet realize what was really beginning to occur. There was, of course, a great devotion to the House of Savoy, and they still had a lot of influence.

This is a side subject, but it's interesting. My mother was desperately ill for many, many months before we were transferred, and I tried to find nurses in Italy for her around the clock after she came back from the hospital, for months and months. It was very, very difficult to find nurses in Italy, unless one were lucky enough to have a nun. I had a little German nun as a night nurse for months, but for the daytime, I was fortunate in having someone who was half-English, half-Italian. I learned from her, because she had had her English training in London, but was an Italian citizen, that it was the tradition, age old in Italy, that no one except nuns would become nurses. It was just about the same thing as

being a prostitute. But after the war actually broke, Princess Helena, who later was Queen, became a member of the Italian Red Cross and turned the tide, and a whole era of superstitious disdain about nurses just completely changed. It showed that nurses were people of moral influence in the country.

*Q: That's a very interesting comment. Thank you.*

*Another question that sort of follows from the one before is that increasingly, Italy was the junior partner in the Axis, particularly after the Anschluss in Austria and this crisis. What tensions did that bring about within Italian society, and what tensions did that bring about in relationship of Italy to Germany, and what general comment would you have about that shift in power and importance?*

HARVEY: They were very conscious, indeed, that Germany was a strong power in Europe; no doubt about that. It had been evident in many respects for quite a while. For instance, in all the years I lived in Italy, beginning in '31, Toscanini, who lived in that area, had a house in Milan and was the conductor at la Scala when he was not traveling. Still, he never conducted a single opera at la Scala in the seven years I lived in Italy. The reason was that he absolutely refused to begin any kind of musical evening by the playing of Gioranezza, the fascist anthem, which he said was not music, and he wouldn't play it. So he was prohibited from directing at La Scala.

My very last job in Italy, when my mother was already in Switzerland and I was to leave within a couple of hours by train with my two maids and my cat for my next post in Switzerland, my chief sent me a note and said, "Just take a taxi, Constance." (I always knew that this meant something awful was going to happen.) "And find out why Toscanini's passport has just been taken away from him."

Well, I wondered, how was I going to find that out. However, I did go to the area where he lived, and I talked with the concierge there. I also talked with someone who lived in the area, whom I knew and knew about. I found out not why it had been taken away, but that it was going to be restored. That was the best that I could do.

Then, within a few days later, I went to my new post at Basel, in Switzerland. Within a few weeks, I learned the reason why his passport had been taken away. The wife of one the Busch brothers of the Busch Quartet, who lived mostly in Basel, had telephoned across to a sister or a friend of hers living in nearby Germany, and had talked to her on the international telephone about what had happened to Toscanini and how he had made some remarks about the Fascist regime when he was in, I think, Vienna. In any case, this was obviously what had happened. His passport was immediately taken up, because the line had been tapped, the message had gone from Basel to Germany to Rome very rapidly. Toscanini had been saying unkind remarks about the regime!

Before we move away from Italy, I want to tell you that I knew from my own eyes how things were going badly with fascism. The last year I was there, pellagra had begun to

come back all over northern Italy. Of course, this had been an endemic situation there but had got much better during the first years of fascism, because people were perhaps reimbursed better for their crops and were able to get meat to eat. Usually in Lombardy, which is the wealthiest farming country in Italy, and one of the best in Europe, people mostly ate chickens and perhaps killed a pig for Christmas, and that was about all the real meat they ate. Then that improved very much for quite a while during the first years of fascism, and then it all began to go downhill. This was after Ethiopia and after they were getting mixed up in Spain, but it had begun. We knew that the disease of pellagra was rampant all across northern Italy. The whole thing was beginning to disintegrate before I left in '38.

*Q: Very interesting. Constance, I know that your next post after Italy was Switzerland. By now, the war clouds were gathering, the crises were coming, the lines were being drawn, and people began to see the possibility of another world war. Can you react to that in some way from your observations from Switzerland at that time?*

HARVEY: You see, I was in Basel, right on the frontier. One thing that one has to grasp early was that the German Swiss were the most anti-Hitler people in Switzerland, more than the French or anybody else. They were next to it, and they knew what was going on probably quite well. They were, of course, afraid.

The summer of '39, I spent a few weeks on leave in England. When I went back at the end of the summer, it was perfectly obvious to me that the English would fight. Of course, we know now, or we knew fairly soon, that Hitler had been informed by Foreign Minister Ribbentrop, whom he had sent on a brief visit to London, that England would not fight. That was the Clivedon set, you know, those people would not fight, and were against it.

*Q: King and country!*

HARVEY: But I knew that this was absolute nonsense. I had never lived in England, but I had visited there many times, and I knew that it might be folly on the part of England, but they certainly were going to fight if Germany attacked. Of course, they were the first to reply to the attack on Poland.

When I got back to Basel, of course, a little before that, war did break out. It was the phony war to begin with, but everybody I knew in Basel had either a machine gun on top of his house or nearby, or he was instructed and had the gadget in his hand to blow up some of the bridges going across the Rhine. This was true all through northern Switzerland.

After the war, when I lived also in Zurich, I learned that people who had been in charge everywhere in the north, had had instructions that the moment German soldiers entered Switzerland, they were to seize certain German civilians who were the heads of a couple of manufacturing companies, and shoot them immediately. There would be no trial, nothing at all.

In any case, one of the jobs we had first in Basel was to get the pictures in the art gallery, wonderful Holbeins, wrapped up in blankets and rushed up to the center of the Bernese Overland somewhere. I can remember getting those out. There was sort of a gun emplacement place and blockades in front of the consulate, in case there should be immediate entry into Switzerland. Of course, that all passed, because the war just sort of calmed down, and nothing very dramatic happened.

I was transferred from Basel to Bern just after Thanksgiving of '39. My mother was an invalid, and our officials knew that. They thought it was better we should not be right at the frontier. So I went ahead of the family, so to speak, and got an apartment in Bern. Then my mother joined me. We were there over the holidays, and things went bumping along.

Then in the beginning of '40, the war took a different turn. My mother became desperately ill and was taken to the hospital. This was after the collapse of France. I shared an office with an American colleague, whose wife was French, and whose wife and five children had been left in Paris, and he had no idea what had become of them. He used to pace up and down the office. We'd say, "You'd better try to get through and find out from the embassy in Paris."

He'd say, "No, there's no use bothering the embassy. They couldn't possibly know. It's just impossible. I've just got to wait." We saw all of the things happening. Actually, months later we discovered his family had been able to reach Arcachon in southern France, and were perfectly safe. We were beginning to realize what the real war was going to mean to Switzerland and to people we knew.

We had information of what was going on in Germany. Certain people came across to talk to us. Then after the fall of France, it became evident that it was very possible that Switzerland would be invaded. My mother was ill and died in the hospital the 17th of May, after Holland had fallen on the tenth. I never told her that Holland had been overrun.

Ordinarily, you cannot have a cremation in the canton of Bern--which was to be for my mother--without waiting three days. Our military attaché, General Legge, who was one of my close friends (he and his wife were like brother and sister to me), said, "You've got to get permission to get the cremation done immediately. We may be overrun long before three days. The whole German Army is poised just outside Lake Constance, with even their ambulances ready to come down the valley behind Belfort and break into France behind the Maginot Line. We have absolute information that this could happen any moment."

So I got permission for my mother to be cremated, and I was just thankful at that time to have her gone, that there would be no ghastly business of trying to move an invalid during an invasion.

Of course, things turned out differently. The Germans were well aware that the Swiss were going to be very difficult. Instead of Switzerland, they went through the Ardennes, and the French line broke in the west. Of course, it was very much to the Germans' advantage to go that way, right around the edge of the Maginot Line.

There was another period (when I was already interned in Germany in '43) which I don't know much about except by hearing that Switzerland was almost invaded a second time. They had expected that the Germans would try to send troops across to Italy by rail. That didn't happen either. I think I understand why, because in about July or August '42, when I was still in France at that time, I happened to be traveling on the train from Lyon to Bern, and asked a Swiss officer who was riding in the compartment with me what would happen if the army decided to take to the réduit, as they called it, the fortified area in the mountains, if anybody, German or French, should cross the line. I said to him, "You mean to abandon the cities?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

And I said, "Your wife and children in the hands of the enemy?"

And he said, "Of course." So that, of course, was a typical Swiss attitude, and it was why Switzerland was not invaded. It would not be worth that much today.

*Q: Constance, now the war is on, France has been defeated and Great Britain driven from the continent. You have moved from Switzerland to Lyon, where the French Government of Marshal [Henri Philippe] Petain is in power.*

HARVEY: I was vice consul in Lyon under the Vichy Government, of course. I went there on New Year's Day of '41. I still had an apartment in Bern, but I rented it to the British military attaché. I went back to Bern, not there, but in a hotel, rather frequently. I had a car and I sometimes drove back and forth.

*Q: Who was the American ambassador at that time?*

HARVEY: Leahy was ambassador at Vichy. I went to Vichy occasionally.

*Q: Leahy was later to become the senior military advisor to Franklin Roosevelt, but I remember him because my uncle had served under him. He was in the Navy.*

HARVEY: Yes, an admiral.

*Q: He was the ambassador, and you were in the embassy? Was it a combination embassy and consulate?*

HARVEY: I was in Lyon. I wasn't at Vichy.



*Q: And that was a large American consulate, wasn't it?*

HARVEY: It was a consulate general, I think. There was a consul general there, and there was one in Marseille. We had an office in Nice, but I think the Nice office was closed early, very early.

*Q: And the demarcation line.*

HARVEY: I have something to tell you about the demarcation line. This is an interesting tale. You know the Germans occupied Lyon when they overran France for 18 days, and then they withdrew to that line. Once I think, during the summer of '42 or '41 when I happened to be in Bern, I had a conversation with one of the top officials at the French Embassy at Bern about the war, and who said to me that he had been a professor himself, and one of his best friends was a German professor, and they used to spend their summers together very often in one country or another. One day when I think they were in France, he said to his friend, "Oh, isn't it sad between our countries, the situation is not good, but still, it is much better than the past. We should be thankful."

And his German friend said, "I don't know. One day I think my children will be killing your sons, and France will be divided and the line will run so and so."

And this Frenchman said that the line that actually was drawn was practically that line that this man told him about years before. It was one of the cleverest things that they ever did.

*Q: Prophetic?*

HARVEY: No, the Germans, not to overrun the whole of the country. Because what happened was, of course, that the real resistance developed in occupied France, and the people in the south who hadn't lost everything were doing everything they could not to lose the rest of the country. France, at that time, had a million and a half prisoners of war in Germany, and the threat of something happening to the prisoners or the south being overrun was a tremendous psychological grasp that Germany had over the rest of France.

After France was completely occupied, then the resistance of the French picked up. I was gone by that time. Because, of course, we were interned by the Vichy Government on the day of the occupation of southern France.

*Q: Who was the consul general?*

HARVEY: I had different ones. The first one was the man who had been my consul general in Milan. His name was Walter Sholes. He had particularly asked that I be sent to Lyon. After my mother's death, I was rather lonely, and I had written to the Department and said, "I'd like to have a different kind of post." There didn't seem to be all that

important work to be done in Bern. "Perhaps I could be sent to London. I'd love to be in London."

They said, "We're not sending anyone to London except the people who are issuing visas. Everybody's getting out as fast as they can get. We'll send you to Lyon, and that's where your other consul general wants you."

So I was sent to Lyon and left Bern on the first of January, and got there a day later. Admiral Leahy arrived about the same time in France, but he couldn't get to Vichy until almost a week later because of the snow. There were enormous snows as they'd never seen before. So we arrived almost at the same time in unoccupied France.

*Q: Constance, you want to come back to this later on, I know from what you've said to me, that this friend of yours, the military attaché in Switzerland, Legge, did he stay in Switzerland or did he then come to France?*

HARVEY: No, he was in Switzerland all during the war. Years later, when I was back in Washington after the war was over, I learned, not from him, but from somebody quite different, that he sent the best information our government got during the whole of the war about what was going on on the eastern front. Legge had people all over Europe, a network of people, and I became one of his people. Early on, not the British military attaché, but the man who was the attaché for air, a very brilliant Englishman, asked me if I would work for him. I said, "Oh, Freddy, no. I love you, Freddy, but I couldn't do that. I have to be with my own people. I couldn't work for you, Freddy."

But when Legge asked me, I said, "Oh, sure. What do you want to know, brother?"  
(Laughter)

What I did, we had a very good arrangement. The pouch went through Geneva and Vichy and then back through Lyon to Bern and then on the way across Spain to Portugal and on to Washington. When the pouch came back from Vichy to Switzerland, I was the last person in Lyon to buckle up this big bag. I put into it whatever I thought was suitable. Not even my chief knew all that went into that bag. But I knew it went straight to Legge and that that was one of the best possible, quickest, and surest ways of communicating with our government in Washington. There wasn't any doubt about it, because Switzerland had other means also.

Moreover, I had a lot of people who came to me on various errands. Someone got in touch with Legge, and I was introduced to him, He was Swiss. I cannot name him, because he was, of course, of a neutral country. But he had been in the business of industrial diamonds for years and he just kept on buying industrial diamonds, even in German-occupied territories, because that was his business. Instead of taking them to Switzerland, he brought them to me, and I would supply them to our government in this underhanded fashion. (Laughter) That was one of the jobs I had for Legge.

There were all kinds of information which could be brought to our office. One of my chief tasks was taking charge of Belgian interests. Of course, our office was also in charge of all of British Commonwealth interests, but the other vice consul, George Whittinghill, handled that and had a vacated British office across the Rhone River. I was doing the Belgians in our office in the Place Beauvau, which was on the right bank of the river.

George was very active and probably knew more about the real French Resistance than I did. He was actually transferred in the late summer of '42; so then I took over British interests also and went over to that office for a certain number of hours a day.

I knew a lot about the Belgian situation. One of my clerks had been for many years the economic advisor to the American embassy in Brussels, and when Belgium was occupied, he was transferred to Lyon. There we had a lovely time getting out not the soldiers, exactly, but prominent people, practically all of the Belgian Government in exile, for instance. When we got out the man who was the former Belgian military attaché in Vichy, with a nice passport under a false name to go across Spain, we thought we'd done quite a good job. These were all, of course, Belgian passports which had been fixed up, usually arranged by Jacques Lagrange and his wife. Jacques was the Belgian clerk who usually created these works of art at home with the proper photographs and descriptions, which were quite imaginative. It looked right and official. And all of these people went out with nice Belgian passports issued by the kindly protecting power, and signed by C.R. Harvey.

After the war, one of these people came into our embassy in Brussels and said, "Here's the passport that was given to me by Miss Harvey. I've always remembered her."  
(Laughter)

*Q: Wonderful!*

HARVEY: The Belgians had a very good underground network. As a matter of fact, our office sometimes looked like a recruiting office, because when the Belgian radio, which broadcasted from London to Belgium, began to urge young people who wanted to go out to join either the Belgian Army in the Congo or to come to London, they'd say, "Make for the American consulate in Lyon." They would come in. Sometimes these people certainly looked rather "suspicious," and were the ones that we could not get out with passports. They had to be taken out "black", i.e., by special guides.

*Q: On that subject, did you not have to worry that your link would be broken through an informer? Were you not constantly on guard? I'm thinking both of your liaison work with General Legge and also in the consulate, that the security would be penetrated by somebody.*

HARVEY: You see, nobody knew of my connection with Legge, except my one colleague who was working for him, too, and that was George Whittinghill. Nobody else.

*Q: Nobody else knew?*

HARVEY: No. My chief didn't know. Nobody knew. Except that when my final consul general, Marshall Vance, came out from the States just before it became impossible to get into France, he sort of closed his eyes to what was going on. The day after Pearl Harbor, he called George and me into his office and he said, "I know, kids, what you've been up to. I was told before I left home." (Laughter) "Now that we're in the war, you can tell me what you're doing."

*Q: Constance, we are still dealing with the Lyon period of time in the Vichy Government, with Petain in power. I'm just wondering of your impressions of that time, particularly of your impressions of the attitude of the French toward Petain and toward the Vichy Government, a little bit, perhaps, why there was a strong feeling for Petain, and perhaps why there were some who were not so strong about Petain, and the environment there.*

*Particularly, you had said early on that you lived through one dictatorship which was essentially the Mussolini dictatorship. Would you call Vichy a dictatorship or what would you call the Vichy Government? What was the atmosphere? What did the French think of Vichy where you were in Lyon?*

HARVEY: Of course, the French were very divided, right in families. You had to know intimately the person you were speaking to, because it was really a civil war in France. There were the people who were very anti-Petain, others who felt they couldn't do anything but put up with him, and others who clung to him emotionally. That was what surprised me, because I knew my Italians and how emotional they were, how they decided things according to their feelings. They became great admirers of their dictator. But I could never imagine the critical, rational French falling for this situation, but they certainly did.

I think that one story which I may have told you off the cuff explains it pretty well. I was very pro-English, pro-British, although I personally never lived or was stationed in England, and I remember saying to one of my close French friends one day, who had been in the Army himself, had been captured and escaped in the very first days of the war, "Why doesn't France pull itself together and continue to join up with England, to help save England? Why doesn't France get back into the war?"

And he looked at me and said, "Oh, you don't know what it was to see men running." And I felt deeply, deeply ashamed of myself when I realized what the defeat and humiliation had meant to that country. Of course, in a sense, that also explains the power of De Gaulle later.

*Q: It just was a wrenching experience for the nation, with this great military history, to essentially be defeated and be humiliated in the process.*

HARVEY: Yes, and so rapidly. In World War I, it was a terrible, murderous war, but in a sense, at that time, the country wasn't overrun, you see, practically overnight, in 1940, in such a short time, a complete collapse. This was really very, very shocking to the French. They weren't really prepared for that sort of thing at all psychologically. I think a great many of them just had to have a "father figure" to hang onto psychologically, and the general was there.

*Q: Was there to some degree an anti-British feeling because Britain had not been defeated, and somehow or other, the British were still in the war when France was out of the war? In other words, was there sort of a mixed feeling of admiration for the British for keeping up, and at the same time a dislike for the British because the French had capitulated and the British had not? Was there a sort of schizophrenia there for the French? Because there was, I know, a strong anti-British feeling among many of the French. Is that the traditional anti-British feeling, going back to the Middle Ages, or is that the French feeling that somehow or other, British should have quit, too?*

HARVEY: I think, above all, latently there's a great deal of anti-British feeling still in France, probably even today. This is something that goes way, way back, and you can find it in England, too, definitely, even before Napoleon. That was reactivated by various things, as you say. The British bombing at Mers el Kébir, of course, had been a shock to them, especially to the French Navy. Of course, of all people, it was the French Navy who hated the British more than anybody else.

You see, we Americans were not frequented by the people who were anti-Anglo-Saxon, so to speak. I mean, we knew that they existed and we knew we had to be careful about this, that, and the other, but there were people who were really our friends. I happened to have some very good friends in Lyon, because I went with one letter of introduction to a prominent family when I arrived there, which was very helpful. They were very pro-British. But you had to know who in a family was pro-Vichy, and who was against it. You couldn't trust anyone just because he was related to or had a certain position or was the brother or son of somebody. You had to know each individual well, and you had to be very careful what you said. You couldn't let any cats out of bags just by chatting too much.

*Q: Were the French astonished that the British could stay in the war? Did they sort of expect the capitulation of Great Britain shortly after the capitulation of France?*

HARVEY: Again, the people I knew kept up their hope that the British were going to hang in there, and they did admire them, even some people that didn't like them that much. That doesn't mean that they necessarily liked De Gaulle. That was quite a different story. Of course, anyone who had anything to do with the Navy was not likely to like the British in any case, but I don't think I ran across many naval people there in the middle of the country.

I had one French friend, this family I knew well, very well indeed. He did business with the Germans right up to the last moment. All the time I was there, he was going up to Paris and further north on business with the Germans. I knew perfectly well he was betting on the British winning the war, but he wasn't giving up his business because of that. They, of course, wanted very much for the Americans to come.

I've never told you about down in the country. I had a house in the country because I couldn't have an apartment or anything in the city; I just had a room in a hotel. But I had a house in the country in the department of the Ain, and there I had people down for weekends to this country house. To get food, you had to go scrounging. I would go around to one place where they sold butter right from where they made it black market, of course, naturally. The man who ran this, the fruitier, as they called the man who does butter and cheese in the country, he would call me aside. He'd say, "Mademoiselle, come, come. Let's have a little drink in the room above the shop. I want to talk to you."

So I would go up with him to this little room above the shop, and he'd put his great hands and arms on the table, lean forward earnestly, and say, "When? When? What should we do in the meantime? When are the Americans coming? Are we supposed to work now?" This was just one of the common people. But there were lots of people who were looking for their real savior, you see, for the Americans.

*Q: The United States was the real savior?*

HARVEY: Well, there was always a feeling of friendliness, in general, for the Americans, still. You see, the Americans were not just Anglo-Saxons to them; they were the people with whom they'd been involved in our revolution and then we'd taken on theirs and so forth. They remembered that, and they remembered us as friends.

People were divided about the Vichy Government. We couldn't help but see both kinds in a way, but people made little waves. They didn't dare talk too openly, you see, because they never knew when the Gestapo would arrive and scoop you up. We had Gestapo coming into the office constantly. We were very careful not to find out too closely who came into that office. We didn't ask too many questions. We found it better not to know always. Some of them, we knew pretty well were members of the Gestapo, which was quartered right across the street from my hotel, in the hotel where my consul general was lodged.

For instance, people got around things in funny ways. There was nothing to be bought in the shops. It was practically impossible to buy any objects. I had a maid whom I would send to buy anything she could find, and one day she came back with a teapot. She said, "It was the only thing I could buy anywhere."

I said, "That's great." I'm still using it.

But for instance, in a picture shop where they did beautiful picture framing and sold pictures, they had nothing left to offer because no merchandise was created during all this period. But in one window they had a great big picture of Petain, and in another was a great big picture of Laval. Under the picture of Petain was "Epuisé." And under the picture of Laval was a sign "Vendu."

*Q: That says everything.*

HARVEY: Other funny things would happen. One day, a horse came down the main street of Lyon, the Rue de la République, right where our office was, and everybody stopped and clapped. (Laughter) Nobody had seen a horse in they didn't know how long!

One had to be very careful with whom one spoke, because they might be on one side or the other and go and tell what you said. So before you got into politics of any kind, you had to know the person really well with whom you were speaking. The French are apt to chatter a bit too much. I was traveling on a train from Vichy back to Lyon once, and happened to sit next to one of the rather famous French generals, General De La Laurencie, and he started to talk to me, you see, because he was very anti-Petain. I was terrified with what he was talking about. I thought he was doing the most imprudent thing I'd ever known. People could pick up what he was saying. So we were very careful, you see.

*Q: Now we come to one of the questions that fascinates me, and I know of interest to others. That's what you can tell us about your meeting with, and your knowledge about General Giraud and also under what circumstances you met him and what role he was at that time assuming, or just anything that you want to say about that. And if you want to bring in anybody else, that's fine, too. We'll call this a Giraud chapter.*

HARVEY: Before I talk to you about Giraud, whom I got to know probably in late July of '42, I want to back up a bit and tell you a little bit more about the work I'd been doing regularly for our attaché in Bern, General Legge. I told you about one or two things that I did for him, but I went personally to Switzerland every once in a while, carrying documents to him and reports which we had from the occupied zone and from other places and, of course, from Belgium and so forth.

Once, for instance, I arrived and we met in a field outside of Geneva. I presented him with some documents which I knew what they were, and which had been brought down to me by one of the agents that we had working in the north, who brought information to us. They were the maps of all the emplacements of the antiaircraft equipment of Germans all in and around Paris. He turned sort of white and said, "Oh, for goodness sake, you just brought this in by hand?"

I said, "Oh, yes, no problem." And the way I did it: I had a Ford car, and when you crossed the frontier, there was always a member of the Gestapo right at the frontier with a French officer, watching as you went back and forth. I knew all about that. Fortunately,

that Ford car had a glove compartment for which there was a separate key, not the key to the rest of the car, the ignition, which is more usual. So when I went in, I very often just locked up papers inside the glove compartment and turned the key down inside my bosom. When I went into the place to check out with the French officer and the Gestapo to go into Switzerland, I left my car open, with the keys just hanging from the ignition. Everybody trusted everybody else, of course, and there wasn't any problem about it. Sometimes people had hidden things in the machinery under the hood, and they sometimes looked under the hood. I thought that was something to avoid. So if a package weren't too bulky, it could get into that glove compartment and often did.

I remember the general said, "I shall remember that, Constance." So later, when he gave me the Medal of Freedom, I guess he remembered.

However, this was just part of the story. So to go back to your more specific question. Toward the end of the summer of 1942, Giraud had arrived in France and having escaped from a German prison east of Dresden. We didn't know much more than that, I had a good friend, Leon de Rosen, a Frenchman working with the American Red Cross, helping distribute milk and other supplies, various things, mostly for children. He got Red Cross parcels and other things to people in the occupied zone. He moved around a good deal, and he was a very patriotic Frenchman. One day he said to me, "Constance, you know Giraud is here in this area, and I've told him about you and he wants to meet you. He's very anxious to have a way of communicating safely with the Americans, and he doesn't see any way in which he can do that." You will remember he was at Vichy, but he left Vichy, I think, for good in May or thereabouts, and never went back. "He is here and staying at the Chateau de Fromente outside of town, and I could take you up there if you would like to meet him."

I said, "Oh, yes, sure, I'd love to. That would be very interesting." As usual, I didn't say anything to anybody. I just went with Leon.

He said, "I will stay outside in the car. You are to go in. Just go in, open the door, go in. Don't stop to ring the bell. Just walk in."

I went in. It was, to me, a memory I shan't forget. It was a beautiful entryway, black and white marble floor, a staircase, and there was no one there but this very tall general, a very elegant-looking gentleman. Apparently there was no one else in the whole building. I think the servants had all been sent away. Then we met and talked, and he said that he was very anxious to try to get in touch with Americans, but didn't see how he could. He couldn't go back to Vichy, wasn't about to go back to Vichy. There had been attempts to assassinate him and rumors of assassination, and he had to be very careful.

I said, "Well, I have a way of doing that."

He said, "My young friend thought maybe you might be able to help me."



I said, "Yes. A good friend of mine is the military attaché in Bern, and I see him, and I could easily take a message if you want to send one. I would be very happy to do it."

So we talked for a little while, and I told him I had gone to school in France, and then he said, "Let's get De Rosen in, and we'll talk together." So De Rosen came in, we strolled in the garden, and had a nice chat about things, and I departed.

I went back once more some weeks later. I guess I got another request to go. I went alone that time, and I didn't take my American car. I had, by that time, also acquired a little old dirty Peugeot for such occasions and thought that was better. So I drove up the hill outside of town to the Château, and went in and saw him once more there.

Then I saw him a third time, a few weeks later, by appointment. He sent word that he wanted to see me. I was to go to a very humble part of Lyon, the working-class quarter, and just go in the door and up to the apartment on the second floor. He told me just where to go, so I did. When I arrived, I found a room with nothing in it but a couple of chairs and a table and an enormous bouquet of carnations on the table. Carnations from a French gentleman for a lady visitor, you see, just to make it look attractive. So we talked again, and both times he gave me papers to take to Legge. One of the times, I don't remember which time, but probably during that third visit, he gave me the papers which were his proposals for the landing in the south of France. He had mapped out exactly how he wanted to have it done and how he would personally take command. I took those papers to Legge. That was the last time I saw Giraud.

One of Giraud's adjutants was Colonel de Linarès. I went to see de Linarès a couple of times, and he always gave me documents to take to Legge. Sometimes I think I had messages from Legge to hand in the other direction.

Then toward the end of October 1942, Giraud left the area and went to join his family near Aix-en-Provence, and I didn't see him again until after the war, when he came to see me in Zurich.

*Q: Why don't we just jump that for a moment? How was that meeting after the war, when he came to see you in Switzerland?*

HARVEY: Oh, that was fascinating. When he came back to Switzerland, I think it was in '48, my last year at Zurich. Here he is back, seeing friends in Zurich. [Looking at photographs] These are some of them, the people he saw when he was brought through Switzerland, when he escaped from Königstein fortress on the Elbe, which was really quite an episode. It was way off beyond Dresden in what is now East Germany. He spoke German very well, and he got himself across the border out of Germany and first into a part of Switzerland.

*Q: He climbed out on a rope or something, didn't he? And here he is, this extremely tall man.*

HARVEY: Yes, very tall for a Frenchman. He shaved his moustache off when he escaped. Here he is with his moustache, but this is when he came to see me. He came to my office to see me.

*Q: Tell us a little bit about that meeting, when he came to see you. Was it to thank you?*

HARVEY: Yes, yes, and to talk to me about lots of things. In any case, that was the last time. He said, "Do come and see me in Paris sometime," but I never did get to that. I was very shortly afterwards transferred to Athens.

I had a letter from him not very long before he died. He died thinking he'd been poisoned. I heard this afterward. But he didn't; he died of internal cancer.

When in 1942 he joined the troops in North Africa, he took one son with him, leaving his wife, a daughter, and another son, I guess, behind. They were taken to Germany. His daughter died in Germany in a concentration camp.

*Q: Going back to Eisenhower's memoirs, where he meets Giraud and Giraud says that he is prepared to take charge of the Allied forces, and Eisenhower has to explain to him, no, that's his job. Obviously, that came as a shock to him, in that here he was, in a sense, the ranking general, and he was not going to command that. Did that come up in later discussions, that he was essentially pushed aside? I'm quoting the book, Diplomat Among Warriors, and it's dangerous to quote without the book, but as I remember, basically in that book, they said, "You can command the French forces."*

HARVEY: Yes. After the assassination of Darlan, he sort of took charge, in a sense, in Africa. He claimed, I think, to me, and he certainly claimed in his second book, of which I do not have a copy, that he had sent a message to President Roosevelt, and something had come back or something was written about it, "Okay. Roosevelt." I was queried on this by the military historian, but I had never known the answer to that. I think he certainly wanted, before he actually got to Africa, and expected that he would be in charge, in command of any force landing on French soil, because he was the ranking French general. Weigan was too old to do anything, that Giraud would be in charge. But whether he ever got any real acceptance of that, I very much doubt. I knew what Eisenhower did. I knew that, but I didn't go over this with him. I certainly didn't talk it out with him. I have no idea whether there was this document. I don't know. They've never found out. It may be in some archives; I have no idea.

*Q: He may very well have gotten a letter from Roosevelt which could be read in several different ways, Roosevelt keeping his hands open to De Gaulle or Giraud.*

HARVEY: Yes. I don't think he thought so much about De Gaulle, but the command was to be Eisenhower, obviously. I think that knowing, at least at a distance, a little about Roosevelt, I think his being equivocal was quite possible. And knowing Giraud, I think

Giraud interpreted it the way he ardently desired it to be. But that is only, of course, what I deduce.

Then there is one other mystery about the whole thing. After I met Giraud the first time--this is in his first book, Mes Evasions, his daughter got a message that somebody should go and talk to somebody at Vichy. A young woman went up and talked to somebody else, and came back and said that, "There is somebody in the American Embassy who wants to talk with some representative of Giraud, wants to get in touch with him." Giraud sent one of his officers, General Baurès. I didn't know about that. Giraud never told me about it. Whom Baurès saw in the forest outside of Vichy, no one seems to know. No one. I never knew, never heard about it until after the war. They apparently have talked to Admiral Leahy, to Doug MacArthur II. In a sense, you would have thought it would have been the military attaché in Vichy, who was Bob Schow, with whom I was interned for 13 months. But as I never spoke about these matters to anyone when I was interned, or at any other time, I have no idea about that. I don't know who it could possibly have been. I don't know who it was. I don't know who would know, because nobody seems to be living except possibly Schow. I don't know if somebody could find out if Schow is still living and ask him.

*Q: Somebody in the State Department could probably track that.*

*Let me ask you this indelicate question, and you answer it as you wish. In any meetings with Giraud, including the post-war meeting, did he ever express any opinion about General De Gaulle?*

HARVEY: I don't remember any kind of comment about de Gaulle. He expressed He said to me often an idea which was virtually the title of his second book, Un Seul But: La Victoire. Translated, "My Only Objective: Victory." I think it expresses him and his attitude very strongly. He was a soldier, and he wasn't interested in, nor had a real concept of the political future of France. Of course, that is the difference between him and De Gaulle, the real difference.

*Q: I'm glad that you said that, because you had told me that once, and I thought that was very important, that essentially De Gaulle had the concept.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes, and he had it all worked out in his mind what he was going to do with France. There's no doubt about it.

*Q: And Giraud was the soldier who would bring about the victory and then retire.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes. I don't think he had any real political ambition in that sense whatsoever. I don't think it occurred to him. I think he thought that he had the right and station to be the general, you see. When I saw him after the war, I don't think that he ever mentioned De Gaulle to me. I don't remember that. Nothing striking.

*Q: In Bob Paxton's book on the French Army, a very interesting book, how the French-- Juin, for instance, as an example--were first with Vichy, then against Vichy. There was no unity in terms of the French Army, in terms of supporting, until after the North African landing. Am I right on that?*

HARVEY: Supporting De Gaulle?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: He wasn't that popular, as I gathered it, when I was there, with the leading officers in the French Army. This is something that I was interested in myself. I think our government understood this, and that's one reason they were perhaps interested a bit in Giraud, because they were not entirely against him, you see. He made a trip to the United States, you know, before De Gaulle did. I don't know which year it was, but during the war while I was still in captivity, I guess. It was in '43 sometime when he made a trip to the United States. He was received, of course, by Roosevelt. I think that they felt that many French officers in France would follow Giraud rather than De Gaulle, and I think that that was possible. The ones who wanted to follow De Gaulle had already gone to London.

*Q: They'd gone to England, yes.*

HARVEY: They'd gone to England, and also there was a certain jealousy among the people who hadn't gone, I think. It wasn't quite the same thing. Masses of people and the younger people were perhaps attracted to De Gaulle. Of course, there were people who were De Gaullists. One of them was the young daughter of the subsequent ambassador to Washington, whom I knew well. She was only 17 years old at that time, Violaine Hoppenot, a very, very brave girl. She was working for the Belgian underground. Afterwards, she went back to Paris, I don't know just when, but after we were interned.

*Q: You mentioned one thing I'd like to come back to in a moment. Giraud was one of the very senior officers, a five-star general in the French Army. So was Weygand.*

HARVEY: So was Weygand.

*Q: Was there any liaison between Giraud and Weygand?*

HARVEY: Giraud would go down to talk with Weygand. He did that, I think, a few times. I didn't know much about this, but I gathered that was the case. But Weygand always said, "I'm too old." He was old at that time. "I'm too old to really play any part." I think that was part of the story. Of course, there were a number of people who felt that Petain was secretly in favor of what was going on, but nobody knew that.

*Q: Does anybody really know that to this day? It's sort of a mystery point, isn't it? It was not brought up when Petain went on trial. There was some sort of attempt, as I remember*

*it, to bring this up, and nothing came of it. It made Petain, in that sense, a mystery man, didn't it?*

HARVEY: I think the trouble really with Petain was that he was really too old. I think I've said in various places. It was generally known while I was in Lyon that one of the tricks was to get him to sign papers late in the afternoon when he was vague, that they didn't give him important documents in the morning when he was more alert. This became a sort of practice. He was surrounded by a bunch of people who . . .

*Q: Psychopaths?*

HARVEY: Oh, no. People who were really playing the German game. Quite a few of them. After all, the country was divided. One forgets this, that there were people who were afraid of communism, and there were the extreme right who existed in France, and a good many of them were really virtually pro-German and thought that, after all, they could work things out with Germany.

*Q: There was that wonderful book and movie that was made some years ago, which brought this out, when we heard that young aristocrat talking about how he was educated to hate the Jews. "The Sorrow and the Pity" is the movie. That came out very strongly that there was that element.*

HARVEY: Oh, yes. There was always the group which was the far right. They were, as always, interested in their positions. They were sure the Germans were going to win, and they didn't want to be on the losing side. I think it's as simple as that.

Then there were these other people, like my industrial friend, who would talk with and do business with the Germans, who told me once, while I was still there, that he had been in a conference in Alsace. This was sometime in '42, before I was interned. He said, "One of those Germans said, 'We know what's going on with the Jews. Even if we lose the war, we should have gained the annihilation of the Jews.'" And this chap came back and told me, and various other people.

Another thing I just couldn't believe my ears: in about August of '42, a woman from the Swiss Red Cross came to my office and said that their group, the Red Cross, sometimes got permission to go in to see the really sick people in some of the German concentration camps, as well as the prisoner of war camps. She said, "We have learned that they're actually taking their victims and making soap of Jews." We talked it over. Of course, it was literally true, it really was. I remember this woman. Actually, the Swiss Red Cross got out quite a number of elderly people into Switzerland just a little bit toward the end of the war. One of them had been my dressmaker, the most important dress maker outside of Paris. I had known her for years, and I didn't know, of course, that she'd been captured. She was almost 60, and she went through an awful business, being in a camp. They brought her out, dying of tuberculosis. She finally recovered, and I saw her before she went to the hospital. I saw her in St. Gallen, and she told me about some other people,

what had gone on in the camps. I knew what had happened. I had eight people I knew who went to concentration camps. Two of them that went were clerks at the consulate in Lyon.

*Q: Did they come back?*

HARVEY: The woman died in Ravensbrück, and the man was finally liberated by our troops at Buchenwald. He came back, and I had long talks with him afterward, but he didn't live very long. He died young. But he told me about what it was like to be sent there.

Also, I must say just a few words about one of our Canadian friends, a young man, Frank Pickersgill. He stayed in my house out in the country for a number of weeks, quite a while in 1942. He had been studying for the Canadian Diplomatic in Paris, had overstayed his time and been picked up by the invaders and taken to the prison at St. Denis. There's a big prison there just north of Paris. He and another Canadian boy were there for a year and a half, and they escaped. Frank, you couldn't have told he wasn't a Frenchman; he spoke absolutely flawless French. My French friends couldn't believe he wasn't French. He didn't have a drop of French blood. He'd been brought up, I think, in Manitoba, and he had learned French from a French governess. He didn't have French blood, but he sure knew how to talk French, and he knew Frenchmen all over the country, all over France.

He stayed at my place quite a while because he had escaped, and we picked him up and said he was not to try to go out on one of those "lines" that people had rigged up for people to go out, that we'd get him out with a passport. We were pretty sure we could, with a proper passport and a permit, because he was deaf in one ear and therefore a non-combatant. Very unfortunately, he'd had a gun go off near his ear. So after a number of weeks, we did get him off to go through Spain to Portugal, and on to England. He showed up again in England. After intelligence and communications training, he was parachuted back into France by the English, with a number of other people. I've heard that about 20 were parachuted at the same time. That was probably sometime in '43, after I was interned. They were all picked up almost immediately, and put in prison again in Paris. He almost liberated the whole bunch of them, but he fell and broke his leg, and that didn't help any, so they got him again. They finally took him to Buchenwald, the concentration camp, where he was hanged as a spy. The man who was our consular clerk, and who also had been in that camp, told me later, "When he walked in, he was just the same old chap we had known before in Lyon. He was just as cheerful as anything, and he acted in a perfectly normal way." That was our last news of him. He was a brave guy.

*Q: . . . about the possibility of Spain entering into World War II on the side of Germany and Italy. You mentioned that you had an interesting story to tell in relation to that.*

HARVEY: It concerns an American who was very well known to our service, but not in our service, Royal Tyler, who lived in Geneva and had a chateau in Burgundy, and went back and forth occasionally between the two residences. I got to know him. He had lived

a life in his youth in constant connections with Spain. He had done his undergraduate studies and, I think, some graduate studies, entirely at the University of Salamanca, and he knew all of the Spanish nobility and everybody of consequence in Spain, and had gone back and forth and seen a lot of them over the years. He told me, when this was discussed occasionally, when I was in Lyon, that he just knew that Franco and the Spaniards would never, never join the war with Hitler, that they were going to stay out of it, they weren't going to do it, and there was no use thinking that they would.

A great deal of our policy was based on the belief Spain would join the Axis, especially efforts to get people as fast as they could through France and into Switzerland before something like that happened. Of course, that is one thing that the Department did soon after Pearl Harbor. They kept sending people into Bern, so that they'd have as many people at listening posts as possible before the frontiers all closed.

I myself was sent up with two other people from our office in Lyon, just before Christmas of '41. Finally, after demonstrations on my part, I was sent back in January of '42, to Lyon, where the staff of Americans had been considerably reduced.

*Q: When you were sent back there, Constance, in the meantime, Pearl Harbor had happened.*

HARVEY: That's right.

*Q: So when you arrived back there, we were no longer a neutral nation, but we were an enemy of the Axis powers. How long did it take before they got hold of you and took you to Germany for internment?*

HARVEY: It was a good many months that we were still there. Of course, our French friends and the people that really were our friends were delighted that America was in the war. They'd been waiting for this moment as their real hope of salvation. During the summer of '42, that was a very interesting period.

Well, they didn't get us until the landings in North Africa took place on the seventh of November, a Sunday. We had had a slight indication that we had to be ready to burn documents and possibly to leave perhaps a day before, so I had spent all of the Saturday of the sixth of November and the Sunday morning of the seventh of November, burning everything in the consulate that I could lay my hands on that had the names of anybody who had come in there. How they ever reopened that office afterward, I don't know, but I was determined that no French people or anybody else who had had any contact with the Americans could be traced from the records in that office.

I remember that I went home to get my coffee which I'd left, when the message came over the radio early on the Sunday morning, which made me rush back to the office immediately: "The Americans are landing. No news from Vichy." And we wondered where they were landing. Where? We had no idea! Of course, it was taking place, but we

didn't know where! We thought it was undoubtedly the coast of France. I certainly got over there to the office to start my burning as fast as I could.

I remember I had a rather wild Haitian diplomat spend part of the morning with me. He had been up in Paris until the last moment, because Haiti wasn't in the war, but he described to me how his place in the country had flown a Haitian flag, and how the Germans had come in and lowered the flag. He immediately packed up and went right straight to headquarters in the Palais de Versailles, this very insignificant diplomat, I should say, and stamped his foot, and he said, "I'm an independent neutral nation, and this cannot take place. You are occupying my property, and you've pulled down the Haitian flag." They sent somebody out immediately to put it up again, and they only sent a colonel. He said, "Not so! It was pulled down by a general; a general should put it up!" (Laughter) I cannot remember his name, but he was well known in various circles, and he spent that morning with me as we got ready. We knew that we were going to be in serious trouble.

I might tell you what happened on Monday morning. My Belgian clerk that I have told you about, who helped me so much with the Belgian passports and so forth, he had been already arrested and was in Montluc prison, in the hospital part of the prison, because he was ill. He'd been there for about ten days. I got news on Monday that he had disappeared from the prison, and finally, we discovered what had happened. He'd been put on a train to go to the south of France, to an assembly point, where they were getting people ready to send them to concentration camps. I said to my chief, "I'm going to the prefet de police immediately." We couldn't stand this man. I can't remember his name, but we didn't like him a bit. "I'm going to see him."

He said, "It won't do any good."

I said, "I'm going to go anyway." I must say, I was absolutely beside myself. I stayed in that man's office over an hour, an hour and a half, and I wouldn't leave. I think I kicked and screamed and cried, and I said, "Never, never will I go to a diplomatic internment," which we knew we were headed for on Wednesday, "and let this man go to a concentration camp. I went to school in France, France has been my second country for all these years. I will spend the rest of my life fighting against France if this occurs."

Finally, he said, "I'll telephone." And we got him off the train just ten minutes before the train left, and he was put back in an ambulance and rushed back to the hospital. His wife and I trailed after the ambulance, and we got in and sat down on his bed, where he had crawled back, and ate up all his dinner, and laughed and laughed and laughed. We could hardly believe what was going on.

Then after we were interned, everything in that part of France changed. I mean, the day it was occupied. People who had been very reluctant to do very much started to do things they'd never had the courage to do before, really.



*Q: That was America coming into the war, a catalyst for that.*

HARVEY: It was also the occupation that did it. You see, now they'd lost everything, and now they weren't afraid in the same way. It's the same kind of psychological thing.

So the nuns who were running the hospital in the prison got Jack--that was the day or the day after we left; I think the very day we left--dressed up in some kind of nun's garments, whisked him across to the Archbishop's palace across the road, where he was hidden, I don't know, for not very long, but then friends came and finally smuggled him out of France, also with his wife, I think separately, into Switzerland, where he spent the rest of the war and mostly working for Allen Dulles. So that was the beginning of occupation for me.

*Q: Then you were interned? You were picked up and sent to Lourdes?*

HARVEY: Yes. We were put on the train. We were taken and put on a train on the very day that the German Army passed through Lyon on the way to the Mediterranean. I really didn't see any of that, because I was being taken in the police car to the train, to leave Lyon. What happened was that we got there and, of course, there were all kinds of people, official guards and everything, to see us off. There were only three of us, the consul general and I and our non-career vice consul, a very elderly gentleman who had just recently joined us. When the time for the train to start came, none of our luggage had arrived. We were allowed a couple of suitcases, and I said, "I will not go into internment without my suitcases. I'll never see them again. I'm going to get off this train."

So they both got off with me, because they hadn't got theirs either, and the train just left without us. And there we were, completely unchaperoned. All the officials had gone away, and all the people who had come to say goodbye to us, of course, had gone away, too. One very crazy man who was the president of the Strasbourg Chamber of Commerce, a Monsieur Jacquel, whom I knew, because so many Alsations on the Chamber of Commerce were repliés, as they said (that means they had come to Lyon from occupied Alsace), was there with a great bouquet of flowers for me. I said, "Get Mr. Jacquel and his flowers off this platform and don't let him come near me." It was the craziest thing I had ever heard of, to have these people coming to say goodbye to me.

*Q: I think it's a marvelous touch.*

HARVEY: It was, really. It was an amazing thing. In any case, the train was gone, there we were, nobody there. I said, "I think we'd better inform the authorities that we're still here. Otherwise, they'll make some trouble."

So we telephoned to the préfecture, and they said, "Well, your luggage is on the way. Just take the next train which goes down toward Marseille, and there you can get the train that's coming from Marseille, pick it up and go on the night coach to Lourdes. That will be all right."

We had had nothing to eat, and there was nothing to eat in the restaurant, there were no taxis, nothing running, of course. By this time, the German Army had gone through with their tanks and everything else. So we decided, "Well, we've just got to walk back and see if we can't find some black restaurant somewhere that will give us some food, because it's going to be a great many hours before we see food again."

So we started up the road, along up the Rhone, and we came to a restaurant that we knew about, where you always had to have a reservation at least two days in advance to be given any food. We stuck our heads in, and they said, "No, no, no. No, there's no food. No place, no place to sit down, no food."

So I went and put my head behind a curtain or something and said, "Do you really want to have the consul general of the United States and his two officers who are on their way to be interned, do you want to turn them away without feeding us at all?"

And they said, "Come in, come in." They hid us behind a curtain, and we had a champagne lunch, a perfectly marvelous lunch, and two and three people that we knew for some reason--I don't know how they found out where we were--came and joined us and stayed with us. Then we turned around and walked back to the station, where we were going to get on the train.

On the way back, just going along back--it was a long walk--we passed two Polish secret service men whom we knew. Of course, we didn't recognize them, we didn't say anything or do anything at all, and they looked as if they'd seen ghosts. Well, they sort of had. (Laughter) Then we got on our train and left for internment in Lourdes, with our luggage.

*Q: Pick up a little bit, Constance, on the interment in Lourdes and then what happened when you were brought into Germany.*

HARVEY: I think we were there about two months and a half. We were interned on the 11th of November, and we left about the tenth or 12th of January, something like that. In any case, we didn't know about our future; we just thought that we were going to be exchanged and sent out through the Pyrenees to Spain, you see, across to Lisbon. That was what we all expected. We were put in three different hotels.

Lourdes, at that time, didn't have many visitors in cold weather, and mostly the hotels weren't open, but they provided us. We had a member of the French Foreign Service, a very young man, a very young officer, staying in one of our hotels. We were guarded, so to speak, in a very gentle sort of fashion. We could go out and go shopping and get various things if we were taken out by somebody. Whoever took us out would just stand in the middle of the square, and we could go in all directions and do our errands, then come join him again and go back to the hotel.

We also had the opportunity occasionally of going and having a meal, a dinner, in one of the three hotels where some of our friends were, instead of always eating in our own hotel. This is important, really. It was in January then when I was with this Frenchman whose name was Pierre Dupuis, sort of like Joe Jones, you see. He had been in the United States and had taught in Smith College for about two years, and he'd married an American girl, but he was a very young widower and he was stationed in the Foreign Service at the government in Vichy. He had been assigned to go with us, wherever we would be, Mr. Dupuis would be with us as a member of the neutral government of Vichy. If you ever really have physical contact with somebody who is scared to death, you never forget it. Because we'd been talking at dinner, at the hotel, with Dupuis at the table, about the possibility of maybe the Germans might come and get us, because we were not being exchanged as we had expected, you see. We sat there for two and a half months. It was kind of spooky.

As we went back home, in theory, Mr. Dupuis took my arm to try to keep me from stumbling in the dark, but he was shaking like an aspen leaf. I practically had to hold up the little man. We got back to the hotel. Then a couple of days later, we were interned by the German Army. I will tell you later what happened to Monsieur Dupuis. That was during internment.

To go back to Lourdes itself, I had a visitor who came. I can't remember exactly when it was, but I think it was sometime perhaps just before Christmas or after Christmas. A woman from one of the Resistance groups was sent to me by a friend of mine, and she came with a carte d'identité with my picture on it and everything, to help me escape. I thought, "Well, this would be very fascinating." But unfortunately, just the night before--yes, this is well before Christmas--"Kippy" Tuck had got everybody together and he said, "Now, no matter what happens, none of you must try to escape. It would be very dangerous for the rest of us. This is very, very important that we stick together. We have old people and children with us, and we can't just put people in jeopardy by somebody trying to do some funny business."

So I had to say to this young woman, "No, I'm sorry. this is impossible. I will not come with you."

She said, "I can arrange everything for you and see that you get railroad tickets and everything."

I said, "No." So I didn't.

And when I got back to Washington, I went in to see Jack Earhardt, talked a little about my experiences, and he said, "Constance, we thought if anybody would escape, you would. Why didn't you escape?" And I was as mad as could be! I thought, "Well!" But I think I probably could have made it into Switzerland. In any case, I didn't. So my life was different because of that.

Do you want me to go on about what happened when we were taken to Germany?

*Q: Yes, but let's pick up on the Frenchman you mentioned who was so terrified.*

HARVEY: He went with us, too. He was one of the people who went with us into internment, as a representative of the neutral government of Vichy. We had a Swiss diplomat with us, who was a representative of our protecting power. Then when we got there, we also had a German diplomat who was delighted to be in Baden-Baden looking after us, instead of being bombed in Berlin. (Laughter) He was with us the whole time, and I think his wife was with him, too. We were 150 people altogether, which was quite a collection. But they wanted to get, for us, you see, the German Military Commission in North Africa which had been captured during the landings. They would have been of great assistance if they could have gotten them even some months later, and that's why, for 13 months, the governments haggled about this. But our government never gave them up. That group spent the rest of the war in Texas, and we were finally exchanged in February of '44 for German diplomats held at White Sulphur Springs.

*Q: Why don't you pick up here with your internment in Germany.*

HARVEY: We arrived, having had butter on the train, which to us was extraordinary. We hadn't seen any butter unless we'd got it out of a black market ourselves. Nobody saw butter in France and hadn't seen any for a long time. I think I told you something about the food situation, how bad that had been. It had gotten terrible. The last months of '42 were awful.

We realized pretty soon that things in internment, they weren't going to be too bad, and we were going to get prisoner of war parcels. Several of us thought that was ridiculous, that after all, we were in a nice cushy internment in a good hotel, and the food wasn't very good, but after all, we were being fed. "Kippy" Tuck said, "You are going to take every one of those parcels, and you're not going to turn them down." We were certainly very thankful that we did so because of the situation. Of course, the food got worse quite rapidly, although I know that we were undoubtedly being fed better than the regular civilian German population. We had a certain amount of meat a week, not much. One of the things about the parcels was that if you were a non-smoker, cigarettes all came in the parcel, and of course, money in Europe at that time, of any denomination, was worthless. Gold coins or cigarettes were the only "currency." So for a package of cigarettes, I could get a meat ration for a week or a whole loaf of bread or something like that added to our regular diet.

We sat where we wanted to the first meal we had there, and then we were informed that everyone was to sit exactly the rest of our internment in the seat where he or she had sat when they first went in to a meal. It was quite logical, so they could check up on us immediately. They knew exactly where we were. If we weren't there, they'd go up in our rooms and look for us and be sure we weren't somewhere else. That was interesting. Never in my life--and I think it's true of the others--had the same four people eaten--well,

I suppose for them, three meals a day--for 13 months. Husband and wives hadn't even done that! (Laughter) And sometimes we wondered whether to feel more sorry for the people without their spouses or the ones with their spouses, because it was not very easy in any way. It was kind of difficult as the months went by. (Laughter)

Almost immediately, it was arranged by one of our members to become a college-in-internment, a university-in-internment. This was the head of the newspaper, the Baltimore Sun, Philip Whitcomb. He had already been interned with our group in Berlin, and adult education was his passion. He was thrilled to think he was going to have another chance to work out some adult education. You wouldn't think anybody would be so naive as to get himself interned twice in the same war, but he did. (Laughter) He came back after he'd been released from Berlin, and I think they only had five months of it. He came back and married a French girl that he was engaged to, and also he was working for his newspaper. So he was interned with us. We had practically no books, but we were able to organize classes which were quite interesting and kept us more or less busy.

We were taken on walks in the Black Forest with the Gestapo, about 12 at a time, two Gestapo before and two in the rear. Seven Gestapo lived in the hotel with us, and we discovered that the head was the fat, great big, enormous night porter of the hotel. The others were under him. He was it. We discovered all this. They were quite decent to us.

There was one man that I didn't like the looks of, because when he listened to the Führer on the radio, his eyes would sparkle. He was transferred, and I was glad when he departed. But what is a little strange is that, if you say it this way, we were handled with much more gentility by the Gestapo than we were by the German Army. When we were in the hands of the German Army, they were very tough with us. But you see, the Gestapo had a whole different section, and they had been trained. Some of them had been well trained on how to manage diplomats, and we had the diplomatic corps of the group, you see, with us. They were with us for the rest of the time.

*Q: When was it that you were with the German Army?*

HARVEY: When we were transferred to Germany, and then when we came back from Germany. For instance, on coming back from Germany in February '44, we were on a special train, going both ways, of course, and coming back, a number of people had relatives in Paris. We had quite a disparate group, you see, people who had been connected with the Service, married into the Service, one thing or another, and these people in Paris somehow they'd been told that if they went to a certain railway station on the outside of Paris where our train was going to stop, they could come and say hello, come to the window and say hello to people, and perhaps give them something. Well, quite a number of people did this, not a huge number, but a few. The German Army wouldn't let any of them come anywhere near us. One of the elderly ladies with us, who had her grandchild standing out there two platforms away, could just wave at her, but she wasn't able to speak to her or do anything.

Then they took us to Biarritz. We were at Biarritz, I think, three days, in a good hotel. I'd been in Biarritz before with my mother in peaceful times, and it was right on the sea. That looked very nice. We hadn't been in the hotel more than 15 minutes--this is again how the German Army handled us--they said, "All curtains must be drawn on the sea. No one is to look out. They are all drawn immediately. You can't look out." Who knows what was out there. We couldn't open the windows or look out at all. If we were lucky enough to have a window also on the other side, we could open that. And you couldn't go out of the hotel unless you had a dog. Some dogs had been interned with us, and we were allowed to take out dogs, to walk them. People sort of rented their dogs for 20 minutes, for instance. If you would walk a dog for 20 minutes, you would give a bottle of champagne to the owner of the dog, to get a chance to get out. (Laughter) So that was rather interesting.

Then finally, of course, we were put on a train to go through--what's the crossing point there? I can't remember now, into Spain. Of course, when we entered Spain, that was neutral territory, and at that moment, the Gripsholm entered the Portuguese waters. So then all the things were different, and we were then on a train that went through.

We had added to our group some other people, Britishers and Americans, who had come from prisoner of war camps, who had been captured and who had been perhaps badly wounded and had been added to our group, a few of them. Some of them were aviators.

*Q: The Germans were reasonably correct?*

HARVEY: This is interesting. Some of us were quite afraid, because we'd begun to hear how awful some things were. There were some people with us, Lansing Warren and his wife, whom I got to know very well. He had been for years the financial correspondent for The New York Times in Paris, and he had also lived in various places. He said, "The Germans are going to be very correct. They're going to follow all the legal ways they're supposed to treat people." Of course, no ambassador had been captured or interned in any war for hundreds of years, until the British ambassador to The Netherlands was captured as he walked on the beach after Holland had been invaded, and he was interned. Then after that, all the people you could catch ahold of were interned. But that, of course, was a new style for everybody by that time.

We had some interesting things happen while we were there. One of them was awful. Many funny things happened, too. Perhaps I'll tell you the awful one first and get it over. You remember Monsieur Dupuis?

*Q: Yes.*

HARVEY: He was with us. He didn't eat with the Americans; he sat with the German diplomats and the Gestapo at the table. One day I saw him crossing the room with tears rolling down his cheeks, shaking. Then a few days later, something very odd occurred. He announced to us that he had become engaged to an Alsatian girl who was there, and he wanted to present her to the rest of us. I thought this was very peculiar. After all, he was a

young widower and had been mourning his wife. It wasn't so long that he had lost his wife, an American. But there this buxom young woman appeared, and that was very interesting. We were glad to know her and so forth. She didn't live in the hotel with us. You see, being an Alsatian who had not fled Alsace, she was just treated like a German subject, because Alsace had been completely annexed. It was no longer foreign territory; it was German territory. With identification card, she, like any German, could travel all around Germany, no problem. She was one of them. But she was Alsatian and was engaged to Monsieur Dupuis.

One Sunday not very long after that, about ten days after that, perhaps less, a Sunday afternoon, someone came to our leader, "Kippy" Tuck, and said, "Monsieur Dupuis has been locked into his room. There's an armed guard standing outside the door. No one can get into him. He's incommunicado."

Tom Cassidy, who was the attaché for air at Vichy, who was really secret service, OSS, but his title was attaché for air, had been locked into his room, and there was an armed guard standing outside his room, and no one could see him. That was quite extraordinary.

After a couple of days, Kippy did get in to see Cassidy. In the meantime, Dupuis disappeared, and I never saw him again. Then after about a week or so, Cassidy was restored to us. We never dared talk inside the hotel, but when we were out on walks with the Gestapo in the front and back, if you were walking right next to someone, as I walked one day next to Tom, we could talk. He told me, as he told some others, he said, "I've sent that man to his death. It's just awful, what's happened." What he had been doing was that he had been able somehow, in various ways, to get some information together about the result of British bombings. There were no American bombings yet, you see. It was all British. And Dupuis was taking this out, and the girl was sending the messages in some way or other. That is what has happened to Dupuis. We went through the rest of our internment without him.

Then there is a sequel to this grizzly story. I don't know, perhaps six or eight months after the war had ended, our embassy was back and working in Paris, and in walked Monsieur Dupuis! He had been this timid little man. I didn't see him. I wasn't there, of course; I was then stationed in Switzerland. But I talked with the people I'd been interned with, several of them that were in the Paris embassy, and they said, "Constance, he is a changed man. You can't imagine how he has changed. You remember what a Mr. Milquetoast he was, scared of his shadow and everything, so timid? Well, he's calm and collected."

He was taken to the Alexander Platz prison in Berlin under sentence of execution, put in solitary confinement, and he was there until Berlin was liberated. They probably forgot about him. He even survived the bombing. Instead of breaking him, he had become a man. It was absolutely unbelievable!

*Q: A transformation of character.*

HARVEY: A transformation. He had faced up to it, whatever it was, and he lived through it. He really had a different personality.

Then later on, quite a few years later, when I was stationed in the embassy in Bonn, and I knew the people in the French Embassy well, one of the top people there said to me, "We told him, when he got back, we'd give him any position he wanted. We would send him back to Washington." He'd been in Washington and knew America well. "We'd make him cultural attaché, and he said, 'Oh, I don't think I could do that.' We said, 'Nonsense, of course you can do that. We'll send somebody to teach you just how to do it. Anything you want, anything we can do for you, we will do.'" So he did. He went to Washington, where he was cultural attaché, and then he married another American girl. Some friends fixed up a cocktail party for him to come to see me with just one or two other people, but at the last moment, he called and said he had something else, he couldn't come. I think he just didn't feel he could see somebody from those days. He didn't live very long. He was really the greatest man I've known, because he was scared to death, but he went ahead with it. When Tom asked him to help, he helped.

*Q: That's true bravery. That's right.*

HARVEY: That's true bravery.

*Q: It's the scared man that did the right thing.*

HARVEY: Who really did the right thing, and it transformed him. The fact that he had done that, you see, made him a different person.

*Q: Constance, picking back up on this, you were then exchanged.*

HARVEY: I must tell you just one or two things.

*Q: Yes, please.*

HARVEY: About my life there. Everything was more or less all right, and we were taken on these walks and so forth. Then when we knew we were going to be exchanged, we knew ahead of time, things began to get kind of--I don't know, go in every direction. People who had been quite fond of each other began to quarrel, one thing and another, and people were emotionally upset. Then one day, it was snowy weather and people had gone out for their walk with the Gestapo, about eight men had gone out. I don't think there were any women in the group. Sometimes these Gestapo took us up to a little wine place, a weinstube, up in the hills, and we had a drink of some kind of odd wine or something or other with them, and then they brought you back. It was all quite friendly.

The group came back, and one of the Americans was missing. Oh, my! Well, the Gestapo were not very much worried. The German diplomat wasn't that worried, but the person who absolutely couldn't stand it was the U.P.I. correspondent, because the man that was



missing was the A.P. correspondent! He said, "That so and so, if he isn't back in half an hour, I'm making a break for the frontier. That's where he's gone. He's on his way to Switzerland."

*Q: With all the news!*

HARVEY: With all the news! (Laughter) We tried to calm him down. Poor McHenry finally did appear. I think he had perhaps stopped behind a tree or something and lost the rest of them, followed the lights in town and was glad to get back into the hotel again, you see.

About the correspondents, when they got to the frontier of Spain, there was a terrific rush for the telephones. All the lions and lambs who had been lying down together were clawing each other at the telephones once again.

Then we were taken to Lisbon, and we were there about three days or so in the Lisbon Triangle. We were put on the Gripsholm and came back to the United States.

*End of interview*