

November 28, 1942.

MEMORANDUM ON THANKSGIVING DAY

First, the spirit of Thanksgiving seemed to pervade the air. Ever since the African expedition which, coming on top of the advance through Libya, the Russian great offensive, and our splendid naval success in the Solomons, there has been an air of optimism and cheerfulness which showed how much something of this sort was needed. Far be it from me to throw any damper on this, but here's hoping it does not dim anybody's appreciation of the tough work ahead. Every bit of confidence, of course, helps.

Had an early morning call from de Gaulle, who came into my office about 9:30. He was in an especially good mood, complimented us on what we had done, extended good wishes for the day to all of us and we had a general pow-wow and, of course, the French and our own situations and relations being predominant. He left just in time for me to rush to my car and go to Westminster Abbey for the Thanksgiving Day service at 10:30.

The Abbey was crowded to the doors, uniforms dominating, both our own and British; not only soldiers and sailors and airmen, but also the ATS, WAAFS and WRENS, and the Red Cross. The Ambassador read the President's Proclamation, and the rest of the service was largely conducted by U.S. Army chaplains, and the sermon delivered by one of them. It was a very impressive gathering. Upon the conclusion of this service we had a few moments before going to the Dorchester for lunch.

The American Society in London gave a big Thanksgiving dinner at which the guests numbered somewhere about six hundred. The Ambassador received, and again read the President's Proclamation. But, to revert to the dinner for a moment, it was a REAL Thanksgiving dinner:- turkey, chestnuts, cranberry sauce, and all the rest of it, winding up with pumpkin pie and mince pie and ice cream. When the Ambassador had finished with the President's Proclamation and his expression of thanks to the American Society for the dinner, he called on me for a talk of which, of course, I had been warned. I laughingly told him, when he asked me to be the guest of honor, that I wished he would let me read the proclamation and he make the talk. Certainly what I had to say could be applauded at least for its brevity; something under five minutes - ~~copy attached~~. Then the President of the Society made a very nice talk which we all thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, then warmed up. He is always interesting and talked to us for nearly half an hour. We had to rush immediately upon his finishing for the reception at Buckingham Palace.

The King and Queen held a perfectly delightful reception. There were a few of us ushered into one of the large warm rooms ahead of everybody else, where we had a chat for a few minutes with the King and Queen and the two dear little girls, and incidentally,

Elizabeth is not so little anymore. She is a very nice looking girl, bright and pleasant to talk to, just like her Mother. The younger one, Margaret Rose, is tiny for her 12 years, but also bright as she can be. The Prime Minister was also present, and some other members of the family. 'Twas very pleasant. A little later the other guests came in and shook hands with the King and Queen and went on into a large reception hall, where there was a bountiful repast of whatever one wanted to eat or drink. After the guests all passed by the receiving line, the family (that is, the King, Queen and two youngsters) came in and mingled among the guests for about an hour and a half. It was very informal, everybody felt at home, and had a fine time. During this time I again had a good chance to talk to Her Majesty, also the two youngsters, as well as the King. As a matter of fact, they shook hands when they came in the room, and again when they came in the reception hall, so that all together there were three happy conversations with them. Among the guests was Mary Churchill, the Prime Minister's younger daughter, and a very sweet, wholesome, fine girl, whom I enjoyed talking to a great deal. This party, which started at 3.15 broke up about 5.30. I rushed back, scrubbed up a little, and proceeded to the British-Norwegian Institute, Rutland House, Rutland Gardens, to talk before members of the "Norwegian Center for Inter-Allied Lectures".

Had an interesting time with the Norwegians, talked to them for about half an hour and enjoyed it. King Haakon was there as well as Crown Prince Olaf, Ambassador Biddle, and all the high ranking officers of Norway in London. This party started at 6.30 and wound up at 7.30 when, without any break, we went to the Hotel Connaught for dinner with King Haakon and his civil and military staff.

The dinner at the Connaught was another turkey Thanksgiving dinner, and a pleasant windup to the day. It broke up reasonably early, for which I was glad, as I had wanted to do a little reading before an appointment with the Ambassador when we were both free. He was dining with Anthony Eden. I called him sometime after eleven and he said if it was all right with me, we could put it off until morning, and I said it was all right with me, so I toddled home and tumbled in, wondering what the next year would bring forth and what sort of a Thanksgiving 1943 would be, and where. Here's hopin'.

(See next page for list of guests at the above mentioned dinner.)

Thursday, November 26, 1942 (continued)

List of guests at dinner at the Connaught Hotel
after lecture at Norwegian Institute:

His Majesty The King of Norway
His Royal Highness The Crown Prince of Norway
Minister Lie
Minister Torp
Ambassador Colban
Admiral Stark
Rear Admiral Kirk
Admiral Corneliussen
Admiral Danielsen
Admiral Riiser-Larsen
General Hansteen
Colonel Nordlie
Lieutenant Colonel Ostgaard
Captain Callan
Lieutenant Commander Kittredge
Lieutenant Commander Agar
M. Schoenfeld
M. Berg
Dr. Ording
Dr. Raestad
Dr. Sommerfelt
Dr. Worm-Muller
Mr. Sommerfelt

Friday, November 27, 1942.

Called on Mr. Winant at 1000 and at 1100 Mr.
Charles Peake called to discuss program of General de
Gaulle's visit and conversation in United States.

At 1200 General Catroux (High Commissioner for
France in Syria), who had just arrived from France a
couple of days before, called on me. He impressed me
just as much as the other French General, d'Astier de
la Vigerie who had called the other day. We thought Catroux
would be a good man to accompany de Gaulle to Washington
if, and when, he made the trip.

Saturday, November 28, 1942.

Worked quite hard trying to clean up most of the
accumulated work from the previous day, and at 1700
rushed over to be present for a few minutes at the