

AFRAID OF "BUILD-UPS"

Brigadier-General Hurley Was Reticent

QUITE apart from the homesick Americans who are usually to be found poring over the latest copy of *The New York Times*, the American Legation, which is situated on the fourth floor of a big building on Wellington's Lambton Quay, is a busy place these days. The chief reason for the added activity is, of course, Brigadier-General Patrick J. Hurley, first U.S. Minister to New Zealand. He has been popping up in widely separated parts of the world during the last month or so, and now that he has settled down in this country he has suddenly found himself the Man of the Moment.

The limelight hasn't been of his seeking, but since it seems to be inseparable from his job, he has accepted it in good grace, and the shower of invitations to speak at this, that, and the other function has left him unperturbed. At the receptions at which he has so far appeared, he has looked exactly what a United States Brigadier-General should look like, and has said exactly what a United States Minister to New Zealand should say.

"Well, It's Like This . . ."

I have indicated that physically General Hurley fits to perfection the role he has been asked to play. The point is, what does a United States Minister to New Zealand look like, what sort of a man is he? There have been enthusiastic biographies in some of the newspapers, and those who are interested in statistical data will find a good deal about him in the American *Who's Who*. No one, however, has attempted to give a candid camera study, as it were, of the man, one of the reasons for this being that apparently it just isn't etiquette to interview a Minister.

I explained to the General that I was fully aware of this fact, but that I was also interested in his career and especi-

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stands by while we do it. Anyhow soon after that the cat went missing in port, so we write 'Shore Duties' on his Pass and Card and promoted him to 'R.C., Chief!'"

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MANY of the American Navy men touching at New Zealand are civilians who formerly served and are now called back for the war emergency. The man I have just quoted feared that his "gas" business in Maine had gone to ruin in his absence. "The Government sent all our tankers to England and promised the companies to build them pipe lines instead. When the war came along the Government said it couldn't. So now they must dig out all the old railroad tank-trucks—not near enough transport. Scuttlebutt says private cars is rationed to ten gallons a week. Ten gallons a week! Hell! What can anyone do with ten gallons a week?"

ally in his long friendships with Will Rogers and John L. Lewis, and what about it? General Hurley produced Chesterfields, lit up, placed his hands squarely on his knees and regarded me warily through his pince-nez. "Well, it's like this," he said.

And what he proceeded to explain at some length was that he had received such a reception in New Zealand that he had been set back on his heels a little; that he was afraid of what he referred to as "build-ups"; that as for Will Rogers and John L. Lewis, that side of his life was, after all, secondary to the job he was doing now and the big issues at stake; and, too, they were his close friends and it would hardly be correct to tell stories on Mr. Lewis, for instance, without Mr. Lewis's permission. He was also rather cautious about the mechanics of interviewing and indicated that he had experience of newspaper interviewers putting words into his mouth. Not misrepresentation, but choice of language he would never use. Such meticulousness is understandable in a speaker who knows when and how to use a line of verse or a quotation.

The Less The Better

But chiefly he was afraid of excessive build-ups. He had seen what had happened to people who had been built "right out of the picture," and here again he could speak from personal experience. He wasn't going to let that happen in New Zealand; he had a lot of work to do and a lot of people to meet, and altogether he was very busy. The less personal publicity and adulation he received the better he'd like it.

And so not a word could I get from him about John L. Lewis, alongside whom he is reported to have once worked as a mule skinner. Nor about Will Rogers with whom, long years ago, he herded cattle and rode the range, as the popular song puts it. He did discuss the exploit of his friend Brigadier-General Ralph Royce, Commander

of the American Army Air Force in Australia, who personally supervised a bombing raid over the Philippines. He described the enthusiasm he imagined there must have been among the pilots when, having schooled them in the details of the long and dangerous raid they were facing, General Royce turned to them and told them that he himself would be with them. That, said General Hurley, was the sort of thing we needed more of.

At Close Range

What does General Hurley look like at close quarters? He wouldn't thank me for going into it in detail, but he has white hair, trim white moustache, and eyebrows that must have made the knees of many a young rookie tremble. He is a younger man than his age; he stands over six feet and every inch of it, to borrow a phrase which may be alien to the America Army, as straight as a ramrod. And he fills out every cubic inch of his well-cut uniform.

Seated, I could not help thinking what a pity it was he had been promoted above the rank of colonel. He must have been such a perfect colonel. You could picture him, mint julep in one hand and a cigar in the other, discussing the war with a fellow clubman who would be a replica of himself. But when he stands up it is obvious that here is no armchair fusilier, and that the clubman stage and the mint julep are luxuries which the U.S. Minister to New Zealand has postponed.

"When you have settled down comfortably here in New Zealand and all danger of excessive build-ups has passed I'll be back for some reminiscences about Will Rogers," I warned him as I left.

"Look me up again. Keep in touch with me," he boomed amiably. And I knew that he meant it. When an American says "Look me up again," it isn't empty formality and politeness. He'll be genuinely pleased if you do.

—J.G.M.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HURLEY
"Look me up again"

TWO CENTENNIALS

THIS coming week marks the centennials of two famous composers, Massenet and Sullivan.

On May 12, at 9.25 p.m., 2YA will give a programme of Massenet's music. Jules Massenet (1842-1912) is sometimes known as the "Musician of Love." In the obituary notice in the New York Tribune, Bessie Abbot, the American Opera singer, wrote of him, "He had a pretty trick of telling his fair companion that she suggested a melody and he would go to the piano and improvise some honey-sweet strains that really did suit the personality of the one so highly complimented." Some of Massenet's better known stage works are *Manon*, produced in 1884; *Thais*, in 1894; and *Herodias* which in England was always called *Salome*. He also wrote a large number of orchestral compositions, suites, a piano concerto, some cantatas and oratorios, a good deal of incidental music to plays, and a couple of hundred songs.

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900) whose centennial will be marked by the presentation of a special programme of his music from 2YA on Wednesday, May 13, at 8.13 p.m., is well known as a composer of both church music and comic opera. Richard Terry, the church musician, wrote of him that he "emancipated himself from the duties of the organ loft, but to the end of his days he was hag-ridden by its traditions; chief amongst them the idea that the noblest aim of a musician must be religious music. Sullivan was temperamentally unable to write religious music, but his reverent habit of mind prevented his realising the fact."

The Formal Picture

HURLEY, PATRICK JAY Ex. sec of war, lawyer. Born Choctaw Nation, Indian Ty. (now Okla), Jan. 8, 1883. S. Pierce and Mary (Kelly) H; A.B.; Indian University (now Bacone Coll), Indian Ty, 1905; LL.B., Nat. U. Law Sch., Washington, D.C., 1908, studied Geo. Washington University 1912; LL.D. George Wash. Univ., Okla. Agric. and Mech. Coll., etc.; M. Ruth, daughter Admiral Henry B. Wilson, U.S.N., of Wash. D.C. 5/12/1919: Kids Patricia, Ruth, Wilson, Mary. Admitted to Okla. bar 1908, and began practice at Tulsa, admitted to bar Supreme Court of 1912; nat. atty. for Choctaw Nation, 1912-17; Asst. Sec. of War, Mar.-Dec., 1929; Sec. of War, Dec. 9, 1929-March 4, 1933. Successively private, sgt., lieutenant and capt. of cavalry Indian Territory Volunteer Militia, 1902-07; Capt. Okla. N.G. 1914-17; major and lieutenant-col. U.S.A. World War; participated in Aisne-Meuse, Meuse-Argonne and St. Mihiel offensives and defensive sector operations of A.E.F., negotiated agreement between Gov. of Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and A.E.F. 1919; Col. U.S. Res., Okla. del. at large to Rep. Nat. Conv. of 1924; chairman Rep. State Conv. Okla. 1926; assisted in organisation of U.S. Chamber of Commerce 1912, appointed Chmn. War Policies Commission by 71st Congress 2nd session. Mem. Am. and Okla. State bar assns. Am. Legion, Sigma Chi, Phi Beta Kappa. Decorated D.S.M. (U.S.); cited "for gallantry in action" in general orders, France, 1918.

—American "Who's Who"