

PROGRAMS OF RADIO MAROC - RABAT
and RADIO NACIONES UNIDAS

Key - Medium Wave (MW) 499 meters
- Short Wave (SWa) 23 meters
" " SWb 37.33 "

0730 - 0745	M.W./SWb	News bulletin.
0745 - 0800	" "	Religious talk (Protestant) (Sundays only).
1200 - 1215	MW/SWa	Musical program (substituted on Sun- days by Catholic religious talk).
1215 - 1230	"	Press Review.
1230 - 1245	"	News bulletin.
1245 - 1330	"	Musical program, (except 1300-1315 SWa)
1300 - 1315	SWa	UNITED NATIONS RADIO IN SPANISH.
1330 - 1345	MW/SWa	News bulletin.

1345 to 1900 Short Wave off air.

1345 - 1500	MW	Arabic programs
1900 - 1930	MW	Musical program
1900 - 1930	SWb	UNITED NATIONS RADIO IN SPANISH 1900-1915 News bulletin 1915-1930 Relay OWI Voice of America
1930 - 2230	SWb	Relay Algiers Radio-France.
1930 - 1945	MW	Relay Algiers Radio-France
1945 - 2000	"	Varied talks or music.
2000 - 2020	"	Journal Parle Radio Maroc
2020 - 2100	"	Theatrical or musical programs
2100 - 2110	"	News bulletin
2110 - 2200	"	Arabic program
2200 - 2210	"	News bulletin
2210 - 2300	"	Arabic program
2230 - 2245	SWb	UNITED NATIONS RADIO IN SPANISH
2245 - 2300	"	Music
2300 - 2320	MW/SWb	Journal Parle Radio Maroc

2320 Short Wave off air till next morning

2320 - 2400	MW	Arabic program
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2400 Medium Wave off air. Radio Maroc signs off.

My Dearest little Anita,

I cannot allow this year 1943 to come to a close without writing these few words. In truth, however, the year is already out, since it is now 12:15 am, Saturday morning of January 1st, 1944, and I am still in my office. For me, though, it is still 1943, since in Brazil it is only 8:15 pm. My thoughts are with you, Anita. Every day, I think perhaps a little more of you. And the picture of you which I had enlarged stands proudly on my desk in front of me and keeps you before me at all times during the day and evening.

I am grieved that I have received no mail from you whatever since I arrived in North Africa. In fact, to be exact I have not heard from you since your last letter to me from Belém when you landed on Brazilian soil again. It is as if the Brazilian jungles or undergrowth of São Paulo had swallowed you, as if you had penetrated Mato Grosso and its selva where some fantastic Sadi had seized hold of you and swept you away from civilization. Can it be that you have really stopped writing to me? I cannot get myself to believe that. Brazil, though nearer to me now than when I was in the United States is no ~~xxxxxxxx~~ farther away and I suppose (no I hope) your letters are somewhere on the way crawling slowly toward me in the hull of some boat. I have sent my letters to you by Air-mail on the special Natal hop, and I presume you have received them all.

As I sit here tonight in my office on this last night of 1943 I cannot help but look back over 1943, and the months that have gone by. In my last radio show I tried to do just that, except that I viewed the year mainly from the war point of view, the United Nations, our year of continuous and relentless blows against Germany and Japan, the Conferences at Moscow, Cairo and Teheran and their far-reaching effects on the events of the war. What I think of now, are the days back home, the weeks and months preceding my departure and yours. Those simple, happy moments when we were together at school, listening to Prof. Levi-Strauss amaze us with his complicated systems of parental relationships, the atmosphere of the New School, the coziness and friendliness of everyone there and the long hours of discussion that we used to have afterwards on our way toward the International House. All those hours that seem so far away now, in a world that I have to pinch myself to make myself realize still exists. For now those moments have become hazed before the wind of events amongst which I have set myself, the whirlwind of this war and all its consequences. As I look at your picture at this very moment I wonder, as I often do during the day, what you are doing at this very moment, how you are going to spend the São Sylvestre tonight, with whom?

Let me tell you how I spent this New Years Evening. At the same time I will be telling you how I spend every day of the week, including Saturdays and Sundays and all holidays. So let's start with the morning: I came to the office today at 9 am bright and early, worked out to lunch. Came back at 3 pm and worked on until 7:45 pm when I went out to dinner. After dinner I returned to the office before 9:00 pm to be able to listen to Radio Nacional, Rio De Janeiro, Brazil in its English program beamed this way every evening. This gives me a little of Brazil every night except Sundays and a little Brazilian music to remind me of someone I know. At 9:15 the program ends and I go back to work preparing my own radio shows for the evening and finish off the day at a little after 11 pm every night. Tonight, however, being a holiday we stayed on a little longer, I opened a bottle of wine which I had stored away and we drank a toast to Victory in 1944 for the United Nations. We then listened to Berlin giving Adolph Hitler's New Years message with all its gloomy and desperate details. It cheered us considerably. And here I am now banging this away in the first hours of the year 1944.

In my last letter I told you that I had left Algiers but did not give you any details as to my new work. My job is one of the most fascinating I have ever had and although the hours are crushing at times and there is little time left me for reading or personal pleasures, I feel perfectly happy and contented in the knowledge that I am doing an important piece of work and I believe, doing it well. I have been named chief of one of the United Nations Radios in North Africa, in fact the only one in Morocco and that as you can well suppose is quite a responsibility and quite a job. In reality I am the chief of the Psychological Warfare Branch in this area of Morocco, but my most interesting and most consuming work is my work as chief of United Nations Radio here. I don't think I could fill enough pages telling you how much I enjoy my work here, how it fills me every day, yes every day, with a feeling of accomplishment, of usefulness. My assistants are a group of wonderfully congenial and efficient workers and working with them is a thrill that I shall regret when this operation comes to an end.

Take Christmas Eve, for example. I had planned to leave town for that evening as I had been invited to spend the evening and dine with a French family that I know. Two days before however, I received a long-distance call from Algiers informing me that President Roosevelt was scheduled to make a Christmas Eve speech to troops all over the world and I was asked to arrange the radio hook-up for all Morocco and the Western Southern tip of Europe. This of course canceled all plans I had had to leave town, and I began at once to make the necessary arrangements to get the program on the air for the

troops and the people in this part of the world. The real work began, however, after the President had already spoken. It was of course necessary to speed forth with good translations in Spanish and French for our Spanish and French listeners as quickly as possible. Since the President spoke at 8 pm (our time) this meant that I was unable to have any dinner at all, let alone a special Christmas dinner. But there was work to be done, and so busy working away, I did not miss the food, until after everything had been completed and our program went on the air well prepared, that I could take a breath of food and drink something. This particular evening had been complicated even more, by the fact that at 7:15 pm in our Spanish show which we follow by a re-transmission from New York City (I am proud to say that I initiated this little after I arrived here and it has had wonderful results with our listeners), Vice-President Wallace was at the microphone and in a special speech to Spain spoke himself to the people of Spain. It meant that we all had to write down his words as best we could so that we could repeat part of his words in our later show. At 7:00 then, when the show was over, we all put our heads together and worked out the whole speech, and at 8 pm I was downstairs again in the studio arranging for the relay of Pres. Roosevelt's speech and the recording of it for our later work, followed immediately by a translation in Spanish. I finished the day totally exhausted, but happy and proud. For we had come through fine. In spite of all the handicaps under which we work here, we had put on a series of wonderful programs that could make any radio station proud - and I was proud, proud of my men and proud at the thought that I had had my part to play in all this. My work here makes the job I held in New York with the Office of War Information seem pale and insipid in comparison. Here it is a struggle against time with the most rudimentary conditions, lack of proper facilities and a host of tiny irritating problems that keep popping up almost every day to challenge the most alert. Yes, Annita, to me this important post here is a challenge which I have accepted and, which I actually believe I have been able to beat. You know, at first I was somewhat scared at the idea of taking over complete control of such an important operation. I was a little shaky, and I hadn't really worked seriously for so many weeks, I thought. But things are working out wonderfully well. And only the other day I received a letter of felicitation from our Allied Force Headquarters office. I was as happy as a little boy.

Africa is still a wonderland for me. I never tire looking around at the landscape and the people here for it always gives me a strange sensation of being on a different planet. Morocco is a land of enchantment, and the city I am in the most beautiful I have seen in all North Africa. The view from my office window alone is the equivalent of a good picture postcard. I have been fortunate to be able to fly around a little in our Army transport, and see a little of Africa before I settled down here to assume this job. And I think I can say with all honesty that nothing in all Africa has impressed me as much as Morocco has. This is a land of color and contrast. The color of the Arab dress, the reds, the blues, the purples, the browns and the whites and all the in-between colors that combine to make up a painting of astounding beauty. The Arab women their bare feet moving silently along the earth, their mysterious, piercing eyes that shine out from behind a simple cotton mask, the bundles they bear on their heads or backs - human or otherwise - all this still gives me a strange feeling of living in a different world. I find it hard to believe that I have actually arrived in Morocco and that I too am now nothing but a fixture in this landscape.

I have mentioned the color in this country, Annita; I think that color is the one thing that has impressed me most in this country of Lyautey. Colors such as I have never seen in nature before in all my life. Perhaps Brazil may have something to compare with this - but as yet I do not know Brazil except from what I have read and learned from you. The very earth here has a strange rusty tinge that seems, a reddish, brownish richness that glows almost, it is so healthy and viril. The greens that spring forth from this ruddy earth, here, seem to be magnified in their greenness as a consequence and in contrast. To me Morocco is the jewel land of North Africa, for Morocco is the land of contrasts. The palaces seem more beckoning, the grass more alive and more tempting. Here Mohammed and Islam have conserved their ways and enriched them with the pride of their Sultan and his splendor. Here are the sharp contrast of Occidental and Arab, of Arab and Jew (for the Jew here is a different type and has fused with the Arab while at the same time distinguishing himself very clearly ~~with~~ from them); contrast too of French & African (the African "Frenchman" does not possess the same mentality or culture as the metropolitan Frenchman. The two psychologies are wholly different.), of American and French and French and British.

But it is in the contrast of the land itself that the most striking differences are to be found, and these are the most beautiful. Islam has remained intact. The red, towering walls that gird Moroccan cities reflect well the lands they have marked off. They stand silent, reflecting the sharp African sun in dull undertones, and their gawny eroded and yet sturdy sides are eloquent testimony of a past glory that has become static - from a scintillating past. Islam has conserved and preserved itself here and has permit-

new ideas and new things to swirl forth around it without upsetting it.

Thus an unusual thing has happened in Morocco, and a happy thing too. Unlike Algiers, unlike Oran or Alexandria or Cairo, the mad rush to modernize did not sweep everything before it, did not sweep away the indigenous towns and architecture to assemble in their stead the stumps of our Western city planning. Instead, the Morocco Occidental towns cross gently and kindly alongside or around the native Medinah or Kasbah. And so, glistening like rare jewels set in a rare metal, the Arab culture stood intact, unmolested. Around Islamic marketplace, around his Mosques sprung up the modern villas, the latest model apartment house - all gleaming white, brilliant, almost blinding white under the blazing sun - and blended themselves into the landscape to create a decor that could stir an artist's nervous hand and itching palette.

Marakesch, Meknes, Oudislah, Fes, Bou-Regreg. Names these, but names which in themselves have a haunting mystery in their very sounds. That mystery is their past, their history, of a people and land that have interested us little up to now, and which we understand even less, almost not at all. What a challenge to be found here - to unravel the secret of the Djenad, to learn the meaning behind the Ghandouran which the Arab and Berber wear, the methods of the Maderse (the Moslem university) or to seek out the details of the customs and traditions of these people. Here, I think, is enough to keep anyone's brain busy and alive for a long time.

But I see that it is now well into January 1st of 1944. The minutes have sped by and I am still here in the office. And tomorrow is another working day (I mean that today is another working day). If I don't go home now I won't get any sleep at all, so perhaps I had better end off here.

My dear little Cabrita, try to write to me whenever you can for your letters will spur me on and encourage me I am sure in what I am doing. I ~~miss~~ hope that this letter finds you well in spirit and in body. I hope, too, that your examination has gone well and that you have obtained the post which by right has been yours.

If you do not hear from me very often do not think it is lack of desire to write. Remember always that I am here working hard and that I do not always have the time to sit down and write long letters. Know, however, that my thoughts are with you every single day without exception. (I have dug up a little flag of Brazil which I have put into the corner of photograph of you on my desk. The other day I noticed with surprisce that the Motto was written incorrectly: Ordem e Progresso was written with an "n" instead of an "m")

But now I really bring this letter to a close. Let me wish you a good New Year and let us hope that our wishes and hopes are realized before the year is out. I have confidence in the words of General Eisenhower when he promised our victory over Nazi Germany in 1944. Perhaps by next year at this time I will be able to say "Feliz ano novo" to you in person instead of writing it several thousands of miles away from you.

Faithfully yours

December 24, 1948

TO: Mr. S. Koffler, PWB, Rabat, Morocco.
FROM: Mr. Marston B. Bledsoe, PWB, Tunis, Tunisia

Greetings! I have been away from the H.Q. for over a month, though I expect to get back before too long, on a visit of general observation and "experience" in all departments here. It has been interesting, profitable, in many ways delightful. There's a lot to see and do here, much to observe both current and ancient.

Southworth told me before I left there that there was not time to get the object for which I gave you the 750 (was that it?), and I haven't been thinking much about it recently, because I didn't have all my baggage together anyway from which to make up a box for home. But if it is convenient, I'd appreciate your getting something before long. (My box arrived home, by the way, the first one.) The idea of a very nice handbag, or a bag and a nice pouf cover (keep to natural, green, & brown colors for this; for the bag, natural, black, or red base hues); or anything else you find that would, in your expert judgment make a nice gift for my wife or for a house.

Incidentally, no leather goods I've seen since Casablanca have equalled these in quality or price. Here, silver, brass, copper, etc. are the specialties, at better prices than in A.

Let me know how the job is faring. Campbell said you were distressed at first by lack of raw materials. Hope that is taken care of by now. This is an excellent unit here, and a nice bunch of people. The proximity to larger areas of action makes it most interesting, the leaflets have moved out. I gather that the "D"-section for Morocco is not sending in reports, as wanted. Isn't that Lambert? What's up?

Happy New Year, Sandy. Write when you can.



PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE BRANCH
R A B A T

CONFIDENTIAL

December 12
1943

Mr. Douglas H. Schneider
Chief, Radio Section, PWB
APO-512

Dear Douglas:

Today is Sunday and one of my men has a day off so that I am able to use his typewriter. Here is a little report on this week's happenings in Rabat's Radio Naciones Unidas.

On the whole things went fairly well. Our hook-up with New York is working out fine and the signal which we pick up is strong and clear. In spite of certain difficulties I think I can say that we are pulling thru OK. I say this in spite of the almost "regular" and I think somewhat suspicious number of "pannes" which Radio Maroc has been giving us of late. If it is not a panne there is a little switch which one of the boys forgot to push etc.. making us lose one or two minutes of our program.

There is, however, one point that I feel it my duty to bring to your attention. I believe Fritz Southworth will bear out my findings too. We depend for our news on a telegraph service "Radio Presse Telegraphique" located in a place called Aguedal in Rabat. I have noted with surprise and indignation that whenever a speech is made by Hitler, Goebbels, Goering or similar crowd, this agency serves clippety-hopsplit with a perfect English copy and rush French translation. When FDR or Churchill or other Allied chiefs deliver important talks, our English Reuters text comes in very late, usually garbled and the French translation either not at all or spotty.

On Dec. 6th, realizing that the Pearl Harbor anniversary would bring forth speeches and possibly the Teheran communique, I called the head of the Telegraph service and explained the anniver. the next day and asked that he tell his men to be careful to pick up any imp. speeches and forward them on to us post haste. He promised to do so. Special instructions etc.

That same afternoon, less than 35 minutes before airtime I picked up a good part of the Teheran communique from a special London flash. At ten that night an English copy of the communique came in: FIRST SEVERAL PARAGRAPHS COMPLETELY MISSING. REMAINDER MORE OR LESS THERE. PARTS GARBLED. No French translation (my men work from French only). Next day no French translation. To this day none ever arrived. That for the most imp. communique perhaps of the war. (Luckily we got the AFI wires with a French text, and used the newspapers the next day.

Dec. 12, 1943

The answers given to my requests for an explanation, were that the operator did not take the first part of the communique and that they could not understand why we didn't get the French translation..... !

I will not hazard my own explanation. An interesting sidelight, however, is a statement made to me and one of my Spanish announcers the other day. This lad, who works at the radio controls of Radio Maroc and who puts us on the air or cuts us off with a button or switch said that he had been attacked recently by "the Gaullists" his lampstolen and his bicycle taken from him.

You will understand that I must be very careful in what I do and how I act with men whose attitude towards the Americans I do not always feel is the friendliest. I report the Teheran communique incident because I feel you should be informed what we are up against here.

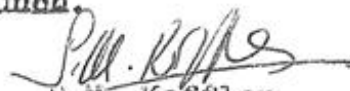
It is my frank opinion that we have to frighten these people into giving us the best service. Make them afraid to do anything to hold up our operation. I have informed the chief there that I was making a report to Algiers (as I am now doing). This really frightened them and they were actually calling me by phone to give me the latest flashes. Perhaps a little needling is necessary. I hope I'm not wrong.

(The Spaniards who work here are very indignant about what has been going on for a long time. They openly accuse many here of being "Faschists" and keep asking why we Americans permit such open nose-thumbing to continue. Spaniards are hot-blooded. Perhaps they exaggerate a little..)

Let's change the subject. It seems that every letter I address to you is crammed full of complaints. I hope you won't think me very "cranky". The fact is that I'm fascinated with my work here and enjoy every moment I spend here, the excitement & rush-rush of our little operation, the technical entanglements from time to time, the basic-newsing, the script-writing, the editing, controlling, producing. This outpost all by itself really gives me the feeling that I'm accomplishing something - that I came over here to accomplish. If we have a tangle or two once in a while, well that's in the order of things.

The guidance notes which I receive regularly now are very helpful. I might mention that I received two copies of Dec. 7th directives several days apart. (the short wired versions).

Best regards to the "A" bunch.


S.M. Koffler
Chief, P.W.B.
Rabat

ALLIED FORCES HEADQUARTERS
Information and Censorship Section
PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE BRANCH
APO 512

11 December 1948

Mr. S. M. Koffler
PWB
APO 759, U. S. Army

Dear Mr. Koffler:

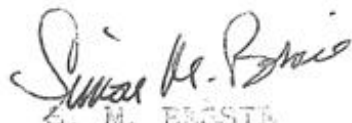
Doug Schneider tells me that you are having particular difficulty with incoming news because of seasonal atmospheric. I can understand this because we are, too. However, there is one thing I have to suggest which might possibly be of help to you.

As you may know, we are sending a news file to Italy over a low-power (1 k.w.) Morse transmitter. The engineers tell me that it is barely possible that these signals are audible in Rabat. I suggest that you have the Monitoring Station try to pick them up. Following is the schedule in GMT:

From 0700 to 1700 on 8140 kcs
From 1700 to 0000 on 8510 kcs

At the present moment this file is going through certain alterations which make it considerably less good a file than we expect it to be shortly. But it will certainly give you a great deal of news, and has the particular value of being in line with PWB policy. It will also shortly contain a "daily roundup" which is not for use but will help you a great deal in understanding our policy line for the day.

After the Monitoring Station has tested this for a while, would you please let me know whether or not it is coming in? I am afraid it is the only way we have of getting any news to you with any speed at all. Hope it works.



E. M. BESSIE
Deputy Chief,
News Division, PWB