

● PSF

War Dept. : Gen. George Patton

1942



LESSER CHIEFS IN PALACE

379

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Visit to The Sultan of Morocco - in connection with The  
Landing of The A.E.F. at Casablanca.

Patton, George S. Jr. at Rabat, Morocco, Nov 1942



PRINCE IMPERIAL, SULTAN, NOGLES

NPA 48-22:4326(3)

893

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Visit to the Sultan of Morocco in connection with the  
landing of the A.E.F. at Casablanca.

Patton, George S. Jr., at Rabat, Morocco, Nov. 1942



LEAVING PALACE WITH GRAND VISAR.

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W: General Charles Nogues

Visit to the Sultan of Morocco, in connection with the landing  
of the A.E.F. at Casablanca.

Patton, George S. Jr. at Rabat, Morocco, Nov. 1942



Reception of General Patton & General  
Nogues at Rabat, Morocco, November, 1942.

W: General Charles  
Nogues

Visit to the Suetan of Morocco, in connection with the  
landing of the A.E.F. at Casablanca.  
Patton, George S. Jr., at Rabat, Morocco, Nov. 1942

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**THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON**

December 18, 1942.

MEMORANDUM FOR

MR. SHIPMAN

This report must be kept secret until after the close of the war. It is by Major General Patton who commanded the Cavalry at Fort Myer soon after I came to Washington. He was one of the earliest Cavalry Officers to shift to tanks. He came to see me at the White House two weeks before the American expedition started for Casablanca and I asked him whether he had his old Cavalry saddle to mount on the turret of a tank and if he went into action on the side with his saber drawn. Patton is a joy and this report of his first days in French Morocco is a classis.

The report and the accompanying photographs were brought to me on December fourteenth by Lt. Commander George Earle, Gunnery Officer of the USS HERMITAGE, who is an old friend of Patton and had spent several days ashore with him at Casablanca.

F. D. R.

*ASF  
War  
Patton*

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN TASK FORCE

SUMMARY OF EVENTS

16 November 1942

PST  
W  
Pattay

Description of the visit of the Commanding General and Staff to General Nogues and the Sultan of Morocco.

We left Casablanca, a city which combines Hollywood and the Bible, at 9:45, and proceeded towards Rabat. The country after passing Fedala is the finest tank country I have ever seen being rolling and open with here and there stone farms which would make infantry strongpoints, but would be useless against the 105.

The country in general is reminiscent of the Kona coast of Hawaii. The trees are identical, and the sea is the same startling blue. We passed large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, all of them nondescript breeds. All the roads and railway bridges were guarded by a type of Morocco irregular called, "Goons"~~SS~~—at least that is how it ~~xxx~~ sounds. They are dressed in a black and whitestriped bathrobe, with a turban, which was some years ago, probably white, and equipped with very ancient rifles and bayonets.

After passing Fedal, the power of the Navy-air arm was frequently evinced by destroyed trucks and armored cars which littered the road. On reaching Rabat General Harmon had provided an escort for me consisting of scout cars and tanks. However, I felt that to arrive at General Nogues Palace with such a force would appear boastful on my part so I dismissed them.

Upon reaching the Residency we were met by a battalion of Morocco cavalry, only the officers mounted. Also, the bodyguard of the Governor General who are Moroccans, dressed in white uniforms with red Moroccan leather equipment. The pistol and cartridge pouch was fastened in the middle of the stomach with cross-belts.

Both guards were very impressive and each had its own field music, consisting of French trumpets, drums, and a brass umbrella with bells around the edge which continually rotated during the playing of the ruffles and flourishes.

We inspected both guards and complimented the French officers commanding them on their appearance, which was truly soldierly in the 1914 meaning of the word. It was rather pathetic to think that one of the light tanks in the escort, which I had turned down, could have easily destroyed all of the splendid creatures standing at salute.

The Residency is a beautiful marble structure, built on the lines of the Alhambra, by Marshall Lyauty, and I could well see why General Nogues did not want to leave it. He received us very cordially, and we talked for about twenty minutes when it was time to proceed to the palace of the Sultan.

The palace grounds, which must comprise several hundred acres, are surrounded by a wall some twenty feet high, alleged to have been built in 1300. This I seriously doubt, although it is certainly very old.

After passing through the wall, we went for about half a mile through the native huts, which apparently housed the retainers and their very numerous progeny. The Palace, itself, is a tremendous three story white building of Moorish architecture, which you enter through a gate just wide enough to permit the passing of an auto.

Inside, the palace guards, composed of black troops dressed in red coats, red bloomers, and white gaiters, and armed with rifles, were drawn up completely around the square. I should think at least 400 men were present.

We dismounted and another field music, equipped with drums, cymbals, horns, and the metal umbrella, played with great abandon.

On the left side of the gate as you entered was the Green Flag of the Faithful. It is made of velvet, has a gold border and certain Arabic words on the center. Having passed through this second gate, we came in to the Old Testament, a large court which was completely encircled by men dressed in white biblical costumes. Here the Grand Visier, or so I took him to be, met us.

He was dressed in a white robe with a hood and wore underneath it a silk headdress embroidered in gold. He had the most enormous set of gold inlaid teeth I had ever seen, and a scraggly beard. He told us that the Sultan had graciously consented to receive us, which, in view of the preparations, was already evident.

We then mounted three flights of stairs, and on reaching the top, our guide removed his shoes. We then entered a long room with the twelve apostles and some reserves along the left side, and on the right side were a large number of gold chairs, Louis XIV model.

The floor was covered with the thickest and most beautiful rugs I have ever seen. At the end of the room on a raised platform sat the Sultan, who is a very handsome young man, extremely fragile, with a highly sensitive face.

When you first enter you halt and bow from the hips. You then advance half way up the room and repeat the operation. You then advance to the edge of the platform and bow a third time. The Sultan then got up and shook hands with myself and General Nogues, and we all sat down.

The Sultan talking in Arabic, although he has a perfect command of French, told the Grand Visier to tell me in French how glad he was to

I then talked to him through two interpreters, expressing my contentment that his people and the French and ourselves were again reunited, and assured him that Our one desire was to unite with his people and the French in making common head against the enemy. It was very amusing to see that he could understand the French conversation perfectly but had to wait to have it translated into Arabic because his dignity did not permit him to admit that he knew a foreign language.

When this initial conversation had terminated, he informed me that since we were in a Mohammedan country, he hoped the American soldier would show proper respect for Mohammedan institutions. I told him that such an order had been issued in forceful language prior to our departure from the United States and was going to be enforced. I further stated that since in all armies, including the American Army, there might be some foolish persons, I hoped that he would report to me any incidents of sacrilege, which some individual soldier might commit. He replied that no such incidents would happen, but that if they did, he would bring them to my attention, through General Nogues.

I finished by complementing him on the beauty of his country, the discipline of his citizens, and the splendid looking cities. We then got up, he got off his throne and shook hands and invited me to come on Wednesday to tea, celebrating his ascension to the throne. It has been originally intended for me to visit him on this day, but I have informed General Nogues that since I represented the President of the United States and the Commanding General of the Allied Forces, it would be inappropriate for me to come to an audience. His inviting me to the audience indicated clearly that he appreciated my position.

When this conversation was through, we met the twelve wise men and their reserves, about sixteen in all. They were the Pashas of the various provinces and cities of Morocco. Apparently a Pasha is a lifetime job-- the senior member being ninety-two years old, the junior, I should think, was about seventy. They were all dressed in white and in their ~~xxx~~ stocking feet, and were a most distinguished looking group of men, evidently habituated to command.

We then left the palace and were again saluted by the red guards. We proceeded to General Nogues' Residency where we were entertained by Madame Nogues and her niece, and treated to a most sumptuous lunch in the best taste. General Nogues impressed on me that at no time during the German occupancy had any German occupied his house or sat at his table.

After a short conversation at the termination of the meal, we left, reaching Casablanca at 3 o'clock.

## SUMMARY OF EVENTS

22 November 1942

### The Sultan's Anniversary, November 18, 1942

The second visit to the Sultan was similar to the first except that we had an escort of a squadron of cavalry from the Residency to the palace. The men were mounted on white stallions, with white capes and blue hoods thrown back, with turbans, red coats with brass buttons and brass frogs. Three officers rode with us, one on each side, and one behind the car. The mounted trumpeters played during the whole course of the ride.

On reaching the palace, a whole regiment of cavalry was drawn up. One squadron was equipped with lances. This regiment and the escort had the finest mount I had ever seen. Inside the outer courtyard, we had the black guard, which consists of high Senegalese, with red coats and red fezes, and red Moroccan leather equipment, and white spats. We also had a band similarly accoutered, which played the Moroccan national air and the Marseillaise.

We were then met by the Grand Visier or Mufti, or whatever he is, who took us into the inner court, where two very old gentlemen with staves, as in Biblical plays, preceded us. Each of these two men had some sort of cartridge box tied around his stern and was also armed with a very long and very curved scimitar in a red Moroccan scabbard.

The throneroom and the vestibule outside were crowded with chiefs. The further away from the throne the lesser the chief. The high chiefs, who were arranged on the left as one approaches the throne, are very fine looking men, and all of them quite old and quite large.

The Sultan was accompanied by the Prince Imperial, so called, one of his sons, who was a rather inferior looking Arab, about fourteen. The Prince Imperial sat on the first chair, Nogues on the second, and myself on the third.

On the previous visit, I had sat in the first and Nogues in the second, but this arrangement was quite proper. General Nogues then read a long prepared oration in French, which was translated into Arabic by the Grand Visier, who already had a copy of it in his possession.

He then very solemnly presented the Sultan with his---the Sultan's reply---neatly written in Arabic longhand, which the Sultan read and which the Grand Visier translated into French from a paper he already held in his hand.

While this was going on, I became more and more impressed with the fact that the United States was playing too small a role, so when Nogues stopped speaking and stepped from the front of the throne, I stepped out there without asking anyone's permission and spoke as nearly as I can remember as follows:

"Your Majesty, as a representative of the great President of the United States, whom I have the honor to represent, as the commander of a huge military force in Morocco, I wish to present the compliments of the United States on this occasion, the 15th anniversary of your ascension to the throne of your ancestors, and I wish to assure you that so long as your Majesty's country, in cooperation with the French Government of Morocco, cooperates with us and facilitates our efforts, we are sure, with the help of God, to achieve certain victory against our common enemy, the ~~Nazi~~ Nazis.

"I am convinced that your majesty and the French Government of Morocco share this opinion. So long as we are accord on this point, we have only the brightest future to look forward to. I am impelled to the belief in this mutual accord when I remember that one of your Majesty's great predecessors president to our famous President, George Washington, the buildings now occupied by the American Mission at Tangiers, and when I also remember that since the days of the great Washington, the accord and friendship with the French has been equally profound.

"I wish to take this occasion of complimenting your Majesty on the intelligent cooperation which his subjects have accorded to the Americans and also express again my profound appreciation of the excellent bearing and splendid discipline of your Majesty's soldiers!

One point of interest about the Sultan is that he is supposed to wear a beard but prefers to go clean shaven with the result that he gets by using either hand clippers or a razor, and has a beard not over a thirty second of an inch long. His mustache is equally abbreviated. He is also not supposed to wear European clothes but has been seen by some of our officers riding about the country on horseback, unattended, in English riding clothes. I am certain he speaks French and almost certain he speaks English. In fact I have heard a rumor that he was a graduate of Oxford under an assumed name.

The tea in the afternoon of the ascension celebration was attended by nearly everybody of any importance. As I was unable to go I asked General Harmon to attend for me. During the tea some screams were heard followed by two shots. The Sultan excused himself and walked out with great dignity and after a while returned. General Nogues asked him what happened. He said that one of the panthers in the museum had made a very beautiful leap of twenty feet and had gone through a hole and started to eat up one of the ladies of the harem, but some of the guards had shot it.

The lady was only out on the throat, and it made little difference as she was not a wife but a concubine. With this slight interruption the tea went on.

The old Kasbas or ~~fast~~ forts are very interesting and really quite formidable obstacles. There are a good many of them in the country, particularly in the mountains. They have the Moorish type of ornelation, and have out-jutting towers about every 200 yards of front. Some of the walls are ten feet thick.

Some of these forts are alleged to be of Roman origin, but as yet I have never seen one that looked that old. The fort at Lyautey which, held out against us for three days and was finally taken through the use of a self-propelled 105 gun, blasting breaches through which the 2nd battalion, 60th Infantry assaulted with grenades and bayonets, is a very tough proposition. It had resisted six inch naval fire, trench mortar fire, and dive bombers, and only yielded to the ever victorious doughboy with the rifle and grenades. I did not go too closely into the question of who survived in the garrison but doubt whether any of them did. In such a close fight a soldier has no time to change his mind.

The city Arabs and country Arabs I have seen are extremely low and extremely dirty but have no smell. They all dress in a sort of bathrobe which they put on over their heads and then they add to this a second garment, which some years ago was white, which they wear like a cape over their heads. They wear goods or turbas and have an additional protection in a little knitted cap which they apparently never remove.

The women dress in a similar costume, but very few of them are veiled. I should think not more than 5 per cent of these I have seen are veiled.

The poor Arabs live in huts that look like beehives. They are circular about ten feet across, with a vertical wall, perhaps four feet, and sometimes made of stone, sometimes of adobe brick, and sometimes of rushes.

The pigs and chickens live in these buildings with them. The cattle are very underbred, skinny, but numerous. The sheep have very long tails as do the pigs. Of all the animals I have seen, the sheep are the most respectable looking.

The Arabs move either by walking or riding a donkey which does not run much higher than the top of a desk and cannot weigh over 400 pounds.

These poor animals are loaded down so that you can just see them and have a fat Arab sitting sideways on the rump. They are guided by being hit on the side of the head with a walking stick.

The Arab is alleged to have no sense of humor, however they seem to get along very well with our men.

There are unquestionably two types of Arabs, one the plains Arab, who is yellow, and the other the hill Arab, who is darker and a much finer looking man. Most of the Gones, irregular native troops, come from the hills. They are said to be able to march sixty kilometers in a day. Their equipment, however, is mid-victorian so that except for mountain fighting I do not believe they would be of much value.

Owing to the fact that there is very little you can buy in Morocco money has ceased to have value, and it is very difficult to employ help. We are making arrangements to sell the commodities which the Arabs mostly desire, namely sugar, tea, rice, coffee, and cloth at a low price to Arabs who work for us. We will pay the Arabs in francs, and in this way rehabilitate the value of money.

This morning General Keyes and myself went to the Catholic church which was very crowded and unquestionably contained a large number of widows of people we had killed. Most of these people were quite young and dressed in black and were weeping, but seemed to have no animosity towards us.

Madame Hardian, the wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, explained the situation by the fact that after 1940 the French were so ashamed of themselves that they had no pride, and the women were more ashamed than the men; therefore when we came, they were delighted to fight with us in what she termed was a freindly manner. Seeing that they certainly lost between 2,000 and 3,000 killed on shore, and at least 500 killed at sea, while we lost better than 700 ashore in killed and wounded, I do not think it was a very freindly sort of war.

She insisted that it was, and that it had done a great deal to raise the moral of the French people. Particularly was this true of the French women who formerly had been so disgusted with the men that they would not live with them. In view of the number of children on the streets, I can hardly credit this last statement.

So far I have only seen one drunken American soldier, and he was being taken care of by two of his freinds in a very creditable way. Our men have had a very hard time because only on the 21st did we get kitchens ashore, and we have had no tentage except pup tents. However they are in very good spirits, and the health of the command remains excellent, except for a little diarrhoea, which lasts about a day and is attributable to, I believe, the water.

It is very interesting to note the change coming over the soldiers. When they first got here they were extremely sloppy, prpbably due to excessive fatigue, but within the last two days our efforts at smartenning them up have borne fruit, and shortly, I believe they will be a credit to any country.

In the fields the plowing is done with the most peculiar combinations of animals. They either have a horse and a camel, a burro and a camel, a bull and a camel, or a bull and a horse. I am informed that they cannot use two camels because they fight each other. Any animal hooked up with a camel becomes disgusted and loses interest in life.

The French Army, particularly General Martin at Marrekech, has been extremely freindly. General Martin has given two parties to officers of the 47th Infantry from Safi, and has invited me and any of my staff to come and stay with him for an indefinite period. I am planning to visit him shortly.

During 1940 this General Martin commanded the 67th Moroccan Division which was beaten. When General Anderson called on him, he brought out the flag of this Division, which he no longer commands and asked General Anderson to remove the crepe with which it was decorated.

This is to be done as a sign that the shame of the Division had been removed by the fighting which General Martin had done against us. He then cut the crepe in two and gave half of it to General Anderson. It was a very touch ng and I believe, significant gesture.

It is of interest to note that on the 20th we unloaded 30,000 men in thirteen hours, and since that time have been unloading at the rate of 47 tons an hour in spite of the very bad condition of the harbor. The American Navy and the French Navy have done and are doing a splendid job. This naturally also applies to our own G-4 section.

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN TASK FORCE  
CITY OF FEDALA

November 10, 1942

His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco

Your Majesty:

Owing to the stress of battle, this is the first time I have had the opportunity of explaining to your majesty the purpose of the American operations in Morocco.

In keeping with the ancient and traditional freindship of the Govern- ment and people of the United States of America for the person of your Majesty and his people, as well as for the Government of France, my forces have landed in your country in irresistible num- bers. We desired to come among you as freinds, not as conguerers, not as enemies. Our purpose is to protect your throne and your country and the people of French in Morocco, against the enslave- ment by our common enemy--- the Nazis, and to maintain your au- thority and the French civil authority, and to insure to you and your People the continued orderly government which you formerly enjoyed.

As your majesty knows, the President of the United States has stated on his "Word of Honor" to all the world that as soon as our common enemy is destroyed, we shall leave your country, nor shall we demand of You or your People anything other than freindship. In His name I hereby guarantee that if you offer no resistance, your religious institutions, your customs, and your laws will be completely respected, and that at the termination of hostilities with the Nazis, Morocco will be returned to you and to the civil government of France in exactly the same state that it was before this war.

Your Majesty must realize the painful sentiments which I enter- tain in contemplating the necessity of shedding the blood of my freinds, but the stern necessity of war demands that if the French armed forces continue to demonstrate the hostility they have al- ready shown, it is my military duty and purpose to attack by air, by sea, and by land, with the utmost violence known to modern war.

It must be evident to you that in the course of such an attack the beautiful cities of your beloved country must inevitably suffer irreparable injury because when once serious battle is joined I cannot be responsible for the consequences.

It is my respectful opinion that it is your duty as a patriot, as a ruler, and as a long time friend of America to use all your power to see that this fratricidal strife terminates at once. It is imperative in order to ~~maximize~~ avoid the unnecessary shedding of blood that a statement of amity by you and by the French armed forces be provided to me by 12:00 midnight to-night morocco time.

I have the honor, your Majesty to remain,

G.S. Patton, Jr.,  
Major General, U.S. Army,  
Commanding American Forces in Morocco

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