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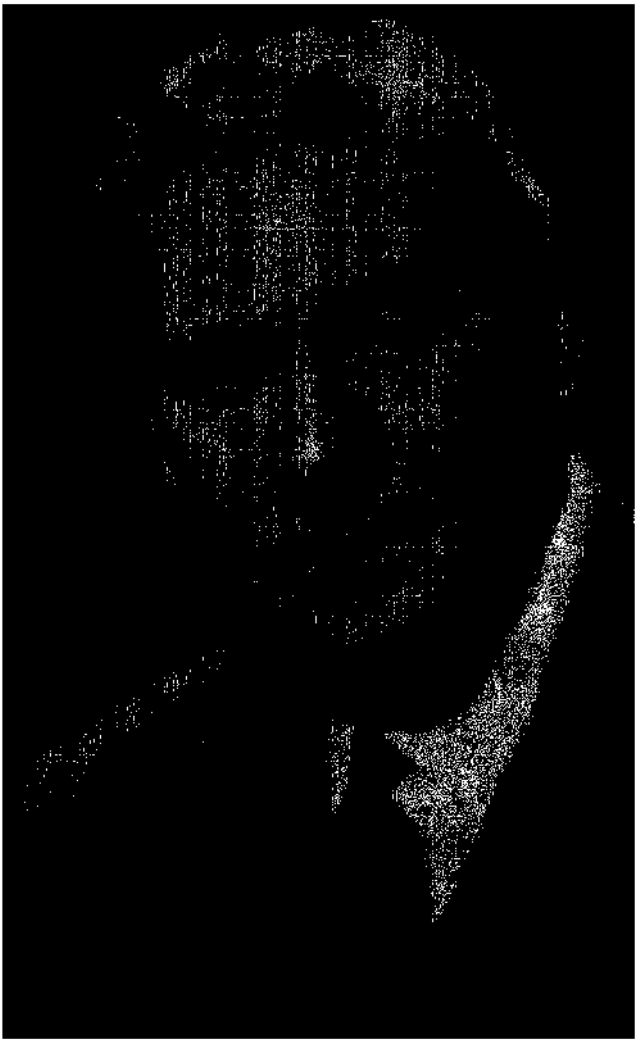

RT. HON. SIR WAI.TKR ClIRINF, K.B.E.

MY AMERICAN DIARY

By

THE RT. HON.
SIR WALTER CITRINE, K.B.E.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	ix
OFF TO AMERICA	1
NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, NEW ORLEANS	15
DALLAS, TULSA, KANSAS	40
WASHINGTON, CHARLESTON, INDIANAPOLIS	60
CHICAGO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND	82
NEW YORK AND HARTFORD	90
CHICAGO, OMAHA AND DENVER	125
SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, SAN DIEGO	150
VANCOUVER, WINNIPEG, MONTREAL	168
OTTAWA, TORONTO, HAMILTON AND LONDON	205
NIAGARA, BUFFALO AND WASHINGTON	221
BALTIMORE, NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON	242
BALTIMORE AND BERMUDA	259
A STORMY FLIGHT	287
BERMUDA, LISBON, LONDON	294
BACK IN ENGLAND	302
CONVENTION SPEECH (APPENDDX "A")	327
MAP OF ROUTE	xii

PREFACE

IT has been my practice when visiting other countries, to devote as much time as I can every evening, to writing down in shorthand as extensive a description as possible of the happenings of the day. It is my habit not only to record actual experiences, but almost anything which may occur to me. Occasionally I argue out with myself matters which may not always be too clear.

My diaries have always been written primarily for my own perusal, so that when publication was considered on my return from the U.S.A., I realized I would have to eliminate certain confidential matters, and amplify passages which might not easily be comprehended by others. The enemy will not find any military secrets disclosed here, as I have been careful to give only information available to the public.

References to personalities, particularly my own, bothered me a little. It may be thought that I have left too much that savours of intimacy, but I decided to take the risk of being misunderstood.

Here and there my remarks may appear critical, but the American people are far too broad-minded and good-humoured to be disturbed about that. I criticize everything, myself included. But no one *is* more conscious than I am of the generous qualities of the American people, and their abiding goodwill towards our country. I know that they will receive my observations, as they did my speeches, with appreciation of their sincerity, even if they don't always agree with my comments.

Where money is concerned I have converted dollars,

except where otherwise expressly stated, at five dollars to the pound, which is roughly the pre-war rate of exchange. The reason is that otherwise the reader would be given a completely false impression of comparative costs in the U.S.A.

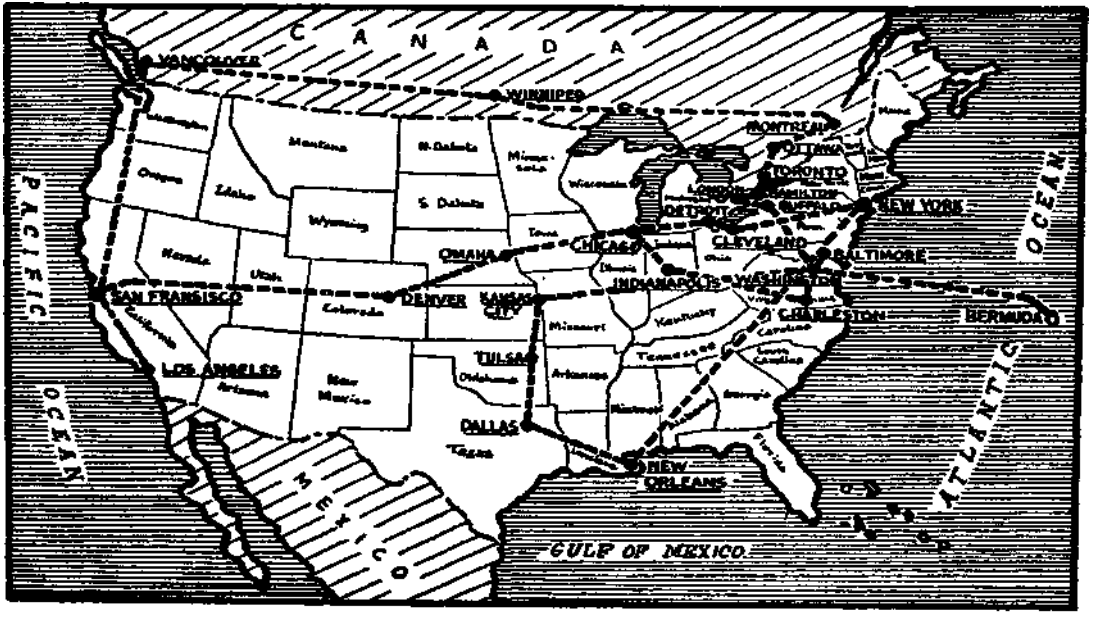
I take this opportunity of thanking the American Federation of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada for the warmth of their hospitality and friendship, also the War Department of the U.S.A. and the Canadian Government, for the facilities they afforded me throughout my visit.

Finally, I ask the reader to remember always that this is a *diary.* It shows what I thought and learned day by day. Sometimes earlier impressions were considerably modified by later experiences and information, so the reader is asked not to be too definite about conclusions until he has read the whole book.

WALTER M. CITRINE.

LONDON,
May 1941.

MY
AMERICAN DIARY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Georgia
Florida
South Carolina
North Carolina
Virginia
Ohio
Michigan
Indiana
Pennsylvania
Maine

MAP OF ROUTE

THE DEPARTURE

Thursday, 7th November 1940.

In July 1940 I received an invitation from William Green, the President of the American Federation of Labor, who extended a personal request to me to come to their Convention, which was to be held at New Orleans (Louisiana). It was rather embarrassing for me to receive this, first, because it was inconvenient for me to leave Great Britain, and, secondly, because I would have preferred the invitation to be an open one.

The matter came before the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, who were unanimous in requesting me to visit America. I did not feel physically up to the task of a strenuous tour of the U.S.A. Last year I had no holidays because of the outbreak of war and the critical situation which preceded it, and although the visit I paid to Finland in January did me no harm, it was something of a physical strain. So, naturally, I wanted to stay at home, although I knew how essential it was for someone to journey to the U.S.A.

The Council were, however, very insistent, pressing me with goodwill and undertaking to give me every facility possible. I consulted a few people who concurred in the opinion I had already formed that it was unwise to leave England before the Presidential Election, which was due to be held on the 5th November. So I consented to make the journey, convinced that it was in the best interest not only of our Trade Union Movement* but of the country also.

Once decided upon, I ascertained the earliest date possible to travel and decided to take Ernest Bell, a member of the staff of the T.U.C., who had proved extremely reliable during my visits to Poland and Finland.

I had the pleasure of reading about the splendid victory of President Roosevelt on November 5th, who had secured a striking success over Wendell Willkie, thus routing all the pessimists, both in the U.S.A. and in Great Britain, who thought he could not possibly attain a third period of office. No other President had accomplished this. It was George Washington's refusal of a third term which established this tradition.

But to return to my own affairs. I reached our port of embarkation soon after 10 o'clock to-day, had a chat with some friends and afterwards attended at the shipping offices to talk with the General Manager, Mr. Lister, who introduced me to Captain Fall who was in command of the vessel on which I was to sail. No one knew whether we were going to travel in convoy or not, as this was a matter for decision by the Admiralty officers.

As we lay at our moorings an air-raid warning was sounded from the shore. We were all immediately ordered below to our cabins, which was rather annoying although a perfectly sensible precaution. After about ten minutes the all-clear was heard.

Then we had boat-drill, the passengers being advised to carry their lifebelts with them on all occasions, even whilst going down to meals.

I had an excellent cabin, and after dinner and a short stroll on the decks and a read, I went to bed. Just before doing so I put out the light and felt my way about the cabin. I had provided myself with an electric torch, but I wanted to be able to find my things in the dark in case of emergency.

At Sea

AT SEA

Friday, 8th November 1940.

I heard that the German submarines have been very active lately, and it seems that the crews of the *Laurentic* and the *Patroclus,* both of which were torpedoed this week, reached port yesterday. One of the stewards said that the submarines were operating just outside, and he thought we wouldn't move until the whole convoy had been made up.

I noticed at boat-drill yesterday that we have a large number of foreigners on board. Some of them are Germans, judging from their accent, and others among them are Belgians with a sizable sprinkling of Jews. All of them probably are refugees.

I saw a vessel come in just before breakfast with a double rudder—the first I have seen. It was a sort of box arrangement, the two rudders being connected by a horizontal deck. I don't know what its value would be in bad weather, but no doubt it is intended to secure steadier steering.

The day dragged on until about 6 p.m., when we moved slowly forward. We passed a couple of destroyers, and in the growing darkness we discovered shadowy shapes of ships lying at anchor, and balloons moored to barges. These no doubt would be quite efficient in keeping aeroplanes high enough to hamper their attacking vessels.

I strolled about the decks until it was quite dark, then made my way to the cabin and read for a time about Napoleon and his misdeeds until it was time for dinner.

After dinner I read the notices enjoining us to carry our life-jackets *at all times* and to wear warm clothing ready for emergencies. The stewards fastened all the cabin doors well back so that there was no danger of

these jamming in case of accident, which is a very common experience so I have been told.

AT SEA

Saturday, 9th November 1940.

There was a fresh wind blowing when I went on deck as the dawn was breaking. The sky was grey and the water looked black, but after a time the sun came out and everything brightened into cheerfulness.

Soon after breakfast, an aeroplane of the Coastal Command put in an appearance and accompanied us for a time. I was told that a destroyer was hanging about somewhere, but I didn't actually see her.

The day passed uneventfully, but most of the passengers were staggering about with their heavy clothing on. Some wore their life-jackets the whole time, and all of us carried them as we had been instructed. The ship zig-zagged all day, and it was noticeable that we did so at irregular intervals. That, no doubt, was to make it harder for any lurking submarines to attack her. A steward told me the most dangerous time for submarines, and I made a mental resolve to be always fully dressed at that time.

We had boat-drill, the passengers being assembled at their boat stations and being given an address about the warning system. I thought the signals not too clear, as it would be difficult for some people to know whether the vessel was being attacked by submarines or by aeroplanes. The arrangements were these : If we heard more than six short blasts on the ship's siren, followed by one long blast, and then heard continuous ringing of bells, we should make for our boat stations. If there were six blasts with one long blast

followed by *intermittent* ringing of bells, we were to remain in our cabins. Now the only difference in the signals is that *continuous* ringing means " boat stations ", whereas *intermittent* ringing means " stay in cabins ". But many people would not wait to know whether the ringing was continuous or not. They would immediately rush up on deck, and in the case of air attack they would be rushing straight into danger. I thought the arrangements confusing and so did others apparently.

Whilst we were at boat stations I glanced round at the other passengers. We all stood against the inner side of the ship whilst an officer addressed us. I noticed one young woman with a little baby about two years old. She was vainly trying to hold him in her arms, and on my taking him from her I found it impossible to bear his weight. We were all wearing our Boddy-Finch life-jackets which come high up on the neck, and as the child was wearing one also, I had to hold him at arms' length, a position which soon became very tiring. Bell and I took it in turns to hold him. The poor little fellow was nearly choked, because his own life-jacket had slipped, owing to its being too large for him, and his little curly head was only just visible. A nurse showed how the jacket could be tightened up and made the kiddy more comfortable, but still that didn't solve the difficulty.of holding him. I carried the little fellow back to his cabin, which, fortunately, was on the same deck as mine, although at the opposite end, resolving that if trouble occurred I would go along and get him.

But to return to our passengers. They were a strangely assorted lot. Many were obviously foreigners only partly understanding what was said. Young men and women and old ones, too, were all jammed together, some with fur coats, others with heavy woolleyn jumpers, and everyone bulged up with all the clothing they could wear.

I hardly liked to contemplate what it would be like to get these people into pitching and tossing boats. I am sure others thought so too, but no one of course said anything.

I walked round the boat-deck subsequently, looking in all the boats which had been swung out just before we left Liverpool. They were good, hefty boats, with a tiny locker fore and aft, in which no doubt was stored food. A fairly large barrel of water lay in the bottom, and the oars and rowlocks were all ready for service. They didn't look to me as though they had been used very recently, and I asked one of the stewards what experience he had personally of boat practice. Did he ever assist with lowering these boats at sea? He said no, that was the sailors' job, but it was not difficult to load them providing everyone kept calm and didn't panic. He proved a very quiet, unassuming, well-read young fellow, and I was pleased to talk to him.

I was struck by the complete absence of bitterness whilst he was speaking of German submarines. He didn' t bear any resentment against the crews. It was their job and they had to carry out orders. He felt it was all wrong to attack vessels at sea, but then what could we expect ? It was war, and in war everyone did all they could to finish the other fellow, rules or no rules. Another man, standing by whilst our conversation was going on, joined in now and again, and he took quite a balanced view of the war situation. He felt, however, that the Germans were a dirty lot and inherently brutal.

I was nearly frozen when I left them and returned to my warm cabin. I soon thawed out and then read until dinner, afterwards strolling about the decks with a passenger who knew a good deal about aircraft production. We talked about Spitfires and Hurricanes and their good and bad points, and he told me that he was convinced far too many instruments were carried. They

added to the complications and he did not believe that some of them were of much value to the pilots.

AT SEA

Sunday, 10th November 1940.

On going on deck for my morning walk, I found it was only 7.50 a.m., because the clocks had been put back one hour during the night. I hadn't seen the notice warning us of this. We were now on normal time, that is to say, one hour behind England.

It was quite dark on deck and the sea was rather high. I had great difficulty in forcing myself along the fore part of the deck because of the strength of the wind. It nearly blew me on my back ! I chatted with some of the stewards who told me that we were now in the really dangerous spot, but the weather was rather bad for the submarines. If it got much worse they wouldn't " be able to do much ". This was a comforting thought and I hoped for worse weather.

The weather had opened cold and very rough in the morning, but as the day advanced the wind fell and the air became warmer. There was no sun, but it was a pleasure to walk briskly about the deck. No one knows quite where we are, and the Captain, at whose table I sit, has not put in an appearance yet. We were told to put the clocks back one hour to-night.

AT SEA

Monday, nth November 1940.

The ship tossed violently during the night, and when I went on deck soon after 8 o'clock the sea was a raging

swirl of water. As far as the **eye** could travel there was little but white-caps to be seen. Walking was difficult and at times quite impossible, but somehow I secured the exercise I required. I pitied the few wan passengers who, even at that early hour, were lying forlornly in their deck-chairs, almost frozen despite their heavy clothing and rugs. The gale continued through the whole day, but the air seemed to grow milder as the day advanced.

I spent most of my time in reading. First I tackled the remainder of H. G. Wells' *War and Peace.* I found it very interesting reading, and I was more than half-way through when my interest began to flag. Wells is a remarkable fellow and fairly lets himself go in his outspokenness. His theme is, shortly, that there is no such thing as a Totalitarian State—not even a Bolshevist State. There is really nothing that we can regard as having to destroy in that sense. It is the German nation with whom we have to deal, and we must frankly recognize that some sensible form of armistice terms are necessary to present at the right moment. He does not believe in a premature peace conference, and he is dead against any treaty with the present Germany because the pledges of any German, whether Hitler or anyone else, would be worthless.

What must be done is to revolutionize our whole conception of international relations. We must cheerfully abandon the idea of empire, and seek to create a loyalty to a world order. When we come to see how and what this world order really means, Wells shows himself somewhat vague. He doesn't believe in the League of Nations. He thinks a Federal Union of the European **States** is **a** fraud and a delusion. His view is that just **as in the last war** we obtained working arrangements **with France and the U.S.A.** whereby something was

done to maintain our currency, food supplies and armed services, so in the same way we can enter into a loose form of federalism.

It really means relegating to an international commission or commissions matters on which we can agree. He doesn't want to disturb the political sovereignty of the different states. They can have kings or presidents or what form of government they like, but they must not be allowed to have arms. Aeroplanes and facilities for their manufacture and upkeep must remain controlled by an international commission. This federalism, Wells considers, should be extended to cover most of the forms of international arrangements, such as the trade barriers, so that the different states would be in reality self-governing in only a very limited sphere.

Singularly enough, I had been thinking on not dissimilar lines before I read a line of Wells. It seemed to me that we must in the peace terms insist that even though small state boundaries are re-created—something with which Wells apparently agrees must be done as a political necessity—they must not be allowed to develop this into an economic nationalism which will injure their neighbours.

Commissions must be free to secure that arms manufacture by separate states, under the guise of some form of industrial activity, is not possible. That means endowing such commissions with the right to search at will.

Now what substantial difference is there between this conception, and the strengthening of the League of Nations with a development of its different commissions to positions of authority ? I cannot see very much. If the commissions instead of being advisory were endowed with *power,* it would fill the bill. But it is just this factor of executive power which causes the difficulty. Power can only rest on means of enforcement, and this in **turn**

means the creation of an international force of some kind. That is where the snag will most certainly come in. But it is the right direction in which to aim. At all events I must see whether this scheme of Wells' has been developed in more detail anywhere else. *The Declaration of the Rights of Man,* which was discussed on his initiative by a committee in London with Lord Sankey as chairman, seemed rather inadequate, although certainly on the right lines.

The other book I read to-day was that of Rauschning, *Hitler Speaks.* It is extremely revealing, and it is certainly difficult to believe it is only fiction. He clearly shows Hitler as the author of the method of creating a " secret weapon ", in the form of spies and agents to break up the national unity throughout those countries. As Rauschning wrote all this before December, 1939, whereas Hitler did not attack Holland and Belgium until May, this surely is evidence that it is really Hitler and not Rauschning who is speaking in the pages of the book. I shall read more later.

We commemorated the Armistice at 11 o'clock and poppies were sold on board. There was no service, however, although the bugler sounded " The Last Post ".

A strong wind rose again during the evening, and it was difficult to walk about with the rain driving in one's face. However, I managed to obtain some exercise.

Before I went to bed about 10 p.m., we put the clocks back again one hour.

AT SEA

Tuesday, 12th November 1940.

It was blowing a gale this morning and the spray and rain were wetting the decks. Some of the waves

came as high as the boat-deck, and none of us now felt very much anxiety about the submarines.

The Captain came down to our table for the first time and his presence was a good augury for us.

It was bright moonlight in the early part of the evening and the wind abated a little. I estimate that we are at least 1,200 miles away from land now, but I can't say for certain because no indication is given of distance travelled.

AT SEA

Wednesday, 13th November 1940.

We put our watches back again forty minutes last night, so that now we are approximately three hours forty minutes behind English time. The weather was warmer and the sea less rough than yesterday.

I spent some time on the bridge with the Captain who showed me his charts and the apparatus used for closing the water-tight doors, submarine sounder, and other interesting devices. We had a surprise boat-drill alarm, but it was much the same in method as the others, the only difference being that we heard the siren and bells.

Captain Fall said that the submarines could operate even in the bad weather, but that he thought in all probability less than 3 per cent, of hits were registered. He said that he was convinced that there were several screens of submarines kicking about, and showed me on the chart how they tried to block the bottle-neck through which our vessels have to pass out into the Atlantic. If we had bases in South Ireland, as we had in the last war, we should be able to deal with this menace, despite the advantages the Germans have in the way of

more numerous jumping-off places in Norway, Holland and France. It is an anxious problem.

AT SEA

Thursday, 14th November 1940.

We made heavy weather practically the whole day, and it was quite unpleasant on deck.

There was nothing unusual during the day beyond the fact that one of the engines broke down for a couple of hours, although the passengers didn't know anything about it. It was a condenser failure.

I read more of Rauschning, and, if I am to believe him, Hitler is an even worse scoundrel than I had thought him.

AT SEA

Friday, 15th November 1940.

Wind somewhat keener to-day. I spent most of the time in reading up matter from the reports of the American Federation of Labor.

One good book I have had lent to me by Mrs. Weir, wife of Mr. James Weir and sister-in-law of Lord Weir, is called *Chad Hanna.* It is a circus story and the beginning is nearly up to the level of *Huckleberry Finn.*

AT SEA

Saturday, 16th November ***1940.***

The water was very still to-day but there was **a haze** shrouding us, as indeed there had been all night. A siren had been sounded the whole time at regular **inter-**

vals. We were nearing a port, which we reached at about i p.m.

We couldn't get into the port for a considerable time, because fog had suddenly descended upon us and we could not see more than a few yards ahead. After a long wait we passed into the harbour, and saw a low, black object which proved to be an island on which were oil reservoirs. On the south side was an array of twinkling lights, with some extremely bright, lying directly ahead.

We lay to and dropped anchor, the Captain informing us that he was going alongside first thing in the morning.

AT A CANADIAN PORT

Sunday, 17th November 1940.

I was wakened early this morning by the bustle of passengers saying good-bye and sorting out their bags. When I went on deck I found the oil barge lying alongside, pumping fuel into our tanks.

The harbour was rather pretty and quite extensive, although in neither respect was it to be compared with Sydney. None the less, many ships could be snugly hidden away here and secured against any storms which might blow outside. I heard that this port had been fog-bound for nearly a week, and the shore officials were quite surprised when they heard our siren last night.

I obtained permission to go ashore with two friends, but only for a little while as no one knew exactly at what time the vessel would leave. We spent an hour strolling about, and I rather liked the little place.

The town consisted of just a few streets with many old, wooden buildings interspersed among modern stone and brick. ones. Electric tram-cars of the ." pay as you leave" kind, painted yellow, were running about and

making a clatter, disturbing the otherwise quiet Sunday morning. The streets were not well paved and the car-tracks were almost as deep as railway lines. This, no doubt, was because the town is built on a hill and there were many sharp declivities and curves. The names of the streets were cut out on the pavements, or sometimes shown on enamel plates fixed into position at the street corners.

We spoke to some of the townspeople who answered our questions in broad Scottish, and who seemed a sturdy and friendly lot. There were a good many sailors in naval uniform about, as well as soldiers of the Canadian Royal Artillery. I was sorry we could not stay longer, and after returning to the ship we were soon under weigh.

The weather was windy and the sky grey, and soon we were out at sea and out of sight of land. Here-abouts a flying boat came to look us over. She was a biplane, of the Stranraer class I think, but a more modern and fairly heavy aeroplane also paid us a visit. Both were carrying the marks of the R.A.F.

Once at sea, I spent the afternoon in reading, and after dinner I had a long talk with the Captain, hearing some of his most interesting experiences. Like so many seafaring men, he had the knack of explaining himself vividly despite his use of nautical terms.

We put the clocks back one hour to-night so that we were now dead level with New York time and about six hours behind British Summer-Time.

AT SEA

Monday, 18th November 1940.

I had a visit this morning from the Chief Electrician, who told me about the degaussing arrangements

which this vessel has as protection against magnetic mines.

I was writing in the cabin when I heard the sound of an aeroplane, and going on deck I saw a flying boat —this time a monoplane—overhead. It appears that there is a regular coastal patrol here, just as there is over Great Britain.

I read some of the newspapers we bought yesterday, and it appears that the air raid on Coventry was very serious, over 500 aeroplanes taking part. We learnt that mass-scale raids have commenced again on London. I hope to God everyone is all right at home.

ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK

Tuesday, 19th November 1940.

We hove to off New York at 3 o'clock this morning, and I had to be up early as breakfast was at 7 o'clock to allow the stewards time to handle the passengers' baggage.

I was sitting at the breakfast table when I saw some American immigration officials come into the saloon, and after them, to my surprise and delight, came Bob Watt of the A.F. of L. who had come down to greet me. He told me he had been up since a quarter to five that morning, and that he had found it most difficult to secure a place on the cutter which had come out to meet us. To secure a permit one had almost to be the Pope.

He introduced me to the immigration officials who were very considerate and who soon passed me through. Then I was interrogated by a mob of newspaper reporters who were friendly but persistent. I tried to say as little as I possibly could as I felt it desirable to defer

all the important things I had to say until I spoke to the Convention.

Afterwards there was the usual photographing on the boat-deck. Then we had a long wait whilst the ship's papers were being inspected and other formalities concluded, during which the reporters and photographers amused themselves by throwing used photographic lamp-bulbs into the river, trying to hit those alighting on the surface of the water with others. I tried my hand at it too, but none of us succeeded as the wind always blew the bulbs just out of their course. All of which helped to pass the time until we were allowed to go ashore.

The passengers' baggage was piled up in the reception shed which was divided into sections. Each section had a large painted letter ranging over the alphabet. Every passenger's luggage was allocated to the section which bore the initial letter of his own surname. Thus, I made for the section marked " G ", whilst Bell located his things under the letter " B ".

The examination proceeded systematically and expeditiously, and the customs officials showed us great consideration, so that soon we had hailed a Yellow taxi and were speeding off to the Plymouth Hotel on 49th Street.

The manager, Mr. Downey, is well known in the Trade Union Movement, and most of the officials stay at the Plymouth when they come to New York. He was very anxious to make us feel at home, and provided us with a room in which to rest for a little while, from which we obtained a view of the skyscrapers. Then we strolled along to Macey's stores, which is surely one of the finest in the world, and where I bought a few reference books that I needed.

We had lunch at a nearby restaurant and then called back to the Plymouth, got our luggage and made for the

Pennsylvania railway station, intending to go to Washington (D.C.) by the 2.30 train.

Once again I was struck by the spacious central hall of this splendid station. Not a speck of grime was observable anywhere : the information bureau, the various booking offices, waiting-rooms, bookstalls and restaurant were all spotlessly clean. The tracks on which the trains run are situated well below the hall—the passengers going down by a stairway which is completely shut off from the hall except when the train is actually waiting. This is the practice in most big stations in the United States, and it makes for cleanliness and comfort as the spacious waiting-rooms and hall are kept warm, clean and snug.

I was looking over the stock at the bookstand when I heard a call from Bob Watt who had discovered that we could just catch the 1.30 train instead of waiting another hour. He bawled out to a negro porter who promptly took in the situation, called in another redcap and soon our bags were being deposited in a Pullman car. The porters are known as redcaps in the United States, the practice of wearing these coloured caps being practically universal.

Once ensconced in the Pullman we encountered a parson and his wife who had been with us on the Cunarder, but, like most discreet people, after smiling their greetings they didn't obtrude upon us.

I was interested in reading the newspapers to learn that John L. Lewis had resigned from the C.I.O. (Congress of Industrial Organizations). He was shown wiping tears from his eyes after assuring his audience that " he wouldn't be with them long ". No doubt he is very temperamental.

The C.I.O. it seems are having a convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The A.F. of L. are holding theirs

at New Orleans. Mr. Stimson, the Secretary for War, spoke at the New Orleans Convention yesterday and paid a high tribute to the British people, whom he said America was determined to help to the maximum extent. He spoke about the danger of war drawing near to the shores of the U.S.A., and appealed for sacrifices in defending the country—all of which is a good setting for my address.

The Pullman car in which we were travelling was rather overheated, and it was difficult for me to avoid lowering British prestige by taking off my coat.

We passed through Philadelphia (Pennsylvania) and on to Baltimore (Maryland), whose two-storeyed, flat-roofed houses with their cellar kitchens and whitened steps brought back memories of my first visit here in 1930. It was about 5 p.m., when we departed from Baltimore, and the sun was just sinking his fiery visage below the horizon. Soon afterwards darkness fell, broken luridly by flashes of red, blue and other coloured lights from the many electric signs.

We reached Washington at 5.45 p.m. and drove straight to the Hamilton Hotel. This was Bell's first glimpse of the magnificent station entrance and he was deeply impressed, not only by the imposing proportions of the building, but by the splendid view which was secured of the distant Capitol, floodlit against the darkness.

Afterwards we had dinner and spent the remainder of the evening at the flat of the Watts on Massachusetts Avenue, hearing, incidentally, an excellent broadcast by J. B. Priestley, an answer to the Hoover appeal that we should allow food through our blockade into the conquered territories. Priestley had no difficulty in showing that the principal result of this would be to release more food for the Nazi army, and to liberate other commodities for German munitions production.

We said good-bye to our hosts after 11 o'clock and went straightway to our hotel and bed.

AT WASHINGTON

Wednesday, 20th November 1940.

We spent the morning looking round the shops and subsequently visited a cinema to see Chaplin's film, " The Great Dictator". Charlie has, of course, the most prominent part and does a good deal of speaking. His voice is quite pleasant and he speaks excellent English without a trace of American accent. The film seemed to drag somewhat in places, but it is good propaganda. Jack Oakie was outstanding as the Italian dictator.

I went straightway to the British Embassy to have lunch there with Mr. Butler, who was in charge in the absence of Lord Lothian, who had not yet returned from England. There were present Sir Evelyn Wrench and his wife, and we talked about Russia mainly as they had been there last year.

I had intended to rest during the afternoon but I had no opportunity, and after packing our bags we got away for New Orleans on the 6.50 train. We were lucky to secure a compartment to ourselves as the bookings had been very heavy, as was also true of travel by aeroplane, so we were told.

We had some interesting conversations on the train, and I was amused to notice how free and easy they were. Indeed, perfect strangers butted into one's conversation, asking " Where do you come from ? ", " What is your line of business ? ", and goodness knows how many more intimate questions.

Both of these questions were put to me as I sat down

in the dining-car next to a robust, rugged-looking chap, who proved to be a delegate of the A.F. of L. going to the Convention at New Orleans.

He and the man opposite him who, a few minutes before, had evidently been total strangers, were in the midst of a discussion about the resignation of John L. Lewis as President of the Congress of Industrial Organizations. Naturally I kept quiet and did not give them the least clue to my identity.

Said the man on the right, who, from his conversation, appeared to be a commercial traveller, " I don't suppose it matters much to a guy like Lewis anyway. I guess he's well fixed."

The delegate leaned back and replied derisively, " You're telling me ! All them big shots is well fixed."

This struck me as being funny, and I laughed outright, which caused the delegate to look at me enquiringly and a bit suspiciously.

" What are you laughing at ? " he demanded.

I thought the joke too good to share with him so I answered evasively, " Well, you see, I am an Englishman and I have just seen the point of a joke a fellow told me last week."

He looked at me for a few seconds doubtfully, and then resumed the conversation with his acquaintance opposite.

The delegate incidentally had a marvellous memory for figures. He went on to talk about the conditions of the workers in the industry in which he was employed, and he rattled off details of capitalization, the profits and the personal histories of the big men in industry in a manner which was truly remarkable.

Everyone is full of admiration for the struggle Great Britain is putting up and for the courage of our people, who " can take it" according to the Americans.

ON THE TRAIN TO NEW ORLEANS

Thursday, 21st November IQ40.

I slept well during the night although the bumping and banging of the train was enough to jolt one's spine out of position. The tracks on these railways are not nearly so good as in England, although I think the New York Central line to Chicago is quite up to our standard.

The sleeping compartment which we had was quite comfortable, but I could see no reason why we were thrown backwards and forwards so much during the night whenever the train stopped to do a bit of shunting. Overloading by attaching too many coaches might account for some of it, but this hardly explains why, when the train is travelling at full speed, the brakes would suddenly be jerked on and we would all be pitched backwards and forwards.

Conversations with people to-day confirmed what I wrote yesterday as to the friendliness and goodwill with which the Americans regard our people.

The conductor, overhearing a scrap of our conversation and judging that we were British, was anxious to tell us that his " grandaddy came from Wales ". He told us that his wife, along with the members of her bible class, had made many woollen helmets for the Canadian troops. " We're ail with you over there," he said encouragingly.

The newspapers this morning announced in big headlines that the U.S.A. is releasing to us twenty large bombers. I said to myself, " That's good news." But when I came to examine more closely into the statement, it appeared that the first lot of bombers would not be ready until March next. The question of despatching a

second consignment was still under discussion. It is a pity that we cannot get them earlier.

Nothing eventful happened on the journey, and the scenery for the most part was not very interesting, so that I was glad when we reached New Orleans at approximately 9.30 in the evening.

We heard the negro porter bustling about, heaping all the baggage at the end of the car, and then putting down the steps to allow the passengers to descend to the platform. But there was another noise which we heard —a sort of clamour of people, and when it came to my turn to descend I found a huge crowd of delegates from the Convention headed by William Green, the President of the A.F. of L., and many of the members of his Executive. They received us most cordially, and it moved me considerably to hear the warm expressions of relief at our safe arrival. It appears that William Green had announced at the Convention that we had made a very hazardous journey, and he had paid me a high tribute in the course of his statement.

Incidentally, I had not seen anything during the day of the delegate with whom I talked last night, but as I passed down the platform arm-in-arm with Green, there he was standing open-mouthed with his bag in his hand staring at me.

I didn't wish to leave him in any doubt, so I walked over and patted him on the back and said, " How now, big shot ? "

He looked at me in an aggrieved way, and retorted, " You might have told a guy who you were."

I was happy but rather tired when we reached the hotel, but I could not rest as I still had to meet the newspaper men. They had come down to the station, but had very considerately not bothered me with questions on the understanding that we had an informal

conference at the hotel after I had time to settle down a bit.

A hasty wash and brush up, and I sallied forth to an adjoining room where they were gathered. They asked me many questions concerning the war, the attitude of Labour, and in particular they wanted to know whether class divisions were as deep as ever in Great Britain. I retorted that I was not aware that class divisions were any deeper in Great Britain than in other countries, including the American Continent.

Then I was asked, was it not a fact that Great Britain was ruled on the Old School Tie principle. Were there not too many people occupying positions of responsibility who were chosen because of birth or of the school they went to, rather than for their fitness for the job ? I answered that Great Britain was not the only country in which people were appointed for reasons other than merit, and that I was not prepared to accept the assumption that Great Britain was a country where no one but a favoured few had any say.

I pointed out that we had had two Labour Governments since the last war, that London and Glasgow were ruled by Labour majorities, and that Trade Unionists and people from the ranks of Labour were serving in highly responsible positions.

I don't think I convinced them, and they looked at me rather sceptically, so I made up my mind to deal with this point on the platform when the occasion served.

AT NEW ORLEANS

Friday, 22nd November I940.

I slept very badly during the night because of the awful rattling and banging of the street cars, which was

added to by the screaming sirens of the police cars that screeched out their unholy noise at intervals practically the whole night through.

The air was very clammy and stagnant. I learnt that New Orleans is situated below sea-level and they have to pump their sewerage into the Mississippi, which is twenty-five feet higher than the city itself. Originally, of course, New Orleans was a mud flat and the authorities have done marvellously well to develop the city into its present state.

I walked to the Municipal Auditorium where the Convention was taking place, but it required an effort of will as the enervating climate was a strong inducement to take one's morning exercise in a taxi!

I was introduced by President Green to the delegates in a speech which, as usual, was considerate and sincere. I replied very briefly and was then ceremoniously handed my gold badge as a fraternal delegate. Dozens of Trade Union friends came up to express their regards, and not a few of them had tears in their eyes when they spoke of the sufferings which the British people are enduring.

Although this was not the first Convention I had attended, I was very interested in the arrangements. The 800 or so delegates, from all parts of the United States and Canada, were housed in the splendid Municipal Auditorium, seated at tables placed lengthways down the hall, which, incidentally, meant that it was impossible for all of them to face the platform.

Draping the balcony were streamers advocating that the next Convention should be held in San Francisco or at Providence or at some such place. Thus I could see, " San Francisco next Convention city", " Providence next ", " Canada needs us ", " Toronto City next ", " Memphis 1941 ", " Come to Boston". It appears

that there is a good deal of competition for the place of each Convention, and some of the city authorities supply delegates with rosettes and buttonholes which they give to others, advocating their particular city as the venue for the next Convention. Memphis, for example, had a boll of raw cotton with an inscribed silk ribbon attached.

The balcony was draped in red, white and blue, while hanging right in the centre of the hall, suspended from the roof, was a huge banner with the Stars and Stripes boldly displayed.

In the circular corridor surrounding the meeting hall proper were a number of exhibits illustrating Trade Union and industrial activity. There were several pictures showing the work of the Federal Conciliation Board. The first showed a body of disgruntled workmen discussing a grievance, and judging from their expressions they were extremely angry! The next sketch was of a committee-room with a Conciliation Officer presiding, smiling like a seraph, and trying to adjust the difference. Already his smooth words were reflected in the countenances of his hearers—a result not always attained, according to my experience, at such an early stage.

Then there were other sketches illustrating the work of the Social Security Department, the Wages Department and a host of statistical matter supplementing all this. I was told by George Meany, the Secretary-Treasurer of the A.F. of L., that these exhibits were arranged by the individual Unions and the Federal Government, respectively, without any central organization on the part of the A.F. of L.

I was amused to notice a painting near the main entrance depicting a hydra with four heads. The first, a Japanese, whom I could not identify, but the others unmistakably Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini.* American

Labour was valiantly assaulting the hydra, but not quite in the manner of Hercules with his burning brand. The likenesses were especially good but the design might have been improved.

Now as to the procedure. The Convention is opened by the Chairman of the Central Labor Council of the city where the Convention is held. After this there is an invocation by a leading prelate of the district. Then, welcoming speeches by the Governor of the state, the Mayor of the city, the President of the State Federation of Labor, and sometimes by the Chairman of the local Chamber of Commerce. Then the President of the A.F. of L. gives his opening address, followed by a benediction delivered by a clergyman. The invocation and the benediction are never given by members of the same religious denomination. The Convention lasts for a fortnight, and every separate day is opened with an invocation.

In the afternoon session on the opening day, there are reports of various committees. Resolutions which have been presented are distributed to the delegates, and a number of officials and committees are elected for carrying on the work of the Convention.

The resolutions sent in by the affiliated organizations are referred to the Resolutions Committee, set up by the Convention, and the detailed debates on the merits of the resolutions take place in this committee, whose proceedings at that stage are private. During the second week of the Convention, the Chairman or Secretary of the Resolutions Committee presents a statement to the Convention winding up with a composite resolution on each separate subject. This furnishes an opportunity for a general discussion, at the conclusion of which the President says, " All those in favour of the motion say ' aye ' ". Then, " Those against say ' no ' ". Then if the motion succeeds, he declares " The motion is carried

and it is so ordered ". Usually the speeches in the full Convention are not so much on matters of detail as on general principles, but any delegate can say broadly what he likes from his place on the floor.

For the convenience of speakers, there were two microphones, one on each side of the hall about halfway down the floor. If a delegate wished to speak, he came forward and spoke from the one nearest his seat. There was no rostrum in the hall, but on the platform there was a reading desk with a microphone mounting it.

The President sat at a little table on the left of this and all the guests and officials of committees spoke from the platform. The officials usually on the platform were the President and Secretary only, the latter sitting at a separate table on the right. The Executive members were seated in the body of the hall, unlike our own Trades Union Congress where they sit on the platform. The official shorthand writers were seated on the right-hand side of the platform, and easy chairs were provided for distinguished visitors, who sat right at the back. Fraternal delegates, like myself, were supposed to sit at a table on the extreme left of the platform, but I always sat at the rear (not from dislike of being on the " Left," but because I preferred an easy chair).

The emblem of the A.F. of L. was hung at the back of the platform. It was circular in form, consisting of several concentric rings. In the first ring was the name lit in neon lights, "American Federation of Labor". In the second, but not lit, was the motto, *Labor Omnia Vincit* (Labour conquers all). Then across an inner ring, lit in green, were shown clasped hands across the world.

At the rear of the platform, on each side, were draped the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack and the flags of the countries from which the fraternal delegates had come.

This was a nice compliment, and one which I much appreciated. At each side, towards the edge of the platform, were two standards each bearing the Stars and Stripes.

I had lunch with Spencer Miller of the Workers' Educational Bureau at a restaurant in the French quarter of the city, and was surprised to find French so generally spoken. I had not realized that New Orleans had preserved so much of its characteristics from the early days when it was a French city.

At night a dinner was held in my honour by the officials of the A.F. of L., and I told them about our situation.

I felt deeply the many expressions of sympathy and readiness on the part of those present to help our people all they could.

AT NEW ORLEANS

Saturday', 23rd November 1940.

I didn't go to the Convention to-day but after attending to some correspondence just strolled around. I was especially struck by the fine wide boulevard called Canal Street. It is certainly one of the widest streets I have seen, but apart from the Post Office and the store " Maison Blanche " (which, incidentally is claimed to be the largest store in the South), there were really no outstanding buildings. I visited the " Maison Blanche " to buy some books and found they had an exceptionally big and varied stock. I also bought a special kind of folding bag in which I could put a suit over a coat-hanger without creasing. It should be useful in travelling.

I amused myself by watching the people. I could not discern any serious discrimination against the negroes.

Certainly I never saw one get off the pavement to let a white walk by. On the other hand, I never once saw a white walk in company with a negro. I saw negroes buying in the stores, although in some of the drug stores, such as Walgreens, where " soft drinks " and meals are served, negroes were evidently not permitted inside.

I heard Dan Tobin, President of the Teamsters' Union, the biggest Union in the U.S.A., being asked by a well-dressed negro in the vestibule of the Roosevelt Hotel the way up to someone's bedroom. Dan gave him what information he could and the negro told him he had enquired at the reception desk and they couldn't find the person he wanted.

Dan told me quietly that the rules of the Roosevelt were that no negro could go beyond the mezzanine floor—where many conferences were held. He could not visit a bedroom, and none were allowed as guests.

I heard also that the delegate whom I met on the train from Washington, had put the " big shot " story all round the Convention. A good sport evidently.

AT NEW ORLEANS

Sunday, 24th November 1940.

I prepared my notes for the speech which I am to deliver to-morrow morning and I shall be surprised if it is not well received.

I yesterday bought some books, among them the *Journal of Arnold Bennett,* It is most interesting and I read many pages. He appears to have been continually striving for precision and style. It was the art of writing which attracted him more than the actual matter written. It will take me some time to complete it as it exceeds 1,000 pages dating from 1894 to 1928.

My telephone was so much in use yesterday that I gave instructions that calls were not to be put through to my room, but to Bell's. He told me that he had been busy answering calls and receiving telegrams and express delivery letters the whole morning.

I had my lunch at the hotel, and whilst waiting in the vestibule, the tiniest hotel page I have ever seen handed me a message. I patted this intelligent child on the head, and as he went away smiling I was informed by my friends that he was a married man of 35 years of age !

I have not been sleeping very well, as the humid heat here is at least as great as in the West Indies. I went to bed early so as to feel thoroughly rested to-morrow.

AT NEW ORLEANS

Monday, 25th November 1940.

I heard first thing this morning that the National Broadcasting Company were going to put my speech over their network for thirty minutes. If I could make my main points in that time it would be appreciated. This put me in a dilemma because I had already told William Green that I would take at least one hour. He had said, " Go on as long as you wish." Subsequently I was informed that the broadcast had been rearranged and would take forty-five minutes, and although of course it wouldn't cover the whole of my speech, I thought I could make the broadcast portion sound coherent.

A deputation conducted me from the hotel to the Auditorium and did all they could to put me at my ease. Despite all my experience of the platform, I couldn't settle down. I sat with my watch in my hand waiting for starting time. Green was quietly explaining to

the delegates that as he wanted me to have all the time on the radio, he would introduce me in a few words only once the microphone was switched on.

Then I heard the representative of the N.B.G. talking into the mike in the wings. Immediately afterwards Green said, " I present to the officers, delegates and visitors in attendance at this Convention of the American Federation of Labor, and to the radio audience, Sir Walter Citrine, Secretary of the British Trades Union Congress."

I began at once and rapidly my nervousness disappeared. I had not written out my speech, but I had provided ample notes. The delegates listened with rapt attention to the story of how the British people are standing up to the greatest trial in their history. I didn't flatter myself that their interest was entirely personal because of any superlative qualities of my address. I knew that it was the dramatic setting in which it was delivered that held them.

I had been warned to try to finish at a completed point for the radio audience so that I wouldn't be cut off in the middle of a sentence. At the proper time I was handed a note " Two minutes to go ", and I rounded off at an appropriate place.

Time and time again the delegates applauded until I had to ask them to desist as it disturbed my sequence of thought. Like the good fellows they were, they responded to this rather unusual request. I spoke for just one hour and twenty minutes, and Green told me later, that I could have gone on for another hour and the audience would have welcomed it.

When I had finished the delegates rose and applauded for several minutes while I stood bowing and feeling, I am afraid, very self-conscious. Then the platform was besieged by friends and delegates from the whole country

who came up to tell me how moved they had been. One delegate said to Bell, "Well, I have been coming to these Conventions for twenty-eight years and I thought I was tough. But that guy is the first one who ever brought tears to the back of my eyes." This surprised me somewhat at first, because I had made no effort to stir their emotions. I had tried to speak calmly and without passion. But I suppose it could not be otherwise. So many of those listening to me had friends and relatives in the old country, that their thoughts naturally had gone out to them, whilst I was telling them in measured language the story of the strain and danger our people were enduring.

None the less I felt thoroughly embarrassed by the numerous congratulations I received. The press demanded the verbatim shorthand notes, and when they had received the hastily prepared copy they declined to take the responsibility of cutting it and decided to send it in to their editors as it was. I had prepared a summary for them, but they thought the completed copy suited their purpose better.

I rested after lunch and then corrected the script of the "official proceedings" which are published daily. There was not much wrong, but here and there words had been misheard and others left out on occasion. Still, considering the speed of transcription, it was an excellent achievement. Spencer Miller told me that he would have 50,000 copies printed as soon as possible for distribution.

AT NEW ORLEANS

Tuesday, 26th November 1940.

The press this morning published a full two pages of my speech. There were no comments, only the speech

itself. Bell said that when he went to get the official proceedings he was told that the demand had been enormous, and this had necessitated a reprint.

Several delegates came up to congratulate me again, although they had been doing it all yesterday. Some told me I had cost them several dollars, as they had telephoned their homes yesterday to advise their families to listen in.

After this morning's session of the Convention, I worked out a temporary itinerary with Matt Woll, one of the vice-presidents of the A.F. of L., and Spencer Miller. There have been so many requests from all sorts of bodies, religious, social, commercial, labour, educational, etc., that I could stay here for three months or more and could not fulfil them all.

Two resolutions were passed to-day by the Convention after report by the resolutions committee, which I especially noted. The first asked the American Government to strike off any ballot papers, the names of any Communist or other person who was attached to an organization subsidized or acting as an agent of a foreign government. It was passed unanimously.

The second concerned racketeering, expressing the opinion that Unions should purge themselves of any such elements. That was passed too in the same way. There was another resolution dealing with racial discrimination which was referred to by a coloured worker. He spoke eloquently in a cultured voice. Miss Perkins, the Secretary for Labour, who had spoken a little earlier, told me that he was a Harvard graduate !

Miss Perkins' own address had been released to the press as she was timed to speak at 2.30. Actually she didn't come on till after 3 p.m. Meantime the newspapers had published her speech in full and I was reading it as she proceeded. Incidentally, she scarcely stuck

to her written text at all, speaking very rapidly, but with great clarity of diction and expression.

Yesterday the Convention passed a resolution increasing President Green's salary to 20,000 dollars a year, whilst the Secretary-Treasurer, George Meany, is to receive 18,000.

I asked the little hotel page to-day how old he was, and he replied that he was twenty-four. He was not married, as I had been informed yesterday. " I believe it is better to be single," he replied slyly.

" I expect you get a good deal of amusement out of the way people treat you," I observed.

" Everyone tries to pat me on the head, especially the ladies," he grinned, " but I don't tell them very much," and smiled knowingly.

AT NEW ORLEANS

Wednesday, stjth November 1940.

I went down again to the Convention and listened with interest to the addresses. First, Archbishop Rummel read an interesting address in which he classified all Communists, Socialists and Fascists together as anti-Christian Radicals! The Commander of the American Legion followed him and spoke strongly for all possible measures of assistance for the British people.

With reference to the colour bar here, I noticed that no coloured people are allowed in Woolworth's. Frank Morrison, former Treasurer of the A.F. of L., told me that there is a law here in Louisiana which prevents a coloured man from sitting side by side with a white man. The A.F. of L. ignored this law at their Convention.

At public meetings, the coloured people sometimes sit

on one side of the hall apart from the whites. They are not permitted to intermingle.

Passing down a side street I noticed some bricklayers building the outside wall of a department store. Watching them for a little time, I didn't see them use either rule or line, nor were the bricks tapped down but were merely pressed into the mortar. The speed at which the bricks were laid was remarkably high. I spoke to one of the young " brickies " who, like his mates, was wearing gloves, and he explained that this was only rough work, and was going to be covered up with cement facing. On really good work they always tapped the bricks down. The mortar was quite soft and usually it was only necessary to press the bricks into position. The bricks themselves were smaller than ours and seemed little bigger than the Belgian or Dutch bricks. This young fellow told me he was on time work and received 1 .6o dollars per hour ! At pre-war values, about *6s,* 8d. He didn't know how many bricks he laid a day because he had never taken the trouble to count. He just " kept on going along ". I have never seen faster work.

AT NEW ORLEANS

Thursday, 28th November 1940.

A quiet day, most of which was spent in consultation with various officials and delegates on detailed aspects of our Trade Union problems. Presentations were made this morning and I found practical evidence of the esteem in which the British Trade Union Movement and myself personally were held by the delegates.

Afterwards the resolutions committee recommended that arrangements should be made for me to visit a number of cities throughout the United States, and the Execu-

reward was offered for his recapture. I saw this notice in French in the Cabildo Museum, but it was obviously only a pretence to represent that Lafitte was a danger to the State, when at that very time he was surreptitiously aiding in the defence of the city.

But there was a less creditable use of this two-storeyed building. On the walls was shown an original advertisement from the L'*Ami des Lois et Journal du Soir*, of 5th May 1818, with a translation which I copied down. It offered for sale, " Seventeen likely Virginian slaves *of both* sexes ". (A biological bargain evidently !) One was a rope-maker, and another a cooper, whilst the others were house servants and field hands. " The above negroes can be seen in Bienville Street between Burgundy and Dauphin streets in a house adjoining Paul Larusse's Row. If the above negroes are not sold before Saturday, 16th instant, they will on that day, precisely at 1 p.m., be offered for sale at Maspero's Coffee House.—John Clay."

Then on other walls I saw the actual receipts given for the slaves who were sold on 12th November.

We returned to our motor-car, Frank Fenton saying that we would see many copies of such notices in the Cabildo Museum. This proved to be an old-fashioned Spanish building situated in a public square, in the centre of which was a fine garden. A notice we saw indicated that this was once the headquarters of both the French and the Americans in 1825. Fortified by this knowledge we passed through into a cool courtyard, where in the old days public executions used to take place. We were warned, however, by a public notice that although shooting had been substituted for hanging, the bullet marks on the walls were only those used in practising ! ! There were plenty of whips, iron collars, shackles and other playful implements used on the slaves, and I was glad to leave them to go upstairs and

see something of Andrew Jackson and the famous General Thomas Jackson, commonly known as " Stonewall".

Notices from the London *Times* of the period attested that he was the greatest general of all time. He certainly looked satisfied of this, as he stood next to his horse in a rather sombre oil-painting. Andrew Jackson, who was also a Southern general, would never have lost the Civil War, many Southerners affirm, had not Stonewall been killed by the bullet of a careless sentry.

In this museum there was an orchestra of about a dozen performers, provided by the Works Progress Administration, playing good music to an almost empty house. A death-mask of Napoleon, which made him appear infinitely more resolute than the nearby paintings, was enclosed in a glass case.

But we couldn't wait to examine all the exhibits and so we dashed off to drink some coffee in the Morning Call Coffee House next to the old market, only stopping on our way to view the St. Louis Cathedral, claimed to be the second oldest church in the U.S.A. It had round Cyprus pillars and it was tastefully decorated.

Then we ran through the darkening streets as it was now about 6 p.m., and the twilight is only of short duration here, and saw some new houses built for negro tenants. They consisted of two- and three-storeyed tenements with backyards and no gardens. Later, passing near the quayside and seeing dockers at work, I was informed that there was no difference in wages between the white and coloured stevedores, both of whom now receive one dollar *(4s. 2d.)* per hour, but who work in separate gangs.

Then we went back to the Roosevelt Hotel where we dined with William Green. We fixed the final arrangements for my tour, and at 10.30 p.m., Bell and I caught the train for Dallas (Texas).

ON THE TRAIN TO DALLAS

Saturday, 30th November 1940.

I slept very badly during the night and didn't feel rested on walung at 8 o'clock. Last night just before turning in I watched our train being run on to the ferry steamer, which was to take us across the Mississippi. The journey only occupied about fifteen minutes, the water being very smooth. The boatman told us that it was quite rough on some occasions. It was a primitive vessel with two smoke stacks on each side and separate engines driving the paddle wheels.

During breakfast we passed through some rather scrubby-looking country, and saw very little of interest from the carriage windows, except oil derricks. All of these were made of lattice steel and in only a few were pumps visible. On top of each was a sort of tower, and I was told that the reason why they retained the towers is that after a time the flow of the oil causes a waxing on the inside of the supply pipe, which has to be cleared out by inserting rods. Hence they need the tower from which to suspend these rods. Several times we noticed great jets of flame coming out of long, vertical pipes here and there, and were informed that these were from gases which collect in the fields and which are of little commercial use. Dallas apparently uses oil gas for domestic purposes. I remember this being done at Baku in Russia.

We reached Dallas at 12.35 p.m., and were met at the station by Mr. Culpepper, the Secretary of the Trades Council, and some friends of the Workers' Educational Movement. I spent some time after lunch in preparing for the evening meeting, and was a little disgruntled to find that very meagre advertising had been done.

When in the evening we drove up to the Fairpark Auditorium we found it a splendid forum. The Mayor and several prominent citizens were on the platform, including a lady judge, whom I was later informed was one of the most competent on the bench. The Mayor assured me that had there been proper time to advertise the meeting the hall would have been packed. As it was, the meeting was only moderate in attendance, but the audience was friendly and even enthusiastic.

I spoke for one and a half hours, and as this was the first public meeting, apart from the Convention, I was very much encouraged by the reception of my address. Many people came up to me subsequently to shake hands, and one chap who told Bell he was an English cowboy, said he and his buddy had ridden nearly a hundred miles to come to the meeting. His " buddy " was dressed like a ranch hand, and whilst I was talking to some of the other people, he stood looking at me for a little while.

Then he asked, "Are you. an Englishman? "

I replied that I was. But he wasn't sure, so he repeated his question a little more insistently.

I again assured him.

He glanced at me although only half-convinced and said, as though in extenuation of his doubts, " You are the first Englishman I ever heard speak so I could understand him."

" You must have met some strange Englishmen," I retorted as he passed on.

The pressmen were also very cordial and said they were with us to a man.

I went back to the Baker Hotel not so dissatisfied as I had been earlier.

AT DALLAS

Sunday, 1st December 1940.

I rested this morning and at 2.30 this afternoon drove round with some friends in their car. There were several notable buildings in this Texas' biggest town of 300,000 inhabitants, and the hotels like the Jefferson and the Adolphus were lofty and commodious. We drove first in the direction of Fort Worth down a fine highway, wide enough for six separate cars, and surfaced with red brick, passing on the way several settlements. These were not very pretentious, consisting mostly of small wooden bungalows. On enquiring I was told that they were provided for tourists or people who didn't want to put up at an hotel. There were several of these settlements, and I should say that altogether they could accommodate some thousands of people.

There was a complete absence of hedges to the fields on both sides of the main road, and there were no kerbs at all. The road surface was good although there were several nasty cracks caused, I understand, by the rain.and frost.

We reached the Hensley Airfield, where there were a few training machines and saw a site being cleared for a new factory which will employ 12,000 men in aircraft construction. There were several motor excavators at work, and a few cranes, but I should say that it will take at least twelve months before production can be in full swing.

We returned through Dallas in the direction of Greenville, passing White Rock Lake, which is about 15 miles long, through a pleasant residential district. There were no hedges or walls to the houses which were exposed both front and back to the gaze of the curious, and there

was very little in the way of pavements on the main roads hereabouts.

This absence of fences or hedges about the houses, although to English eyes resulting in a sacrifice of privacy, gives the suburban streets an appearance of width and spaciousness. I have been told that to the suburban dweller and the pedestrian it gives an impression of freedom also that is absent when houses are surrounded by all sorts of means of screening them from the public. Still, I prefer to have the privacy.

We turned off this road and passed the Hudson Airport where again I saw a number of training machines, painted orange, and finally reached the Love Airfield, a splendid, large commercial aerodrome. There were dozens of blue trainers with the American star on the wings, and three fairly big passenger-carrying 'planes of the Douglas type. Texas is an ideal state for flying as in this part at least it is very flat and the climate equable.

We passed the Methodist University with its imposing buildings, each more or less isolated from its neighbours, and after living my friends I spent the evening in the house of a Liverpool cotton man. He had invited quite a retinue to meet me, and to my agreeable surprise most of them were from Lancashire. One, the richest man in Dallas, came from North Wales. We adjourned to the Brooke County Club for dinner. It was not served until after 9 p.m., and my host explained apologetically that it was the custom here to dine late as they still had some customs with a Spanish flavour about them. Everyone was drinking freely and pushing half-dollars into automatic machines with feverish haste in between times. Needless to say, people from nearby tables butted in, in their breezy American way, to introduce themselves, and I made so many friends that it was well after midnight when I reached the Baker Hotel.

AT DALLAS

Monday, 2nd December 1940.

My Liverpool friend insisted on sending me a typist this morning and I dictated several letters to Washington and elsewhere. At 12.15 I addressed a mixed luncheon party of business men, city councillors, administrators and labour people. The proprietors of two local journals were present and both joined in the chorus of enthusiastic welcome.

There was no mistaking the friendliness here of people towards our cause. Quite frequently people came up to me and assured me that they were with us. Dallas looked very pretty at night. The municipal authorities, whose city manager corresponds to our town clerk, said they had the fewest accidents in proportion to their size of any city in the U.S.A. He had taken the trouble to illuminate the streets. Several street lamps had a ring of red and green electric lights round them and the effect was striking without being garish.

We reached the Union Station at 10 p.m., found all our bags ready for us, and after the checking of tickets and securing a " section " in the general sleeping-car, we went to bed. I found it comfortable enough, although not so good as a separate compartment. Each " section " consisted of an upper and lower berth, separated from its neighbours and the corridor by a heavy curtain. I had a double mattress and I was glad of it because whilst at first the track was level, and the running smooth, during the night it became frightfully rough.

AT TULSA

Tuesday, 3rd December 1940.

I wakened soon after 6 o'clock this morning and saw that daylight was breaking. I pulled up the curtains on the windows and looked out. The country seemed very scrubby and grey-looking as though there was a good deal of alkali in the soil. As we approached Tulsa we saw first a few crazy, unpainted negro shacks with no gardens or railings, just apparently dumped down anywhere. Then a roadway, and an occasional garage of corrugated iron. There was plenty of space between the bungalows, but nothing neat and tidy about them. Just overgrown and uneven land, with plenty of " vacant lots ". Then a few better-looking single-storey buildings, each with small verandahs. These houses were painted white or sometimes green, and were better cared for. On the left of the railway there was an oil refinery, and a shallow river of muddy-looking water.

We ran into Tulsa (Oklahoma) a few minutes later and were met at the station by Bob Watt and several other Trade Union officials. We drove to the Mayo, which seemed a very comfortable and quiet hotel.

After a bath we had breakfast with a few of the officials during which they told us of how in this " Willkie " town—meaning that it voted for Wendell Willkie in the recent Presidential election—Willkie polled the negro vote.

•Tulsa has a population of 150,000, and it has grown from a mere trading post since the end of last century. It is the oil capital of the world and has the biggest refinery. It seemed a quiet and rather pleasant town. Like Dallas it was very clean. There was no smoke or grime to be seen because it also uses natural gas from the oil-fields for heating and domestic purposes.

It is said there are great coal deposits in Eastern Oklahoma, large enough to supply the whole of the U.S.A. for 300 years ! Tulsa claims to be the native city of the late Will Rogers, vaudeville artiste, newspaper columnist and film star, whose merriment and shrewd philosophy reminded me of Mark Twain. He was killed in an aeroplane accident some years ago, and there is a memorial erected to his memory in the little neighbouring town of Claremore.

We motored to the Spartan Airfield, where I saw a good many training machines, and was introduced to Jimmy Mattern who made a solo flight to Norway from New York in 1930. He is one of the Lockheed pilots who are bringing the Hudsons across country for ferrying over to England. He pilots them on the second lap and leaves them on the American side of the Canadian border. He thinks a lot of them.

He told me of a wonderful new interceptor YPT 38X which will do 500 miles an hour, and which is fitted with two 1,200 horse-power motors. The Lockheed programme provided for a steady output of these machines by March 1941. He told me that he had been with Captain Bennett, the British Airways pilot, who is acting for us in this country and found him the best navigator in the world. " I realized how little I knew when I met him," said Jimmy smilingly. Incidentally, Bennett took the Mayo Pick-a-Back Flying Boat from England to New York some years ago.

Later, in the hotel, I made some new acquaintances, including the Mayor of Tulsa, and we talked about things together. One of the flying officers present said they could turn out a first-class pilot in 200 flying hours, but **Jimmy** Mattern dissented from this so far as the big bombers are concerned. Jimmy told me that on his non-stop flight to Europe he had never seen either the sea

or the sky from the time he started until he came down. He was flying blind all the time and he was bored stiff.

I spent the rest of the day quietly and was in bed by 10.45.

AT CLAREMORE

Wednesday, 4th December 1940.

This morning I went up to the Will Rogers Memorial at Claremore (Oklahoma) his native " town ". All I saw was a few single-storey shacks, a garage or two, a single main street and a mob of towsy children running about. We drove up a hill turning away from the main street and passed behind the academy where army officers were being trained. The memorial building itself was pleasant to look upon, situated right at the top of the hill overlooking the town. It is a stone edifice which showed care and comprehensiveness in plan and construction. We were watching some workmen listlessly going about with a complete absence of hustle, when a foreman casually informed me that he was going to " fire this morning " and we had better go inside. Wc stood behind some pillars and soon there was an explosion. " Oh, that was only a 20-lb. bomb," I remarked, with the conscious superiority of one who came from a bombed country, and we strolled into the museum.

Everywhere was very clean, the floor being highly polished and set in different-coloured stone. There were specimens of the various whips, saddles, buckles and other harness used by the cowboys of the world, and some lariats which Will himself wielded when he was a cowboy. It appears that Rogers originally started with the Ziegfeld Follies doing his rope tricks, and later went into the movies. He was a celebrated " columnist "

but such telegrams and letters as were exhibited seemed to be by no means the best specimens of his humour. His statue, which is very life-like, and which was executed in Paris by an American sculptor, had written underneath, " He never saw a man he didn't like." Rather a fine sentiment, but how could it be true ?

We returned along the highway at about 60 miles per hour, our driver casually remarking in reply to my query, that he had driven an average of 50,000 miles for the last seven years. On the way we chatted about baseball. He was a fan, but his one desire now is to learn to fly an aeroplane. He works up at the Spartan Airfield and it was his manager, Mr. Short, who put this car at our disposal. Which reminds me, yesterday \ve had a jolly party in Short's room in this hotel. It was quite private. Everything was " off the record", but the proprietor of the *World Press* was there and one of his reporters.

There was a very complimentary couple of columns in this morning's paper which should help our meeting to-night.

I spent the afternoon in writing up notes. Why do I take so much trouble ? I find once I am on the platform that I have no difficulty in holding the crowd, and as the newspapers do not publish verbatim what I say, it doesn't seem worth while to go to all the trouble of making notes. But as Professor James said, " Habit is ten times nature" and I still have to satisfy myself, no matter what others may think of my efforts. Unfortunately I always have enough matter for several speeches in a single set of notes, and so far none of my public addresses has lasted less than 1¼ hours ! I wonder sometimes how the audiences manage to stand it.

After finishing my notes I rested for an hour. Experience has shown me how valuable this relaxation is.

The concentration of writing notes always causes me to feel fatigued, and a stretch out on a couch for even a quarter of an hour refreshes me. George Lansbury taught me that.

It struck me to-day that it is strange how we associate a certain type of person with America—the aggressive people with the nasal accents whom we hear on the films. Then there is a certain type of fashion even that seems especially American. But there was nothing like this here. The people in these parts were very like our British people. There was a slight, drawling accent, and most of them say " Ah " instead of " I ", but there is nothing blatant about them.

The hotels are really marvellous. Here is this little city with only 150,000 inhabitants. It has about four large hotels of some twelve to twenty storeys high. Every room has a bathroom attached, with writing-desk, punkah ventilating fan, reading lamps on the table and on the bed, a lavatory basin with both cold and really hot water, and running iced water for drinking, into the bargain. All this for 3-50 dollars (145.) a day. We have nothing like it in England to my knowledge in most of our provincial towns. No meals were included in this price, but breakfasting at the coffee shop, which is attached to most of these hotels, is comparatively cheap.

Needless to say, all the rooms were centrally heated, but I always turned the radiator off, as although it was quite cool in the evening out of doors, the warmth from the corridors was enough for me.

I wrote up my diary at about 6 p.m., and then packed as we had to set out for Kansas City (Kansas) immediately after the meeting, and we didn't want to have to return to the hotel.

The meeting was a huge success. 'Everyone who mattered seemed to be there, and after it was over I

shook hands with dozens of people who climbed on the platform to assure me how strongly they felt in our favour. I felt very happy about this. We went off to the train and had a compartment to ourselves.

AT KANSAS CITY

Thursday, 5th December 1940.

We were called shortly before 7 o'clock this morning and after hastily dressing we left the train at 7.30 a.m. The outskirts of Kansas City, so far as I could judge from the train, were not very good, but then that is true of most large industrial cities, including our own. There were many negro shacks and everything seemed a bit dilapidated. Yet there were not many negroes visible once we arrived. The weather was very cold and there was considerable ice and snow to be seen. The wind was bitter and at first we could not find any porters, a most unusual occurrence. When at last one did appear he was a white man, and I was interested to notice that all the porters here were whites.

We located our bags and then went across a bridge into a fine station hall where a small deputation of distinguished citizens, including Bishop Spencer, were waiting to receive us. Spencer proved a very cultured man and I was glad to learn that he had come from the ranks of labour. He was in the employ of one of the railway companies before attaining his present distinction. Then we passed into the outer hall where there were batteries of photographers, and a deputation of at least fifty Trade Union officials and others waiting to shake hands. This is at 7.30 in the morning ! ! Then I stood up against a wall so that the photographers could have " background " and was snapped singly and

with a party. Afterwards I was thrust into a taxi-cab and hustled off to the President Hotel.

The Press were waiting here to receive me, and after I had solved every conceivable American problem in a few sentences, I was free to go to my room. But not quite. First I had to approve the " Skedule ", which meant that I was to leave again at 9.40—it was now 8.45—to address the students of the State University and subsequently those of a Catholic College. I protested of course, but it was of no avail. All the arrangements had been made and the only thing to do was to bath, breakfast and scribble a few notes, and then to hurry off in the motor-car. All of which I did in record time.

I spoke to the Co-Eds, young men and women in the lecture hall of Kansas State University, after a brief introduction by the President and Bob Watt. They were a lively lot and very likeable, and we were soon on good terms. I tried several sly digs at educational systems generally most of which they didn't pick up, but even the most distantly implied criticism of their tutors they were on to at once. I spoke about the League of Nations and the issues of war, and I am sure they didn't feel bored.

Then off I rushed to the Rockhurst Catholic College where the President, Father Friedel, was waiting to receive me. I glanced in passing at the statue of St. Aloysius, the patron saint of youth, and then went into the lecture room. It was packed with students, a few priests in their long black robes standing round the walls. To my surprise the President announced that I would speak on the " New Social Order ", although I had not been told a word about this. He went on something like this : " Now our speaker this morning is a very distinguished Englishman and he will come to us with

new ideas. This class has been studying the subject for some time, and in order to give Sir Walter an idea of what we understand by the 'New Social Order', I will ask one of the students to define it. You, Jebbs, what do you understand by the 'New Social Order'?" Here "Jebbs" (a purely fictitious name), a freckled-faced lad of about 19, got up and, as if prepared for the question, rattled off in the tones of a museum guide, something like this: "By the new social order we comprehend the totality or consensus of the different social impressions, concerning the establishment and the successive phases of the development of a new form of society." It all came out so pat that it was just like a page from an abstruse textbook.

I felt staggered but I started in. I began with Plato's *Republic,* went through to Sir Thomas More's *Utopia,* glanced at Rousseau's *Social Contract,* alluded to Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* and as many other of the social prophets as I could remember, and wound up in a haze of rhetoric. I had no notes and had to do the best I could on the spur of the moment.

I explained the necessity of securing a real sense of moral values early in life, and I had them laughing repeatedly whilst dosing them with socialist philosophy. I told them straight out that I was a social democrat and defined what I meant by this, poking fun, incidentally, at the habit of classifying everyone who was not a Democrat or a Republican as a "radical". Watt and Spencer Miller said it was the best I had ever done, but they say that after every successful address, so I am beginning to discount it a little.

Then off we drove to the President Hotel to address a luncheon of business men, lawyers, doctors, clergy, trade union officials and what not. Again I spoke without notes, the whole of the company standing up to clap

at the conclusion. I was repeatedly told I had done " a good job " and given a " swell" talk.

As I felt rather exhausted by this time, I rested for **a** couple of hours.

After this I underwent a broadcast interview with Spencer Miller on one of the local stations. We used no script, so it was informal, lively, and I hope informative. Then we had dinner and a sharp drive to the Ivanhoe Temple, where a big crowd had assembled. They were being regaled with music by a full orchestra, and soon after I had mounted the platform they struck up " Land of Hope and Glory ", followed by " God Save the King ", and " God Bless America ". That was a good send-off and I spoke with vigour. The applause was so frequent that I had to ask the people to desist. After I finished,'I was presented with a copy of the *Declaration of the Rights of Man,* and, with a few words from the Chairman, the meeting ended.

Then the rush began for the platform. There was absolutely no self-consciousness displayed by anyone. They waited in a line to shake hands, with " I enjoyed your talk ", " Your speech was swell ", " I could have listened for hours ", " You are doing a wonderful job ", and such-like. Some were so carried away that they said it was about time America entered the war. One lady, after looking round in challenging fashion, said she told the convention of the (here I lost the name) " that it was no use talking of aiding Britain by sending arms, we ought to be fighting ourselves, and I wrote three letters to the President, and asked why we didn't come in ". She said this with such finality that of course it was clear this question, like Mr. Justice Stareleigh's rebuke to Mr. Winkle, was unanswerable.

I **had** to rush off to make another broadcast from a local newspaper radio station. I answered questions

about the war, and then I was given a chance to speak without questioning. Soon the director of the station came forward with a notice, " Go on as long as you like." Unfortunately, I didn't see this until it was too late and I had closed. Our talk took roughly twenty-five minutes and the director contrasted it with the recent radio talks of journalists who were interviewed about the General Election. He said that they were painfully self-conscious and the interviewer could only get answers in mono-syllables. Newspaper men, self-conscious !

I omitted to mention that just before I left the platform at the meeting to-night, two elderly ladies approached me and said in a rather surprised way, " I thought the English people had no sense of humour." I replied, " We have, but we mustn't let you know it." A young lady here butted in, pushing in front of her a tall, bearded and dignified-looking man. " Let me introduce you, Sir Walter, to Mr.——who is one of our foremost educators." I shook hands with this gentleman who smiled benevolently, as he said, " You made me feel prouder of being English than I ever was before. Your restraint was marvellous." He turned away, and I could see he was deeply moved.

AT KANSAS CITY

Friday, 6th December 1940.

There was little about the war in the newspapers to-day; a report of a bombing raid over England and an account of our attack on Berlin and Dusseldorf last night. We received a cable from home saying that all was well. Thank God for that.

I didn't get up until late this morning and after a short walk we drove to the Union Station. Once again

I reflected how superior these stations are over our own. First of all, the different railways converge on one station. Hence the name " Union Station ". The edifice itself was something well worth looking at. Built in stone it had a dignity which is almost entirely absent from most of our English stations. Then there was the splendid entrance hall, centrally heated, although fortunately to-day was quite mild in contrast with yesterday. Everything was beautifully clean, the bright, tiled floor being newly scrubbed. Dotted about this outer hall were the coffee shops where we could purchase drinks and light refreshments, an excellent bookshop, a toyshop and a candy store.

The actual waiting-room was arranged so that the doors leading to the different platforms, which were below the station hall, opened into it. They were kept closed until the train was actually standing at the platform. The waiting-hall was at least 250 feet long and was provided with plenty of comfortable benches, at the end of each of which was a large heating radiator. There was neither smoke nor dirt anywhere to be seen. When the trains came in the gates were immediately opened, the passengers filing downstairs.

We found ourselves on the stream-lined train " Eagle ", and our seats in the Pullman Parlour were very comfortable, the wide, open windows giving splendid views of the country. The train was hauled by a Diesel electric motor of 2,000 h.p., and the company announced that travelling costs only 2 cents *(id.)* a mile.

The country through which we passed was dry, and although not flat was rather uninteresting. I was struck once again by the almost complete absence of privacy. Scarcely a house we passed had anything to shield it from the gaze of passers-by. There was a little verandah, placed no doubt so that the tenants could observe people

going by. Then there would be an open space all around without the least attempt to cultivate a garden. Where one could see the remains of a garden, it had been used to grow vegetables or corn, but certainly not flowers. The " garden " was mainly open ground and nothing else. In the rear of the house would be a couple of sheds, in one of which would be a motor-car. Motor-cars here are as common as bicycles in our country. It is easy to understand why it is that some Americans are generally so lacking in the sense of reserve. It simply doesn't seem to occur to them that anyone else can think this strange, and they are inclined to associate reserve or the desire for privacy with snobbishness.

There is no doubt of the way in which sentiment in this country is moving towards supporting us. All the newspapers clearly show that. Some say that the U.S.A. should lend us money despite the Johnson Act, which forbids this. That means, though, that the Act will have to be repealed. Others say that we should sell our securities to pay for arms, whilst others consider we should give leases of such bases as Singapore. Still others say it is no use America saying they are fighting our battle, and then insisting " that Britain must sell its shirt to pay for an American rifle ". Articles are circulating here showing that Germany is out to enslave the world. They quote Walther Darre, the Nazi Minister of Agriculture, as the authority. In a speech of May last, he expressed the utmost contempt for America, and said the Nazis would destroy her too, although they could not believe she would be silly enough to intervene in this war.

I have seen no German propaganda whatever as yet, but the Dies Committee, which is investigating un-American activities here, has recently through its chairman, already exposed a mass of intrigue and spying by Germany. A warning to guard against complacency.

I am continually, on the platform and in private, telling Americans of the way in which we underrated Germany's rearmament, and I am pointing out that America cannot work miracles. For example, Mr. Knudsen, the Chairman of the National Advisory Defence Council, said in an interview in August last that American aeroplane output was 900 machines a month. They had approximately 75,000 employees in the industry. Presumably Knudsen was including in the goo machines every type of military and naval aeroplane, including small trainers. Certainly he could not have been referring only to combat machines, as so small a number of workers could never have produced such an output of these bigger and more complicated aircraft. If recollection serves me rightly, Knudsen also said that by January 1941 they would have an output of 1,500 machines a month.

Now how is this materializing ? Colonel Jouett, the Chairman of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, said yesterday that by June 1941 (that is, six months later than Knudsen's date) the industry would be turning out 350 machines a week, which represents 1,400 a month. Again, whether this refers to combat machines only is obscure, but it would appear to do so judging by the fact that according to Jouett the industry would then be employing 500,000 workers, of whom 382,000 would be employed directly in the factories. This estimate seems reasonable enough, but as I said to the A.F. of L., " People must not assume that promises are the same as performances ", or that " press announcements " represented " proved achievements ".

Colonel Jouett says that America has the best aircraft in the world, whereas Ralph Ingersoll, the Editor of the New York paper, P.M., who has recently visited England, says that all the types so far sent are obsolete, and that

none is up to British first-class standards. The public is confused by these different statements. I have not yet been able, at first hand, to judge the quality of American aircraft, but I fancy what Ingersoll has particularly in mind is that the American 'planes are not so heavily engined and armed as the British. Certainly as far as my own information goes he is right in saying that American 'planes have not yet been used in the " Battle of Britain ".

Many times on our journey we saw the Missouri river flowing parallel with the railway. It appeared to be about a quarter to half a mile wide, and rather shallow, with flat, low country on each side. There were many mud-banks lying at all sorts of angles, and I thought of Mark Twain's stories of his difficulties as a pilot on the Mississippi. Now and again we came across some river steamers lying moored at the banks, but there was no traffic at all on the river that I could discern. Not even a ferry-boat. There were many narrow, wooden piers jutting out from the banks, and some of them appeared to be intended as revetments to divert the flow of the water. There were several fine bridges, but they were a long way apart.

Whilst I was writing these notes, I was just thinking how foolish I was to put on a heavy shirt yesterday. It was very cold when we arrived at Kansas City, and thinking that I might find it colder still as we journeyed east I put on a heavy woollen shirt. The result is that I have been boiled ever since. The temperature in the hotels and trains is far too high for British people to feel comfortable, and is maintained at somewhere about 70 degrees. I had decided that if someone took off his coat I would follow his example, but it was not for me to take the initiative and shatter British traditions.

I was not quite correct in saying that there were *no*

ships on the river. I saw two dredgers and a very small tender.

We reached St. Louis (Missouri), where we changed for Washington, at 5.45 p.m., and after having sent off a cable, took the train on the Pennsylvanian railway. It was not quite so hot in our compartment, but we put the fan on, nevertheless. Dinner was rather dear on this train, costing 1.50 dollars, which, with the tip for the waiter, was over *8s.,* at the present depreciated rate of exchange.

I spent the evening perusing Arnold Bennett and it was very interesting to read his observations on America. What a conscientious fellow he was ! He was always trying to improve himself. Learning French or Italian, playing the piano, sketching, perfecting his English and yet never satisfied with the result. He was frankly critical of his own works, and many times remarked that some of it was not very good. Yet he got a little hot when the reviewers said so. Like most authors he rather resented the negative outlook of reviewers whose only faculty, he considered, is to criticize the work of others and to do nothing creative themselves.

Bennett says that when he went to see George Arliss in " Disraeli ", the play by Louis Parker, he was not at all impressed either by the play or by the acting—poor stuff. Yet years later this play was to become a famous film and make the name of Arliss. It brought Arliss, in all probability, far more money in a couple of years, than the whole of Arnold Bennett's work brought its author. Money was a commodity to which Bennett, although not at all bent on acquiring wealth, was constantly referring in his diary. He fully recognized it could not bring him happiness, and contrasts his own attitude with that of H. G. Wells, who, he said, thought far more about money than Bennett himself did. Even in the hours of his

greatest success, Bennett remarked that prosperity itself could not bring him happiness ! A strange and likeable mortal.

ON THE TRAIN TO WASHINGTON

Saturday, 7th December 1940.

We have been away from home just one month to-day. It seems like centuries. Schopenhauer says this is because of the many unusual experiences through which one passes when travelling. Every separate event registers itself on the mind, whereas at home one's usual routine fails to make any impression, and the days and weeks go by so quickly they seem only hours. When one is away, on the other hand, the changes are so many, that the mind becomes chock-full of them, with the consequence that it seems impossible to have crowded them into a short space of time. Whatever the explanation may be, it certainly is true that everyone who travels, particularly over new ground, has this same sensation of length of time.

When we wakened this morning at about 8 o'clock the sky was very dull and grey. Snow was seen in patches, but it had been raining in the night and the roads were glassy. We were passing across Pennsylvania, one of the most highly industrial states in the U.S.A.

On reaching the dining-car for breakfast at 9 o'clock by my watch, I found it was actually 10 o'clock as the clocks had been advanced one hour during the night. I remembered that we had put our watches back one hour at Atlanta (Georgia) on the way down from Washington to New Orleans, making us seven hours behind London. Although we travelled some hundreds of miles west from New Orleans to Dallas, we remained at the same

time. Now that we had turned eastwards we had to put the watches on one hour again.

We passed through some arid coimtry, rocky and sparsely covered with trees, but with an attractiveness of its own.

It was very interesting and amusing to read the account of Arnold Bennett's discussion with John Burns, recorded on pages 462-3 of the Diary.

Bennett says, " The first thing he said was, ' We must talk about Federation,' then he immediately changed the subject to the strike. He talked most of the time leaning back in a chair and looking round sharply if he thought any other person in the smoking-room was observing him. Often he left out his ' h's' on purpose."

Later Bennett says Burns explained to him his celebrated epigram that Chicago was " a pocket edition of Hell", and how the editor of the *Chicago Record and Herald* worked up an agitation against Burns so that when the time came for Burns to speak on " The Duties of Citizenship " at a very large meeting in Chicago not a single member of his committee dared to appear on the platform. " However, he came on alone, and little by little, won the enthusiastic sympathy of the audience. As he did so he said that he could hear the members of the committee coming, one by one, behind him on to the platform. All this made a very good story, but he must have told it a great number of times, and have gradually arranged the details for his own glory. He said that his little epigram about Chicago had been appropriated by Choate, and that Choate had stolen more of his things than any other man in the world."

We reached Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) at about 1.40 p.m., after I had been gazing for some time at the Juniata River which ran parallel with the railway, and which joined the Susquehanna shortly before Harrisburg.

Both the rivers appeared shallow and full of rocks, round each of which was clinging ice and snow.

Harrisburg is a big steel centre and our car was shunted here to join another train for Washington. We went via Baltimore, noticing on the way that the river seemed to be freezing up, and reached Washington at 5 o'clock.

We drove to the Hamilton Hotel, and afterwards at 6 p.m. went along to see Bob Watt at his flat next to the German Embassy where we fixed up provisionally the remainder of my tour. We are planning for me to go across the continent to San Francisco, stopping at Omaha and Denver on the way, and thence up the coast to Vancouver, from which we shall return across Canada, doing meetings at Ottawa, Toronto, and possibly Montreal.

We had dinner with the Watts and their daughter and son-in-law. Very homely people, Mrs. Watt, like her husband, being a Scot, although one would never suspect it from her accent.

Returned to the hotel about 11 p.m. and was overjoyed to find letters waiting for me from home. I was so excited about the news that I couldn't sleep and it was long after midnight when finally I settled down.

AT WASHINGTON

Sunday, 8th December 1940.

Early this morning I had a ring from the British Embassy and arranged to dine with Lord Lothian tomorrow evening.

In the afternoon I went to see the last professional football match of the season, between the Washington Redskins and the Chicago Bears, at the Griffith Stadium. I was offered one seat at $5 *{20s.)* last night for a $3.50

(14s.) ticket, and this morning found the price had slumped to $4.50 (18s.). I had arranged to buy one, although it was much against my principles to pay money to speculators, when I learned that some A.F. of L. friends had some tickets. Then Mr. Bobby Burns appeared on the scene with the tickets, and at 1 p.m. we dashed off in a taxi for the ground, where crowds of people were jostling one another, clamouring to get in.

We pushed our way through, and once we reached the uncovered stand I was glad I had taken Mr. Burns' advice and brought an overcoat. The air was warm enough in the sun, but in the shade it was decidedly cold. The ground was taxed to its capacity, there being a record crowd of 36,000 present. There were stands on each side, mostly with two tiers each, but few were protected against rain.

Then the fun commenced. " Here's the Redskins," I heard someone say, and then appeared about a dozen men with drums, dressed in Indian costume. They stood with their backs to us on the side-line, and soon afterwards two other groups of about the same in number arrayed themselves at each end near the goal-posts. These were furnished with trumpets. They sounded a fanfare, the fellows on the drums vigorously working away all the time. When they had exhausted themselves, out dashed a mob of other Redskins who had been lurking under the cover of the stands. The whole lot formed up together and I counted roughly one hundred persons. All had instruments and they burst out **with the** signature tune of the Washington Redskins and many of the crowd joined in.

Whilst this was going on I was examining the ground. It was about a hundred yards long and was marked across with lines every five yards. At each end of **the**

field there was a G. painted in white on a red circular board, indicating, I suppose, the goal-line. In the middle there was a blue-painted board marked 50. Between the goal-line and the centre on each side, there were white-painted signs arranged so that they could be seen from all parts of the ground, marked 10, 20, 30 and 40, placed respectively opposite the ten-yards line, the twenty-yards line, etc., etc. These signs were on both sides of the ground, of course, so that one could see immediately just how far the player was from the goal-line.

Over my head there was sailing majestically an airship marked " Goodyear Tyres ", and I recalled having seen this or one like it when I was first in Washington ten years ago. Behind us on the top of the stand was a full-sized wigwam painted red and yellow in the Redskins' colours. Next to it was a stand for a band of about fifteen musicians—quite separate from the hundred I mentioned—while beyond that again were about a dozen cinema cameras mounted on tripods, with photographers in attendance. On the touch-line were about thirty or even more photographers with press cameras. No one could say the picture part of the performance was not well covered.

Then came a strident voice over the loud-speaker introducing " William Osmanski ", one of the " greatest full-backs in the game", and out rushed a player to near the half-way line and stood midst the noisy hoots and cheers of the people. Needless to say, he was a " Bear", otherwise there would have been no hoots. And so it went on, player after player rushing on in this way. The Redskins were not introduced singly probably because the crowd knew all about them.

The Bears were dressed in white jerseys with heavily padded shoulders, black knickers with a coloured stripe, the trousers coming below the knee. No stockings were

worn, only small white socks, and the whole crowned by a sort of fencing helmet minus the guard.

The Redskins wore dingy red jerseys, or more probably maroon, with yellow knickers, red stockings and snow-white socks, their helmets being brown. Both teams, with their bulging shoulders, padded jerseys, nose pieces and helmets like a banister knob, reminded me of huge ants more than anything I could think of.

These were the actual playing members, but on the side-line, sitting on blankets and carefully covered up, were a further twenty-two players. These were the reserves, as a man may be called in at any minute to replace another player, but only at the time when an interruption of the play has occurred.

They were all huge fellows, and it was interesting to notice their heights and weights, all of which were given in the programme. The biggest fellow of the Bears was John Torrance, 26 years of age, 6 ft. 3 in., and weighing 285 lb. Fancy a footballer weighing 20 stone 5 lb.! Nor was he an isolated giant. There was another at 270 lb. and several well above the 200. The Redskins didn't seem to be quite so big, but they, too, had some hefty fellows, amongst them one, Wilbur Wilkins, scaling 265 lb., nearly 19 stone ! I shouldn't like to try to stop any of these players at top speed.

All of them were ex-university students and the names of their Alma Maters were given on the programme. They had gone into professional football, preferring this life to the less strenuous one of becoming stockbrokers, lawyers or journalists, I suppose. I believe they only last a few years. Burns said about five years, but in exceptional cases they stick it as long as seven or eight years ! ! A short life and a hard one, I should say.

The Redskins had won the championship of the eastern section of the National League and were now

pitted against the Bears, who had topped the southern section. But they were no match for the Bears who soon had scored a touch down. This was only the first of a series and the final score was Bears, 73 pts., Redskins, nil.

The game is vastly different from our own Rugby, but easy enough to grasp and very exciting. The whole idea is to gain ground so as to get near enough to the opposite goal-line to be able to dash, push or struggle over. Of course if a fellow can make a clear run, so much the better, but that is very difficult.

I saw by the newspapers to-night that the Bears are now regarded as the best professional team playing, which really means easily the best team in the U.S.A. Each player of the winning team received $873 (£174) for the game, and the losers $606 (£121) each. These payments were based on a definite percentage of the gate which totalled $102,280. The season is very short, and only extends to about ten weeks approximately.

The *Washington Post* reported that about twenty ticket speculators were arrested and fined for selling tickets above the legal price. This is called " scalping " tickets, and it seems the scalpers had a bad day because the demand for tickets was not nearly so great as had been anticipated, and many were forced to sell below cost price.

One thing I omitted to mention was that at half-time, the crowd were entertained by seeing symbolic representations of different teams in the League. Thus the Brooklyn Eagles were depicted by two young ladies dressed to represent the birds. I thought they looked more like spring chickens. The next pair, the Pittsburgh steel workers, carried a sort of girder on their shoulders. Then there were lions, then giants, and so on. Nobody seemed to pay much attention to all this as no doubt they were quite familiar with it.

AT WASHINGTON

Monday, 9th December 1940.

Interviews in the morning and subsequently met leading officials of our Ministry of Aircraft Production, who explained to me the position in respect of production. This took a good deal of time, after which I went to the British Embassy to meet the Ambassador.

I found to my regret that he was ill in bed, and as we had arranged to dine with him I felt like calling it off. The officials insisted that we should go ahead, and as he had invited Sir Walter Layton and Tom Burke, a Trades Union friend of mine, to dinner, we decided to go on.

I finished my arrangements for the tour to the West, rushed back to the hotel and turned up again at the Embassy at 8 p.m. We dined in solitary state. Layton left early to catch a 'plane for home. He was actually going to fly in a Hudson back to England, which go up 25,000 feet. I thought it highly dangerous for a man of his physique, but Layton said, " Well, you never know until you have tried." Plenty of quiet courage there.

AT WASHINGTON

Tuesday, 10th December 1940.

I had many interviews this morning, mainly with individual journalists and public men. I dictated a couple of articles and prepared for this evening's big dinner at the Willard Hotel which has been arranged by the A.F. of L.

The dinner was an outstanding success, and although there were 1,200 people present, many others could

not find accommodation. There were Supreme Court Judges, Cabinet Ministers, Senators,* Congressmen and eminent public people of every kind present.

I was interested in the numerous introductions of notabilities which was done in a most dexterous fashion by Bob Watt as Toast-Master, and which lasted over an hour, although every reference was commendably brief and informative.

William Green preceded me and spoke with admirable clearness and decision about the part of American Labor in the defence programme, again attesting its willingness to do everything that was reasonable and practicable to accelerate the rearmament of the country.

As usual I was rather nervous in opening, but covered it up as well as I could with the remark that I felt very much like the Washington Redskins must have felt yesterday when they went out in the last session to meet the Chicago Bears, " somewhat overawed, not very confident, but determined to do my best." In the course of my address, I showed how long before the war our Trade Unions and employers were discussing with the Government ways and means of giving practical effect to our determination to fight Hitlerism, if that should become an issue. I described how the T.U.C. claim to represent its members, in whatever sphere they were to be found, was fully conceded by the Government, and how the machinery of consultation and collaboration covered practically every Department of State. I stressed our belief in voluntary methods as opposed to State regulation of labour conditions, and demonstrated the way in which our system of collective bargaining had practically eliminated industrial disputes during the period of rearmament before the war started.

After the collapse of France we had established voluntarily, and with the full approval of our constituent

organizations, a system of arbitration to solve such differences as remained outstanding when the joint machinery had been exhausted. In view of the demands which were being voiced in Congress for the suppression of the right to strike in the U.S.A., I thought it advisable to state that the method followed by the British Government had been to secure the goodwill of Labour and to refrain from trying to impose upon us by compulsion, measures which we would resent. Naturally, I did not make any direct reference to America's own Labour situation as that was outside my province. But I said I did not believe that any country, whose people were steeped in democratic traditions, could successfully prosecute a war, whilst at the same time its Government was engaged in internal strife with Labour. Although the British Government possessed very great power, this had been exercised with discretion, and invariably in consultation with the employers and the trade unions where the interests of Labour were directly affected.

In referring to the immensity of the task of switching over from the production of commodities for peace-time consumption to manufacturing the weapons of war, I told of the time lag which inevitably occurred. I felt it was my duty to shatter some of the illusions which I had encountered that aeroplanes could be turned out almost as quickly as motor-cars. I pointed out that some of the aircraft used by the Nazis in the beginning of the war, were actually on the drawing-board when Hitler came to power. It had taken six years for Germany to develop her aeroplane production to its present standards. The Spitfires which we were using when war broke out were of a 1935 design, and the Hurricanes were even older. Technical developments were jumping ahead all the time in aircraft production, and the enormous increase in engine power, particularly of the

liquid-cooled engine, had rendered many types of aeroplanes unsuitable for the severe tasks which they had nowadays to perform. I said that as far as I knew there were no single-engined fighters being built in the U.S.A. with liquid-cooled engines, which possessed the horsepower or the armament necessary. I went out of my way to make it clear that what I had said on this point was not in criticism of American aircraft production, but to emphasize that about two and a half to three years were required, as a minimum, between the planning and completion of modern fighting aircraft. I expressed, as I have done in all my speeches, the deep gratitude which the British people felt for the splendid assistance in aircraft, as in other categories of armaments, which Britain had received from the U.S.A. It was late when I started to speak and I was rather uneasy to find the hour was so late when I finished, but the tremendous ovation with which my address was received left me in no doubts as to the friendliness and interest of the audience.

AT WASHINGTON

Wednesday, nth December 1940.

My principal function to-day was to address a luncheon of the press correspondents. As I had been led to believe that it would be a small, informal function, I made scarcely any preparation. I just, in fact, wrote a few headings on the back of an envelope.

I was staggered when on walking into the dining room with the Chairman I found approximately 500 journalists present. There were some Germans and Italians among them, as well as a Japanese or two. I kept this in mind. I thought it would do them no harm

to hear a few home-truths, even if they could not report them. The meeting was " off the record " and it was well understood that no one present should refer[1] publicly to anything that took place.

I started by telling them something about the journalist's life in London during war-time, and soon got their attention. Then I referred to some remarks which I had made the previous evening about aircraft production in the U.S.A., and which had been wrongly interpreted by some of the newspapers. Not that any of them were hostile, but in the effort of condensation one or two of them had abbreviated my remarks in such a way as to create the impression that I had been rather critical. That being far from my intention, I took the opportunity of putting the matter right immediately. I said I understood the congestion which occasionally took place in a newspaper office, and I dispelled any suggestion that the American aeroplanes were of no use to us, but said my point was that the rapid obsolescence of aeroplanes made them not very adaptable to mass production methods.

Then I developed the theme of the destruction of freedom under the Nazis and showed that there was no future for the journalist or for any freedom-loving man or woman.

When I finished there was sustained applause for several minutes, all present standing. I began to wonder whether this habit of rising at the end of an address was merely a generous courtesy to speakers like myself, or whether it was really meant as an appreciation of what had been said. The Chairman reassured me. All the officials of the A.F. of L. were delighted. There were only a few questions asked and all of them obviously meant to be helpful to me.

Several correspondents were very keen to interview

me afterwards, particularly the correspondent of Ralph Ingersoll's paper *P.M.* which has been coming out with a series of articles very critical of American production. I was pressed very hard to corroborate this, but I made it clear that I did not want to be involved in any controversy. This was a matter for the American people themselves and not for me to engage in.

I heard to-day that Lord Lothian was very ill, and as he is a Christian Scientist it is difficult to know whether he is really making progress, as such people generally refuse to accept medical attention.

At 4 o'clock I went to see Sidney Hillman, who, with William S. Knudsen, is one of the " big shots " in the National Defence Council. He occupied a suite of rooms in a fine, modern hotel at Wardrup Towers. This is about three miles away from Hamilton, and I have done a good deal of running about in taxis from one office to another.

The Washington taxi fares are reasonable in themselves, being worked on a zone system, 20 cents *(10d.)* for any journey within the first zone, 40 cents for the next zone, 60 cents and then 80 cents for the outer zone. It is usual to give the driver a 20 per cent, tip in addition.

Sidney Hillman had not been very well, but he was as mentally alert as ever. We had a long conversation, in the course of which he wanted to know from me whether there was anything that they could do to stimulate production which they were not now doing. This put me in an awkward position, as naturally I did not wish to appear to be critical, although I felt pretty convinced some of the estimates which I had seen were exaggerated and could not be realized. I told Hillman so, and he showed not the least resentment, arguing calmly and with precision each of the points which cropped up.

I told him it was too early for me to be able to say from actual observation what might be done, but it seemed that the programmes overrated the immediate possibilities very considerably. I further said that it seemed to me one of the principal weaknesses was that not enough executive authority was invested in Knudsen and himself to get things done. I further asked whether they had analysed the 8,000,000 unemployed by categories, and whether they knew what the labour demands were likely to be for skilled men, such as toolmakers.

Hillman was very cautious in his appraisal of the situation, but he assured me that careful thought had been given to every aspect of the problem, and he, personally, was not afraid of a labour shortage. He was quite confident that they could surmount the other difficulties.

AT WASHINGTON

Thursday, 12th December 1940.

I got a shock this morning when I was awakened by the news that Lord Lothian had died during the night. I never dreamt he was so ill. The Embassy officials are naturally terribly upset about it. It appears that the cause of his death was uraemic infection. Everyone I spoke to to-day feels as I do, that his death will be .a heavy loss to our country. We had never actually met since his appointment as Ambassador. When he was in England just prior to my leaving for the U.S.A., we tried to make an appointment, but I found he was out of London before my departure. What a pity ! He was highly spoken of here.

I had a long talk with a Trade Unionist this morning, who said he resented the way in which the Administration

had kept the A.F. of L. at a distance. He accused the Government of selecting various people from the Labour Movement to serve on Government Committees, and so pushing out the Federation itself.

I contrasted this with our position and offered to explain in detail to a meeting of the Executive of the A.F. of L., when I returned to Washington, what exactly were the relationships of our own Trade Union Movement to the Government and how the mechanism worked.

He was especially anxious to know if it were true that no American fighters were being used in the Battle of Britain. I emphasized that I did not wish to be mixed up in any controversy about the matter, and on his assuring me he had no intention of involving me, I said that so far as I knew this was true. None the less, American fighters had proved very useful to us, particularly in the Near East.

Later in the day I talked with a man connected with the aircraft industry, whose view was that American producers of aeroplanes were keeping up very well to their promises, and although there might be a lag of some 10 per cent., that was not unexpected. He told me that General Motors had had a difficult time trying to perfect the Allison liquid-cooled motor. This shows the difficulties that there are in developing new types, as the engineers of General Motors have a very high reputation. He was given to understand that most of these obstacles now had been surmounted, and that the Allison " F " type was coming into production at a steady pace.

This engine, incidentally, develops something between 1,000 and 1,200 horse-power, considerably lower than the Rolls-Royce " Merlin ", and much below the Napier " **Sabre** ". The Packard Company are engaged **on** a contract to build the Merlins at Detroit, **but my infor-**

mant said that production had not yet started as the extension to the factory was still only in the stage of erection. He understood that the Packard people were pushing ahead as fast as they could go.

In the evening I had dinner with some friends, after which I caught the train for Charleston (South Carolina) at 11 p.m.

AT CHARLESTON

Friday, 13th December 1940.

We reached here this morning at 9.50 a.m., and were met at the station by the officials of the A.F. of L., including Frank Fenton who had travelled down with us. It was a grey morning and the rain was drizzling down, but this did not prevent the Mayor, Mr. Dawson, from coming to pay his respects.

We marched along the platform midst a curious crowd, and were photographed several times after being interviewed by the reporters. Then we went to the Daniel Boone Hotel, named after a famous character in the history of this state who seems to have been very free with his firearms in repressing the Indians.

At 12 noon I went down to address the Rotary Club, being told as a preliminary that they were the most hard-boiled employers in this part of the world. We started soon after 12 o'clock, and I began to speak at 12.45, continuing until 1.15. The Chairman said that he had hoped I would go on for another five minutes as everyone was deeply interested in what I said. There were quite two hundred members present, and I found them very friendly and receptive.

After a brief rest we started away for a drive right along the highway at 85 m.p.h. at times, in a perfectly

steady motion. The driver apologized for not going faster, pleading in extenuation that the road was a bit slippery! We passed down the Kanawha valley with the river first on our left hand and then on our right as we crossed certain bridges. It was pleasantly situated, with well-wooded hills on every side and the gentle river flowing quietly down the centre. The water was placid, so much so that several small seaplanes were alighting on its surface with ease. The river was not very deep but had 9 ft. of water at all times of the year, and flat-bottomed vessels come down here quite frequently carrying coal and other products.

Charleston is a busy little manufacturing centre of over 60,000, with 6,000 coloured people in addition. They make chemicals and mine coal in this valley, which is nearly three miles wide I should say, where the Elk and Kanawha Rivers join. They also manufacture fire-arms, lumber products and pottery. The villages through which we passed were very pretty for the most part, but there were some wretched miners' houses consisting mainly of small, wooden shacks. They were the exception, however. The air was clean because of the use of natural gases discovered by the " wild catters " when they were boring for oil. The whole town is thus supplied. We passed the Owens glass works, where both sheet glass and bottles are made in separate works.

I was struck by the number of schools we passed, and near each, standing in the centre of the roadway, was a figure of a state guard or policeman made in metal, on which was painted " 15 m. speed limit". About a quarter of a mile further on there was a similar figure on whose back was another notice indicating that the limit was now passed. We saw several compressed gas stations where the natural gas was forced through pipes, going in some cases as far as New York. We

visited the scene of the Colin Creek strike of 1912 which went on for eighteen months The miners won the strike and secured a Trade Union agreement.

Fenton and others said that it was terrible the way the people were treated in these districts years ago. The companies used to hire thugs, swear them in as state guards, and beat up or even shoot any Trade Union organizer who came near. They told me that men have been known to get ten years for selling whisky or liquor illegally in this State, but for murdering a picket they would be let out after a few months' imprisonment !

The Du Pont Company, whose chemical works we passed on the return journey, will not, I was told, have anything to do with the Trade Unions. They always pay the employees more than the Union scale and so try to keep them out of Unions. We saw many collieries, most of them consisting of open seams worked from the side of hills. There were fourteen veins in this valley, and I saw a long, covered enclosure for the carrying of coal down the side of the surrounding hills. The wagons here were mostly of 50 tons carrying capacity, and I was told that some were capable of carrying 120 tons.

In some of the more remote miners' villages I was struck by the appalling squalor of the shacks. There was neither paint nor decency about any of them. No one seemed to bother about keeping a garden or cultivating anything, although here and there one could see an attempt at a corn patch.

We spent some time in the State Capitol with the Governor, Mr. Holt, who was very proud to show us over the magnificent building. The splendid entrance hall and stairway were made of marble, carefully selected and tastefully blended, and the proportions of the building generally, as well as the furnishing, entitled the

Governor to feel proud. We went through the Chamber where the meetings of the State Senate take place, and I was interested to see the voting system.

The vote can be taken in nineteen seconds ! A series of small electric signals, are operated from the desk of each individual member. These signals are shown on large indicators fitted to the walls, against each member's name, so that everyone present can see whether he has voted aye, no or has abstained. The signals are repeated on the desk of the President, so that he and his officials can be counting the vote while it is actually in progress.

After this we adjourned to the hotel, and after dinner at 8 p.m., went to the meeting which was held in the public high school.

Apparently everyone thought I did well, but I myself felt I was getting a little stale. At all events I didn't feel satisfied.

We caught the 11 p.m. train for Indianapolis (Indiana).

AT INDIANAPOLIS

Saturday, 14th December 1940.

We travelled all night and I slept rather badly. There was an infernal bumping the whole night long, and I was disposed to blame it on to faulty tracks and over-loaded trains. I made enquiries about this and I was informed that the real cause is the system of loose couplings. The trains are very heavily loaded and apparently it would not be practicable for the engine to start such a heavy load all in one pull. So each of the carriages is loosely coupled to its neighbour. When the engine starts up, therefore, it pulls the first carriage, which once in motion jerks the second carriage and so

on right throughout the train. I don't know whether this is the proper explanation or not, but if it is it shows that the trains are overloaded. Certainly I have never experienced anything of the kind on our own trains.

We reached Cincinnati (Ohio) at 8 o'clock, where we changed to Central Standard time by putting our watches back by one hour. We had one hour to wait for the train to Indianapolis and I spent the interval in strolling about the splendid Union Station, looking at the mural paintings of different branches of industry and commerce. I thought the accommodation for passengers was splendid, and far in excess of anything we have at home.

At about 9.45 by revised time we passed through Greenburg, the home of Thomas Whitcombe Riley, the poet of this state, who always wrote in the " Hoosier " dialect and whose poems I have been reading. They are very homely.

We arrived at Indianapolis (population 365,000) at 10 o'clock and were met by Mr. Birthright of the Journeymen Barbers' International Union. He came to our Congress at Norwich in 1937, and proved very likeable and well informed. He drove us round a short distance to see the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial situated in the " circle " in the centre of the city. It was lofty and was erected to commemorate several campaigns, including the Civil and Mexican Wars.

We secured fine, spacious rooms at the Claypoole Hotel. In the afternoon I addressed a conference of Trade Unionists from all parts of the state of Indiana, and then drove round with Mr. Birthright, inspecting on our way the War Memorial with its magnificent marble columns, the speedway for motor-car drivers which holds 175,000 people, the Allison motor-engine works and other places whose names I can't recall.

In the evening we had dinner and immediately afterwards I addressed a public meeting in the Keith Theatre. Saturday night here as at home is not good for meetings, but the audience were fair in numbers and friendly.

INDIANAPOLIS TO CHICAGO

Sunday, 15th December 1940.

We left this city for Chicago (Illinois) by the 10.20 train, and en route I wrote out my notes for this afternoon's meeting. I read with pleasure of the British victories in Egypt, but was disturbed to hear of the sinking of more ocean-going vessels by submarines.

The Chicago papers, both the *Tribune* and the *Herald*, are evidently afraid of America's being dragged into the war, and are openly advocating that the U.S.A. should try to institute a peace conference. The *Tribune* was for a time at least notoriously anti-British in the last war, although the staff, it appears, were friendly. Its present attitude is undoubtedly hostile and some of its reasoning crude. I could reply effectively to this, but I don't want to get into controversy.

Knudsen, by the way, is now reported as saying that the aircraft industry hasn't lived up to its promises. He said they can only expect 700 machines by January 1941 instead of 1,000. The manufacturers complain that they can't secure the necessary aluminium. I told the audience in the Willard Hotel at Washington on Wednesday last that fabricated aluminium looked like causing a bottleneck.

We reached Chicago at 2.15 and were met at the station by Bob Watt and Frank Fenton, who had gone on ahead. They were accompanied by several local officials and Dr. Mead, the Deputy Director of the **Labor** Bureau.

They were all very hospitable, but when I learnt that they had fixed up a dinner as well as a meeting to-day, I remonstrated with them that I was rather fatigued and what I needed was rest not functions. They at once assented without the least resentment, and the arrangements were cancelled on the spot.

Then we drove over to the Sherman Hotel, the second biggest in the city and rather a cut above the Morrison where I stayed last time. As usual, the rooms and facilities were excellent. From thence we went straight to the meeting, which consisted of Trade Union officials and sympathizers. We climbed up a couple of flights of stairs, and at the top were lined up ceremoniously and marched into the hall, the crowded audience rising and applauding.

Frank Fitzpatrick, who presided over my meeting in 1934, was again in the chair, and he introduced me briefly and breezily. There was a very unsuitable microphone, hopelessly too low and I had to extend myself somewhat so as to be heard distinctly. I was particularly anxious to do well in view of the attitude of some of the newspapers here, which struck me as unfriendly to Great Britain. I actually spoke for one and a half hours, and received an ovation at the finish. I was once again the recipient of a shower of friendly words of encouragement, but I could have kicked myself for going on so long.

The King of the Hoboes who was present in full uniform made me a " Knight of the Road " on the spot, and presented me with the membership card stamped with the official seal. He was evidently determined to provide for my old age ! I was inclined to treat all this with amusement, but I learned afterwards that this organization has been very friendly to the American Labor Movement and has been an influence

against the " down-and-outs " being used as blacklegs in strikes.

One big fellow crushed my hand with the warmth of his friendliness, and said he was in the last war and, We gave them damn Jerries the works. The American Legion boys are ready to do it again too." He plainly meant it.

I was very tired and glad to return to the hotel where I rested for a time. I listened to the bells of a nearby church playing hymns as the hour for evening worship approached. First it was, " O come all ye faithful", then, " Hark the herald angels sing ", and " Tannenbaum ", the old German tune to which the Red Flag is sung. For a moment I imagined Chicago had gone Red.

I didn't go out again in the evening but had food at a nearby cafe and soon went to bed. The weather was wretched, a cold drizzle falling all the time.

AT CHICAGO

Monday, 16th December 1940.

The newspaper reports were funny. Scarcely a word I said was given Verbatim. Yet they put in quotes language which I never could have used in this world. I have found that the actual reporting is not too good, confirming the impressions of previous visits. Few if any of the reporters attempt to take a speech or an interview down in shorthand, and their own occasionally startling versions creep in with the utmost regularity. This in a country possessing the fastest shorthand writers in the world !

First thing after breakfast I was whisked away in a motor-car to the huge retail stores of Marshall Field in State Street. This is the biggest retail stores in the

world, and it was as much as I could do to scurry through the principal departments. I must say I liked the tone of the whole place. The decorations were quiet and artistic, there was nothing gaudy either about the fittings or architecture, and a very high standard of courtesy was shown by all the employees.

After this we went to see the Merchandise Mart which is one of the few buildings of its kind in the world. Here merchants take their goods for display to the retailers, and the Mart occupies an immense amount of space.

It is not very easy to find one's way about Chicago on foot without a street plan, as the names of the streets are not so well marked as in New York, nor do the avenues or streets go by numbers. But I had not much time to look round the city as we were due to leave for Detroit (Michigan) at 1 o'clock. We just had time to glance at the magnificent Michigan Boulevard, and to see the enormous development work which has taken place in late years along the shores of Lake Michigan, to beautify the city. I thought it a pity that the rather dismal-looking railway intervened, and no doubt the City authorities would be glad to get rid of this eyesore, and also of the elevated railway.

The Illinois Central station from which we departed had none of the outstanding features which characterize the Union stations, but its reconstruction had long been contemplated. The Union station here is the largest in the world, and Chicago's 3½ million people are served by at least five other stations.

We reached Detroit at 7.30 p.m., and straightway drove to the Hotel Book Cadillac, where a magnificent suite of rooms had been reserved for us by the energetic Frank Martell, Secretary of the State Federation of Labor.

AT DETROIT

Tuesday, 17th December 1940.

There were several conferences taking place in this hotel and everywhere one could see delegates strolling about with their red badges and ribbons, showing who they were and what position they occupied. Thus standing side by side with some of them in the lift I could read " Mr. Sniggs, Secretary of the Freezeup Sales Convention " or some such organization, whose principal trouble in life was to sell refrigerators to people on hire-purchase terms.

This practice of wearing badges containing the name of the person seems to be in general operation here, and certainly facilitates intermingling among the delegates. I have seen the same method applied in our own country, but not nearly so generally.

There was also a Tourist Convention taking place in the hotel, composed mainly of individuals interested in attracting Conventions to the City of Detroit. The admirable publicity matter showed almost to a decimal point how much visitors spent each year in the city and in the State of Michigan generally. The officials openly boasted that these visitors helped substantially to pay the rates and expenses of the city, and certainly they have much to be proud of in the way of civic development.

After breakfast I went out in a car with Mr. Taylor, a Trade Union delegate who, incidentally, came from Liverpool and who is now the agent of the Carpenters' Union. As everyone knows, Detroit is the largest city of Michigan and has a population of over a million and a half. It is right on the border of Canada, and is connected with Windsor (Ontario) by an international bridge and by an underground traffic tunnel. It is **the**

greatest automobile centre in the world, and this industry, incidentally, is the largest in the U.S.A.

Originally, France held the territory on which Detroit is now built, and Antoine Cadillac founded the primitive outpost from which Detroit has sprung.

We drove round Bell Isle, which is especially beautiful, lying in the middle of the Detroit River. This is now a great amusement centre, continually being extended by "made land". There was a fountain on the right bank of the river which was frozen over and which looked dazzlingly lovely. The authorities had impeded the flow of the water by putting shrubs in its path, and had thus caused it to freeze up with delightful effect.

The weather was decidedly cold and the wind whistled down Washington Boulevard, a splendid wide thoroughfare with tall buildings on each side. I remember, when I was in Detroit in 1936, seeing the street-widening in process. This was on Woodward Avenue where two large stone churches had been put back 20 feet or so bodily on rails in order to make a wider roadway.

That sounds curious, no doubt, to English ears, but they think nothing in the United States of moving buildings. I remember looking for signs of a fracture, but I couldn't see any.

The Union Guardian Trust Building is a rather curious-looking structure in the Aztec style, although beautiful enough in its way. Part of it is finished like a church—a rather strange mixture.

I went back to the hotel and addressed the Tourist Convention. I wasn't on the list of speakers, and it was very decent of them to include at the last moment such an indigestible morsel.

After lunch I went out to the Packard Motor Co., whose works I found built right on the public highway. Here I was introduced to a young engineer, formerly

with the Rolls-Royce Co., who had been sent out by **the** Ministry of Aircraft Production to start up the manufacture of the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine. He took me over the works and explained very thoroughly what was being done. It would seem a simple job to build an engine here which is already in operation in large numbers in Great Britain. But it didn't prove so. I found that over 3,000 drawings had to be made, as evidently the American and British systems of drawing designs differ so greatly that the job had to be done all over again. In one room alone there were at least 300 men engaged on plans, whilst almost as many clerks were typing out orders for the stores.

I was given details of the production programme which, however, I cannot repeat here, but which will show quite a formidable progress by the autumn of 1941.

The engineer said that the American castings were of a very high quality, and he found his American associates almost too eager to work with him.

Generally speaking, the workmanship was of high standard. We had a long argument as to the relative merits of the Merlin and the Sabre engines, with a few words about the Allison interposed. Naturally, this young man is a staunch advocate of the Merlin.

We returned to the hotel and had dinner with some Trade Union officials, afterwards going on to the Keir Hall. It was a big place, and the platform was very representative of public men, several judges being present.

A couple of days before I had read of a plan by which it was anticipated that 500 aeroplanes a day could be produced, using only the surplus capacity of the automobile industry. I must confess I hadn't very much faith in the soundness of such a plan, as so much has been written in the newspapers about miracles of this kind which, of course, have never eventuated. I didn't

know who was behind the plan, the references being rather vague, but it was understood they were people in the automobile industry. I therefore took the opportunity of suggesting that if such a plan existed I would be glad to meet its authors and to have access to it. As I said in my speech, if it was possible for the American automobile industry using only its surplus capacity to achieve such a wonderful result, we should be able to do this in Great Britain also, as our need was immense. True, we hadn't an automobile industry as large as that of the United States, but our whole motor industry should surely be able to produce as many aircraft as could be done by using the surplus capacity only of the Ameiican motor industry.

I was careful not to discourage anyone in making the attempt to expand production, but on the contrary I tried to arouse everyone to their greatest efforts.

I spoke fairly well but observed signs of fatigue in myself several times. Everyone was full of assurances afterwards of the way in which the U.S.A. was going to help.

We caught the train at about 11 p.m., for Cleveland (Ohio).

AT CLEVELAND

Wednesday, 18th December 1940.

We arrived at Cleveland at 8 a.m., and were met at the train by several Trade Union officials, including Mr. Larrigan of the A.F. of L., and a very promising young fellow, named Hanna, of the Teamsters' Union. He looked a rugged type, but in conversation with him later, I found he possessed an excellent mind. Cleveland is the sixth largest city in the U.S.A., with a popu-

la(ion of nearly 1,000,000, and is highly industrialized. Its Civic Centre or Mall, as people call it, where is situated the City Hall, the Court House, the Public Auditorium, Library, Federal Building, and a number of others, including the massive Federal Reserve Bank, encompasses public buildings which would be a credit to any city. The Union Station and the United States Post Office near by are, to a Britisher, immense structures, although to American eyes perhaps not so exceptional.

When I was here in 1936, I spent several interesting days, and I remember travelling through the residential section. Especially do I recollect the Museum of Art in the public park and the spacious new Lake Shore Highway which skirts Lake Erie. I would have liked to have seen it again, but a schedule of press interviews and three separate meetings in a single day damped down that prospect.

I had a wash and brush up at the house of a friend where I met the Press in conference. They were a very decent lot of fellows, and one of them had been in England before the war and knew many of the leading people in the Labour Movement. They had an infinitely wider background than many of the journalists I have met.

We discussed various matters including the alleged statements of Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the ex-American Ambassador to England, who is supposed to have said that there was no more democracy in England, and that " national socialism " would be established there at the end of the war.

I refused to speculate about the social and political future of England, and I think I gave them enough matter to dispose of any suggestion that democracy was already dead or dying. I said it was false to describe the voluntary surrender of rights for the purpose of

defending democratic institutions, as the abolition of democracy. I personally had no doubt that we could, at the proper time, secure the reinstatement of the rights which we had temporarily suspended.

After this I drove down-town where I addressed a meeting of the " business agents " of the Trade Unions for about half an hour, and immediately hurried away to the Statler Hotel to speak at a luncheon of the English Speaking Union. The function was excellently attended, and the balconies which were thrown open to the general public were filled. I spoke for three-quarters of an hour, and subsequently answered questions. A few of these were concerned with ex-President Hoover's proposal that Britain should allow foodstuffs to pass through the blockade to the people of the German occupied territories. I elaborated the argument of J. B. Priestley who, in his broadcast, had shown that the net effect would be the releasing of food for Germany which the Nazis would turn into munitions. I had taken care to furnish myself with data on this subject, and I think the audience were rather surprised when I told them that it was estimated that the Nazis are using a million tons of potatoes in the production of fuel alcohol, and that the shortage of fats which had become acute in Germany is due to the amounts being used for the production of nitro-glycerine. Take one commodity alone, 50,000 tons of wheat imported into Germany would be equivalent in food value to 187,500 tons of potatoes. From these could be made 17,000 tons of alcohol. As is well known, alcohol can be used for many purposes instead of petrol, and at least 11,000 tons of petrol would be released for military purposes. Enough, in fact, to enable 500 aeroplanes to raid Britain every night for two months. So if we allowed wheat to go into Germany as food, by the above process of con-

version it would be sent back to Britain as bombs, which suggests a revision of the old proverb—cast your wheat on the waters and it will return to you after many days (as bombs).

Then I went back to the house of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. B——r, and rested for a couple of hours. They had lived in Byfleet for some years, and naturally they were bursting to ask questions, but very considerately, seeing that I was rather fatigued, they refrained from doing so.

I felt considerably refreshed and in the later afternoon I went down to the Hotel Hollenden to address a dinner of Trade Union officials. It was well attended and most successful. Several of the delegates spoke, assuring me of the fullest support of American labour. I talked in a discursive fashion about air raids and evidently both amused and moved them considerably. The Chairman, Mr. Hanna, subsequently said that American labour was determined to help Great Britain even if they had to go to war. A strong resolution was passed and the meeting presented me with the gavel used by the Chairman, which they said they would have inscribed as a memento.

By this time it was nearly 9 p.m., and so we had a stroll for a little while and then caught the train for New York.

AT NEW YORK

Thursday, 19th December 1940.

I slept well during the night and on waking found it was 8.45. I raised the blind of our sleeping compartment and glanced out of the window. The sun was shining brightly and alongside the line there was a white

mass of snow. We were quite snug and warm in our carriage, and it was hard to believe it was freezing outside. By the time I had dressed and shaved we were running down by the side of the Hudson River, large tracts of which were quite frozen over. As we approached New York the ice disappeared, and the broad, pleasant river with its high banks looked beautiful with the sunlight shimmering on the water.

In the dining-car I read in the newspapers that the Communists in London had sent a deputation of women to see the Food Ministry about milk distribution. They had been met by Sir Henry French, whom they had interrupted many times, and when after half an hour he had refused to go on further they barred his way to the door.

I am surprised that the Ministry ever allowed them to come. They must know it is a political stunt and that the Communist Party is not in the least concerned with remedying the women's conditions. The sooner the public knows the real character of the Communist Party the better. They are open enemies, acting under the instructions of a foreign government and the world should be told so.

There was also a report in the same paper concerning the British reaction to the proposal of President Roosevelt, that in future arms should be ordered by the American Government on its own account and "lent" to Great Britain, who would return them after the war. This is a device to get over the Johnson Act, which precludes the granting of credits to any country which has defaulted on its loans. Some people feel that this Act should be overridden, ,but the President's way, in my opinion, is far better.

Evidently they think similarly in London judging from the newspaper accounts. The New.York *Herald-*

Tribune is making play with the fact that we are accusing the Germans of disguising from their public the amount of damage caused by bombing raids, and yet we also prevent correspondents saying anything about this. Certainly whilst the Americans try to understand the military reasons for withholding such information, they consider this is carried too far. This feeling is widespread in the U.S.A., and not only there.

We arrived at New York nearly one hour late, at 11 o'clock, and immediately went to the Plymouth Hotel. We found a nice suite of rooms arranged for us, and soon afterwards we had a press conference, with the correspondents of the *Herald-Tribune* and the *Post,* They were very friendly and one of the journalists of the *Post,* who had been specializing on the aircraft industry, said that there was far too much talk and too little action in the national defence programme. He agreed with my reasoning that it was vital that General Motors should adapt the Allison engine to produce higher horsepower if they were to be of service in modern fighters. He thought that possibly Ford might have a smack at building a water-cooled engine on mass production lines as he, the correspondent, had been shown a model of the V 12 which was already partly completed in metal. The head engineer of Ford's, Sorenson, had told him that they would be able to expand this machine into 2,000 horse-power if necessary. The reporter thought it would take Ford six months to build the engine and at least another six months to tool it up. He thought the design was far more simple than those of other makers.

I expressed my hope that Ford could make his promise good, but against this I pointed out that our people said it took five years to design and establish an engine as really first class.

It was after 2 p.m. when we went out to lunch because

there had been a mass of correspondence to deal with. There were no letters from home but there were some telegrams.

The Press as usual wanted a script of my speech for this evening, and with some reluctance I dictated a full summary, feeling sure that from previous experience they would not use it. Then off I went to a dinner for Trade Union officials arranged by the New York State Federation. There were many requests for me to address this meeting or that group, and even suggestions that I should meet people at breakfast.

Then off we drove to the Beethoven Hall, a rather old-fashioned building with seating capacity for about 2,500, situated on the east side. The regular Trade Union meeting of the State Federation was in progress when we arrived and the place was very full. Many of the delegates were quite evidently of foreign extraction and some of them showed this when they were initiated. The President first called out the names of new delegates and asked them to come forward. They did so and stood before the platform below the President. He then read a dissertation which he required them to repeat, beginning with the announcement that no Communist could be permitted as a delegate. Each of the new delegates then undertook solemnly to abide by the rules of the Federation and to work for the benefit of the Unions. Next the incoming officers were treated in a similar way, all of them being required to repeat after the President the words of the invocation.

Thus the regular business proceeded, until at 9 p.m. it was time for me to speak. Arrangements had been made with the wireless station W.E.N.D. for my speech to be broadcast, and I heard an operator on the platform say to his colleague at the headquarters, that if I ran over beyond the time allotted to me, I was not to be

shut off. I mentally determined to finish exactly on time. When I rose, after a cordial introduction by the President of the State Federation, Mr. Lyons, I felt rather jaded, but I spoke for exactly i hour and 20 minutes, finishing precisely at 10.30, as arranged. I thought it was rather late, but I had been assured that the audience were accustomed to this. Certainly they stuck it out, and I didn't see a single person leave.

We went to the hotel and I got ready to leave for Hartford, where we are to proceed first thing to-morrow morning. I had agreed to broadcast on Saturday afternoon and the Columbia Broadcasting Company asked me for a script. I told them I could not prepare one. They evidently think I have plenty of leisure. Bed at midnight.

AT HARTFORD

Friday, 20th December 1940.

Early this morning Spencer Miller rang up and spoke to Bell. He said that the Bishop whom he had brought to the meeting was so impressed that he had gone immediately and joined the " Bundles for Britain " this morning ! Some of the seed evidently didn't fall on " stony ground ".

This morning the newspapers came out with brief reports of the meeting, no doubt because the hour was so late when I came on. Not one used even a line of the script sent to them, although they had asked for it.

I read in the *New York Times* this morning a statement made by Mr. A. F. Hinrichs, Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, to the War and Navy Departments and the Defense Commission. He said that the present number of workers in the aircraft industry

was 203,600 and that these would have to be increased to at least 455,500 by August 1941. By the autumn 555,000 workers would be employed in the aircraft industry, and to carry out the production of 24,000 additional bombers, a project which was still under discussion, the number would have to be raised to 700,000. These figures included an allowance for the expansion amongst sub-contracting firms, as well as in aircraft, engine, and propeller plants.

It was anticipated that in the aircraft factories on the Pacific coast, numbers would be increased from 70,000 workers in October 1940 to 125,000 in August 1941. On the Atlantic coast, the expansion would be from 29,000 to 81,000, while in plants on the Canadian border and in the interior, the rise would be from 19,000 in October 1940 to 79,000 in August 1941. Employment in the establishments producing aero engines would expand from 34,000 in October 1940 to 56,000 in August 1941-

Some details were given of what this expansion meant amongst skilled workers, such as sheet-metal bench hands, bench mechanics, fuselage and wing assemblers, machinists, inspectors and toolmakers. Comparatively small expansion was necessary amongst angle benders, coverers, heat treaters, model builders, power-hammer operators and spar builders.

My first impression on reading these figures is that the total estimated expansion under-estimates the needs, but I suppose all this has been worked out carefully.

Of the 12,000,000,000 dollars defence appropriation (£2,400,000,000), over 10,000,000 dollars, it is stated, have already been cleared by the Defense Commission. Just what this means is not very plain, but presumably it refers to contracts actually placed. It occurred to me that it might be interesting if I could work out roughly

the number of workers who would be employed on this programme.

Some years ago our British economist, Maynard Keynes, estimated that for every million pounds spent on public works, employment was afforded directly and indirectly to at least 6,000 people for a year. Of course many of these defence contracts may take considerably more than a year. Some, as for example large warships, would probably take over three years. Assuming that the bulk of the orders under the programme are to be carried out within two years, this would necessitate on Keynes' basis the employment direct and indirect of something like 6,000,000 workers in connection with defence contracts.

The working population of the U.S.A. is approximately 30,000,000, so that this would leave about 80 per cent, who were not engaged on war work. When the full programme gets going this proportion will no doubt be substantially decreased. If, for example, the average duration of the contracts was taken as twelve months instead of two years, which is a purely arbitrary guess, the numbers on war work would of course be doubled. The last report I saw of the number of unemployed was 8,000,000, but I think it is substantially less than that now. So there is a considerable reserve of labour there to help to carry through the defence programme.

We reached Hartford (Connecticut), which is a big munition centre, at 12.35, and were met at the station by Mr. Egan, Mr. Scott and others representing the State Federation of Labor and the City Labor Council, as well as by a representative of the Mayor, Mr. Spellacey, and the Chief of Police. We were immediately taken to two white police cars marked in big letters " State Police ", which had been placed at our disposal. The

first led the way, with the siren of the police motor-cyclist in front screeching for the traffic to stand back and give us room. We drove through the city exciting the curiosity of the pedestrians, and eventually wound up at the Bond Hotel, where the general manager greeted us. We were shown to our rooms, and soon afterwards had lunch, the Governor-elect, who was sitting at a nearby table, coming over to join us. Hartford is the capital of the State of Connecticut, and is much more important than its population of roughly 170,000 would lead one to believe. It is the industrial centre where much of the small arms manufacture of the United States of America is carried on. It specializes also in machine

ADDENDUM

Footnote to Page g6

The figures on line 16 refer only to *wage earners* and do not cover agriculture. The total employed population, including salaried workers and self-employed persons of all kinds, exceeds 54,000,000, of whom the American Federation of Labor estimated that 8,365,000 were unemployed in February 1941.

wnson, tne President, He was a fresh-faced, cheery individual, who very clearly explained to me the layout. He showed me some charts and photographs of how the plant has grown in the Jast few years and how with it capacity naturally has grown as well.

It appears that the French had a large volume of work going on here, and financed the development of the biggest section of the works. When France collapsed the British took this over, and subsequently another section was added. Then still another was planned

when the U.S.A. Government itself began to look in. All this was shown to me with much data.

When we began to discuss output of machine tools and such-like matters, Wilson said he didn't think that was going to prove any real bottleneck so far as they were concerned. They had ordered well in advance, and whilst there were always delays, he did not believe that they would be very much behind. They bought many of their accessories, and all the principal castings were sent to them. He had talked with Sorenson of Ford's, and the latter was going to build 5,000 Whitney engines, but this was only a very small part of the total which Pratt & Whitney were themselves doing.

When I mentioned certain people's statements about producing 4,000 aeroplanes a week, Wilson laughed and said, " But we practical engineers don't talk like that."

Then we went to inspect the factory. We were given badges entitling us to admission, which were scrutinized by the wideawake police whom we found at the various entrances to departments. Every employee, incidentally, carried a badge with his own photograph on it. These photographs were taken in the works, but at the expense of the employee.

We drove round the works in a sort of motor scooter seating three persons, which were bought from the New York World's Fair. I was greatly impressed by the size and efficiency of the plant and at the large number of employees. We saw the afternoon shift coming off, and it was just like a football crowd rushing out after a match. They work three shifts of eight hours each for seven days a week, but every employee has one day's rest.

The two principal engines in which I was interested were the Twin Wasp which develops 1,200 h.p. and another which is rated at 2,000 h.p. Both, of course,

are radial motors, and I was told one of the navy fighters is using the big engine and that it has been quite successful. They were very neat jobs, and I was particularly interested to see the tests being made. The engine is first turned while cold by an electric motor, to run her in for lubrication purposes. After this she is put in a special room with a glass window through which the operator, who is stationed in the adjoining room, can observe her and in which are situated many instruments recording revolutions, temperature, horse-power and other data. She is connected up with the fuel and oil supplies and started up. We could hear the roar of the motors despite the thick glass and we could distinctly see the flashes from the exhaust.

After this I talked with the British inspector, who said that the firm were doing well both with regard to the quality of the engines and the output. They had always lived up to their promises. I cannot divulge the proportion of output which was devoted to our needs, but it was very substantial. Output was in the region of 1,000 engines, of all types, a month.

I had heard something about sabotage in aeroplane factories in the U.S.A. so I made the enquiry whether there had been anything detected at this plant. I was told that there had been some suspicion, and one or two curious incidents, but that the Federal Bureau of Investigation were keeping a careful watch on things.

After this conversation we gave back our badges and went to the Bushnell Club, a homely, old-fashioned place, where we met several manufacturers and others. They were very friendly and all definitely in favour of helping Great Britain.

I addressed them for a few minutes, after which we went to the Bushnell Hall for the meeting. The Mayor was there, although this was the first day "on which he

has been up, having broken his hip by slipping on a polished floor. He was on crutches, but he told me afterwards that, despite his infirmity, he wouldn't have missed the meeting for anything.

HARTFORD—NEW YORK

Saturday, 21st December 1940.

I omitted to mention that yesterday we went over the plant of the Hamilton Propeller Company, which is part of the United Aircraft Corporation and is situated right alongside the Pratt & Whitney works. We found it very efficient indeed. The propellers are of metal and some of them were twelve feet or more across. They were of variable pitch and excellently finished, all sorts of ingenious machinery being used in the process. The general manager said that they were not short of aluminium nor did he apprehend a shortage. Most of the castings came from other firms, and I was told that there were many subsidiary firms and sub-contractors working for the U.A.C.

This morning after breakfast we went to see the machine-tool plant of Pratt & Whitney. Both the founders have been dead many years and the President now was Mr. Burt, with whom I had a talk last night at the club. This, too, was an absolutely up-to-date plant, having only been removed here from down-town last year. The arrangements for welfare were tip-top, including the canteen, rest-room, baseball courts and parks. They had, roughly, 3,100 employees here, whereas twelve months ago they had only 1,900. They worked twenty-three hours a day in two shifts, one shift working twelve hours a day. They worked six days a week and generally arranged to have the Saturday afternoon off.

At all events they were having it off this week and celebrating the approach of Christmas with a children's party.

They bought most of the castings and many of the machine tools, which they were using to make other machine tools, from other American firms.

Burt, who was a good sport, strolled about the plant with his hat cocked on one side above his good-humoured face, patting workers on the back, every one of whom said respectfully but certainly not obsequiously, " Good morning, Mr. Burt." I noticed with pleasure the number of men over forty years of age who were employed here.

The plant was divided into two general sections, one for heavy machine tools and the other for small tools. They always kept a good store of the latter by them for emergency orders. They, too, had plenty of room for expansion, and a new extension was just being completed. I saw many big machines for rifling gun barrels which were being built here. Burt remarked that when he was in Birmingham and Coventry, a couple of years ago, both of which he intensely admires, he was struck by the large number of German machine tools in use there ! ! I had heard of this before, but it was interesting to hear that others had observed it.

This is the first works where I have seen lavatories situated mid-way between the ground level and the roof. Burt said it saved floor space. No one in this works wore photographic badges. Burt said there was not the slightest evidence of any sabotage.

We had to hasten away to the station to catch the 11.10 for New York because I had to broadcast over the Columbia system this afternoon. I had no script but prepared some notes on the train. On reaching the hotel I found shoals of letters and telegrams awaiting me.

The Columbia broadcasting people were Very anxious

to get a script, but I had already declared that I could not provide one. I was due to broadcast at 3.15 p.m. and when I reached the studio at 485 Madison Avenue it was only a few minutes before 3 o'clock. By the time I had finished with the people at the reception desk, who were busy chatting about an approaching Christmas party, it was between five and ten minutes past three. The studio was on the twentieth floor, whereas the reception desk was on the twenty-second, and I had to wait until I could be taken downstairs. There was about five minutes to spare when I met the announcers. There were two of them, very anxious indeed to make sure that I was not going to discuss American politics or anything like that. I gave them a hurried outline of what I was going to say, then some higher executive was 'phoned and told " it would probably be all right", and in a few minutes I was on the air.

I had to speak quickly, but Bell, who was listening in the hotel, told me that it didn't sound too fast, and in accordance with my arrangement I finished just half a minute before time. The operators came in to congratulate me and said that it sounded spontaneous and convincing.

I returned to the hotel, pushed my way to Macey's stores through the crowded streets and saw the people doing their Christmas shopping, thinking all the time of the contrast between here and what was going on at home. Certainly I was glad to see the people so gay and light-hearted. Once in Macey's, I made for the book department and secured some reading to carry me through the quiet Christmas which lay in store for me.

I had caught a cold at the meeting the other night, through foolishly standing about in the open after leaving the hall, so I decided to go to bed early.

I saw by the evening papers that the President of the

Steel Trades Association mentioned that American capacity for steel production for 1941 will be 85,000,000 tons. He said that the average tonnage requirements for the last three years have only been 36,000,000 and of this approximately 3,000,000 has been for overseas account. He, therefore, thought a steel shortage very unlikely. No doubt this was intended to be a reply to General Johnson, who at one time was in the Roosevelt administration but who now appears to be " gunning " after the Government. He has been predicting a steel shortage.

Steel output in the U.S.A. is, of course, easily the largest in the world. I believe Germany's output, including that of the Saar, is in the region of 28,000,000 tons, and the British about half that amount.

The papers also carried headlines that Germany was now warning the U.S.A. that they would resent any extended help being given to Great Britain. They would regard this as a warlike act. As though this will deter the American people ! Hitler's threats are more likely to have the effect of making the Americans still more determined.

AT NEW YORK

Sunday, 22nd December 1940.

I spent the morning in bed, alternately sleeping and reading. My throat and chest were just a little painful and I had a touch of catarrh. I remained sucking glyco-thymolin tablets and gargling, practically the whole day and felt better by the evening.

I heard from the chambermaid that the 42-hour week applied here to the hotel. She said that enforcement was most strict and they had to " clock off" at 4.30

every day. They work for six days a week, evidently seven hours per day.

Trade Unionism is fairly strong amongst the hotel staffs, in contrast with the position in Great Britain. We have never been able to get a real foothold either in the catering trade or in the hotels. The tipping system is responsible for much of this. Yet here both sections were reasonably well organized. No doubt the Labour legislation of President Roosevelt has assisted this, but there has been considerable initiative shown by the Unions also. There are always many differences going on, and one can't stroll down the sidewalk on 7th Avenue or Broadway without encountering pickets walking with sandwich boards, declaring that such and such a cafe or drug store is unfair and should not be patronized.

A man in the hotel asked me to-day a question which apparently puzzles people here, " Why has not the R.A.F. done much more bombing over Germany ? " I have dealt with this point frequently in my public meetings, when I have shown that the raids over Germany have been much more widespread and frequent than is generally realized. What, of course, is in people's minds is that we should retaliate against the Germans in kind. " Why don't you give them a dose of their own medicine ? " people have asked me time and time again. I have always replied that it is not for us to descend to the same abominable levels as the Nazis. They believe in a policy of frightfulness and of terrorizing innocent people. We don't.

Moreover, the military reasons this time are as strongly against retaliation in kind as the moral arguments. Germany, by the conquest of France, Belgium, Holland and Norway, has many jumping-off points to attack Great Britain, some of them only 25 miles or so away.

Our bombers have to fly much further to Germany. Bombers attacking Berlin have to fly over 600 miles there and over 600 miles back whereas a German 'plane starting from the north of France has at the maximum only 80 miles or so to go to reach London. Obviously a single German machine could make several raids in the course of twenty-four hours on our capital, whereas the British machines attacking Berlin could not make more than one.

The common sense of the position, therefore, is that if bombs have to be carried over 600 miles they should be used to the best advantage. What is the best advantage—killing women and children by the indiscriminate bombing of residences ? It would hardly seem so. Surely it is wiser for the British to bomb aeroplane factories, shipyards, railway junctions, synthetic oil factories, and such-like places. I feel certain that this will be done much more intensively as time goes on, and I agree with the view that Germany is much more likely to crack under the strain of constant bombing of her territory than we are.

Some day the British policy of aiming at military targets only may have to be changed, and it may be that if the Germans pursue their doctrine of frightfulness much further there will be demand for retaliation that no Government can withstand.

AT NEW YORK

Monday, 23rd December 1940.

I had an interview this morning with an English correspondent, and I impressed on him to be very careful not to quote anything I might say that could be interpreted as a reflection on the U.S.A. He told me that

there had been a lot of idle talk in this country about helping Great Britain, without anything very effective materializing, and said he was attracted by the C.I.O. plan for producing 500 aeroplanes a day.

I expressed my scepticism about this and he referred me to this morning's newspapers. In practically every one of them was set out in bold headlines what was called the Reuther plan. Walter Reuther is an organizer of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and has been active with the Automobile Workers' Union in Detroit. He is said to know the industry well, and wants to know why its surplus capacity cannot be turned on to make aeroplanes.

It is reported that the Unions have taken a census of the plant lying idle or only partly used, and they have put forward a considered plan for using it now, without waiting for the completion of the several new factories which the Government are building. Reuther says that it may take from eighteen months to two years to get these new plants into production, whilst all the time there is idle plant in the automobile industry which could be used at once.

Mr. I. F. Stone, Associate Editor of the *Nation,* has asserted that the new Ford engine plant cannot produce aeroplane engines in large quantities until the autumn of 1942. He flatly contradicts the early prediction of Henry Ford who talked about making 1,000 aeroplane engines a day, and even his recent utterances which are much more guarded. Ford, apparently, is not now so sure of his ground and has moderated his estimates of production. He now expects to turn out only one engine per hour when the new plant is in full working order. A slight difference between 1,000 engines a day and 24 engines a day !

Stone says that with re-tooled machinery, the motor

manufacturers could save from one year to eighteen months in production. I wonder. Well, it will be interesting to see what happens. Philip Murray, the President of the C.I.O., is going to present the Reuther plan before President Roosevelt to-morrow.

I read in this morning's *New York Times* that there is to be a big strike to-morrow in the tailoring trade in Great Britain because of a cutter doing too much work. Several times this story was related to me to-day by people, but I felt sure it could not be true and that there was much more behind the matter than had been reported. I always said, " Take it with a grain of salt." Still it shows how such things are used to affect the public mind in this country. People here realize that we are fighting for our very lives, and they would be shocked if there were such strikes in Great Britain.

I had a long talk with Gerard Swope and members of the Industrial Commission whom I met when they visited England in 1938, and who made an excellent report on their return. We lunched at the premises of the General Electric Company at 570 Lexington Avenue. They were very friendly and progressive people and all well disposed towards Labour and to helping Great Britain.

After this we listened to Winston Churchill's broadcast to the Italian people. In matter and delivery it was first-class, but the reception was far from good. It could hardly have been the fault of the receiver as one would expect the President of the G.E.C. to have the best available.

Then I went round to talk with Matt Woll, and entered a few more appointments into my already full diary. As it was nearly 4 p.m. I went down-town to the City Hall to see Mayor Fiorello La- Guardia, with

whom I had an appointment. I drove in a car he had sent up expressly for me.

We had met in 1934 when I came over at the invitation of the A.F. of L. to explain what was happening in Europe and to describe the menace of the Nazis. I was surprised to learn of the wide experience he had had. As far back as 1901 he was attached to the American Consulate at Budapest and Trieste, and in 1915 he was Deputy Attorney General of New York. He didn't look a bit like a lawyer or university man, and his political dexterity was no doubt developed during the period he was a member of Congress. He is a Republican in politics, but has steadfastly lent the Roosevelt administration strong support. I have heard somewhere that he was born in Texas, the son of an army bandmaster. His rise in life has been a triumph of individual effort.

Immediately I was announced I could hear him saying from an inner room, " Show him in." In I went and found myself in a large, square room, painted white, with heavy cornices and a big, old-fashioned electrolier hanging from the centre. I counted seven windows, and the Mayor was sitting with his back towards two of them immediately facing the door with a big screen in between. He is a short, swarthy man, with a broad forehead, is clean shaven and has small twinkling eyes.

We rapidly exchanged greetings and immediately we were talking about the situation in Great Britain. He had been in the last war as a pilot and was very disturbed to hear about the air raids on Britain. I told him the position as accurately as I could and he was somewhat more relieved. There was no doubt where his sympathies lay.

" We are all for you, every one of us," he said.

"Did you hear Winston Churchill's broadcast address ? " I queried.

" No, when did it take place ? " La Guardia asked.

"This afternoon at 3.15. I was listening to it from the office of Mr. Swope, the President of the General Electric," I replied.

" What did he say ? " asked the Mayor.

" He said that he couldn't understand why it was necessary for England and Italy to go on fighting each other. He believed that it was time the masses of the Italian people took things into their own hands and got rid of Mussolini. We were only just at the beginning of the road and the Italians' defeat in North Africa was only the start of their misfortunes. However long the struggle went on, Italy would have to encounter not only the might of the British Empire but probably the opposition of the U.S.A. and a large part of the Americas as well."

The Mayor's eyes glistened, and he leant forward and pressed a button. " Ring up———at once," he commanded as an attendant came into the room. " He runs a newspaper," the Mayor explained, " and I want to persuade him to print Churchill's speech in full."

In a few moments the call came through, and I could hear La Guardia from a neighbouring room speak rapidly. Then he came back to where I was sitting, smiling jubilantly.

His energy was boundless. All the time we were talking someone was coming in and he was dealing speedily with half a dozen questions at once. The next visitor was the Police Commissioner, Mr. Valentine, who came to talk about street accidents.

I got up to go. " No, stay where you are," expostulated the Mayor, " I'm going to broadcast in a few minutes. Don't you want to hear me?"

" Certainly I do," I rejoined. " But I,don't want to be in your way."

" Oh, that's all right. Now, Chief, what is it ? "

The Police Commissioner, a middle-aged man, came forward and threw a few pages of foolscap on the desk. " Those are the accident figures for this week. I am sorry that they are not better. We boasted last week that they were eleven less than last year, but since then this has come in. I can't just make it out."

La Guardia studied the figures for a few seconds, and at the same time a secretary came in to say that the broadcasting men were waiting and that he would be on the air in three minutes.

" Bring them in," said the Mayor. " What is the broadcast about ? "

" Haven't you any script ? " I asked.

" No, I couldn't get one ready in time, but it will be all right. I am used to it."

The press reporters came in and stood about indecisively. " You boys will have to make some notes. I haven't any script. You can write on the desk if you want."

In a few seconds the radio men were adjusting their apparatus. Then a brief silence and the Mayor was " on the air ". He fixed his eye on the microphone as though he was trying to look through it at the people beyond, and gave a most interesting and intelligent talk about reducing road accidents.

Whilst he was talking I was taking stock of the Mayor and the room. Dark-haired, slight greying at the temples, he wore horn-rimmed glasses. On the desk in front of him were photographs of a boy and girl, both somewhere about ten or twelve years old. Behind the desk were two flags, one was a silk Stars and Stripes, and the other a tricolour of blue, white and red, embellished with a coat of arms of the City and the date 1664 worked below it. In that year it was taken by the

British from the Dutch, and the former name of New Amsterdam changed to New York.

The reporters were writing hard, all intent, and I should think that there were twenty people in the room at that time. The Mayor gazed straight into the instrument and never once looked to those present for atmosphere. The broadcast was a great feat, matter, delivery and sequence being excellent and appropriate.

At last I rose to go, after arranging with the Commissioner to see the "line out" any time I cared to 'phone him. This is a unique form of examination of persons who have been arrested by the police, and who are to be brought before the Judge.

La Guardia still wanted me to stay another thirty minutes when he could drive me up-town, but I had to get away, and parted with assurances that I would look in on my return to New York.

After this I again went to watch the crowds doing their Christmas shopping. I bought a revised Roget's *Thesaurus* and spent the afternoon and evening reading it.

I noticed whilst having dinner on Broadway that the restaurant replaced waitresses by waiters in the evening about 8 o'clock. On enquiry I was informed that this was not compulsory until 10 p.m., but it was the practice in this restaurant.

AT NEW YORK

Tuesday, 24th December 1940.

• I had several private talks with people this morning which I don't want to record. They were very satisfying and encouraging, amongst them was a conversation with Matt Woll and Dick Ornburn of the A.F. of L., who are keen on producing a film depicting the life of

Sam Gompers. They are thinking in terms of a big picture and I hope they succeed. It is really marvellous what respect and admiration Gompers still inspires amongst his old colleagues, and his influence is visible in many ways in the affairs of the A.F. of L. although he has been dead fifteen years.

I never had the good fortune to meet him intimately during the days he was President of the A.F. of L. From all I have heard and read he must have been a remarkable personality.

On returning to the hotel I had a talk with Abraham Cahan of the Jewish *Daily Forward,* who is now over 80 years of age, and whom I found remarkably vigorous and alert. He was quite clear-minded about the issues of the war and was rather impatient with some of the Socialist armchair critics. He thought many of them had no practical vision at all.

My cold was getting worse, and although I had no temperature my chest was painful so I decided not to go out during the evening, much as I would have liked to.

New York on Christmas Eve and me with a cold ! It is a big place with its five boroughs, Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens Borough and Richmond Borough. But it is Manhattan which is the hub of the city. And the contrasts ! Wall Street and Chinatown, Fifth Avenue and the Bowery, Times Square and the old Ghetto, Columbia University and Broadway.

It is easy to find one's way about. The avenues run right down the island, each one of them being numbered in sequence from the east. The streets intersect the avenues and they too are numbered. All one has to do is to look at the signpost at the street corner to see both the number of the avenue and the street. The lower end of the island, " the down-town" district which

tapers off to Battery Park, is not numbered, and finding one's way about here isn't quite so easy. There is a good service of buses, but the elevated railway, that shrieking, clanging peace-disturber and eyesore, has been taken down.

Broadway ! " The Gay White Way " of glaring lights in white, red, green and every conceivable colour ; of signs advertising someone's cream, or informing all and sundry that " long eye-lashes can be secured after a few days' treatment by Stickem's lotion " ; jostling crowds shouldering their way past. Blind musicians who occupy the footpath and offer matches for sale or play a tune on a wheezy concertina ; " Hot Dogs " advertised everywhere ; drug stores with excellent displays of books, and marvellously strange concoctions for making people sick, disguised under attractive names ; pickets carrying notice-boards. Taxi-drivers who rush their cars right up to the people crossing the roads, as though determined to establish the right of every free American to kill at least one person every day, adding their quota to the din of the traffic by each having their wireless set at full blast. Police, mounted and on foot, swinging their batons and all chewing away vigorously, or nonchalantly shepherding the people over the crossings. Terrific traffic congestion, with nearly always a line of cars parked on each side of the street. Pedestrians clean and well dressed, the men with knife-edges to their well-pressed " pants". Lofty, handsome buildings, well proportioned and of an architecture which commands admiration if only by its breadth of conception. Negroes throwing dice on the sidewalk, newspaper boys playing in the doorways. The subway. One can travel 20 miles for 5 cents. Radio City and the Roxy Theatre where one sees cheaply, dazzling spectacles which make the Folies Bergeres of Paris seem second-rate. The

Metropolitan Opera House, the Museum of Art and the Planetarium, for those who want culture. These and what not else. New York ! Good night.

AT NEW YORK

Christmas Day, 25th December 1940.

Christmas Day ! Just about the most gloomy one I have ever spent. First, I didn't feel very well. Secondly, my thoughts would keep reverting to Great Britain. The newspapers were all full of new German threats of invasion, and whilst I didn't think very seriously about the practicability of this, still it caused a certain uneasiness in my mind. But the principal anxiety was that I was far away here and our people were in danger. I tried my best to keep my thoughts from dwelling on it, but I couldn't help myself and I would gladly have left for home at once. I felt weary and depressed, which is rather unusual for me.

I didn't get up until late afternoon, and then, as it was bright sunshine outside, I walked with Bell through the Central Park. There was not very much to interest us there except the squirrels of which there were many and which were delightfully friendly. I only wished that I had brought some of the nuts which I had received that morning in a Christmas stocking from Cleveland. I suspect the B——s were responsible for this kind thought. The little animals ran here, and there, and jerked themselves up to us. They didn't move with a steady motion but seemed to do so spasmodically. They would have eaten out of our hands but, alas ! we had nothing to give them. Nor were there any nuts to be bought.

I saw many other squirrels, but there was no life in

them. They were only skins dressed up into fur coats for the warmly-clad young ladies who were strolling past. How many of these little lives go into a squirrel coat ? Too many, that is certain.

As to the people generally, whether it was our imagination or not, it appeared that by far the greater number of people we encountered were foreigners. We heard a good deal of German spoken.

Young people rushed past us recklessly on bicycles with very heavy tyres on the wheels—far thicker than those we use at home—and noise and hoots pervaded everywhere. The vigour and ecstasy of youth !

The park was a good size, but at the lower end there was very little grass. There was a large monolith which had been brought from Egypt, but which the authorities evidently didn't think worth while describing except in characters so small that no one could read them. It looked something like Cleopatra's Needle.

We returned to the hotel and I went on with my reading and was in bed a little after 10 p.m.

AT NEW YORK

Thursday, 26th December 1940.

It is seven weeks since we started our journey. Think of it! It appears more like seven months. Well, this is one of the penalties of occupying a public position. God knows what some people feel, who have to remain away for years.

I think I mentioned a few days ago that I had arranged to see a " line out " when I met the Police Commissioner, and first thing this morning Bell and I ran down to the Central Police Station where we were met. by a detective who had been instructed to show us round.

At exactly 9 a.m. we went into a large room with a raised and lighted platform at one end, about 20 feet wide and resembling the stage of a small theatre. It had footlights, a microphone and a height gauge. There were very few uniformed police, but several in plain clothes wearing police badges, and others, quite evidently detectives, whose badges were not visible.

The detective told me that they had had a " quiet Christmas ", and he was afraid there was not very much to interest us. " These boys get a bit excited," he explained deprecatingly. " Ten cent gin. That's what it is. This is an orderly city. There ain't much crime here."

The detective was a lean-faced fellow, always chewing, and with a slow, swinging gait, moving as though he was rather too tired to walk smartly. His eyes were keen and his face shrewd, and for all his slow, lethargic mannerisms he was quite wideawake.

We sat ourselves in the second row of chairs and in a few seconds the prisoners, who were stowed away in a room at the back of the hall, were brought forward. If the crime with which they were charged involved several prisoners, they were brought on the stage together. They were examined by the police captain and all their answers were carefully recorded by a shorthand writer. More than half the prisoners were coloured, varying in shade from ebony to a light yellow.

One huge fellow takes the stand. He takes his hat off.

Says the police captain, " This man is charged with violating section———of the Federal Act. His name is Tom Blake. Now, Tom, where did you get that gun?"

"Ah doan't know, boss."

" Well how did you come to have it when the officer took it from you ? "

" Ah cain't say, boss. Some boy must have shoved it in mah pocket."

" What boy ? "

" Ah cain't exactly say, boss. Ah know his face but ah doan't know his name."

Here the detective whispers to me sardonically, " People don't go around pushing guns in my pocket. No sir ! "

" All right, Tom. Next case."

And so it went on, the prisoner always putting on his hat again before he left the stage. This was to assist the watching detectives and police to identify him. Any one of the officers might have seen this man before, and if he had, he would detach himself from his comrades and quickly go out with the prisoner to report what he knew.

Certainly there was nothing very exciting this morning. Only three cases of murder ! All of them were crimes committed in almost exactly the same way. The first was a big negro who had stabbed a man in the throat. He hadn't attempted to deny it.

" What sort of a knife was it ? "

" It was a pocket-knife."

" Why did you stab him ? "

" We just fell to quarrelling and I hit him with the knife."

This was said without the least trace of fear or contrition ; just sheer lack of sensibility. The man had made a statement to the District Attorney this morning, so he said, so his examination was not continued very far. He had already served two terms of imprisonment for assault with violence. He crossed the stage with a swagger and climbed down much as though a murder was only a trifling item in the day's routine.

The second alleged murderer had already served a term before. He, too, made no attempt at defence.

He too had stabbed a man in the throat, and he too was a negro, utterly devoid of any trace of fear or consciousness of the peril in which he stood. As he disappeared I couldn't help thinking, " What will that man behave like when he has to face the electric chair ? " But, of course, not all convicted murderers are executed, so he might have a chance. There was not a redeeming feature in his face that I could discern, and I should doubt whether he was half as concerned about his future as I was.

The third murder was of the same type. The accused had come from Puerto Rico only a few days ago, and had committed this murder by stabbing a man to death after a quarrel. He pleaded that he had been drinking and didn't know what he was doing. He was a white man and said he had never been previously convicted. Very few questions were asked as he too had made a statement to the District Attorney. He seemed to be slightly more conscious of his position than the negroes, but I couldn't discern the least fear or shame in his countenance.

I can't go through the details of the other prisoners. The charges against them varied from stealing motor-cars to trying to pass forged cheques. When the examinations were finished we inspected the separate rooms in which the men and women prisoners were detained for examination. I was glad to learn that there were no female prisoners this morning.

The detective didn't feel the cases we had heard amounted to anything. " Ten cent gin ! ! " was his explanation of these crimes of stabbing, and he seemed to resent the implication that the city's good name could be affected by such trifles.

We then went to the other room where the police captain in charge showed us the system of wireless tele-

graphy. There were over 300 motor-cars allocated to specific precincts. Every car had its own number and was ordered to patrol a particular section within the precinct. The position of cars was shown on a large wooden map marked with the exact district and the locality of the car. If a car was under repair, if only for half an hour or so, this too would be shown on the map by placing a white metal ring round the disc bearing the number of the car.

When a call was sent out a car is ordered by number to proceed to the spot required, and the discs lying on the board would then be turned face downwards, and instead of a white one being shown, the reverse side in red would appear. One could thus tell at a glance whether a car was out or not. Gars could not answer back by wireless, the system being one-way.

There were several cruising cars with a squad of a dozen men in them. These cars, unlike the ordinary patrol cars which contained two men only, were not distinguished by police marks of any kind. In reply to my question, the captain said that when these cars were out after a criminal they displayed a special illuminated arm to show the police on point duty, who then gave them right of way through the traffic.

These cars were quite well armed. The captain, however, was not convinced of the need for arms. " Our Commissioner told us," he said, " ' You don't want to be killed, nor do you want to kill other people who haven't anything to do with the job.' "

" Common sense, I should say," I interjected.

The detective nodded. " What is the use of firing a lot of bullets when you can get 'em by other means ? "

The references here were to passers-by and others who have all too frequently been killed because of firing between the police and gangsters. I shall say a bit

about gangsters in a few minutes. But to proceed with the description.

The police also had several motor-boats on the rivers and waterways. They could reply to calls because they had two-way radio, as also had two seaplanes which were kept by the police.

The captain, like our detective, was emphatic that New York was a well-behaved city. Crime was not excessive, on which point he looked for confirmation to one of the senior detectives. I was introduced to this man, a great burly fellow just like the tough guys one sees on the movies. He vigorously agreed, and when I asked about gangster crime he became animated.

" I am glad you asked that question," he said, sticking out his jaw, " because it gives me the chance to reply to it. The newspapers fix it all up so that youse guys think the town is lousy with gangsters. I was down in Washington some years ago giving evidence to a commission. When I came out I saw the headlines as big as this "—showing the length of his palm—" ' One Million Dollar Robbery.' I wondered what had happened. When the facts came out it wasn't in New York at all. Some guy had broken into a joint of some rich guy in the country, and had sneaked the jewellery off some dame. One piece was worth 100,000 dollars. And them people don't miss a little thing like that."

The detective felt he had completely demolished any suggestion of gangster crime, but he went on :

" Look at Benn Rogers ! There was a guy who had got a name. Every time anything was pinched—Benn Rogers. Benn might have been in the Rockies at the time or fighting for his life like a frightened rat. But to the public—it must be Benn Rogers."

" But you had gangster crime, hadn't you ? " I persisted. " What about Dillinger and Little Augie ? "

" That guy knows more about Augie than I do," the detective retorted, pointing to our escort, who turned away for a moment to hide his blushes at this sudden glory. " But what about Dillinger ? He was only a rotten, dirty rat and we got him like the other bird."

This was a reference to the departed Little Augie whose speciality was shooting his friends in the back in telephone booths.

Then with a " Pleased to meet you, sir," our detective friend vanished through the door.

After this we went down to the basement, inspected the cells where a swarthy fellow with his face covered all over with sticking plaster gave the impression that police or other friends had been at work on him. The beds consisted of a latticed steel mattress without pillow or cover.

Next we saw where photographs were taken of every prisoner brought in, and afterwards we went to inspect the fingerprint department. Here we were told about the method of identification. The first stage was to take the prisoner's height, and secondly to classify him into his fingerprint group. The latter was very considerably subdivided, and the officer said that it takes about three minutes to find a print. We saw the cabinets in which the records were kept. The Rogues' Gallery here was recorded in a horizontal metal filing-cabinet, containing particulars of thousands of criminals. They were classified into white and coloured offenders, and then put into criminal categories. Thus all white forgers were together, and next all the blacks; degenerates, sneak-thieves, homicidal criminals, etc., were similarly treated. These were again subdivided still further. Thus labour racketeers and gangsters were found under " confidence men ", but they had other sections as well.

I looked at the faces of most of these men, and whether

it be fancy or not, they all seemed to have something wrong.

The officers told me, incidentally, that they had not the least doubt about Hauptmann's guilt in the Lindbergh kidnapping case. They had many of his finger-prints but few were used in court. In special cases they enlarged the photograph of the thumb print, so that the detailed differences could be easily seen even by a novice once they had been explained. We saw the photograph of prints off a revolver which had been used to kill a patrol man. They were quite distinct, and when enlarged and contrasted with those of the suspect, the similarity was unmistakable. This man was sent to the electric chair. They had pictures illustrating the different types of prints for every finger. These were classified into arches, whorls, loops and tented arches. I was very interested and would have liked a print of my own fingers, but this could not be done as the apparatus was stored in the building which we had just left.

We said good-bye to our detective friend, who kept repeating sadly, " Ten cent gin. They get reckless." He seemed still more disconsolate when he took us to the equipment room and told us that the police have to pay for their own uniforms and boots. But he wouldn't take a tip. " Everybody thinks that coppers want money from people. We got a bad name. Now if I had saved your life or something it would be different. If I wasn't doing this job I would be doing something else. The city pays me, so why should you ? "

Thus we parted.

I went back to the hotel, and at i p.m. addressed a luncheon of about 250 people in the Capitol Hotel, under the auspices of a newly-formed committee, headed by Matt Woll, which is out to give all aid to British Labour. Afterwards it was most encouraging to hear

the observations of those present, and not least of all, the press men, who were quite enthusiastic. Still, I don't suppose much will get into their papers, although they took copious notes.

I spent the afternoon and evening in writing and reading. The people here have an intense admiration for the British Prime Minister. They feel he is the embodiment of the grit and courage that they associate with the British race. Two firms are making cigarettes named after him. I was asked to-day whether I would have a " Winston ", but being a non-smoker not even it, or a " Churchill ", could tempt me.

AT NEW YORK

Friday, 27th December 1940.

Somehow I could not get rid of the slight feeling of indisposition which has been on me for some days, so I stayed in the hotel most of the morning. I see by the newspapers that Sir Walter Layton, who evidently got home all right despite his hazardous journey on the Hudson, has been telling the British people that they must not expect any miracles from America. Exactly what I have been telling the American people themselves. There is still too much airy optimism.

I went down-town to see some friends, and at 6 o'clock left for Chicago on the " 20th Century Limited ". Once again I was impressed by the magnificence of the Central Station. There was a red carpet leading ostentatiously along the track to the train, which proved to be of metal construction and extremely modern. Bell and I had separate rooms, although there were two beds in each. The fitments consisted of wash-bQwl, cupboard, and a marvellously compact toilet cabinet folded away

in the wall. Hot and cold water, air conditioning maintainable at any temperature from 65^0 to 8o°. This train cost seven dollars extra, but it was the only suitable one. The food in the dining-car was rather dear, $1.75 *(7s.)* for a very ordinary meal.

This train runs on what they call " the manicured track", which is claimed to be the best in the U.S.A. Certainly it made for far smoother riding, and there were none of those sudden joltings and jerkings at stopping and starting which we have experienced so often. I climbed into bed and listened to the wheels crossing the joints in the lines with a clickety click, which told me we must be travelling very fast. What a comfort modern travelling is compared with past ages! Probably not even a king in the nineteenth century could have commanded the comfort I had hereN A wide, well-sprung bed, strapped horizontally across the train, not lengthwise as they so often do on other trains, six electric lights in addition to two small ones for shaving, an electric fan, air-conditioning to my own desire in temperature, coat-hangers for my clothes, washing facilities, a cupboard with ice water in a vacuum bottle and many tiny paper cups, complete privacy with a door locked from the inside. If I want a shave, the barber is ready in the Club lounge bar. Or if my trousers require pressing, (as they usually do), there is a valet on board who will have them ready for me in the morning. If I wish to dictate a speech or a letter, there is a secretary on board. Or I can use the dictaphone which will be brought to my room. No, sir ! I wouldn't change this for travelling on horseback or in a coach, however profuse in gold leaf and decorations, or a draughty nineteenth-century train.

With this reflection and a few of Anton Chekhov's, I went to sleep.

AT CHICAGO

Saturday, 28th December 1940.

We reached Chicago at 9 o'clock and immediately went to the Sherman Hotel. At 12 or soon afterwards we proceeded to the Hotel Stevens, where I was to speak. The Secretary of the Association for Labor Legislation, Mr. Andrews, was in the chair and apologized to me that there was not a larger attendance, but by the time I rose to speak I should think there were about 300 people present at the luncheon.

The programme was crowded also. First there was a " ten-minute " debate between two social investigators, both ladies, about the tipping system. They both denounced it in speeches which they read in their entirety. The first debater took twenty minutes and the second twelve. Both speeches were compact and the matter admirably presented.

Then Bob Watt was called upon and he read from a script for about twenty minutes, defining the attitude of the A.F. of L. to many of the questions which were exercising the public mind. His matter too was first-class, and his delivery clear and persuasive.

When at long last I rose, I started something like this : " I regret I have not been able to conform to an old AmeAcan custom which has become as hallowed as the Declaration of Independence itself. I have not been able to prepare a written script, and so I am unable to speak myself with the same conciseness and yet comprehensiveness as the other speakers."

I could see a few smiles on the faces of the audience at this sally, and so then I went on in a semi-jocular vein, eliminating for considerations of time many of the things I had intended to say. The audience

questioned me at the conclusion with relevance and keenness.

After leaving the luncheon I drove about the city via the Loop, admiring the lofty Tribune tower and the Wrigley building, and then turned down New Michigan Avenue with its mighty cathedrals of commerce, passing the splendid Field Museum at Grant Park, and catching a glimpse of the Navy Pier which juts out into Lake Michigan.

I returned to the hotel and rested during the remainder of the day, scarcely going out at all. It was cold and wet and I felt far more snug in the hotel. I had plenty to read and was quite happy, although my chest was giving me a little trouble.

We departed for Omaha (Nebraska) at 10.25 and had a compartment to ourselves.

AT OMAHA

Sunday, 29th December 1940.

The weather this morning was cold, but not abnormally so. Coming along in the train I had observed that the fields were flecked with snow, but it was mainly in the crevices where the sun could not reach it. Not that there was any sun to-day. The skies were grey and the country somewhat cheerless and flat. It improved as we neared Omaha and became more rolling. In practically every field we saw cattle grazing over the corn patches with the long stalks coming high up their flanks. I heard that the farmers use these stalks or trash by ploughing it in again for manure. The soil was brown and appeared fertile, but the grass was grey whilst the trees were stunted.

As we approached Omaha, we saw what appeared to

be a large cathedral in the distance, and I was admiring its shadowy bulk softened by the mist of the dawn, when I discovered to my disgust that it was only a grain silo. There were several of them, but the position of this one had flattered me into a gross error.

We found that Omaha lay near the River Missouri, which at this point was about 300 yards wide. Down the centre of the stream, patches of ice were floating, but they appeared dirty and quite un-Christmas-like. Much sediment appeared to be washed along by the river.

Soon after crossing this we arrived at the station which was thronged by people seeing their friends off to California to view the football competition at the Rose Bowl, where Nebraska University is to play the unbeaten Stanford. There was a large, brightly-lit Christmas tree waiting to welcome us in the station, which, although not large, was as clean and convenient as most of these splendid buildings are.

We drove off to the Paxton Hotel where another Christmas tree awaited us in the hall. It was denuded of its presents, and I was more interested in being shown up to our suite of rooms so that I could read some of the books which I have been buying. I spent most of the time on Chekhov's plays, some of which were very funny. They all appear to be a little purposeless, and whilst they reflect real life and the characterization is excellent, they are more like little sketches than plays. " The Seagull " and " The Cherry Orchard " are in a different category, but they too seem peopled by very singular beings. Everyone is evidently in love with the wrong person, and everyone seems to be concerned about his destiny, without knowing quite what that means.

I glanced through the newspapers and saw that the Reuther plan for building 500 aeroplanes a day has

aroused a good deal of controversy and some resentment, as the automobile firms feel that they have been attacked. That seems far from Reuther's intention, as his only object appears to be to link up the 8,000 workers who are unemployed in the industry in Detroit, with the plant which he says is lying idle, and which could be pooled to make one single production unit. Newspaper articles have appeared for some days past criticizing certain aspects of the plan, and contending that the tools used for automobile car manufacture are not suitable for aviation work. They assert that not more than 10 per cent, of the tools could be used for making aeroplanes.

It seems that a committee of the automobile manufacturers called the Automotive Committee for Air Defense has been studying the whole subject. They have pointed out that mass production is not merely a matter of assembling parts in a single factory. The components have to be bought from hundreds of different suppliers, and so the real problem is to estimate how far these supplies could be expanded and dovetailed into a smooth working plan. It is also argued that in order to have mass production, aeroplane designs must be standardized and the parts made interchangeable. It is pointed out that the rapid advancement of technique and design, particularly during the war, makes standardization of aeroplanes impossible. This is almost precisely what I myself have said time and time again over here.

I remember discussing the question of what I would call quantity versus quality production, with Lord Weir a few years ago when he was an adviser in regard to air defence questions, while Viscount Swinton was Air Minister. He had fought tooth and nail against any attempt to lower the quality of British aircraft by standard-

ization, and to him much of the credit must go for the superiority of the British machines over the German.

Still, sometimes I wonder whether this passion for the highest quality is not carried to the point of impeding production. I know that manufacturers are continually complaining about modifications in design hampering them in production.

But to return to the Reuther plan, charges and counter-charges are now being made. The manufacturers say there is a shortage of skilled labour. The C.I.O. deny this. The manufacturers claim that the 40-hour week slows down the defence programme, and that if over-time has to be paid for above the forty hours the defence production costs will be abnormal. The C.I.O. contend that if the additional plant and labour were properly used, very little overtime would be necessary. Reuther broadcast an address yesterday stressing that his scheme should be adopted forthwith lest it be too late to aid Great Britain, which he described as " Our country's main defence ". He argued that if the tooling of new automobile models was postponed for six months and his plan put into force immediately, enough aeroplanes could be produced within six months to swamp the Nazi air force.

I hope he is right, but I cannot see how in the world the job could be done within that short time. Most manufacturers have told me that it takes from fourteen months to twenty-two months to provide the took necessary to produce a new type of combat aeroplane. I made up my mind to discuss this matter with aircraft manufacturers here when I visit their plants.

In the evening I was interviewed by the local reporters, who were friendly. They told me that although the state was Republican, the city itself voted Democrat and was entirely in sympathy with Great Britain. Yet the local

daily, the *World-Herald,* is stated to be isolationist. I could not say that its articles were not fair to us, but it seemed to stress the propaganda of those who still say that this is not a war for Democracy nor one into which the U.S.A. should be drawn.

The President in a broadcast to-night disposed of this and stood up to the threats of Hitler and Mussolini. He made it plain that the U.S.A. regarded Britain as its first line of defence, and they would give every kind of help deemed necessary, and no combination of dictators would prevent this.

Some remarkable things have appeared in the Press concerning me which are laughably inaccurate, but, like the policemen in " The Pirates of Penzance ", I must not " carp or criticize ", as to me " it's evident these attentions are well meant".

AT OMAHA

Monday, 30th December 1940.

I was still not feeling well when I rose this morning. On reading the papers I saw to my great anxiety that there had been another big raid on London last night, and that there had been heavy loss of life as well as much damage. It is terrible to have to remain here and not to be able to judge of the accuracy of the news. I am simply counting the days until we reach home again. The days seem like weeks, and whilst everyone in these cities impresses me with the good I am doing for Great Britain, it is not easy to bear the anxiety.

I spoke at a luncheon given by the Chamber of Commerce. It was a record event and they had to seat the guests in several adjacent rooms, who could see nothing of what was going on, and who had to listen-in by loud-

speakers. When I rose to speak a considerable number were allowed to come in and stand about. I should think that there were quite 500 people present.

My neighbour, the President of the Union Pacific Railway Company, Mr. Jeffers, who is a Trade Unionist, proudly showed me his card in the Telegraphists' Union. He started as a call-boy and worked his way up. He mentioned that he had stated several months ago that the U.S.A. should give us every conceivable help irrespective of whether this endangered the country's peace status or not. A campaign was worked up against him, and he received many abusive letters. It didn't worry him as he believed what he had said. He impressed upon me that the people here are unaware of much that goes on overseas, and that my visit was very fortunate.

The audience was sympathetic. " Don't pull your punches, boy," someone whispered as I rose, but I am afraid I didn't do quite as well as I had hoped. It seemed to me that I spoke too hurriedly and I found it hard to concentrate.

I was interviewed this morning by the representative of the evening paper which is owned by the same company as the daily, and he showed himself well informed and friendly.

After the lunch I had an interview recorded on the broadcast station H.O.I.L. and immediately afterwards returned to the hotel and heard the interview broadcast at 2.46 p.m. I was rather surprised at my own voice and could scarcely believe it was I who was speaking. I noticed how fast I spoke and how curiously I articulated certain words. I could slow up a little with advantage.

In the evening a public meeting was held in the Paramount Theatre, where I spoke for one hour thirty-five minutes and was extremely well received. I think on the whole I did well and satisfied myself far better

than at the luncheon. When I said this to some of my companions they were amazed. They had heard me both times and they all said that my speech had made a most profound impression at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon. " O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us."

In a taxi to-day, the driver when turning a corner, signalled to the traffic behind by partly opening one of the front doors. I hadn't seen this method used before, and whilst no doubt it is effective, it does mean losing a certain amount of control over the steering wheel.

AT OMAHA

Tuesday, 31st December 1940.

The last day of the old year ! Still no letters from home. I saw by the newspapers that the Chairman of the Curtiss Wright Company has said they were now in a position to turn over to Great Britain eight 'planes a day from their Buffalo plant. On a five-day week, that would mean 160 machines a month.

I was not quite so tired as I expected and so went sightseeing by motor-car round the outskirts of Omaha. First we went to Fort Crook, a survival of the days when the Indians were on the warpath, noticing on the way surveyors at work on a new site for a bomber factory where it is hoped to employ 10,000 people, or almost one-third of the total industrial workers of this state !

After Fort Crook we saw the stockyards and factories of the great meat-packing companies, Swift, Armour, Cudahay, etc. There were many cattle in the pens and the butchering is done by negroes, Czechs, Poles, Greeks, as well as native Americans.

Omaha is a meeting-place for East and West, and is

one of the largest live-stock markets in the world. It is also a big grain centre. It has a population of about **250,000.**

The trees were rather stunted in the fields, and I was told that this was due to drought. They have long periods without any rain and the trees cannot get enough moisture, although the soil itself is good and very thick. We couldn't see clearly as there was a thick fog everywhere and visibility was not more than three or four hundred feet up and about half a mile on the surface. They have severe wind storms at times which root up trees as though they were corn stalks. The Mount Vernon Gardens, which overlook the river, are very pleasant.

As to the buildings of the city, there were several high ones, such as the Union Pacific, and there were several very large hotels. Too many, it is said, for the need. Douglas Street is the principal thoroughfare. I didn't see the Joslyn Memorial, but I believe it contains a very notable art collection.

Lunch intervened, at which I addressed the local Trade Union officials. The President of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Frazer, came and brought several guests with him. I talked to them about Trade Unionism and I think I gave them an insight into fields unexplored by them. They were all very appreciative.

After this we drove round to see Boys' Town, a project started by a young priest to provide for homeless boys, and which has been the subject of a recent film. I didn't see much of what was going on, but the buildings were modern and pleasantly situated.

Then we saw the more select part of the suburbs, where there was a strong resemblance to many of our own suburban houses, except for the absence, of railings and flowers. I should have said the absence of flower *beds,*

because it was rather too cold here for flowers just now. Many of the houses were of wood, but all the better-class ones were of brick. Prices were high for land, and building a house which would cost say £600 in England would cost here nearly twice that sum.

I returned to the hotel and read a rambling New Year message from Hitler to his people. According to him the whole world is trying to enslave the German nation, and one would think that his only desire was to be at peace with everyone—except, of course, Catholics, Jews, Democrats, Socialists, Capitalists, Trades Unionists, and a few others. One fellow here, Verne Marshall, the Editor of a small paper at Cedar Rapids in Iowa, asserted that Roosevelt turned down a genuine peace offer by Hitler. When asked for his evidence he could only refer to public gossip about a message alleged to have been brought back by an oil operator named Davis. I had heard of this story before, but I did not think there was much substance in the story. Verne Marshall is anxious, so people told me, to become " a big shot". I think he will prove only of " small bore ".

We departed for Denver (Colorado) on the " Rocky Mountain Rocket" at 11 p.m. The compartment we had was elaborately fitted exactly like the " 20th Century ", and whilst two of us had to share it, it was nevertheless very comfortable.

AT DENVER

Wednesday, 1st January 1941.

The New Year ! What will it bring ? Peace ? Rather unlikely, but who knows ? A collapse on Hitler's part? We can't guess, but I am confident there will be no collapse on ours. Well, we shall see.

At Denver

I read in the *Denver Post* this morning that during the year 1940 the R.A.F. destroyed 3,090 enemy 'planes while defending Britain and protecting shipping in adjacent waters. Good news. Of course, the Germans must have lost several times this number due to crashes and all kinds of accidents, so that their boasted air strength may not be quite so great as they try to frighten the world into believing.

We altered our watches last night, putting them back a further one hour because of our going further west. We were on " Mountain Time ", which was now eight hours behind England. The result of the extra hour in bed was that I felt far better rested on wakening this morning.

On pulling up the blind I discovered that there was a bright sun shining over the gaunt flat land. There was no snow but considerable frost in the crevices. The country looked dried up and there were only a few scraggy trees to be seen. Most of these were found near farms, which themselves consisted of squat, white-painted, wooden structures with a space fenced round them, and agricultural implements lying about on the nearly bare ground. Usually a wind-driven pump would be working away steadily.

In the distance were the Rocky Mountains and occasionally we caught a vista of the River Platte. The river bed was dry and very little water was flowing, because the snows had not come yet. We ran straight up into the mountains and at 8.25 reached Denver, which is 5,200 feet above sea-level. " A mile up ", as they say here.

We were met by Jim Brownlow and his Trade Union colleagues, and the Chief of Police, to be of assistance, had sent his car along. We drove to the Albany Hotel and were received by the assistant-manager. I found

that he had put a bouquet of flowers in my room and some fruit, with a notice expressing his compliments. Rather nice.

After breakfast we discussed the many appeals for my services from other cities but, of course, we had to reject them, as I was so fully booked up already. Then I met the representatives of the press, who were quite a decent set of people. It was a useful interview and there was no doubt in my mind that here, as at Omaha, despite the long distance they are away from the scene of operations, the journalists were wholeheartedly with us.

After lunch we drove out to Golden, where the first gold was discovered in Colorado. We mounted up from here to the top of Look-out Mountain, where Buffalo Bill (Colonel Cody) and his wife are buried, 7,600 feet up. I was interested to notice that the height had no injurious effects on me.

Then we drove on along a splendid mountain road built by the Public Works Administration, through a mass of red rock until we came to the Red Rock Amphitheatre. Here the Civilian Conservation Corps were carrying out a remarkable project. They were making this natural amphitheatre, whose acoustics I was told were wonderful, into a splendid, up-to-date theatre with electric light, scenery, full stage, orchestra and every modern convenience. Such work would never be done by any but a government agency, as it may never be remunerative.

On driving back we came across a sign marked " Dinosaur Tracks ". Our police guide showed us some large tracks of the hoofs of an animal imbedded in the rock. He said that geologists were agreed that these were the tracks of this huge, prehistoric monster. I was in the presence of the aeons.

Then I drove to see the Lowry Airfield and the munici-

pal aerodrome, as well as the site of the Remington small arms factory which is to be erected here and which will employ 10,000 men.

We returned to the hotel where I read up something about Denver. I had never been to the Metropolis of the Rockies before, but I had heard a good deal about it. It is hereabouts that the West proper begins, and Denver serves as a jumping-off point for thousands of tourists who visit the great national parks of the Rocky Mountain region.

My first impressions confirmed the descriptions I had read of this bright and clean-looking city with its pure mountain air. Denver was first settled in 1858 by the gold seekers, and it now has a population of nearly 300,000. It is the distributing centre for the Rocky Mountain regions and the headquarters of the mining, beet sugar, and coal industries. It carries on a host of other enterprises as well, and near here molybdenum, a mineral vital to modern armament, is mined. Like Omaha, Denver is a big centre for the products of the great packing houses. It is credited with having the finest municipal parks in the U.S.A., including several in the mountains.

There are many splendid buildings situated round about the Civic Centre, including the City and County Building, the State Capitol and the Post Office and Federal Building. In the gardens right facing the State Capitol is a realistic statue called the Broncho Buster, showing a cowboy in the act of breaking in a bucking broncho.

Then I wrote up some notes for to-morrow's meetings, after which I had to go away for further press interviews.

After dinner a representative of *Rocky Mountain News* came to interview me and we talked for about twenty

minutes or so about the war. I was impressed by these young pressmen. They appeared to be well educated, and seemed to know pretty thoroughly the essentials of our situation.

The principal thought uppermost in this young man's mind was how long Great Britain could hold out. Could we possibly win without American assistance ? I steered my way from this embarrassing question and said that our people at home never contemplated that they would not receive help from the U.S.A.

Then I went along to the radio station K.V.O.D. for an interview, which lasted approximately twenty minutes. The officials at the station assured me that I could take as long as I wished but I felt that twenty minutes was ample. We had sketched out a number of questions in advance, but we found that they didn't last the necessary time so we had to improvise others. I found it very easy, and I am entirely satisfied that interviews of this kind sound much fresher to the listener than when a written text is used.

After the interview we drove round the city looking at the illuminations. Those in the Civic Centre were really beautiful. Some of these decorations really were exquisite. The whole of the City Hall was lit by coloured lights which lent an atmosphere of airiness to the building until it became almost a fairy palace. There was a tasteful tableau of the Nativity over the portico, and at the top of the steps approaching it Father Christmas was standing in a sledge driving four reindeer.

The square immediately opposite was arranged with Christmas trees, some of them with twinkling coloured lights, whilst others imitated large wax candles. The whole made a perfectly lovely ensemble. The streets were decorated with many coloured wreaths and festooned with lights, and many private houses had spent

lavishly on exterior illuminations. Some of them must have cost upwards of £100.

Many prettily decorated Christmas trees were standing in gardens, whilst in one case there was a full presentation of the birth of Christ, backed by gleaming stars on a bright blue ground. One exception to the general rejoicing at Christmas and the New Year was a tableau in front of a substantial brick house. On one side was a mass of struggling figures representing Hate. On the other, guns, tanks, and other weapons depicting War. In the centre stood a figure of Peace gazing rapturously at an illuminated cross, with male and female figures appealing on each side of her with upraised arms. I was told that the owner of the house was a Quaker.

Then we passed the home of a former blacksmith who is reputed to have made 80,000,000 dollars. Probably not all as a blacksmith. His house was not decorated.

AT DENVER

Thursday, 2nd January 1941.

At 11.15 a.m. I received a visit from the President of the Rotary Club, Mr. Bannister, under whose auspices I spoke later in the day. He was extremely interested to know the constitution of the Privy Council, and many other matters concerning the British political and legal system. I found later that he was a lawyer.

With him and a group of Labour officials, I went to the lunch arranged by the Rotary Club. It was splendidly attended, every table being full and there being at least 400 people present. I was amused at the ceremony of introducing new members, which was mainly a satirical examination of the merits of the candidate, particularly his professional qualifications.

I spoke for half an hour and ceased with a peroration based on the subject of Rotary and international brotherhood. The whole audience rose and clapped for what seemed an interminable time. The Chairman was evidently much moved, judging by his concluding remarks, and I was assured on all sides that Denver was " with Great Britain ".

I proceeded back to the hotel, where, on the second floor, they had a broadcasting station called K.E.F.L. I was interviewed here by a Mr. Walsh, and many and varied were the questions he asked and which I appeared to answer satisfactorily, according to the views expressed by other officials and the Trade Unionists who were listening in an adjacent room.

I was introduced by Mr. Bannister to a man who came to Denver seventy years ago. He was a rugged customer, and he said that he had to ride by " stage " when he first came, as in those days there were no trains.

I said to him smilingly, " You fellows had more stamina than we have in these days."

He instantly replied, " Not more than you Britishers have, from all I can hear of what is happening over there." A sincere compliment.

The American political system is a curious one. I have been reading in the newspaper this morning of the disposition of " patronage" by the Government. It appears that the party in power appoints a patronage committee, which distributes all sorts of paid offices from the highest to that of night watchmen. Clerks, typists, messengers and what not were all cited. They apparently try to make the distribution wide enough to cover all the various constituencies represented by the successful Democrats. When I asked my friends to-night, " What happens to the fellows who were in already ? " they all laughed, and one said, " They go out, of course."

" You have read about Andrew Jackson, haven't you ? " sardonically remarked a prominent laywer to me. " He said, ' To the victors go the spoils '."

In the evening we had a good meeting in the Civic Auditorium. It was very representative and I counted, during the introductions, at least four members of the State Supreme Court and several other judges. The civic authorities were there in strength, and even the army and air force were represented.

As for my speech. I am afraid I was not at my best. For the first three-quarters of an hour I was, possibly, up to standard, but after that I fell away. I was rather moved by the playing of our National Anthem by the fine band of musicians who were regaling the audience when we arrived. It made me think rather too much of home and of our suffering people, and this thought remained with me throughout the meeting. I couldn't get away from it, despite our having a reassuring cable after the big raid on London last Sunday. Furthermore, my mind was tired as well as my body. There were times when I found it most difficult to concentrate on what I was saying.

The audience seemed pleased enough, and those on the platform were profuse in their assurances of thanks and good-will. But I was not satisfied and felt I was decidedly below par.

AT DENVER

Friday, 3rd January 1941.

There was a rather mixed report of my address in the newspapers. But I am getting used to that now.

At 12 noon I went over to the lunch of the Chamber of Commerce. It was held in their own building in a large, square, but rather low room. We arrived about

ten minutes past the hour, and by that time most of **the** members were eating away furiously. Every one of them was wearing a badge with his name prominently displayed and the occupation he followed. I noticed a similar arrangement at the Rotary lunch yesterday, but in their case, in addition to the member's name, the badge carried his nick-name. Thus, " Mr. Bob Noogan. Bud. Representative of the Canadian Meat Corporation ". This name, like others in to-day's notes, is of course fictitious.

The room was terribly crowded. Long after we sat down additional people kept coming in. A big batch of them were standing at the back of the hall, chewing meat or fish, and holding cups from which they took a casual sip of coffee. A lean, hatchet-faced fellow rushed up to the chairman like a scout in a war. " Pass up the introductions," he whispered hoarsely. " There's such a bunch of them. You couldn't get through them no matter how you stepped on it."

The Chairman looked rather troubled over this but promised he would stick to the top table and introduce no one else.

Then the scout would rush away only to come back again with a further news bulletin. " There's a mix-up in Room A. We have got them seated all right but some of these guys will have to make room for them when you introduce the principal guys. Get started as soon as you can and we'll take out some of the tables and let these people in. We can't help it if they don't hear Jenks. He is only going to make an announcement about the basket-ball game, anyway."

Away he dashed again. Then he came back once more. " Can't find a place for old Jim Smith. He only comes once a year, and now he says there is no god-damn room so what is the use of his coming."

At Denver

All this time there was a buzz of **conversation going** on in the room which ceased when **the Chairman got** up and hammered his bell for order. The audience **rose** and faced the American flag which was placed just **behind** the Chairman and, as is customary at these meetings, sang " America ". I remember the surprise I got the first time I heard this sung in Portland (Oregon) ten years ago. I was then seated in the lounge of a hotel, and I heard the strains of " God Save The King " coming from one of the rooms. I didn't know at that time that " America " is sung to the same tune. The words are inspiring and suit the music admirably. The song begins :

My country, ' tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died !
Land of the Pilgrims' pride !
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring !

There is another song which is very popular over here and which has been sung many times at meetings I have addressed. It is called " God Bless America ", and the music, whilst perhaps not so broad and majestic as " America ", is buoyantly in keeping with the American spirit. The words of the chorus are :

God Bless America,
Land that I love,
Stand beside her and guide her
Thru Thy might with a light from above.
From the mountains to the prairies,
To the oceans white with foam,
God Bless America,
My Home Sweet Home.

At to-day's function " America " was followed by " God

Save The King ", the words of which had been typed out and circulated amongst the members. The audience sang lustily, after which some short announcements were made, including that of Jenks who didn't want to lose the opportunity of telling " You boys that we have the finest basket-ball game in this State going on to-morrow evening, and tickets can be bought for 1.50 dollars. This is a civic enterprise and the promoters will be satisfied if they get out with only a few hundred dollars loss and not a few thousands."

Then I was introduced by Bob Watt, after which I addressed the gathering. Again there were at least 400 present and I saw several faces which I recognized from the Rotary luncheon yesterday. The atmosphere was thick, and despite the cold outside—the thermometer there registered 19 degrees of frost—it was stifling.

I started by saying that I felt I ought to apologize to them for the congestion I had caused, and that when I saw gentlemen hastily stuffing themselves by the wall over there I couldn't help feeling I would be held responsible for the indigestion which would follow. However, I understood from the Chairman that there were several medical men present and I knew they would be quite willing to attend to anyone in an entirely fraternal way, but, of course, upon the usual professional terms. The audience were a good-humoured lot of fellows, and I felt convinced I had them with me. It didn't need the assurances of the long line of members who filed past the platform to shake hands with me to convince me that they were as well satisfied as I was.

We walked back to the hotel and it was hard for me to believe that the temperature was below freezing. We have had three miraculously fine days, with bright sunshine and blue skies, and although the temperature was so low we didn't feel the cold. Certainly if we

were in England with a temperature of 19^0 below freezing point we would be stamping our feet and blowing on our hands, whereas here because of the dry air "we don't find the least discomfort.

About 4 o'clock we departed for Boulder University, where I was to address the Faculty and the Students this evening. When the project was first mentioned to me I understood that this was the place where the famous Boulder Dam was situated, from which is generated the vast electric current which supplies many miles of territory. I discovered that this was quite a different Boulder and that it was more than 700 miles away from where we were going.

The drive to Boulder was interesting, and we passed many small coal-mines working lignite, most of which was sent direct to the consumer. The railways don't like this as the coal is taken away by road in trucks, and thus cuts out freight charges. We ran through Westminster, but there was no sign or sound of Big Ben or the Houses of Parliament—nothing but fields and low-lying houses with a solitary church near by.

It was dark when we reached Boulder, snuggling right into the foothills of the Rockies, and found it to be a pleasant little town of a few thousand inhabitants, who derived their sustenance almost entirely from the University. There were 4,000 students in the University, which is a co-educational establishment. The two sexes were housed in different dwellings, and from what I could discern the billeting is vastly in advance of the living accommodation at our universities. Much of this work has been done under Government guidance and direction through the W.P.A.[1] or by subsidy.

[1] **Works Progress Administration. (This body was established to co-ordinate all forms of government relief and work relief. It has sub-divisions which deal with various cultural subjects such as art, literature, music, the theatre, and education.)**

We found the members of the Faculty a disconcertingly young lot of people and all thirsting for the latest information about affairs in Great Britain. I did my best to satisfy them whilst at the dinner-table, storing up a substantial amount of incipient indigestion in the process.

Afterwards we departed for the auditorium, where Doctor Stern, the President of the University, took the chair. I made the theme of my address " Training for Service", dealing with the outstanding moral issues raised by the Nazi domination. I felt contented with the result, and the discriminating appraisal from the Faculty members was really assuring. Several of them had heard me last night and they expressed surprise that I should feel I did not do myself justice.

We returned along straight roads, well surfaced and generally level, reaching Denver a little after 10 p.m.

AT DENVER

Saturday, 4th January 1941.

By arrangement I visited the Lowry Airfield this morning where part of the new American air force is being trained. Colonel Duncan, who is in command, had been at two of my meetings, including that in the Civic Auditorium, so that he was something in the way of being an old friend. He sent a car down and, in company with Jim Brownlow and George Brayfield, the officers of the A.F. of L., I arrived there at 10 o'clock.

I was greatly interested in the accommodation both for the officers and the men. It appears that they took over an old hospital and spent $300,000 (£60,000) on extensions and renovations. This is used for administration mainly, and only photography, clerical organization and armament, including of course bombing,

are taught here. I was rather disappointed to find that pilots are not trained at this field, as I would have liked to have seen them at work. The accommodation for both men and officers was ahead of our best. In the main barracks every man had his own locker, and a metal trunk at the foot of his bed in addition. The mess and recreation rooms were excellent and fitted with the most modern furniture.

Even the temporary huts, which incidentally were erected in three months, were entirely heated from independent sources and were comfortably furnished, but I should say this accommodation was not in advance of some I have seen in the new quarters at Aldershot. These young fellows were enlisted for three years, whereas those drafted under the conscription scheme undergo only nine months' training. This is of little use for an airman, as their training, although supposedly crushed into nine months, does in fact take longer. It would be sheer waste to discharge such men on finishing their nine months.

I looked round the hangars, which were very large, but the only machines they had were rather old-fashioned Douglas bombers. Colonel Duncan and his officer were full of stories of the new Glenn Martin bomber, which they asserted would do 400 m.p.h. Our visit was rather upset from the sight-seeing point of view by the arrival of General Emmons, who was flying over on his way to Salt Lake.

There was quite an informal air about his reception. The officers stood up smartly, but I didn't see anyone salute. I remarked about this and was told that they were more informal in the air force than in the army proper. I believe saluting is confined to periods of duty only, and unless an officer actually addresses a man when off duty he is not required to salute.

The canteen which we visited was big enough for a couple of thousand men, and an additional thousand were due to arrive in January. The cooking equipment was first-class and the food excellent. The men served themselves on the cafeteria principle. They appeared to be enjoying themselves.

I talked with the Engineer-Colonel in charge of the construction work, and he told me they had had no difficulty at all with labour and on the whole worked excellently together. I asked how many hours they were working, and was told seven hours per day for five days per week. The men were quite willing to work a further hour, making eight hours, and the system of shift working was being considered.

Certainly it seemed a pity that the partly constructed buildings should be standing there without anyone working on them this bright winter morning. I was going to say ideal building weather, but the Colonel told me that they couldn't pour concrete just now because of the low temperature and they would have to wait for warmer weather. I was surprised at this as I had heard they carried on this work right throughout winter in the U.S.A.

I had to break away shortly before 12 noon so that I could return to the city, where I was due to speak at a luncheon arranged by the University Foundation. The principal speaker was Professor Earle from New York, who was lecturing on foreign relations. My speech only lasted a quarter of an hour and was broadcast. I didn't impinge on the lecture beyond saying that foreign relations presupposed " good faith ", and that we in Great Britain were convinced that no such good faith could exist with a Germany headed by gangsters like Hitler. This was warmly applauded.

Earle declared boldly without qualification for **the**

fullest support for Great Britain in America's own interest, even if that meant sending a force to Europe. This was not quite so well received, but his concluding remarks, which all emphasized generally the need for helping Britain, aroused enthusiasm. His address was very competent and concise. There were about 700 people present, most of them being women.

We returned to the hotel, packed our bags, and departed shortly before 5 o'clock for Cheyenne (Wyoming) (pronounced hereabouts " Shy Ann "), from where we were to pick up a train which was coming through from Chicago on its way to San Francisco, to which we were bound. We couldn't obtain accommodation on the train going direct from Denver to San Francisco, hence we had to drive roughly a hundred miles to catch this other train. We lost nothing by this as Denver is in a loop and we had to join the main line in any case.

We had a pleasant ride, George Brayfield, who was driving, keeping a steady 60 m.p.h. practically all the way. We stopped at Greeley, named after the famous Horace Greeley, the American journalist who is renowned for his activities in helping to abolish slavery, but also for his saying, " Go West, young man, go West."

It was dark when we arrived and the bright lights of this prosperous small town looked very cheerful. We reached Cheyenne at a few minutes after seven, so that we had actually driven 106 miles in only a fraction over two hours. We had a hasty meal in the Plains Hotel, where we saw many reminders of the days of the Indians and the wild life of those times. We were now in the state of Wyoming which has a sixty-day divorce law. People who want a divorce can secure one on very simple grounds after residing here for sixty days. We saw a few likely candidates gadding about at dinner.

We needn't have hurried over our meal because the

train was three-quarters of an hour late, and it was after 8.30 when we boarded a Southern Pacific coach to take the Overland route to San Francisco. We had a compartment to ourselves and were early in bed.

ON THE TRAIN FOR SAN FRANCISCO

Sunday, 5th January 1941.

The clocks were put back a further hour last night and we are now on Western or Pacific time, so that we are nine hours behind England. When I wakened it was to find a solid wall of rock hemming us in, and snow falling heavily. We stopped at Ogden a full hour, during which time, " It snowed and snowed and snowed, and still it kept on snowing ", as Charles Dickens would say.

But not all day like it did in the " Holly Tree Inn ". The sky cleared and soon afterwards we ran across the single-track line on the wooden 35-mile bridge over Salt Lake. Here and there the line looped into a double track to allow traffic from the opposite direction to pass. Everywhere the supporting piers of the bridge were covered with a thick coating of salt. The conductor told me that the lake was 22 per cent, salt and that no one could sink in it. We saw jetties running out at different points, along which the salt is carried after being extracted from the lake.

Then followed rugged country, with snow-covered hills, dotted with sage bushes, and with only an occasional wooden farm building with its little fast-turning windmill, to break the monotony. At Carlin, a tiny town, we stopped for a while, the railway track going right alongside the main street, parallel with it. It seemed rather curious to our English conception of security, to

find neither platform nor railings of any kind to guard the track from straying children and animals.

Most of these small towns appeared to be very similar from the train. A main street running near the railway, a cross street or two, a small single-storeyed hotel, a stream, a merchandise store, a barber's shop, perhaps a small restaurant, and a few grey-painted bungalows, the whole situated in a flat valley with a mountain range beyond. Such few trees as there were, were probably all specially planted, as little or nothing could grow on this soil. I must qualify this because sometimes we saw a haystack in a little cleared patch of land, and usually there were cattle browsing.

The papers are full of speculations about the President's proposals for helping Great Britain, under which we should receive arms on promising to repay them in kind later on. The Berlin correspondent of the *Examiner* said that the German threat of invasion will possibly be determined by the extent to which aid is lent. If it comes quickly then the Germans will invade Great Britain, as the " war will be decided in England", according to the Nazi officials. Well, I don't think the British people will be frightened by this sort of talk. Moreover, I am certain that the Presidential plan will be accepted by Congress despite the opposition. I have frequently said that Hitler will try to finish the war before the U.S.A. help can attain decisive proportions. But I have also said that he will fail.

The day passed uneventfully, and although the train sometimes climbed up to several thousand feet I did not feel any physical inconvenience. At 5 p.m. darkness fell, the sun dipping behind the mountain tops in a setting of gold and emerald.

The porter told me that we would be at Oakland at 740 and that we would have to cross the bay in a ferry

as we did six years ago before the famous bridge was built. This is very singular. Here they put up this magnificent bridge costing about £12,000,000, and then we are told they haven't any place to make a station on the San Francisco side. I feel sure this cannot be the complete explanation.

I went to bed early in view of the time we had to rise in the morning.

ON THE TRAIN FOR SAN FRANCISCO

Monday, 6th January 1941.

I wakened at about 6.30 and looked through the window. We were running through a pleasant countryside, well cultivated and populated. I dressed quickly and soon after 7 o'clock the porter told us that we were dead on time and that we would reach the pier in about half an hour. I noticed the name of Berkley on one of the stations as we flashed by, and I knew we couldn't be far out of Oakland.

Exactly on time we got out of the train, our bags were collected and we made for the waiting ferry steamer. We found her fitted with a splendid large saloon which would accommodate probably 1,000 passengers. Many people immediately they arrived on board rushed to a refreshment counter in the centre and ordered breakfast. This seemed to be a good idea as the crossing took approximately half an hour, but as I didn't feel like eating I contented myself with ordering a cup of cocoa.

Whilst drinking this I sat down near the side of the vessel. Our passage ran mainly parallel with the magnificent bridge which crosses the harbour between Oakland and San Francisco, and which I saw in the process

of being built when I was here in 1934. A splendid engineering achievement. There were two decks to **the** bridge, on the upper one of which ordinary private motor-cars were running, whilst on the lower were the suburban electric trains, several buses and some commercial vehicles. The towers supporting the bridge were over 500 feet high and the whole structure was 8J miles long. It crossed Goat Island about 3½ miles from Oakland by means of a tunnel, and continued across a further huge span until it reached San Francisco.

There was not much shipping in the harbour, but I could see a couple of warships lying alongside Goat Island, and two destroyers a couple of miles down towards Oakland. I was surprised to see a large number of tiny black waterfowl something like those we see on the lakes in our British parks, swimming about vigorously right in the centre of the harbour. I didn't think they would venture so far out, but they seemed quite at home and were continually diving, presumably to catch small fish.

Arriving at San Francisco, we were met by a delegation of Trade Union friends, including John O'Connell whom I met here in 1934. We were whisked into a motor-car and were soon comfortably sitting in the St. Francis Hotel on Market Street. After breakfast we had a press conference, during the course of which we all listened in to the President's message which he was delivering to Congress in Washington. All of us were impressed by the firm tone in which the speech was delivered, and in the unconquerable determination to press ahead with rearmament and with assistance to the British people, despite the threats of the dictators.

I received an urgent invitation from the journalists to speak at a dinner which they had arranged in my honour at **the** Press Club that evening. I was assured

that everything would be " off the record ", and that President Roosevelt and many other notabilities had accepted the hospitality of the club. I willingly consented to do so, as I liked the genuine warmth with which they extended the invitation.

The rest of the morning was spent in telephoning and making arrangements to visit Los Angeles, from where there was a strong appeal that I should speak to the Trade Union officials and sympathizers. I wanted to visit the aircraft factories at Burbank and reserved a seat on the 9 a.m. aeroplane for Wednesday morning.

I attended to correspondence during the afternoon and went to my rendezvous with the gentlemen of the Press soon after 7 o'clock. There was a party of about forty of them, and after making the acquaintance of all and sundry in the bar we started dinner. In the centre of the table was the figure of a large black cat cut out of granite. Round the room were photographs of eminent guests of the club. There were well-known figures in the sporting world, among whom I noticed Jack Dempsey, and many prominent politicians including both Hoover and Roosevelt. In fact the wall was fairly plastered with them.

It was Monday evening and the dinners were usually held on Fridays. The editor of one of the local newspapers, who is president of the club, said in his introductory remarks that whatever the calendar might say, those in that room knew it was a " Friday ". There was no doubt about that, and so he called upon one member to tell me the story of the black cat.

It appears that in the old Press Club, before the fire in 1906, they had a famous black cat. The earthquake and the ensuing fire destroyed a considerable part of the premises, and when the members went to examine the wreckage they found very little left of their fine club.

The black cat, however, was alive and well. It became a greater favourite than ever, and when eventually it died, a well-known sculptor presented the club with this effigy of the cat.

Any guest, I was told, could be reassured that anything he "might say within those walls would be treated with the strictest confidence and would not be discussed outside. To ensure this, what he had to do was to put his hands on the back of the cat, and he would be for ever protected against journalistic indiscretions. All this was said in a good-humoured fashion which appealed to me. I felt no qualms as not once during my visit to the U.S.A. had any journalist violated a confidence.

I spoke in a jocular vein whilst at the same time stressing the important part they could play in bringing home to the American people the dangerous situation in which we in Britain and the world generally, were placed by the aggression of the dictators.

Pressmen are usually thought immune to emotionalism, and I didn't indulge in any sentimental appeal. I just told them plainly and straightforwardly of the gallant fight our people were making, and I think it moved them considerably. They asked me questions and swarmed round me at the finish with expressions of good-will.

Mr. Rice, the Press representative of the A.F. of L., assured me I had done an immense amount of good. I went to bed feeling very happy.

AT SAN FRANCISCO

Tuesday, 7th January 1941.

I took things easily this morning and prepared my address for the Commonwealth Club with the knowledge

that I was going to address a very representative assembly of the business and civic life of this important community.

The Rose Room of the Palace Hotel was crowded. In addition to those actually lunching, at least a hundred other people came in to listen. They thronged the corridors and waited patiently until the lunch had concluded and they were allowed to come in. The whole address was broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company.

One business man said subsequently, " Who told you how to address these fellows, Sir Walter ? "

I replied, " Nobody. I simply read the agenda when I came in and I understood the objects of the club pretty well."

" You know the knack of talking to them, anyhow. I didn't believe any Britisher could make an impression on them. But you have done it."

I rested a while afterwards in the hotel, and then went with Mr. Ireland, one of the printers' officials, and John O'Gonnell for a drive. San Francisco is a very pleasant city. I liked it when I first saw it six years ago and I like it even better to-day. Who could believe that less than a hundred years ago this magnificent community was only an obscure little place with some sixty inhabitants ! It was the discovery of gold in California which transformed it and, although it has been practically destroyed by fire and earthquake four times in its history, somehow its capacity for growth has remained unchecked. To-day it is the leading seaport on the Pacific coast, and has a population of nearly 700,000. Its harbour, entered by the famous Golden Gate, is reputed to be the largest in the world, and the bridge across the bay to Oakland is easily the biggest in the world. It has not so large a population as Los Angeles, but if one counts in Oakland with its 300,000

inhabitants, the difference is not so marked. The climate is delightfully mild, although there is a good deal of mist at times. But that is true of practically the whole of the Californian coast.

Chinatqwn is unique, and I am sure that many a visitor has been amazed to see the kinds of establishments maintained by the thrifty and industrious Chinese. But I cannot dilate on the attractions of San Francisco, or I shall never get on with my diary. We first motored to the Golden Gate, where we inspected the fine Steinhart Aquarium which I remembered so well from my 1934 visit. We looked at the seals begging skilfully for someone to throw them food, and wondered at the marvellous designs of nature evidenced by the miraculous colours of the fish we saw. It was not stretching the truth to say that the colours of some of the tropical fish were as brilliant as the plumage of the most gorgeous birds. Some fish were so tiny that they were not more than ½ inch long. I marvelled to myself that the delicate organism which enabled these little things to dash about with incredible swiftness could be contained in so small a compass.

Then we saw the Golden Gate suspension bridge, which has the largest single span in the world, and which is 700 feet high to the top of supporting pillars. This was partly completed when I inspected it in 1934. We drove past the seal rocks, but I could not see any seals as the weather was dull and rain was falling. It was worth the drive to see the rhythmic surge of the waves from the Pacific breaking on the beach. We drove on the Lincoln Highway which reputedly starts at Washington, 3,000 miles away, and traversed the precipitate streets of this city, which, like Rome, is said to be built on seven hills. One of my companions said there were a hundred hills, but I imagine that like the report of Mark Twain's death this was a little " exaggerated ".

I had expressed a desire to drive across the bridge to Oakland, so over we went. The bridge is approached by several special highways and once on these the motorist is not allowed to turn, even if he has made a mistake. He must go forward. There were six lines of traffic, and as it was now dusk the lights from the passing motors reflecting on the wet surface, combined with the red lights suspended over the roadway, made a pretty picture. As far as the eye could see, these lights were twinkling out of the darkness. In the distance, Goat Island looked just like Aladdin's cave, with its golden lights beating down from the roof of the tunnel and the head-lamps of the approaching motors gleaming brightly.

Oakland is a prosperous-looking city with many handsome buildings and a population of over 300,000. We drove back across the bridge and I saw what appeared to be large water-mains running down each side with heavy clamped joints. I wondered why they should be shaped to the curve of the suspension cables instead of being taken flatly across at the height of the road surface. On enquiry I was informed that they were not water-pipes at all. They were the suspension cables themselves. I couldn't get out to examine them, but I should say they were at least three feet in diameter and seemed to be perfectly solid. I was assured, however, that they were composed of thousands of separate strands.

We reached the hotel just before 6 p.m. and I set to work after a brief rest to prepare for the evening meeting. We drove over at 7.30 through the heavy rain which we were all afraid would keep the audience away. I was frankly apprehensive about the effect of speaking to empty seats in the spacious Civic Auditorium, which has a seating capacity for 6,000 or more. I need not have worried, however, as on arrival I observed the people pressing through the entrance in considerable numbers.

I was handed a yellow, stencilled leaflet at the door, and on glancing at it found it was issued by the Communist Party and purported to tell my history. I was a wealthy British aristocrat who had imposed himself on the Labour Movement. I was a British Agent working in collusion with Matt Woll and William Green, and the other " Labour fakers " of the American Federation of Labor. I was an appeaser and had sponsored the appeasement policy of the Chamberlain Government. I had opposed British workers having proper air-raid shelters. The leaflet was crammed with such lies and innuendoes. I asked O'Gonnell whether it would be inopportune for me to deal with the Communists, and he replied, " Oh hell, no. Go for them, boy ! " I availed myself of this with gusto.

The meeting was an immense success. The floor was full and there were a good number of people in the balconies, despite the bad weather. The band struck up " The Star-Spangled Banner " and then " God Save the King ".

Repeatedly I had to ask the audience to refrain from applauding. I don't think the Communists got any change, and when I remarked that " Yellow was a very appropriate colour for such a leaflet ", the whole audience chuckled over it. There was not an interruption for a single second, and the Mayor, Mr. Rossi, paid me a high tribute. John O'Connell observed that he had never known a San Franciscan audience to pay such attention to any speech. " Why, man, they scarcely dared to breathe in case they missed something," he said. All of which, together with the crowd who swarmed on to the platform at the conclusion, with profuse congratulations, made me feel I really had accomplished something. I don't think I have ever been inclined to get a swelled head, as I know my own shortcomings too

well, but I would have been less than human if I hadn't felt proud and pleased. I never for one moment forgot that I was only the humble instrument of a great cause, and it was as such the audience regarded me.

AT LOS ANGELES

Wednesday, 8th January 1941.

I rose early this morning and caught the United Air Liner for Los Angeles (California). We departed at 9 o'clock, but met with a severe head-wind which delayed us considerably. We flew at about 8,000 feet over mountains and valleys, treeless for the most part, encountering a dust storm on the way which made the air look quite brown. We were instructed to fasten our seat belts, a precaution which seemed to me utterly unnecessary, perhaps because it is so unusual. I had never done it before, no matter how bumpy the passage had been. There were only three passengers, and a stewardess, and it must require a heavy subsidy to make these vessels pay with such a comparative scarcity of passengers.

I was rather indignant at having to pay 1.50 dollars for transportation to the aerodrome. It seemed to be an imposition, but as the officials pointed out, so many people use their own cars to and. from the aerodrome, that they would object if such a charge was made in the general fare. There are always two sides to every question. The many little courtesies and facilities provided on the actual travelling were much appreciated. A folder containing postcards was supplied free to every passenger and posted without charge. Breakfast was served free and newspapers were also handed round.

From the *Examiner* I learned that Knudsen and Sidney

Hillman had been placed in absolute charge of production, and they had authority to take over any plant which was not pulling its weight in national defence. There is no doubt that the programme is gathering momentum, but I really don't think, that American preparedness is further advanced as yet than we were in die early part of 1939. I sincerely hope I am wrong, but evidence given yesterday by the army and navy chiefs before the House Committee on naval and military affairs, showed that there are serious shortages, and of aeroplanes in particular.

The mountains near which we were passing were the Sierras, which were joined by the Coastal Range shortly before we reached Los Angeles. My ears began to ache severely as we came down, no doubt because of my cold, but the stewardess very kindly poured some oil and phenol into them and it soon eased the pain. The stewardess in reply to my queries said that it was only this month that the passenger loading had fallen off. Normally they were quite busy.

We were half an hour late in reaching Burbank where the Lockheed works are situated. The distance of 327 miles had thus taken two and a half hours' actual flying time. I was met by a press photographer and reporter and six separate shots were taken for the United Air Lines Publicity Department. The British Consul, Mr. Cleough, and Mr. Kenneth Smith of Lockheeds escorted me to a waiting motor and we sped off to the plant.

Twenty-one thousand workers were employed, all being men. They worked in three shifts, but the third shift was not fully manned. Workers on the evening and night shifts received a bonus of 6 cents an hour, and received eight hours' pay for six and a half hours' work. The firm worked Saturdays regularly, but they had only

been doing this for a few months. The personnel has been expanded from 9,400 last May. This meant that it had been more than doubled. It would rise much higher when they had finished the plant extensions which were going on.

The President, Mr. R. E. Gross, was firmly convinced that longer hours were necessary and that the Unions should agree to work forty-eight hours with a suitable adjustment in pay. He said the relations with the Unions were good, and he did not apprehend any trouble.

Light alloys would furnish an obstacle, as would machine tools and also engines. They themselves had ordered well in advance and had been able to carry out their contracts with Great Britain, and he felt that they might escape shortage as a firm.

We discussed many aspects of production, which I cannot mention for obvious reasons, after which I visited the plant. It appeared to me to be rather crowded but everybody was working away with a will. The Lockheed-Hudsons are made at this plant, and the Vega Venturas are to be made by the same company in the new extension which I saw being erected nearer to the airfield.

The Hudsons are medium low-winged bombers which have performed excellent service with the Coastal Command. Many times I have read about their exploits over Heligoland and other parts of the enemy coast-line. They are reputed to have a range of 1,500 miles and are highly spoken of by the Royal Air Force. " Hurrying home on the Hudson" has become a well-known phrase amongst pilots. The Vega Ventura is a development of the Hudson with a considerably improved performance.

I was also interested to see the new pursuit plane PY38.

It was fitted with two Allison engines of 1,200 h.p., and the pilot seated in the centre of the wings seemed to be well protected. There was scarcely any fuselage and the machine was practically a flying wing. It was rated for 420 miles per hour, and the army experts said it would do up to 500, but the company officials thought this too optimistic. I saw one of these machines flying into the airport, and it seemed very well streamlined. I thought the armament rather light. I was told the output will soon be considerable.

I had to rush away from the Lockheed plant to catch the aeroplane at 1.30 for San Diego, which is 124 miles farther south. This time the aeroplane was very full and on board were some pilots who were going to the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation to fly one of their machines on a stage of its journey to England.

I was met at the airport by Mr. Learmore, the Assistant Manager of the Consolidated, and subsequently had discussions with the General Manager, Mr. Van Dousen. We went along to the plant, which is an extensive one, and to which considerable additions are being made. One huge erection shop, not yet in operation, was built in two months. All the shops were well planned, but as in the Lockheed plant I thought some of them were overcrowded.

So far as I could judge from to-day's visits, the outstanding cause of delay seems to be the uncertainty of the manufacturers as to the flow of orders. They have to order much of the material they use from sub-contractors, and this has to be done well in advance, and unless there is a continuous flow of orders they have to taper off. No doubt the discussion on the Lease-Lend Bill is contributing to this state of uncertainty, and I feel sure it is causing a lag which it will be difficult to make up. There is no doubt that the Government of

the United States, however, has done its best by administrative action to facilitate delivery of machines. On occasions these have had to undergo certain modifications before they could be transferred.

I learned that five of the P.B.Y. Catalina flying boats were waiting for the British Government to accept delivery. These boats are powered by two i,6oo-h.p. radial engines and have a range of about 3,000 miles. They will carry a load of about 34,000 lb. They appeared to be very strongly built and serviceable machines. Considerable modifications had been made in those intended for Britain. It appears that these boats could not go via Halifax because of the severe weather, but with extra tanks they could easily make the journey to England via Bermuda.

We fell to discussing the B24 which had been renamed The Liberator. This big bomber was made for the American army but has been adapted for the use of the R.A.F. It is a heavy high-winged monoplane with a wing span of 110 feet and a length of 62 feet. It is driven by four 1,200-h.p. Pratt & Whitney fourteen-cylinder radial engines. It is reputed to have a speed of upwards of 300 miles an hour and an effective range of approximately 3,000 miles. All present confirmed that engine shortage had already held up production in the plant and might furnish a troublesome bottleneck.

Incidentally, Mr. Edzel Ford (son of Henry Ford) with his chief engineer, Mr. Sorenson, were inspecting the plant whilst I was there. They had been requested by the U.S.A. Government to make the Liberator bomber.

The Consolidated firm employed 14,000 men and the number was to be increased to 50,000. No women were employed. The men worked two ten-hour shifts, including Saturday. To my surprise I found that the final assembly was being done in the open air. I should

say that at least fifty flying boats in different stages of construction were standing in the open yard. It looked far more like a shipyard than any other aviation plant I had seen. Some of these boats were far bigger than the P.B.Y. I saw one which was built for the navy and which weighed 66,000 lb., say $26\frac{3}{4}$ tons. It was a fine vessel.

None of these machines had guns fitted to them and I gathered that the British armament is installed at home. I went into several of the flying boats and the Liberator bombers and examined them closely, and I frequently asked myself the question how it was possible to simplify their construction. It appeared perfectly hopeless to build these by mass production. One might just as well talk of building a submarine by mass production. The number of devices and gadgets of one kind and another on big modern aeroplanes is astonishing. I remember one of the pilots at Tulsa telling me that he had counted over a hundred devices and meters for engine control, navigation, bombing, de-icing, and the host of other matters which ensure the efficiency and safety of a big 'plane. When I asked him how many he thought he could dispense with, he said he didn't know.

All these boats and aeroplanes had a long range of upwards of 3,000 miles fully loaded. The P.B.Y. flying boats are intended not so much for fighting as for patrol and anti-submarine work.

I stayed until 5.30 p.m. and then caught a Boeing 'plane for Los Angeles, which we reached at 6.45. The view of Los Angeles from the air was striking. Darkness had fallen quickly about 5.30, and the many coloured lights gleaming below us in straight intersecting lines were very pretty. We could just make out a park standing in the shadow with the Planetarium at the extreme end. This park I heard was donated to the

city by a man who insisted that the gift should be called after him. Some years afterwards he was tried and found guilty of fraud. The City has the delicate problem of returning the gift or of immortalizing a malefactor.

I was met at the Burbank Airport by Wing-Commander Adams, who is attached to the British Mission here and who knew me from my lectures at the R.A.F. Staff College at Andover. He was accompanied by his senior, Mr. Siegrist, who was formerly with the Hawker and Siddeley firm and who has come out of his retirement over here to give his services to the British Government.

I left them at the Mayfair Hotel where I found about a hundred Trade Union officials and friends waiting to receive me. I spoke to them after dinner and received many assurances of support for our cause. It was very late when I got to bed.

LOS ANGELES—SAN FRANCISCO

Thursday, 9th January 1941.'

I didn't sleep at all well and my cold was rather worse. I coughed a good deal during the night and my throat and chest were very sore. I was afraid in consequence that I would not be able to keep my engagements in San Francisco, but after breakfasting at 7 a.m. I felt rather better.

Mr. Buzzell, who presided over our meeting last night, and who is the Secretary of the Trades Council, came down and took me in his car to the airport. Which reminds me that last night I heard some incredible stories of the activities of the employers in this city years ago. It was said that at one time they had a system whereby every man about to be employed, must first be registered with the employers' association, who insisted

that he must have the consent of his previous employer before he could be started by any prospective employer. It was inviting starvation for a workman to let it be known that he was in a Trade Union in 1894. The men, despite this, did organize secretly, in some trades such as the pattern-makers. They conducted themselves before the employers as though they were totally opposed to Trade Unionism. I was assured that there were still among the employers some hard nuts to deal with here. But the Unions had broken down the main prejudice to Trades Unionism.

I caught the 8.30 'plane from Los Angeles and we had a remarkably fast passage. The pilot told me that at one stage we did 68 miles in sixteen minutes as we had a strong following wind, almost a gale. I had written some postcards in the 'plane and whilst doing so I had a difficult task to make the writing legible. I saw another of those dust storms lying below us, just about the time we were bumping about.

The 'plane was a Douglas 21-seater and was about half full. We arrived at San Francisco a quarter of an hour ahead of time, having done 327 miles in one and three quarter hours. I noticed a good many men at work making concrete runways at this large airport. Most of the ground has been reclaimed from the San Francisco Bay.

Once in the hotel I had my chest well rubbed and after a rest felt much better. At 12.30 I went along to the Bohemian Club where we had lunch with the British Consul, Mr. Butler, Judge Golden and some leading people in the Labour movement and in the legal and the newspaper professions.

After this, John O'Connell, who had been present, drove us up the Twin Peaks Hills where we obtained a splendid view of the city. I would say without fear

of contradiction, that this view is definitely superior to the much advertised view of Vienna seen from Cobenzl.

Driving round I was surprised to see so many houses built of wood, and O'Connell informed us that there were very few which were not so built. It appears they use redwood for the framework. At first sight most of the houses appeared to be of cement or stone, but actually they were only made of timber and stucco. He said that the reason why the fire in 1906 did so much devastation was that no water was obtainable because the earthquake had severed the joints of the water mains, and the wooden houses burned like tinder. Nowadays they use ball-bearing joints and they keep a big reserve of water in storage tanks in different parts of the city.

At 3.45 p.m. I addressed about 300 of the leading officers of the Trade Unions. I described to them our system of Trade Union organization, told them something of our problems, and why we were determined to go on fighting, and was greeted very cordially.

SAN FRANCISCO—VANCOUVER

Friday, 10th January 1941.

At 9.10 a.m. I " enplaned ", to use the expression of the American Air Lines, for Vancouver (British Columbia). Bell left yesterday by train, with our luggage. Our first stop was at Oakland which is just across the bay, and we had a fifteen-minute wait here whilst we were taking in gasoline. I observed the extensions which have been made since I was here some years ago. There were several trainers flying about. Up we went again and ran above the Sacramento River until we reached Sacramento, the state capital. The weather was sunny and mild, and we followed the course

of the river for a long time over flat country, coming down again at Red Bluff for ten minutes or so.

After taking off we flew over the Sacramento Canyon, seeing Mount Shasta (14,161 ft.) in the east, rising snow-covered above his fellows of the Cascade Range. There were many trees on the mountains and not much snow except on the higher reaches, but a second range running further west was full of snow-caps. The river below, which I believe was still the Sacramento, had turned to a pea-soup green, no doubt because of the snow it was carrying along with it.

Away to the east I could see the Siskiyou Mountain peaks, and further west the National Forest. The legend runs that in 1828 a representative of the Hudson's Bay Company crossed these mountains, losing his " Bob Tailed Horse " during a storm. The people christened the pass Siskiyou, which means in the Cree language " Bob Tailed Horse ", and the name was later extended to the whole range.

We were now over the State of Oregon and many more trees were visible. We descended at Medford where again extensions were taking place to the aerodrome, and passed for some time afterwards over a fertile countryside where a good deal of fruit was grown.

A little later, towards the west, I saw what appeared to be dense masses of snow lying on the surface of several large lakes. I was puzzled why no reference was made to these on the map. On asking the stewardess I was told that what I had mistaken for snow was really clouds which had sunk deep into the valleys leaving only the tops of the mountains in view. When we came nearer I could see this plainly, but from the distance the appearance was both deceptive and entrancing.

Just at this point the pilot, Captain Loughlin, handed us a log he had written out. It stated that we were

doing 180 miles per hour air speed and 195 ground speed. The temperature at this great height was 40^0 Fahrenheit, far higher than one would have expected.

We flew parallel with the Cascade Mountains for practically the whole of our journey, and three towering peaks stood out strongly in the sunlight, Mount Hood (11,253 ft-), Mount Adams (12,307 ft.) and Mount Jefferson (10,495 ft•)• All these were towards the east, and in the west was Mount St. Helens (9,761 ft.). As I was writing this in my notebook we began to descend, and soon afterwards we were at Portland (Oregon).

Immediately on getting down I went for a short stroll whilst we were re-fuelling, and I was pounced upon by the reporters who evidently knew all about my journey. We talked hurriedly, then off we went again for Seattle (Washington).

We crossed the broad Columbia River which divides the State of Oregon from the State of Washington. The boast that Portland is one of the finest airports in the country was not exaggerated judging from an aerial view. The river soon afterwards turned towards the sea, and then appeared several other mountain peaks whose names I couldn't ascertain, except Mount Rainier, 14,408 ft., the finest in the range. Puget Sound was seen stretching way to the east.

We crossed over Tacoma (Washington), which I shall remember for the masses of black smoke which were pouring out from the chimneys, no doubt owing to the fuel being mainly substitute coal (lignite) and timber. The smoke lay like a pall over the city and hid from our view much of the scene below. I could see however a few ships lying in the stream and at the wharves.

As we neared Seattle, which is 729 miles from San Francisco and which is called the Metropolis of the North-West, and the Gateway to Alaska, I observed

many rafts of timber lying in the water. They looked like match-stalks as they rested on the placid surface of the Sound.

At Seattle I was interviewed by journalists and met by a deputation from the Trades Council, who were very disappointed that I couldn't speak in the city. We parted after about ten minutes, and on looking round I could see the extensions going ahead to the Boeing plant where the Flying Fortresses were being made. This firm now employs nearly 9,000 men on three shifts, but they only work five days in the week, presumably forty hours.

We took off from Seattle in a Boeing two-engine aeroplane, the principal difference in appearance between which and the Douglas seemed to be in the rudder. The Boeing had two vertical rudder-planes whereas the Douglas had only a centre one. This Boeing was a ten-seater and there was only myself and another passenger on board. We hugged the eastern edge of the Sound and we could see the Olympian Mountains until we got to Everett, about 30 miles from Seattle.

The Straits of Juan de Fuca opened out broad and majestic before us, and we passed over the delta of the Frazer River which, as everyone knows, is noted for its salmon. I watched the magnificent sunset, a pale green sky with bands of gold reflecting on the surface of the water in masses of bronze. Ahead of us was the dark shadow of the peninsula at Point Roberts.

After passing this we circled out wide over the Straits and returned in a half-moon towards the south. A few seconds later the electric sign was switched on by the pilot warning us not to smoke and to fasten our passenger safety belts. This was written in both English and French, and I wondered why. I did not know that there were many French-speaking people in these regions.

At 4.20 we landed on the excellent and spacious air-

field at Vancouver (British Columbia), and I was met by Mr. E. A. Jamieson and other officials of the Trades Council, as well as the Mayor, Mr. Carnett, and a representative of the Commonwealth Minister of Labour. The reporters were on my track immediately, and I had to spend some time in being photographed and in talking to them.

I returned in the Mayor's car with him and Mr. Phillimore, a magistrate who is the Chairman of the Canadian Club, which I am to address on Monday.

We drove in the direction of the Hotel Georgia where a comfortable suite of rooms had been engaged for me. It appears that the biggest hotel here is the Vancouver, run by one of the railway companies, and they would have booked me there in ordinary circumstances. However, a strike had started shortly before I arrived, and consequently I would not have cared to stay there. I was glad that my hosts had been thoughtful enough to transfer me to the Georgia.

The atmosphere was damp and there was some fog lying about, but the city was brightly lit. I was surprised at the great number of movie-theatres within a short distance of the Georgia, and after dinner I spent an hour in one, seeing " Comrade X ", a satire on the Soviet system. It was funny without possessing the subtle humour of " Ninotchka ".

My chest was still very sore and my throat also, and I felt quite fatigued when it was time for bed.

AT VANCOUVER

Saturday, nth January 1941.

I had my chest thoroughly rubbed this morning and at 9.30 gave an interview to one of the local pressmen

who had not been able to come up to the airfield. He had met me in London some years a*go* and seemed an intelligent fellow. The reports of yesterday's interview were on the whole good, although there were a few small mistakes.

During the morning I had a film interview in the hotel. I sat on a couch and talked for one minute addressing an imaginary Canadian audience, trying to compress something sensible into that compass. I had to repeat my story twice and as I had not used any notes this was an impossible task from the standpoint of exact wording. But the cameramen told me not to worry. They wanted at a certain point in the interview to take a " close-up " and they said they could easily cut out over-lapping in language.

At 12 noon I was taken in charge by Mr. Phillimore of the Canadian Club and went with him to the Quinchena Golf Club for lunch. We strolled about the links watching the players, and then at 4 p.m., I returned to the hotel to prepare for the evening meeting. Jamieson and Percy Bengough, the Secretary of the Trades Council, who had come from Ottawa as quickly as he could, despite the intervention of snow-drifts and such other small impediments, drove me over to the Exhibition Gardens where the meeting was to be held.

I was rather apprehensive that there would not be many people present as it was Saturday night and here, as in Great Britain, it is an occasion for theatres and entertainment, rather than for public meetings. Moreover, the meeting was advertised as being for Trade Unionists, and the general public had been told that they would be admitted only on the assumption that seats were available for them. However, there were at least 2,000 people patiently waiting when we arrived, and after keeping them for about a quarter of an hour,

we mounted the platform. There were several members of parliament, senators and other public men present, including the Mayor.

My address, which lasted for one and a half hours, was heard with rapt attention. As on other occasions I had to ask the audience not to applaud as it disturbed my train of thought. My general impression was that the political tone of the audience was high, and they quickly understood allusions without the necessity for developing them. After the meeting Bert Showier, one of the officers of the Teamsters' Union, told me that a lady had asked him why I didn't go on longer ! ! Nevertheless, I swore I would not exceed an hour in future speeches.

I answered questions, but the Chairman and others were impatient of these as they came mostly from persons known to be associated with the former Communist Party which has been made illegal by the Government. They were all of poor quality and I had no difficulty in disposing of them. We drove back to the hotel in the Mayor's car, and I went straight to bed.

AT VANCOUVER

Sunday, 12th January 1941.

I rested during the morning and at 12 noon went with Mr. Mclnnis, Member of Parliament, to meet some members of the C.C.F. (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation), a body whose ideals and objects correspond largely to those of the British Labour Party. We met in a pleasantly situated wooden dwelling on the west side of the harbour. We had lunch and I answered questions. Some of these were rather abstract, such as, what about the prospects of a new social era, peace aims,

socialist state in England, etc., etc., but I answered as straightforwardly as I could. I don't know whether the questioners were satisfied, but I should think that some of them were rather remote from realities. Our host was exemplary and took good care that I was not late for an appointment I had at the hotel.

After this I drove round the environs of the city with Bert Showier, who was born in London, and who proved to be a well-informed and very live personality. Vancouver is the foremost seaport of Canada, and its three harbours are backed by high mountains. In 1887, the year I was born, the first train across Canada arrived there, as well as the first steamer from the Orient. Now Vancouver has a population of over a quarter of a million. I saw something of its famous parks, all of which are within easy reach of the city, when I was here ten years ago. I remember, in particular, the Indian Totem Poles in the beautiful Stanley Park as well as the lovely bathing places at Kitsilano Beach and English Bay.

We went over the Lion's Gate Bridge, said to be the largest suspension bridge in the British Empire, which crosses the First Narrows at the entrance of the harbour, into West Vancouver. I had traversed this.same route this morning with Mclnnis, but I had failed to notice the coastguard station mounted on the centre of the bridge. If any doubtful vessel were to heave in sight it would be challenged by a shot across its bows. If it failed to stop, further shots would be fired, and the vessel is fined for not observing the signal.

The bridge was built by the Pacific Properties Ltd., a firm in which it is stated the Guinnesses are financially interested. A private road has been driven through Stanley Park, and the surrounding hillside is being developed for residences. Apparently the company

doesn't expect to recover its outlay for fifty years, and at the end of that time the city or state authorities may purchase the bridge from them. The company would, however, still own the surrounding lands, which are called the Capilano Estates.

The road was a winding one climbing steadily up, and we stopped at the apex approximately 2,000 feet above the harbour. Unfortunately it was very misty, and the fog was hanging about between the sea and the islands, making them appear very much like the clouds I saw on the flight from San Francisco, which I had mistaken for mountains and lakes. There is a good deal of fog and mist in this part of the world, it appears, but the air was quite mild and the surroundings very beautiful.

Looking down on the bridge I was reminded of a newsreel which I had seen recently. It described the wrecking of the Tacoma Bridge by a storm. I would not have believed, without seeing the film, that a strong steel structure could have behaved in such a manner. The centre span waved in the wind like washing hanging from a clothes-line on a windy day. Not only did it sway up and down but it buckled and recoiled like a live thing. Finally the whole span suddenly disappeared into the gorge below. Showier said this bridge is constructed similarly to that at Tacoma, but they never experience such gales as that which destroyed it.

We drove through many superb woods, and Showier told me of the wood-tick, an insect which feeds on timber but which at certain times in the year flies about. If it alights on a human being, it buries its head under the skin, and unless it is quickly driven out the person will become paralysed. Showier told me of two cases. One concerned a boy who called upon him for some anti-septic as he had been bitten on the arm. They had none on hand so Showier heated a needle, placing this

on the back of the insect, which he said looked something like a ladybird and whose head only was buried under the skin. The sudden pain made it withdraw.

The second case was that of his own daughter. She complained that something was tickling her neck, and he discovered it was a wood-tick. He at once tried the same remedy, but the insect didn't move. He rushed the child off to the doctor who gave her a local anaesthetic, and then cut out the portion of her flesh which had been attacked, insect and all. It made Showier sick but it probably saved the child's life. All of this shows that even the most beautiful places have their drawbacks.

We returned to our hotel and after writing up my diary, I went at 6 p.m. to the house of Senator Ferris at Shaunessey Heights, who told me he had instructions to welcome me to Canada. I met there a number of local notabilities, all of whom were friendly and kind.

From here we went back to the hotel where the Executive of the Trades Council were ready to meet me. We talked for a long while, and I described events in Great Britain more intimately than I could from the platform. We broke up at 11 p.m., after a very pleasant evening.

AT VANCOUVER

Monday, 13th January 1941.

Somehow I didn't quite feel up to the mark this morning. There was no special reason for this except perhaps the lateness in getting to bed yesterday. But the fact is I felt nervy and excited and I found I was regarding addressing the Canadian Club as rather an ordeal. I was convinced that I had not been at my best on Saturday evening, and I really wanted to do well in my first address to a business gathering in Canada.

I carefully prepared my notes and, as usual, I had about twice as much matter as I could compress into forty minutes or so. Just before I went downstairs to the room where the lunch was to be held, Bell came up with a report that the journalists were anxious to know whether I had any script. On hearing that I had not, they asked could I give them the " high lights ".

I have never been able to discover what were " high lights " in any of my speeches, so I told them to come up, and gave them a hasty outline of what I was going to say. They appeared to be quite satisfied and we went downstairs to the crowded room. The members of the Club were packed like sardines. There were nearly 400 present and as they had been obliged to transfer from'tneir customary meeting-place at the Vancouver Hotel because of the strike, the arrangements for their comfort were perhaps not so adequate as usual.

After a very cordial introduction by the President, Mr. Phillimore, I started. Immediately I knew I was not in form. My brain seemed tired and occasionally I stumbled over a word or a phrase. Many of my sentences seemed to ring hollow, and I wondered how the audience were taking it. They frequently applauded, but my diction, although reasonably clear, was not at its best. I was speaking far too rapidly in attempting to develop my points because of lack of time. As it was I spoke for 50 minutes, and felt quite disgusted that I had so overspent my time.

I was positively astonished when the whole audience rose at the finish and clapped without intermission for an uncomfortably long time. Twice I rose and bowed, but they went on clapping just the same.

Jamieson eventually moved a vote of thanks which was passed with acclamation, and the function was over. But not for me. Many people rushed forward and

wrung my hand, and one old fellow with tears in his eyes, shaking my hand, said, " I am the doyen of the Bar here. I have been in this country fifty-two years. I am the doyen of the Canadian Club and I have never heard an address that moved me like yours. God bless you." I was deeply moved by this, but concealed this as much as I could. When I remarked to the President that I had not felt at my best he scouted the suggestion.

Despite this I *knew* I was not at my best and I couldn't get this out of my mind. All people have their off days, and they must know when this happens themselves despite what others may say. I always think of Hamlet's observations to the players as to the merit of their acting, " Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others." I am always thinking of the judicious. Still, I remember to-day a lawyer coming up to me, and after saying he had had a long experience in the federal legislature and on the platform, telling me how he admired the way I had built up my case.

" Yes," I replied. " The construction was right, but what of the delivery ? "

" I couldn't see anything wrong with it," he remarked critically, and I felt a little more reassured.

After all, how absurd it is for me to seek perfection. I don't believe I shall ever become really eloquent, nor do I aspire to be so. I aim at convincing people and I never prepare sonorous perorations. What I do is done naturally, and my style is not cultivated nor studied, although I always prepare brief headings. Perhaps just now I am suffering too much from introspection. I observe the same fault in Arnold Bennett as recorded in his diary.

A rest and a little relaxation was provided by a visit to the movies to see " Abraham Lincoln ". He is depicted as a vacillating creature whose only desire is to keep out of trouble. His vain, ambitious, and unlikable wife seems concerned only with making or of *forcing* him to become President. Nothing else seems to matter to her, as witness her silly exhibitions of temper at the counting of the votes. The Lincoln of the Gettysburg address, in whom I and millions of others have steadfastly believed, was a far stronger personality than is shown by this film.

At 7.15 we caught the C.P.R. train for Winnipeg (Manitoba). The evening was clear and bright. The weather had been misty and rain had been falling for the greater part of the day. What a pity it had not been clear yesterday when we were sightseeing. But I should be thankful for small mercies. It was a privilege to have re-visited this splendidly situated city. We had our food on the train and went to bed soon afterwards.

By the way, I read in the evening papers that a " People's Convention " in London had voted to stop the war. They claimed to represent 1,000,000 workers ! I fancy I know these gentry. I doubt whether they represent anyone but themselves. I shall find out more about this.

ON THE TRAIN TO WINNIPEG

Tuesday, 14th January 1941.

I slept well and on peeping out of the window at 8.15 saw a beautiful vista of snow-covered mountains rising steeply above me. We stopped at Revelstoke soon afterwards, having travelled 379 miles during the night. The temperature in the train was not too warm, quite

contrary to what we had been told to expect, and our own compartment was well ventilated.

Our train, " The Dominion ", took an extra locomotive here for the climb upwards to Glacier, and the heavy train of sixteen coaches gave them plenty of work to do. It was picturesque to see the engines steaming round the bends, with clouds of vapour flying from them into the towering tree-covered mountains of the Selkirk Range.

There was plenty of snow, but the conductor remarked that it was only a little fall as yet, and that they had as much as 40 feet of snow here at times. On such occasions they sent ahead a snow-plough to clear the line. One of the dining-car attendants said that he was on one journey when a 500-foot fall of snow took place. It settled like a solid mass on the line.

" The snow-fighting equipment was very efficient," he remarked. " We just sent in a rotary plough to bore a tunnel right through, and we followed behind. We were only twenty minutes late."

" Do you mean that you went under the roof of snow without its collapsing on you ?" I asked rather incredulously.

" Why, yes," he replied. " The snow was set like a rock. It wouldn't come down on us. You know sometimes they send in ice-ploughs which get right down on the rail and simply scoop the ice and snow to one side."

I had noticed earlier that this man was sidling up to my table as though he wanted to speak to me, and he had introduced himself by saying, " I have been following your movements in the newspapers, sir, and I said to myself I hope he comes on our train, and now here you are."

"Have you any relatives in the old country?" I asked, more because I scarcely knew what to say than for any other reason.

" No," he replied, " my father and mother were from the old country, but I was born in Newfoundland."

" It's a hard life there, isn't it ? " I queried.

" Yes, it is, sir. You know we couldn't afford stockings even. I have never worn underclothes in my life. I haven't any on now. I don't like them."

I asked him was it cold hereabouts, and he said he didn't think so. We would be able to judge for ourselves when we came to the Great Divide soon after passing Field.

" We have been told that we should have brought heavy overcoats," I observed.

" Overcoats, no, you will be all right. Why, if I had a heavy overcoat I would go to the North Pole and I am an old man," he said contemptuously. " But you mustn't miss the Great Divide. They have two rivers there. One goes to the Pacific and the other to the Atlantic, and you put your hand in each of them and make a wish. I haven't got out there myself," he said regretfully, " but I have seen all passengers do it. See that you are in the observation car after lunch. We will be climbing all the time until then. Then you put your watches forward an hour."

Whilst this conversation was going on I had been glancing from time to time at the landscape, and noticed that wherever there was a stump of a tree it was covered with a wide round mass of snow, making it appear like a big mushroom. I remarked about this to the waiter, who said that by watching these they could tell how many falls of snow there had been. The snow gradually became darker with age, and they could easily distinguish the newer falls from the older ones. Some fellows could judge almost exactly how long each fall had been there.

I had a long talk with the news-agent of C.P.R., who

came round with coloured photographs, some of which I bought. He told us that we had been following the Frazer and Thompson Rivers last night, and that we had now started on the Selkirk Range, which was to the west of us with the Rockies to the east, because we were now running due south. He pointed out to us some deer tracks where the deer came down to the water each night to drink. They stayed there all night for fear of the wolves which chased them. The wolves dared not swim after them, because the deer would stamp on them or butt them with their horns. The wolves, it appears, are very systematic when attacking a deer. Several of them surround it and methodically hamstring the deer which is then helpless.

The guide showed us some Swiss chalets in the village of Edelweiss where the Swiss guides live. They formerly came here in the summer as guides and returned every year to Switzerland, but latterly they have made their homes here. I had already recognized some barns built in the Swiss style, and the guide confirmed my opinion by saying they had been built by the Swiss.

He told us to our regret that we could not descend at the Great Divide, because in the first place the company now forbade it, and secondly because in these months it was covered with snow, and there was no platform there. It appears that some years ago over 200 passengers descended there and they split up, some collecting flowers and others sightseeing, with the result that a train was held up two hours. Since then no one has been permitted to get out. Hard luck for us, but as I had been here in 19301 did not feel quite so disappointed.

He confirmed that it was possible for a person to put one hand in the stream feeding into the Kicking Horse River, which ultimately found its way into the Pacific through the Columbia River, and the other hand into

the Bow River, which fed into the Atlantic by way of Hudson Bay. Both of them were very small streams at this point.

We had been following the Columbia River which started from a modest spring not far from here and which I saw broad and dignified at Portland when coming up from San Francisco to Vancouver by air.

Soon after reaching Golden (2,583 feet above sea-level) we left the Selkirk Range and climbed to Field, a further 1,490 feet, along the Kicking Horse Canyon. 1 had bought some coloured views of scenery and noticed that they were executed by an English firm. On my remarking about this the guide told me that he had received a note from this firm saying that their premises had been bombed, and that they couldn't supply any further books for the time being !

But no coloured cards could do justice to this magnificent scenery. The river on the right of the line as we ascended the Pass had become only a few feet wide in places, but it scurried along rapidly. Where the rocks had impeded its course and had frozen over into a solid block of ice, it simply dived underneath and went hurrying on its way.

Now and again we would see a man working by the line. One, armed with a shovel and wearing a woollen tam-o'-shanter and a jersey, wore no gloves. Evidently it couldn't be too cold outside.

We passed through the Connaught Tunnel, which is five miles long, and which is the longest double-track tunnel in America. Above it rises Mount McDonald, almost dead straight.

We stopped at Field for fifteen minutes soon after *2* o'clock and immediately put on our watches one hour. From here the scenery was magnificent and almost indescribable. We climbed 1,400 feet within 16 miles,

passing high-towering peaks including one very like Cathedral Mountain.

We entered the first spiral tunnel soon afterwards. This is described as one of the greatest engineering feats in the world. The gradient was very steep, formerly 4.5 degrees, and it required four big locomotives to pull the trains through. Now it only requires two engines. The gradient was reduced to 2-2 degrees, or less than half of the former slope, which was ten times steeper than that normally allowed for heavy prairie trains.

The line first enters a tunnel under Mount Ogden, which is nearly 9,000 feet high, and then turns a complete circle, passing under itself in the process. This is difficult to understand without a diagram but fortunately there was one shown on the menu-card in the dining-car, which made it clear. I bought some photographs of a locomotive coming from the east, just emerging from the tunnel while the tail end of the same train was standing still on the line above the tunnel. The two tunnels together have the appearance of a figure 8 lying right across the Yoho valley. The second tunnel is under Cathedral Mountain.

The highest point of our journey was at Stephen where occurs the Great Divide, separating the Provinces of British Columbia and Alberta and which is 5,337 *feet* From thence we came down steadily until at Lake Louise, which incidentally we couldn't see from the train, we were at 5,050 feet. The downward gradient continued, so that at Banff, which we reached roughly one hour after leaving Lake Louise at 5.25 p.m., we were at 4,434 feet, or more than 800 feet below Stephen.

We saw the great Castle Mountain with its turrets and bastions looking like some medieval stronghold, and at Banff there was shown a magnificent panorama of encircling mountains.

It was now approaching dusk and night fell very rapidly, within not more than fifteen minutes, I should say.

We were joined at Calgary (Alberta) by Carl Berg of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, who was a fraternal delegate to our Congress at Norwich, and who brought with him several Trade Union officials, including one who had come 200 miles to see me. Then there was a batch of reporters to speak to, so that the twenty minutes or so during which we stopped was fully taken up. Everyone was very friendly, and anxious to know the prospects of life after the war. The Trade Unionists hoped that the Canadian Government would not place contracts with firms who refused collective bargaining.

Back on the train I was having a hard job to write these notes as the train was travelling fast and the seat was bouncing up and down. I read in the newspapers here this evening that five Consolidated bombers left San Diego to-day for Bermuda. These were, no doubt, the five machines which the Consolidated Management said they were waiting for the R.A.F. to fly over.

Carl Berg told me much about the Communist attempts to capture the Trade Union Movement here. The same old story as in Britain, only more so.

The reporters also asked me concerning the so-called " People's Convention " which had met in London last Sunday and passed a resolution against continuing the war. I told them I was confident it was totally unrepresentative, despite its claim that delegates were sent by 1,000,000 Trade Unionists. I would challenge these people to publish their figures including the names of delegates, what bodies they represented, and how they voted. They would be repudiated by their own members. I was certain that the only way to treat these people was to expose their claims and follow them through. I said I expected our Labour Party and the Trades Union

Congress would set about doing this. I decided to wire home for information.

ON THE TRAIN TO WINNIPEG

Wednesday, 15th January 1941.

I slept very badly last night partly due to the rocking of the train and partly because my brain wouldn't rest. We were at Regina (Saskatchewan), the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, when I went into the dining-car soon after 8.30 a.m. From the station it seemed a fairly prosperous place, but I think the population was only about 50,000 or so. I was anxious to send a cable home from here, but as we had arrived late the train stopped for only a few minutes, so we had to send it from the next stop, Broadbent.

There was little to see from the train. Snow was falling steadily in tiny flakes. The landscape was flat, no animals were to be seen, and an occasional strip of trees was all that there was to look at. It was impossible to see for more than a few hundred yards because of the mist and snow. This continued all day without intermission except that as we got further into Manitoba, which incidentally is nearly three times as big as Great Britain, there were a few more trees.

I rested for an hour or so during the afternoon, as I was due to speak in the evening to the Trade Union Lodges, or Branches as we call them. I estimated that up to date I had delivered over forty speeches, varying in length from forty minutes to one and a half hours. This was in addition to press conferences, broadcasts, and interviews. I had broadcast at least two and three-quarter hours already, three times over national systems and the rest locals.

We reached Winnipeg twenty minutes late and were greeted on the platform by the Mayor, Mr. Queen, whom I had met at a Commonwealth Labour Conference in London some years ago, and the Chairman of the Canadian Club, Mr. Pincock, as well as a number of Trade Union and civic officials. We were photographed as usual, and then drove to Fort Garry Hotel where an excellent suite of rooms had been reserved for us. Everyone was astounded to see that I was not wearing a hat, and they warned me that the cold was intense although it was rather milder just now than usual. In the hotel I had a conference with the Press, and afterwards prepared for the meeting of Trade Union Executives which was arranged for 8 p.m. in the Labour Temple.

I observed a rather strange phenomenon in the hotel. All the floors were heavily carpeted and on going over to switch on one of the electric lights, I got a shock from the switch. I warned Bell, who replied that he had the same experience. Then on going to one of the doors, immediately I touched the handle I received another shock. It was quite strong and unpleasant. I thought to myself " these people have not earthed their installation and there is a leak." I mentioned this to one of the lift attendants who told me that all over this hotel the same trouble took place. Touching anything made of metal whilst walking on the carpet would cause it.

Later in discussion with some of the journalists I was told that the same conditions are found in every hotel. It appears that the mere act of walking across the carpet sets up a static electric charge, and when one touches metal or anything which conducts electricity a discharge takes place. One of the reporters showed me this by merely moving his feet and shaking hands with me, and

I felt a distinct, though quite mild, electric shock. I couldn't understand why this should happen only in Winnipeg, but they explained it by saying that the air was particularly dry. I resolved to obtain a more thorough explanation than this.

I drove to the Labor Temple in the Mayor's car and found the hall crowded. I spoke from some very scrappy notes and dealt with the Communists who, I had been told, had caused considerable disruption here. There were a number of them present, but by the time I had finished with them they didn't so much as bleat. The Mayor and several of the officers said I had done a public service in so clearly exposing them, and in explaining the conditions in Great Britain.

AT WINNIPEG

Thursday, 16th January 1941.

My throat was sore and I felt it unwise to speak at the lunch which the Mayor gave to-day. He presented me with the silver badge of the city, and I had to accept without making any reply. Bell was asked to speak and made a nice little speech which the audience received with applause. I went for a stroll down Main Street and a little way along Portage Avenue and the surrounding neighbourhood. The two great stores here are those of the Hudson's Bay Company and Eaton & Co., and from the hasty glance I gave at the prices, they did not seem very much higher than those at home, except for clothing.

There are some imposing public buildings, among which the Legislative Building, the Auditorium, and the Law Courts are outstanding. Winnipeg is the most important market for cereals in the world, and has a population of over 200,000. The weather was intensely

cold in contrast to the last time I was here, when it was midsummer.

The ruins of the original Fort Garry, which was the place where the Hudson's Bay Company erected the first building, are preserved as a landmark.

In the afternoon I wrote my notes for the evening meeting, and at 5 p.m. went along to see the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. MacWilliams. Here we met a good many prominent citizens, including Mr. Dafoe, the Editor of *Free Press,* who is said to be one of the most outstanding journalists in Canada.

Admission to the evening meeting was charged for at 25 cents, the proceeds going to the Lord Mayor's Fund in London for relief of people bombed. There were about 2,000 people present and they were very attentive. There were several speeches of welcome, and an orchestra and vocal items made up a very pleasant evening. Afterwards we went to Moor's local cafe where they have collected some really good pictures, and where we had food. It was after 12 o'clock when finally I climbed into bed.

AT WINNIPEG

Friday, 17th January 1941.

We went out first thing this morning after I had given the journalists a summary of my speech for to-day's address at the Canadian Club. We drove with Air Commodore Shearer to the training school here. The weather was sunny but bitterly cold, and everyone but myself wore a heavy coat and fur hat. I had to inspect the guard of about twenty R.A.F. men who gave us the salute, after which we went through the stores here where was kept a sufficient stock for all the training establish-

ments. The buildings had not been erected for more than a few weeks and no doubt that accounted for the absence of heating in some of them. All the living quarters were comfortably heated.

We then drove in company with the Commodore and also Wing Commander Dickins, a Britisher, who had met me when I lectured on Trades Unionism at the R.A.F. Staff College, at Andover, to the State Airplane Factory managed by the Macdonald Company. They were making wooden wings for the Anson bomber, which is used for training. The engine and fuselage came out from Great Britain and the wings are made and assembled here. The factory has only been completed a few weeks, and I should say not more than 350 men were employed. There were about a dozen women in addition.

Then I saw the repair shop where they were adapting some of the Bristol Cheetah engines to this cold flying weather. The 'planes have to be fitted with a circulating pipe which leads into the cockpit, no doubt to warm this also. I saw a badly crashed bomber here which was completely smashed up and then examined a Merlin engine. My attention was drawn to the remarkable number of nuts and bolts, which seemed unnecessarily complicated. One of the R.A.F. men contended, however, that it was no more clumsy than fitting flanges instead of bolts would have been.

We had to hurry off to the Prince Alexander Hotel where we found a crowded audience waiting for us. The President of the Canadian Club, Mr. Pincock, said it was easily the biggest meeting held during his year of office, and he said that 600 tickets had been bought. My address was broadcast and lasted forty-five minutes. At the conclusion the applause was reassuring.

After this, by arrangement, I had a talk in the presence of Carl Berg and Noble of the A.F. of L. with some of

the local employers, the President of the Club having asked me to do this. I think the result of my explaining our relations with the employers in Great Britain will be to establish a better feeling here.

The real trouble here, as elsewhere on this continent, is to get confidence established between the two parties. I have come across many employers very decent and broad-minded in themselves, but who, immediately Trade Unionism was mentioned, seemed to freeze up. Many times I asked them to imagine what would have happened to Great Britain, if our Trade Unions had been at loggerheads with the Government and employers. Certainly we could never have carried through the war effort as we have done.

The situation out here is not as straightforward as at home, and the Canadian Unions, like those in the U.S.A., have obstacles to surmount which don't present themselves to us. There are still a good many communities composed almost entirely of foreign-born people, who are, not very easy to convince of the value of Trade Unionism. Still, I feel progress is being made towards better organization.

I had a chat with a man who knew a good deal about the problems of the Air Force. He had had some experience over Germany with bomber squadrons, and he was convinced that the German search-lights were poor as compared with the British. Gunnery, too, was not very accurate. He was emphatic about the need for maintaining the high quality of our machines, as he said this gave the pilots an enormous advantage in morale over the Nazis.

In this he took the view that I have so many times heard expressed by people in the R.A.F. They fully appreciate the need for producing a large number of aeroplanes, but they insist that to send pilots up in

machines which are known to be inferior to those of the enemy, is to deal a blow at their morale which might have very serious consequences. Certainly the pilot who goes up in his aeroplane and knows that his opponent has heavier armament, greater speed, a better rate of climb and manoeuvrability must feel pretty uncomfortable. Our British pilots have shown their courage and initiative on so many occasions, that they deserve the best we can give them.

Someone has to hold the balance between quantity and quality, and I suppose it is natural for the men who are running the risks to feel that their point of view should be an important, even if not the decisive, factor. The R.A.F. policy so far has been to insist upon the highest quality, whereas the Germans have gone in more for quantity production than we have done. From what I have heard at home the present R.A.F. policy is identical with that pursued by the British in the last war, in which we eventually secured supremacy in the air.

At 6.30 p.m. we left the hotel to catch the train for Montreal (Quebec), but on arrival at the G.P.R. Station we found that the train was late. The station was thronged with crowds giving a detachment of the Canadian R.A.F. a send-off. It was bitterly cold at the entrance to the platform, and I only saw one young fellow without a hat. Most of them wore fur caps and heavy coats. Some people were practically covered with fur from head to foot, but it didn't appear to me that the weather merited so much concern as it was only 19 degrees below freezing point. The women were dressed in fur coats with little fur-topped overshoes, and thin silk stockings completely exposed to the cold, as in most cases the coats worn were too short to protect their legs !

The station-master very kindly offered me the use of

his warm room whilst we were waiting, and I was glad of it. The train got away at about 7.15 p.m., and as the carriages had only just been put on they were rather cold. This did not inconvenience me, but I was well pleased when the heat began to mount. The carriages were kept at a temperature of about 70 degrees which was too hot from our English point of view. No windows were of course opened. Double windows and air-conditioning is now the order of the day on these trains, which are kept well-ventilated and clean as a consequence.

ON THE TRAIN TO MONTREAL

Saturday, 18th January 1941.

We put our watches forward last night by an hour so that we are now on Eastern time, and no further changes will be necessary whilst we are on this Continent. I wakened feeling rather fatigued. There was a blind up in one corner, and I saw that outside all was white. The snow had driven in between the double windows.

After washing, and shaving with really hot water, a feature which distinguishes the Canadian trains, I made for the breakfast car which was several carriages in front. The negro attendants were starting to fold up the curtains of the sleeping berths, and a bulge in one compartment and a pair of legs pushing through into the corridor showed where someone was struggling to dress himself. In the toilet compartment, which I remember so well from previous journeys, men were washing and shaving, stripped to their under-vests. Rather too public for my liking.

On crossing the swaying platform between the cars I observed that the snow had blown in through the crevices and covered everything with a fine white powder. The

dining-car was warm and the attendants, as usual, very civil. On all these Canadian trains these men are whites, unlike the practice on the other side of the border.

The conductor gave me a bulletin summarizing the morning's news, from which I saw that our Prime Minister had said yesterday at Glasgow that we don't want large masses of men sent overseas in 1941, a statement which I have been making for some weeks past. But in 1942 this situation will, in all probability, be changed, although Churchill didn't say so.

The conductor also lent me a souvenir of the last war. It was a leaflet in French dropped from German aeroplanes in July 1916, saying that they were shocked to find that the French had been dropping bombs on the German civil population killing many innocent men, women and children. That the Germans knew now that this was done on the instructions of Poincare, who, as the slave of the English, had been forced to do this wicked work. If it continued the Germans would be reluctantly forced to retaliate against the guilty French. This was followed by the remark that it was the English who were really responsible. So ran the leaflet, strikingly similar to some of the German publications in the present war.

Whilst I was reading this we were speeding along the shores of Lake Superior near Nipigon Bay where 1,700 German prisoners were incarcerated. It was difficult at first to be sure whether we were looking at a lake or a tract of land. The frozen surface of the water was covered with snow. The only difference I could see was that the snow had formed in ripples, whereas on the land the surface was usually quite smooth.

Near the railway line there were many small forests, mostly of fir and, I should think, larch, all gleaming white in the strong sun. The heat in our compartment

was rather more than I could bear although I had turned the regulator to the off position, and I divested myself of both coat and waistcoat. Even then I felt too warm, and I dozed lying stretched out, reading only occasionally.

During the afternoon the scenery improved considerably and the many creeks and bays of Lake Superior, the waters of which hereabouts were not frozen but lazily lapping the snow-covered rocks and islets, looked entrancing in the sunlight. I don't think I had ever realized how beautiful a snow crystal could be until I studied the patches of frozen snow clinging to the window pane. Not only were they of beautiful patterns, but they reflected the light with dazzling rays as though each tiny particle was a superb diamond.

During the late afternoon the weather became slightly warmer, the sun shining very strongly, so much so that to me it was uncomfortable to sit near the window. The scenery didn't vary greatly, and not a vessel of any kind was visible on the lake, its vast surface stretching away in the distance like an immense sea.

The train was over two hours late at this point, but everyone seemed to be thoroughly accustomed to that. I found time to dictate to Bell the broadcast I have to deliver to-morrow evening from Montreal, and which I saw was advertised in this evening's Toronto newspapers. These announced, among other things, the bad news that the cruiser *Southampton* had been sunk, after taking fire during an attack of Nazi bombers in the Mediterranean, where yesterday the *Illustrious*, the aircraft carrier, was also damaged. It appears the *Southampton* was being towed to port but had to be abandoned. I had felt convinced that sooner or later the Germans would go to the relief of the Italians who were doing so badly. But they were not having matters all their own

way as our bombers had caused much devastation to their dive-bomber bases.

I remember Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore telling me in 1938, when I lectured at the Imperial Defence College, that this dive-bombing had even then been brought to high perfection by the Germans. He, personally, had seen it during the German manoeuvres. I remember replying that it should be easy to deal with dive-bombers by machine-guns and his rather dubious retort "if we *have* the machine-guns ".

I read an article this evening in *Collier's Weekly Paper* of an interview with Lord Beaverbrook, who emphatically refuted the story that American machines were no good. The correspondent was sent to see for himself, and spoke of three types—(1) the Hudson, of which everyone speaks well, and (2) the Gurtiss Mohawk and Tomahawk, both of which are quite recent products.

They ought really to be compared not with the existing Spitfires and Hurricanes, but with the Typhoons and Tornadoes. From all accounts I feel sure that the Tomahawks, good as they are, are not quite the equal of these machines either in speed or armament.

The other was a Glenn Martin bomber, of whose performance I know very little.

ON THE TRAIN TO MONTREAL

Sunday, 19th January 1941.

When I wakened we were at Ottawa (Ontario). It was not quite so cold this morning as yesterday, and as the train was now two and a quarter hours late we did not arrive at Montreal until 11.15. We were met at the station by the President of the Canadian Club, officials of the Unions and the International **Labour**

Office, and others, and went immediately to the Windsor Hotel.

I noticed that the clocks registered 12.35, whereas my watch only showed 11.35. When I asked for an explanation, I found that Montreal was on summer-time so that we had to put on our watches a further hour. In the afternoon I finished my broadcast and read correspondence and newspapers.

I had the same trouble here as at Winnipeg with the door-knobs and switches. Every time I crossed the room (which was carpeted, by the way), I got a shock on touching them. The theory is that the air is so cold and dry that the movement of the body sets up an electric charge, particularly when walking across a carpet. But how can this be a thorough explanation so far as the coldness and dryness of the air is concerned, when the rooms are warmed by central heating ? Yet there it is !

During the afternoon I had a hasty look round the city, which is the largest in Canada with a population of 820,000. Approximately half of the people are French-speaking, and there are many Catholic churches and institutions here. The parish church of Notre Dame in Place d'Armes has a famous set of ten bells. One, " Le Gros Bourdon ", is said to be one of the largest in America. The church is big enough to be a cathedral, having a capacity for seating several thousand people.

The St. James[5] Cathedral is a copy of St. Peter's of Rome, built to one-quarter of the scale of its magnificent prototype. The McGill University, famous scholastically, is probably the best-known of the Canadian Universities. There are several notable squares, among them the Victoria, Place d'Armes and Dominion.

By far the biggest building is that of the Sun Life Insurance Company, a massive structure towering high above its neighbours.

The two bridges across the St. Lawrence are the Jacques Cartier and the Victoria, the latter being an especially fine structure.

In the evening I broadcast, as arranged. The Hon. Norman McLarty, the Canadian Minister of Labour, introduced my speech from Ottawa, three hours' train ride away. He talked rather longer than was expected, and I had to hurry a bit. Still, it didn't go too badly.

AT MONTREAL

Monday, 20th January 1941.

A hasty glance at the newspapers this morning showed that they had reported the broadcast and yesterday's interviews quite satisfactorily. I was not feeling in the best of form as I couldn't sleep last night. There was noise in the corridors lasting until the early hours of the morning, because some people in a rather elated condition took no account of the comfort of others.

At 9.45 I started out for the Canadian Power Boat Company's plant with the General Manager, Mr. Dunlop Palmer, and Mr. Labelle, Chairman of Vickers Ltd. (Canada). These works had been pushed through in a remarkably short time. The actual laying out of site didn't commence until July 1940 and work was begun on production in November. During the whole of that cold period they had been able to pour concrete. They said that the usual method was to heat the sand, and to put hot-water pipes round the shuttering which holds the concrete in position. They had to go down deep with the foundations, because the ground freezes sometimes to several feet below the surface, which might otherwise have destroyed the foundations.

Mr. Scott Paine, who is the head of this concern,

evidently believes in first-class layout and modern equipment. This shop was spacious and magnificently equipped with some of the finest machine tools I have seen. The hulls of the boats were built completely of wood and naturally one expected to find a good deal of sawdust kicking about. Quite the contrary. The sawmill was a model of cleanliness.

All the departmental managers I talked to, said that the American machine tools were on the whole better than ours, and it was only lately that our biggest manufacturers had wakened up to the need for the most modern devices. Some of the British tools made by firms like Herberts and Asquiths were beyond praise, but the Americans were ahead in speed of operation and in the many little facilities provided.

All the machinery, including the boilers, in this plant was painted white, and that was done not only for appearance but because it helped to detect defects in the machines. The boats were driven by two Packard engines of 1,300 horse-power each. These were surprisingly light, and weighed only *2½* lb. per horse-power. They also used the Chrysler engine for the target boats, which were somewhat smaller than the torpedo boats. They were working several shifts, some departments doing two shifts and others three, but the whole twenty-four hours were covered. They stopped work at midday on Saturdays.

Wages for skilled men were approximately 75 cents *(y.)* per hour. Every department was self-contained as far as possible, but I didn't like the wire grilles round every one of them. One had to gain admittance through a narrow door which was always kept closed. It gave one a feeling of being caged, and on inquiring as to the reason I was told that it is mainly to prevent workpeople from strolling about. Lavatories were attached to each

department and they were first-class. Smoking was not allowed and the Manager said that whilst this is right enough in the woodworking section, it is a source of grievance that the men cannot smoke elsewhere. Scott Paine had one of his works burned down, and he doesn't want to have that happen again.

It was very cold this morning, the temperature registering just below zero and I didn't stand about more than I could help. The air soon caused my eyes to water, but my head was not uncomfortably cold although I was not wearing a hat.

I drove back to the hotel to address the Canadian Club. I hadn't prepared anything specially for them, and I talked without bothering about my notes. Result—everyone satisfied but myself.

After this I spent a little time at the temporary office of the International Labour Office and then went with the Chairman of Vickers Ltd. to see their shipbuilding and aeroplane plant. It was a fairly long way out and was situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, which was frozen over.

I inquired why it was that Lake Superior was still open and yet this wide and splendid river was frozen. The explanation was that Lake Superior is very deep, much deeper than the St. Lawrence, and that it is only the top layers of water which actually fall to below freezing point. The water lying lower down, which is always warmer than freezing point, then rises and takes the place of the colder water. This process goes on interminably, and as a consequence the Lake doesn't freeze except in the shallower parts.

At the Vickers works I inspected the Stranraer which, although a somewhat old-fashioned type of flying-boat, impressed me as a neat and workmanlike job with a minimum of gadgets and trimmings. It is used for

patrol work on the Canadian coasts and has two radial engines of 750 horse-power, and a range of 1,500 miles. Once again I heard the complaint that orders were only placed in small lots and that this prevented the firm from ordering materials sufficiently far ahead to keep the processes flowing. This is exactly the same complaint as I heard so often in California.

Subsequently I saw some Hampden bombers, but delivery of these was being hampered because the Canadian R.A.F. had ordered many modifications at the last minute.

Two shifts are worked as the men insisted upon this despite the longer hours, in order to get the benefit of the higher earnings. They wouldn't have three shifts. The men didn't work on Sundays as a rule, but those who were called in were paid double-time.

The shipyard part of the undertaking was mainly occupied in making minesweepers and corvettes. Several of these were gripped in the ice and apparently would have to remain there until the spring, but work was proceeding on most of them. I saw a number of workmen bending one of the frames for the hull of one of these. I asked whether they were boilermakers.

" Wait a minute, we will call the shipyard manager," the director said.

Up came a rosy-cheeked, bespectacled man of about 55. He told me in the broadest Tyneside dialect, which Surtees so adroitly imitates in *Handley Cross* and his other books, that these men were not skilled tradesmen.

Then he called over another man wearing overalls. " This is a gentleman—I don't know his name—but he is on the Labour side." This was my introduction. We shook hands, and I asked whether the **Canadian workmen** generally were as skilled as the British.

He answered in the broadest Scottish, " **Well, yes.**

You see, sir, most of these fellows on the skilled **work** come from Greenock ! ! "

" No further questions are necessary," I rejoined, **and** strolled off to another part of the shop where a shearing machine was cutting ¼-inch plates like cheese. I was told it could easily cut up to 2 inches.

I spoke privately for a few minutes to the shipyard manager, who told me that he had come out here 11 years ago to do one job only. " But I found the manager was an old pal of mine," he explained, " and so I am still here."

"Do you like it?"

" Well, yes. You feel more free here than at home. You don't feel so shut in," he said, as though at a loss to express himself.

" Would you go back to the old country ? "

" No, I don't think I would. Of course I like the old country, but I'd rather be here."

That I think represents the view of most people I have spoken to, including two former acquaintances of mine of many years' standing. Both said that they had far better opportunities here than they ever had at home. A pity. We must try to improve things at home somehow.

The meeting in the evening was rather a disappointment, only about 400 people being present in a hall big enough to accommodate 1,500. It was held in the French quarter and many of the platform people thought that this was a mistake, and that the attendance would have been much larger had it been held in one of the other districts.

The vast majority of those present spoke French, and all the speeches were made first in French and then translated by the speaker himself into English. There were considerable differences in the pronunciation of the speakers and the French spoken in modern France.

Canadian French approximates more to the old French, but I had little difficulty in understanding it, and the facility with which the speakers swung over from French to English was remarkable.

It had been impressed upon me that the audience would appreciate a few words in French from me, so I had prepared a script with the help of some friends, and read from this for a few minutes. The audience applauded loudly at the conclusion, but whether this was because of the quality of the matter or a compliment to me for having made the effort, I don't know. Anyway, Walter Schevenels, the Belgian Secretary of the International Federation of Trade Unions, who had turned up unexpectedly in Montreal having come across post-haste from Halifax, was quite pleased. I am afraid I rather spoiled the effect, because as soon as I had concluded the French part I heaved a sigh and then said to the audience, " Thank God that's over". I rather think that my listeners, who were typically working-class people, agreed with this.

I didn't bother about notes for this meeting, but evidently made a good impression. I started at 9.40 p.m. as the meeting, although advertised for 8 o'clock, didn't get under way until after 9 o'clock. It was well after 11 p.m. when I reached the Windsor Hotel, and it was midnight by the time I had finished packing my bags ready for leaving in the morning. The Press reports that the Joint Defence Commission, representing the U.S.A. and Canadian Governments, was in session here to-day. I wish I had had the time as I would have liked to have looked up La Guardia, who is heading the American delegation. Apparently the Commission is making good progress.

MONTREAL—OTTAWA

Tuesday, 21st January 1941.

We got up to catch the 8.15 train. On arriving at the station on this raw, cold morning we found, to our disgust, that we were an hour too soon. The C.P.R. worked on Eastern Standard time, whereas Montreal was on summer-time. Yet no one thought of telling us about the discrepancy.

We had breakfast at the station and I glanced over the newspapers. One of the reports was very discreet. It read, " Sir Walter then addressed the audience in French, which he did in an amazing fashion/' Right every time !

Walter Schevenels had joined us at breakfast and he told me that on the vessel on which he travelled from England, were a number of British pilots who were coming over to fly back some of the Lockheed Hudsons.

I had reflected a good deal over the question as to how I was to return to England, as the boat services were irregular and infrequent and the difficulties of getting a place on the Atlantic Clipper were considerable. I resolved that when I got to Washington I would explore what the possibilities were of flying back.

We reached Ottawa at about 12.15 by summer-time, or what the Canadians called " fast" time. We were met by the Minister of Labour, the Hon. Norman A. McLarty, Tom Moore, President of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, the President and Secretary of the Canadian Club, and numerous other friends. We walked through the tunnel connecting the Union Station with the Chateau Laurier, where a suite of rooms had been reserved for us, and almost immediately I arrived the telephone started to ring. The very first call

was from the Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone, whom I had met in South Africa in 1930. He invited me to have lunch with him to-morrow, and I accepted.

Then there were the newspapers to attend to. Time didn't permit of a press conference as I was due to meet the Canadian Club at 12.45.

After unpacking and washing I went down below and was introduced to the Executive members of the Club, as well as to various Ministers. The lunch was excellently attended, I should say not less than 600 people being present. I spoke for about forty-five minutes, and received the most sustained ovation at its conclusion that I have ever had anywhere. I rose three times in all before the applause ceased.

Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister, who was present, said to me, " That is not only the finest speech which has ever been delivered to this Club, but one of the finest I have ever listened to in my life. It is a great privilege to have heard you."

After this I rested for about an hour and then **had** several interviews which lasted until a little after 5 o'clock when I was due to go to have tea with Mr. Mackenzie King.

I had not met him previous to to-day and naturally I was interested to find out what sort of man he was. Sixty-six years of age, with soft voice, of medium height, he was by no means robust physically, but alert **and** active. He struck me as a man who would not reach hasty decisions, but who would carefully weigh and ponder over the merits of a question. Rather scholarly in appearance, he might easily have passed for a professor and I believe, indeed, that he is not without academic distinction.

He showed me over his house, in which **there were**

some excellent pictures, and naturally I was interested in the library, which was replete with classics and books on social, industrial, and political questions.

It would be presumptuous of me to say that I was surprised to find him so well informed, but frankly I had not realized that he was so deeply interested in industrial relations. It was not until later that I found he had been an investigator into this question for the Rockefeller Foundation over twenty-five years ago.

He was good enough to present me with a copy of his book *Industry and Humanity*, and throughout our interview I was very much impressed with his sincere sympathy with the poorer sections of the community. He read to me with deep fervour some extracts from the memoirs of his grandfather, Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie, which attested to the poverty and hardship in which he was reared, and which showed the untiring struggle which this doughty old stalwart had waged for freedom and the rights of the people.

I told him that I was glad to see that he honoured those whose struggles had enabled him to rise to his present eminent position. He told me some of his experiences as a young student, and of the adversities which he had encountered.

He had entered politics with the determination to do all he could for the poorer people, and it was clear to me that he believed that Labour will have an important, if not a decisive, part to play in the war.

He told me, incidentally, that during the course of the afternoon he had heard many comments about my address, and people were surprised that I could pack so much into a single speech. I replied that I always tried to do the same irrespective of. the character of the gathering.

Whilst we were having tea we discussed many other

subjects besides politics and I found that, whilst, as was to be expected, he has not the time for extensive reading, he still obtains a good deal of pleasure out of his splendid library.

The time had slipped by so quickly that it was now after 7 o'clock, and we were due at the Chateau Laurier at 8 o'clock to have dinner with the Federal Ministers who were in town. So off I went back to the hotel, where some friends who had crossed the Atlantic with me were waiting. After chatting with them for a little while I remembered that a reporter from the *Toronto Globe* was kicking his heels and, my friends having taken their departure, this interview was conducted whilst I was dressing.

With my face smothered in soap and water, I discussed in gasps and gurgles the alleged conscription of labour which was taking place in England. I remonstrated that a phrase of this kind was enough to get the backs up of workmen, who hated the idea of industrial conscription. No new principles were being put forward as far as I knew and, as far back as May last, our Trade Unions had agreed to those which were now being implemented. I have many times declared that, whilst it is right and proper for the Government to possess the powers necessary to conduct the war efficiently, the Trade Union Movement and, indeed, all lovers of personal liberty, must be vigilant to ensure that such powers are applied democratically and wisely. I see no reason to depart from that view.

I am afraid I imposed rather a strain upon the journalist's shorthand and his intelligence, and I impressed upon him that he had my fortunes in his keeping, and so I enjoined him to do his best. He seemed a very competent fellow who knew his business.

There were about twenty people present at the evening

function which was private and quite informal. Mackenzie King was in the chair and spoke very feelingly about the British people, and in the highest terms concerning my visit.

OTTAWA—TORONTO

Wednesday, 22nd January 1941.

The day began with a round of appointments in the morning. I met some representatives of the Canadian Co-operative Federation and Trade Union colleagues, who said that the big employers made a dead set against Trade Unionism, and the Government did very little to fight this. They paid high tribute to Mackenzie King, whom they described as a fine character, but disliked the attitude of some of his Ministers, who had overriden Trade Union agreements several times, and fixed the basic rate of pay well below the Union rates.

Furthermore, they thought that the influence of the British Government which had declared its belief in Trade Unionism should be used to secure recognition from the employers, and that fair conditions should be attached to contracts. A sentiment with which I entirely agreed.

After this I went to have lunch with the Earl of Athlone and his wife, Princess Alice. They occupy the splendid mansion provided by the Canadian Government, with its spacious grounds overlooking the Ottawa River which was frozen over. I started out early because I wished to have a drive round the city to glance at many of the scenes with which I had become familiar during the weeks I was here in 1932 at the Imperial Economic Conference.

Ottawa is not nearly so big as Montreal or Toronto,

its population being approximately 130,000, but as the capital it has many architecturally beautiful public buildings. The Parliament House, built in medieval French style, in situation and architecture is, I should say, one of the finest in the world. I remember the vaulted roof of its entrance hall, worked in Manitoba stone and supported by black marble pillars.

The Chateau Laurier faces the Union Station and, like it, is a handsome building. The Justice and Confederation Buildings, the Mint and the Post Office, are other notable edifices.

Everywhere the snow was falling fast and the snow-ploughs were going ahead shovelling and pushing the snow from the street-car lines. I wouldn't have called the weather unpleasantly cold, and the scenery was lovely. A number of small vessels were jammed in the ice on the river and would have to remain there until the thaw which is usually about April.

I chatted with the Governor-General before lunch, and on walking to the dining-room I stooped to pat his pet bulldog. I received a decided electric shock immediately I touched him. The dog jumped, and I thought he was going to bite me, although it was quite certain it was not his first experience. Once the discharge had taken place the dog and I played together and enjoyed ourselves. Everyone told me that static electricity was very common here.

I returned to the hotel, we packed our bags and caught the 3 p.m. train for Toronto (Ontario). Actually our watches showed 4 p.m., because we were on " fast " time, and the railways stick to Eastern Standard time. Mr. Norman McLarty, the Minister of Labour, as well as some Trade Union friends, came to see us off, and all of us regretted I had not been able to stay in Ottawa longer.

The train journey was slow and uneventful, the heat in the carriage rather stifling, and the weather outside atrocious, heavy rain taking the place of snow as we neared Toronto. Tom Moore said that Toronto is usually ten degrees warmer than Ottawa, so I decided to take off some of my heavy clothing when we got there. The journey took over seven and a quarter hours, although the distance is only 246 miles.

We were met at the station by the President and Secretary of the Canadian Club and local Trade Union officials, and walked through the underground tunnel to the Royal York Hotel. Once there, I received the Press, although the hour was late. And after some conversation with Mr. J. W. Buckley of the Trades Council, I went to bed about midnight.

AT TORONTO

Thursday, 23rd January 1941.

I was terribly tired this morning and didn't get up until after 11 o'clock. I went out for a walk and the cold was rather bitter, yet the thermometer registered only about 18 degrees of frost, comparatively little for Canada. I heard on the wireless this morning that the weather was much colder than yesterday.

On returning to the hotel I was taken into the Canadian Club lunch, the audience rising as the officers and guests came in. There was not such a large attendance as at Ottawa, as this was the second lunch of the week. Despite this there were at least 400 present. My address was broadcast on the local station, and I wore a small microphone on the lapel of my coat. It bothered me all the time I was speaking, and I don't think that for the first fifteen minutes or so I spoke at all effectively. When I

had finished, however, the applause showed that the company were satisfied.

In the afternoon I drove out to see an aeroplane factory. We went by way of Boulevard Drive, passed through Sunnyside, the spacious amusement park on the shore of Lake Ontario, passing the noble Princes' Gates which were erected for the Canadian National Exhibition. The factory was quite a modern works, well laid out and, as far as I could judge, producing efficiently. Its labour policy was not such as to commend itself to a Trade Unionist, and the management struck me as being decidedly opposed to Trade Unionism as we understand it in Great Britain. Not that this firm were the only ones who took up this attitude. Far from it. I have been disappointed, but not altogether surprised, to find such an amount of hostility on the part of many American and Canadian employers to Trade Unionism. Time and time again I have spoken with employers who were men of the highest probity and who appeared to be fair-minded, but who were convinced that it was undesirable for their workmen to belong to what they called outside organizations.

Many allegations have been made to me in private conversations of racketeering among the Trade Unions (as though racketeering was unknown in other phases of American life), and Communist influence was many times said to be rampant in the C.I.O.

These arguments were repeated to me this afternoon but, while I could not deny that there might have been instances which merited criticism, particularly in a period of vast expansion such as has happened to the Trade Union Movement of this Continent in the last few years, I felt that much of the criticism was unjustified, and was being used as an excuse by employers for not recognizing the Unions.

On the other hand I have heard many complaints from the Trade Unions about the victimization of their members on both sides of the frontier, but when I have asked the employers as to the truth about this, they have usually hotly denied any domination. To-day I had the firm feeling that some of these allegations, at least, were not unfounded.

I had spent so much time in inspecting and discussing labour policy at this factory that I found I was late for the civic dinner which had been arranged for us. A very representative and sociable lot of people had been got together by the Mayor, Dr. Fred Gonboy, in the King Edward Hotel, and I felt thoroughly ashamed to be half an hour late.

The proceedings were informal and after I had spoken to them we went off together to the public meeting in the Massey Hall. It was excellently attended and I was introduced by the Prime Minister of Ontario, the Hon. Mitchell F. Hepburn, who proved himself a very fluent speaker. There were several other speeches, all of them at a high level, and when my turn came I hope I did not disappoint my hearers.

I was feeling the strain of the travelling and the constant speaking engagements, and after the meeting was very glad to get to bed.

I didn't have any time to look round the city which, with its environs, is claimed to be nearly as large as Montreal, and I only caught a fleeting glimpse of a few of the many outstanding public buildings. The City Hall, the Parliament Building, the General Hospital, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Toronto Star Building, the Royal York Hotel (an enormous building and the biggest hotel in Canada) and the Union Station, to mention only a few, would make any city notable.

AT HAMILTON

Friday, 24th January 1941.

We got down to the station to catch the 8.25 train to Hamilton (Ontario), but we had half an hour to wait before the train started. The journey took about an hour, and we had breakfast on board. On arrival our party, which included Mr. J. A. D'Aoust, Secretary of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, was met by several local Trade Union officials and by a civic party which included the Federal Minister for Revenue, the Hon. C. W. Gibson. We drove to the Town Hall and had a chat with the Mayor, Mr. W. Morrison, who introduced us to the City Controllers, one of whom was a lady. These Controllers are elected officials who hold office for a given period, during which they are occupied full-time with their civic duties. Hamilton is a very highly industrialized district (the Birmingham of Canada) and has a population of about 160,000. It is also an important port on Lake Ontario, and has excellent harbour facilities.

We dropped our luggage at the Connaught Hotel, and at 10.45 visited the Westinghouse Electric Company. We were taken through the various departments and I was interested in all I saw.

Some of the machinery was most ingenious. In the lamp department, for example, little metallic fingers came round at precisely the proper moment, took up a fine piece of tungsten, or some other kind of wire, did all sorts of miraculous things with it, and finally placed it in the exact position on the stem to which the filament of the lamp is anchored. The wire itself was drawn out to an incredible length, and we saw some which weighed only 1 lb. per 100 miles. It is of the utmost importance,

of course, that there should be no defects in the wire, and each separate coil was carefully examined, being magnified on to a screen so that the operator could easily see whether any turns were crossing each other.

The girls engaged on this work were operating at a very high speed. They were all seated in comfortable surroundings, the overhead lighting being particularly good. Yet although they were all very young, two-thirds of them wore glasses. As is usual in this type of work each operative did only a small part of the whole process, and each had to work fast enough to supply her neighbours so as not to interrupt the proper flow. They worked in groups and the manager told me that many of them were highly educated girls, some graduates from the Universities. The manager emphasized that they required very little supervision. " If one of the workers gets behind we don't need to speak to her," he said proudly ; " the other workers see to that." I made no comment on this.

The part of the factory which interested me most from the standpoint of our war situation was the department in which they were turning up gun barrels for anti-aircraft guns. The breeches were made in another part of the factory. The barrels are of great length for the 3-7 guns and the utmost care in boring and rifling is necessary.

I spent a long time in watching these operations, so long that my companions had to drag me away to get back to the hotel, where I attended a lunch arranged by the Association of Trades Union representatives of Canada.

These officials, or " roadmen " as they called themselves, were mainly organizers, but their duties, as in our own Trade Union Movement, involved the negotiation of conditions of labour with the employers. I spoke to them informally and answered many questions.

It was plain from the discussion which ensued that the hostility to Trade Unionism among the employers in this country is deep and, it was asserted, organized.

The Chairman of the meeting, Mr. Ingles, of the Electrical Workers, told me a good deal about the conditions of people in generating and sub-stations, and of the lonely posts in which some of them have to serve. The nervous strain involved in living in places remote from any communal activity must be considerable. We parted with many friendly assurances from them of their determination to see the old country through.

After this I went out with a group of Union officials, headed by the Secretary of the Hamilton Trades Council, Mr. Cauley, to see a foundry. The management explained to me that their men were not organized although no obstacle was put in their way of joining a Trade Union.

I watched the forging of gun barrels, a quite intricate operation in which several heatings were necessary. I saw the immense furnaces in which the steel is melted by electric current from huge carbon electrodes. In the tin-plate section, after the metal was cast, it was run into moulds of roughly the required thickness, and then pressed between heavy rollers until it was very thin and light. Afterwards it was coated with tin, an operation performed in a few seconds. I wouldn't say that this plant was absolutely modern, but it seemed efficient and the men worked with a will.

Not only the men, but the women too. Many of those in the packing department were foreign-looking, and a notice was posted saying that conversation must be carried on in English only. Not that I could see much opportunity for conversation at the speed at which these women were working. In fact I was rather depressed to think that any human being had to work so fast in order to gain a livelihood. Their speed of movement

was incredible, and the Union officials were unanimous that none of them would like their women-folk to have to work under such conditions. There could be no pleasure in such work, but this, I am afraid, is one of the problems of this age of machine production.

Speed. Speed. Speed. I have met it in Russia under the Soviet system and disliked it, just as I have done in practically every country that I have visited. It is not the fault of the individual employer, and those who boast about the blessings of competition ought to be required to do some of these jobs on a conveyor belt. They would then understand how it is that in peace-time the workman dashes away at the first hoot of the whistle which signals the dinner-hour or knocking-off time.

From the foundry I went to a local broadcasting station, where I spoke over the radio for fifteen minutes. The talk was recorded and would be broadcast again in the evening.

There were just a few minutes left to wash and brush up before going to the dinner which the Mayor and his colleagues had provided for us. Here I met a good many of the local business men and learned something of the war effort in which so many firms in Hamilton —the Birmingham of Canada—are engaged. I spoke to them about the need for co-operation with the Trade Unions, and said I dreaded to think of what the future of society was to be if suspicion and animosity were to divide the employers and the workers into hostile camps.

The difficulties were great, but with goodwill and earnest endeavour on the part of everyone, particularly men of standing within the community, an infinitely better relationship could be brought about. This evidently did some good, and I was told to-day from several of the local officials that already they could trace some of the beneficial consequences of my visit.

After this I drove with the Mayor and many of those present to the evening meeting. This took place in the splendid auditorium of one of the Municipal High Schools. We were timed to commence at 8 o'clock, started twenty minutes late and then until 9.30 there were introductory speeches. Some of these were commendably concise, particularly those of the Hon. C. W. Gibson, and Mr. J. A. D'Aoust. Yet I could see that the audience was getting restive, and these signs became audible some time before I was called upon.

When I did actually commence I soon secured attention and held the audience throughout. Many times I noticed signs of fatigue in my speech. Occasionally my brain seemed to be going on strike. Fortunately my tongue kept going, and it may be that the audience didn't detect the flaws that were so apparent to me.

Towards the conclusion of the proceedings I was presented on behalf of the Trades Council with a silver salver, suitably inscribed, for the relatives of the late Mr. William Golightly. Golightly, a Durham Miners' representative, had set out on the *City of Benares* in August, as the delegate of the T.U.G. to the Annual Congress of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada. He never arrived, as the ship was torpedoed, and many lives, including his own, were lost. It was a kindly thought which prompted the presentation, and I know it will be appreciated at home.

HAMILTON—LONDON

Saturday, 25th January 1941.

I had arranged to go to London, Ontario, to-day to visit the last resting-place of George Loveless, the leader of the Tolpuddle Martyrs. His memory is held in high

esteem by Trade Unionists throughout the world, as the leader of the six agricultural labourers who were dragged from their little village of Tolpuddle in Dorset in 1834, to be tried and transported to Australia for the " crime " of forming a Trade Union. Technically the charge against them was that of using an illegal oath in their initiation ceremony, but the correspondence of the period, which has been published by the British T.U.C., shows clearly that the motive of the authorities was to suppress the Union.

Five of the six men, after their recall from transportation in consequence of the public agitation which demanded their release, eventually found their way to Ontario, where they lived as quietly as possible. It was not until 1934, when the centenary of their epic struggle for Trade Unionism was commemorated in Great Britain and Canada simultaneously, that their gallant efforts on behalf of the working-class were generally realized.

I had studied and been deeply moved by the history of George Loveless and his companions, and I had always wanted to see their surroundings in the New World. But the opportunity hadn't occurred until to-day, and I was grateful to the Mayor of Hamilton for providing me with the facilities to drive over from Hamilton. Our first-class chauffeur covered the 84 miles in substantially under two hours over frozen roads. We passed through very pretty scenery, seeing several large ponds where children, clad in warm woollen garments covering everything except their faces, were skating and sliding. They looked a healthy lot of youngsters.

Just before reaching Woodstock we came across the statue of a cow. This was evidently a commercial stunt intended to immortalize the finest milk-giving Frisian in the Dominion. It was of life size and quite ugly.

I wondered whether we would see a statue of the most prolific hen, or the most vigorous stallion ! I don't know what effect this statue had on the other cows, and whether the spirit of emulation has been stimulated or not.

Once at London we had a drink at the hotel of that name and went soon afterwards across to the Municipal Office to be greeted by the Mayor. Here I received the Press, signed the visitors' book, and our party, with the namesake and great-grandson of George Loveless, had lunch.

The Mayor, Colonel Heaman, was very friendly and I enjoyed this pleasant little function. Then we drove off to see old Mr. Loveless, a grandson of George, and exchanged a few words with him and his daughter. The old man was rather moved at my visit, and I felt myself touched by the memories it aroused.

We drove from here first to see the cottage which old George had erected and which is a credit to his handicraftsmanship, and then on to the neat little cemetery.

" Let Sir Walter find the grave for himself," suggested young Loveless. I looked round. There were several granite tombstones recording the death of a Loveless, but none of these seemed familiar. Then I saw one standing some few yards from the footpath, and I recognized it immediately from the photographs I had seen some years ago.

The ground was snow-covered, but the sun was shining and the cemetery looked well kept and serene standing, as it does, on a gentle slope only a few yards from the main road. I thought of the once vigorous personality lying buried in this spot, so far from his beautiful county of Dorset, and I reflected that life could be very hard for some people. I called on the four aunts of young George who were living in a charming house and who seemed happy and comfortable.

We drove back to London, which is a much larger place than I had imagined (population over 70,000). It has its pleasant River Thames, many of its broad streets and avenues are named after places in our Capital. Its public buildings too are of a size and quality which would not disgrace a much larger town. As it was now growing dark, we pushed on for Hamilton after taking an affecting farewell of our friends, who pressed me to return as soon as I could.

We reached Hamilton, had a hasty meal, said good-bye to the manager of the hotel who said he had never realized what Trade Unionism meant until he heard me the previous evening, and started off at a fast pace for Niagara Falls. We traversed the Elizabeth Highway for nearly all the 53 miles of our journey, making splendid time. Repeatedly we touched 80 miles per hour with perfect safety, the wide highway consisting of two separate tracks divided by a central strip of grass. We drove over one of the bridges across the Welland Ship Canal, which has an electrically-operated lock to lower ships the 336 feet from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

We reached Niagara at about 9.30, and drove immediately to the Falls, which were floodlit. The searchlights were directed from the Canadian side, and threw broad beams of gold, red, blue, amber and green, straight on to the American Falls. The effect was charming and impressive. We stayed at the Hotel General Brock and found the rooms comfortable.

AT NIAGARA FALLS

Sunday, 26th January ***1941.***

I **felt** so **weary** to-day that **I didn't** get out **of bed until 1 p.m. I had lunch on the tenth floor of the hotel**

where I obtained a splendid view of the Falls. The weather was rather misty, but I could see and hear the rush of the water very clearly. Bell told me that we couldn't walk near the Canadian Falls because the road was barred by the military authorities some distance below the power-house. So we had to make the best of it, although it wouldn't have been very comfortable near the Falls in any case, because of the icy spray which rose twice the height of the falls in a dense cloud.

The Niagara River, which forms part of the boundary between Canada and the United States, joins Lakes Erie and Ontario. The Falls, which are one of the wonders of the world, are in two parts, divided by Goat Island into the American Falls and the Horseshoe Falls. The Canadian Falls are much wider than the American and, to my eyes, looked decidedly higher, despite what the textbooks say. I wrote a description of the Falls when I first saw them ten years ago. I have flown over them twice since, and have seen the majestic Kaieteur Falls in British Guiana which are at least five times as high as Niagara, but I have never lost the vividness of the wondrous first impression Niagara made on me. Here is the description I wrote ten years ago [1] :

" The crowds of motorists whom we had seen last night had disappeared, and my wife and I strolled along the edge of the embankment to the Horseshoe Falls. The water hurls over the edge, which is slightly below the embankment, before it breaks on the rocks below, a distance of 160 feet, and the spray rises like a cloud of steam a full 150 feet above the embankment. It fell on us like a steady downpour of rain.

" Looking at the Horseshoe Falls from the embank-

[1]The words which appear in inverted commas were written on the 29th July 1930. I have inserted them here as I felt that they might be of some interest to the reader.

ment, it appears as though the centre of the river has fallen in so as to resemble roughly a horseshoe, with the water pouring down over the 2,500 feet of curving edge. One of the attendants at the Scenic Tunnel here told me that the Falls alter their form every year, and he said that in the last thirty years the Horseshoe Falls had receded something like 300 yards.

" The feeling, of incredible rush which these waters convey is overpowering, and yet withal they bring a strange sense of rest and calm. We were later to experience this effect in a more intimate way, because after paying one dollar each we entered the Scenic Tunnel, and having donned heavy rubber boots, coats and sou'westers, we went down some 120 feet in an elevator, until we reached an underground tunnel. Running out at right angles from this tunnel, which, of course, is cut out of the solid rock, are several galleries. From the first, known as the Rainbow, the visitor discovers that he has been taken right down until he is only 20 feet or so above the rocks at the base of the Falls where the water smashes as it finishes its frenzied plunge from the top. From this angle one can see the shooting out of the water overhead, and we stayed a long time enjoying the beauty of the scene.

" Then we proceeded along the tunnel still further and entered a second gallery at the end of which we could see a mass of water pouring down. I went right to the extreme edge of this gallery, which is safely railed in, and stood facing a deluge of spray. Looking up, I could see above my head the water shooting outwards over the rim of the rocky precipice. It seemed to form a great curved shade, underneath which we were standing. There was an absence of green, white and grey predominating. Nor did the water appear to be liquid. It was just as though one were looking at a dense fog,

or rather two fogs, both of which were moving rapidly, one vertically and the other crosswise. Every now and then the wind would catch hold of the vertical torrent and drive the spray into my face with such violence as almost to blind me. Then the horizontal spray would lash crosswise until my brain became giddy.

" From here we passed under the Great Fall, which is right in the centre of the Horseshoe. I don't know how to begin to tell of what I saw, or rather felt. First, after making my way to the edge of the gallery I was greeted by a torrential downpour which made it painful even to glance at the mad rush of water. All that I could do was to stand with my eyes tightly closed enjoying the exhilarating sensation produced by the shower of warm, pleasant water upon my drenched face. Then I ventured to open my eyes after pressing the water out of them. Shielding them with my arm, I looked up, and 140 feet above I could see a solid wall of rock over which the water was shooting outwards about 10 or 15 feet before beginning its downward course. That was all I could discern in a rapid glance, because the next instance my eyes were drowned once again.

" I cannot describe the emotions which I experienced standing there under that mighty force. Partly wonderment at man's ingenuity which made it possible for us to stand here, right under this hissing, boiling and roaring cataract. Partly a primitive joy and a desire to dance and shout and howl like a savage. I could really comprehend in those minutes the fascination which impels men to throw their lives away by being hurled with stupendous force over these mighty cataracts in barrels and in other trumpery contrivances. I felt no awe. No fear. Just exultation to do I know not what. Then this feeling was succeeded by a strange tranquillity, a restfulness which carried the mind away beyond the strivings

of man. It is difficult to convey my impressions, nay, impossible. I write of peace and rest. Can one reconcile this with a roaring and whirring ? Yes, whirring, as of monster machinery accompanied by a hissing as of clouds of escaping steam. Can anyone analyse the human mind and accurately trace its impressions ? All I can say is that I would gladly have made the journey to Canada if only for the joy of standing under these Falls. At last I tore myself away, and marvelled resentfully at the visitors who looked at the Falls for a few brief moments^ and then hurried away to ' do ' something else."

To-day, looking at the American Falls from my vantage point at the hotel window, I thought how futile it was to try to judge the comparative beauty of them and the Horseshoe. The American Falls were just facing the gorge which rose in a rocky precipice, I should say 150 feet. They were not one continuous line of water as there was a slight gap between them making a large Fall and a small Fall, and from the second Fail a large rock had fallen, within recent days, causing the water to spout on to the ridge below, which I thought actually enhanced the beauty of the falling water. There was a strong wind blowing, and it forced the water to sway backwards and forwards in a series of waving plumes.

The weather was extremely cold, but Bell and I went out for a walk, nevertheless. The wind was cutting, but we walked vigorously along the highway overlooking the swirling waters of the Rapids, into which poor Captain Webb was foolishly allowed to thrust himself in a futile endeavour to swim against this rushing torrent.

Rocks and masses of ice were visible, and by the time we had come to the whirlpool the fast-flowing river had almost exhausted its fury. Our walk had taken us along the King's Highway for nearly 3 miles, and we were glad to return to the warmth of the hotel.

In the evening I had dinner in the upper restaurant of the hotel. The soft beams of the searchlights were flooding the falls, giving them a gentler appearance than by day. There were eight of them focused on the American falls. The Falls light themselves, for they supply power to the generating stations, from whence the current is transmitted, not only to these searchlights, but to light cities many miles away.

I spent the remainder of the evening in reading, and correcting the notes of my speech at the lunch at Toronto, and soon after 11 o'clock I went to bed.

AT BUFFALO

Monday, 2jth January 1941.

At 9 a.m. we caught the bus for Buffalo (New York). We skirted the fine tree-lined boulevard along the river for nearly 37 miles making a fast pace, during which I shot a glance at the newspapers. I read that our Minister of Labour had called a conference in London to discuss the working of seven days a week in view of an impending Nazi attack. I also read something concerning the Curtiss-Wright Aeroplane Co., which I was to visit, and its attitude towards Trade Unions. As far as I could judge they were in favour of the internal union which exists there. The statement was rather ambiguous.

At Chippewa our driver stopped to drop a couple of mailbags, and then continued his chat with a friend whilst pushing along at 40 miles an hour. I continued to take an occasional glance at the newspaper, although my main interest was centred on the country through which we were passing. I read the illuminating caption, " Tin horn appeaser proves radio flop". Then fol-

lowed an animated account of the failure of **Verne** Marshall, the isolationist, to hold his audience.

I like the graphic American slang. The dexterous use of the vernacular by some of my American friends has kept me laughing so much, that at times I began to **forget** there was a war on.

Soon afterwards we passed Fort Erie where there is a strong iron bridge of eight spans. Underneath were little black waterfowl playing among the ice and diving as though it was summer weather. We crossed the Peace Bridge into the U.S.A., near which was a small antiquated fort in the middle of the stream, reminding me of another I had seen on the Rhine.

We had no trouble with either the Canadian or the U.S.A. customs officials,- and soon were unpacking our bags at the Hotel Statler. Once in our room we were introduced by a printed notice to the Statler innovations, consisting mainly of specially sterilized and sealed drinking glasses. All for our health and comfort too.

Here, as in Canada, immediately I touched the doorknob after crossing the carpet I got a shock, although it was snowing outside and no one could assert that the air was dry. What is the real explanation ?

A little after 10 o'clock (which in reality was 11 o'clock because we had put our watches back on arrival at Buffalo) we had a ring from an official of the Curtiss-Wright Co. We had been in communication with the firm, and with typical American hospitality he had come down personally to take us along. We started out, the snow was falling, the road was slippery and dirty, and at least one of the party seemed thoroughly fed up with Buffalo. He had nothing good to say for it. **The** winter was long and vile, the summer was short, only about three months at the most, and as for the spring, well it was beneath mention. In fact, Buffalo was recog-

nized as one of the worst places anyone could live in from the health standpoint!

We arrived at the plant, went through the usual process of signing the visitors' book, deposited our coats in the Manager's office, and then made the rounds of the shops. They had 10,000 men employed here, the only women on the staff being in the offices. This factory made many parts which in Great Britain are usually supplied by sub-contractors. They claim they can make them cheaper and with less delay. The Government wanted the firm to use the dispersal system whereby parts are made in different places and assembled centrally, but the management had doubts as to whether it could be worked properly. If only one firm defaults on delivery, then the whole process is thrown out of gear.

I confirmed in conversation that engines are likely to be a bottleneck, and signs of this are already apparent. This firm have been making the Tomahawk, a very fast pursuit plane, for Great Britain in large quantities, sometimes exceeding eight a day, and now they are going over to a newer type, the Kittyhawk. Both machines use the Allison liquid-cooled motor. All the Curtiss fighters are a version of the original Curtiss low-wing monoplane, the inception of which dates back to 1922. But these later models are very impressive and great strides have been made in cleanness of line and efficiency.

My general impression was that this was the best organized plant I had seen in the U.S.A., although a little overcrowded. They had just over one million square feet of floor space here, and the 10,000 employees work in three shifts of eight hours each, including Saturday, for which time and a half is paid. The tool-room works on Sundays often enough, the men being paid double time.

I saw the Kittyhawk and she seemed to me to be a beautiful streamlined machine. It was impressed upon me that whenever a type is changed the jigs, templates and dies have to be discarded almost entirely. I was shown how even cutting gears have to be overhauled and reset, and told that dozens of experimental runs have to be made before perfection of production can be guaranteed.

They make the templates or patterns in the mould loft to actual size, and by the use of these the component parts are cut or stamped out by machines. They had some huge presses, one I saw working at 2,500 lb. pressure to the square inch. They put rubber in between the rolls of the machine and the article to be pressed. The intense pressure forces the rubber into the exact shape of the mould and at the same time prevents the article from being bruised.

They said there were very few evidences of sabotage, and that everyone was finger-printed and the prints were sent to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington before an employee was engaged.

They have some foreigners working here in supervisory positions, among them Germans, and it was reported to me that some of these had shown sympathy with Hitler until war broke out. Their present attitude towards the Nazis is not known. They are carefully watched, of that I am sure. Other supervisory officials, judging by the names which I saw posted up in different parts of the factory, were Poles and possibly Czechs. I imagine these fellows wouldn't allow many of the activities of their German colleagues to escape their notice.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Burdett S. Wright, the Director in charge of this division of the Curtiss-Wright Co., and he explained the arrangements they had made for expanding the plant and training the

managerial staff necessary. A vast expansion is taking place, and three additional factories, each occupying approximately 25 acres, built of brick and steel construction, are being erected at Buffalo, Columbus and St. Louis.

Each of the new plants is to employ 12,000 people, so that when the total expansion programme is complete, the Curtiss-Wright firm will have approximately 45,000 employees in its aeroplane divisions. This leaves out of consideration the engine plants of the same Corporation at Paterson, New Jersey. During the world war all the four war-time plants of the Company and those of the engine section employed about 20,000 people.

Mr. Wright maintained the view which he had expressed a fortnight ago before the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, that actual experience with any new type of aeroplane usually necessitated alterations and modifications being made. It was difficult to say how far standardization could be achieved because of the constantly developing technique. He, like so many other people in the aircraft industry of whom I have asked the question, does not believe that mass production in the real sense of the term is practicable, without a tremendous sacrifice in efficiency and technical development.

When I asked about Trade Union organization I was told that the position was a curious one. They had a Trade Union, whose membership was confined entirely to employees engaged in the Curtiss-Wright plants, which they called a vertical Union. The Secretary, however, was a lawyer operating quite independently of the firm. I couldn't see very much difference between this and a Company Union although, no doubt, it avoids the legal complications which might ensue under the National Labour Relations legislation. The mere

fact of these people being cut off from other workers in the aircraft industry must place them at a disadvantage in negotiating their conditions of employment.

After lunch I was driven over to the works of the Bell Aircraft Corporation, a smaller firm, building pursuit aeroplanes in one of the former Curtiss plants. They have 5,000 men employed who work in three shifts. The men are paid a minimum wage of 55 cents an hour, and I was told by the Management that their relations with the body which organizes the workers, viz., the C.I.O., were excellent. They had no labour troubles.

The production methods of this firm seemed even more efficient than those of the Curtiss Company, and they have immense hopes of the success of their latest fighter. This is the Bell Airacobra, a single-engine, low-wing monoplane of all-metal construction. It is similar to the P 39 aeroplane made for the U.S. Army. It is powered by an Allison liquid-cooled engine, and is equipped with an extension drive shaft and remote gear-box driving a constant speed propeller.

I was struck by the beautiful lines of this aeroplane which, unlike most of the American types of fighters I have seen, was extremely well armed. It would be out of place for me to describe its armament, but I was shown a film of its performance which revealed the extraordinary power and accuracy of its gunfire.

There were many simple devices about this machine which, I should think, would facilitate overhaul and replacement. Its top speed is 400 miles per hour, and it cruises at 335 miles. It can climb to 17,500 feet in five minutes, and can operate as high as 36,000 feet. Its range at operating speed is claimed to be 965 miles. The Allison engine is placed behind the pilot in the centre of the fuselage, and it is claimed that this increases stability and makes the machine less vulnerable.

The only criticism I heard was that one of our test pilots had reported that the cockpit was rather noisy, no doubt because of the proximity of the engine. Which reminds me that one of the officials at the Curtiss-Wright plant claimed that the radial air-cooled engine is still suitable for fighters and less vulnerable than the liquid-cooled motors. He said that the latter has to have cooling tanks which are placed below the engine, and that if one of these tanks was hit the engine would be useless.

This is quite contrary to the experience of the R.A.F., and I think German practice also. The Navy Department, however, still uses the radial engine in some of its latest types of fighters. The F. 4F-3 fighter which operates from an aircraft carrier uses a radial engine, and it is reputed to have a speed of 350 miles, and can fly at a height of 37,000 feet. The Sky-Rocket twin-engine fighter has two 1,200 horse-power Wright-Cyclone radial engines, and is said to have a climb of 5,000 feet a minute, which is claimed to be greater than that of any aeroplane ever flown.

If these claims are well founded it shows that the radial engine for some types of fighters, at least, is a factor to be reckoned with. Still, I think most technical men would plump for the liquid-cooled motor for that particular job.

After our tour of the works was finished the Managing Director, Mr. Bell, told me that they were very keen to get on with work for England. They were already building a few machines for us, and with the help of the new plant which they were erecting at Niagara Falls the firm hoped to raise the output very considerably.

I asked one of the officials at this firm the same question which I had put elsewhere, viz., did they believe it possible for the automobile firms to turn out 500 aero-

planes a day. The reply I received was what I would have expected. " It all depends on what you want. If you want the latest and best types of aeroplanes you can never really standardize them. If you do try to standardize them so that you can make them by mass production methods, your machine is likely to be obsolete before you get into really high quantity production." At the same time it was pointed out to me that the Bell Company, like other makers, have done much in the way of simplication of production methods, a fact which was stressed many times during my inspection of the plant.

Learning that I had to catch the 9.45 train for Washington and that I had nothing in particular to do until then, Mr. Bell invited me to go to a dinner which was being held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce to do honour to their young designer, Mr. Wood, who was principally responsible for the development of their latest fighter.

We drove back to the hotel and got ready as quickly as possible as the dinner was due to start. The large dining-room was packed, and there was a pandemonium of good-natured banter going on from table to table, when we pushed our way through to sit near the platform where the Bell Company had reserved accommodation for a number of their officials. Even when the ceremony had begun, the toast-master had the utmost difficulty in getting the least attention paid to his announcements, as constant cross-talk was going on all the while. The actual speeches were, however, listened to very intently, and when Mr. Wood's turn came he was given a rousing reception. Unfortunately I could not stay to hear his remarks as I had scarcely time to catch the train, and I had to hurry away. We just managed to get to the station in time, secured a good berth and went to bed soon afterwards.-

AT WASHINGTON

Tuesday, 28th January 1941.

We reached Washington an hour late, and drove through the slushy streets, where the snow had only been partially swept up, to the Hamilton Hotel. There was a run on the hotel, and although we had booked in advance it was difficult to find suitable accommodation.

Soon afterwards I went along to the Embassy and talked to Lord Halifax, with whom I had an appointment. He seemed to be settling down to his new job pretty well, and I think, despite his reserve, the Americans will find him more of a good mixer than they imagine.

Then I took a taxi down to the White House, passing the carpenters who were busy taking down the temporary stands which had been erected for the President's third inaugural ceremony.

The White House is a pleasant structure situated in its own grounds, the residence and the administrative offices being separated.

After my papers had been scrutinized by the doorkeepers, and the arrangements for the interview verified, I was asked to wait in an outer room. I was reading in the *New York Times* of Mr. Wendell Willkie's visit to London and of his conversations with our Prime Minister and Ernest Bevin, and saw that he was photographed with them, as well as in a country pub and an air-raid shelter, when in walked William Green.

I had carefully arranged the points I wanted to discuss, and presently we were beckoned by the breezy General Watson, who guards the President from people who might waste his time.

I went into an inner room, nearly falling over the

President's Scotch-terrier, and found Mr. Roosevelt waiting for us, seated at a desk.

" Sir Walter came over here at the invitation of the American Federation of Labor," Green explained by way of introduction, " and he made a magnificent speech at New Orleans."

" I know," said the President, smiling, " I read it." I then handed to him a letter of introduction from our Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill. His face lit up at once.

" Yes," he said, " I wrote to Mr. Churchill a few days ago in my own hand, telling him how much we admire the British people and the stand they are making."

I replied to this by conveying to the President the very deep sense of appreciation which the British people felt for the help which the United States had given our country, and for the courageous leadership he himself had shown.

He was dressed in a grey-coloured sports coat and trousers, with soft collar, and I felt instinctively he was an easy man to get on with. There was certainly nothing starched or stiff about him. I thought he looked rather tired, and there was little colour in his face, but he had an engaging smile, and his features showed great animation as he spoke. It was easy to see that he was a man of decision, completely untrammelled by the niceties of diplomatic usage and formality.

The President's desk was heaped up with all sorts of odds and ends. I noticed a toy-rabbit and a donkey among the bric-a-brac. He explained that they had been presented to him in connection with a fund he had raised to fight infantile paralysis.

I remembered the very great physical disability under which he labours. Not many men who had suffered as he has done would have had the grit to re-establish

themselves in active public life, much less to become President of the United States.

Over to his right was a huge birthday cake which was to be presented to him at the end of our interview by the Bakers' Union affiliated to the A.F. of L.

After we had been talking for half an hour about many matters which it would be inappropriate for me to mention here, General Watson stuck his head round the door and told the President that the Bakers' Union deputation and the Press were waiting.

I rose to leave the room, but Mr. Roosevelt beckoned me to stay where I was. A few seconds later there was a scamper of photographers and pressmen accompanying the deputation. I left my seat and went to the back of the room while the presentation was being made by William Green.

I was interested in this sanctum where so many other famous men had worked. It was oval in shape, with walls and doors painted white. Over one of the doors there was a bundle of sticks bound together, the old Roman symbol of authority, which reminded me of the Trade Union slogan, " Unity is strength."

On the ceiling was a plaster cast, marked with the words, " The Seal of the President of the United States of America." There was a large fireplace facing the window, but covered by a wooden screen, on which was fastened a map of Europe. Above the fireplace was a painting of a full-rigged sailing ship, with the model of another on an adjoining wall. There were two small bookcases set into the wall, protected by a wire grille.

I noticed one other fixture—a stolid-looking young man whom I had seen sitting in the outer room placidly chewing gum. He had now followed the deputation into the President's room. When I glanced inquiringly

at the young man, someone whispered to me, " Secret Service ". While the presentation was going on I was talking in undertones with General Watson, who was enjoying the scene immensely. I should think he gets a kick out of life.

After all was over I again shook hands with the President, who wished me " bon voyage " and I passed out into the next room where the reporters were awaiting us.

Naturally I said nothing about the subject matter of my conversation with the President, merely explaining that my visit was a purely private one, and that I had not discussed with the President labour conditions in England as they evidently supposed.

I spent best part of the afternoon in visiting different places of interest in Washington. I had been here several times in recent years and had always admired the city. Many British people like Washington better than most American cities. The climate is rather sticky in summer and it can be very cool in winter.

But Washington has an appeal of its own. First of all the city is planned. It was designed originally by a French architect, Major Pierre L'Enfant, under the supervision of George Washington himself. Modifications have, of course, taken place in this plan from time to time, but he arranged it in public " circles " or centres ", something like our London squares, usually decorated by statuary. Most of them are of grass with plenty of **trees,** and it is a pleasure to watch the squirrels scampering about and climbing trees or tamely eating morsels given them by pedestrians.

The streets run east and west and have no names. Each bears a letter of the alphabet, such as G Street, H Street, etc. The avenues are named after states such as Connecticut Avenue, Massachusetts Avenue, both of which, incidentally, are very long. Many of the avenues

are tree-lined and are broad and dignified. Indeed, one feels here that a sincere attempt has been made to realize the city beautiful.

Most of the public buildings are in the classical style, although here and there, there were one or two bad examples of florid architectural extravagance. The residences are spacious, well-gardened, and pretty. The Washington Cathedral is a magnificent edifice and is reputed to be one of the best examples of Gothic architecture in the world.

Then there was the Congress Library with its magnificent staircase and hall in grey marble, with a brightly decorated ceiling supported by marble pillars. The library itself is circular and the colouring here is harmonious and restful.

As to the Capitol with its towering dome, the approach from the east side of the Potomac River is unsurpassed. Two massive bronze doors depicting incidents in the life of Columbus are marvellously executed.

Inside the Capitol is the semi-circular chamber where the " House " meets. The Senate chamber is in the same building.

The outstanding monuments in the city are, of course, those of Lincoln and Washington. The Lincoln Memorial is a dignified rectangular building in marble with fluted columns round it, and with the figure of Lincoln situated under the portico. Behind and above his head are the words, " In this temple as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined for ever."

The Washington monument is a high monolith, but it does not look anything like so tall as it really is. It is hollow and visitors can go up inside it and view the city from the top. It is over 550 feet high, and is the tallest structure of stone masonry in the world.

The Congressional Library, wherein is kept the original Declaration of Independence, shielded to neutralize the destructive effect of daylight, is a beautifully decorated building.

It would take days, if not weeks, to explore the Smithsonian Institute, and I have never had more than an hour or so to peep into it. It contains many famous inventions.

I omitted to say that Washington has no municipal government and comes under the direct authority of Congress.

AT WASHINGTON

Wednesday, 2gth January 1941.

I saw Sir Henry Self and Mr. Maurice Wilson this morning (of our Ministry of Aircraft Production), and after lunch went away to meet Mr. William S. Knudsen, who is now in charge of the Office of Production Management. He is, next to the President, perhaps the most important man in rearmament. He is the former Vice-President of the General Motors Corporation.

He and his staff have moved into the new Social Security building in Washington, an enormous block in the heart of the administrative quarter. Painters, carpenters and other building workers were clustered about the unfinished hall as I made my way to see the rearmament chief.

I had met Knudsen informally a few weeks before, and liked him. Splendidly built, standing well over six feet, with a strong face, he impressed me as a thoroughly capable organizer. As one-time production manager of the Ford Motor Company, it would not be easy to pull the wool over his eyes in the matter of factory organization.

He told me that he had visited nineteen plants in fourteen days. As some of them were widely separated,

Knudsen evidently believes in hustling. A native of Denmark who has become a naturalized American citizen, he spoke with a slight European accent.

Very soon, in response to my questions, he was pulling out of the drawers of his desk sheaves of charts and diagrams to show how the rearmament programme was advancing. He confirmed the conclusions I had formed from what I had heard elsewhere—that the aircraft programme would be somewhat behind the early estimates, which Knudsen freely admitted had been too optimistic.

He showed me in detail the plan of organization by which he hoped to achieve an output of 33,000 'planes by July 1942. Nearly 800 aircraft had been delivered in December 1940, and he felt convinced that the four large plants which were being constructed for the assembly of bombers by firms in the automobile industry, would be ready for operation in the late autumn of 1941. Gross figures of output of aeroplanes can, of course, be rather misleading. The work, cost and time involved in making a light trainer, for example, and in making a heavy bomber are very different. It is safer to speak of operational or combat machines only, such as bombers, fighters and reconnaissance aircraft. I think it was Mr. Knudsen himself who said that of gross output roughly 40 per cent, were trainers and other light aircraft and only 60 per cent, bombers and fighters. Undoubtedly U.S.A. output of all these types is jumping up.

We discussed many aspects of the rearmament programme. And what a programme it is—50,000 aeroplanes, 130,000 aero-engines, 17,000 heavy guns, 33,000,000 shells, 25,000 light guns, 9,000 tanks, 300,000 machine-guns with ammunition, 400,000 automatic rifles, 380 ships for the Navy, to mention only a few of the items.

I left him with the feeling that reliance can be placed on the soundness of his judgment. The people of the United States will get no verbal fireworks from him, but he will deliver the goods.

AT WASHINGTON

Thursday, 30th January 1941.

William Green, Schevenels and myself had a talk about the affairs of the International Federation of Trade Unions. The loss of Belgium, Norway, Holland, Denmark and France has raised very serious problems, and on the British Trades Union Congress and the American Federation of Labor lies a heavier responsibility than ever to keep the I.F.T.U. intact. We provisionally agreed that the organization would continue to operate for the time being from London, and we made arrangements regarding the staff and a number of other administrative matters.

We had to break off the discussion before we completed our business as Green had to go to New York, but he arranged to travel back on the night train so that we could conclude matters to-morrow.

I then went along to have lunch with Lord Halifax, and arrangements were made to facilitate my return to England.

In the afternoon I had an interesting talk with Scott Paine, the inventor of the power boat. Some of the craft I saw being built at his works at Montreal thoroughly convinced me that these very fast craft can be put to far better service by the British Admiralty than they are at present. I arranged that if time permitted I would visit Bayonne, New Jersey, where some of these craft have been completed and commissioned with the U.S.A. Navy Department.

WASHINGTON—BALTIMORE AND NEW YORK

Friday, 31st January 1941.

I went along to the offices of the A.F. of L. again this morning to complete the business concerning the I.F.T.U. with Green and Schevenels.

We cleared up all the outstanding points and at 12 noon I took the train for Baltimore (Maryland) to see the Glenn Martin Aeroplane factory. I drove out 11 miles through Baltimore, characteristic for its white steps leading up to the front doors of the houses, and saw that many of them were made of marble.

I arrived at Middle River, where the main plant is situated. I met Mr. Martin and some of his officials who described the layout and the extensions which were under way. The plant is excellently laid out, and two additional factories were being built, one in the vicinity, and the other at Omaha (Nebraska). The existing plant covers 1 million square feet of floor space covering, say, about 25 acres, and each of the two new factories will be approximately the same size. They now employ 17,000 men, no women being engaged on production work but only in the office. Eventually the Baltimore plants will employ 42,000 workers.

This firm have been producing the B26 medium bomber for the U.S.A. Navy Department and it was going through its test flights when I was first in Washington in December last. According to the army authorities the test showed that the B26 was faster than most of the pursuit planes now fighting in Europe. The top speed was reported to be 365 miles an hour, the machine being powered by two 2,000 horse-power radial engines. It is a variant of this type which has been ordered by the British Government, although a good

many smaller craft have already been delivered to us. **The** equipment and performance of the types sent to Britain were disclosed to me, but I cannot give **them here.**

Whilst going round the plant I saw some very big flying-boats being built to the order of the U.S.A. Navy Department, and very serviceable craft they appeared.

I came to a part of the shop screened off from the rest running down the centre of which was something which looked like the keel of a ship. It was 210 feet long, and actually was the wing of the sister ship of the B19, the world's largest bomber, which is now nearing completion at the Douglas works in California. This enormous craft weighs over 70 tons and her four 2,000 horse-power engines are expected to take her over a range of 7,500 miles, carrying a load of 18 tons of bombs.

The Douglas Company, by the way, now employs 20,000 workers and is engaging men at the rate of 300 **a** week, expecting eventually to reach a peak of 40,000.

I was not able to stay long enough on the Pacific coast to visit the Douglas factory which, from all accounts, is well organized, although I should dearly have liked to have seen this mammoth aeroplane. I then heard, however, that she had not made her maiden flight nor, as far as I know, has she yet been flown. Such a ship to be of real value for fighting purposes would have to carry a very heavy armament, and I am not sure whether this has been aimed at in the design of the B19.

The Glenn Martin officials, when asked by me how **long it** would be before the ship would be completed answered confidently, " Six months."

" **Put** another twelve months on to that," I advised them, " and you may be near it."

They just laughed at my scepticism, but I think **that**

in all probability it will be at least that time before this new giant flies.

I saw several smaller flying-boats and I understood a number of these had been ordered by Britain. As yet the firm had not flown any machines over to England, but they felt that they could certainly make the journey across the Northern route. They were very proud of their fuel tank which they had specially designed, and which they claimed was an improvement upon the German or any other type in existence. They had tried making the tanks of fibre and they found that metal and rubber would stand up infinitely better to -50 calibre bullets.

I talked to the management about Trade Unionism and found they had an internal Union. They did not like the idea of doing business with outside Unions, and would have nothing to do either with the A.F. of L. or the Congress of Industrial Organizations. A ballot had been taken of the workmen secretly under the National Labour Relations Act, and the men had voted dead against having any connection with these organizations.

I said I thought that sooner or later they would have to deal with this problem, and negotiate with the Unions subject to safeguards against abuse. My view was that labour relations in the United States were not as good as they ought to be, and that trouble would ensue sooner or later.

Later in the day I heard from another source some allegations about the G.I.O. which sounded to me simply incredible. I was told that intimidation was deliberately organized. A man's wife would be rung up whilst he was at work and she would be asked, " Did Jack get to work all right this morning ? " The wife, alarmed by the possibility of an accident, would say, " Hasn't he ? What is the matter ? "

" Well, lady, you had better tell him to get into the

C.I.O. You never know what accidents can happen. He will be much better protected in the C.I.O."

I demanded to know from my informant as to why, if these allegations could be substantiated, they were not brought to the notice of the head office of the C.I.O. I couldn't believe that men like John Lewis or Phillip Murray would tolerate such methods. It might easily be that some local official was grossly exceeding his authority, without the head office knowing the slightest thing about it. My informant smiled at what he thought was my credulity, but I told him I had been long enough in the Trades Union Movement not to accept such statements at their face value.

After I had left the works I drove back to Baltimore to try to catch the 5.45 train for New York, but I was unlucky. I got jammed in the huge line of motor-cars coming from the Glenn Martin works. I don't know whether I mentioned about the parking problem which these big aircraft firms in the U.S.A. have to take into consideration when building new plant. Both at the Lockheed works at Burbank and at the Consolidated plant at San Diego they told me they had to make provision for the parking of more than 6,000 cars of their employees. The confusion when shifts are changing is tremendous. Here at the Glenn Martin Co., I was told that they had to reserve parking places for 15,000 cars !

Arriving late at the station I caught the 645 train for New York and had a most uncomfortable journey. I couldn't get a seat either in the Pullman or in the dining-car, and the train was packed to suffocation. I was glad for small mercies, and when the two white-coated porters, carrying supplies of tea and sandwiches, pushed their way through the passengers, quite a number of whom were standing, I was devoutly grateful.

When we reached New York the weather was bitterly

cold and a severe wind was blowing. I thought I would like to go by subway instead of taking a taxi to the Plymouth Hotel in 49th Street. So I put my nickel (5 cents) into the slot of the automatic machine, pushed my way through the gate and boarded the first " uptown " train I saw. The more haste the less speed. It was an express train and took me to 72nd street instead of 49th, so that I had to return by another train. If I had taken a " local" all would have been well.

Once at the Plymouth I secured some newspapers and read for a time before going to bed. I saw that the Lease-Lend Bill had been approved by a majority of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives. The next stage will be to report it to the House, and it was expected that this would be done by next week-end. After that, of course, it still has to go through the Senate.

Col. Lindbergh, who flew the Atlantic some years ago and who has emerged into the political field, is actively opposed to the Bill. It is difficult to understand his position. I am not quite clear as to whether he is an absolute pacifist or just merely an isolationist. What I am sure of is that his standing with the American people has suffered considerably because of his present attitude. Taxi-drivers have waxed eloquent and abusive about him in my hearing. One said, " He was once a hero but now he is only a God-damn skunk. Why doesn't he go to Germany ? "

The newspapers mentioned this evening, in dealing with the expansion of the aircraft industry, that orders for aeroplanes placed in the U.S.A. by the British Government now exceeded 400 million dollars. Floor space of factories has risen from 9 million square feet to 18 million in the last twelve months, and a further 16 million square feet is under construction.

AT NEW YORK

Saturday, ist February 1941.

At 10.30 this morning I started off from the Hotel Plymouth in a car sent by the Wright Aircraft Corporation, for their works at Paterson (New Jersey). We drove through the Lincoln Tunnel, through which I have never previously travelled as it has only been open for a couple of years. It goes under the Hudson River parallel with the Holland Tunnel, but much more uptown. There are only two tracks in use at present, the other portion not having been completed.

I was struck by the absence of shipping when looking from the New Jersey side over to the usually crowded shipping berths on Manhattan. There were no British vessels at the quays and the *Normandie*, with her three red funnels, looked rather forlorn lying idle at the wharf where she has been for months past.

As we passed over the flat country from New Jersey I noticed the large number of wooden houses in this quite populous district. Sometimes stucco is used to conceal the timber and sometimes shingles, giving the houses an appearance of being stone-built, but usually the naked wood is exposed.

It was an uneventful run to Paterson, and once there I was driven to the Wright No. 1 Factory, which lies rather crowded in by houses and other buildings in the centre of the town. Paterson reminded me of some of our Lancashire towns. It is a great manufacturing centre, called the Lyons of America because of its extensive silk industry. It has a population of 138,000.

I was not so much impressed by the layout of this factory as that of Pratt & Whitney as it is a much older one and, as I have said, it is rather hemmed in so as

to make expansion difficult. Curtiss-Wright have, in fact, six separate engine plants in Paterson, and No. 2 is a brand new one. They have roughly half a million square feet of floor space at the No. 1 factory, and I gathered that the total output of engines of all types is approximately 1,000 a month. Despite the handicap of space, production methods, as far as I could judge, were thoroughly up to date.

I inspected many of the engines and was specially interested in the larger ones for which it is claimed 2,200 horse-power is delivered at take-off. I saw some of these being tested, the arrangement being somewhat the same as at Pratt & Whitney. The tests were made in a room fitted with an intake and an outlet, both wide chimney-like ducts built of concrete. The engine under test rested on a large iron frame, and was connected up by flexible couplings to the oil and fuel pipes. The test engineer sat in an adjoining room watching the meters and the behaviour of the engine through a thick glass window. It is amazing what an amount of data has to be recorded.

The plant employs 14,000 men approximately, on three shifts, and as in most of the other aircraft works which I have visited the main body of the employees were working on the day shift.

I had a long talk with some of the officials at a club where we had lunch. I found the firm reluctant to have anything to do with the A.F. of L. or the C.I.O.

From my conversation to-day and on previous occasions I am convinced that many of the employers are very much concerned as to what is going to happen. They sense, as well as I do, the bitterness which underlies the relations between labour and capital.

I read several weeks ago in an article in one of the Washington newspapers that the shortage of aeroplane

engines was seriously hampering the defence programme. It was then stated that the output of engines for military purposes was 1,700 a month. Added to this there were 700 engines produced for commercial and training purposes.

Since I read that article I have visited the two biggest makers of engines in this country, viz., Pratt & Whitney and Curtiss-Wright, and I am confident that their combined output is certainly not less than 2,000 a month. Some of these may be for commercial purposes, but not many I should imagine.

There are several smaller plants in the U.S.A. turning out engines for trainers, and there is, of course, the Allison plant at Indianapolis which, although it has only been in production for about 6 months, is reputed to have turned out 286 engines in October. I haven't seen any recent figures but undoubtedly this output is being increased. Allisons are aiming at 1,000 engines per month by December 1941.

I should estimate altogether that the output of engines for military purposes in the U.S.A. at present is somewhere in the region of 2,400 engines a month, including engines for advanced trainers.

Whilst I was at the Wright plant I received a telephone call from Mr. Stulphen of the National Power Boat Co., asking me to visit their plant at Bayonne, some 20 miles away. It was after 4 p.m., when I departed and travelled along the ice-covered roads, the chauffeur driving very carefully. We skirted New York Bay, passing the Federal shipyard where a destroyer had just been launched in record time.

At the Bayonne plant I was greeted by Scott Paine and Stulphen, the latter having bought the rights to make Scott Paine's power-boats here. I was most impressed by the efficient methods of production employed here,

machinery and layout were both first class. I examined the boats with great interest and was surprised at their compactness and capacity for depth charges. They can get up to 40 knots in something under ten seconds. It is practically impossible to bomb these boats, which are virtually unsinkable.

Stulphen insisted that these boats could be used on the high seas for submarine chasing, and made several interesting suggestions as to how this could best be done. He asserted that if a submarine was in the vicinity the power-boat would pursue her, and would never lose the submarine because of its superior speed and its ability to use detection apparatus. When I showed some scepticism about the possibility of doing this, Stulphen insisted that experience had proved that the power-boats had remarkable sea-keeping qualities. They could easily keep out of the range of any surface raider, however powerfully armed.

Stulphen knows what he is talking about in such matters, and has had long experience of building submarines. He is confident that once standardization of merchant shipping is decided upon, and the shipbuilding industry is required to put its back into the job, they will build cargo vessels much quicker than they did in the last war. That is saying something because merchant shipping built in the United States yards jumped from about 200,000 tons gross in 1914 to over 4,000,000 in 1919, Assuming each ship to have been about 5,000 tons, the 1919 figures represents some 800 ships a year or over 2 ships a day. This, moreover, is merchant shipping and makes no allowance at all for the number of warships which were built in the same period.

I had dinner at the Longchamps Hotel, and it was about 11 p.m. when I returned to the Plymouth.

AT NEW YORK

Sunday, 2nd February 1941.

I was 'phoned up this morning by a friend who invited me to have lunch at the Metropolitan Clul?. I went and I found a gorgeous and rather old-fashioned club which had been built mainly at the expense of the late Pierpont Morgan, the financier.

One of the members told me the story of its founding. It appears that in a former club a candidate nominated by Pierpont Morgan was rejected. Morgan got into a rage, swore that no candidate of his could be black-balled and kept out of a club with impunity, and declared he would build his own club regardless of the cost.

Stanford White, notorious about thirty years ago as the victim in the Thaw murder case, was the architect, and he certainly had not stinted himself. White was probably at that time the outstanding architect in the United States, and it was he who designed the famous Washington Memorial Arch situated down-town in New York.

The entrance hall and staircase were dignified and, although obviously costly, were not ostentatious. The main conference room or lounge was handsomely decorated. On every panel was depicted in relief the Labours of Hercules and on the ceiling Aurora rising from her couch to herald the dawn, driven onwards by Apollo in his chariot. The dining-room ceiling portrayed the Goddess of Plenty (Copia, I think) distributing corn, flowers, fruit, and the good things of the earth from the Horn of Abundance. The remainder of the rooms were furnished with comfort and quality.

We had an interesting experiment in the afternoon with the so-called lie detector. The inventor of the

machine demonstrated it to the members in the lounge. He prefaced the demonstration by saying that no claim was made that the machine was in any way perfect. It depended upon the psychological reactions of people, and no one pretended that psychology had reached the stage of an exact science.

People were very sceptical, and one man he spoke to told him flatly that he had no need for a lie detector; he had been married to one for thirty years. None the less the machine had yielded some amazingly accurate results.

There was always a psychological reaction when a person told a lie. Many people were, of course, highly nervous under examination, but their nervous reactions were uniform as a rule right through the test, and no particular item in the test caused them to exhibit greater nervous disturbance than any other item. The confident liar, on the other hand, was quite calm until his lie was actually told. Then, no matter how he tried to conceal it, a nervous reaction took place.

The demonstrator told us a story of how a man had committed a murder when interrupted during a robbery. He escaped by a window and in his haste tore down the window curtains which were of a peculiar shade and special texture. I think he said that a piece of this material was carried away on the clothing of the intruder, but I am not sure of this. Anyhow he was suspected by the police and with a number of others was submitted to the lie detector. A long list of questions was presented to them, only a few of which were vital to the investigation.

One of the questions concerned the curtains which had been torn down. " Had the suspect ever seen curtains of this texture ? " The reactions of those who were innocent of any connection with the crime were much

the same to this question as to all the others. But in one case the lie detector showed an abnormal movement every time this particular question was put to a certain man. The suspicions against him were confirmed by this, and the police held him for examination. Eventually they secured sufficient confirmation to commit him for murder.

All of this increased our own nervous reactions because we knew that in all probability some of us would be asked to volunteer for a demonstration, and we didn't know what awkward questions might be asked. Sure enough four members were asked for and four obligingly volunteered. One of them was handed a dollar. They were told to go into the hall outside and divide themselves up into couples. One couple was to go into the smoking-room with the dollar and one of these two was to deposit it on a table and then both were to leave. The other couple, although they knew that their two companions had the dollar between them, did not know exactly which person had deposited it.

The second couple would then go into the smoke room and one of them would pick up the dollar and conceal it. The four members then left the lounge. When they had carried out their instructions they returned to the entrance hall and remained out of earshot of the lounge where the demonstration was taking place. Only one of them was brought in to the lounge at a time and examined.

The investigator questioned each in turn as they came in, telling them to deny all his questions no matter whether the reply was a lie or not. These instructions having been given, we waited with amusement and a good deal of scepticism for the results.

Whilst being questioned the subject was connected up to the lie detector, one hand being immersed in an

electrode, a solution I believe of salt and water, and the other connected direct to an electric battery. A galvanometer was put in circuit, its scale being magnified on to a screen so that we could all watch the results.

The examination was practically the same in every case, and the same questions were asked repeatedly. I only give a few here that I can recall as examples. (The names are, of course, fictitious.)

Q. Did you take the dollar?
A. No. (The needle would move only slightly.)
Q,. Do you know who took the dollar?
A. No. (The needle would go over with a swing.)
Q. Did Johnson take the dollar ?
A. No. (Again the needle would swing hard over.)
Q. Did Wilson take the dollar?
A. No. (Only a slight swing.)
Q,. Did Jones take the dollar ?
A. No. (Again only a slight swing.)
Q. Did Johnson take the dollar ?
A. No. (Just as on the previous occasion when Johnson's name was mentioned the needle gave a decisive swing.)

Time and time again the questions were put but always with the same result, although sometimes the movement of the needle was not quite so decided as on others when the same question was put.

One of the members was asked the question, " Are you fond of ladies ? "

" No," he roared out. The needle nearly knocked the side out of the instrument, and the members who evidently knew this gentleman laughed so loudly that there was no doubt in my mind that the lie detector on this occasion was accurate.

In fact very few of us who were listening had any difficulty in judging when a lie was told. The members

who had undergone examination all admitted the accuracy of the detector's response. But what a prospect for humanity ! If this machine is perfected life will not be worth living for many of us.

NEW YORK—WASHINGTON

Monday, 3rd February 1941.

I went down to the shipping offices in Broadway this morning, and after discussing the prospects of catching a steamer home decided I would have to make other arrangements.

I had many other last-minute calls to make, and it was not until 4 o'clock that I took leave of Mr. Downey, the general manager of the Plymouth Hotel, whose kindness I will not soon forget, and departed for the Pennsylvania Station to catch the 4.30 train for Washington. I promised that I would write Downey and let him know how things were progressing at home. He is most anxious to help, and has already sent a hundred blankets to the " Help for Britain " Fund. A decent fellow.

Both Norman Thomas, the Socialist, and Senator La Folette gave evidence against the Lease-Lend Bill to-day. A pity such earnest and progressive-minded people cannot see the matter in better perspective. Norman Thomas apparently views with complete equanimity the prospect of our being defeated, and with it the end of Democracy in Europe, maybe for generations. Fortunately he hasn't much backing amongst the Socialists on this issue. I have always respected the views of the pacifists; and I was insistent that provisions should be made for them in the Military Training Bill, when the T.U.G. discussed this matter with Mr. Chamberlain, our

Prime Minister, in 1938. I supported the view that the State has no right to compel a man to take life against his conscience.

But the conscience of some people is rather muddled. Some who would refuse to shoot down a Nazi airman who was bombing their homes, would quite dutifully engage in a civil war, and shoot down their own countrymen. Such people are not real pacifists, and although I don't classify Norman Thomas with them, I remember how anxious he was to form a united front a few years ago with the Communists, who do believe in violent revolution and civil war. If I remember rightly the U.S.A. Socialist Party, of which he is chairman, also supported intervention in the Spanish Civil War. He was quite willing that arms should go to Spain so that the Spanish Republicans could defend democracy, but is not willing for arms to go to Great Britain for the same purpose. He must know that the attitude of the Nazis and the Communists to Democracy and personal liberty is so similar, as to make it difficult to see the difference in their methods, as distinct from their ultimate aims. Yet he believes in Democracy passionately, although he is not ready to take up arms, or to allow Britain to secure arms, to defend it.

Many times since I have been here I have been tempted to engage in controversy on such matters, but I have always tried to remember that I am a visitor. There are plenty of people in this country who can deal with these questions a good deal more effectively than ever I could hope to. I don't think the British Labour Movement ever expected that a leading American Socialist would ever try to prevent their smashing Hitlerism.

AT WASHINGTON

Tuesday, 4th February 1941.

The weather was quite cold, just below freezing-point this morning, but the sun was shining most of the day. No matter what I do, whether I turn off the radiator or open the window, or both, I cannot get rid of a feeling of dryness in my throat on wakening in the morning. Schevenels and Bell both complain of the same thing. We are assured it is the dry atmosphere. I feel a curious electric headache most of the day, and I certainly experience electric shocks when I touch the metalwork after crossing the carpet. I pointed this out to Schevenels again, and this time he felt it, although at Montreal where it was far more severe he couldn't feel anything.

I went to-day to see the Hudson Bay film. How these things run in couples. I have noticed often that the film companies do this. There was " Gone with the Wind ". Then another firm produced " Chad Hanna ". Then there was " The North-West Mounted Police ", then another company produces " Hudson Bay ". A further example was " Ninotchka", a satire on Russian Communism, and a rival company produces " Comrade X ". But they are all good films. Paul Muni in the " Hudson Bay" picture is really remarkable. I remember his magnificent performance in " The Good Earth ".

I have been giving some attention to the system of securing Union recognition here under the Roosevelt legislation. President Green, of the A.F. of L., with whom I have discussed the matter, has undertaken to supply me with details as to how this legislation actually operates. Mr. Joseph Padway, Counsel for the A.F. of

L., has also been most helpful in giving me an outline of the procedure. From what I can gather the broad principle is, that if a Union possesses as members a majority of employees of an employer or a particular plant or craft, it is entitled to request the employer to bargain with the Union in respect of hours, wages and conditions of employment. If the employer accepts the claim and acknowledges the right of the Union to represent its members, he enters into negotiations and the relations proceed in accordance with the principle of collective bargaining.

If, however, the employer refuses to recognize the Union, then the Union files a petition in writing with the Regional Director of the National Labor Relations Board giving particulars of its claim. The Regional Director then conducts an informal investigation and reports to the Board. The Board then determines as to whether a prima-facie case has been made out, and it authorizes the Regional Director to make a full investigation, to hold hearings for that purpose, and to take such other steps as he may consider necessary to investigate the claim.

The Regional Director assigns the matter for hearing before a trial examiner, and notifies the employer and all interested Unions. Evidence is taken to determine the appropriate unit and whether the Union represents a majority of employees in the unit. This evidence may include membership applications to the Unions and other Union records, pay-roll lists of the employees furnished by the employer, together with evidence of prior collective bargaining and matters showing the mutual interest of the employees within the unit. If there is still some doubt of whether the Union represents a majority of the employees, an election by secret ballot is conducted by the Board to determine the matter. The

names of one or more Unions having a substantial membership may appear on the ballot. A space is also provided for those who don't want to join any Union. If a majority is found in favour of the Union, the Board certifies this to all the parties. If, on the other hand, the Union does not secure a vote of the majority of the employees in its favour, the petition is dismissed. Once the employees have elected their course of action then the matter is settled, at all events for the time being. Thus, if they elect to be represented by the Union the employer is required to bargain in good faith with the Union.

The real question for me in all this matter is whether it is possible by law to promote the spirit of negotiation which alone can make collective bargaining really satisfactory. It is a problem that is not unique to the United States, but one which is constantly recurring, although on a much smaller scale, in our own country. I do not think we can afford to leave matters at the stage where, in this war for the maintenance of democratic institutions, employers can be allowed arbitrarily to refuse to deal with their employees through organizations of the workers' own choosing. How to give effect to this raises big issues, and I shall have to leave these to be dealt with when I get home.

WASHINGTON—BALTIMORE

Wednesday, 5th February 1941.

I went down to say au revoir to Lord Halifax this morning, who, by the way, has been criticized by the Press because he called on the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives, Mr. Sol Bloom. From what I can gather, the call was a purely personal one, but the Press misinterpreted the

visit. They called Halifax a " lobbyist" and published cartoons about him. Rather unfortunate, as Halifax is the last man in the world to want to butt into American political affairs. Bloom said that they only discussed the Magna Charta ! Incidentally, the Lincoln copy of this, stamped with the Great Seal of King John, which is regarded as the most perfect copy in existence, was sent over for exhibition at the World's Fair in New York. On the outbreak of war it was left here for safe keeping. Hence Bloom's reference.

I tried to get in touch with Phillip Murray of the C.I.O. yesterday and to-day, but failed. I hear he is a rather decent fellow and one whose acquaintance I would like to make.

I packed up early this evening and took the train for Baltimore. Schevenels cannot get through his business by Saturday next, and as to-day is the last for definite booking, he and Bell are going to return on the following Saturday. I leave by Pan-American Airways for Bermuda to-morrow, D.V. The Clipper has already been put back one day, so I must hope for the best.

This evening we had to listen to a monologue from a half-drunken taxi-driver. We hired him outside the Hamilton, or rather we hired his mate as he was sitting alongside, to drive us to the station on my way to Baltimore. The driver asked did we mind his pal going with us, and as we had no objection we started off. Hardly had we done so than the " passenger " began to argue with the driver about some official. " I am going right down to the court to-morrow morning and I will show him whether he can stick a five-dollar charge on a fellow for dirty wheels. I'll show him. That galoot thinks he's very clever, but he ain't." So ran his conversation, interspersed with many strong adjectives to show his contempt for that " galoot".

His friend remained sceptical and this stimulated further explosions. He could " fix " it with the judge. He knew because he came from the South. In the South a man could " fix " anything.

" How much did it cost me for shooting that god-damn nigger? I shot that guy on the sidewalk and then I straddled him with three others. How much did it cost me ? Ten dollars and eighty cents. That's all. They know how to treat a man in the South, but up here if you kill a guy they send you to the electric chair."

This furnished a new theme, during which I couldn't tell whether the fellow was just lying hard, or whether he was recounting actual experiences.

He refused to drive a damn nigger in his cab. No, sir. He was from the South. No god-damn nigger would ever ride in his cab. " But they said, ' Then you can't drive for the Diamond Taxicab Co.' That's fine. So I quit."

And so did we when we arrived at the station. The train rattled me rapidly to Baltimore where I stayed the night at the Hotel Belvedere.

BALTIMORE—BERMUDA

Thursday, 6th February 1941.

I spent a comfortable night, and having secured a taxi this morning drove to the harbour, starting out a little before 9.30. The journey takes approximately forty minutes and I had to be at the airport soon after 10 o'clock.

In passing through Baltimore, I saw that the steps of houses were not always as I had supposed made of marble. Some were wooden, painted- white, whilst others were of cement. We went through an in-

dustrialized district, passing some very large factories, until we arrived at the airport which is built on reclaimed land. Here I went through the usual formalities, and after my ticket had been checked I was put on the scale to be weighed. The machine showed my weight as 185 lb. and my baggage just came within the 44 lb. of luggage which is permitted free of charge. I was travelling light and my trunks and other bags were being sent home by steamer.

I strolled down to the Bermuda Clipper, a 4-engined flying-boat. It was a perfect morning, with no wind, a bright sun and a calm sea. Once on board we taxied well out into Chesapeake Bay, into which the Patapsco River flows. The water rushing by outside swept up against the ports. Then there was a roar from the engines, and in a few seconds we were up in the air.

A considerable amount of ice floated below us only a few miles from the shore, and I wondered whether this port is ever frozen over. We crossed the Bay, via Kent Island, near which we saw a cluster of small schooners making their way to Maryland over which we flew on a diagonal line to the Atlantic. The land was very flat just before we reached the coast and seemed marshy. A strip of golden sand with the white rollers breaking over it was the last we saw of the land, and a few minutes afterwards there was nothing beneath us but the endless blue waste of water.

I read in *The Baltimore Sun,* which the stewards handed to us, that 296 aircraft, of which three-fifths were trainers, had been delivered to the U.S.A. Navy in January 1941. The preceding months' deliveries were : October, 100 ; November, 119; December, 171. The Secretary for the Navy expects that early in 1942 the Navy's new air-training station at Corpus Christi, Texas, will turn out 560 pilots a month. He says that the Navy has thirteen

reserve training depots which now have in operation 220 training aeroplanes. Three more depots are being built at Dallas, Atlanta and New Orleans. The young pilots are given a month's training here, and then they go on to an advanced training station at Pensacola, Jacksonville and Corpus Christi.

It was only a few days ago that the Department of Commerce announced that approximately 296 'planes had gone to Great Britain during December 1940. By the way I see that Knudsen is objecting to the new regulation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which requires everyone entering Government offices to have a passport bearing his photograph and his fingerprints. A man after my own heart. The doorkeepers are going to be instructed to study Knudsen's photograph so that he will not be pestered by them. Not a very difficult job I should imagine, seeing that the police at our Houses of Parliament are expected to know every Member by sight. Incidentally, I was told at the Curtiss-Wright factory at Paterson that although the men at first objected to having their fingerprints taken, they now approved of it because it would be useful for identification purposes in case of accident in the streets or elsewhere. Practically everyone is compelled to go through this process if working in a U.S.A. aircraft factory, and many have to carry their photograph on their badge. I wonder what our fellows would say if the Government proposed these methods at home. I think they would object.

There were only five passengers on the Bermuda Clipper, which is capable of seating about forty. I wondered how the company managed to carry on, even with the heavy Government subsidy. The fare for the 800 miles to Bermuda is approximately 70 dollars, which only works out at about roughly 9 cents, or fourpence-halfpenny a mile.

At 12 noon by our watches we were told that lunch was ready. We had a nice lunch of soup, followed by chicken, saute potatoes, salad and dessert, finishing up with black coffee.

We were now approaching a cloud bank, and although we were flying at 8,000 feet we went up still farther so as to get well above it. The clouds seen from above were as usual dazzlingly white and beautiful, and the sea which occasionally peeped below them was deep blue. I had seen very few ships, but I caught a fleeting glimpse of three destroyers making for the coast. It was rather too warm in the 'plane, and I was glad when I finished my lunch to retire to the next compartment where I could control the air.

I couldn't help feeling, as I was writing these notes sitting back in my roomy seat, how different the reality is from the anticipation usually. Years ago when I read *Tom Sawyer Abroad* and came to Mark Twain's account of the balloon speeding at 100 miles per hour, I thought how marvellous it must be. Well, here we are on this fast 'plane, moving at over 160 miles an hour, and yet except for the clouds below one would scarcely know we were travelling at more than a snail's pace.

I have repeatedly remarked that aeroplane travel is not very interesting, except when travelling over a route for the first time, because of the absence of detail. One sees things in outline and in the mass, quite unlike journeying by car or train or steamer.

Just as I wrote this I glanced down. We had passed through the mass of clouds and now only a few were floating about. I was astonished to see one lit up in brilliant colours. Gould I be mistaken? Was it my eyes being influenced by the glass of the window ? No, it was not. The trailing edge of this cloud and others also was a blaze of delicious shades of cerise, primrose,

emerald-green, sky-blue, and others which I couldn't define, as if a rainbow was shining through them. As we got farther away the colours faded and disappeared, and the clouds were white once again. It may have been that the bright sun beating down on the blue sea distorted my vision somewhat, but the effect was delightful.

The cabin was warm, I felt sleepy, and as a bed was already made up in one of the compartments, permission was given me to use this. I stretched myself out in my shirt-sleeves and dozed off. I wakened at 3 p.m. by U.S.A. time and a few minutes later was told by one of the stewards that we would be landing within twenty minutes. The curtains on the ports were all drawn to in accordance with the regulations of the British authorities, so that no one could see the dockyard or the defences. All cameras had been sealed up on leaving Baltimore. I put my watch on one hour as Bermuda is on Eastern Atlantic time, finished these notes and prepared to land.

We struck the water soon after 4.30 p.m. (Bermuda time) and after a wait on the landing stage, I passed through the customs. A motor launch took us from Darrells Island in a few minutes to our landing place, and I obtained accommodation at the Belmont Manor Hotel.

The hotel and grounds were splendidly situated overlooking the harbour and well above it. The temperature was mild and the scenery charming. I was informed that due to unforeseen circumstances I would have to wait a few days before I could travel back to England. Disappointing, but if I have to wait it could hardly be at a more pleasant place than this.

AT BERMUDA

Friday, 7th February 1941.

After breakfast this morning, Harley (a Britisher whom I had met on the Clipper) and I went for a stroll towards Hamilton. It was roughly about 3 miles and we enjoyed ourselves on the road, admiring the pretty red poincianas and the hibiscus which were still flowering, although this is winter. We were joined by a red Irish setter who decided we were good enough for a walk and who scampered backwards and forwards, picking up stones and inviting us to play with him.

We obtained many lovely views of the harbour, and of the marvellous colouring of the water gently breaking with endless motion on the numerous small islands.

We watched a coloured mason and some labourers building a wall with smooth blocks cut out of the coral, and judged him a thorough and competent workman. He confirmed what I remembered hearing when I was here in 1938, that all the cement must be imported, although the lime and sand are obtained locally.

Once at Hamilton we were attracted by the leisurely, carefree air with which people seemed to go about, and by the numerous little shops and quaint buildings. The houses, like the walls skirting the roadways, were all made of coral cut into blocks about twelve inches or so long and about 9 inches in depth and breadth.

Dawdling along the quayside, we saw a ferry steamer lying alongside. I noticed the name *Woodside.* I looked closer. Sure enough it was an old ferry-boat on which I had many times crossed the Mersey between Birkenhead and Liverpool. I boarded her, of course, and saw how worn **the** deck planking had become. **She** is

used now as a tender to the passenger vessels which call here. We sat gazing over the harbour and feeding the hound with cakes purchased at a neighbouring shop, where I was allowed the full rate of exchange on my American dollars. The dog was ravenously hungry and very thin, but apparently well cared for otherwise. There was no name on his collar, merely a disc with a licence number.

We basked in the warm sun, drinking in the mild air and idly watching the flag of the Bermuda Yacht Club fluttering overhead. Then we recalled it was time for lunch and we both came to the conclusion that we hadn't energy enough to walk back the 3 miles to the Belmont. There are no private motor-cars allowed on this island, and we congratulated the authorities on this wise step in preserving the quiet charm of Bermuda. Instead of rushing along in a car we would have the pleasure of riding back in state in one of the open carriages which stood waiting for hire.

Casually I asked the fare. " Two dollars," replied the coachman (ten shillings at present rates.) We protested tersely but vigorously. The unperturbed coachman languidly showed us the official tariff, and defeated but still unconvinced we climbed in. The journey back took a little over twenty minutes. Rather an easily earned ten shillings we thought, but we were afterwards told that fodder is extremely dear, and furthermore the climate and the many hills are not good for the horses, which don't live very long.

After lunch I struck off across the island, making for the Belmont Beach on the south side. I left the main road and followed a footpath. Very soon I was tangled up in a mass of cross-paths leading I didn't know where. I went on, winding up and down, finding myself many times faced with notices, " N6 trespassing ",

or " Private Road ", and not quite knowing when I was on private land and when not. There were no hedges, but here and there was a wire fence. Several times I was brought up at a dead end in someone's back garden, with a cow or a goat gazing reproachfully at me, but with no human being in sight to guide me. Finally, I came across a young postman, looking smart in his blue uniform and riding a bicycle down an adjoining path, and was advised to continue until I reached the main road.

I was becoming irritated at not being able to obtain a glimpse of the sea, which I knew from the sound of surf was just behind the little hills whose pathways were marked " Private". I struck a gap in a fence and soon was gazing out across the deep, blue ocean. I proceeded along the cliffs for a couple of miles, came across a pink coloured house with a flight of steps leading to the beach, and concluded that this was more " private property ". My respect for law and order made me strike for the roadway again. After walking a few hundred yards I saw a notice fastened to a tree which read " Belmont Beach ".

This was the place I had been looking for, as it belonged to the hotel where I was staying, so wearily I retraced my steps past the pink house again. Looking down I could see a white fringe of water following roughly the shape of the coast about a quarter of a mile from the beach. This was the coral reef. Outside the water was agitated by the fresh breeze. Inside the lagoon all was placid and bathing would have been very safe at this point. But, alas, I had no costume, and the water was not warm enough. But it was beautiful to look at, deep blue shading to emerald green, while nearer the shore the water was cream coloured, almost like the sand which it swept to and fro.

I sat for a long time looking seawards and then climbed down to the rocky beach and examined the wall of coral rising 50 or more feet above me. It was composed of millions of little craters with tiny, jagged edges, but it appeared to me to be more like a cream-coloured sandstone under the hard outer crust.

The sun was setting fast, and its fading rays were soon effaced by the grey clouds. I withdrew from the cliffs under some trees to write these notes, listening to the wind fluttering the leaves with a sound like pattering rain. I glanced around at the houses. They were stuck in all sorts of little nooks. Wherever there was any shelter, there you would find a house, invariably of coral. They were tastefully coloured with pink or yellow ochre, or just lime-washed. All had white roofs.

I set off on the return journey, striking this time directly across the fields to a road which I could see a quarter of a mile away. I passed a coloured man, looking very perplexed as he pulled after him a well-fed cow which insisted on completing its meal off the trees every few yards, saw some small coloured boys playing golf, observed that all the children had boots and stockings and were quite well clad, and eventually arrived at the hotel much quicker than it had taken to do the outward journey. I saw very few carriages this afternoon, although this morning there were plenty of them, but practically everyone here, particularly the natives, rides a bicycle. On the ferry steamer this morning there were several rows of them stacked against the bulwarks.

Thq local newspaper searched me out and I agreed to an interview this evening. When the reporter called, he told me that the weather reports were bad and he felt that I would be delayed for some days yet.

The wind got up considerably during the evening and storm-cones were hoisted in the harbour. The rain came down in sheets and it looks as though there will be no flying for a day or so.

AT BERMUDA

Saturday, 8th February 1941.

I learned that the white-coloured roofs are lime-washed in order to catch the rainwater and purify it. Rainwater is the only supply for drinking and cooking purposes, so that it is precious. Every house has its own private tank completely covered and sometimes sunk partly underground. This keeps away any fungoid growths. I remember when I was here in 1938 with the West India Royal Commission, I heard that they had sunk wells through the coral. The rainwater which seeps through the soil and coral, rests on top of the salt water but doesn't mix with it. It is brackish but drinkable.

I had a good many telephone calls and interviews during the day, because of the newspapers having disclosed where I was. Everyone was very friendly and eager to do their utmost to make my stay as pleasant as possible.

I passed the day quietly by myself, wandering about the island. I ought to have said " the islands " because there are said to be some 350 of them, but I think that number must include practically every knoll. The atmosphere, incidentally, was rather damp, and. there has not been much sun to-day.

AT BERMUDA

Sunday, 9th February 1941.

After breakfast I had a visit from an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for many years. We chatted for a long while, and after he had gone I roamed round the hotel gardens, and sat for a time on one of the terraces looking out on the north side of the island. The sun was strong and the air warm, and I spent the time alternately writing and reading.

As I write these lines, a shower of small birds has just descended on me. Explanation—a lady has arrived in the next chair, bringing with her a parcel of crumbs to feed them. The red cardinal up in the branches, however, wouldn't come down. Beneath his dignity, perhaps.

Just below me is a tennis court, but the two young fellows who were playing, have found the effort of pounding a ball too much for them and have disappeared indoors. Over from the American warship lying out in the harbour comes the sound of a bell announcing 12.30. The sea is calm, the cedars and palms are just faintly rustling, and apart from the chirruping of the birds all is quiet. About a mile across the bay I can see Darrells Island, and swaying in front of it a flying boat.

Right before me there is a cluster of small, tree-covered islands, with here and there a white roof gleaming amongst them. An expanse of shimmering water, and then beyond I see the western end of the main island, containing the parish of Somerset, and further still Ireland Island. Seemingly immediately opposite, another neck of land runs towards it, almost completely concealing the ocean from my view. Here is the parish of Pembroke, on whose southern shores stands Hamilton,

sheltered completely by the islands at which I have been gazing.

Large ocean-going vessels sometimes come right alongside the quay at Hamilton, looking as though they are standing in the centre of the main street.

I ceased writing, had lunch and rested for some time afterwards. In the afternoon I strolled once again to the south shore and sat on the cliffs. I was only lightly clad, but although the sun had vanished the air was so mild that it was pleasant and exhilarating. I spent a long time doing nothing but just sitting, like the watchman who sometimes " sat and thought" and sometimes just " sat ". It was a pleasant pastime.

The sea for some distance beyond the reef was of the same bright blue, although the sky was rather grey and scurrying clouds passed overhead. There was the remnant of a rainbow, with its purple, green and amber stripes just visible towards the east, no doubt a reflection from the watery sun which was now showing through the mist in the west. I thought of George Borrow's famous character, Mr. Petulengro, in *Lavengro,* who said he would like to live for ever even in blindness, because " There would always be the wind on the heath ". I always loved the wind, even in its fiercest moments, and now it was just caressing my face.

I climbed down to the beach and found the cliffs composed of very thin layers of sandstone, sometimes only one-sixteenth of an inch thick, with the outer edges pitted by many crevices with a grey-black brittle exterior.

Then, attracted by the brown seaweed, I examined it and came across several beautiful Portuguese men-of-war, which I first saw at Las Palmas. They were slightly different in appearance from one another, but generally about four to five inches long, entirely transparent, like a zeppelin in shape, and with a top ridge or

spine coloured pink. From this was stretched downwards into the fabric of the body about a dozen little struts or ribs, each three-quarters of an inch long, with smaller ribs in between them. The lower part of the " balloon " was bright blue, and attached to this was some substance like protoplasm, usually fastened tightly to a piece of seaweed. Some of them had tendrils at least 4 feet long hanging from them, but usually they were considerably shorter. They are supposed to give an electric shock to swimmers, but touching them on the beach I could feel no effect from them whatever. I punctured several, and immediately the balloon collapsed without anything oozing from the interior.

I waited until it was almost dark and then travelled to the hotel on foot, the distance only being about two miles at the most, although the country is very hilly and walking rather fatiguing.

AT BERMUDA

Monday, 10th February 1941.

I was given a shock this morning when I was told that in all probability I would not be able to leave until Friday or Saturday next. I was quite upset by this news, as I had firmly expected to leave to-morrow. Still, I had to make the best of it and I went out with Harley, who similarly is waiting his chance to depart.

We strolled along the roadway near the north beach, as there is little or no sand on this part of the island. The water laps right up to the coral and sandstone, which is only about 20 or 30 feet high for the most part. We saw some remarkably coloured fish. One little fellow, about 2 inches long and as thin as a piece of paper, was beautifully striped in grey, mauve and primrose.

As soon as he saw us looking at him he swam *backwards.* We watched this fish for a long time, and he always swam backwards, never forwards.

There were several beches-de-mer about nine inches long, curled up on the bottom of the ocean and looking like miniature seals. There were many different types of plants and one which looked just like a small French marigold behaved remarkably. Harley touched it with a thin twig, expecting of course that it would shrink away. We were both watching intently and to our amazement the little thing instantly disappeared ! It vanished completely as though the waters had absorbed it. No doubt it had gone into some crevice, but its action was so instantaneous that we couldn't see what happened. Other strange-looking specimens wound their tentacles round the twig, or whatever we touched them with, and then recoiled slowly.

There were many bright red patches of a sort of fungi on the rocks, and still others as black as jet. The water was so clear we could see everything perfectly, and the temperature was such that I seriously contemplated going in for a bathe. I had no costume, however, and it is rather foolish to bathe in unknown places, so I resisted the temptation.

I rested during the afternoon, and in the evening after dinner I had a talk with Capt. Middleton, a former British Airways pilot, whom I met in Scotland almost exactly a year ago when we were bound for Finland. I hope to return with him.

AT BERMUDA

Tuesday, nth February 1941.

Yesterday I received a. deputation of three coloured men from the Workers' Association. They were very

keen to know about workmen's compensation and the question of a rise in wages. They say that since the last war the wages generally had remained at about 10*s.* a day. They stated that the cost of living is very high, and rent is approximately 155. a week. Sugar formerly cost only 1*s.* for 10 lb., now it is 3½d. a lb ! Flour which was sold at 81 lb. for *is.* now costs the same for only 51 lb. Codfish at 3d. a lb. had risen to 8d. Beef, butter, cereals and bacon all showed substantial increases since the war started.

They put to me some very pertinent questions concerning the working of democracy, and asked me frankly whether there was any future for the coloured man in the British Empire. I said that if there was no future for him in the British Empire, there was no future for him anywhere.

We agreed that they would give me a written statement of their situation. They were aggrieved that the Royal Commission didn't enquire into conditions here when we visited the West Indies.

I set off to walk down to the Rotary Club at Hamilton, where I had been asked to speak, and found the journey hot and tiring, taking nearly an hour. I spoke after a Salvation Army leader, and was warmly received. Afterwards I spent the afternoon in going to St. Georges, a quaint, old-world parish, by electric train, accompanied by Mr. Kichen, the engineer of the railway. He showed me many coloured people's houses which they had built themselves, fairly big and durable, but rather untidy in the rear.

I saw the wreck of a Spanish ship, *Cristobal Coldn,* lying on the reef far away on the horizon to the north. I wrote about her in my diary on the West Indies. People hereabouts suspect that she was deliberately cast away by her officers during the Spanish Civil War.

This reef runs about nine miles off the shore and can be seen occasionally at low water. In a gale it is a seething mass of foam.

My companion said that the weather at present is very bad, it being wet and rather cold with little sun. Personally, I don't think it is too bad although the rain is inconvenient.

Which reminds me that when I was at Admiralty House the other day my attention was drawn to the mirrors in the room. They were all steamed over so that it was impossible to see one's reflection. I understand this is always the case when the south wind blows. When the north wind comes, the haze on the glass clears away.

I spent the evening at dinner with Mr. Kichen and his wife and daughter, who was born during an air-raid in the last war ! ! Nice people.

AT BERMUDA

Wednesday, 12th February igp.

Wet and rather dull this morning. I saw a fairly good report of yesterday's meeting in this morning's paper, but of course my actual language was not quoted except in condensed extracts. Still, I cannot complain.

I noticed a report that D. N. Pritt, K.G., M.P., has been called upon by the Labour Party Executive at Hammersmith to resign his seat and to contest an election. Naturally he has refused. He knows what would happen if he did resign, and he wants to keep his seat.. It gives him a status he would not otherwise have. The issue is, of course, over the so-called " People's Convention " and their demand for peace negotiations with

Germany. I forecast in my speeches in Canada that the so-called " delegates " would be repudiated.

I had lunch at the Dinghy Club with Sir Stanley Sperling, the Leader of the House, and afterwards went to see the Legislative Assembly in operation.

The Bermudas have a system of self-government, a factor which should be kept in mind by the Imperial Government at Westminster, when dealing with such questions as the leasing of bases to the U.S.A. The franchise is far too narrow, only adult males owning sixty pounds' worth of land having the right to vote. When I addressed the Rotary Club the other day I had this in mind when I said, " You who are an outpost of the British Commonwealth have a responsibility. It may be for you to show the wideness and flexibility of Democracy."

The Governor is advised by an Executive Council of seven members appointed by the Crown. The Legislative Chamber consists of thirty-six members, nine of whom are appointed by the Crown. It was the Legislative Assembly which I was to see. The members met in a wooden panelled room in the Parliament building, old-fashioned, but rather quaint and attractive. There were four windows on each side and portraits hanging between them, whilst over the Speaker's chair was the Royal Arms. On his right hand there was a painting of George III, and on the left Queen Caroline. These were presented by George III himself.

There was a good attendance of members, several of those present being coloured men, and the speeches were terse and to the point. The members showed complete respect to the Speaker, but there was a general air of informality about the proceedings, which were brief and businesslike.

The procedure followed that of the Parliament at

Westminster. A bill to become law must be read three times in the Legislative Assembly and then be referred to the Executive Council. When it passes them it gains the assent of the Governor.

The first reading of a bill is purely formal. After the bill is presented, the clerk simply reads aloud its title and by so doing gives the bill its first reading. On the second reading a motion is moved in support of the bill, seconded and debated in the usual way. The Speaker would say, " Does any member wish to speak on the motion ? " If no member rose he would then ask, " Any objections ? " If there were no objections, the Speaker would declare the bill had passed its second reading.

The third reading would be taken in the same way and finally the bill would be referred to the Upper House.

Every member on leaving the Chamber walked down the length of the room facing the Speaker, who was in wig and gown, bowed to him and passed the little red cordon separating the members from the public. On the adjournment the members bowed to each other, then bowed to the Speaker, and the latter thereupon declared the House adjourned.

After the adjournment I inspected the Mace, the original of which was presented in 1620. On it were represented the Dolphin, the Bermuda Lily, the British Royal Arms and the Wreck of the *Last Venture.* This was a famous ship which many years ago went ashore on the rocks at Bermuda. There were several pictures in various parts of the building showing the *Last Venture* going ashore.

I saw the original chair used by one of the early Governors of Somers Islands, Captain Josias Fforster. " Somers Islands " was the name originally given to the Bermudas, after Sir George Somers, who was ship-wrecked here in 1609. The former capital, St. George's,

in the upper end of the Island, may again become the most important part of the colony because the new American naval base is being established there. Hamilton now is the principal town.

AT BERMUDA

Thursday, 13th February 1941.

This morning when I wakened, the sun was shining brightly, by 10 o'clock it was raining with a thin, misty downpour, and half an hour later the mist had turned into fog. I thought to myself of Mark Twain's description of Washington. It corresponds very closely to this. I should have gone out with an umbrella, an overcoat and a fan, as he did. I received word this morning that I shall be able to leave on Saturday next. This is good news, and I feel quite elated at the prospect of starting for home.

I caught the ferry from Darrells Wharf for Hamilton at n.30, as I had a call to make on Major Dutton, the Colonial Secretary. After this interview I went to the bank to get some money, but found it closed as Thursday afternoon is Bermuda's weekly holiday.

The rain was falling very heavily, and although I had an overcoat I was fatigued and damp. In fact we have had some very peculiar weather just lately. Everyone says it is abnormal. The temperature is 10 degrees higher than usual—yesterday it was 68 degrees and there is little or no sunshine. I noticed how damp everything feels, and I have had some painful twinges in my shoulder.

But to return to my day's experiences. Whilst I was waiting near the wharf I observed an auction going on. The customs officials were selling parcels of contraband

taken from vessels searched by the British fleet. Most of them were composed of food sent by people in America to their German relatives. It was rather pathetic to see these sold. There were tinned milk, chocolate, ham, sugar, biscuits and many cases of tinned food. Some parcels sold at as much as 25s., but the usual amount was about 8s. At this I should say they were much below the normal prices. Several parcels of clothes were disposed of. One contained three suits and an overcoat (fairly heavy) and fetched £5. It appears that these auctions are very frequent; sometimes selling is going on almost every day.

I looked round the crowd. They were standing in a ring, some perched on piles of timber as a sort of grandstand. Black men, brown, jostling with whites. One fellow in a topee, coloured shirt and grey flannel trousers, was evidently quite used to the job. He bid many times, and the auctioneers knocked several lots down to him. A fat old coloured woman, whose eyes were fairly bulging from her head, gazed jealously at this fellow every time he capped her bid. The crowd, for the most part dressed in loose shirts of all colours, light shoes or boots, no hats, stood in all sorts of indolent postures which this sort of enervating climate induces, gazing listlessly at the proceedings.

Outside the covered wharf the rain was fairly sheeting down, and many of the people had put their bicycles under the sheds for protection. Everyone here rides a bicycle, and this morning when I tried to take shelter under the arcade near the harbour, I found stacks of bicycles piled up everywhere.

I had tea at a friend's house, and he showed me his lovely garden. One very hardy tree, the "fidel", imported from Australia, has the obstinacy to continue its Australian habits regardless of the difference in the

seasons of the two countries. It puts out its spring buds in Bermuda's autumn, and shows its autumn tints in Bermuda's spring. He showed me how a chopping block, which he had cut from the trunk of a fallen tree, had actually taken root again and was putting forth leaves.

Then there was a banyan tree with its smooth bark and a strange habit of dropping down tendrils. These are just like thin strips of fibre and gradually approach the ground. Afterwards these strips take root, join themselves into a sort of rope and tighten up with incredible rigidity. Some of these tendrils had wrapped themselves round the trunk of a neighbouring cedar and had killed all its upper branches. The cedar tree was being strangled. The tendrils had twisted themselves in a most intricate fashion round some of the branches of the cedar, in a manner which proved that there was some definite purpose at work, and that they were not merely blown into that situation by the wind. What amazed me was the tightness with which the tendrils joined together, and formed a solid rope as rigid as a bar of iron.

During tea we talked about the B.B.C. and once again I heard what people have told me both here and in the U.S.A. Poor presentation of British news, with much interference from neighbouring stations, and of the difficulty of people here to understand some of the accents. Apparently the so-called "Oxford" accent offends quite a number of people when speakers employ it too much. They contrast all this with the German stations, whose broadcasts come through without any interference whatever, and whose speakers use an enunciation which to American ears is very clear indeed. I must tell the British Broadcasting Corporation about this.

AT BERMUDA

Friday, 14th February 1941.

This morning I received notification from the bankers, Butterfield & Co., that some money had arrived for me from Bell at Washington. I was relieved as living in hotels here is very expensive, and my money was running short. The cost of living is high in Bermuda, and hotel accommodation is much dearer than for comparable hotels both at home and in the U.S.A.

I went over to collect the money and had a cheerful conversation with the bank manager, who is a son of this old-established House.

On arriving back at the hotel I found a message waiting for me that my departure would have to be postponed for another couple of days. Bad weather at the other end. Only a couple of days I said to myself. But hope deferred . . .

I spent the evening at the Women's Social Club and spoke about the effects of the war on our people.

AT BERMUDA

Saturday, 15th February 1941.

It blew a gale in the night and this morning the rain is sheeting down. Everything is clammy and my bedroom smells and feels like a washhouse.

I had made up my mind that unless I could get a definite assurance to leave on Monday, I would take a passage to Lisbon on the American Export Liner on which Schevenels and Bell are travelling. I am sick of being stuck here, despite the kindness and consideration which I find on all hands.

I spent the afternoon at the house of the Colonial Secretary, Major Dutton, and whilst there I received a message to proceed to Darrells Island to be fitted out for the journey which I am to make. There was a fresh wind and a fairly rough sea, but the motor launch breasted her way through it, although at times we had to slacken speed. Here I was fitted out with my kit.

I am to go with Captain Middleton after all. I had to put on a heavy flying kit made of some fleecy material and overalls of lined fabric. Then I had strapped on me the parachute, which was much heavier than others I had used. I was instructed to be on the Belmont quay at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. I finished everything fairly early at the hotel, paid my bill and went to bed in good time.

AT BERMUDA

Sunday, 16th February 1941.

After sleeping from 9 p.m. to 2.30 a.m., I couldn't settle any longer. I was to be called at 4.45, and at half-past four I was awake, and, in fact, just about to plunge into the bath when the telephone bell rang. " This is———here. I am very sorry that flying has been postponed for to-day. We have received very bad weather reports from the other end. There is a gale blowing over there. That means we can't get away to-day or to-morrow, so that it will be Tuesday before we can go." Down went my hopes. The disappointment was very bitter, but I took it as well as I could because it was no one's fault.

It.took me some time to settle down again to sleep because I was busy framing alternatives for getting home. These delays may go on interminably, and so I resolved that if I do not get away by Tuesday morning, I will

take a steamer and go with Bell and Schevenels to Lisbon. First, I will send home a cable explaining what I have done. That will relieve them a little, but I can't tell them anything very definite.

After lunch I went out for a stroll across the golf course. It was a very pleasant day, a strong breeze blowing from the north with an intermittent sun striking down. I then turned along the roadway in the direction of Somerset, visiting St. Mary's Parish Church at Warwick, scrupulously clean and neat with many quaint features. Practically every grave had a vault roofed with heavy stone, and cut deep into the coral.

I felt rather relaxed, and after walking a little further I sat on a wall and watched the passers-by. Few people walked, many were on bicycles and several drove in carriages. One of these went by at a rattling pace, and I saw it was driven by a young coloured man, with two others sitting ecstatically behind the fine horse, just showing what they could do.

Several coloured soldiers rode by wearing tropical khaki with short trousers, in contradistinction to some young English soldiers who pedalled past in their heavy winter uniforms. Their faces looked like boiled lobsters.

Then came along two little girls with dark skins and long plaited hair, dressed in reddish-brown frocks, glancing back at me and wondering, no doubt, what I was writing.

I rose from my perch and struck across a path towards the south coast, passing several fine Royal Palms, whose smooth long trunks were wrapped in a sort of grey tape, the upper part tightly bound with a green fibre, the branches waving like ostrich feathers in the wind. .

Everyone nods or says " good-day " to one another here, the whites being a little less forthcoming in **that** respect than the coloured people. Whilst I had been

sitting writing I couldn't help noticing the large number of flies, which reminded me that an acquaintance had told me there were far too many in the colony, consequent, no doubt, upon the horses. Not many cattle were about, and every time I saw a cow it was hobbled so as to concentrate its grazing on a small spot of land.

As I walked on I came across numbers of the cactus species known as prickly pears. They are so called, no doubt, because of the long thorns which project round the leaf, sometimes covering the fruit, which is somewhat like a plum. I envied people like the Swiss Family Robinson who knew almost every plant they came across, as I couldn't remember whether the fruit of the pear was poisonous or not. After sampling a few I decided not to swallow any, although the taste was not too unpleasant.

I continued on the path across the railway and came on to several houses, some in the process of building, coloured men working on them although it is Sunday. Most of them were inhabited by coloured people and every one had its electric light carried up from the main road. This must be a costly business and no doubt accounts for the high charge for electricity. Sir Stanley Sperling told me that although there were only 30,000 people in the colony, his company had 8,000 consumers, which means in effect that almost every family has electricity installed.

Climbing is not very attractive in the warm relaxing atmosphere of Bermuda, and I sat down several times reflecting on the pleasure of being idle. Certainly it is restful, but I'm afraid too many of us have lost the ability to be absolutely idle. We must be trying to do something. I thought to myself that if people had their work done for them, they would still be frantically trying to find something to occupy their attention*. What would

that something be? Discussion, ideas, entertainment, recreation, or what ? No doubt a bit of each, but I am quite sure the attractiveness of leisure comes mainly because it is a relief and a change from active work. I remember that Hazlitt, the essayist, in his *Table Talk* says something of the same kind.

Up here, among the low cedar trees rustling in the breeze, with never a soul near one, gazing at the gleaming roofs of houses stuck away in tiny declivities, listening to the distant crowing of a cock occasionally breaking the silence, I thought to myself, " Here I am on an island such as I have read about in adventure books. One of the loveliest in the world. Yet there is something always lacking." Beauty immeasurable everywhere, the roll of the surf and the marvellously coloured waters which I could see just over the ridge, all those exquisite features at hand.

Yet not quite completely. " Private ", " Trespassers will be prosecuted ". Barbed wire showing where fields were divided. Only very thin grass over the coral and now and again a tree blown down showing shallow roots, only 6 inches in the soil. Flies buzzing round, moisture in the atmosphere, and ominous creaks and twinges reminiscent of rheumatism, served to demonstrate that all was not perfect even here.

But enough of reflections. I saw many small quarries where sandstone is cut as straight as the side of a building, and piled up in blocks ready for construction.

I returned to the hotel about 5.45, had dinner, and was told that in all probability we would go through the same routine regarding departure as this morning. No one could say for certain whether we would go or not, but we will be called early in case. Let's hope for the best.

AT BERMUDA

Monday, 17th February, and Tuesday, 18th February, 1941

I was up at 5 o'clock this morning and on enquiry on the telephone found that, in all probability we would leave as arranged. I hastily dressed, had breakfast, and paid a further bill and said good-bye.

I caught a waiting carriage and drove down to the wharf. It was still very dark and there was a cold wind blowing. I had on some heavy underwear and so didn't feel the cold, although the driver complained of it. Soon after the lights of a motor launch appeared coming towards us, and my bags were put on board. " There is a change in the atmosphere this morning, sir," said one of the coloured boatmen. " It is much cooler." Then he drove the boat through the choppy sea. We reached our starting place and I found all the crew gathered round a chart discussing the journey.

I was handed my flying kit and I made for the landing stage. It was now break of day and at about 6.45 we got aboard the launch and steered for the P.B.Y Catalina flying-boat. " Pilots going aboard," called out someone, and with that most of those present stood on the seaward side of the launch as we neared the flying-boat. This was to give the necessary list so as to lessen any danger of our bumping heavily.

We clambered in through " the blister ", where sits the rear gunner, and then started to transfer the heavy baggage forward for the take-off. After this we all went forward to add our weight to the baggage, and I sat near the pilots. Just behind, and over me, the engineer was perched on a high seat. We were heavily loaded and I heard Captain Middleton say to his first officer, " We will have to take the rough water for it."

At 7.30 in the morning we taxied off and commenced our 2,800-mile journey to England. The engines were let out with a roar which nearly split my ears. I regretted that I had not put any cotton wool in them. We bumped about, the sea smashing against the vessel with heavy thuds. Then up we went and everyone smiled.

I then went to the " blister " as here there was a comfortable seat for the rear gunner, and I had a lovely view of the island below. I took out my notebook, and all that I have written so far has been compiled in this way.

Whilst over the island we flew at about 3,000 feet so far as I could judge. There were some miraculous shades of water, varying from the lightest of green to a deep sombre blue.

It was rather draughty and cold in the stern, so I put on my overcoat and scarf. The reason for the draught was that the blisters through which the guns are aimed, and which are also the parachute exits, do not fit closely in flying. When on the water they have rubber tubes to make them watertight, but in flying these must be deflated as, owing to the variations in temperature and height, they might burst. Hence the wind rushed in straight from both the blisters. The noise of the engines was not now nearly so deafening as at first, but it was far more noticeable than in a passenger 'plane.

Soon afterwards I had to put on my flying boots as the cold was rather uncomfortable, and then the flying helmet, but it was still rather draughty. For the first four hours we saw very little in the way of traffic and indeed after leaving only one vessel was sighted.

I was invited to go forward and sit where I could watch the numerous meters. Meanwhile in the second compartment the navigators were working out our position from sights which they had taken a little earlier.

We ran into a good deal of cloud and the pilot decided to go higher. He decreased the propeller's pitch, and immediately the revolutions per minute went up steadily whilst at the same time the air speed fell. We went up to 6,000 feet but still there was no sign of the blue sky.

Then we cleared a big patch and went into open space. Right ahead one white mass rose high above us : the nose of the 'plane seemed to be climbing up it to get into the free sky, but actually we were not at that moment ascending. Then 6,800 feet appeared on the dial and immediately afterwards the blue sky appeared again. The engines slowed down as the R.P.M. throttle was moved backwards and the air speed increased again.

But more cloud lay ahead, and up we went steadily until we reached 8,900 feet. There were several thuds on the aeroplane. The pilot looked at me and shouted " Ice ". Suddenly the windscreen became covered with ice, and the aeroplane pitched a good deal. At length we struck through into clear sky. I felt relieved and the pilot must have thought it was pretty bad, as he shouted over to me, " That sort of thing is enough to drive you crazy." Soon afterwards the bright sun began to melt the ice on the screen.

But we were not finished with it yet. I went aft for a few minutes, but it was terribly cold and I was glad to return to the cockpit. Almost immediately the aeroplane took a dangerous pitch downwards. The captain who was at the controls looked rather anxious and grim, and I saw that we had dipped down within that second or so, over 2,000 feet. I had seen that ice had formed again along the wings and that the stays were encrusted, but had assumed that the de-icing gear was dealing with all that. We came down purposely still further to 3,000 feet, and after about ten. minutes or so the ice disappeared altogether from the stays.

It was now nearly 2 p.m. and we had been flying roughly six and a half hours. The second pilot had taken over, and after a few minutes the captain came and said something to him. He then leaned towards me and said, " We are going back. We have just had a wireless message saying that there is bad weather ahead." Frankly I felt rather relieved. The weather was so abnormal that I certainly did not wish to face worse weather. I told the captain that I thought he was taking the right course in returning, and that I was quite satisfied.

The crew and I took the opportunity in turn to swallow a cup of hot soup and a sandwich, after which, as I felt rather drowsy, I went to lie down.

I lay resting and writing my diary alternately until 5.30, when I went to the blister and saw the darkness coming on. I watched the light fading until the rudder appeared just a dark mass, something like a small aeroplane climbing vertically. Here and there was a gleam in the sky, but soon it was difficult to distinguish sea from sky. Then after a time the stars became visible, and as it was now nearly 7 p.m. and I was hungry, I went into the chart room.

The two navigators were working over the chart and checking up continuously on the bearings received by radio. One of the radio men told me that he received an enquiry from a Scottish station just asking whether they could be of any assistance. It was not in code so presumably the Germans would receive it also, but we were much too far away to be in any danger from them.

We were rather cramped inside the boat because of the additional petrol tanks which had been put in, and as we were also carrying heavy beaching gear as well as several oxygen bottles, to go from one compartment to another required skill in balancing.

I switched on the electric light and had my sandwiches and cocoa from a vacuum flask in comfort. It is surprising what a sense of security light gives to one. Outside all was dark and boisterous, but inside it was quite snug.

I continued with my diary whilst sitting on one of the berths. We were pitching about a good deal, but it was not too uncomfortable and I could write easily enough.

I expected we should be back somewhere about 9 o'clock, but the crew thought we would be later as we had a nasty headwind which reduced our speed. We ran into a violent thunderstorm and the lightning flashed down the fuselage, until I half expected either that the tail would be set on fire or it would disappear. I was by myself in the after compartment, as I didn't want to bother the crew, who had enough to worry about in navigating the boat.

When at 11 o'clock we had not sighted our destination, I learned from one of the radio operators, who had come aft, that the captain had received instructions by wireless just before the storm, to ride out the night because the water was too rough to make a landing. I also learned that we had received no bearings for a considerable time as the clouds were too thick for the navigators to see the stars, and the electric storm had cut out all communication with the shore stations. This was a bit of a shock, but I didn't like to say so. So on we went, steadily getting into worse weather all the time. I have never spent such a ghastly night in my life. .

The flying-boat was bombarded with hailstones and ice many times, and I felt dreadfully sick. I was warm enough because I had my flying kit on, including very warm boots, but I couldn't really rest. .Time after time we ran through the same heavy storm as seemingly it

was impossible to get out of its way. Every time we came into it the wind howled and tore at the tiny boat, which plunged about until I had to lock my hand round one of the pipes to prevent myself from falling. The captain had been advised to circle round, but he couldn't get any bearings because of the storm, and never once did I feel we were making progress towards anywhere. The crew stuck to their posts manfully. The captain and the first officer never closed an eye during the whole night, and these men had been up since 3.45 yesterday morning.

Just before dawn one of the wireless operators came into the place where I had spent many dreary hours alone, and lay down too dead-beat to speak. The after berths were crowded with packages, oxygen bottles, and gear, whereas mine was clear, so I climbed out of my berth and made him take it. Another member entered a few minutes later and he threw himself down and went fast asleep on the instant on top of the spare gear.

I went forward although I felt miserably sick, and the captain told me that as we couldn't get any bearings he was making his way to the U.S.A. He said he had plenty of fuel in reserve and if he got bearings we could turn towards our proper destination. There was nothing to worry about.

How we got through the night I don't know, and I looked at my watch probably dozens of times waiting for the dawn. When it came at last I was in a fitful doze and thought for the time that we must be near our landing place after all. I found later that this was wrong, and that we were over 400 miles to the north. It appeared that we had received a radio-bearing a little earlier, the lightning having subsided after eight hours.

In subsequent conversation with the pilots I gathered

that they were as surprised as I was at our position. Last night, because of the electric storm, they couldn't get any signals from the shore station.

We came down to within a few hundred feet of the water because of the dense mist and cloud, and as the temperature became higher I slept soundly for the first time during the whole night. I wakened to find we were near our destination, so I completed my diary and a few seconds later we made a perfect landing. We had been in the air 26½ hours.

Then ensued explanations and exchange of opinions. Everyone agreed that it was the worst trip they had experienced. I take my hat off to the crew, who behaved with calmness and showed no trace of fear, although at times they must have been very anxious. They all said that had we come down on the water, the 50-miles-an-hour gale which was raging would certainly have smashed us to bits. What saved us was our generous margin of petrol. The captain said that had he known how bad the night was going to be on the return journey, he would have tried to get straight through to England, as he felt that the weather could not have been worse than that through which we had passed.

On landing I made enquiries and I found, to my dismay, that the *Excalibur* of the American Export Line had left early this morning. That means that Bell and Schevenels are on their road home, and I am still here without any real prospect of getting away before next week.

Another difficulty is that the flying-boat "Clare" has been sunk in a gale and therefore, if I get to Lisbon, there is no certainty that I shall be able to leave there speedily.

I hunted up the crew at the hotel and we had a drink together to celebrate our safe arrival. Most of them

went to bed immediately as they were quite played out with their exertions.

I slept for a while, and in the afternoon went down to Pan-American Airways to see whether I could obtain a passage to Lisbon on the Atlantic Clipper which leaves to-morrow. The officials said that they could not book me definitely until she arrived.

I returned to the hotel and went to bed about 10 p.m.

AT BERMUDA

Wednesday, 19th February 1941.

The sun was shining strongly when I woke and I felt completely refreshed. Yesterday I swore that nothing could induce me to make another such journey by air. To-day I seriously contemplated doing it again if my other attempts to get home failed !

I visited Hamilton during the day, borrowed some money from Butterfield's Bank, and through the services of a mutual friend secured a place on the Yankee Clipper.

After spending some time at Hamilton I went back to the hotel, said good-bye once again to everyone, and made for Darrells Island where the Clipper was moored.

She had arrived late from New York and did not take off again until a quarter to eight, when, of course, it was quite dark. The passengers were all seated in a rather cramped cabin and immediately I came in, a man sitting opposite growled " Thirteen ". I looked round and saw that there were twelve passengers besides myself.

I thought it well to explode this superstition, so I asked casually, " How many of a crew are there on this vessel ? "

The pessimist, who proved to be an American newspaper man, replied " Eleven ".

" Oh," I said, " twenty-four of us. That is nearly twice as many as thirteen, isn't it ? " This broke the ice and the conversation started afterwards.

We had supper served about 10 p.m. and soon afterwards went to bed. There were only six actual beds, and half of the passengers had to lie on the floor in improvised beds. I thought this unreasonable, and the newspaper man told me that the company were devoting practically all the space to mail. Later the captain said they had practically stripped the boat, until he scarcely recognized it, to make it lighter so that the maximum of mail could be carried. Someone said they carried 3,500 lb. at 30 cents *(is. 6d.* at present rates) an ounce !

ON THE TRANSATLANTIC CLIPPER

Thursday, 20th February 1941.

I slept very badly all night although the ship behaved remarkably well. We were flying at 10,000 feet when I went to bed and making for Horta in the Azores. Dawn broke about 4 o'clock by my watch which, I had not altered from Bermuda time, and we were very high above the clouds then.

We were called at 5.15 a.m. ; the stewards announced that we would be landing within one hour. There was a neat little toilet compartment with two very tiny washbowls and hot and cold water. A notice warned passengers against scalding, saying that the water was likely to be very hot. When I shaved the warning was unnecessary as there was scarcely any heat in the water, and such as there was came from the cold tap ! We washed and shaved ourselves, and then met again in the centre compartment where we had -been the night previously. I was told we had gone up to 13,000 feet

during the night, which explains perhaps why I didn't sleep.

At almost exactly 7 a.m. by Bermuda time we came out of the bright sun to find an island below and had a confused impression of steep cliffs, brown rocks and soil, green patches, and then we were taxi-ing along the water for the landing place. We actually taxied 12 miles, so the captain said. And it was well we did so, because we had to do a good deal of twisting and turning, and a thick mist pervaded the port.

We had to land whilst the ship was refuelling. We had our passports collected in the drizzling rain, after which we were shepherded to the customs shed. Here we waited patiently for forty-five minutes whilst being badgered by telegraph boys to send a cable. I didn't see much of Horta, but what I did see didn't impress me. A few gaudily-coloured houses, churches somewhat in the Spanish style, a quay, a breakwater near which several German ships were tied up, were all I saw.

Back on the Yankee Clipper we took off without going so far out, and rose exactly one hour after we had arrived. We climbed up to about 4,000 feet when suddenly out of the clouds on the starboard side appeared a high snow-flecked mountain. I thought to myself, " It is a good job we kept out of that fellow's way or it would have been just too bad for us."

I could see now that the eastern extremity of the island was well tilled and neatly laid out. We soon got up into clear sky, and travelled for several hours with the white masses of clouds floating below us. Beneath them I saw the silver sea glistening in the sun, with patches of cloud shadow looking like small islands. I had now adjusted my watch to Lisbon time, four hours ahead of Bermuda.

By permission of the captain I was allowed to go

on to the upper deck to see the crew at work. There was an air of roominess, strikingly different from so many aircraft, whose designers seem to take a delight in cramping the pilots into the smallest possible compass. On this vessel the pilots sat as comfortably as in a Pullman. The navigators had a good wide table on which to work, as did the engineers and radio operators. The operating deck looked more like the bridge of an ocean-going vessel than any aircraft I had seen before.

These Yankee Clippers have every possible safety device. They have four engines of 1,600 horse-power and can maintain height on a full load with only two engines. Each engine can be repaired in flight. I was a bit incredulous about the practicability of this, but when I was shown the thickness of the wing, which is sufficient to permit an engineer to stand almost erect inside it, and the facilities for getting to the engines, I no longer felt much doubt.

I saw the de-icing gear in operation. As soon as the gear was turned on a series of horizontal strips bulged out from the leading edges of the port and starboard wings. They remained out for a few seconds and then suddenly collapsed, and immediately above them other horizontal strips appeared. By this means the ice was broken into pieces and forced off the wing.

The radio apparatus was duplicated, as were all the meters and the automatic pilot. Weather reports are received every hour.

" But what would happen supposing we had to alight on the water ? " I asked the captain.

" We never would have to alight," he retorted.

" But suppose you ran into weather so bad, or cloud, or ice, or something of that kind, as to force you down ? "

" We couldn't run into any such weather because we get such frequent weather reports," he replied. " Be-

sides which, I have always enough petrol to take us hundreds of miles farther than our destination. If I did by any chance find the weather so bad, I would turn back."

I put all sorts of questions, but the captain had a convincing answer every time. Still, I couldn't help the thought that circumstances might arise to compel a flying-boat to alight on the water. If it did, and the weather was bad, I wouldn't give much for its chances. Not even a big boat like the Yankee Clipper, which weighs forty tons, would last long in the huge seas of an Atlantic gale.

The flight was uneventful, and on arriving at Lisbon we alighted on the River Tagus. We taxied up to the mooring buoy, close to which I saw the wreck of the Imperial Airways flying-boat " Clare " floating upside down. Apparently the waves were 60 feet high in the gale here last week during which she foundered.

I booked at the only hotel available, the Hotel d'Italie at Estoril, about 15 miles away from Lisbon. The hotel was not, as its name suggested, an Italian hotel. The Portuguese staff spoke French, so that I got on easily enough.

AT LISBON

Friday, 21st February 1941.

It was raining heavily when I wakened this morning. The temperature was about 50 degrees or so and thus appreciably cooler than Bermuda.

In a drizzling rain I went out for a stroll along the sea-front of this delightful resort of Estoril, which is described as the riviera of Portugal. There were a good many excellent hotels, judging from the exterior, and the whole place had a clean appearance. The Hotel

d'Italie was much better than I had expected. The food was good, and the service not bad, although the facilities such as bathrooms were not of the best. The lunch was excellent and ample, the charges low.

After lunch I went down to Lisbon by the electric railway. The train consisted of only two cars, which were modern, and the service frequent. There were many level crossings, at most of which a woman stood holding up a *yellow* flag. Why yellow ? The ordinary signals were red and green, and the Portuguese national flag is red and green also. Perhaps it means " proceed cautiously," something like our amber road-traffic signals. All the women held the flags furled, and we passed at least a dozen of these crossings.

The houses we saw were picturesque, built apparently of sandstone, and were usually coloured yellow with a red-tiled roof. Blue seemed to predominate, for the colours of doors and window-frames. We passed the former Exposition, the most notable feature remaining, being a large female figure facing out to sea with other smaller figures struggling up to her. Whether it was Peace or Prosperity or some such symbol, I don't know. There was a replica of an old Portuguese galley lying on the beach on its side, entirely neglected, with its gilt and bright paintwork rapidly deteriorating. Passing the docks I saw a couple of destroyers, one with red funnels, and soon afterwards we were at the terminus.

I took a small taxi something like a baby Austin, and drove uphill to the British Embassy, which is situated in a curious little twisting street called the Rua Sao Domingos.

Lisbon rises in winding tiers upwards from the Tagus and looks attractive from the water. I saw the Ambassador, Sir Ronald Campbell, and various officials of the Embassy and arranged my passagefor to-morrow.

I came across quite a number of women and children

begging in Portugal. It is many years since I was stopped in the streets by people in this way. I learned that begging is much less prevalent now than in former years, and that the people recently have had a bad time with the harvest and there is much poverty. I returned by train and it was well after 11 o'clock when I got to bed.

LISBON—LONDON

Saturday, 22nd February 1941.

I slept very badly and was awake when at 5 o'clock I was called to take the aeroplane to London. I departed at 6 o'clock and was driven by taxi to the aerodrome. This was about 12 miles from Mont Estoril, and the road was winding and wet. It was dark and we passed several peasants, each carrying a lamp and walking by a loaded donkey. Some had an umbrella to protect them, and others had not. The roads were well provided with reflectors and signs, and the driver showed skill in rounding the many bends. The country was hilly and the aerodrome itself was situated very high. I had no trouble with the customs or special police and at daylight we boarded the 'plane and started away for London.

Going to the 'plane I passed the ruins of a Spanish machine which had been badly damaged when the hangar was destroyed by the gale at the beginning of the week. Our 'plane was a Douglas 20-seater but only nine passengers were carried, no doubt because of weight and long distance. The field was sodden, but the Dutch pilot made an easy take-off and soon we were high up.

We followed the coast northward for a little while over fields of yellow, green and brown, looking like a patchwork quilt. After a time the cliffs gave way to sandy beaches. After approximately one hour's flying

we stopped at 8.15 at Oporto on an even more saturated field than the one at Lisbon.

Here we found another 'plane waiting. This was the machine which had left Lisbon yesterday morning. She had engine trouble, but we had not heard of this as there was no communication between Lisbon and Oporto because the gale had blown down the telephone wires.

While waiting one of the Dutch crew told us a story. He had seen some dogs run up to the 'plane as though they wanted to board.

" We used to take this 'plane over to an aerodrome in India. There were always dogs there. We used to give them bits of food. The French aeroplanes used also to come there, but they never gave the dogs anything. When we flew in the dogs would rush out, take a look at us and run over to us. But when the French 'plane came they just looked up and stayed put. They knew the difference."

We spent one-and-a-half-hours in Oporto whilst our crew were giving assistance to the other 'plane which was unable to start its engines, and whilst we were taking on extra petrol. Then off we went across the soaked field, which caused one of the passengers to remark that we were in a seaplane, and up we rose. It appears our pilot was a well-known Dutchman, Parmentier, who finished second with one of these machines in the race from England to Australia in 1934, which was won by Scott and Black.

Half an hour after leaving Oporto we soared above the clouds into sunshine, and at this point the steward put forward the clock by one hour so as to put us on to English Summer Time.

We had a pleasant journey and made a perfect landing despite the snow which was falling heavily. The officials at the airport were, as usual, most considerate, and soon I was speeding on my way to London and home.

BACK IN ENGLAND

Scarcely had I arrived in London, when I was besieged by the press to tell them the impressions I had formed. I told them that the deepest impression made on me was the universal goodwill and kindness shown by the American people. I stressed that they were trying to express, through me, the very deep regard which they felt for our country. In the pages of my diary are recorded many evidences of this, but in the eifort to condense and avoid redundancy I have had to eliminate much that I would like to have recorded. However inadequate the printed record may seem, of that steadfast sympathy and even admiration of the Americans for the British people, there can be no possible doubt whatever.

The second impression I formed, was of the unquestionable readiness and determination of the American nation as a whole, to render material aid to Britain as quickly and as extensively as it could be organized. No one now can have any misgivings about that. It was emphasized from the first when William Green, the President of the A.F. of L., on behalf of his colleagues, expressed their determination to do everything possible to assist our country. " Production ", he said, " cannot be interrupted here by Nazi bombs, and so, fortunately favoured as we are, we realize more than ever that we must face our profound duty and, in our well-equipped factories in America, produce, produce and produce as never before in order that our friends may win the battle for Democracy.

" Our cry is, ' Hurry up, hurry up, America, and send to Great Britain all that we have of physical and moral strength so that you may win quickly.'

" The American Federation of Labor will make that our chief object, to send a steady stream of war materials, of the things that Britain needs most of all in this great hour of its deepest need, so that it can successfully win this great fight."

The passage of the Lease and Lend Bill through the House of Representatives and the Senate may have seemed leisurely to some of our people, looking so earnestly and expectantly to the United States for the help our country so sorely needs. But it was sound statesmanship which provided full opportunities for the deliberation of this far-reaching measure. It was debated not only in Congress but, as President Roosevelt himself has told us, in conversation and discussion right throughout the length and breadth of America. Its final passage represented the collective will of the whole nation, and the broad vision and patriotism of Congress, including the opponents of the measure, responded instantaneously to the national will.

Scarcely was the Act passed, before the President had taken the vital decisions necessary to make the help presaged a reality. Out of existing resources the President was authorized by the Act to use 1,300 million dollars (£325 million at present rates of exchange), for any countries whose defence he judges vital to the defence of the United States. The Appropriation Bill, which was speedily passed by Congress, earmarked a further 7,000 million dollars (£1,750 million) for such supplies. The determination of the President to translate these huge sums into munitions of war was plainly expressed by him in his broadcast of the 16th March 1941, when he said, " The British people and their

Grecian allies need assistance and that they will get. They need ships. From America they will get ships. They need 'planes. From America they will get 'planes. Yes, from America they need food. From America they will get food. They need tanks and guns and ammunition and supplies of all kinds. From America they will get tanks and guns and ammunition and supplies of all kinds."

My third impression was, that the American people were rapidly moving away from a misconception, which appeared to exist when I first arrived. It was then thought that it was a comparatively simple matter to switch over from peace-time production to manufacturing war materials, in the measure and with the rapidity required. The illusions which were fostered by irresponsible statements of some who should have known better, as to the ease with which aeroplanes could be built, for example, had either disappeared or were being rapidly dissipated. America has set herself the task of rearming in an incredibly short space of time, and mighty as are the resources of the U.S.A., they will be strained to the utmost to carry out the huge defence programme with the necessary expedition. No one has been more insistent than President Roosevelt, that the nation cannot continue " business as usual" and at the same time adequately equip itself with the arms it needs.

I told the British people quite frankly, that so far as aircraft was concerned, American production could not reach its peak earlier than the end of 1942. Some might call this an unduly pessimistic estimate, but it is based on factors and information which I could not disclose in my published diary. At the same time I repeatedly pointed out, that by September 1941 the proportion of American aircraft production which will be available to Britain, added to our own production, would considerably

predominate over the output of Germany and Italy combined.

There are still many technical and organizational problems to be solved, before the production of the American continent can be keyed up to a maximum for the British war effort. Many of the types of aircraft that are being sent from America, are built to the designs of the United States War and Navy Departments, with adaptations to make them suitable for British purposes. Under the arrangements announced by President Roosevelt, approximately 50 per cent, of United States production of aircraft is made available to Great Britain, and, consequently, as the tide of American output rises, so will supplies to this country increase.

American aircraft production, as my diary has shown, is expanding at an incredible rate. Mr. William Knudsen, Director of the Office for Production Management, is reported as saying that the United States built 1,215 'planes during March 1941, and would be building 2,500 a month by the end of the year. This compares with an output of less than 800 aircraft in December 1940.[1]

British production, despite all the German efforts at bombing, has not lagged. In my speeches in the U.S.A. I did not attempt to disguise that the German bombing for a time at least had adversely affected output. Yet in February 1941, British aircraft production reached a record level. This has been accomplished by the initiative and energy of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and by the skill, courage and endurance of the workers and managements in the factories.

It must never be forgotten that arrangements have been proceeding steadily for a long time past, for a vast-expansion of British production, through the building of new factories and a constantly improving

[1]The output for April 1941 was 1,493 aircraft.

technique. Our capacity to produce aircraft has never been higher, and it will continue to grow. By the end of 1942, unless Germany and Italy arc able to discover some means of producing aeroplanes in far greater numbers than they now do, the British and American output will completely swamp that of the Axis Powers. I am not losing sight of the fact that Germany is using occupied territory to expand her output. But making every allowance for that, and all other foreseeable contingencies, British and American predominance in production is assured.

But numbers alone may be misleading as the time, material and energy required to produce big bombers is far in excess of that needed for trainers and smaller types of fighters and operational machines generally. Originally British policy was to have stress put on fighters, but the tendency nowadays is to give more and more attention to the need for developing a big bombing force. As the ratio of bombers to fighters increases, it follows that with the same personnel and plant capacity, the numbers of actual machines produced must tend to be proportionately lower. Naturally, no country will disclose exactly what numbers of aircraft have been produced in each category, and the statement of Mr. Knudsen which I mentioned on 29th January that approximately 40 per cent, of military aircraft consists of training 'planes and 60 per cent, of combat 'planes of all types, can be taken only as a rough guide.

As to quality, there is no doubt that up-to-date, British designers and manufacturers have more than held their own against the best Germany and Italy can produce. The performance of the big Sterling, Halifax and Manchester bombers is much higher than their predecessors, and over anything which the Germans have so far produced. The same is true of the new fighters such as the

United States, should surely form a basis for continuous and wholehearted co-operation between the industries of the two nations.

We both require not only the highest quantity production, but the highest quality as well, and the way to secure both is by intimate and continuous collaboration. It matters not whether a machine is of American or British design. The best is what both countries need, and that as quickly as we can get it. Lord Beaverbrook has referred to the now famous Sabre engine produced by the Napier Company, whose designer, Major Halford, has in the opinion of many experts produced a triumph of engineering efficiency. With his usual generosity, the Minister of Aircraft Production has linked this engine with the name of Mr. G. P. Bulman, an official of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, to whose efforts in developing the Sabre, Lord Beaverbrook paid high tribute.

I had the pleasure of seeing one of these engines whilst I was in the U.S.A., and I marvelled at its compactness and cleanness of design. It is easily the most powerful liquid-cooled engine in the world. Surely it is of the first moment that the Sabre should be put into quantity production in the U.S.A. I tried to find out the possibilities of this, but I cannot, without a breach of confidence, say more than that not everyone appeared to be as seized with the importance of doing this quickly as. I was. Since my return home reports indicate that the Sabre is to go into quantity production.

Re-arming a nation on a modern scale is a titanic task which taxes the vision, the organizing capacity, and the energy of the best. Delays and bottlenecks are as inescapable as are the teething troubles of an infant. No war-time programme ever moved with exact rhythm and balance. There is always a shortage of something or other.

The first obvious delaying factor has been overcome in the United States, by the establishment of full control of national production through the Office of Production Management. The second bottleneck was furnished by light alloys. This was vigorously denied when I was in the United States and it was asserted that supplies were ample. Now, however, the shortage has been admitted, and as in other fields great efforts, almost gigantic in scale, are being made to remedy the defect. The President of the Aluminium Company of Canada has stated that Canada and the United States of America now produce more aluminium than the rest of the world combined. Canadian production alone, he asserted, has been doubled within a year and is now sufficient to produce 50,000 aircraft per annum. Basic aluminium is, however, only part of the problem, although an important part. There still remains the fabrication, or making of the raw material into the parts required for aircraft. It was a shortage of fabricated parts, as distinct from the raw material, which was causing the anxiety expressed to me when I was in the U.S.A.

As to the shortage of machine tools, this is a tough proposition and one not easily surmounted. Many times people have drawn my attention to the unemployment which exists in the United States, and which, when I left, was in the region of five millions but was steadily falling. They ignorantly asked, as they do here in Britain, " Why is it that the unemployed can't be put on to making aeroplanes ? " But it is impossible to say to unemployed, untrained men, " Here is a fine, open building. Now produce aircraft". They must have tools, and many of these tools are very complicated machines. Even the small tools have to be designed and made, and from what I gathered in the States, that is not exactly an easy job. I watched machines doing

intricate processes with an ingenuity that was almost human. When I was inspecting one machine tool plant, I asked the genial general president how long it took to make some of these machine tools, and I wasn't surprised at his answer.

" Those big ones over there took us more than twelve months to make," he said, pointing to some presses for stamping out parts of aeroplane fuselages. " First, we've got to know what the aircraft makers want. Then we have to design the machine in consultation with them, and then we have to get the raw material and accessories, and that isn't always an easy job."

Machine tools are bound to continue to be a source of worry to American producers. I understood from Mr. Knudsen that a census was being taken of existing machine tools. The purpose of this was to ascertain how long, out of the twenty-four hours, each machine tool was actually in operation. This course was adopted in Great Britain and revealed a good deal of unused capacity. It is the job of those in charge of production to remedy such defects. Meantime the American machine-tool industry is working as hard as it can to increase its output.

Engine production for aircraft was stated by Colonel Jouett, the President of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, to be 2,600 in February, and by July the output is expected to reach 3,700 monthly. It appears as though that bottleneck is being widened.

As to guns for aircraft, which I was told on the highest authority was likely to be a seriously limiting factor, the position is obscure, as such information is secret and cannot be disclosed. I have little doubt that those in charge of American production are fully alive to this potential handicap, and are taking appropriate measures to overcome any threatened shortage.

Canada, too, is making its contribution, and one which will become increasingly important, to equipping the air defences of the British Commonwealth. Such factories as I was able to visit were, it is true, operating on a comparatively small scale, but it must be remembered that Canada started from scratch, and the real urgency was not made known until after the collapse of France. Yet the training for the Royal Canadian Air Force is expected to reach its peak seven months earlier than was originally planned. By September 1941, it is anticipated that eighty-three airfields will be in operation, compared with fifty when I was in Canada.

With ships as with aircraft, aid to Britain is being greatly extended. The American people know full well how badly we need ships to carry food and munitions, and they are setting about the job of supplying our needs with despatch. American shipbuilding yards are being pressed to the limit to quicken output under the defence programme. It is reported that merchant vessels are coming off the slipways at the rate of one every' five days, and when the new yards come into operation this rate will be enormously increased. I have checked up since my return on the figures I gave in my diary on the 22nd December with regard to the achievements of American shipbuilding in the last war, and they are accurate. If it was possible for the U.S.A. to build 4,000,000 tons of merchant shipping in 1919, it most certainly will be possible to increase that figure during the course of this war. No one should expect miracles to happen. New yards cannot produce ships until they themselves have been completed and properly equipped. But it is common knowledge that shipbuilding methods of production have been greatly accelerated in the last twenty years, and when the shipbuilding industry of the U.S.A. gets into full swing, the record of 1919

(which, incidentally, represented easily the largest output of any country in the world) will be surpassed. It is estimated that the gross tonnage built in 1942 will exceed 2,500,000, which will rise to over 5,000,000 in subsequent years.

It is not easy to say what number of vessels from the existing American merchant navy, or possibly from ships in American ports, belonging to countries now occupied by Germany, may be made available to Great Britain within the next few critical months. But with the declaration of President Roosevelt ringing in their ears, " From America they will get ships ", the British people may look with confidence to the future, no matter how intensely the Nazi submarine campaign may be waged.[1]

Canada is, of course, nothing like so highly industrialized as the United States, and most of its shipyards are more suitable for constructing smaller craft, such as the corvettes and minesweepers I saw being built at Montreal. These facilities, too, will be expanded and the Dominion's contribution to the shipbuilding programme appreciably increased.

The British shipbuilding industry is working at full pressure, and ships are being built faster than they have ever been in our history. Furthermore, we are trying to make better use of the ships we already have. A great scheme has been launched for unloading them, and getting them ready for sea more quickly. It is hoped to cut down the time ships are kept in port by about 40 per cent. That would mean a tremendous increase in efficiency and it will involve a big strain on our dockers, as well as many improvements in our internal transport. Everything possible is being done

[1] **On the 30th April 1941, the President gave instructions that two million tons of shipping should be made available immediately for conveying vital war materials to the democracies. American warships are also patrolling a large area to assist the safe conveyance of war materials.**

to increase the available skilled labour in the yards, subject, of course, to the needs of other branches of the war effort. The Minister of Labour, Mr. Bevin, has declared that in response to his appeal, 49,000 ex-shipyard workers have already undertaken to return to the industry. Naturally in all this our Trade Unions have been in the closest co-operation with the Government and the employers, and we are very hopeful that the scheme will prove successful.

I have stressed American help in aircraft and in ships, because they are the two outstandingly important factors in the present phase of the war, and both are essential to ultimate success. But whether it is in tanks, artillery, machine guns, ammunition or any other of the implements of war, the far-seeing statesmanship of President Roosevelt has already anticipated and provided for meeting the need.

There remains the question of the attitude of American Labour. As most people realize, this is of vital importance to the success of the President's plans.

American Labour has two central organizations. There is the American Federation of Labor, with which the British Trades Union Congress has maintained close relationship for forty-seven years, and the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

The C.I.O. represents a breakaway from the A.F. of L. on the part of a number of Trade Unions who wanted to organize the workers by industries instead of by trades. Compromises of one kind or another were suggested but in 1935 the unfortunate split took place. A period of internecine warfare has followed, and bitterness has been engendered which has undoubtedly weakened the solidarity of the American Labour Movement.

Both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. have grown considerably in membership, thanks partly to the helpful

legislation of the Roosevelt Government, which had for its object the strengthening of organization among the workers of the United States. Yet the rivalry between the two organizations is a factor which seriously complicates the American labour problem.

Several times people said to me that personalities lay at the back of the differences between the two organizations. Whatever may be the truth of this, it could only be a partial explanation. I do not for one moment believe it applies to the two men, who more than any others have the responsibility of leadership. They are not so dissimilar as might be supposed. Both are former miners and officials of the United Mineworkers' Union, the organization of which John L. Lewis is president.

William Green, who was elected president of the A.F. of L. after the death of Samuel Gompers in 1924, is a man of wide experience. He served in the Ohio Senate for two terms. He was awarded a gold medal for his work in the promotion of better industrial relations in 1930, by the Roosevelt Memorial Association. He was also a member of the Labour Advisory Board, and took an active part in settling disputes in 1933 and 1934. As John L. Lewis said of him in proposing his re-election as President of the Federation in 1930, " He stands recognized not alone in this country of ours, but throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world, as a great champion and defender of humanity and a defender of those principles of liberty upon which our Republic and our trade union movement are founded." John has said rather different things about Green since then, but the tributes which he paid year after year to Green were unquestionably sincere and well merited. Fluent of speech, easy to get on with, I am certain Green is a man who would place the national interests before any sectional claim. He said repeatedly, in my presence,

that he was determined to do all he could to help the British people in their fight to preserve Democracy.

John L. Lewis has retired from the G.I.O. scene temporarily at least, but I find it difficult to believe that his dynamic personality can for long be submerged. Phillip Murray, his successor as president of the C.I.O., is a dour Scot. I had not the good fortune to meet him, though I made several attempts to do so. It happened either that we were never in the same city at the same time, or that other appointments clashed. Those who knew him well expressed a high opinion of his character and ability. It surely ought to be possible for men of the calibre of William Green and Phillip Murray to put their heads together, and with the co-operation of their colleagues, to settle the differences between the two great Labour organizations of America.

Both the A.F. of L. and the G.I.O. have publicly declared their readiness to collaborate with the Government in carrying out the rearmament programme. They make it a condition that the Government must fully recognize the status of the Unions. The Government has so far tried to get over the problem by itself selecting individuals from the two organizations to serve in various executive and advisory capacities. This is not the sort of recognition and collaboration which would satisfy British Labour, and it does not meet the demands either of the A.F. of L. or the G.I.O.

Warmly disposed as President Roosevelt is towards the Trade Unions, he has not followed the course of bringing the two organizations together officially to collaborate in the war effort. Presumably he thinks the difficulties of collaboration are too great. Some time or other they will have to be surmounted, and the demand for close and intimate official consultation will, so far as I can see, have to be met. President Roosevelt, who, I was

repeatedly assured, is the cleverest politician that the United States has had for generations, may be waiting for the opportune moment to do this. I wish him and the Trade Union leaders well in their efforts.

Many British people will be puzzled, after the assurances so readily and sincerely made by the A.F. of L; and the G.I.O. of their readiness to co-operate in the defence programme, that so many strikes have occurred.

There is always a tendency in the newspapers to deal with the most sensational aspects of Labour relations. This is natural, as a strike or a lockout, or a dispute of any kind obtrudes itself upon the notice of the public, who are apt to overlook the fact that for one dispute which takes place, probably hundreds of differences are settled by amicable negotiation. So we must always remember that it is easy to exaggerate disputes which arise, and to lift them out of their proper perspective.

Such strikes as were taking place whilst I was in the U.S.A. were small and scattered. Since then they have spread considerably and have sometimes involved firms vital to the defence programme. Fortunately many of these were adjusted before assuming serious proportions.

Several times in my diary I expressed concern at the bitterness I felt was developing. I cannot attempt to go into the merits of the strikes in the U.S.A. and at best I can only mention a few of the underlying causes. No one can seriously study the conditions under which industry is carried on, without realizing that the adjustment of the relations between employers and workers presents one of the most serious problems of modern society. Broadly speaking, we in Great Britain have tried to deal with this by voluntary negotiationj conducted by representative organizations of employers and workers.

Collective bargaining in Britain, to a much greater extent than is commonly realized, exists independently of legislation. It is in origin and development a voluntary system and has not been imposed upon industry by law. It has grown up over a century and is deep-rooted in our national life.

Collective bargaining in the United States has developed under very different social and economic conditions, and there are psychological as well as structural differences in the organization of American labour. But in both countries the object of the Trade Unions is to combine the wage-earners, and to try to organize them so that they will not sell their labour power below a figure which they have themselves agreed upon in the first place. Having determined what this figure is, they seek to establish it by collective bargaining with the employers, either directly or, as is more usual, through associations to which most of the employers in a given trade or industry belong. The Employers' Association acts in this respect like the Trade Union does. It bargains On behalf of its own members to establish the rate of wages which seems fair to the employers generally.

If the parties cannot agree as to what the wages should be, they may have recourse to a conciliator who tries to bridge the difference, or they may submit the case to some person or board to act as an arbitrator. It is implicit that having agreed to do so they will accept the decision, and although there are cases on record where one of the parties has refused to accept arbitration decisions, they are so rare as not to invalidate the general rule.

Arbitration and conciliation methods in British industry date back a long way. There has been plenty of time to try them out. A Royal Commission fifty years ago investigated industrial relations, and found already

in existence provisions by the Trade Unions and employers for the setting up of joint committees, and for the reference of disputes to arbitration in the event of a disagreement. Unions and employers have always, except in war-time, been free as to whether they would have resort to such methods or not. Thus if the parties cannot agree to settle their differences by direct negotiation, conciliation or by arbitration, then both are free to take the course which seems best to them. The Union may decide to withhold the labour of its members until such time as the demand for labour, or mounting overhead charges and loss of markets, has become so acute, as to induce the employers to come to terms. Or the employers' association, when seeking a reduction which is not agreed to by the workmen, may assume a "take it or leave it" attitude, and refuse to employ the workmen except on the employers' terms. That is the inherent right of the parties, and so far as I know most employers are just as opposed as are the Trade Unions to allowing the State, in normal times, to dictate the terms of employment either by decree or by compulsory arbitration.

I have only given a very elementary outline, but it follows from what I have said, that unless both parties freely recognize the right of the other to bargain for its members, settlement by negotiation is utterly impossible. So the first essential to settling industrial differences by voluntary collective bargaining is that the employers should recognize the Unions. It is mainly on this point that controversy and conflict in American industry have turned in recent years.

Many American employers have shown a reluctance to deal with the Trade Unions. In American industry intense and embittered conflict between employers and Unions has gone on side by side with quite serious efforts

on the part of American employers to establish goodwill relations with their own employees. There are literally hundreds of employer-employee schemes of co-partnership, profit sharing and employee participation in share-holding, developed by individual concerns. The Trade Unions are suspicious of these schemes, as they believe their purpose is to keep .the workers from joining the Unions. There seems to be no doubt that many of them are in effect employed as a method to avoid recognition of a Union.

These mutuality schemes have in many cases paved the way for the development of company Unionism, i.e. a system whereby the employees of a particular concern are organized in an association of their own, separate and apart from the workers of other undertakings. For years this company unionism has been regarded as a bugbear by the American Trade Unions. To Trade Unionists, company unionism is a sham. The essence of collective bargaining is that it should be conducted by Unions of the workers' own choosing, entirely independent of the employers.

Furthermore, how can the employer who himself associates with other employers through trade associations, consistently deny the right to his own employees to join up with the employees of other concerns ? Sooner or later such an employer will be telling his workers that he cannot meet their demands for improved conditions, because of the competition he has to face from other firms. Surely the common-sense conclusion to be drawn from this, is that he should allow, and indeed encourage, his employees to associate with those of his competitors, in a single Trade Union which will seek to regulate the" conditions for the whole body of workers concerned.

It is essential that such a Union should be staffed by officers who are not exposed to the fear of losing their

jobs by petty victimization. Experience has shown that it is practically impossible for the average workman to bargain individually with the employer on level terms. He feels at an economic disadvantage, and however broad-minded the employer may be, the fear of incurring disfavour or of being discharged is always present in the worker's mind. That is the elementary reason why workers combine in Trade Unions, and appoint their own officials to deal with the employer or an association acting on their behalf.

The success of this system must depend upon the representative capacity of the employers' organizations and the Trade Unions, so that when agreements are being negotiated both sides can feel confident that the terms will be honourably carried out.

It was this problem with which the New Deal legislation had to grapple. The substance of the National Labour Relations Act is in Section 7, which runs : " Employees shall have the right to self-organization, to form, join, or assist Labour organizations, to bargain collectively through representatives of their owrf choosing, and to engage in concerted activities, for the purpose of collective bargaining or other mutual aid or protection."

The next section made it an unfair labour practice for an employer to interfere with, to restrain or coerce employees in the exercise of the rights guaranteed in Section 7.

I don't think it would be inaccurate to describe the purpose of this legislation, as to try to encourage or even to enforce the system of collective bargaining in American industry.

So that the main difference is this : Whereas in Great Britain the system of negotiation is a voluntary one, which has slowly developed over a long period, during which the employers have become accustomed to it, in

the U.S.A., because of the reluctance of employers to deal with the Trade Unions, the law has stepped in and sought to accelerate and develop collective bargaining.

In my diary on the 4th February, I expressed some misgiving as to whether the spirit of negotiation could be furthered by such means. An incident which happened recently in the U.S.A. will illustrate my point.

A certain large firm had steadfastly refused to have anything to do with any Trade Union. Under the procedure laid down, a ballot of the workers was demanded, and while this was being arranged the Union alleged that the employer was coercing and intimidating certain of the workers. The National Labour Relations Board sent down officers to investigate. What followed may sound incredible to British people, but it actually happened. The police arrested these investigators, despite the fact that they were Government officers, and held them in custody for some hours. They were charged with molesting one of the workers, to whose apartment they had gone to ascertain whether he had been intimidated or coerced by the employer. The last I remember of the case was that the arrested officials were talking of filing a suit against the Chief of Police who, it was alleged, had acted in collusion with the firm. The Chief, as well as the company's attorney, publicly denied the allegations, and I have no doubt that under American legal processes, this matter could be kept from decision by appeals and counter-appeals for a long time.

It seems to me that the real issue is, are the American employers ready to further those tendencies towards the promotion of collective bargaining, in the spirit which the Roosevelt legislation plainly was instituted to develop ? Unless this question is answered in the affirmative, I am afraid that strife and bitterness in American industrial relations are inescapable.

Many employers to whom I spoke expressed sincere admiration for the British system of collective bargaining. They almost invariably followed this with the remark that British workers were different by tradition and outlook from the American workmen. Whilst I do not dispute this, I would point out that British industry passed through a period of conflict before collective bargaining became firmly established. Many serious disputes have been fought out on the issue as to whether a Union should be allowed to negotiate for its members. I well recall the epidemic of strikes which spread right throughout the country in 1911, many of which were fought on the issue of recognition. Nor has British Trade Unionism reached the end of that road yet, but the system has become so widely accepted as to be almost universal. Such comparative industrial peace as we enjoy is directly attributable to this.

Apart altogether from the issue of recognition, the adjustment of wages to rising prices is bound to present some difficulty. Up to the moment of writing the increase in the general average of prices since the war began, according to the United States Bureau of Labour Statistics, was 9.3 per cent. A policy of price stabilization is being pursued, but British experience shows how difficult it is to keep the cost of living from rising.

What is the alternative to collective bargaining about such matters? It is either strict governmental regulation, or open coercion by the Government, or possibly both. As regards the first alternative, namely Government regulation of labour conditions, it is true that considerable developments have taken place in the United States of America in the fixing of minimum standards of wages and hours. The Fair Labour Standards Act of 1938 was designed to establish as quickly as practicable a maximum working week of 40 hours, with

a minimum of 40 cents *(1s. Sd.)* per hour. This is being done in stages. The first stage established a 44-hour week, with 25 cents (1s. *o½d.)* per hour until the 24th October 1939. The second stage reduced hours to 42 for one year and raised wages to 30 cents *(is. 3d.)* per hour for six years, i.e., until 24th October 1945. The third stage brought hours down to 40 per week from the 24th October 1940, and will raise wages to 40 cents (1s. *8d.)* per hour from the 24th October 1945. The provisions fixed by the Act were restricted to persons engaged in Inter-State Commerce or goods produced for Inter-State Commerce. Extremely valuable as are these provisions, certain categories, such as agricultural workers and seamen, are excluded. The reduction in hours probably represented a much greater gain to labour generally than did the minimum wage provisions, as so many workers were already paid considerably higher than the legal minimum. The legislation does not seek to do more than establish a " ceiling " for hours and a " floor " for wages. Complete State regulation as a'n alternative to collective bargaining would have to go much further than this.

The second alternative is coercion by the Government. But in a democratic community like the United States, coercion cannot be applied to the workers only. It would have to be applied to all parties concerned. Nor would it necessarily be effective if it was applied. Legislation may be passed, but unless it rests upon the free consent of the parties directly affected, it will fail in its object. There is much in our industrial history to prove this. There are many irritants which the restrictions and hardships of war-time cause to develop into serious grievances and deep resentment. No repressive legislation that I have yet encountered, can, in democratic countries, effectively prevent these from ultimately break-

ing out into open conflict. Collective bargaining, supplemented by mediation and arbitration, has in Britain proved the soundest solution.

I write in this strain to point out dangers that may not be apparent to those who are so ready to demand a firm hand from governments in such matters. There were many such demands when I was in the U.S.A. Naturally I made no attempt to intervene in the domestic affairs of the American people, and I confined myself to saying that no British Government would be foolish enough to try to impose on the workers, measures which outraged their sense of justice. We in Great Britain had tried to build up a maximum of goodwill, to sustain us in our hour of desperate need, and to confine compulsion to a minimum. I left it to be inferred then, as I do now, that a similar course would prove the better approach in the U.S.A. I cannot claim that collective bargaining has completely eliminated strikes, but it has provided a better basis for their speedy settlement than any other means.

British people should remember when they read of industrial disturbances in the U.S.A., that although our own arrangements for collective bargaining practically eliminated strikes for the first eight months of the war, it was not until after the collapse of France in May 1940, that the Trade Unions and the employers jointly agreed to the prohibition by law of strikes and lockouts. Even then, the British Employers' Confederation and the Trades Union Congress were both careful to emphasize that the existing machinery of collective bargaining should be strengthened and resorted to as much as possible. In other words, **both** preferred to settle their own affairs directly **without** Government intervention wherever possible.

America is not at war, and its people are at least

3,000 miles away from the scene of conflict. The sense of common danger to the whole community played an important part in inducing the British Trade Unions to suspend, for the period of the war, cherished rights and practices, and then only under the solemn pledge of restoration at the end of the war. Rapid as has been the deepening sense in America of the realization of the menace that dictatorships hold for the people and institutions of all democratic countries, no bombs have yet fallen on American homes to arouse the people to the same sense of imminent danger which exists here.

Much of what I have said applies to the situation of Canadian industry also. To some extent the difficulties of Canadian Trade Union representation in the war effort have been overcome, but much remains for the Unions themselves to settle before unity is possible. Canada is still comparatively poorly organized from the Trade Union point of view. This is a formidable obstacle which only the Canadian workers themselves can surmount. I mention it here in the hope that with' Government encouragement and with the help of enlightened employers, a higher state of organization will be reached.

No country can afford to have serious internal divisions in time of war, and the national unity that has been established in Great Britain is the result of a spirit of co-operation which exists among all sections of the people, and which shows itself not least in the close collaboration between the Trade Unions and the Employers' Organizations, in association with the Government of the country.

It is that spirit which will enable our country, with the continued and expanding help of America and the British Dominions, to withstand all attempts to destroy our cherished freedom and democratic institutions. But

the struggle will be a desperate one and will grow more intense and bitter.

None of us in Great Britain can rest complacent because we know that the vast resources of the American continent are coming to our assistance. We must continue to rely mainly upon our own efforts, and the more we do so the nearer will come that day when American and British products will so predominate that supremacy in the struggle will rest unchallengeably with the forces of Democracy. Self-reliant and quietly confident, we can face the future.

Our people of all classes are going through a period of strain and danger which is bringing them closer together. Whatever may eventuate at the end of the war, there is at least a growing desire for a better world, and a deepening determination, which is not confined to any section of the community, to build it.

We go forward with the conviction that a nation, assisted by its friends and allies, fighting for democratic principles which have survived the test of time, will never, and can never, be defeated, but will carry through its task to the final victory, which will open out a nobler vista for the whole of mankind.

APPENDIX

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY

SIR WALTER CITRINE

FRATERNAL DELEGATE FROM THE BRITISH TRADES UNION CONGRESS TO THE

6oth ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1940, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

PRESIDENT GREEN, fellow delegates, ladies and gentlemen —It is my proud privilege to convey to you the fraternal greetings of the 5,000,000 members organized in the 223 unions attached to the British Trades Union Congress. This is your sixtieth anniversary, and for forty-seven years of that sixty years we have been an almost constant visitor to your conventions. Year by year your delegates have come to our country and ours have come here to explain to you something of the problems with which we were faced and to hear from you what subjects were engaging your attention.

This has been more than an exchange of delegates. It has grown into the intimacy of a close friendship and enables me to talk to you with the frank intimacy of an old friend.

Our movements have a very close **affinity. Our people** are drawn basically from the same stock. • **Over to this country** several **hundred** years ago **there came the**

Pilgrim Fathers, fleeing from religious persecution and seeking opportunities of spiritual development in a land other than the one in which they were born. Since that time an infusion of the best elements of thinking and enterprising people of other countries, seeking to express themselves religiously or politically, which the laws of their own countries forbade, have arrived on your shores.

Now you are in a sense a community of nations, and as a community of nations you embody all the best qualities which our old-established order of Europe has yielded. Our ideals are common. We strive primarily to uplift culturally, materially and morally, the millions of members whom we jointly represent. We are bound together by our faith in democracy and the institutions, which, after countless sacrifices, have been built up in this and other lands. When I speak of democracy I am thinking not merely of a form of government. You are a democracy, and so we claim are we. You are a republic, we have a limited monarchy. You have a President. We have a King. Your President exercises by far more authority, administrative and executive power than the King of England has ever exercised for a century.

You, too, have your legislative assemblies. You, too, have your courts for the purpose of carrying out the daily administration of disputes between individuals. But you have in a sense one, I think I ought to say, a doubtful advantage which we do not enjoy. You have a Supreme Court.

Democracy, then, is not a form of government, it is a way of life. It is a spiritual quality ; it is something which is rooted in the basic belief that every man and woman in the community, irrespective of how humble they may be, has a right to participate in the government of the country and the making of the laws. That principle was enshrined in the Declaration of Independence, that established this great community.

No one for one second claims that that conception of democracy has yet been fully accomplished in any

country in the world. But what we can say is that step by step we are progressing far along the road to that most desirable goal.

The essence of democracy is that power is vested in the people operating through institutions of their own choosing and not susceptible to dictation from above. Democracy depends primarily upon reason, upon consultation, upon comradeship. We seek day by day to find means of exchanging our experiences, of travelling beyond our national boundaries in order that we can find what is best in the countries of the world. You and we, in pursuance of this traversing outside our own frontiers, are linked up together, not simply in the International Labour Organization of the League of Nations, but in the Trade Union organization known as the International Federation of Trade Unions. That body rests upon a basic principle of democracy. It does not seek to impose the views of any section upon the others. Every section enjoys complete autonomy and determines its own policies. They come together to consult, to deliberate, and, where possible, to agree upon policies.

Most assuredly the purpose of this consultation is to inform, and not to instruct or to order. It is in that spirit that I come to you this morning. It is of special importance that we should commune together in these desperate days. The fate of generations is being decided at this very moment. Great masses of men, great quantities of materials have been amassed for the purpose of fighting out by the primitive method of warfare, some of the differences which have arisen in Europe.

I have been enabled, from a somewhat privileged position, to see this process taking place. For the last twelve years it has been my privilege to act as the President of the International Federation. My duties have taken me into almost every country in Europe. I have had the opportunity of discussing at first-hand with statesmen, with workers, with democrats, all kinds of problems that they encounter.

Appendix

Six years ago I came to this country, at the special invitation of President Green, to explain to you the dangers which were besetting democracy and its institutions in Europe. I emphasized time and time again in the course of that visit that Fascism and Naziism, which are merely different names for the same basic determination to destroy everything that you and we revere, would, if unchecked, plunge the world into war.

That war is now upon us. I returned in 1936, and through the instrumentality of the Labor Chest tried to develop once again a growing consciousness in the minds of the American people as to what this menace really was. We set up in this country what was called the Labor Chest for the relief of the victims of Fascism and Naziism. We did something equally as practicable. We established a consumer's boycott of Germany's goods and services, the purpose of which was to prevent the Nazis being able to profit by their international trade, so that they could not manufacture the weapons of war. Had that boycott been supported in the manner and to the degree to which you and I would have wished, we should not have been in the catastrophe we are in to-day.

But mankind is notoriously apathetic and incredulous. They could not believe that any country, after the experience of 1914-1918, could once again, of deliberate policy, seek to plunge this great community once more into the horrors of war. And so it was that when they were told that the Germans were re-arming hand over fist, they just shrugged their shoulders and thought we were drawing upon our imagination.

Finally, Great Britain and France were compelled to take notice of this menace and set about re-arming. Their decision to re-arm was announced to the League of Nations Conference in Geneva by the then Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden. I was present at that declaration, and I remember the ringing tones in which he declared that Great Britain was going to spend fifteen hundred million dollars per year for the purposes of

rearmament. He thought it was an enormous sum. Indeed, it represented more than one-third of our total national budget. The delegates thrilled in consequence of this. They began to realize that Britain meant business. They would have thrilled a good deal less, perhaps, if they had realized that Germany was then spending over five times that sum on her rearmament.

Our Government tried to operate a dual policy. It tried on the one hand to maintain its basic trade, its international and internal trade, while at the same time it sought to effect this rearmament. Many times there was a clash as to where materials should be devoted ; whether it was more important that those materials should be used for the manufacture of ships, of cannon, of aeroplanes, or whether they should go into the commodities which we normally use in trade. It was very apparent, then, to some of us, that the process of rearmament was not merely inadequate, but it was terribly slow.

Our present Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill and myself, running the risk of a great deal of misunderstanding, exposed to the charge that we were forming some new political group, decided that we would undertake a campaign in the country for the purposes of supporting collective security. Well, everybody believed in collective security. We could show resolutions galore attesting the determination of the people to support collective security. But collective security, like all forms of government, ultimately must rest for its final determination upon force. There was no use passing resolutions. It was no use to try in such puny fashion to re-arm, while your opponents were preparing for the day, arming secretly, arming extensively without any debates in Parliament or elsewhere. They were determined to select a time-table which would make it impossible for us to keep up.

Our attempt to carry on business as usual in Great Britain, and at the same time face the menace of dictatorship by a thorough 2nd drastic rearmament completely

failed. We found that Germany had been on a war footing for several years. As long ago as 1936 the Germans would have been able then, by the pressing of a button, to have mobilized their forces.

My point here is this : I don't want anybody to labour under the delusion that even after five years of rearmament in Britain, we have made up the loss of that time, and that to-day we are on a plane with the Nazis. Our Prime Minister said in an address reported yesterday that Britain is only a quarter armed. Why do I recount this ? In order that you may profit by this experience, that you may not make our mistakes, that you may realize that this menace may burst upon you any day, and that when it comes you ought to be as adequately prepared for it as the Nazis.

We made the mistake of assuming that promises were performances. We thought that a press announcement was a proved achievement, and while I hesitate to say anything here that may be misunderstood, I seriously hope that won't be the position in this country. A stupendous effort is needed if rearmament is to attain the magnitude the Axis Powers have at their disposal.

In the report of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor it is said that rearmament will take, under ordinary conditions, from two to four years. Well, I think the second figure is probably the more accurate of the two. I ask you to consider whether in this process of rearmament the Nazis will wait four years. They may make some very unexpected moves in the Western Hemisphere. My purpose in saying this to you is clear. The only thing the dictators fear is force, and if you can shorten the process in amassing that force, I am certain you will promote the cause of humanity.

I will not recount to you the tragic events that preceded this war, the vacillation of statesmen and governments, with war looming nearer and nearer every day. **Our** Congress as far back as 1933 realized the seriousness of the Nazi menace. In 1938, a desperate attempt was

made to appease the dictators. You might just as well try to appease the wolf by throwing him an occasional chicken as to try to appease the Nazis, by sacrificing Czechoslovakia. Hitler then said he had no further claims to make in Europe. Not only is Hitler making claims now, but is seeking to establish them by force of arms. In these circumstances we in the British Trades Union Movement said, year after year, to the German people : " Can't you see where your Government is leading you ? Can't you see unless you restrain your Government your country will be plunged into a war more bloody and brutal than the last war ? " There was no outward response. Yet we felt that within that country the love of liberty could not be extinguished. What has happened is that the dictatorship, operating with ruthless efficiency, has crushed out every opportunity of organized opposition.

I well remember the scene when our Congress was assembled in Bridlington, when in the quiet tones of our Prime Minister we learned that war between Germany and Britain was actually at hand. We did not want to fight Germany, or anyone else. And yet there we were, left with no alternative but to use force against the dictators who are using as their instruments the common people. I remember glancing around the room and seeing on the faces of everyone present anxiety written ; anxiety, but determination also. That determination is still with us. Our Parliament was in session at that time, and we issued a declaration affirming our resolve to stand up to Hitlerism. I would not have referred to this but for the fact that since I have come here I have found some very strange and unaccountable beliefs that in some way the British people are wavering. Only a month ago in our Congress at home we passed with the complete support of the delegates, a resolution pledging our determination to carry on the struggle until victory is won. We understand what it means if dictatorship prevails. We know that the basic principle upon which

the dictatorship rests is that there can be no other form of organization within the community, that can challenge the will of the dictatorship. In Germany every vestige of organized religion, organized politics, organized Trade Unionism was crushed with a ruthlessness that belongs to the Middle Ages. When the dictators marched into Holland and Norway and Denmark and found labour organizations they immediately disbanded the organizations and confiscated the funds. Can anybody doubt that if Hitlerism and Fascism become triumphant our movement cannot survive ? When I say our movement I mean our labour movement. Our movement is not some soulless organization. It is a movement of a band of people trying to express themselves in an organized form, to raise the standard of life of the community as a whole. Thousands of our people have made sacrifices in order to enable this movement to function. I ask what will be the fate of that movement if the dictators triumph ?

Trade Unionism is both a cause and a product of democracy. It can only function in an atmosphere of free expression. It cannot function in cellars or behind closed doors. It must impress the public mind, and it must be given facilities to do that. Trade Unionism basically is the assertion of the rights of the common man, of the principle that it is not ordained by God that any community should be ruled by aristocracies, whether those aristocracies are of birth or wealth. In pursuit of that principle of voluntary organization, you will find that organizations and groups of people have developed in every corner of the land, meeting to promote some laudable purpose.

I make no apology for saying that no movement has made greater progress towards the attainment of its ideals than has the British Trades Union Movement. In our country we have used the instrument of taxation to effect a very extensive redistribution of the wealth of the country. We have succeeded in putting the burdens on the backs of those broadest to bear them.

There are only 10,000 people in Great Britain who are receiving an annual income of upwards of $50,000. Together these people, in income, have approximately $900,000,000 a year. But we don't leave them with that sum. In the first instance, the Government takes $600,000,000 from that immediately in direct taxation. Then we have a system of death duties in our country, and when people of great incomes die a sum on a graduated scale is taken from those estates and paid over to the State itself. Every year some of these rich people die and we take from them in taxes a further $200,000,000 a year. So that the sum taken from $900,000,000 is $800,000,000. I don't think taxation has gone to that extent in your country. Out of every five dollars of income of the richest people of our country, $4-37 is taken in taxation.[1]

There is an impression that our country is governed by old and very rich families, families living on country estates and in magnificent mansions. That may have been true at one time. The families to-day may be old, but very few of them are rich. Nor do they exclusively govern our country. The development of our political democracy has meant that on two occasions Labour has formed the Government of our country. Our men are to-day serving in the highest posts in the State in the present Cabinet. The capital of our country, London, is governed by a Labour majority, and those of you who are Scotsmen may be pleased to know that Glasgow, too, has a Labour majority ruling that city.

There is a gradual emergence of the principle that there are some inherent rights, some inherent dignities in labour itself. We affirm with you that labour is not a commodity. Labour is not something inanimate, like glass or steel or wood, or coal, labour is a live, vibrant, human thing. It doesn't do what it is ordered like some inanimate thing. It has an incurable habit of doing exactly the opposite to what has been predicted by the

[1] **Raised by the 1941 Budget to $4.70.**

psychologists, the sociologists, the economists, and all the other " ists " who dogmatize on labour questions.

We must in essence ground our movement on the principle that dictatorship is alien to our conceptions and to our ideals. We have obtained tangible achievements in our countries, and we are not going to exchange those tangible achievements of British citizenship for slavery and servitude under the dictators.

As your President said in 1934 at the convention in San Francisco, " no group of red-blooded men will submit to tyranny. Labour has never yet submitted to it and it never will". I say that, too, of British labour. No dictator will wrest from us, while we have life and power to resist, the gains which we have made.

Now, what is the Trade Union part in this struggle ? We have pursued three main aims of policy. The first is the continuance of our inflexible resolve to prosecute this struggle. The second is to maintain and safeguard the rights .and the standards of life of our people, and thirdly, to widen the influence of our movement.

When I speak of inflexible resolve I am speaking for the whole British nation. I know that our present Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, in the eyes of many, is the embodiment of the determination and the doggedness of our people. Many ask what would happen if Mr. Churchill, through some unforeseen circumstance, was unable to continue to direct the struggle? Would the people go on resisting? Well, one has to travel 3,000 miles to find that sort of query. The British people have no such doubts. Mr. Churchill himself would be the first to attest that if that position arose when he was no longer able to lead, the confidence of the people would be reposed in his successor as firmly as it is in him.

So I say that we are determined to go on. The courage of our people displayed in the factories, in the workshops, in the transport systems, and on the high seas is something that makes me feel very proud. I have seen the bombs trying to blast their bodies, but I

have yet to see the bomb that can blast the spirit of our people. So, as far as the first point is concerned we are determined to pursue our inflexible resolve.

Now, as to the second point, that of the safeguarding of our rights and standards. It is axiomatic that in war-time power rapidly passes from the normal governing bodies in the community to Government administration of one kind or another. What is called bureaucracy in war-time is something we are determined to prevent. We are not going to have " tin-pot" Hitlers built up in our own country, during the course of the struggle we are making against Hitler.

Having said that, let me put to you what I,think is an irrefutable principle. Restriction on the individual in war-time is an inescapable concomitant of war. The dictatorships are able to act decisively and quickly, and unless the democracies can devise a system during warfare to act just as decisively and perhaps more quickly than the dictatorships, the democracies cannot survive.

Therefore, when I speak of dictatorship within our own state and bureaucracy, etc., I have in mind this : I am not afraid to trust people with the exercise of power, who can use that power, but I demand the right to keep a vigilant eye upon them in the prosecution of the struggle, to see that they do not misuse that power. Power in Great Britain in war-time, legislatively and from the broadest social point of view, rests with Parliament. Those of you who follow our affairs must have noticed that on occasions the Government has introduced measures which it has had to withdraw because of the opposition they encountered in Parliament.

Outside of Parliament our Trades Union Movement is watchfully co-operating in the various state activities. How can this be considered as a surrender of democracy ? Unless democracy is intelligent enough to conceive means of speed and action, it is impossible, I repeat, for us to combat dictatorship.

For the first eight months of the war there was **a pas-**

sive period. Some of you, I think, called it a " phoney " war—I believe I heard such a sentiment come trickling across the Atlantic. In our country we called it the " bore " war. During these first eight months we had very few disputes in industry, and our unions were pledged to the acceleration of rearmament, dilution and large schemes of training for that purpose.

But those schemes set forward two elementary principles. The first one was that no scheme could be introduced without consultation with and the consent of the unions. Secondly, that they should not be resorted to except and unless the available unemployed had been absorbed. It is perfectly clear that it would be utterly foolish, in a war for the defence of democracy, to insist upon the maintenance of certain Trade Union restrictions modelled for the purpose of restraining the employer during peace-time, and applying those restrictions to the effort of the nation to equip itself with the means of resistance.

When the collapse of France took place, as you all know, we were faced with a tremendous problem. Just imagine our position. We had seen this German war machine, marching with a momentum almost incredible, sweeping across the plains of Belgium and of Holland, across the frontier into France and driving before it thousands of terror-stricken women and children. We had seen the French coast-line occupied, and in the ports attached to that coast-line, were thousands of men being massed in vessels, ready to sail across the narrow English Channel to invade our shores.

We knew that the mightiest air force in the world, unchallenged so far, was massing to make its attack upon us. We had seen its ruthlessness in Poland, aye, in Holland. Those of you who recall the assault of the Nazi aeroplanes on Rotterdam, where they blasted a city to dust because the Dutch had the courage to resist, will appreciate the fate which awaited us. We knew that Hitler had given the word to " erase their cities "—to

leave them in ruins and if possible to annihilate our people. Our people were ready to defend themselves as best they could.

And what sort of defence had we against this? **Our** defence was, first, our Navy, with immense responsibilities added to it because of the surrender of the French Navy. Our second line of defence was our Army, almost completely robbed of its equipment because of the hasty evacuation of France, where hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of equipment had to be left. The third line was our fortresses, non-existent, practically speaking, before June. Hastily, new systems had to be devised and men turned on to build fortresses around our coast.

We suddenly swore in a Home Guard, the purpose of which was to defend the homeland. Then we had our Air Force, small but confident—confident as a result of having demonstrated its superiority over the forces of the Germans, machine for machine.

In these circumstances, to whom were we to look, if not to the great American democracy? When we made our appeal to you there were some of your best-informed people who believed we could not last for ninety days. Yet you sent us the equipment. Over the Atlantic there came a stream of armaments, all of it massing up and equipping our forces until to-day we say as a nation, let the invader come—let the invader come!

I say never before have we been threatened with such dangers. Never before has the spirit of our people been so tested, and never before have we had such a magnificent response from a neighbour, such as you gave to us.

Now I want to talk to you about the responsibility that was imposed upon us in the labour movement. Every section of the community was ready to defend our institutions. Could labour, with all its insistence upon the necessity of standing up to Hitler, do less than that? When our Prime Minister sent for us and told us first-

hand the problem, he said, " We have to think now in terms of the next twenty-four hours. Long-range policy is not our concern at the moment. We have to think of what we are going to do to defend our shores." He said, " We can't haggle with the property owner as to whether or not we shall build a line of fortifications across his property. We can't haggle at a time like this, we have got to act." He said in the same way : "Is it reasonable to suggest that we have got to hold up this kind of work because this particular job happens to be a mason's, a bricklayer's, or a carpenter's, because we can't get men of those particular trades except from the other end of the country ? " We said this to him : " We are prepared to surrender such rights on the clear understanding that full restoration will be legislatively given to us, and provided that all sections of the community are equally treated." We said to him, " Let's see your legislation and the powers you propose to take. If you propose to take rights over property equal to those you propose to take over labour, then we will support you."

And our Prime Minister, even before the House of Commons, our legislative assembly, or even the full Cabinet, had seen the proposals, submitted them to the Trades Union Congress for approval, and we approved them.

I know it is impossible to redramatize the situation. You are 3,000 miles away, and vivid as your imaginations may be, it can't quite carry you in flight to the position we were in in those days. But how could we haggle in a situation like that ? How could we argue ? We had said so many times that we would.be destroyed if Naziism succeeded. Could we, now that the moment had arrived to throw our weight into the struggle as never before, stop and bargain and argue ?

We brought into conference all our full Executive Councils within three days. We consulted them and with absolute unanimity the whole of the Executive

Councils of the Trades Union Movement in our country —there were over 1,250 people present—told us that we could support whatever measures were necessary, including those which had been outlined to them.

We had already explained our proposals in respect of demarcation and such questions. We had already agreed to training and dilution. Now we were asked to agree to a new principle, a very important and dangerous one. That the State should be given the power by Parliament, to order any person to put his services at the disposal of the State in whatever capacity the State needed it. Side by side with that, that all forms of property, irrespective of what they were, must equally be put at the disposal of the State.

Now, that is a terrific power for any government to have at its disposal. But our confidence in the wise use of this power rested upon two things : First, that we had our men inside the Government, and on the fact that our movement had never been stronger, and its capacity to resist any misuse of those powers had never been greater. We felt confident that we could in the circumstances sacrifice the right to strike.

I read with interest what President Green said yesterday on that subject, and I say this to you, that never in any other circumstances than the actual hazard of war, would the British Trades Union Movement have surrendered its right to strike.

But could we claim—and I put this to you as practical people—could we claim that because some dispute existed as to the prices to be paid for certain classes of work on aeroplanes, for example, at a time when the Germans were sending their aeroplanes over in clouds, that would justify our men laying down their tools and refusing to manufacture the aeroplanes we needed to defeat those Germans? Gould we do that? I think the'question has only to be asked to be understood.

We surrendered the right to strike in the consciousness that we were doing a communal service which would

entitle us to recognition at the hands of the community when the ordeal was over, and in the confidence that we were defending our own Trade Union institutions in the process.

We allowed the working of practically unlimited hours. Hours in Great Britain, except for women and young persons, have never been regulated by law. We have no 40-hour week. We have collective agreements covering our people for a 47-hour week in the case of engineering, shipbuilding and metal trades generally, down to 44 hours per week in the case of the building trades.

Here is an aerodrome being built. It needs runways, concrete runways, it needs hangars, it needs roads for the cars to get near it, it needs all of the normal equipment of building. Were we to say, " Builders shall work on this job 44 hours only, and at the end of that they must knock off and go home," knowing that home meant some hut that had been erected near the aerodrome because these places have been put in the most remote situations in the country ? Could we say that ? Of course we could not. What we had to do was to find some means of keeping control over overtime. I wpuld remind you that overtime is in itself framed upon the conception that the employer exploits the workman. Your overtime rates, I presume, are the same as ours, based upon the principle that when a man has done 40 or 44 hours' work in a week he is entitled to some leisure and recreation. If the employer wants him to work longer, then you say to the employer, " Well, we are going to make it expensive for you because if we don't make it expensive, you will exploit these people, and in effect you will have a long working week." So you make him pay double time or time and a half, until the use of overtime labour becomes uneconomical from the view of the employer. We do not believe the conditions are the same as those which apply when the State is practically the sole employer, when the purpose of the overtime is to equip and to defend your country. Con-

sequently, we agreed to the extension of the working hours.

We took good care that the employer should not get away with it. We insisted that he should not be the authority who would determine whether overtime would be needed or not, but that it must be done in consultation with Trade Union officials acting through the Government inspectors. That principle has been freely accepted and extensively applied.

Another restriction we put upon the employer was this. We said that if this was a war to defend *democracy* it was not going to be a war to create a *plutocracy.* Employers are not going to make extensive profits out of this war. We induced the government to impose a 100 per cent, excess profits tax so that no employer now can make greater profit out of the war, than he did in the years preceding it.

You may be interested to know our system of wage regulation. We have, as I said, abandoned the right to strike. The Government, the employers and ourselves in conference have said that we will be governed in pur relations by voluntary collective agreements. But supposing there are employers who are outside those collective agreements, who are not affected, and over whom the employers' federation has no control. Is it right that such employers should be able to employ labour under different and inferior conditions ? Oh, no. We of the British Trades Union Congress said, " We expect you to lay it down that where a collective agreement has been arrived at between the employer and the Trade Unions, or by arbitration or any other means, that collective agreement must become legally binding on all other employers in the trade or industry."

The principle was willingly accepted, both by the employers and the Government. I think it is sufficient to say that to deal with disputes which may arise in industry we have provided arbitration, whether through a single arbitrator or a national arbitration tribunal

whose proceedings have scarcely commenced yet and whose work we are to review at the end of the year.

What has been happening to wages during this period ? You have all given considerable attention to the question of the wages spiral. You know what happens, wages go up and the cost of commodities goes up still more, and the result is that wages are always chasing prices but never catch up with them.

We tried to find ways and means of off-setting that process. One of the things we have tried to do is to get the Government to subsidize basic commodities which go into the standard of life. In other words, instead of prices rising rapidly, as they did at the beginning of the war, if they rise at all, due to conditions which the Government cannot control, then those prices should be kept down in so far as possible by means of subsidy. I said commodities whose prices are rising and over which the Government has no control. You surely know that practically the whole of our eastern ports are no longer usable from the point of view of large ships. Practically all of our shipping has to be concentrated now, as far as imports are concerned, on the western seaboard. .We have to send them in large convoys.

You can see in these circumstances that the cost of transport alone is outside the Government's control to a very large extent, because of the circumstances.

We insisted upon a system of rationing, and I do hope that you will observe that these proposals originated with us and not with the Government. We are the people who asked for this system and we must take full responsibility for the consequences. Nowadays everybody is rationed in our country, no matter who they may be and although there are substitute commodities which people may have, every class of the community is on the same level so far as basic commodities are concerned.

I want to make it plain to you that the Trades Union Congress is represented on every form of administration which deals with these problems. Our democratic

machinery, in other words, from a Trade Union point of view, is fully in operation.

The wages of 4,000,000 of our people are regulated by sliding scales based upon the cost of living, so that if the cost of living goes up wages go up proportionately. Despite this, and owing to the fact that these subsidies and rationing were not applied at the beginning of the war, the cost of living has risen approximately 23 per cent, since the beginning of the war. Wages have not risen by more than about 12 per cent, on the whole. The index that we, the Trades Union Congress keep, shows that money wages have risen from 104 points to 119 points from September, 1939, to September, 1940. But real wages as measured by purchasing power, have fallen from 113 points to 107-0 points.

Now I have been speaking of wages, but earnings are very considerably higher. They are higher for two reasons : One, there has been a vast extension of piece-work ; and, two, the working of extended hours by agreements, such as I spoke of.

I know in the minds of some of you there will be the query, " Why work extended hours when there are people still unemployed ? " We have a total of something like 600,000 people still out of work.[1] But what sort of people are they ? There are some builders among them, not the skilled builders, but what we call labourers, for want of a better term. There are people in the boot and shoe industries, in the distributive trades, and coal miners—coal miners because of loss of export markets. It is a very difficult job to train these people in a short period so that they can automatically fit into

[1] **The corresponding figures up to date are as follows :—**

The cost-of-living (Ministry of Labour Cost-of-Living Index) on 1st April, 1941, approximately 28 per cent, over outbreak of war.

Wages on the whole about 20 per cent, higher than before the war ; T.y.C. Index of money wages at 1st April, 1941, 125.5 points.

•T.U.C. Index of real wages on 1st April, 1941, 1070 points.

The Ministry of Labour Gazette of March, 1941, gives, the increase in actual *earnings* recorded in specimen weeks in October 1938, and July 1940, as approximately 30 per cent. 404, 538 people were unemployed in March 1941.

some industry where there is a shortage. The shortage to-day is mainly in the metal trades, the highly skilled precision work of engineers and toolmakers. With the greatest respect in the world, you cannot take a boot-maker and train him in two or three months into a man sufficiently expert to do that class of work. So it is that temporarily you must agree to an extension of the working hours of the people already employed.

Our policy, as I said, is to insist upon the use of the unemployed labour wherever possible, because we don't want to build up in the minds of our people a disregard for shorter hours of work. There isn't a Trade Union official in this room who doesn't know that there are certain types of men who will go to the employer and demand overtime, not that they like the hours, but they like the money attached to it. We of the Trade Unions want to keep control of this and prevent our people overlooking the importance of the shorter hour week. Long hours are a strain upon anybody. They are bad for production. The attraction of the compound rates is bad for the morale of the people, and it is something that we want to control as far as we can.

We have told the Government that the hours are far too long. When I tell you that in a certain works men have been working twelve hours per day and seven days per week for over twelve months, you begin to realize what I mean by long hours. We said, " This is nonsense. These men will break down. Not only is it uneconomical production, but it will mean physical deterioration to the community." Thus the Government has given instructions to all their managers that wherever possible the work week should not exceed 60 hours. You know that 60 hours is far beyond what we consider reasonable, but in the circumstances in which we exist to-day, coupled with a rest day, it may well be that we can stand this strain for some time longer.

On the third point of our policy, the Trade Unions have secured from the Government the fullest recog-

nition of their claim to represent the worker in every phase of communal life. We claim we represent the working people, irrespective of where they are to be found. We are not only thinking of the workshop, but in terms of the whole communal life, the control of prices, air-raid protection, rationing and supply of food, the welfare of the armed forces, refugee problems, the supply of munitions—our Trade Union representatives are already there serving in every phase of life.

We have established something that may be useful to you. When I was a Trade Union district official I was once ordered off a warship by a commander who used to carry a telescope under his arm, even in drydock. I am not sure that he did not even try to tell the time by it. As a Trade Union official I was interviewing my men and he ordered me off the ship. Fortunately, our fellows were pretty good, and they came off the ship and we held our meeting on the quay. But I never forgot the insult, the indignity to one trying to serve the community and his State, of being ordered off in that way.

I went to the Government and said, " You are not allowing people to go into certain areas without proof that they have work or that they are there on business." They were doing that in order to control the spies. I said, " You have factories where you have sentries outside the door with bayonets and rifles, and I don't want our Trade Union officials to be held up by that sort of thing. If there is any doubt about our claim, let's have it out now. Our claim is a matter of right. We demand the right to visit any factory, workshop, warship, any form of activity where our members are employed, without vexatious restrictions. If that principle is challenged, let's have it out now." It was not challenged, and as a consequence all our full-time officials were given a card of identity, which not only takes them into the protected areas, but which allows them to visit any works whatever. That card is issued by the Trades Union Congress, with the Government's approval and

stamp. That is something that you may find useful in organizing people.

Our principal claim, that we should be consulted in every form of activity, has been accepted by both of the Governments that have so far served in this war. We are helping by this means to shape policies. We are trying to take some of the square pegs out of the round holes, because I find that once these men of great reputation, these marvellous business organizers, get into a different environment, they sometimes act with a stupidity that is incomprehensible. One wonders where reputations have come from sometimes. We are going to take a hand in that. We are not allowing Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown, because he was accustomed to pressing a button and ordering people about in his own business, to do just as he likes now that he is in Government service. We are gradually making good democrats of some of these people.

We are facing up to our responsibilities in the way I have tried to describe. But we have also another responsibility and there are very grave issues ahead of us. Our whole international Trade Union Movement in its future is obscure. You have seen what has happened in Poland, in Denmark, in Norway, in Holland, even in France.

So it is that upon the American Federation of Labor and the British Trades Union Congress rests a very heavy responsibility for keeping that organization in existence. I am proud to know that William Green was elected almost unanimously as a vice-president of the International Federation of Trade Unions. I am proud to work with him, and I have arranged for our secretary, Mr. Schevenels, who has only been recently able to get away from southern France, to come over here before I leave. He and I and President Green can discuss our problems jointly and see how best we can keep' our organization alive.

As your Executive rightfully says, the future depends

upon the outcome of the war. Britain is supposed to be a barrier, and I believe she is that barrier, between our civilization and our democracy and the invading forces of the Nazi hordes. We have a tremendous task in front of us. Indeed, I think someone here, some very prominent statesman, has said that the British Navy was the first line of defence of American democracy. But I would like to ask, who maintains the British Navy? It is the British people, it is the skill and the resources and the capacity of the British people. It is their determination and their courage.

Hitler is seeking to crush the morale of our people, to destroy their homes, to put our factories in ruins. Day after day and night after night we are exposed to bombs from the air; some tiny speck in the sky, so small it can scarcely be seen, only identified by a wisp of smoke behind it, may come out of the blue, drop its bombs, and before any 'planes can get near it, disappear. You or I or any other person may be near that bomb when it falls. It may fall upon a humble cottage or upon a government building. Night after night our people, from.dusk to dawn, are experiencing a menace which we have not as yet found the answer to.

Our defence at night can't see these machines. They come at unparalleled heights, 15,000 feet, 20,000 feet, where they cannot be seen, particularly in the cloudy weather we have. Our anti-aircraft guns blast out their defiance to these machines, they put up their barrage in such a way as to prevent them getting over military objectives. But what happens to our homes and to our people ? The bombs are dropped with an indiscrimination that passes belief. How can human beings resort to it in the twentieth century? Devastation awaits those who are in their homes.

Thousands of our people are sleeping under the staircased of their houses, their only protection in case the house collapses over them. Others are sleeping under the pianos in their dining-rooms, the more fortunate

ones in a small shelter about six feet long maximum and four feet wide, with men and women lying head to foot, two people to a camp bed on each side of the shelter.

This is the life of the British people day in and day out, every night, and yet one sees no indications of a slackening of the national will, one sees no indication even now, despite the loss of life, of the people's readiness to sacrifice that which they have attained. Fifteen thousand of our people have already been slaughtered in these raids. Nearly 30,000 of them have been crippled or injured in a most serious fashion, and there is still worse to come.

I have no doubt in my mind whatever, that some day or other we will evolve a remedy, as we did against the Zeppelins, for the night bombers, but until that time comes it follows, doesn't it, that there is bound to be bitterness and hatred growing up in the hearts of our people of all that is German.

I am an internationalist. I have spent my life in trying to teach the people that the men and women of all countries basically have to face the same problems, and that it is not the common people who make the wars, but those who order and control them. Yet when I hear a demand for reprisals growing in my own country —a perfectly natural demand in the circumstances— what am I to say ? Am I to say that whilst I denounce as infamous and bestial, German aeroplanes coming and killing women and children, dropping their bombs apart from military objectives, am I to say that we should resort to that, too ? No, I cannot. I am bound to try to restrain our people to keep this bitterness out of their thoughts and their lives, and I think the advice we have given to the British Government is sound advice.

We say, hit the Nazis in the places where you can most hurt them. Don't go and try to slaughter men, women and children merely in retaliation. Confine yourself to military objectives. Hit them in the factories; hit them on the canals or on the docks, or on the railways, **hit** them in the places where it will hurt, and hamper

their capacity to make war. God knows, I understand that means human life, too, but what can we do ? With what alternatives are we left ?

Many times since I have arrived in this country I have been asked by men and women how long our people can continue. The length of time that we continue this struggle depends not merely upon the will of our people, but upon our capacity to hit back. The only thing that the Nazis understand, as some of the finest of our international comrades have told me time and time again, is the power to make them suffer, and while I think it may be difficult for the most skilled British pilots to reach Hitler, hiding in the cellar of his granite towers, still we may be able to hit some who think very much like Mr. Hitler thinks.

I have taken a lot of your time and I want to conclude. The collapse of France increased relatively the German air force several times over. It gave them jumping-off points to attack our country, some of them only 25 or 30 miles away. If we go to Berlin, our bombers have to fly 620 miles there and 620 miles back. So you can see how much easier it is for the Germans to send waves of aeroplanes, even though they may not have more machines than we for the purpose.

The tax on our capacity is increasing. I am not going to humbug you, I am going to tell you straight what no British statesman has so far said. I say that bombing is having its effect upon our output. Bombing is bound to have an effect upon our output. Indiscriminate as it has been, although five out of every six bombs either fall in an open space or hit a home, yet some bombs do fall on factories. If you disorganize the life of a people, if you stop them from getting water and gas and that sort of thing, that is bound to have its effect.

Why do I tell you this ? In order to make a present to Hitler so that he can encourage his pilots to go on? No I tell it to you so that you can realize the part you

can play in helping us. Our output cannot be maintained at the height at which it was maintained when bombings were not taking place. Our people are working, even after the raiders have been over and the sirens have sounded—and, my God, what sirens ! Last night I heard the police siren going up and down the streets here in New Orleans. Believe me, the first night or two I spent in America, when I heard those sirens I made a dash under the bed immediately. Remember what I told you about the courage of the British people. (Laughter.) Your police sirens sound to me at their best like a sort of anaemic kitten with the croup. I have heard much worse sounds—sounds which are heard in the night, disturbing the sleep of our people.

Our fellows in the factories are working all through that. They do not stop work even under gunfire. I visited a factory recently where I was told the morale of the people had fallen because of bombings. The roof was glass, and you know what splintered glass means. Incidentally, it was an enormous factory, not a small one. I said to the manager when I went there, " How are they now ? " He said, " I am proud to tell you that they are working through 100 per cent."

We have a system of spotters, people we put on the roofs to watch until they are pretty certain aeroplanes are on top of them. That takes a bit of judgment, with 'planes coming along at the rate of 150 yards a second. Yet our people are taking these risks.

We want 'planes, 'planes, and more 'planes. Our need is urgent and extensive. It may be true that the first line of defence of American democracy is the British Navy. I want you to make the American workshop the first line of defence of *all* democracy. This battle will be fought out in the workshops. Depending upon the resources, the capacity, the expedition with which you can produce munitions, depending upon that will be the fate of the whole of Europe, including the British Isles.

I want to repeat how grateful we are for the generous

help we have received from you. I want you to realize that speed is the essence, now as never before, that the bombing is getting so intense.

When I came into this room I looked at the emblem here and I saw these words, " Labor Omnia Vincit"—Labor Conquers All. I said to myself, "American labour can conquer the Nazis without firing a shot, if necessary."

You have a great opportunity. Not only our people but the people of the world are looking to you with a great anxiety. When this great nation of yours was engaged in a struggle to establish its right for self-government your Patrick Henry, in an historic utterance, said something which has rung down the ages to us :

" Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Those words were destined to become the rallying cry of your nation. To-day that sentiment is implanted in the souls of millions of people. The people of half of Europe, writhing under the Fascist and Nazi tyranny, are s'aying it in their prayers. It rises from the hamlets and villages and cities of the stricken British Isles. It echoes over the mountains and across the plains of your neighbour, Canada. It comes in increasing volume from the people of the whole British commonwealth of nations. One day that cry will rise with the roar of Niagara, sweeping away from the pathway of mankind for ever the oppression and tyranny that characterizes dictatorship. Men and women of the American labour movement, the power to hasten the dawn of that day lies in no small measure with you.