

The League of Nations was a world within a world and no doubt will go down in history as a great stride forward in humanity's long and painful journey. It grew more amazing to me all the time I was there. Much time was spent in the first few days in getting the committees set up. Setting up committees seemed to be a complicated business, accompanied by much formality. The chairman is proposed by someone who dilates on the choice he is making. Someone "seconds the motion", and tells of his pleasure in so doing. Then the senior delegate of the country from which the chairman has been selected, gives tongue at some length thanking all those who have spoken for the honour they are about to bestow on his country by making Monsieur —— their chairman, and finally the proposed chairman voices his appreciation and deep humility in accepting this honorable office, and knows the compliment is one to his country and not to himself, but will endeavour to carry out his duties as well as his limitations will permit. If there are no objections (and there were none), and after everything had been translated and duly applauded, the chairman of the committee is declared elected. And time wore on!

The league had forty-seven countries in its membership in 1938, and its income was derived from its members. This was the first year that all the meetings were held in the beautiful new building overlooking Lake Geneva. It has a commanding position with a view of Mt. Blanc, and gleams white on a terraced slope, flower beds in strange combination of colors heighten the sheen of the green lawns. The building is of stone and many of the floors are of marble and the corridors are wide. The glass doors are so clear and flawless that a secretary walked through one, absent-mindedly. This was told to us the first day as a warning. The Assembly