

The struggle for power plays itself out in the Conference committees. Every question before the committees becomes a test of strength between the Russians and their satellites and the rest of the world. The other Great Powers vote glumly with the Russians and send junior members of the delegations to convey to us their discomfiture and apologies. This situation reproduces itself over matters which in themselves do not seem to have much political content. But to the Russians everything is political whether it is something to do with the secretariat of the new organisation or the changing of a comma in the Declaration of the General Principles.

Committee 1 of the Commission, on which I sit as adviser, deals with the preamble to the Charter of the United Nations (composed of pious aspirations) and the chapters concerned with the Purposes and Principles of the Organisation. It is presided over by a Ukrainian chairman, Manuilsky, said to be the brains of the Communist Party in the Ukraine. My first impression of him was of a humorous and polite old gentleman — an *ancien régime* landowner perhaps. He speaks good French. But I was wrong in everything except the humour — he is quite ruthlessly rude, exceedingly intelligent and moves so fast in committee tactics that he leaves a room full of experienced parliamentarians breathless. It cannot be said that he breaks the rules of procedure — rather he interprets them with great cleverness to suit his ends. And his principal end it to hurry these chapters through the committee without further debate.

**6 June 1945.**

We had nearly seven hours on end in our Committee on Purposes and Principles. The Chairman, Manuilsky, gave us a touch of the knout when the Latin Americans were just spreading their wings for flights of oratory. He rapped on the table with his chairman's gavel and said, "Gentlemen, we must speed up the work of the Committee. I propose that no one shall leave this hall until the preamble and the first chapter of the Charter are voted." The delegates gazed ruefully at their blotters — this meant cutting all dinner dates. Yet no one dared to falter in the "sacred task." Paul Gore-Booth, the British delegate, sprang to his feet and said in tones of emotion, "Mr. Chairman I cannot promise that I shall be physically able to remain so long in this hall without leaving it." Manuilsky looked at him sternly, "I say to the British representative that there are in this hall men older than you are, and if they can stay here you must also." So we settled down to hour after hour of debate.

We were after all discussing the principles of the New World Order. The room was full of professional orators who were ravening to speak and speak again. Latin American Foreign Ministers hoped to slide in an oblique reference to some of their local vendettas disguised in terms of the Rights of Nations. The Egyptian representative was hoping to see his way clear to take a crack at the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty under some phrase about the necessity for "flexibility in the interpretation of international obligations." The Syrian delegate saw an opportunity to embarrass the French. The representatives of the Colonial Powers were junior delegates (their chiefs were dining) who were frightened that any reference to "justice" or

"human rights" might conceal a veiled attack on the colonial system. All afternoon and all evening until twelve o'clock at night we argued about the principles that must guide the conduct of men and nations. By eleven o'clock there were many haggard faces around the table. The room had got very hot and smelly — dozens of stout politicians sweating profusely in a confined space — outside the street-cars (and San Francisco is a great place for street-cars) rattled noisily and still the speeches went on. The Egyptian delegate was indefatigable in interpolations. He seemed to bounce to his feet on india-rubber buttocks, "A point of order, Mr. Chairman" and he would fix his monocle and survey his helpless victims. The Peruvian was another inexhaustible plague; he was a professional lecturer who kept remarking, "The Peruvian delegation regard this aspect of the question as very grave indeed, in fact fundamental." Then he would remove his reading spectacles, put on his talking spectacles, brush the forelock back from his forehead and get into his stride. But it was the Norwegian who moved me to homicide by making lengthy interventions in an obstinate, bleating voice. However, thanks to the knout, thanks to the ruthless, surgical operations of the Chairman, we finished our task in time. The committee was littered with punctured egos, and snubbed statesmen glowered at each other across the tables. The eminent political figures and distinguished jurists of half the world had been rated by the Chairman like schoolboys; but we had finished on time.

**12 June 1945.**

Lunch in the country with rich, friendly easy-going Californians — a cool, roomy house — none of the stiff, interior-decorated look of so many expensive houses in the East. Californians do not seem to treat their houses very seriously. They are places to sleep and refuges from the heat of the sun. These people seem to swim through life, carried along effortlessly by their good nature and good health. One can hardly believe that they have ever been scared or snubbed or "put in their place" or that anyone has ever exposed them to irony. There were three children bathing in the pool — perfect little physical specimens with nice, rich, easy-going, good-looking, sensible parents — what a way to grow up!

**15 June 1945.**

Last week I saw an advertisement in one of the San Francisco newspapers which described the attractions of "a historic old ranch home now transformed into a luxury hotel situated in a beautiful valley in easy reach of San Francisco." What a delightful escape, I thought, from the pressures of the Conference! Why not spend the week-end there? I succeeded in talking my colleagues, Norman and Hume and Jean Désy, the Canadian adviser on Latin American Affairs, into this project, and our party was joined by a friend of Jean Désy, a French Ambassador, a senior and distinguished diplomat attached to the French Delegation. Last Saturday we all set forth by car in a holiday spirit to savour the delights of old-style ranch life in California as advertised to include "gourmet meals, horse-back riding and music in an exclusive atmosphere." It seemed an eminently suitable setting for this little group of