

amazons; for thousands of sailors who all seem to be on leave with their pockets full and a roving eye for the girls — and for oceans of alcohol in which the happy population float. I suppose there are poor, sick and worried people here as everywhere else, but the impression is of people without a trouble in the world.

In the hotel dining-room a crooner with a voice like cream sings by request a number dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lord because they are just married and on their honeymoon — cameras click — the happy couple bask — no self-consciousness — no sneers — it's "a very lovely thought." At the end of a drunken evening at the Bohemian Club's annual frolic the compère suggests that we should stand and sing two verses of Onward Christian Soldiers "honouring our boys in the Pacific" — the audience responds without a blush.

The day is spent in a series of committee meetings which are teaching me several things — the necessity for patience. It is wonderful to see quick-minded men sitting quite still hour after hour listening to people saying at almost infinite length things which could be said in a sentence or two. One becomes, I suppose, inured to boredom. And in combination with this patience the old hands have great quickness. They have been playing this game so long that they know instinctively by now when and where and how to play the rules of committee procedure or to catch the point of some quite discreet amendment to a motion. They are always on the alert for such things even when they seem to be half-asleep. All this is rather fascinating to a tyro. These are the tricks of the trade. Most men of my age and length of service know them well already.

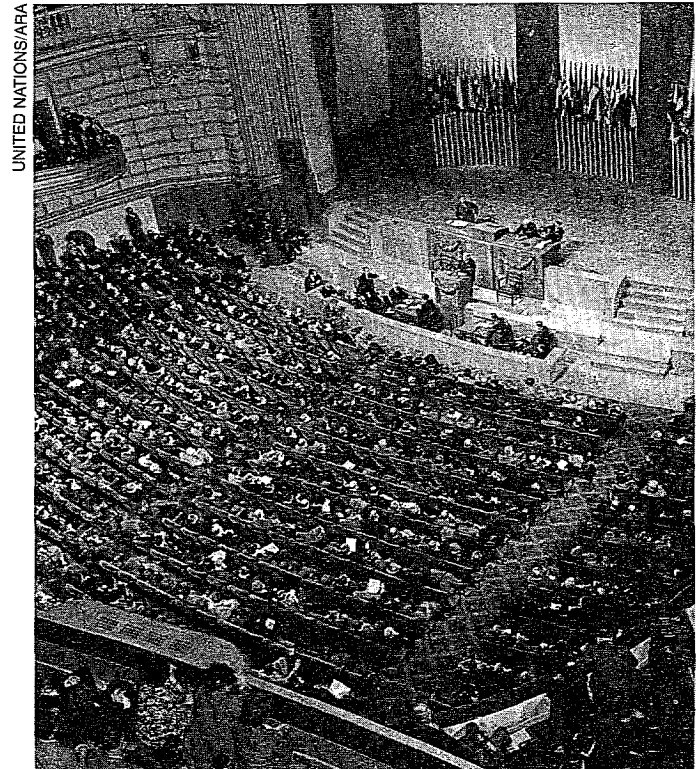
I mentioned my alleged measles (now vanished) to a newspaperman as a joke. Tonight there is a headline in one of the evening papers, "Measles at Conference Hotel. Will it spread to the Russian Delegation?" It is true that the Russians are installed on the floor above us in this hotel, but I have no contact with them of any kind.

23 May 1945.

The Conference atmosphere is thick with alarm and despondency about Russia. Wherever two or three are gathered together in the hotel bedrooms and sitting-rooms, where more unbuttoned conversation is permissible there you can bet that the subject is the U.S.S.R. — speculation about their intention, argument as to the best way of dealing with them — whether to be tough and, if so, when — gloomy realisation that by unscrupulous conference tactics they may be courting and perhaps winning the favour of the "working masses." This fear of Russia casts its long shadow over the Conference. Meanwhile some of the Latin American and Middle Eastern States, by their verbose silliness and irresponsible sniping, almost induce one to believe that there is a good deal to be said for a Great Power dictatorship. But the Great Power representatives have no eloquent, authoritative or persuasive spokesman in the more important committees. They repeat, parrot fashion, "Trust the Security Council. Do nothing to injure unanimity." There are no outstanding speakers — Evatt of Australia has ability — Berendson of New Zealand has eloquence of a homespun sort — Rollin, the Belgian, has a clever, satirical mind (I take names at random) — but there is no one of

whom you say — a great man — and few indeed of whom you say — a fine speaker.

The British Delegation seems pretty thin and undistinguished now that Eden and the other senior Cabinet ministers have gone. Cranborne is skilful and authoritative in committee — Halifax does not attend — Cadogan seems a tired, mediocre *fonctionnaire*. Webster is always at his elbow with an impressive memory (he can quote the documents of the Congress of Vienna, of the Paris Conference, of the Dumbarton Oaks meeting). His heroes are Castlereagh and Wellington. He takes a donnish pleasure in argumentation and in snubbing people. An excellent adviser — but he should not be allowed his head in policy



Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King addressing the San Francisco Conference in 1945

matters — I do not know if he is — one sometimes sees his hand. The delegation is weak on the economic and social side. There is a grave lack of authority — of men of solid experience, wisdom and moderation, who inform a committee — not so much by what they say as by what they are. Then there is the lack of any representation of the English internationalists or those who have devoted themselves to oppressed peoples and to social causes — that whole humanitarian and social side of English activity goes unrepresented. There were representatives of it, but they have gone home — the brunt of the British representation is borne by a little group thinking in terms of political and military power and with not much feeling for public opinion. As they get more tired they may pull a serious gaffe. They produce no ideas which can attract other nations and are not much fitted to deal with Commonwealth countries.

American policy, or perhaps I should say more narrowly, American tactics in this Conference are similar to