

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 streetcars (and San Francisco is a great place for streetcars) 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 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.

"18 June 1945.

"The Conference is on its last lap. The delegates—many of them—are quite punch-drunk with fatigue. Meetings start every day at 9 a.m. and go on until midnight. In addition, we are having a heat wave. The committee rooms are uncomfortably hot and the commission meetings in the Opera House are an inferno. The heat generated by the enormous klieg lights adds to this and the glare drives your eyes back into your head.