

The astounding good humor of a London crowd struck me more than ever during the strike--the real Cockney always makes a joke of everything. There was very little rioting and there was not one single shot fired from end to end of Great Britain.

Certainly riotors who tried to molest University undergraduates got more than they bargained for, as these hefty youths laid about them vigorously with fists and sticks when attacked.

Quiet, peaceful Dean's Yard, close to my house was Headquarters of the A.A.Specials or "Flying Squad"--some six hundred light automobiles and motor bicycles were parked there, with 500 young Specials, ready to go anywhere by day or by night--confound those boys.They would open their exhausts to get more speed and awake me at intervals throughout the night.

The Dean of Westminster's wife opened a canteen for these young men and got it going in a hut belonging to the Abbey within twelve hours. She enlisted some forty ladies of the neighbourhood who relieved each other through the 24 hours and who with willing, if perhaps unskilled hands, fried hams and eggs, made coffee and cut sandwiches all round the clock--by day and night. I think that we must have a national gift for improvisation, for all these organizations, born in a few hours worked admirably.

I was sorry for the little stenographers, typists and girls from the big department stores who on the first day of the strike had to walk to and from business to their homes in the suburbs, perhaps five or six miles. Mrs. Baldwin stepped in here and called for volunteers to take these girls home. In 48 hours the thing worked admirably, picnic vans, furniture vans and brewer's drays were fitted with rough planks and ran north, east, south and west. They were not very comfortable but they got there.

Moscow had laid great stress on the entire suppression of newspapers. It is of course easy then to disseminate every sort of lie. They had forgotten broadcasting. Stanley Baldwin at once commandeered the British Broadcasting Co.'s plant and arranged for broadcasting three news bulletins per day. Baldwin spoke himself three or four times all over the Kingdom. At the same time hawkers and sellers of a certain lying little paper were promptly arrested and got sharp sentences of fines and imprisonment.

The Government got out an emergency paper "The British Gazette" the second day, but I did not think it well done. It was the work of the much advertised Winston Churchill, who never succeeds in anything he undertakes.

And so, this terrible General Strike which was to bring England crashing down; which had been carefully prepared for two years the very mention of which struck terror into the craven heart of Lloyd George, petered out ignominiously on the eighth day; without one single shot being fired, thanks to the resolution of the British people and thanks to the splendid qualities of the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin--the strong man at the helm brought his ship safely into port on the eighth day.

I am not given to cock-a-doodling, but I honestly believe that this result could only have taken place in England. It is another application of Aesop's old fable of the faggot of sticks, which as long as it was bound together was unbreakable, though the individual sticks could be easily broken.

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