

Pilgrims and Pioneers

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PILGRIMS AND PIONEERS

By the same author:

CANADA

TO VERDUN FROM THE SOMME

THE A.B.C. OF THE B.B.C.

AUSTRIA INVITES

BY AIR

WINGS OF SPEED

COME THE THREE CORNERS

PILGRIM PARTNERS



SIR HARRY BRITTAIN, BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A. A PORTRAIT PRESENTED
TO THE AUTHOR AS ORIGINATOR AND ORGANIZER OF THE FIRST IMPERIAL PRESS
CONFERENCE BY THE NEWSPAPERS OF GREAT BRITAIN

PILGRIMS AND PIONEERS

by

Sir HARRY BRITTAIN

K.B.E., C.M.G., D.L., LL.D.

Third Edition

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To
ALIDA
IN MEMORY OF OUR
YEARS OF HAPPINESS

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PREFACE

SOME of these reminiscences were jotted down recently and some in my early years. Some are from notes taken at the time, others from reminders in press-cutting books, or from the hazards of memory.

Since they cover a considerable period, I must make my humble apologies for any inaccuracies which may have crept in, for the best of memories let us down sometimes, especially when recollecting detailed happenings of long ago.

Much of the typescript was ready on the eve of the Second World War, but it was put aside until the war was over.

Reviewing these recollections, and attempting to link together the experiences they deal with, has been, I must confess, a relaxation amidst other more strenuous tasks, and a joyous reminder of days gone by.

Naturally I shall be more than gratified should they prove of interest to other readers beyond the circle of my old and valued friends.

Providence has granted to me a lengthy span of years, during which I must plead guilty to having had a humble hand in doubtless far too many pies.

In addition, it has been my good fortune to have visited most lands, and both here and abroad to have been associated, in a minor degree, with a large number of interesting activities.

What I have mainly tried to do in this volume is to give some account of my long and happy association with the different parts of the British Empire, the splendid folk of our Dominions and Colonies, and my equally lengthy and happy contacts with the kindly and hospitable citizens of the United States, since the launching of *The Pilgrims* forty-four years ago. During those years I have enjoyed the privilege of a personal acquaintance with each of America's forty-eight States.

As we all, of necessity, must have arrived on this earth at some time or other, the question of 'childhood days' must also be noted. I have dealt briefly with this period, together with memories of Oxford, and the early years of an ideally happy married life.

The remainder of these reminiscences try to tell of fascinating hours spent with Pioneers of the Motoring and Aviation Worlds, as well as a little of my own pioneering, when, in 1907, wholeheartedly supported by the Home Press, I did my best to bring together, for the first time, the Editors of the leading papers from every part of the British Empire, in order to strengthen understanding and co-operation throughout the Commonwealth. I have endeavoured to describe something of the work accomplished, together with the friendships forged, since the Empire Press Union was founded nearly forty years ago.

In this volume I have not been able to write of general activities in later life, to give an account of unforgettable years in the House of Commons, of travels in many lands throughout the five Continents, nor to touch upon my vigorous, if amateurish, participation in most of our country's health-giving Sports and Games.

These, then, may form part of a second volume, if my good friends so desire it, and I am spared long enough to put the stories together.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Harry Britain". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. The first name "Harry" is written with a large, sweeping initial 'H' that extends downwards. The last name "Britain" is written with a prominent, sweeping initial 'B' that also extends downwards. The signature is underlined with a single, thick, horizontal stroke.

FOOTNOTE

As another edition goes to press, may I take this opportunity of thanking, not only old and valued friends, but the very many readers at home and abroad who have given these Reminiscences so cordial a welcome.

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CHAPTER I

First Memories and Schooldays

No doubt there are still some people with the strength of character, and the time, who record events in the form of a regular diary from one January to another.

I look upon such folk with a certain degree of envy and resentment, for I have gaily started off on more than one New Year's Day with every intention of doing the same, but my effort has invariably petered out before the year was very old.

Perhaps my most effective reminders of the past are contained in a stout series of press-cutting books, in which the skilled hand of the contemporary journalist revives the memory of many a past experience, and of many a good companion of days bygone.

To dare the publication of odd memories of a lengthy life, in this age of change, is doubtless a bold and presumptuous action, for which apology should be offered.

But the same dynamic publisher who has already dared to print several books emanating from this humble scribe must share some of the responsibility.

The early days of an utterly undistinguished male child are of very little interest to anybody, except perhaps to his mother, and can be briefly dealt with.

Of sound, healthy Yorkshire stock, with forbears who, for many a generation, appear to have ignored the Psalmist's allotted span as an exit signal, I was born at Ranmoor, near Sheffield.

In the early 'Seventies, Ranmoor was a quiet village picturesquely placed on the hills above and beyond this evergrowing Yorkshire town (it was not a city then), and there were few buildings between my old home and the breezy moors of Derbyshire.

Today, municipal trams run through and far beyond this pleasant spot, and the great city has overflowed on this, as on most other sides.

But far be it from me to blame those who have left the centre for the bracing hills of the West. Notwithstanding the urbanization that growth connotes, there are still few cities in England with a more glorious countryside than is to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of this world-famous centre of steel.

From what I later learnt, my entrance into this world was under most happy auspices. I was born in a 'caul' at midnight on Christmas Eve, and greeted as morning broke with the welcoming peal of Christmas bells; all this, of course, in days "when Britain really ruled the waves", and the income-tax was under a shilling in the pound.

To be born in a caul (from old English 'calle', a cap) has always been considered lucky. According to the encyclopaedia: "Many superstitions are connected with this retention of the caul. It was looked upon as a protection against drowning, either to the original owner or to any future purchaser. A caul used to fetch large sums, from £10 to £30 among seafaring men." (From the same source I learnt that among my fellow caul-bearers were Charles Dickens and the poet Byron.)

Since that first appearance I have sailed the Seven Seas, and have escaped drowning up to now, but that didn't prevent a faithful old nurse who was with us for many years turning on a vivid dream, three nights running, that I was fated to be drowned in a picturesque little pond in Endcliffe Woods, between Ranmoor and Sheffield; throughout my childhood's days I was strictly forbidden by nurses, and later by governesses, to go anywhere near that pond.

They were peaceful and pleasant woods as I remember them then, and fortunately have been saved from the destroying hand of the builder. Many years later my father, when chief magistrate, succeeded in securing the whole area for Sheffield, and it is now one of the city's most attractive public parks.

At a comparatively early age I went to a day school which was situated in a section of the town mostly peopled by doctors, and was run by a reverend gentleman who owned the somewhat unusual baptismal name of Venaiah.

Going to school was quite an adventure; a half-mile walk took me to the Ranmoor Inn, where a little Penny 'Bus, drawn by a pair of horses, and steered by an elderly gentleman in a top hat, bowled us along a good, level road to the larger village of Broomhill.

Here all levels ended, the main road from Glossop descending to the centre of Sheffield down a goodly gradient which took four sturdy horses to make the double journey.

About this period one incident stands out in my memory. A local learned society regularly held meetings known as conversaciones, at one of which a great surprise was sprung upon the erudite members, this being no less than their introduction to one of the blessings (and curses) of modern life—the telephone.

One terminal was, of course, in the hall where the meeting took place, the other in some building a few hundred yards away.

Amidst considerable interest and excitement the small boy, lucky enough to be present, was held up to squeal into the instrument the first message, and to await the reply. The distinguished Sheffielder who lifted him up was Mr. (later Sir George) Franklin, afterwards first Chairman of the National Telephone Company, which post he held until that Company was merged with the Government monopoly.

Many a year later, in a ship fitted out by Marconi, I encountered another new experience. Following a chat from mid-Atlantic with Chelmsford, Essex, a steward recalled me with the message, "Sir Harry, you are wanted on the 'phone again." This time it was the *New York World*, speaking from Newfoundland, suggesting a short interview by 'phone, and so perhaps inaugurating another unexpected horror of the sea. But that is going ahead too fast.



[Photo by the Author]

THE ENTRANCE TO THE AUTHOR'S OLD YORKSHIRE HOME: HIS MOTHER BY THE GATE OF STORTH OAKS, AND A FAVOURITE DOG, "BOXER", ON THE LAWN

AT STORTH OAKS: THE AUTHOR ON "TATTERS", WITH "WORCESTER BILL" LOOKING ON





TRANSPORT IN THE 'EIGHTIES
THE LITTLE PENNY BUS AT THE "BULL'S HEAD", RANMOOR

[Photos by the Author]

OUR OLD "CHARRON" BEFORE "THE FEATHERS" AT LUDLOW



My Preparatory School, which was in Kent, took me for the first time to London. There, of course, I saw everything dear to the youthful mind, such as Madame Tussaud's, Maskelyne and Cook's, the Crystal Palace, and so forth. I also vividly recall my first journey on the Inner Circle, with its asphyxiating tunnels and its steam-drawn trains. Among other items which stood out were my first meeting with a real 'London particular' (and they were real fogs in those days), the hotel where we stayed, which seemed to me then to be one of the World's Seven Wonders, and the imposing-looking bustles as worn by the smart ladies of the period.

Abbey Wood, now almost engulfed in Greater London, was thoroughly rural when, as a small and inconspicuous youth, I was dumped on to Bostol Hill School, kept by a Mr. Wood, whose only claim to fame rested on the fact that his brother, the Rev. J. G. Wood, was a well-known naturalist.

Left to his tender care, he put me through a short examination, but apparently was not over-impressed with my knowledge, for referring to a note he had received from the Rev. Venaiah of my day school that I had been well grounded in the Classics, assured me that the work would have been better carried out if I'd been grounded on gravel. What he meant I never knew, but taking it to be a schoolmaster's form of humour I did my best to raise a sickly smile.

However, I did manage to pull off a humble prize or two for 'book-larnin' ', and scooped in my first little athletic trophy, a First Prize for the 200 yards Juniors. I still have it, a silver (plate) inkstand, which looks like a cricket ball in a saucer; very Victorian, but I was proud of it.

About this time I paid my first visit abroad, a short trip with my mother round Belgium and a section of Germany; it was all new and exciting, and doubtless germinated in me that wanderlust which has never subsided.

Cologne we reached late one night, and I was out and about at a very early hour for a brief turn before breakfast, complete with *Anglo-German Phrase Book and Guide*.

My first quarry was the mighty cathedral, which one would imagine no easy object to miss. However, I failed to find the Dom Platz and so bethought me of the *Phrase Book*. Having worked out my query in what seemed to be the appropriate language, I then searched round for an approachable German who didn't appear to be in too much of a hurry. Eventually sighting a kindly-looking old gentleman I went up to him, took off my cap (which I had been instructed was the right thing to do) and trotted out my little sentence.

However, I got no response beyond a somewhat steady non-comprehending gaze.

Feeling nervous, and probably showing it, I repeated my query just a trifle louder, whereupon the old gentleman, obviously puzzled, murmured to himself in English, "I wonder what on earth the little fool wants."

Later in the day we ran into him at a restaurant, where my mother recognized him as a well-known Yorkshire doctor and an old friend of my father's.

In those Victorian days my parents used to greet their friends at somewhat large, lengthy and formal dinners, usually in a series of three at a time, which knocked off a goodly number per series.

Then, I take it that on the basis of a cutlet for a cutlet, they were in turn

entertained by the neighbourhood, until the time came for them to burst into festivity again.

This was, of course, long before the introduction of such frivolities as cocktails, and even sherry appeared first at the dining-table, and was not served as a pre-prandial *apéritif* as in the easier atmosphere of Georgian days.

But if the long-menued banquet carried an air of solemnity round the dining-table, we youngsters spent glorious moments in the pantry, taking our toll of returning delicacies, which offset the later ordeal of a possible appearance for 'dessert'.

Our most eminent visitor during my early schoolboy days was the then Heir-Presumptive to the Throne, Prince Albert Victor, elder son of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales.

That was doubtless a very formal dinner-party, and my mother, I know, was anxious to bring her first-born to the feast; but he did one of the many stupid things small boys are apt to do, and contracted measles. The Prince was paying a visit to Sheffield to open the Corn Exchange, and my father, at that time chief magistrate, had to do most of the honours.

There was, I learnt later, much excitement and a very loyal and vocal Yorkshire welcome for the Prince, whose sartorial elaboration had gained for him the title of 'Collars and Cuffs'.

In connection with this visit they told a story (doubtless apocryphal) of the late Duke of Norfolk, who, on attempting to make his way through the crowd to the entrance of the Corn Exchange, was stopped by a huge Yorkshire policeman. "Nah then, back tha goes dahn them steps," exclaimed the local Robert. "But," said the little Duke, "you must let me in; I've got to make the first speech. I'm Norfolk." "Ah don't give a damn if tha's Norfolk nor Soofolk, tha's not comin' in 'ere." Comparatively unknown at that time, the Duke was himself at a later date Lord Mayor of Sheffield; in carrying out his job, which he did to perfection, he entirely endeared himself to the hard-headed and warm-hearted folk of that great city.

Whether that yarn be true or not, no one loved telling a story against himself more than did the Premier Duke, and at a club to which we both belonged he would entertain a few of us with many a quiet chuckle over some recent experience.

One day at Arundel, when a party from the East End was being shown round the Castle, the Duke was espied by one old lady taking a short cut across the grass. "Nah then," she shouted, "you come orf o' that; it's the likes o' you that gets the likes o' hus kept aht o' these 'ere plices."

He told me another story. An incident at a coronation—I forget which, but at any rate there were a series of mayors present, some from the county of Yorkshire.

After the ceremony proper was over and the King and Queen had left the Abbey, scarlet cords were run round the thrones and the company made its way slowly towards the doors. A Gold Staff officer, on turning round, found a somewhat stout and rubicund figure with a mayoral chain round its neck, under one of the scarlet cords. It was, incidentally, the figure of a mayor who had wandered under, sat on the throne, and was making his way out. The Gold Stick, however, thought he was going in, and said to him, "My friend,

you must not go in there." Whereupon His Worship turned up a smiling face and said, "Young man, tha'art too laate—ah've done it."

Although the Duke possessed the very opposite of a commanding presence and was utterly careless in the matter of dress, on State occasions, as Earl Marshal of England, he bore himself with great dignity.

At Repton my Housemaster was J. H. Gurney, a member, I believe, of the well-known banking family. He was a long man with a red beard, and in Cambridge days had acquired fame at the high jump. Running a School House was for him a form of hobby; to most people it would doubtless connote a great deal more toil than pleasure, but Gurney appeared to enjoy it, and was a kindly and considerate pedagogue.

The House was new and well built; it possessed a swimming-pool, squash court, and other amenities unusual in those days.

Placed almost half-way between Derby and Burton, Repton is a sizeable village dominated entirely by the School, which dates from the Middle Ages. As Repandunum, in ancient days it was the capital of Mercia. One of the Houses, the Priory, is a fine old building, and the village church possesses a graceful spire which is a landmark for miles. In the summer term we used to swim in the River Trent, which was about a mile away, and a very pleasant stream.

I was caught fairly early for the choir, for I possessed a reasonably good soprano voice, any excellence of which utterly disappeared when it broke. I recollect tackling various solos in the school chapel, 'O for the Wings of a Dove' being my most vivid memory, possibly because of the high ceiling to which it ascended.

To the average schoolboy the outstanding weeks of the year are, of course, the holidays—and mine, if entirely normal, were very happy ones; amusements were simpler, and life on the whole not so complicated as it has become in later years. How good seemed those carefree days by the sea; exciting hours on my old friend 'Tatters' with a neighbouring pack, or out with my first gun.

Before safety-bicycles appeared I was the proud owner of a three-wheeler, and celebrated the arrival of the gift by riding to Doncaster and back on a hot summer day, an effort I still vividly remember, for the solid-built tricycle, on equally solid rubber tyres, required a lot of boy-power to propel it up Yorkshire hills.

It was on the top of one of these hills many a year later that I heard of a not unamusing local encounter. On a very dark night, up toiled a large lorry towards the summit. Out flashed a policeman's lantern followed by a raucous challenge, "'Ere, wheer's tail light?" Down came the old driver and slowly walked to the back of his truck, and then with emphasis rapped out the reply, "Damn tail light, wheer's trailer!"

Of our neighbours, one of the happiest old men I ever remember, well over half-a-century ago, was a dear old man who lived in a minute cottage near us at home.

He could neither read nor write, though he used to tell us that "Me fayther were a grand old man who could read a newspaper and knew what 'e were readin'." There was, however, little in Nature that old Henry Marshall did

not know. With a microscopic wage, his little cottage was always the acme of neatness, and his tiny garden ablaze with flowers.

On a Sunday evening the old man, in his well-worn, well-washed smock, would welcome us children as he sat by the porch in his favourite chair and held forth on gardening and philosophy. "Yes, I'm getting on," he would tell us, "but I've had a grand life, and I've nothing whatever to grumble at."

Again, how good was Christmas at home; a white Christmas of the old-fashioned kind, in the midst of a cheery family. There were five of us altogether, three girls and two boys.

Bob, who was the youngest—his real name was Bernard—was a first-rate youngster, and throughout our grown-up years has been a lifelong pal.

Before the last war he made a tour of the Empire, and fell in love with New Zealand, an easy thing to do. Finishing the war as Colonel-in-Command of the Defences of Western London, he then settled in that delightful Dominion, and at Storth Oaks, in Auckland, I have spent happy hours with him; I should be still happier if our respective islands were not quite so far apart.

Floss, the first of the three girls, mothered the tribe a little and undoubtedly spoilt her elder brother; of a happy, optimistic disposition, she is one of the most unselfish and generous souls I know. Edith, who came next, was a most lovable lass, and a loyal friend; always delicate, she seemed gradually to fade away, and died at an early age.

My youngest sister Winnie, was, and is, the possessor of an excellent brain. A bright, golden-haired youngster, she later went up to Girton, and, in due course, took a good Honours Degree. But there was never anything of the Blue Stocking about her.

The five of us usually collected in addition a few youthful boisterous guests to help in making the welkin ring—whatever the welkin may be!

One contingent of visitors capable of rousing any welkin, which was always welcomed with enthusiasm on Christmas Day, was the fine brass band of the Sheffield Police.

Their visit usually coincided with a mealtime; after the compliments of the season had been duly honoured they settled down round the hall, a goodly crowd of them, and crashed out Christmas hymns and carols till the very chandeliers vibrated!

But the visitors could soft pedal too; in fact they were a first-rate Yorkshire brass band, and that meant, and means, much.

My native county has always been well to the fore with its bands, as it has with its massed choirs, and can usually hold its own against the hottest competition. At the first National Eisteddfodd I ever attended my soul rejoiced when, against all the talent of the musical Principality as well as other alien contestants, the judges could do no other than award the premier prize for choral singing to an all-conquering choir from Huddersfield.

I was, and still am, always ready to try anything new, and one day, when on holiday in London, read an advertisement of a new form of skate which could be used on the roads. Although our part of the world could hardly be described as suitable for this form of sport, I fell to the lure of the advertisement; on my way to St. Pancras, with but few minutes to spare, I picked up a pair after an

assurance from the salesman, who had hastily measured my boot, that they were a perfect fit.

The luncheon car in which I secured a seat at one end contained only a couple of additional passengers, one in the middle, and the other, a fussy-looking little man with a brief pointed beard, at the opposite end.

As there was at least half-an-hour to go before luncheon I couldn't resist opening my package to inspect the gleaming metal skates with their large rubber-tyred wheels, complete with brakes, together with solid supports which ran up about knee-high.

After getting them out, the next stage was, of course, trying them on; then it seemed fairly logical to carry out a test by standing up, to prove that the general fit was entirely comfortable. This I did very cautiously, with one hand on the table, and the other seeking for the rack above.

So far all had gone according to plan—and then the unexpected happened. The train swung violently round a curve, which didn't seem to upset the steward who chose that very moment to come in from the other end with a plate of soup for the bearded gentleman.

But it utterly upset me! My hand was wrenched from the table, the other failed to grasp the rack, or anything else, and I shot down that alleyway at breathless speed, finishing on top of the steward, plus the soup, they in turn entirely obliterating my unfortunate and rightly furious fellow traveller. No, those road skates were not a success.

Holidays here and abroad gave me a good working knowledge of my native land, as well as a considerable part of the Continent, and if my knowledge of foreign tongues was not all it should have been, shyness has never been my weak point. In later years I have been glad of this, for it has fallen to my lot to have visited many foreign lands with delegations from home, frequently as shepherd of the flock, and I've usually been brave enough, or sufficiently rash, to adventure a speech or two in the language of the country. Doubtless I delivered these harangues with a distressingly obvious English accent, but our hosts have ever been more than genial, as well as most encouraging, and it has always seemed worth while to have made the effort. If the language tackled was one not usually in an Englishman's repertoire, the welcome was even more enthusiastic.

Before journeying forth in the world I needed no persuasion to put in the time required at one of our ancient seats of learning, and of the two I had no hesitation in choosing that which I hoped would accept me.

With two or three good friends I made my way to Oxford, and to the College which was to be our home for a good part of the next few years; then, having succeeded in placating the examiners, both University and Collegiate, we appeared the following October Term as young, raw, and expectant Freshmen.

CHAPTER II

Fleeting Memories of Oxford

FOUR of the happiest years of my life were passed at Oxford; I love every stick and stone of the old place, and although admitting that there are many other great universities in this country, in the Dominions, in the United States, and in foreign lands, a large number of which I am privileged to know, I share the feeling of most of my Oxford friends, as to exactly the position in which we place our Alma Mater.

Coming down from the general to the particular, I share also the sentiment that no college is more attractive than one's own. I was at Worcester, which is not one of the larger colleges. There are many with more magnificent buildings, with heavier rent rolls, and with more glamorous history, but there is not one with finer gardens, nor with an atmosphere of more homely comfort.

Within our own ring fence are now comprised our sports grounds, an area which, in my day, consisted of a large and somewhat swampy field; an attractive little lake, dividing the gardens from the football and cricket grounds, affords as beautiful a view as any which even Oxford possesses.

I went up in '92 and took my degree in '96, covering the central period of the so-called 'Naughty 'Nineties'. I do not recollect that they were particularly naughty; doubtless they lacked some of the pace of today, but there were compensations, such, for instance, as far as concerned the parental pocket, an almost negligible income-tax. The lorry and the motor-car were not then roaring down the 'High', and although I am the last to disparage the advantages of the internal combustion engine and enjoy driving a car as much as most (it was during my last year at Oxford that I drove my first car), those four years were spent in what was certainly a more quiet and peaceful Oxford at a period when perhaps we had greater opportunities for enjoying University life than is the case today. Quite recently I received an invitation for the weekend from a well-known Regius Professor, who very kindly put me up at All Souls, in rooms overlooking the 'High', but I found sleep very difficult because of the never-ending roar of motor vehicles immediately below. What a contrast was this to the days when I was up, when only the occasional 'clop-clop' of a horse's hoofs, together with the inoffensive swish of a few passing bicycles, broke the silence of the night.

Oxford's life was concentrated in Oxford, whereas today, when a car of sorts is within the means of so many undergraduates, those undergraduates are liable to scatter at frequent intervals to all points of the compass.

Oxford has grown since World War I. Some of the colleges, including my own, have almost doubled their numbers, though even today the University is not a large one, being considerably behind Cambridge, and, of course, far behind the University of London as far as numbers are concerned.

Our Provost in the 'Nineties was solidly-built, bearded William Inge, father of the not-so-gloomy Dean, who, if I remember rightly, was a Cambridge man, but was very often to be met with in his father's College. Our Dean, Henry, afterwards Sir Henry Hadow, was a brilliant all-rounder, equally effective at classics, logic or philosophy, and one of the greatest musicians in the country.

Hadow I remember as a tall, slightly built figure, always in a hurry, with a high intellectual forehead, and an even higher voice.

His talks were packed with interest and erudition.

As the College clock struck the hour, he would sweep into a lecture-room, with his M.A. gown floating behind him, and his high-pitched delivery in full spate, in immediate continuation of his last lecture. For the next sixty minutes we were treated to a torrent of well-chosen words, and then out swept Hadow, rounding up the hour's talk as he vanished through the door.

As a College Dean he was admirable, kindly, businesslike, and concise.

On leaving Oxford he went to Newcastle, and was afterwards Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University. In later years Sir Henry Hadow assisted the Government in many directions as far as education was concerned, and when he was in London my wife and I used to see a great deal of him, and were both his devoted admirers.

The Bursar, a most picturesque and charming old gentleman named Daniel, with a long white beard, succeeded Dr. Inge as Provost, but in my day was the very deservedly popular Bursar. He and his wife, artists to the fingertips, possessed two small daughters, Rachel and Ruth, by colour platinum blondes, by nature delightful little imps in skirts. During one summer term I was enrolled in some managerial capacity when *Alice in Wonderland* was performed on a stage in the College gardens. Rachel, incidentally, made a most delicious Alice, and Ruth, if I recollect rightly, was the Dormouse. Paul Rubens, afterwards the composer of many popular light operas, was a great success as the March Hare, while Tweedledum and Tweedledee were perfectly played by the late Sir Nigel Playfair and Lord Donoughmore, then Lord Suirdale. But perhaps the outstanding interest in that production was the help we received from no less a person than the great Lewis Carroll himself, then an elderly don at Christ Church; it had been my good fortune to meet, during my very first term at Oxford, this wonderfully picturesque and whimsical figure.

We were, as I have previously stated, only a small College, and those of us who were any good at games had to pull our weight in all we could, either dry or wet. My activities in the wet line took me no further than many a happy hour in punt or canoe on the Isis or Cher, although in the College regatta I did once stroke a football eight to victory; but lest this should be considered anything of a performance I must in fairness add that there were only two eights in, and the other boat ran into a bank. We very nearly followed suit, for during most of the race I was bandying words with the cox, a dear fellow called Priestley, who was a handy lad in the Rugger team, but not so good in the stern of a boat; incidentally, he was Lord of the Manor of Bethgelert in picturesque Snowdonia, where dwelt the faithful hound of the famous poem.

Priestley, or Praggers, as we called him, was a great pal of mine, but alas lost his life at a very early age steeplechasing.

I did my little best at all the dry sports, and well do I remember one wonderful evening in Hall when the various compositions of the teams were being made up, for I was elected captain of the Tennis Six, as well as captain of the Soccer team. I left the Hall that evening feeling that I was just about the King's eldest brother. There are no later triumphs in life to equal those little triumphs of one's early years. At that time our cricket and football grounds were a long way from the College, and we used to look enviously at that large swampy field across the lake; again and again the discussion arose with regard to draining it, and eventually this plan was put into operation. It was our good friend Hadow who gave us the lead, and those of us who were then captains of the different teams did what we could to support him. Of course, it took time to raise the funds and carry out the task, and it was not until some years after I had gone down that Worcester College enjoyed the advantage of possessing its own athletic grounds within its College boundary.

And it was almost a quarter of a century later that I had my first chance of hitting a ball on the erstwhile swampy field. When up for a College 'gaudy', I happened to meet my distant successor, at that time captain of the tennis team who, upon learning that I had occupied his position years before, told me of Worcester's progress. The result of our pleasant chat was that I accepted his challenge to bring down a House of Commons team to play against the College during the summer term. The date was fixed; my scratch team mustered, and a great day we had. I brought along—again writing from memory—Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, a brilliant fellow and a dear friend, now no longer with us; Sir Harold Smith, a charming companion, and devoted brother to the redoubtable 'F. E.'; Sir George Hamilton, Sir George Bowyer, now Lord Denham, and Sir Leslie Wilson—later Governor of Bombay, followed by fourteen years as Governor of Queensland.

It was a grand match, with just a touch of bad luck, for one of my team twisted his knee when leading by a set; notwithstanding this, we only lost by the odd point, which was not bad, for we were individually at least twice the age of our respective opponents. In addition to this they were an excellent working team, while we for our part had never played together before. But we enjoyed every minute of the day, the College welcomed us in the most hospitable manner, and we thought that the least we could do was to invite the six to dine at the House of Commons.

The invitation was immediately and eagerly accepted, and a week or two later a very merry gathering of a dozen took place in one of the smaller private dining-rooms at the House. Our young opponents certainly did themselves very well; I remember one of them—a Rhodes Scholar—towards the end of the meal turning round to me and solemnly remarking, "I am not quite sure whether the House of Commons is going round Big Ben, or Big Ben round the House of Commons, but gee, sir, they are both going round me!"

How quickly years at Oxford seemed to fly! During that very first term as a Freshman, when one had more or less begun to feel one's feet, it was grand to think, "Well, here I am with four splendid years before me, time to do such

oceans of things"; then almost in a flash came that day at the Sheldonian, when, with fond and proud relatives looking down, we each received our hood of black silk and white rabbit-skin, and realized that our days as undergraduates were over.

My first three years were spent in College in beautiful rooms (three of them I had), but I believe the undergraduate of today does not enjoy quite so much space for the reason that there are so many more of him. My rooms looked across the Quad upon what are called the Old Cottages, and beyond and beside them, over our lovely College garden. Immediately underneath my windows flourished a solid, dark-green tree—a yew I believe it was. One afternoon a pal of mine chased me upstairs and into my rooms; arriving about two yards ahead I 'sporting my oak' (that is, pulled behind me the solid outside door), and left him murmuring. I then heard him clutter down the stone stairs and, having armed myself with a lemonade siphon, rushed to the window to give him a parting shot as he appeared from beneath the yew. In due course a mortar-board emerged, and I succeeded in putting in an absolute bull's-eye with the help of the siphon. The mortar-board immediately tilted back, and to my horror I saw the well-directed stream of lemonade strike right in the centre of the bearded face of the worthy Dr. Inge. This was particularly awkward, for only three or four days before it had been brought home to me that the Provost's letter-box was no place for a live rat, even if its possessor happened to have no better home for it.

I suppose Dons have to put up with a good deal, but on the other hand I have always considered their life a wondrously happy one provided that the individual is cut out for it. They seem so far away from the ordinary worries of this hectic and hustling world. They enjoy the companionship of intelligent friends in almost perfect surroundings. They have ample time for reading or research, with all available facilities, and, for those who care to do so, plenty of time in the Long Vacations to visit foreign lands. The life must certainly suit them, for years seem to sit very lightly on some of these benign gentlemen.

A college which, like our own, possessed very fine gardens was St. John's, and here in the summer a somewhat unusual form of exercise took place, namely that of archery, sponsored by a body known as the St. John's Toxophilite Society. This archery club, which was, I believe, a very old one, was also the fortunate possessor of some magnificent silver sconce-pots, and such-wise. The story ran that when the rest of Oxford melted its silver down for the Stuart cause the leaders of the Toxophilite Society, doubtless being Puritans, buried theirs in the gardens. Anyway, it was fine silver, and there seemed to be much of it.

Now the exercise of shooting with the bow was preceded by a very splendid luncheon, in the course of which punch of considerable strength and variety duly circulated in these ancient sconce-pots, after which we adjourned to the garden to try our skill on the targets. It was a glorious day in June when I made my appearance for the first time as a guest of the Archers.

As far as I remember, none of my hosts was particularly skilful, but I was an absolute novice with a bow and arrow, and not only did not once hit the centre of the target, which I believe is known as the gold, but I never even got so far as hitting the target itself. The arrows—more or less blunt-headed

affairs—travelled of course at a rare pace and when failing to strike the target hit the ground with a fairish 'whack', and should, presumably, have stayed there. It had been, however, a hot and dry summer, and the ground was so hard that my arrows invariably finished their flight with a hop or two and then a lengthy skid. Just as I was loosing off my last a party of Americans made their way through the old arch into the gardens, headed by a high-spirited, high-stepping American girl. She blithely trotted forward, but unhappily stepped into my arrow which, on its first bounce, got her good and hard in the calf. Up she went into the air with a very effective shriek, then collapsed. Terrified at the result of my rotten shot I dropped the bow, rushed over to the poor girl, whom I picked up in my arms, saw that her leg was bleeding a bit, and ran her off to the rooms we had lately left.

Here I soon bathed the wound, which luckily was but a slight one, and put on an amateur bandage. It was an odd way to meet a stranger, but that very charming American girl, together with the rest of her family, became very great friends of mine. They stayed at Oxford for several days, and I had the greatest possible pleasure in showing them what I knew of the old city. As a matter of fact my pals used to look upon me as rather a good guide. I adored the old place, loved taking people round, and long before the end of my second year I knew almost every nook and corner of nearly every college, as well as all the University buildings; it always seemed odd to me that so many men could go through their three or four years and yet, outside their own college, know so little of the rest of the University.

I remember one day sitting with some friends in rooms at Exeter. They were entertaining an American who had come across to see one of Oxford's greatest treasures, the King Alfred Jewel, in the Ashmolean Museum. He was talking most eloquently about this wondrous find, adding that he had crossed the Atlantic specially to see it, and was hoping to go into the Ashmolean as soon as lunch was over. The owner of the rooms asked me what was King Alfred's Jewel, and where was the Ashmolean; he was surprised to learn that the Ashmolean adjoined Exeter and that the famous jewel was but a few feet beyond the east wall of his rooms, which he had honoured by a residence of at least a year-and-a-half.

THE BIRTH OF ZEEBRÜGGE

During the month of August 1895 about *half-a-dozen of us from Oxford* made our way to Belgium for what we had intended should be a 'Reading Party'.

Unfortunately, a goodly proportion of our books somehow went astray at Ostend. We did not let this upset us unduly, and came to the conclusion that, finding ourselves in Belgium, the best thing to do would be to see something of the country.

This we did, putting in a pleasant three or four weeks at various places between the coast and the Ardennes, finishing up at a charming little spot, named Bouillon.

In comparing costs with the prices of today, it is interesting to recall out-of-pocket expenses in 1895. At Bouillon we stayed at a little hostelry, by name, Hôtel de la Poste, beside the River Semois, while towering above us was the picturesque Castle of Godefroy de Bouillon, a mighty stronghold, often attacked in other days, but never taken by force of arms.

At this delightful inn I had the room occupied by Napoleon III after the Battle of Sedan. For me, it was a comfortable room, whatever it may have been for Napoleon. The cuisine was first-rate, both luncheon and dinner being of a quality to satisfy the most critical undergraduate. In addition, trout-fishing in the Semois was included. Total cost four francs a day, the franc then being worth 10*d.* So there we were, in the lap of comfort, if not of luxury, at an expenditure of 3*s.* 4*d.* a day.

We were in Bruges when a very interesting event took place, particularly in view of the fame which later was associated with the name Zeebrugge.

For years past, the Fathers of Bruges had been intent on making the old city a port and, I believe, for almost seventy years a club, the Cercle Cecilia, had been in existence to carry through a Bill for connecting Bruges with the sea, by means of a seven or eight mile canal. On August 21 rumour began to circulate that, at long last, this Bill might pass the Chamber of Deputies, so transforming Bruges into a *Porte de Mer* and a possible rival of Antwerp.

At 5.10 the following afternoon the long-expected message arrived and Bruges at once went wild with delight. Cannon were fired, the Great Bell was rung and, in almost less time than it takes to describe it, the city was literally draped with the red, yellow and black of Belgium.

Determined to join in on the celebrations we made our way to the City Hall, and I was deputed by my colleagues to make what arrangements I could on their behalf.

Accordingly, into the hall I went, and assured the Chief Magistrate that we were a small party of English journalists who had been in Ostend and, in expectation of the great news, had come over to his city to write an account for the English Press.

The old Civic Chief expressed himself as delighted, presented me with a large black, red and yellow rosette, together with one for each of my colleagues, invited us to accompany him to the station to greet the Governor of Western Flanders, and then take part in the subsequent banquet.

All worked out, not merely according to plan, but to plan plus! Our rosettes at once admitted us on to the platform, where we stood, on either side of a red carpet, surrounded by highly excited Fathers of the City.

In due course came in the special train, bedecked with Belgian flags; out stepped the Governor amidst huge cheers. We followed him to his carriage, which was at once surrounded by happy, enthusiastic citizens, and bouquets were presented from all sides.

Having handed over as many bouquets as we thought the carriage could hold, we kept one each and, so decorated, walked along on each side of the carriage—through the crowds—to the headquarters of the Cercle Cecilia; here the banquet was to take place, in a room overlooking the Grande Place, the centre of festivities.

By a coincidence the same night happened to be the Queen's birthday, which gave even additional zest to the proceedings.

We had a wonderful reception from our Belgian friends, who cheered us heartily and sang 'God Save the Queen' for our edification.

Whether the fountains ran wine, I don't recollect, but there was certainly no lack of it and, at a very early hour in the morning, I remember making a speech, in quite unhesitating French, however alien the accent might have been, to a huge and happy crowd assembled in the Grande Place.

It was about 4 a.m. before we thought of turning in after as festal a night as could be desired. It is also but fair to add that I did write an account for the British Press, and, what is even more, it was duly published. I believe each of my colleagues made a similar successful effort.

That, then, was the birth of Zeebrugge in 1895. Twelve years later, in 1907, the port was formally opened by King Leopold.

MY THIRD YEAR

One year at Oxford we had a famous long spell of frost which lasted throughout almost the whole of the Easter term. When we went up in January the College lake was already covered with ice several inches thick. We decided to give a gymkhana, which was hastily arranged, the lake illuminated, a little orchestra engaged, and requisite refreshments ordered. Guests from other colleges, together with their women friends, poured in, and the gynikhana was voted such a success that an encore was demanded, with the additional request that we should 'throw the party' as rapidly as possible before the thaw came. The thaw, however, refused to come, and although these repeated parties certainly thawed rather a hole in our pockets, they were well worth every penny they cost.

One evening I was skating round the lake with a young lady, Miss Holland, whose father, the learned Professor of International Law, had written a standard work thereon. By a coincidence I happened to be asking Miss Holland something about her father, for I was reading Law, when a little gentleman who was trying some sort of outside-edge-backwards suddenly cannoned into us, fell over and nearly upset us in turn. When we had recovered our balance, Miss Holland, unperturbed, pointing to the figure at our feet, quietly replied: "There's Father!"

During my third year at Oxford I reached the mature age of twenty-one and, in perhaps the only diary I managed to keep up for almost the whole year, am reminded of the joyous times we had.

A presentation from my father's workmen, a grand lot of Sheffielders, at a gay and very musical dinner, preceded a ball at the old Cutlers' Hall in Sheffield, to which were bidden as large a contingent of my Oxford friends as we were able to put up and put out. As the Christmas vacation was on, they arrived from all parts of the country; various hansoms wound their way up from the local stations, in more than one instance with an undergraduate or two on the top, and the driver contentedly tucked up inside.

LAW TUTORS AT OXFORD

In my days at Oxford, those reading Law were very fortunate in the galaxy of talent among the Professors—Regius or otherwise—whose lectures were available. We had such great authorities as Sir William Anson, Warden of All Souls, and author of a standard work on Contracts; other famous Fellows of All Souls being Professor A. V. Dicey, as well as James (later Viscount) Bryce, while for International Law we had Professor T. E. Holland.

My own particular college Law Tutor, by name Pottinger, was an amazing-looking old gentleman, all bent up, and grey-bearded. He was an odd and lonely figure, and used to wear a long, loose overcoat; whatever its original colour, in the course of years it had turned into a sort of musty grey-green, and was held together by buttons which were said to have been worn by the first batch of volunteers in the days of the Crimean War.

This dear old gentleman used to wander down every morning to feed the swans on Worcester College lake, each of the pockets of the grey-green coat being filled to the brim with bread. Most of his time was passed in the College library, but he had rooms in John Street, lined with books from floor to ceiling, and lit with a couple of candles. Sometimes I used to go and look him up in the evening, to find him feeding on a concoction known as gruel.

Notwithstanding his odd appearance he was one of the kindest of men, a wonderful companion, and a cyclopaedia of knowledge when at length one got to know him and he allowed himself to expand.

My Senior Examiner in Law, who afterwards became a very close friend, was Dr. Prankerd. He finished up my *viva-voce* by solemnly remarking: "Let me congratulate you on one thing: you possess to an amazing degree the capacity to hide up how little you know on this particular subject." Then shaking me by the hand he roared with laughter.

I had various kinds of dogs at Oxford, but my favourite was a bulldog, an adorable golden bulldog, as intelligent as he was adorable. 'Bill' his name was, and he became so popular he was generally known as 'Worcester Bill', and was often photographed with the various College teams. Dogs, of course, were not officially allowed in College, but 'Worcester Bill' was an occasional exception, and always behaved perfectly. He was, however, in no way so famous as an earlier Bill, which belonged to Oriel.

Bill of Oriel was a grand bulldog, brindled and white, and the most independent animal I have ever known. He was in residence when I came up, and had, I believe, been left by some old Oriel man to the College when his master went down. At any rate, Oriel Bill used to do a regular tour of Oxford, and was always to be found at one place for lunch and at another for dinner. The leading hosteleries were the places he frequented, and he was welcome everywhere.

After refreshment he would saunter down the Corn, or the High, and should he come across any little spot of trouble between other dogs, he would quietly walk up to them; one look from Oriel Bill was usually quite sufficient. Our really doggy man at Worcester was one Rosslyn Bruce, who always had dogs, birds, and other varieties of fauna around him. There was nothing

Bruce could not do with his creatures, who one and all appeared to adore him, and he to understand them. His rooms would have been a credit to any zoo.

Some of the best of friends are made at Oxford, and although it is now more than '40 years on', I am glad to think that there are still many contemporaries who are friends of mine today. Two of whom I saw a great deal were Bertie Ingram—now Sir Herbert—and his brother Bruce. Bruce Ingram, who has been for many a year Editor of the *Illustrated London News*, is in my humble opinion the greatest editor in the world of this type of newspaper. Their father, Sir William Ingram, who gave me my first job, had a delightful, rambling house known as 'The Bungalow', at Westgate-on-Sea, where I spent many a happy day. Later he built a wonderful villa on the point of Roquebrune, in the South of France, which some years afterwards he and Lady Ingram very kindly lent to my bride and myself for part of our honeymoon.

LONG VACATIONS IN NORWAY

In our Oxford days Sir William also had a yacht, a jolly little steam yacht called the *Osprey*. This he very generously handed over to Bertie and Bruce, and to any friends they cared to ask, for each Long Vacation. I was fortunate enough to be one of their guests throughout each of those happy holidays.

During our first three Long Vacations we took the *Osprey* up to Norway, which glorious country we explored in sections, visiting practically every fjord from Stavanger to the Arctic. Our last trip we spent cruising about among the Channel Islands, and along the north coast of France.

Since those days I have often visited Norway for ski-ing, as well as paying occasional visits to Oslo and elsewhere, but my memory of those wondrous fjords still dates from happy holidays in Oxford days; although that memory is now a trifle blurred, it was a wonderfully peaceful Norway as I recall it, with neither cars nor char-a-bancs, nor hordes of rubber-neck tourists constantly decanted at beauty spots from dozens of giant cruising liners.

Aboard the *Osprey* we were a very happy party of five or six, with a crew of about the same number: in Norway we picked up a grand old pilot, a broad-shouldered Viking with a great golden beard, who might have been some seafaring replica of Odin or Thor. He had some strange expressions, and his English was always a joy. One day, right up in the North, we were off an island where we heard there were bears, so a couple of us armed with rifles went ashore in the dinghy to try our luck. The parting words of the pilot were: "If you meet bear, you be sure to kill bear, for he very cross if you not kill him."

I caught my first salmon in the course of one of those trips. Sir William Ingram's brother, Charles, had the fishing on the river Flaam, that flows into the beautiful Aurlands Fjord, itself at the terminus of the larger Sogne Fjord; here was the little village of Fretheim, off which we anchored. It was indeed a gorgeous region with great perpendicular cliffs some five or six thousand

feet high, on either side of the fjord, into which flowed this turbulent glacier river tumbling down from the eternal snows.

I knew nothing whatsoever about salmon-fishing—not that I know much now—but I was as keen as an otter, and had my first lessons from a delightful old gillie who rejoiced in the nickname of ‘Duffer’. How he got the name I don’t know, for he certainly knew his job. From him I learnt something of what fly to use and more or less how to cast; then one wonderful day I not only saw my fish, but by a still more wonderful piece of luck dropped the fly gently on the water, just where it looked good to him. I was out on a rock six feet or more from the bank; there was a silver flash, the line tightened, and I may have realized that I had slipped into a few feet of water, and very cold water at that, but I was so thrilled I don’t believe I noticed it, every ounce of attention I possessed being on that fish. I was, of course, far too excited to do the right thing at the right time, and if it had not been for Duffer I should certainly never have landed that salmon. However, at the end of about twenty delirious minutes I got him close to the bank; Duffer made no mistake about the gaffing, and the fish was mine. I was the proudest being on any bank of any stream in any section of the world at that moment, and that fish was duly weighed, photographed and admired—at any rate by me—and eventually eaten by all of us.

I hesitate to mention the weight, for in this matter fishermen sometimes err, but this I can say, although no record for a Norwegian river, that first salmon was entirely satisfactory to the raw amateur who had been fortunate enough to land him.

I am always ready, on any excuse, to go up to Oxford, and have eagerly accepted each invitation to attend a College ‘gaudy’; my only sorrow is that they are not more numerous.

THE OXFORD SOCIETY

After visits to the United States as well as to most of the Dominions years ago, I suggested, on more than one occasion, that there should be some form of Alumni Society, to bring together past and present Oxford men, and no one was more delighted than I when the late Lord Grey gave the lead in this direction, and the Oxford Society was formed. I received a little message from Lord Grey, perhaps one of the last he ever sent, inviting me as one who knew the newspaper world fairly well, both at home and overseas, to give a helping hand on a small committee of two, with Barrington Ward of *The Times* as my colleague. Our first job was to try to discover some of the thousands of Oxford men and women who had passed through the University, but whose names were no longer on the books; our second to get in touch with papers overseas not only to help us in that direction, but also to broadcast the fact that an Oxford Society was being formed.

I eagerly accepted my part of this task and my requests were carried out in full measure and with the greatest kindness by the editors-in-chief and proprietors of the great overseas newspapers to whom I wrote. The Oxford Society, I am glad to say, soon became a most flourishing institution, and

until the Second World War called a halt to progress, was growing from strength to strength. I have been a guest at various of its gatherings, and learnt (for instance, in some of the great provincial towns) how great a pleasure it gave to Oxford men and women to meet one another at these different functions.

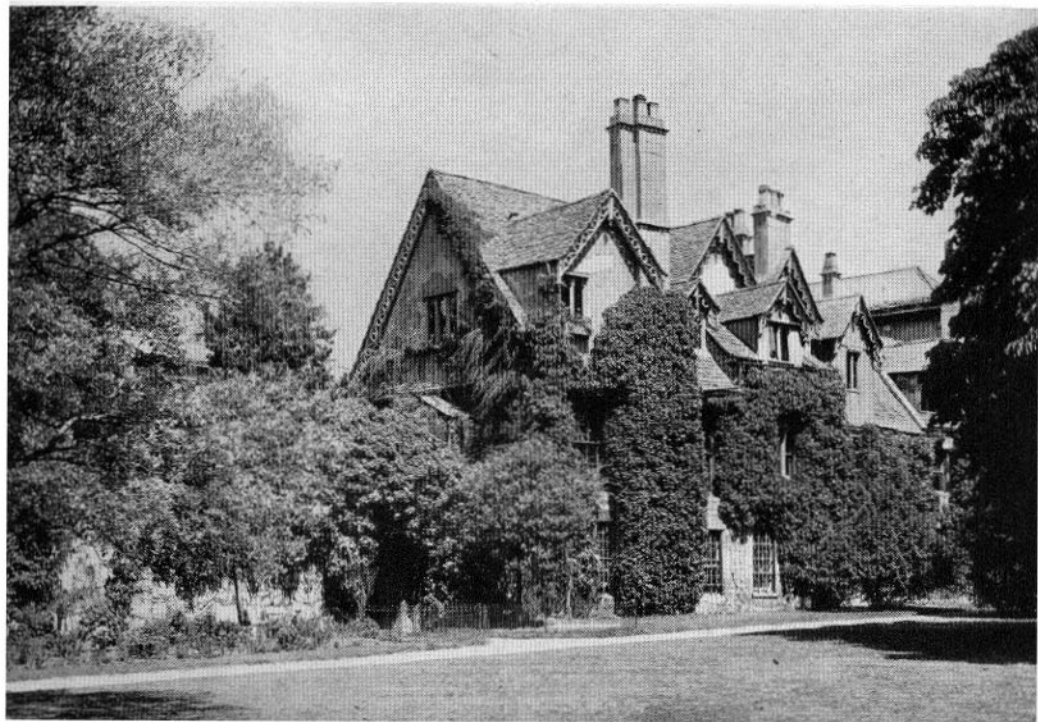
There are, of course, in other parts of the world, as well as in London, Oxford and Cambridge Clubs, and not so long ago I was privileged to be the guest at one of these in a great northern city, my task being to respond for Oxford, while the Bishop of the Diocese replied for Cambridge. The gathering of a couple of hundred applauded my suggestion that we, as Oxford and Cambridge men, should not waste our time in attempting to argue as to the respective merits of our rival Universities, but mutually agree that there was nothing in the world to equal either of them.

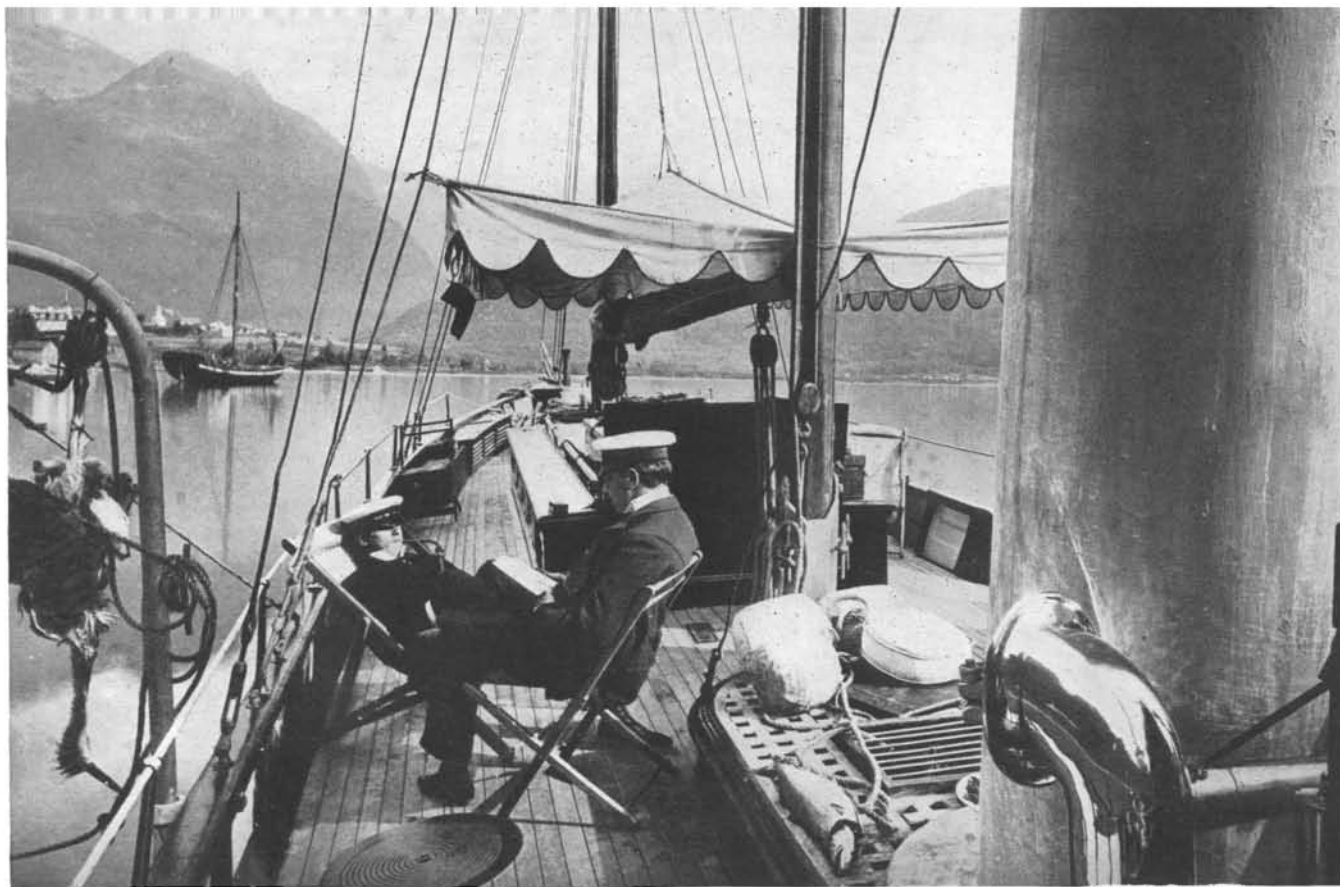


"THE HIGH", OXFORD, FIFTY YEARS AGO

[Photos by the Author]

A CORNER OF WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE OLD COTTAGES





[Photo by the Author]

ABOARD S.Y. "OSPREY" IN NORWAY, 1895. IN FOREGROUND CAPTAIN BRUCE INGRAM, M.C.
(TOGETHER WITH THE AUTHOR'S FIRST SALMON)

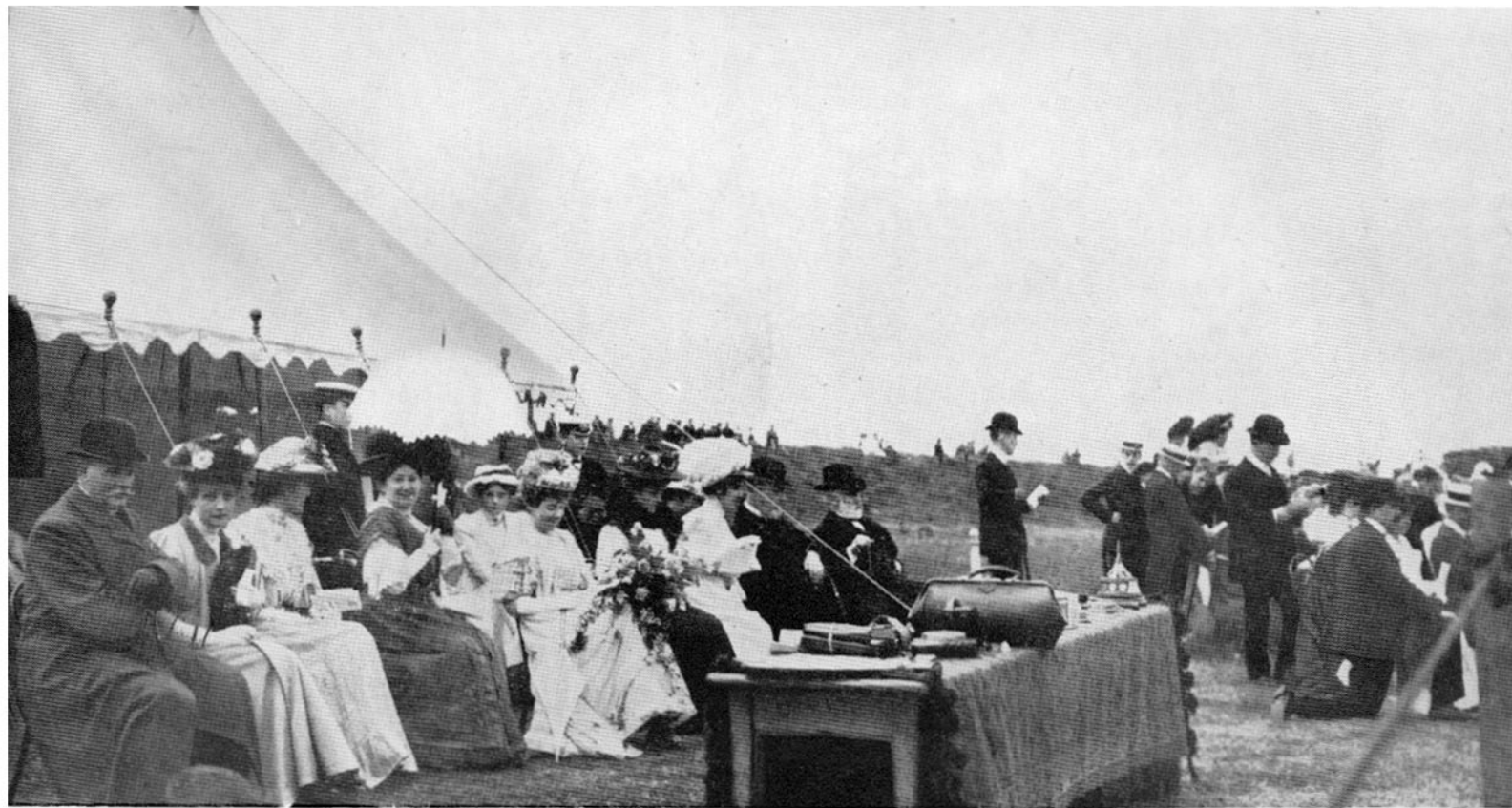


ALIDA ON OUR WEDDING DAY
(A MINIATURE BY CURION OF ROME)

LA VIGIE, OUR HONEYMOON PARADISE

[Photo by the Author]





ALIDA'S FIRST PRIZE-GIVING

[Photo by the Author]

CHAPTER III

My Brief Career at the Bar

AMONG my best friends I count many lawyers—solicitors, barristers, and judges—but the Law as a profession has never made any appeal to me. There are, I admit, few gatherings of men with whom one can spend a happier evening than at a circuit mess, or at any other place where barristers forgather. They are keen, entertaining companions, but the mere sight of the average set of Chambers gives me the shivers, for I have always loathed the idea of sitting still waiting for work to come to me, instead of going out to hustle for it.

However, to the Bar I was duly called, but with no intention of practising. At Oxford, where I had to select some honour school, I was persuaded that it was always useful to know a little Law; incidentally, it was hinted that Law was not the hardest of the schools, so I took up the school of Law.

At the end of my first term some friend threw out the suggestion of my being called to the Bar, which left me unthrilled, until the mention of eating dinners cropped up, with the parallel information that this ceremony meant three days in London each term. Now, that struck me as being a very good idea, and so my name was duly put down as a student of the Inner Temple, and the dinners in due course were eaten.

After the Oxford Finals were over, together with the glorious four years at the dear old place which I, with many another, consider the greatest University in the world, several of my friends said to me: "You may just as well complete the job; go through the Bar Final and get called."

One or two old pals of mine, as well as one or two Cambridge friends, were reading with some crammers, by name Indermaur and Thwaites, in Chancery Lane, so there I wandered and had a talk with one of the principals as to the length of time required, and a six months' course was suggested.

When, however, I had been at this place a couple of days I found that there was an examination a fortnight later; so I told Mr. Thwaites that I was going to have a shot at it. Whereupon, assuming a dignified mien, he told me not to be an ass, as I should bring no credit either to myself or to his firm. My reply was that it could hardly be put down as discreditable if I took a toss after only a fortnight's effort, and so put in my name. I don't think I ever worked so hard in my life as I did during that fortnight, and I made use of a memory system, which I believe in a way was a prelude to later systems, and was the invention of a Monsieur Loissette. In it, by means of links, one could memorize such things as the working of the Habeas Corpus Act throughout history, and so on.

At the end of the fortnight I duly went in, and at the *viva-voce* examination had amazing luck (I have always been lucky at examinations). My examiner

—I believe he was Lord McNaughton, but I am writing this some forty years later—asked me three questions, and the first two were among the lengthy, half-dozen links I had memorized by means of Loiset. At the end of the second answer the old gentleman looked up at me and was good enough to congratulate me on my apparent grip of the subject, having covered, as far as he could recollect, every detail. The third question—I think he only put it for form—was a very simple one, after which he shook me by the hand and said a few very kindly things before I left. The papers covered just about every detail I knew (nothing to boast about), and my very small modicum of knowledge of the Law was extracted, with nothing left over when the last sentence had been written.

Accordingly, though not too hopeful of the result, I felt I had a sporting chance, and went away for a few days to recover from this somewhat hectic sprint. I was back just too late to see the list put up, or, for all I know, to hear the names read out, but one of my pals met me just as I was going in, shook me by both hands and told me I had pulled it off. I am bound to say that the firm were very generous in the letter they sent me, which ran to the effect that if I ever wanted a real red-hot testimonial as a rapid absorber, I could always receive it from Messrs. Indermaur and Thwaites.

In due course I was called, preparatory to which a solicitor who was an old friend of mine asked me to look him up, and after telling me that he knew I had no intention of practising at the Bar said that he had a very important case coming on, a claim for a million pounds against the then Lord Masham by some Belgian syndicate; he had briefed Sir Edward Clarke as leader, and various other distinguished Counsel, while the opponents had briefed the then Sir Rufus Isaacs and Sir Eldon Bankes. Would I like a brief? I replied that as long as I wasn't asked to say anything it seemed to me a good idea. He informed me that he would certainly look after that.

Sir Edward Clarke had a trim, stocky figure, with somewhat aggressive greyish-white mutton-chop whiskers. Quick in both speech and action, he was about this time the acknowledged leader of the Bar. Son of a London jeweller, he combined Law with Politics and eventually died at the great age of ninety.

So in due course I received a massive brief which I found somewhat difficult to understand, attended various conferences, which I understood still less, as I sat on the edge of a chair, looked at the great Sir Edward Clarke, and tried to appear intelligent.

Eventually the call night arrived, and we had an extraordinarily good evening. The case was not supposed to come on until two or three days after that, but into the Law Courts I went the following morning, made my first inspection of them bedecked in a robe, a new wig which tickled me—and rather a headache from the celebrations of the previous evening.

Settling down to size things up I was suddenly informed that a case before ours had unexpectedly broken down and that we were on; also, and worse, that although one or other of our Counsel would be in Court in the very immediate future, I had to open. I reminded my lawyer friend, as he well knew, that I had never been in a Law Court before in my life, and didn't even know how to address a judge.

However, in I had to go, and, again writing from memory, I believe the Judge was Lord Justice Mathew. Anyway, he seemed a very benign Lord Justice, and when I told him that I had only been called the previous evening, and that I hoped he would overlook any omission or commission I might be guilty of, the dear old gentleman took up the refrain and made quite a charming little speech congratulating me upon opening my career at the Bar with so important a case, and in such excellent company. I was very touched, and also relieved, when I saw enter the Court the alert form of one of our side, who knew his job so much better than I did; this enabled me to sit down, be seen and not heard. I enjoyed that case, and still more listening to the swordplay between the intellectual giants engaged on either side.

I did happen to come in once or twice, if only in quite a small way. A great part of the evidence was in French, and the interpreter on more than one occasion seemed rather to miss the meaning which he intended to convey, so I ventured to mention this to Sir Edward; he turned round with his quick, delightful smile, and said, "My boy, if you understand French well, and any of those slips are being made, you can be most useful to me." And at the end of the case I felt very proud when I was told that I had been of some use.

The case was a lengthy one and it is a terrible confession to have to make, but I cannot, to save my life, remember whether we won or lost. I do know that whoever did lose duly appealed, but I had then retired in great splendour from the Bar. I received a fee, a very nice comforting fee, and with it took over one or two of my fellow students to develop the *Entente* in Paris, a happy week being spent by all.

Sir Rufus Isaacs became Lord Reading, and a friend to whom I was devoted. One day, when he was Viceroy of India and I was his guest at Belvedere, while we were sitting together at breakfast, he began to chaff me about my short but brilliant career at the Bar, and amazed me by remembering every detail of this particular case.

EARLY YEARS IN LONDON: 1897-98-99, ETC.

My first habitation in London was a humble abode of the type known as a 'Third Floor Back', and was located in the unexciting region of Bloomsbury. Though my means were meagre, I was firmly decided after four very happy years at Oxford to make my own way, and be financially independent, however lean the next stage might be.

A year or so later, as the last century was petering out, and a little more cash was coming in, I succeeded in securing a first-rate set of residential chambers, at a more than reasonable rate, in the Inner Temple.

They were at the very end of King's Bench Walk (No. 13), overlooking the Gardens and a good mile of the river to Westminster.

From a balcony on the south side of the large sitting-room, one faced the opposite bank, and over the trees to the west lay the broad sweep of the Thames as far as the Victoria Tower and Big Ben; to these chambers one had many stairs to climb, but the view more than made up for the effort required.

In those days there were few cars on the Embankment (or anywhere else) and no noisy trams, so that one returned after the day's work to a very secluded and peaceful eyrie. Not least of the attractions were the many gorgeous sunsets, which threw into relief the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey, and turned John Burns' River of 'Liquid History' into a riot of crimson and gold.

As the set possessed a brace of bedrooms I had no lack of friends willing to share my elevated home, and for some time took in a quiet young man named Corbet, my more robustious friends being reserved for occasional meals.

Corbet came from Shropshire, where that ancient family has been since the year dot, the original Corbet arriving here as William's Standard-bearer. A somewhat original Corbet of a later date, an uncle of my 'lodger', was for years a Cheshire M.F.H., and withal a great character. We went up once to stay with the old sportsman, whom I found most genial, though at times his language was apt to be slightly ultramarine. There are many stories of his brisk remarks in the hunting-field; some have been reproduced in *Punch*, though the cream of them were less likely to appear in print.

Life in residential chambers in the Temple was in some ways not unlike that at one of the Oxford or Cambridge Colleges. There was the same cloistered atmosphere although during daytime visitors, as well as public vehicles, were freely admitted as a matter of courtesy; at night all entrances were locked, though there was, of course, no midnight College rule. In our own particular case the nearest entrance was just beside No. 13, and a private key let us in through the big iron gates on the Embankment, so avoiding one or other of the porters' lodges.

One of the privileges we enjoyed, and a most useful one, was that on special occasions, when entertaining a few friends, an excellent meal could be ordered from and sent up by the Inner Temple kitchens, and at a very reasonable figure.

The Hall itself was available for luncheon or dinner in Term time, and each Inn possessed an admirable library; instead of a College Chapel, we had the historic Temple Church, which the Inner shared with the Middle Temple.

To keep fit in London I joined the Bath Club in '99, and was a very regular devotee of Squash on the sixth floor, followed by a few lengths of the excellent swimming pool, with, maybe, a short visit to the Russian or Turkish bath *en route*.

Many a fierce game did I have in those days, and always at a very early hour, with my friend Arthur Pearson, who played as hard as he worked, and believed in the tonic of exercise before tackling the further toil and tonic of Fleet Street.

Squash is a grand game, and I kept it up for many years.

The last time I ever played was at the Bath Club, when my opponent was His present Majesty King George VI, then Duke of York.

I did my very best to win, but though perhaps I could beat the ball as hard as he could, in staying power H.R.H. left me well behind. At the end of a long rally he was as fresh as paint, while I was badly in need of additional oxygen.

But it was a good tussle, and a very happy memory of my last turn with a squash racquet.

In those days, John Wilson Taylor was our energetic club secretary; in

later years I persuaded him on more than one occasion to give me a helping hand on affairs Anglo-American.

In 1902 came my first chance of crossing the Atlantic, which I immediately seized, for I had already been brought into contact with many Americans in London, particularly newspaper folk, and liked them immensely.

It was a brief trip, on a specific job, but during that short visit I 'fell for' the U.S.A., came to the conclusion, with the assurance of youth, that we didn't understand one another half as well as we should, that it was essential this should be changed, and that whatever minute effort I could put in to this end could not be devoted to better purpose.

Since then much water has flowed down the Hudson and the Thames, but my youthful conclusions have surely strengthened as the years have run on.

It was in this self-same year that I had a hand in the founding of *The Pilgrims*, the story of which I deal with later in the book.

CHAPTER IV

Marriage and Honeymoon

DURING the winter of 1904 an old friend of mine, by name Walter Meyrick, invited me to stay at his father's place in Shropshire for the Shrewsbury Hunt Ball.

Walter, a cheery, red-headed youth, had been my companion to Switzerland in the 'Nineties, in the early days of winter sport, when even the stationmaster at a busy Swiss centre told me that the skis I had with me were the first pair he had ever seen, and cross-questioned me as to their possibilities.

I liked Walter, and the hunt ball sounded alluring; so having obtained leave of absence, I set off for his home, Apley Castle, which lay in the neighbourhood of Shropshire's beloved Wrekin.

From his mother, Lady Meyrick, I learnt that our house party was to join up with that of the Foresters' for the night at Shrewsbury, and that she and Lady Forester had taken a goodly part, if not the whole, of the old Raven's accommodation.

For me it was to prove the best and most eventful evening of my life, for there I met the beautiful and radiant girl who some months later honoured me by becoming my wife; and never did man find a more loyal life's comrade, a wiser counsellor, nor a truer friend, than did I in the course of that happy evening.

It was Alida Harvey's first hunt ball. She was a tall, graceful girl with grey-blue eyes, a mass of fair hair, and that fascinating something which a semi-foreign parentage so often gives.

Her father, Sir Robert Harvey, a keen, upstanding Cornishman, was as stalwart a type of John Bull as one could hope to meet. Lady Harvey, who had died a few years previously, was French; it was never my good fortune to know her, but later I learnt from many of her friends what an attractive woman she was.

Alida was a delightful mixture of shyness and perfect poise. As her father's hostess she was equally at home entertaining his guests in London, at his country house, Dundridge, in Devonshire, or his shooting parties in a cosy wooden bungalow at Trenowth, in Cornwall.

Whatever faults I may possess, and they are many, I have always been able to make up my mind quickly, and on this occasion, as far as I was concerned, the decision was instantaneous.

However, these were the days of duennas, and it was not too easy to meet the lady of one's dreams unchaperoned. In my dear lady's case the duenna was of the most uncompromisingly thorough type; she was a German, *echt deutsch* in all particulars, and a hundred per cent in favour of chaperones.

But this was where old friends came in; like the good fellow he was, Arthur

Pearson invited Alida, accompanied, of course, by Fraulein Heldt, for various motor drives, and developed quite a desire to further his knowledge of the Fatherland.

Then there was a dance at 1 Palace Gate, where I have a vivid recollection of Alida in a simple white dress receiving her guests at the head of the broad staircase, and in the most effortless way gliding from one language to another as she welcomed members of the Diplomatic Corps and their ladies.

She spoke four languages without an accent—English, French, German, and Spanish—and could readily make herself understood in as many more.

When Sir Robert found that I was as keen on shooting as he was, I was invited to have a crack at the birds in both Devon and Cornwall, and some splendid days' sport we enjoyed. At both Dundridge and Trenowth there were half-a-dozen stands, and more, where every bird one brought down was a bird well earned, particularly when a good stiff breeze coincided with the day's shoot.

There was one stand at Trenowth of an unusual kind, where the gun behind the beaters got an occasional shot at an odd bird returning, not overhead in the usual manner, but well beneath him.

This was from an elevated rock which dominated the entrance of a deep and somewhat narrow valley, down which flowed the Fal, at this stage a diminutive stream. Most of the birds put up by the beaters, after clearing the trees, would swing out over the guns ahead, but the occasional bird would turn back and race down the centre of the valley, well above the trees, but well below the Chapel Rock.

It was a curious shot, and required a certain amount of judgment and experience; Trenowth pheasants were fine birds, and more than strong on the wing.

How I enjoyed those days!

When it came to venturing the vital question another old friend, Bertie Ingram (now Sir Herbert), came to my aid, and accompanied me to Palace Gate, where he took the load of Fräulein off my mind. Somewhat later he escorted back to the Bath Club a very happy being, and incidentally agreed to act as my best man.

We were married at the Brompton Oratory by the Lord Abbot of Buckfast.

Alida had followed the religion of her mother, and as I was a member of the Church of England the ceremony was very brief, but the large church was filled with our friends, and beautifully decorated with masses of Annunciation lilies.

My best man was gallantly backed up by half-a-dozen stalwart bachelors, who made themselves generally useful, and Alida was followed by eight small children, four 'Gainsborough Blue Boys', each one accompanied by an equally small Blue girl, and a single grown-up bridesmaid.

From the church seven or eight hundred came along to 1 Palace Gate, where Sir Robert held a reception; it was a big house, but it was more than filled. These were the days when people could afford to give wedding presents, and the majority apparently liked to do so; we were the fortunate recipients of between five and six hundred which almost filled up a couple of the reception rooms.

The place of honour we gave to the Pilgrims' Ship. This beautiful old silver Nef was handed to me as a wedding gift by Lord Roberts on behalf of The Pilgrims. He told me privately that the old Duke of Cambridge, who was a collector, and possessed no fewer than twenty-seven of these Nefs, had been to see it, and had assured him—Lord Roberts—that it was finer than any single one in his collection.

One incident I remember at that reception. A rather stout lady, by no means young, overcome by the crowd, was led out on to a wide portico over the front door, and placed in a chair, while my brother-in-law went in for a glass of brandy. As he handed her the tumbler, one of the many drivers waiting below gazed up admiringly, and shouted his encouragement, "Drink 'earty, old lady."

My best man's father and mother, Sir William and Lady Ingram, most kindly lent us their lovely Riviera villa for the first part of our honeymoon, and a dream villa we found La Vigie.

It was perfectly placed on its own wooded promontory off Roquebrune, the only approach—by land—being by way of a bridge which spanned the railway line; from the bridge a short drive through a garden gay with flowers wound its way up to the house, which stood like a white sentinel, four-square and firm on the solid rock into which it was built. With the sea on either side, the outline of Cap Martin could be seen some distance to the east; to the west, and not more than a mile or so away, one had a superb view of Monaco and the hills beyond. At night Monte Carlo, with its myriad lights reflected on the water, conjured up a scene not readily forgotten.

During our stay at La Vigie we succeeded in hiring a little car, a belt-driven De la Haye I believe it was, of a very early vintage—and had many a delightful expedition, and picnic luncheon in the Alpes Maritimes.

But our own special promontory, with its garden full of surprises, was sufficient joy in itself; one object of considerable interest was a large aviary filled with highly ornamental birds of paradise, which appeared to be thoroughly happy in their new surroundings.

The first human visitor I encountered was an elderly, grizzled Monagasque, whom I came across fishing from one of the rocks; after dispelling his apology for trespassing by assuring him that I also was a guest, and that I felt sure Sir William would not mind, he became communicative.

He turned out to be a pensioned croupier, and his story was filled with absorbing, entertaining, and tragic anecdotes; he might have put together an enthralling life's history, but he gave me to understand that Monte Carlo's administration took a more than gloomy view of any such effort on the part of their pensioners.

We finished our honeymoon in Italy, and were fortunate, both on the mainland and throughout Sicily, in finding unbroken sunshine, by no means one's usual experience in November and December.

At Sorrento we hired a dogcart, complete with driver Giuseppe, and an upstanding chestnut carrying as a decoration a long peacock's feather between his ears.

On the way to Amalfi we put up at a small hostelry, kept by a lively individual who rejoiced in the name of Caruso.

He made wine, both white and red—the Grande Caruso Bianco, and the ditto, ditto Rosso; a case or two I sent home, but it tasted better on its native soil. This, alas, is more than often so. From the Continent and elsewhere, I have occasionally dispatched to England a few cases of wine which struck me as being most delectable, but which, after transit, tasted quite otherwise.

At length our all too brief but very happy honeymoon was rounded off with a day or two in Paris, and then I brought my bride home to England.

Fortunate far beyond my deserts in an ideal life's companion, wisest of counsellors, and most loyal of friends, as the years rolled on my dear wife became the centre of an evergrowing circle.

Truthfully can I say that I never met one of her sex who could do so many things so well; nor was I alone in this belief, for a great Metropolitan newspaper once described her as "perhaps the ablest all-round woman in England".

Well and truly did she deserve the high Honour of a D.B.E. which His Majesty King George V conferred upon her, shortly after that distinction in the British Empire Order was awarded to women.

In *Who's Who* some of her many activities were outlined:

"President Society of Women Journalists, 1929-1932. Chairman Unionist Women's Parliamentary Council, Southern Area, 1920-1923. Received presentation from British Press for her services in connection with First Imperial Press Conference, 1909. In charge London Depot making War Material, 1914-1918. Chairman first Official Delegation of British Women to visit Devastated War Zone, Northern France. Winner First Prize International Competition for Harp Composition, Boston, U.S.A., 1921. Other work produced Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Organized and led the Band of Harps at the Welsh National Eisteddfod, 1922. Adjudicator, 1924. Admitted into the Gorsedd Circle under Bardic Title of Telenores y Golomen Wen. A Bard of Cornwall, 1933. Inaugurated (1927) Choral and Solo Competitions for members of Conservative Associations in London and Greater London. Appointed (July 1927) by the Conservative Central Office Hon. Musical Director of the National Conservative Musical Union for the purpose of extending the movement throughout the constituencies of England and Wales, culminating annually in Final Contests known as the National Festival of Song."

That was just an outline. As already stated, my lady was quadrilingual; in addition, whenever we travelled through almost any land, she began to pick up the tongue of the country in an incredibly short space of time. Hers was the good fortune of opportunity allied to capacity. Born in Chile, Spanish was her first language, her mother was French, her father English, and she had a German nurse; an intensely musical ear did the rest.

Many a happy hour have I passed listening to her play the harp, but she was very shy about playing in public, and outside her efforts for the Welsh National Eisteddfod, the only two occasions upon which she was persuaded to break her rule were, once for our old friend Lord Roberts, at an Albert Hall Concert for his Workshops and on the second occasion at 10 Downing Street for Mr. Lloyd George when he was Prime Minister.

She was an admirable speaker, calm and clear, with a beautifully modulated voice. When England was divided into five sections by the Conservative Central Office to deal with women's interests and the woman voter, Alida was at once invited to become the first Chairman of the Southern Division, the other four divisions all being presided over by the wives of Cabinet Ministers. When she introduced harmony into politics and founded the National Festival of Song, she at once gave proof that she could organize as well as she could speak; these nation-wide contests for area trophies, and above all for the great Silver Gilt Challenge Cup, which culminated in the final rounds at the Albert Hall, or elsewhere, aroused intense enthusiasm. Well-known conductors and musicians devoted hours of their time to give her a helping hand, and each and all told me what a joy she was to work with, and for.

She wrote admirable prose, as she wrote music, without any apparent effort, and although she had never had a lesson in painting, I treasure many delightful informal sketches, happy memories of visits abroad.

She had a natural flair for the art of cuisine, doubtless an inheritance from French and Spanish forbears. There was scant opportunity to exercise this gift in London, except in an advisory capacity (which she surely did to the pleasure of many a guest), but her chance came when, some years later, I was cajoled by our youthful offspring into acquiring a caravan; from the little galley of the well-designed movable home, dainty meals were prepared which would have earned approval from Brillat Savarin.

She was a 'handyman' at almost every angle, and although the family sometimes chaffed her over an occasional 'Heath Robinson' effect, we had to admit that the contraption in question worked.

Respect came even from professional quarters. A butler who was with us for many a year, a first-rate fellow, and devoted to my lady, told me of an amusing experience he had with one of the staff of a well-known Westminster ironmonger, with whom we regularly dealt. Handing over the counter a somewhat complicated kitchen utensil for repairs, he was asked, "Has Her Ladyship had a try at putting this right?" "Not that I know of," was the answer. "But why do you want to know?" "Well," replied our ironmonger friend, "if she couldn't mend it, we can't."

Equally skilled was she with her needle, and would have made a most successful designer and dressmaker.

I remember once going into her minute boudoir, and seeing her sitting on a *pouf*, surrounded by waves of some silky white material. "What are you doing, my dear?" I asked. "Oh," she said, "I've got a day off—I'm making my Court dress."

When the usual little chit came, from the Press, for a description of the dress to be worn at Buckingham Palace together with the name of the dressmaker, I tried to persuade her to put 'Made at Home', but was unsuccessful.

In later years failing health, alas, brought a stern decree from her doctor to drop her many activities for the time being, and live quietly in the country, so with the coming of the Second World War she put this last gift to full use.

Idleness was simply alien to her nature, and she used all her remaining strength into making herself the village dressmaker and mender.

Often, when I came down from London or elsewhere for the week-end, would

I find her busy with one or two young matrons who, accompanied by two or three small children, had come to the cottage for the purpose of trying on smart little coats and hats, which Alida had designed and made from the mothers' discarded skirts.

Her reputation soon spread beyond our village, and during the first two years of war she was responsible for making over 700 separate garments.

But far beyond and above all these many qualifications and qualities, she possessed to the full a calm, wonderfully balanced temperament, a wise, unerring judgment, and a gracious personality which endeared her to a wide circle of friends at home and in many a foreign land.

COWLEY STREET AND FLEET STREET

On returning to London one task which lay ahead of us was to find a home.

Sir Robert Harvey very kindly suggested that we should instal ourselves at No 1 Palace Gate. This, however, did not fit in with our ideas.

First of all the house was much too large, secondly we were not particularly anxious to live in Kensington, and thirdly, though very fond of my father-in-law, as an independent Yorkshireman I naturally had strong leanings towards a house of my own. So I suggested to Sir Robert that if at any time he got rid of this great caravanserai, we should be only too happy to put him up wherever we settled, and whenever he came up to town.

Eventually No. 1 Palace Gate was bought by Lord Shaw (afterwards Lord Craigmyle), a delightful old Scottish judge with an equally delightful sense of humour. A year or two later my wife and I were dining with him and his lady; after telling us that he had looked upon his purchase as a great bargain, knowing that he had only paid about a third of the amount which Sir Robert had given for the house some thirty years before, he added that the cost of keeping it up looked like driving him into the bankruptcy court. Today No. 1 Palace Gate consists of four or five shops surmounted by a series of self-contained flats.

We had, of course, the inevitable hunt to find a house after our own hearts, and finally reduced the selection to three. The first was in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, the second, by name 'Admirals House', on the highest point in Hampstead, and the third, which I heard of purely by chance, No. 2 Cowley Street, was just behind Westminster Abbey.

Herbert Gladstone, son of the Grand Old Man, and at that time Home Secretary, lived at No. 2. A General Election was taking place and I learnt casually through a friend that Gladstone was expecting to move to No. 11 Downing Street, as the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, with a somewhat extensive and growing family, had decided to remain in his own roomy London house; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was at that time Prime Minister. We paid a visit to No. 2 Cowley Street, fell in love with it, and immediately pursued Mr. Gladstone with letter and telegram, eventually securing our prize against a brace of competitors. And so we settled well within the sound of Big Ben, long before his sonorous note enjoyed world distribution through the B.B.C.

From the windows of the room where these lines were written we looked out over delightful trees to the Victoria Tower on one side, and the towers of Westminster Abbey on the other. Situated in what might be called the very heart of the Empire, this old house with its winding staircases, its panelled rooms, and its ancient powder-closet, was for thirty-seven years a very haven of rest, for although on three sides traffic roared by within a hundred yards we had the good fortune to hear none of it. In fact, we enjoyed a quietude even greater than that to be found in the depths of the country, for there was nothing in the way of bird or beast to wake us up at cock-crow hour.

Now, this little backwater was, and is, an ideal spot for a Member of Parliament. When we settled in our new home in the early part of 1906 any thoughts of standing for a constituency were quite absent from my mind; not only had I my living to make, but every moment of my spare time was taken up with such jobs as the steering of The Pilgrims' Club and other congenial activities.

However, as the years ran on, my visits to the House for one reason or another became more and more frequent, and I was approached on four or five occasions to consider the possibility of becoming a Parliamentary candidate; doubtless had I been the possessor of an independent income I should have accepted one of these invitations. As a faithful follower of Joseph Chamberlain, I did accept the Presidency of one of the London Liberal-Unionist Associations, that of Kennington and West Newington; for several years I was in close touch with the good folk south of the Thames, and enjoyed many a happy gathering at an ancient hostelry known as the 'Horns'.

In early days in my native county of Yorkshire I regarded our local M.P.s with considerable awe, and pictured them as highly brained supermen who, incidentally, always seemed to live in top hats.

One of my first visits to London was with my father as guests of one of the Members for Sheffield, Colonel Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, who entertained us at his London house, No. 1 Grosvenor Square. It was, I remember, a tall, thin house which has long since disappeared to make way for modernity, for No. 1 Grosvenor Square is now the headquarters of the American Embassy, covering, of course, a far larger surface than did its predecessor. My first visit to the House of Commons was under the guidance of this awe-inspiring M.P., who possessed beneath his glossy top hat a most commanding Roman nose and a trenchant, carrying voice.

The surroundings of our Westminster home had more of the atmosphere of an old Cathedral Close than of London town. It differed perhaps from some of them in that it was entirely devoid of cliques, for the area, which comprised maybe twenty or thirty houses, was inhabited by the friendliest of neighbours.

Adjoining us, back to back, was Alfred Lyttelton, one of my boyhood's heroes, a great cricketer, a great all-round sportsman, and a great Englishman. To him I owe many a helpful and kindly act. Oliver Lyttelton, who, since those days, has achieved fame as a Cabinet Minister, was then a particularly bright and cheerful schoolboy.

Opposite to us lived Lady Scott, widow of an Indian judge, and a great champion of coloured races. She was usually followed by an ancient and faithful maid called Trudgitt, a name after Dickens' own heart. Lady Scott had two very clever sons and two equally clever daughters. Jack, alas, was killed

in the First World War, but Leslie, now Lord Justice Scott, has long been an ornament of the legal world.

Then there was Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and her family, just round the corner in Barton Street, with Walter Runciman at the corner.

William T. Stead, whom Lord Northcliffe once described as the greatest living journalist, had a creeper-clad house in Smith Square, about eighty yards away. He was an intensely interesting man with extraordinarily piercing blue eyes and a most retentive memory. One day he looked in to have a chat, and told me that he would like to make me his character sketch for the following month's issue of the *Review of Reviews*, of which he was then the Editor. Highly flattered, I naturally agreed at once. We talked for nearly an hour, but he never made a note, and there was not a solitary slip in any detail he quoted.

The suggestion behind the sketch was that I should be appointed by the then Liberal Government as Director of National Hospitality. This was, of course, years before any effort of Government hospitality was brought into being and then tucked away, Heaven knows why, under the cloak of the First Commissioner of Works.

Stead sent me later several enthusiastic letters from members of the Government and others, but that was as far as it got.

I always enjoyed a visit from William Stead, and with many another learnt with sorrow of his untimely death in the *Titanic* disaster. Another neighbour was Lord Frederick Hamilton, best of raconteurs, and a lively writer of books for both boys and grown-ups. He was one of a family of brothers who occupied varied and interesting positions in the public eye.

Lord George Hamilton, at one time Secretary of State for India, was Member of Parliament for a large section of Middlesex, including the constituency which I was later to represent. He used to regale me with stories of partridge shooting over the fields of Ealing and Acton—an odd thought today.

Another brother was Lord Claud, Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, and one of the best-looking men of his day. He was also Chairman of the Carlton Club (and an excellent Chairman too) during the years I served my time as a member of the Executive Committee.

Then next to us, at a later date, was Sir John Reith (now a Peer), the virtual creator of the B.B.C. Reith was regarded as an awe-inspiring individual by the world at large, but he could unbend most delightfully in private life.

Sir Vincent Baddeley, a prominent official at the Admiralty for many years, was a near neighbour in Barton Street. On peaceful summer evenings that corner was brightened up by the charming dinners and bridge parties he gave, with tables laid out on the pavement, and lighted by candles. Life in our London backwater was pleasant and informal.

Deans, like other people, vary, but we were both devoted to Bishop Ryle, and saw a good deal of him and the old-world Deanery with its quaint and quiet courtyard. During the First World War he took me in one day to look at the Jerusalem Chamber, which I had never seen. After revelling in its historic story, I suggested, perhaps irreverently, that it would make an admirable room in which to give a dinner. "All right," replied the Bishop; "if this war ever ends, I'll give a dinner here for you and your lady." He was as good as his

word, and after a most enjoyable evening with old friends we made a tour of the Abbey by torchlight, two of the attractive daughters of Canon Carnegie (the House of Commons Chaplain) acting as guides.

When we had settled in, and settled down, we greeted our friends in a series of house-warmings; for this purpose the house was well fitted. We were really 2 and 3 Cowley Street, the two having been merged into one many years before; so although the staircases were narrow there were a couple of them, each with its separate entrance to the drawing-room. This old panelled room, which ran the length of the house, and then back in an L-shaped form, was a very pleasing one, and, if need be, could be made to accommodate a considerable number of people.

We were fortunate enough in having between us a sufficiency of old furniture, which to our way of thinking seemed to suit its surroundings.

One feature which some of our friends may remember was an attractive stone courtyard, partly covered with a tiled canopy which Mr. Gladstone had put up, and under which we had most of our meals in summer-time.

The house, both back and front, was covered with virginia creeper, and the shady branches of large trees overhung the canopy and courtyard. It didn't worry us that the roots belonged to our neighbours, the Lytteltons and Trevellyans, we shared with them the branches and the shade.

In that quaint enclosed courtyard, ablaze with flowers, and lighted on summer evenings with an ancient Thibet lamp (somewhat cunningly re-devised for electricity), we enjoyed many a gay and cheerful gathering. Friends from most parts of the world, and particularly from the Dominions and the U.S.A., were frequent visitors to Cowley Street, and those who were good enough to join us always seemed to remember the alfresco meals in this tranquil corner of old Westminster.

MARK TWAIN OUR GUEST

As far as possible we liked to entertain our guests at our home in Cowley Street, but there were times when we were anxious to ask a larger number than could be seated in our own dining-room.

On those occasions we usually went to the Savoy, for there The Pilgrims had their headquarters and, as their Honorary Secretary, I had a natural preference for this great hotel, which always looked after us admirably.

I well remember the first large dinner we gave, not only because it is a considerable event to a young married couple, but also because of the interesting individuals we were privileged to entertain. Our guest was Mark Twain.

During this visit to London, he not only endeared himself still more closely to the British public, but became the recipient of a world-famous degree, the Honorary D.C.L. at Oxford.

And so we forgathered some twenty-five to thirty of our friends to meet

the great American writer. Mark Twain was in wonderful form, and his dry American humour and attractive drawl kept us in roars of laughter, as did another witty American, Senator Chauncey Depew, who was also one of the party.

As we broke up that night Lord Curzon of Kedleston, when telling me how immensely he had enjoyed the occasion, added, "My dear fellow, I do congratulate you; your bride is as supremely intelligent as she is attractive."

Another guest with whom I had a long and interesting chat was Sir George Taubman Goldie, the founder of Nigeria; I likewise recall some excellent light banter between Anthony Hope, then at the height of his fame in 'Zenda' and 'Ruritanian' novels; Theresa del Riego, the popular song-writer; and Marie Corelli, at that time evolving one best-seller after another, but wondrously deficient in a sense of humour.

After this party of ours Mark Twain sent my lady a most charming letter of thanks, together with a photograph which, in white ink, bore a message to us both; across the top he had inscribed a brief text, with a true Twainesque flavour, "To be good is noble, to teach others how to be good is nobler still, and less trouble."

Well-filled days with my good friend Arthur Pearson in Fleet Street kept me busy; in addition I linked up with Hugh Spottiswoode and became a director of the *Sphere* and *Tatler*.

The *Daily Express* was in its infancy. The *Evening Standard* was about the same sized sheet as *The Times*, but Arthur Pearson decided that the *St. James's Gazette*, which it absorbed, was a more convenient shape for an evening paper, and so altered it to its well-known present form.

None of these papers was housed in the palatial quarters each enjoys today. But I remember with affection many of the stalwart colleagues on each respective staff over forty years ago.

Fletcher Robinson, known as 'Bobbles', a huge, good-tempered, tow-headed fellow, at one time a Cambridge Rugger Blue, and ever a happy wielder of the pen. R.D.B., under which well-known initials Ralph Blumenfeld, a favourite son of Fleet Street, has been instructing the world during the past half century. As Editor, and later Chairman, of the *Daily Express* he has brought up more than one generation of journalists. Always on the spot, old 'Blum', as he was known to many of us, had an extra dry sense of humour, was responsible for half a dozen books well worth reading, and incidentally told the best stories of his race of anyone I know.

Archie Rider, another *Daily Express* perennial, in those far-off days was an immaculately dressed and coiffeured bachelor; he was a good business man, and out of office hours no mean golfer.

Then there was J. B. Wilson, who, I imagine, must hold the record for length of service as a Fleet Street News Editor. Few men I have known have altered less than has J.B. The same quiet efficiency, the same sound grip of his job, the same real nose for news, and a real mover when pace was required. He also possessed imagination, for I believe I am right in stating that it was his suggestion which led to the placing of the Unknown Soldier's Tomb in Westminster Abbey. At any rate, when I made this claim in the

House of Commons some years later as a matter of historical record, to the best of my memory it was not denied.

Bill Woodward, a good fellow, likewise of the calm type, sat in the editorial chair of the *Evening Standard* of those days, and did an efficient job.

Two further stalwarts were Billie Goode and Malcolm Fraser. 'Billie', later Sir William, when I first knew him was with Walter Neef on the Associated Press, and was most helpful in early 'Pilgrim' days. Full of energy, he was both News and Managing Editor of the *Standards* (there was a morning edition then), and after strenuous years of journalism became an international figure with a big reputation on the Continent.

Malcolm Fraser, brother-in-law of Arthur Pearson, a good-looking, well-balanced man of the world with a great charm of manner, was associated with both the London papers, as well as the provincial group. He then joined the Conservative Central Office in an advisory capacity, winding up as Honorary Principal Agent, together with a Baronetcy and a G.B.E. Today he is the efficient and popular Lord Lieutenant of Surrey.

As the week's work drew to a close, a good many of us used to make our way to Frensham Place, the hospitable home of the Pearsons, and the toils of the newspaper world were largely forgotten in an unending round of athletics, sprightly conversation and good fellowship.

They were grand parties, and a great meeting-place for the followers of Joseph Chamberlain and members of the Fourth Estate.

One party I recollect was assembled to greet Sir George Foster, an able member of the Canadian Cabinet, and in his day one of the most effective speakers in the Empire; with Sir George were other leading lights from the Dominions, who were here to help forward Imperial Preference and Tariff Reform.

It was a houseful of entertaining and interesting folk, and on the Saturday, golf, tennis, riding, and the many other forms of exercise available at Frensham were in full swing. But on the Sunday rain came down in a steady stream, and Arthur Pearson asked for suggestions for some indoor form of recreation in which all could join.

Now among other buildings which Frensham possessed was a huge riding-school, second only to that at Welbeck, put up by C.A.P. when he went in for hackneys on a large scale.

Thoughts of this immense covered space, plus a glimpse I'd had that morning when passing the Home Farm, gave me an idea.

"Arthur," said I, "you've got on the estate the makings of a new and exciting game. In a large sty not far from the riding-school I noticed a goodly family of ten or a dozen black pigs, young, strong and active. Now why shouldn't we take some of them down to the riding-school, and find out who are the real sprinters of the House party? As for rules, form up two sides facing each other, basket with pigs in the middle, empty basket at the side. One pig at a time to be liberated, and I'll guarantee he'll do his share of doubling; the object of each team would then be to capture that pig, the member doing so to place him in the empty basket, and the side of the capturer to count one goal. I also suggest a spot of grease on the pig."



THE AUTHOR AND PIGEONS IN VENICE

WE COLLIDE ON THE NILE

[Photo by the Author]





[Photo by the Author]

ALIDA AT THE INN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN, PALESTINE



ALIDA SKETCHING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM

[Photo by the Author]



[Photo by the Author

VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN: A HOUSE PARTY FOR THE HORSE SHOW (LADY ABERDEEN IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE)

The idea was agreed to with acclamation, and the necessary arrangements at once put in hand.

I asked Sir George, a somewhat venerable figure with a grey pointed beard, whether he would join us in the fray, but although declining on the ground of age, added that he would willingly come and look on.

Down we all went, loaded up in various cars, followed by Sir George on foot in a long black mackintosh, and crowned with a billycock hat.

Sides were quickly picked, and the first pig let loose, just as our distinguished Dominion statesman, with rain streaming from his bowler, made his way through the door and prepared to take his place as our one spectator.

At a rare pace the piglet dodged Sir Gilbert Parker, who made a gallant attempt at capture, but losing his balance, fell full length behind the pig.

Then came the climax of the run, for Master Pig, seeing a ray of daylight behind our one spectator, bolted at top speed between his legs, but not quite fast enough. As the Elder Statesman dipped down, the pig turned a somersault into the back of the black mackintosh, to be duly disentangled by Sir George and carried triumphantly to the empty basket.

The pair made a quaint picture, and it was a matter of regret to all that no photographer happened to be in the neighbourhood to secure a permanent souvenir of the 'high spot' of that particular game.

Each pig had his little turn. We all had lots of fun, including the pigs, who seemed to enjoy this brief athletic encounter as much as they surely did the extra meal with which they were rewarded.

On another occasion I had an experience with C.A.P. which might have had unpleasant consequences. One of his cars, a saloon of a famous make, had been to the works for an overhaul, and returned one morning just as we were finishing a game of tennis. "Come on, Brits," said C.A.P., "there's just time for a run before luncheon, to see if she's going all right."

So in we jumped, and as we were crossing Tilford Bridge the steering-wheel broke. C.A.P. had the brakes on in a flash, but at the same time we struck the parapet, and hung over the shallow stone-filled stream at a somewhat alarming angle; another foot or so and we should have been over with the heavy chassis on top.

The village folk gave an immediate and willing hand, but it need hardly be added that we were a trifle late for luncheon.

That was my 'Jonah' week-end, for on the following day I was driving with a fellow guest and energetic M.P., Leverton Harris, in his open car. The roads were unduly greasy, and when going downhill at a pace quite moderate, the car skidded, turned over sideways, threw us out, and then, rather more slowly turned again, and finished wheels up in the air. But luck was really on our side, firstly that it was an open car, and secondly that we had time to roll clear before it completed its upside-down turn.

I have had other experiences where I was not let off so lightly. On one occasion I was driving into Sheffield with Christopher Leng (generation No. Two of the *Sheffield Telegraph*) by way of a long and more than greasy hill paved with granite sets. It was that difficult half-light on a winter evening, and Chris misjudged the distance of an approaching tram. He clapped on the

brakes too quickly, we skidded round, and I was thrown out head first into the metal upright beside the driver.

Escorted across the road to a miner's cottage, promptly bandaged, and given a cup of hot tea, the old miner cheered me up considerably with this pronouncement: "Eh, mester, tha can say summat as not monny a man can say, that tha's stopped a tramcar with tha 'ec-ad."

CHAPTER V

Old World—New World

GREAT LONDON HOUSES

AN outstanding memory of those early married years is of some of the 'Great Houses' of London to which we were fortunate enough to be bidden.

Few are left today; one by one they disappear to become blocks of flats, hotels, museums, or, during days of war, Red Cross centres, canteens, clubs and so forth.

Maybe it is all for the best that in this New World we hear so much about we should all live in buildings of the same size, and that 'stately homes' and 'great houses' as such should disappear; far be it from me to cross swords with those who prophesy with such assurance the finding of the promised land. Our descendants, in their own good time, can alone give the answer; may it prove satisfactory.

Never the owner of a stately home or a great house, I have known many who were, and have realized the happiness that ownership gave to most of them when entertaining their large circle of friends and neighbours.

Often have I enjoyed that rôle of friend without the responsibilities such a home entails, and have never felt envious of the owner.

Writing these lines at a time when, although the nightmare of black-out and buzz-bombs has disappeared, we are still weighed down by bureaucratic control (the aftermath of war), ration cards, travel trouble and other wartime relics, I would that some of the splendid lads and lasses of this grand generation, to whom it might appeal, could share the experiences my bride and I had the good fortune to enjoy in those comparatively carefree days of forty years ago.

Casting back one's mind from this austere age, over a period which covers two total wars and the same number of social revolutions, one sees with the eye of today that the world of the 'Nineties and the 1900s contained much to condemn it.

But one can hardly condemn with justice—and in sweeping generalities—any humble individual who lived in that era and followed the customs then obtaining, for it was not in his or her individual power to alter or amend those customs.

Between then and now many a statesman has tried, not always with success, to improve the lot of our fellow countrymen.

Indeed, we should not forget that long before the 'Nineties, as far back as 1874, with Disraeli as Prime Minister and R. A. Cross as his Home Secretary, the first new policies of Social Reform were put in hand. By the great Act of

1875, the Trades Unions were for the first time given the power to play their full part. Since then there have of course been many ups and downs, but in those intervening years the standard of living has increased to a greater extent than in the whole of our previous recorded history, and incidentally in this development has given a lead to the people of every other land.

May the brave New World succeed in levelling up and not in levelling down, and with the admitted ills in our body politic drastically dealt with may we still retain a touch of that Old World courtesy, that atmosphere of graciousness and kindly manners, which were so much a part of England in the so-called 'Bad Old Days'.

One of the most effective of London's great houses for a large reception was Stafford House, now a museum and renamed Lancaster House.

Bedecked with flowers and brilliantly lighted for an evening party, it was an unforgettable sight in the height of a crowded Season to watch social London, with the addition of distinguished visitors from almost every land, ascending the broad double staircase, to be received at the head by the Duke of Sutherland and his beautiful Duchess. Then from room to room one would wander, meeting friends, admiring famous pictures, and listening to the enlivening music of a first-rate band.

I have been to many Government receptions since at Lancaster House, and most enjoyable functions they are; but one misses the personal touch and the family background when received in a museum by the Right Hon. So-and-So, Secretary of State for What-you-will, who, like yourself, has just come in for an hour or two, and probably doesn't know the house as well as do many of his guests.

The passing of the personal background has also been very noticeable in recent years as far as London dances are concerned.

In my young days private dances were nearly always given in private houses and not in some hired hall or hotel, and to my mind this gave a much more pleasing touch to the party.

Masses of gorgeous flowers usually brightened the house and, in these days of reconstituted eggs and diluted beer, I hope I may not be considered greedy in recollecting the ballroom suppers of yesterday. Too long, of course, but there was no need to consume the lot; then the generous flow of wine which gave additional cheer to those supper parties is also a lingering memory of the past.

Today the *bon viveur* (if such exist) entertaining his better half at a London restaurant, and wishing to regale her with Pommery or Clicquot, has first to consider the position of his overdraft or bank balance.

Devonshire House, now a massive block of flats with motor show-rooms on the ground floor, was in its way as impressive as Stafford House.

Its short private drive swung in from Piccadilly, and a delightful garden at the back ran down the length of Berkeley Street to meet the gardens of Lansdowne House, another fine mansion, which is today a club.

At Devonshire House I was once congratulating the late Duke on the many beautiful homes he possessed, when he cut me short by saying that one considerable disadvantage was that what he happened to want particularly always seemed to be elsewhere. He would inquire for something at Eastbourne, to

be told it was at Chatsworth, or some special treasure he might be hunting for at Lismore would turn out to be at Hardwicke or Bolton Abbey.

Grosvenor House, the hospitable home of the Duke of Westminster, is now a vast hotel, which stands out in Park Lane, a stupendous building. I have memories there, among other things, of one or two outstandingly interesting political dinners, with the Duke as a most genial host.

On the subject of politics there were few more brilliant political gatherings than those given by Lord and Lady Londonderry at their splendid house in Park Lane. Londonderry House lent itself admirably to gatherings of this kind, which will certainly not be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to attend them.

Another Park Lane hotel had a long private history as Dorchester House, probably at its most famous epoch when rented by Mr. Whitelaw Reid during his time as American Ambassador. He and Mrs. Reid were wonderfully hospitable, and many were the happy and memorable occasions to which my lady and I were bidden by our kindly American hosts.

Norfolk House in St. James's Square is now no more, and Bridgewater House, Lord Ellesmere's magnificent London home (beside St. James's Park), badly blitzed, will I suppose be put to some other use when repaired or rebuilt.

There was a story told long ago of an incident at a distinguished gathering in one of these great houses which, although I cannot vouch for its verity, amused me at the time.

It concerned Sir Frank (then Mr.) Lockwood, a popular and witty member of the Bar, and a well-known Scottish chiel, whom we will call the Campbell of Lochair.

Guests were being received at the entrance to the principal drawing-room by the gracious host and hostess, the arrival of each couple being proclaimed in stentorian tones by a member of the household staff.

Came the announcement, "The Campbell of Lochair and Lady Penelope Campbell." Frank Lockwood, who immediately followed, was not to be beaten by any Scottish chieftain, however famous, and the assembled guests were as astonished as they were undoubtedly entertained when they heard announced by the same impressive voice, "The 26 Lennox Gardens and Mrs. Lockwood."

Lockwood, who was a friend of my father, was an ornament of the North-Eastern Circuit; and Judge Waddy, another of my father's friends, was a County Court judge in Yorkshire. It was not often that anyone got the better of Frank Lockwood, but I recollect one story he told against himself of an experience where he was left quite high and dry.

It was announced one night at the Circuit mess that Judge Waddy, who was a leading Nonconformist, was to take the service at a local chapel on the following Sunday, so Sir Frank suggested to his colleague that they should march into the service *en masse*, and, taking positions in the front pew below their old colleague, put him slightly off his stroke.

This was all carried out according to plan. Judge Waddy, who never batted an eyelid, quietly continued the service, which took its normal course for about half-an-hour; then the old man, looking down solemnly at the row

in front of him, turned to the congregation and said, "Brethren, before we sing No. 17 on the hymn-sheet, our Brother Lockwood will lead in prayer."

Outside the ring of what one might call the great houses of London there were very many large houses where hospitality was on a lavish scale; these houses were quite frequently unimpressive outside, but as attractive as they were spacious within. A luncheon or dinner in such surroundings, where incidentally everything ran on oiled wheels, again emphasized that personal touch with which the ordinary restaurant could never compete.

So much for our occasional visits to the abodes of the wealthy. Most of our friends of course lived in small houses such as our own, or in one of London's flats, not as common at that date as they are today.

One charming couple, who seemed old to us then, was particularly kind during the first year of our married life, and brought us into contact with many interesting folk.

They were Sir Henry and Lady Lucy, who had a simple and not over-large flat in Ashley Gardens.

Sir Henry, under the name of 'Toby M.P.' in *Punch*, was a well-known political journalist as well as an author. He was a small man with a big head, a rubicund complexion, a quiet voice, an inquiring expression and a shock of white hair, which stood straight up on his head like grass on a well-clipped lawn.

They gave regular Thursday luncheons, to which were bidden the leaders of the political and many another world, and those invited usually obeyed the call. They were most enjoyable gatherings, and one young couple felt themselves considerably honoured in being so frequently Toby's guests.

I remember a tablecloth at the Lucys' which sometimes appeared. It formed an autograph collection in itself, for it was covered with the names of the famous; inscribed by each in pencil, and later outlined by Lady Lucy in vari-coloured silk, those names made that well-filled cloth a veritable *Who's Who* of its day.

DIPLOMATS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

There is, however, one type of great house which will doubtless keep up a dignified rôle, as well as an establishment on a large scale, whatever the future may bring. We shall still have the distinguished representatives of foreign lands in their Embassies and Legations, and the prestige of the Court of St. James's will continue to rank as high as it ever has in our history.

We were privileged to count as friends very many members of the Diplomatic Corps and to enjoy their unbounded hospitality. In particular, we saw much of the South American diplomats, for my wife was born in Chile, and my father-in-law was in touch with most of the South American Republics.

The then Chilean minister was M. Gana, a courtly, grey-bearded gentleman with a benign expression and a pleasing smile; he and Mme. Gana were very fond of my lady, and we were often there.

They had two delightful daughters, Marguerita and Julia, each with a mind as rapid as quicksilver, and ready for anything; Marguerita, who married Sir Robert Michell (later British Ambassador in her native land), was a bridesmaid at our wedding.

His Excellency and Mme. Gana spoke English extremely well but not very quickly, and we were always amused when Maggie had something to say to Julietta (or *vice versa*) outside the parental ear, for each had a habit of slipping into English at about 200 words a minute, while father and mother gazed upon the pair with deep affection, coupled with obvious inability to follow such top-pressure talk.

Another merry brace of daughters were the Gutierrez Poncé, whose father was Colombian Minister. One day I was discussing with him the privileges of the Corps Diplomatique, and suggested that there might be some spot unrepresented which I could look after in spare moments; we finally decided on San Marino. The dear old gentleman took it quite seriously, and several months later I found that he was still working on the possibilities; however, I've not been accredited yet.

Throughout my active years with The Pilgrims, and particularly under one or two dear old friends such as Walter Hines Page, the American Embassy was almost a second home; the same was true at different times elsewhere, in half-a-dozen directions.

During my lifetime many Legations have become Embassies, new Legations have come into being, and one or two have disappeared.

Then again, countries change their political bases, and although the Embassies may continue, the representation is apt to be of a different type.

China, in the days of the Dowager Empress, was represented by Prince Li (I believe that was his name), a tall, dignified figure with pigtail, and arrayed in gorgeous robes; he was a most courteous host, and frequently regaled us with Chinese dishes.

Later we used to dine there in the days of his Republican successor (I'm not sure that his name was not also Li). His was European garb, but we still had bird's nest soup and shark's fin. There was a sweet little daughter at the Legation by name Mai, who had a very useful eye for any billiard game; so tiny was she that she had to pull round a hassock to stand upon, but from the hassock she very rarely missed her shot.

The sad part about the Diplomatic Corps, from the point of view of their English friends, is that its members are so often moved to another post, which, of course, applies more particularly to attachés; but to a world-wanderer there is often the joy of meeting again, and in most unexpected places.

And while on the subject of the C.D. I should like to pay my humble tribute to His Majesty's representatives in foreign lands.

There are few countries abroad which I have not visited, either on some particular mission or *en touriste*. In almost every case was I brought into contact with our Embassy or Legation. The kindness, courtesy, help, and hospitality which my lady and I invariably received will ever remain among the happiest memories of a long and varied life.

That same sincere tribute can also wholeheartedly be paid to the Governors-General and Governors who represent His Majesty throughout the Dominions and Colonies.

These British Isles are indeed well served by the overwhelming majority of their great public servants in every part of the world, many of whom give up the best years of their lives far from their homes, and from their native land.

Some of the most pleasant evenings I have spent abroad have been those with one or other of Britain's representatives when, all duties and functions over, we have settled down for a quiet chat after dinner, and I have endeavoured to answer the request so frequently made, "Now tell me about old London, and the latest news from the clubs."

In those early years I often went to the Bath Club, principally to the section from which it derived its name, for after the day's work a Turkish or electric bath, followed by a shampoo and a swim, put one in first-rate form again.

There were a certain number of 'Regulars' one was almost sure to find at the Turkish bath, some there because they liked it, others for the additional purpose of lessening a too-generous girth.

Of the weightier members a solid friend was Sir John Henniker Heaton, father of Imperial Penny Postage, a bluff, bearded, kind-hearted soul who was more than helpful to me in every humble effort I was making in the direction of American and Empire work.

Two mighty brothers were Sir Ray and Forbes Lankester, the former a famous biologist, Curator of the Natural History Museum, and a writer erudite in mind, but delightfully simple in expression, whose articles, 'Science from an Easy Chair', were for years a feature in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Forbes, his brother, was an eminent K.C., and both were well worth listening to.

After the Turkish bath they came along sometimes to dine with us at Cowley Street, where they were very popular; the old oak chairs normally used in the dining-room we never risked with the Lankesters, but seated them in a brace of majestic old chairs from the hall—stout chairs with high backs and broad solid arms, the kind one sometimes sees in cathedrals for upholding the dignity of one of the higher ecclesiastics.

One evening Ray Lankester suggested to my lady that we should pay a visit to the Natural History Museum to see the skeleton of an enormous extinct beast (called, I believe, the *Diplodocus Carnegii*) which had recently arrived. On these remains he promised us a brief dissertation, with luncheon to follow, suggesting Sunday morning, at a time when the Museum was at peace.

So along we went, and were joined by two other guests, Sir Frederick Treves, the well-known surgeon (who had gained added fame after a successful operation on King Edward), and Fay Lankester, a sister of Ray and Forbes.

In a solemn row we sat on a bench facing this mighty monster, and for half-an-hour Ray Lankester kept us enthralled with a vivid description of the Mesozoic Age in general, and of the 'Dip' in particular.

The only interruption came from Treves, who was promptly silenced with the retort, "Fred, your ignorance of this subject is abysmal; if you'll keep quiet, you shall have ten minutes, later, to tell us about the appendix."

And so we had a second address, this time on appendicitis, from perhaps the greatest living authority of his day; of that brief session I recall little beyond the imposing size of the Lankesters as viewed from a museum bench, and the need to avoid toothbrush hairs if one wished to escape the attention of surgeons devoted to the appendix.

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WINTER VISITS ABROAD: SWITZERLAND

In her early childhood my wife had a very severe illness from which she only recovered as if by a miracle, and it left her with a high blood pressure and also with recurrent attacks of asthma, each trouble, unfortunately, rather apt to play on the other. Added to this, as she was born in the tropics England's winter climate was always a trial, and so, whenever I was able, I used to take her abroad for a few weeks at the most treacherous period of the year, either to a warm clime, or to the sun, snow and dry air of the Alps.

We had some very happy times in both Switzerland and Austria during the winter season, and on two occasions went out with our good friends the Arthur Pearsons to Adelboden. C.A.P. proved just as energetic in organizing the amenities of winter sport resorts as he was in Fleet Street, and tremendous fun we had in making things go at Adelboden.

The hotel at which we put up was rather sticky with regard to the hours in which it permitted its orchestra to play. During our stay all the hotels combined for a series of festivities, carnivals, and so forth, but, as the musical side of the entertainment looked more than uncertain, C.A.P. sent to London for an orchestra, which considerably stirred the locals. At the time, the proprietor of the hotel appeared somewhat annoyed at what he doubtless deemed was high-handed action, but, at any rate, the general result must have been very satisfactory, for during the course of the following autumn both Arthur and I received letters from this shrewd hôtelier expressing the hope that we would again put in a few weeks at Adelboden, assuring us that should we be able to do so all expenses would be 'on the house'.

Among other centres, we paid a visit to Gstaad. On our way out we spent a day or two at the Trois Couronnes at Vevey with Augustine Birrell, where we met Colonel Rivett Carnac, who was wishful for us to buy his old castle at Rougemont, between Gstaad and Château d'Oex.

It was an interesting place, and we very nearly fell, for the price was not much more than one would have had to pay for a quite modest villa in England.

The Château de Rougemont, or Schloss Rothberg, was on the exact dividing line between two cantons, Vaud and Berne, and was built in the year 1000. It had been, we were told, for about 600 years the home of the Governors of Berne, until the time of Napoleon, who, apparently, had disarranged the frontier line.

The castle was in splendid order, with a first-rate majolica stove in every room, and we thought it would be a wonderful thing to have a stronghold above the snowline in which to entertain our friends, particularly at Christmas time. What eventually put us off was the extreme difficulty of getting hold of a domestic staff in Switzerland at that time of the year, for all available are taken up by the country's innumerable hotels.

Looking back, I am happy indeed that I let that 'bargain' go, for it would have proved a real white elephant as events turned out. I have never been back to Gstaad since, but have often wondered what happened to Schloss Rothberg.

DAYS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

During another winter, at the suggestion of my old friend Rider Haggard, we spent a few very happy weeks in the Middle East. It was the first time either of us had visited Egypt, and my lady not only became intensely interested in the ancient monuments but, with the wonderful facility she possessed for languages, was soon on conversational terms with the native Egyptians. We had the good fortune to meet one or two of the great Egyptologists of the day at Luxor and, with them, spent unforgettable hours in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

One delightful night I remember when, after dinner, we rode out on our white donkeys to the great Temple of Karnak, under the light of a three-quarter moon. The effect of this magnificent temple in the quietude of the night was most impressive, and it required but little imagination to visualize a procession, led by some Pharaoh of old, making its way slowly down the Avenue of Sphinxes to the Nile.

After busy days amidst Luxor's many temples and tombs, Assuan was almost in the nature of a rest cure. In those days the Temple of Isis at Philae stood four-square on its little island, and was not in the humiliating submerged position of today.

One evening we were sitting beside the Temple, which Alida was sketching, and I enjoying a quiet smoke, when suddenly the peaceful atmosphere was broken by a multitude of raucous voices; in a matter of minutes a lengthy procession of boats, Cook's tourists (and Germans at that), had landed, and a Teuton horde swamped the island. We had a talk with one pathetic old gentleman, who turned out to be a Professor of Heidelberg University. To us he poured out his woes. "They told me," he moaned, "that I must with a conducted party to Egypt come. *Ach*, they have spoilt my Egypt!" We didn't for a moment doubt it.

In the desert near Assuan we witnessed a great celebration of the Bisharin Arabs. Apparently two or three Europeans had been utterly lost for some time and a reward offered for their discovery. They were duly found by the Bisharins—hence the celebration—led, incidentally, by the chief on a galloping white camel.

Life was peaceful at Assuan after the strenuous exploring bout at Luxor, but I did win the donkey race at the local gymkhana, and we also had great fun bargaining each day in the bazaar. We didn't care whether we bought a particular shawl or not, nor, I believe, did the vendor very much care whether he sold it, but he used to look out for us each evening, and bargain we did, with considerable gusto and amusement. We got the shawl, and I don't suppose he lost!

In the course of a brief visit to Palestine we encountered an amusing little incident on a train ride from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The conductor, a Frenchman, came up, and after most courteously saluting Alida, asked her whether she would like to get out and pick a few of the myriad flowers which then formed a luxuriant carpet on each side of the line. She replied she would dearly like to do so, but wasn't it rather unusual to stop the train for such a purpose? "No,

madame," replied the conductor, "we are ten minutes ahead of time, so we must wait here for time to overtake us." I need not add that a considerable quantity of time was allowed in any case for that particular journey.

Our hosts in Jerusalem were Sir John and Lady Gray Hill, the latter, in those days, a very beloved figure in Jerusalem. They had a delightful house on the Mount of Olives. One morning, I was looking through my window across a stretch of country leading down to the Valley of the Jordan and to the Mountains of Moab beyond, and asked an Arab servant the name of the little collection of houses I could see below. "That," he replied, "is the village of Nod," which seemed to take one back very rapidly to the Book of Genesis.

We had an interesting ride on superb Arab horses to Jericho, during which I found out from our majestic-looking guide that the ravens which fed Elijah were not birds, as I had always believed, but a Bedouin tribe, the descendants of which, he informed me, were still in the neighbourhood.

We put up at Jericho at a decrepit-looking little inn, the one and only of those days, to find the antique proprietor a most gloomy soul. When I discussed the question of dinner with him, he complained that there was nothing to eat; on pointing out a few scraggy chickens some distance away, the old man said we could certainly have one, if I could catch it. This I promptly agreed to do, never previously having made an attempt to run down a chicken in the open. It proved a strenuous task. This athletic fowl made off at top speed for the Dead Sea, myself in hot pursuit. I doubt if I ever should have caught it if it hadn't made a false jump, after a sprint of two or three hundred yards, and landed in a low prickly bush full of thorns. It was a tough-eating fowl.

An old Arab, hanging about the outskirts of the inn, told me that he was very sick; would I give him medicine? I tried to explain that I wasn't a doctor and had no notion of the kind of medicine he wanted, but he pestered me so hard that eventually I got out the little medicine-case we had and gave him a tablet from each of six tubes. He solemnly chewed them all up, and the following morning, to my great surprise and pleasure, told me that he was very well again.

Those days in the Holy Land, now nearly forty years ago, were filled with interest. I have paid several visits since, but the inevitable advance of modernity, excellent as it doubtless is for the inhabitants, does take away, for the visitor, much of the charm of this historic land. At the time of our visit, it struck us that so many of the sights we witnessed must have been very familiar to those who journeyed from Nazareth to Jerusalem at the dawn of the Christian Era.

The Turk, of course, was in control in the early part of the century and, among other tasks, it fell to his lot, and somewhat frequently I fear, to prevent the various Christian communities from quarrelling amongst themselves.

One of these incidents (and a somewhat humiliating experience it was) occurred during our stay in Bethlehem, when some sort of an argument took place in the Church of the Nativity. As far as we could gather, it all arose over the removal, or the alteration in position, of a carpet. At any rate, it resulted in Turkish soldiers being sent for to separate quarrelling Christians.

On this particular trip we spent perforce two or three days stormbound at Jaffa, when much of our time was put in, most satisfactorily, in the orange

groves, where that wonderful fruit, picked ripe and warm from the trees, is so delicious. How many oranges I consumed during that hold-up I hesitate to say.

To return to Europe we waited for several days at Alexandria, so that we could sail for Constantinople (as it then was) in a British ship. Her name was the *Osmanieh* of the Khedivial Line and, if not her maiden trip, it was only her second voyage. She was a fine ship, but we saw few signs of a British crew. They were indeed an odd selection from the Levant and elsewhere and, as far as we could make out, the one and only British citizen appeared to be a broad-built red-whiskered Scottish engineer, who came up through a hole in the deck on our second day out. His remarks on the crew were as pungent as they were entertaining. He took us with pride through his engine-room, where everything was sparkingly clean, and then filled the air with lament as to what it would doubtless be like a few trips later.

On returning to London, I gave one of the directors of the line a first-hand account of what we had seen and heard.

THE OLD CONSTANTINOPLE

We arrived at Constantinople in a heavy rainstorm, and my first impressions, still vivid, were of a somewhat greasy, slippery landing-stage and a Customs shack with a leaking tin roof. After our luggage had been arranged in rows on dirty benches, an individual in an impressive uniform came up to me and murmured, "My present, please."

What to give this gentleman I had no idea, but I thought it best to fall in with his suggestion, and handed over what amounted to about 10s. in the local currency; on receipt of this sum he was so outstandingly and officiously polite that I kicked myself for giving him too much. Standing next to me was an old, long-bearded Englishman, a fellow passenger, who upbraided me for giving anything at all, and emphasized the wickedness of bribery and so forth. I replied that I was quite aware of all that, but, as an old-world traveller, I thought it usually paid to fall in with the prevailing customs of the country, adding that, in any case, I was not going to be there long enough to attempt to educate this particular Turk or anyone else towards the strait and narrow path.

An hour or two later, at the Pera Palace Hotel, I was not unamused when the old gentleman sought me out and sadly admitted that I had proved to be right; all his garments had been laid out in rows on the muddy benches, everything meticulously examined, and in a woebegone state when eventually repacked.

We had various friends in Constantinople, one of whom, Sir Henry Woods, and his family, were particularly kind to us. Sir Henry, whose full title was Admiral Sir Henry Woods Pasha, held, I believe, some high position in connection with the Turkish fleet (what there was of it), and was an entertaining and most interesting companion.

In most of the foreign capitals of the world, as well as in many other cities abroad, one usually finds one or two English families who have been there since

the year dot and have taken part, and often a very prominent part, in the local life.

At Constantinople, in those days, two outstanding families of this type were the Whittalls and the Pears, one member of the latter family having been an old friend of mine at the same college at Oxford. Lady Woods was a Whittall and her unmarried sister was a wondrous guide to the city. With her we enjoyed happy days, visiting many of the wonderful old buildings and spending hours in the fascinating bazaars. She seemed to be on the closest terms of friendship with every Turk, and knew all about their relatives and other troubles; it was the greatest possible fun wandering round under her guidance, and picking up bargains which specially appealed to us.

One of the features of Constantinople in those days was its army of dogs—the scavengers of the city. They were great big fellows of a brownish hue, and appeared to abide by their own regulations, and patrol the particular region in which they worked and kept order. When any dog wanted to run wild for a bit and take a turn on the countryside, we were told that he was passed through from district to district until he got outside the city, receiving the same guidance on his return. How true this may have been I have no idea, but we couldn't help feeling sorry when in the cleaning up of things some years later we learnt of the sad demise of all these dogs.

We had various interesting expeditions with Sir Henry; one I particularly remember—a delightful trip up the Bosphorus for a picnic luncheon at our Summer Embassy at Therapia. We went aboard a public boat, rather like an old Thames penny steamer, and, seated comfortably in the bows, enjoyed beautiful scenery on a perfect day. I had with me a hand camera, and upon Sir Henry pointing out a charming little creek from which, he assured us, Jason sailed to find the Golden Fleece, I rapidly started to open up the camera when alongside the pier which faced the creek. Before I was quite ready the steamer started off again, so I bolted down the companion, through a saloon, making my way towards the stern to get my picture before the scene disappeared. As I ran through that saloon various suppressed shrieks were audible, and as I was snapping the picture I learnt that I had unwittingly entered the 'harem section' of the ship.

Therapia was a delightful spot, with gardens looking across the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, and Sir Henry had asked a number of good friends to join us at what proved to be a most enjoyable luncheon.

On another occasion we were taken to Yildiz Kiosk to meet the Sultan—the notorious Abdul the Damned. My only memories of that meeting seem to be of a little screwed-up bearded man who entertained us with some kind of a liquid, with rose-leaf jam, in a building which was a bizarre mixture of Eastern splendour and Western trash.

On our way home we spent a few days in Athens and Budapest. In Athens we were the guests of the American Minister, and prowled about with one or two friends who were good enough to show us some of the wondrous treasures of this historic city.

One perfect evening we were sitting together on the Acropolis, I enjoying a quiet smoke while Alida was busy doing one or two water-colour sketches of the Parthenon, when a large conducted party of our fellow-countrymen streamed

up the hill. Right in front marched a stout florid gentleman, puffing hard, and obviously all out to see the sights. As he approached nearer and gazed upon the lovely Doric columns, a look of disgust swept across his face as he turned round with a shout to the following crowd, "Why, it's nowt but a 'eap o' ruins!" What he expected to see I never quite gathered.

At Budapest we were the guests of Count Albert Apponyi, a striking figure of a Magyar nobleman, magnificent in his national dress and master of many tongues. Although, as far as I remember, he had never been in England, he spoke our language perfectly, almost on Shakespearian lines. One day, with pride, he took me to visit the Parliament House, which was then in session. Alas, his pride was somewhat humbled, for the visit was slightly spoilt by an untoward incident. As we entered the gallery, a volley of inkpots, fired by one Party at another, filled the air, as also at the same time did a series of (what sounded like) quite violent epithets; not for the first time did it occur to me that however well the old Mother of Parliaments might work in England, it would probably be many years before democratic government, as we regard it, would feel really at home in certain lands abroad.

Apart from that, there was no gainsaying the fact that Budapest, in those days, was one of Europe's most interesting, picturesque and fascinating cities.

CHAPTER VI

The Next Generation

THE arrival of a son and heir took place some three or four years after we were married, to be followed subsequently by the advent of a daughter.

The boy was duly christened Robert Edmund Godefroy; Robert after his grandfather, Edmund after no one in particular, and Godefroy after his mother's French forbears.

The daughter was christened Alida Gwendolen Rosemary. She was the fourth or fifth Alida, on her mother's side, and named Gwendolen after her godmother, Lady Girouard. On her arrival I received a sprightly cable from George T. Wilson, moving spirit of *The Pilgrims of America*, which read as follows:

Well done, old friend. Hearty congratulations on perfect organization. Boy first, girl next. Woman was created after man and has been after him ever since.

I am quite certain that none of my (I hope) many friends of the fair sex would agree with this sweeping statement—nor do I.

Both infants appeared on this earth well and strong and so grew up. Years, alas, pass far too rapidly, and when the boy and girl forgathered with me during the war—officers in the R.A.F. and the A.T.S. respectively—it seemed to me so brief a span since early days.

Looking back, however, I have the satisfaction of realizing to the full that just as in my own youthful years in Yorkshire we were the most happy and united family, so, thank God, history has repeated itself in the subsequent generation, and I have enjoyed the outstanding blessing of an ideal family life in an unchanging atmosphere of mutual trust and affection.

Each of our offspring was born within the sound of Big Ben, and both know their London as well as most.

Alida would doubtless describe herself as a real perfervid Cockney, while Bobbie prefers the country and wide open spaces, either on the earth or above it.

When we settled down in Westminster, three of the maids elected to follow my wife from Palace Gate to Cowley Street. The eldest, Griffin, who became our parlourmaid, was a great character.

She had been with the Harveys for many years and remained with us until she retired. Indeed, we have always been more than happy with our domestic staff; hardly ever has anyone left us, except to get married or for some unavoidable cause. Of those who did leave almost all kept in touch, and used to look us up from time to time, frequently followed by an ever-increasing progeny.

Griffin had an abrupt and somewhat imperious manner on the telephone, and if things didn't always go as she thought they should she had a way of blaming the instrument, with the picturesque complaint that she "could get no sense out of the thing".

Our small girl Alida, known as Min, was an extraordinarily precocious child, and learnt to speak at a very early age. She was little more than fifteen months when her first recorded conversation was quoted to me by our lamp-lighter, a grand fellow and a typical Cockney, by name Mr. Beck. Mr. Beck was a bosom friend of the two children, who went out whenever they could to greet him on his round.

On this occasion Min was in her perambulator alongside our own particular Cowley Street lamp-post, with Mr. Beck in attendance on the top of his ladder. Her Nanna had just gone in to fetch something or other when Mr. Beck, thinking that a little baby language would be acceptable, addressed the small child from his elevated stance. Min, however, ignoring his advances, sat up in her pram, looked at him very solemnly and said, "Man, don't you fall down and break your nut." As Beck told me afterwards, he was so surprised he very nearly did!

When Min was two she was invited to a children's party by Mrs. Leo Amery. When her feeder was being taken off, she quietly turned round, looked up at her hostess and considerably surprised her by saying: "Very nice, thank you. Now I will go up and see the bedrooms."

She had a small black cat which was a great pet, and which not only allowed itself to be dressed up but seemed to enjoy the process. However, when she persuaded it to go for a walk round the neighbourhood attired in a doll's hat and a minute pair of white drawers, we had to agree with Griffin when she informed Min that "God's creatures were never meant to be dressed up."

One day Alida and I were walking with the two small children in St. James's Park when we met the Right Honourable John Burns. Now 'Honest John' had quite a good conceit of himself, and as he shook hands with Bobbie added impressively, "Now, Bobbie, remember when you grow up you will be able to say you have shaken hands with Mr. John Burns." However, this advice didn't register as it should have done, for a few minutes later when he said to the small boy, "Who is it now you have been lucky enough to meet?" Bobbie replied, "Mr. Thomas Bones." "Oh," said Mr. Burns, "that will never do; I shall have to hand you over to the park-keeper." But as a threat that didn't work either, for the park-keeper hove in sight at that very moment and greeted the children with, "Hello, Bobbie; hello, Min."

The children's Nanna, a most faithful soul, remained until the governess age dawned, and then one Mlle. Lienhardt, from French-speaking Switzerland, took charge. Mademoiselle, known for some reason as 'Oury', was an intelligent young woman, and is today a doctor, wife of a doctor, in South Africa.

Alida, never shy from her earliest years, had a most retentive memory and could assimilate reams of verse, long before she knew the meaning of all the words.

Robert Service was one of her favourite poets, and when friends looked in as likely as not she would ask them whether they would care for a recitation; before they could get over their surprise she had mounted a chair, and was well



[Photo by the Author]

ALIDA ABOUT TO ADDRESS MR. BECK, THE
LAMPLIGHTER



A MINIATURE BY MRS. GUY BRUTON

SISTERLY HELP, AT THE CORNER OF COWLEY
STREET

[Photo by the Author]



BOBBIE AND ALIDA DRESSED FOR A PARTY,
THE LATTER IN WHAT SHE CALLED HER
"DICKLEY-DOCKLEY" COAT





(Photo by the Author)
AN AMERICAN OFFICER IS INTRODUCED TO JACKO, THE PARROT

BOBBIE AND ALIDA UNDER BADEN-
POWELL'S ORDERS



SPRINGTIME
(Photo by the Author)





A HAPPY FAMILY PARTY AT SOMERLEYTON



"COLOMEN WEN"
AT LULWORTH



INTERIOR OF
"COLOMEN WEN"

away with 'The Cremation of Sam McGee'. I must add that she invariably got through her piece to the entire satisfaction of an appreciative audience.

During the First World War I was asked to give addresses at various of the Public Schools, and at one of these informal talks met a master from St. George's, Harpenden, the large co-educational school. Persuaded some months later to pay St. George's a visit, I was much impressed by the atmosphere of the school, by the intelligence and charming manners of the boys and girls, as well as by the general training and significant record of results.

As the two children were the closest of allies, we thought we could not do better than St. George's, which would give them an opportunity of growing up together and making many mutual friends.

Bobbie soon showed development on the scientific side, and at a very youthful age was put in charge of the wireless-room.

For various of my friends he fixed up sets during the holidays, and greatly impressed the (then) Editor of the *Daily Express* when he installed a good working set in the latter's flat, for those were early days of radio.

Alida proved herself a first-rate all-rounder, and seldom came home at prize-giving time without an odd trophy or two.

In a caravan which they persuaded me to have built we had many a healthy holiday together, the children sharing a neat little tent, while my wife and I occupied the more solid structure.

Among our happiest 'pitches' was one on the heights above Cuckmere, in Sussex, overlooking the sea and in sight of the Seven Sisters; another was a well-selected spot affording a grand view of the cliffs surrounding Lulworth Cove.

At Lulworth we saw much of Sir Alfred Fripp and his very cheerful family, splendid swimmers all, as indeed were my own boy and girl.

After a morning's vigorous exercise in the sea, we would return ravenous to our mobile home to tackle a wondrous meal evolved by my lady on her microscopic stove. Then, if we felt like an evening off (and a rest for the cook!), there was the faithful car, all ready to run us over, in the one case perhaps to Eastbourne, or in the other to Weymouth.

After the initial journey our caravan, which was a goodly size, remained on its chosen pitch throughout the holiday.

However, aboard the car, we wandered round the Downs of Sussex, and the delightful county of Dorset, missing but little of these two enchanting sections of England, which are still almost entirely rural and unspoilt.

Our caravan bore the Welsh words 'Colomen Wen', which, translated, signify 'The White Dove', and were taken from the Bardic title conferred upon my lady at the National Eisteddfod, where, on more than one occasion, she led the Chorus of Harps.

She was known as 'Telenores y Colomen Wen'—or 'The Harpist of the White Dove', for according to Mr. Lloyd George her calm and unruffled temperament, as well as her musical skill, always brought both harmony and peace into musical circles.

Above the caravan we had as our mascot a delightfully designed miniature white dove which hovered over the points of the compass and served as our weathervane.

Our first caravan holiday was amidst the Broads, where Lord Somerleyton

found us a picturesque pitch; but, good as this was, somewhere in sight of the sea always seemed better.

On this trip I towed the caravan for the first time, and took the homeward journey in easy stages; we received permission, I remember, from the local authorities of Bury St. Edmunds to spend a night somewhere in the centre of their historic town. The second night we were entertained by my popular House of Commons colleague, Lord Huntingfield, and pitched on a pleasant site in his park.

There was a somewhat quaint incident on our way to Somerleyton. Below the caravan, the designer had placed lengthy horizontal lockers on either side to hold various odds and ends, but these lockers were a trifle too near the ground.

On the outskirts of a small country town I pulled in close to a rather high kerb, and ripped off the bracket of the near-side locker. The neighbouring blacksmith at once agreed to put matters right, but couldn't finish the job until the following morning.

Accordingly we made for the local inn, prepared to put up for the night. The amiable lady who received us said that a good meal would certainly be forthcoming, but she was troubled with regard to beds, for she had only just taken over, and had but one bed in the three available rooms. I well remember the look of astonishment she gave when we at once offered to supply a couple of beds. Next morning we moved on in good working order.

We lived a healthy life under the red-and-white burgee of the Caravan Club.

During the past several years this form of holiday has increased by leaps and bounds, and the Club, of which I am today a Vice-President, looks after the welfare of an evergrowing number of devotees.

From St. George's Bob went on to Oxford, and during his time there we frequently forgathered. Although I had, of course, been 'down' for many a long year, I felt more in tune with the well-loved spot than I had done on visits paid but three or four years after my own undergraduate days. Doubtless that was so because one did not expect to run into contemporaries, and felt no surprise in being surrounded by strangers.

Having readily received my permission to join the University Air Squadron, Bob succeeded in getting Oxford's nomination for a permanent commission in the R.A.F.

At an early stage in his Service career he was responsible for founding the Royal Air Force Flying Club, of which he was elected chairman; during the Second World War it goes without saying that as a Wing Commander in the R.A.F. he has had plenty of serious work to do.

Alida, best and most cheerful of companions, as well balanced as she was well read, acquired at an early age a first-rate knowledge of London. Whether it were escorting visitors round the London Museums, or hunting up bargains in the Caledonian Market with our well-loved friend Baden-Powell, she was equally at home.

As a hostess she was second only to my lady, and as a sub-débutante took to the platform as a junior duck takes to water.

One General Election coinciding with school holidays, I suggested that she

should propose a vote of thanks to the (then) Secretary of State for War, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, who was speaking for me at an eve-of-the-poll gathering. Quite unperturbed, she at once agreed, merely asking me how long she ought to 'talk' for.

The appearance on the platform of a rosy-cheeked lass with long pigtails created considerable enthusiasm, which turned into rousing cheers at the end of her brief but very effective effort.

During the Second World War she joined the F.A.N.Y., passed out of the O.C.T.U. at Windsor in the first two, and served as an officer in the A.T.S. until the War was won, finishing as Senior Commander.

Early practice in public speaking has served her well, and I believe she loved every moment of her years of service.

CHAPTER VII

Pioneer Days of Motoring

1895 ONWARD

Two close friends of mine, in early life, pioneers both, were Marconi and C. S. Rolls.

Marconi I met in the century's early years, and a close friendship began which lasted throughout his life.

Many an interesting development he talked over with me and many I saw tested out; in 1920, with the latest discoveries in wireless telephony, he fitted out the good ship *Victorian* in which, as Chairman of the Arrangements Committee, I went over with my colleagues of the British Press for the Second Imperial Press Conference in Canada.

My friendship with Charlie Rolls went back even further, to 1896, the year in which he founded the world-famous firm of Rolls-Royce.

In that year he took me for my first drive in a car and, incidentally, ten years later, my initial flight by air.

However, the first internal-combustion engine I ever saw was in the previous year, 1895, in France, when, with my good friends Herbert and Bruce Ingram, I had a delightful cruise aboard their father's yacht along the north French coast.

We had put in at Dinard and, in the course of a short walk in the direction of Dinan, came across a Frenchman with what appeared to be an amazing piece of machinery.

He said it was a motor-bicycle; but little of that bicycle was visible amidst a galaxy of pipes and taps and tubes and valves.

Some time we spent examining this odd vehicle and I was permitted to test it. My brief ride was not too successful.

During the following year I had my first drive in a car and that, as already stated, was with Charles Rolls.

To the best of my memory, this car was a 3-4 h.p. De Dion; in this contraption we succeeded in driving from South Lodge (the home of Charles's mother), nearly the full length of Piccadilly, though we found the hill opposite the Naval and Military Club rather a trial! Looking at that slight rise today it seems difficult to realize that it ever counted as a hill; but as we had pulled up at the bottom opposite the Badminton Club, it was quite a struggle overcoming the next fifty yards. That was, of course, in the 'Nineties.

AN EARLY CONTINENTAL TOUR

In the early part of the century (1902) I had a really remarkable trip with the late Sir Arthur Pearson when he took two cars for a tour of some 10,000 or 12,000 miles on the Continent. The cars were the celebrated Mercédès, each 40 h.p., in those days, of course, quite outstanding for power. It was a most amusing and interesting trip with adventures and experiences galore, my one regret being that I did not even keep a skeleton log of where we went, what we did, and how we did it.

In addition to a certain amount of anxiety in obtaining petrol, tyres were the principal trouble. There were then no such things as 'spares', or even Stepney wheels; covers were somewhat primitive, and every puncture had to be mended on the spot. The roads were not as smooth as they are today, and as our tour was made during a somewhat warm summer we had to pull up more often than was pleasant.

There were very few large cars in England in 1902, and individual chauffeurs were known by name, just as in the early days of flying almost every pilot was known to those who took an interest in aviation. Arthur Pearson had a famous chauffeur, called Hoffer, who seemed to us in those days to be an absolute wizard with a car. Arthur himself was a first-rate driver, and was in fact as keen as he could be at almost every form of sport. We met, of course, practically nothing on the roads in France, the only cars encountered being in a few of the larger towns and within a radius of perhaps five or six miles from those towns, but as far as the hard high road was concerned, it was almost 100 per cent horse traffic.

I remember well the 'Lion d'Or' at Rheims, which I was to see many years later during the First World War when, alas! it was battered out of existence; but in 1902 it was a wonderful old coaching-house renowned for its cuisine and wine, and a perfect joy to the traveller. On arrival we were met by the very courteous proprietor and later taken through to the larder by two gentlemen attached to the kitchen, who almost reverently pointed out to us the many good things hanging up or reposing in dishes, from which we selected the various items for a perfect meal.

From Rheims we made our way leisurely to Besançon, whence we climbed into Switzerland. This was perhaps rather a rash thing to do, for in those days the car was very much unknown, and more or less taboo in the greater number of the cantons. In the agricultural districts cars were more than unpopular and a terror to the horses. We had frequently the greatest difficulty in passing horses, but nowhere more so than on the Swiss roads.

Eventually we tried to make our way to the entrance of the Simplon Tunnel, which was then being bored. The route which approached it, the Martigny Road, I shall not readily forget, for it was much more like a river-bed than a road. On went these two big cars, bumpety-bump, over this appalling surface, until between Brigue and Visp one of them, coming down with a harder bump than usual, had the ill luck to smash its gearbox. There we were, high and dry! After a rapid counsel of war, it was decided that the only thing possible was to get the car on to a train for Unter-Turkheim, near Stuttgart,

the home of the Mercédès works. As the only one who could speak any German I volunteered to see the job through, leaving the rest of the party in the remaining car to follow later. While waiting at Stuttgart I was entertained by a German trick driver, one Herr Saltzer, who performed all sorts of wonderful skidding tricks and turns of fancy driving for my edification.

Before catastrophe overtook us in Switzerland there was one amusing incident I recall. We had arrived as far as Chillon, and pulled up at a little inn opposite the famous castle. As we wandered in, to order our luncheon before visiting the castle, Arthur Pearson discovered a big tank full of live fish at the back of the restaurant. It was a long tank, but not more than about three feet deep and approximately the same width. After one or two vain attempts to catch a trout with his hands, Arthur determined to succeed, and begged me to escort the rest of the party round the castle which we both knew well; before we returned, he boasted, the fish would be caught and our luncheon ready.

But it was a different story on our return. Arthur, in making his ninth or tenth desperate attempt for the self-same fish, had overbalanced and fallen in among them all, securing a complete soaking; we found him sitting in the kitchen attired in a blanket, while his things were being dried. When we had got over a very natural burst of merriment, I suggested that it would be easier to unpack one of the trunks and get a new outfit. This duly done, we thoroughly enjoyed the lunch. And it is only fair to add that we also enjoyed that self-same fish, for Arthur had managed to seize it eventually before he left the tank.

With the two cars sound and strong again we continued our tour in a delightful trip around Bavaria.

After a long day's run in warm summer weather, the open car and its passengers were usually covered with dust, for such things as tarred roads did not exist; men wore long light coats, and ladies something very similar, with a veil round their heads.

On arrival at Nuremberg we put up at a very ancient hotel, innocent of most modern conveniences, although cuisine and wine were everything they should be.

The first thing I asked for was a bath, which seemed to create some difficulty. After a brief committee meeting between the chambermaid and one or two of her colleagues, I was told that in due course I should be escorted, and it was so; after descending two or three flights of stairs, passing through the kitchen (which incidentally was underground), I was shown into a dank-looking room which appeared to have been hewn out of the solid rock, and was lighted only by a small grating just below the ceiling and facing the bath.

The bath was an enormous affair of solid stone, and as I sat in it, balancing a large sponge, I suddenly discovered that the grating was on the street level, and that one or two German faces were peering in at me through the bars.

Without loss of time I attacked; fortune favoured me, and the sponge, full of water, exploded on exactly the right spot!

Among other interesting places in Southern Germany which remained in

my memory was Dinkelsbühl, a beautiful old town which I have visited since more than once. Dinkelsbühl is a Grimm's Fairy-tale town. I don't think its folk had ever seen a car before, for the whole of the population turned out, and although they were more than friendly, we had a really terrific job in turning round and making our way through the admiring crowds.

It was a wonderful tour.

CHAPTER VIII

Aviation Memories

FROM BALLOONING TO WORLD FLIGHTS

THE individual who originally enthused me on the subject of the Air was Charles Rolls, a son of Lord and Lady Llangattock, two old friends who were very kind to me when I first came to London, and who at that time lived in one of London's larger houses, South Lodge, Knightsbridge.

Charlie Rolls was at Cambridge at about the same time that I was at Oxford, and our friendship dated from that period. He was an amazing fellow, full of initiative and energy, and his early death was a tragedy to the aviation world. Charles was game to try anything. I remember one amusing experience with him. He had come down to our house in Cowley Street to pick me up and take me on to some exhibition at the Crystal Palace. What it was I quite forget—but on our arrival we saw for the first time that awful contraption known as 'looping the loop', in which, fastened down in a small car, one was pulled up to the top of a steep incline, then rattled round upside down and subjected to other equally unpleasant evolutions. When we got near this thing Charles's eyes sparkled, and at once he said, "Oh, Harry, do let us have a turn at this before we go into the Exhibition." So up we went, were dumped down in the front seat of the little car which held either four or six, and then an iron band was clamped down over our knees. While this was being done I happened to turn round and overheard a section of a conversation between two very stout Cockney ladies.

"'Ow is she now, pore dear?" said one to the other.

"Oh," replied her friend, "she's all right now, but she's been insensible these two hours."

"Good heavens!" I said to Charles, "I think I'm for giving this trip a miss," but almost before I had finished the sentence, with a jerk the absurd little car started on its upward journey. The swish down, the roar of the wheels and the complete turn-over had just about as nauseating an effect as anything I have ever tried, much less paid for. Not so, however, with Charles.

As I staggered out at the end of the trip he banged me on the back, exclaiming, "Hurry up, old fellow, there are two empty seats in the front of the next car."

"Charles," I replied, "I am going to the nearest chair, where I propose to rest, collect my thoughts, and settle my internal anatomy. You can circulate on the damned thing for another hour if you like."

And it was about that time that my air-minded young friend took to

ballooning. In this form of sport he became more and more enthusiastic, and eventually persuaded me to try a turn with him, and so my own first journey by air was made before I ever saw a heavier-than-air machine; in fact, at that time, there were very few of the latter to be seen.

It was in March 1906 I agreed to take the air with this flying pioneer, in the Aero Club's balloon, *Vivienne*.

My wife and I made our way to the Wandsworth Gasworks in company with another old friend and great pioneer, Colonel Moore-Brabazon (now Lord Brabazon of Tara), who promised me that he and my lady would endeavour to follow the course of the balloon by car and join us, if possible, at the end of the flight. There we met Frank Butler, Charlie Rolls, and some of those wondrous energetic members who built up the Aero Club in its early days. There was a westerly breeze, and a little committee of experts got together to decide from what part of the ground we should ascend. There were several problems to be considered. In addition to the surrounding buildings there was a large and ominous-looking chimney which doubtless shot out very hot air as well as smoke. Just as we started the wind, of course, shifted a bit, and we as near as nothing collided with the chimney.

Looking back at an old press-cutting book I find in one of the London papers on March 6 a picture of the balloon with, underneath, the wording 'Colliding with the chimney', and it certainly looks for all the world as if there had been a pretty violent collision. But Charlie Rolls, who never lost his head, threw overboard enough sand to send us hurtling up at what seemed to be a terrific pace and the chimney was just missed. It was an uncanny moment, a sort of confused evaporation from the earth. However, that was soon over, and then followed a feeling of the most intense noiselessness and peace.

We were about eight hundred feet up, and rising, driven along in a light westerly breeze. I shall never forget my astonishment on first seeing London from the air. I had seen it before from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, but by the time we reached St. Paul's we had risen several thousand feet, and, although there was a haze surrounding the great city, there seemed to be beneath us an absolutely endless London which many of us have got to know so well since, from this viewpoint of the air, and which, although it can never become commonplace, is no longer a matter for excitement. But that first view, drifting in absolute quietude beneath that vast gasbag, will never be driven from my mind.

What an extraordinary view it was! Right underneath was Clapham Junction, looking exactly like a child's toy railway, with little squat engines giving out plump little puffs of smoke. Just ahead was Battersea Park, a tiny oasis of green, the boats in the pond with their moving oars resembling water-spiders, as they wandered about in all directions. In front of us were houses, always houses, until they were lost in the haze. And right through the midst of everything, curling like a great long eel, the Thames.

Still moving in an easterly direction, we passed over Big Ben, some three thousand feet below, and after that, following the river pretty closely, discovered the Tower Bridge beneath us. We seemed to be now on the top of London smoke, which stretched out under the dark blue sky in all directions

like a grey tableland, while half-way down between ourselves and the earth we could see in the mist a black, cone-shaped form—our own shadow. Over the great docks we passed and saw a long array of huge ocean liners and every kind of craft. Slowly descending, we left Woolwich and West Ham behind for the Plumstead marshes, dotted on all sides with powder magazines, each surrounded by its little moat.

The trail-rope was out now, dangling in a long thin line some quarter way to the ground. Again we crossed the river, this time above Erith, and, sailing pretty low, made our way over an outgoing steamer, which saluted us with her siren. Open country at last, and with it a bright, clear atmosphere as we glided across the Essex marshes.

Two little incidents entertained us. Firstly, the trail-rope made its way slowly across the back of a grazing cow. If cows could ever look surprised this one did, as it moved its head from side to side, moo-ing softly, and wondering who on earth was stroking it.

Along a path in a second field a yokel was slowly walking, when the end of the trail-rope passed near him. He didn't seem to notice the balloon, or to gaze upwards, but started off to chase the rope; so keen was he in endeavouring to seize it that he finished up in a deep dry ditch as the rope hopped across the adjoining bank.

We learnt from the interested spectators that there was a railway-station about two-thirds of a mile ahead, and we decided to come down in a large field on the near side. The grapnel was held in readiness, the valve opened, and down we came with a steady sweep. Over went the grapnel, and our skipper ordered us to hang on to the ropes above, and so avoid the bump when we met Mother Earth. Down we came, just a slight bump, but the grapnel refused to hold, and we described another short parabola.

This time the grapnel went right home in the side of a deep ditch. We met the earth again, and, after one or two attempts to remain stationary, succeeded in doing so. Then we scrambled out, surrounded by critical on-lookers, who came up in endless array from everywhere. The rest was simple. Willing hands under skilful guidance reduced the once proud *Vivienne*. In what seemed to me a meagre space of time she was deflated, disconnected and neatly packed in her own basket, all ready for the cart which took her to the station.

And then followed a pleasant surprise; the hooting of a familiar horn and the shouts of familiar voices. The motor-car! We had forgotten her in our excitement, but she had not forgotten us. Long before, as we crossed and re-crossed the Thames, we had made certain that the car must be completely lost; especially as, by varying our altitude, we had made frequent changes in course. 'Brab' admitted that these eccentricities had been very perplexing. They had crossed several bridges; once by ferry; and then as the smoke cloud thickened, they lost sight of us completely. But they persisted, relying for their course on the direction of the smoke and the information of those who had caught brief glimpses of the balloon. They had succeeded, and with this reunion ended my first very happy flight.

While we were ballooning the Wright Brothers were busy on the other side of the Atlantic, and a little later their first heavier-than-air machine was

seen in Europe, but the gasbag with an engine was developed by our own and other countries, particularly, of course, by Germany.

THE FIRST BRITISH PASSENGER LINER OF THE AIR

My own first airship adventure was in a British dirigible, *R.36*, on June 17, 1921. It became the first fully equipped British aerial passenger liner under the name of 'Civil Airship G.F. A.A.F.' I was invited, together with some forty other Members of Parliament, to voyage in this ship from Pulham airship station.

We had with us Cabinet Ministers and Labour leaders, Members young and Members old, and a special train took the party down from Liverpool Street. I went still more comfortably by road, steered by the skilful hand of Viscount Curzon, now Earl Howe. We were well ahead of the train, for the Eastern Counties possess excellent motoring roads, and there were few better drivers in the country than Francis Curzon.

The mooring-mast to which *R.36* was attached was a latticework affair, with iron ladders running up inside. Quite a good climb for some of the older Members, though my revered colleague and fellow citizen, Sir Samuel Roberts, in his 70th year, appeared in no way perturbed as he led the ascent.

While the slow but constant stream of legislators made its way up the slender tower some wag suggested that the affair ought to be run in heats. I wondered why there were so many Scots in the party until one of them proudly pointed out that the whole outfit was largely a product of Scottish engineering.

From the top of the mast we passed through a covered gangway into two saloons, each about 35 by 18 feet, and attractively decorated in blue and white. Neat arm-chairs, upholstered in blue, were scattered about, and wide windows on either side gave a first-rate view of the country.

On her release, *R.36* rose to about 1200 feet before most of the passengers were aware that she had moved at all, so swift and gentle was the rise. Then the engines started and, after a preliminary circuit of the station, the airship turned eastwards.

Over Beccles and Lowestoft we went out to sea, far enough to turn the coastline into a margin of pale gold, and then swinging north, returned to the coast, skirting Yarmouth, low enough to see the holidaymakers enjoying themselves on the famous sands.

Many messages by wireless were sent, one by myself to International Rotary, which was then meeting at Edinburgh, asking the President if he would do me the honour of inviting the American and Canadian members to join me at tea on the Terrace in a few days' time.

Finally we finished our run over many miles of those fine rectangular fields which so largely make up the broad county of Norfolk.

TRIAL TRIP IN *R.100*

But I shall not easily forget the cruise I had some years later in the *R.100*, sister of the *R.101*, and at the time the greatest airship in the world. Through the courtesy of the Air Ministry I was enabled to take part in the twenty-two hours' trial of this giant of the air.

It was in the afternoon of a brilliant day in May 1930 that we drove down to Cardington, near Bedford, where this monster was housed—where, in fact, she was born. Long before the end of our drive she loomed into sight, tethered to her 200-foot mast, the whole 707 feet of her glistening like polished aluminium in the rays of the sun.

A few preliminaries and introductions below, an odd form or two to sign, to the effect that if one slipped into another world no one was responsible, and other simple agreements, and then for the foot of the towering mast. The luxury of a lift was a great contrast to those earlier days when we laboriously climbed up the winding staircase to *R.36* at Pulham.

Once out of the lift and along a short passage, I was met by a steward, who took my bag and said, "May I show you your room, sir?" Somehow, in the air this sounded quite odd. It was a long walk to my room, first down an interminable gangway and then *via* the main saloon and a flight of stairs to the upper deck, where I was shown into a simple two-berth cabin with sleeping-bags on the bunks and gay coloured curtains above.

I then met my fellow travellers, Booth, Scott, and the officers, as well as my friend and colleague Montague, the Under-Secretary of State for Air. All aboard, and in no time we were off, but so quietly and so smoothly that there was no indication of it. All one felt during the next few minutes was a slight alteration of altitude. We circled round Bedford, gazed upon the ancient church of Bunyan, and noticed how wonderfully clear was the atmosphere as we looked across St. Albans, Welwyn and innumerable golf links. But for all-round observation the main saloon was not too good. In the first place all one had was a side view similar to that from a railway carriage, but with talc instead of glass windows. There was, however, the considerable advantage of height.

As we went along it was interesting to notice that cows, horses and sheep appeared to be frightened as the airship went over them. Why, I don't know, for the average 'plane leaves them quite unexcited. Almost immediately London appeared, the air clear as crystal, and as we floated over the city the outstanding marks were the spires of Wren's churches surrounding St. Paul's like a bodyguard.

Up the river to Westminster, the Houses of Parliament looming large, my own little house in Cowley Street looming small, but none the less still on the map. In Battersea Park all games of tennis stopped as we sped overhead, and once again we circled round to Westminster by Belgravia and Buckingham Palace, where we dipped to His Majesty the King. Then in quick succession followed Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly and Portland Place, up to the heights of Hampstead.

As we swung eastwards towards Essex, the London we had left seemed

almost like a fairy city under the golden rays of the setting sun. And then Commander Burney came to tell me that dinner was ready. Well, it was getting late, and I was ready too. We duly sat down at little tables of four, Burney and I being joined by Skipper Booth and Montague. Chops, chips and beer were the main items of our meal, with a piece of Cheddar cheese to follow. And very good it all was.

Tilbury passed us as it was growing dusk, and then gleamed below the lights of Southend. We were at the mouth of the river, which we left to make our way towards the north, passing over what appeared to be an endless succession of inlets and waterways.

A long chat on civil air policy, another look overboard, then to bed about ten. The top berth I chose because the light was just over it. I curled up in the sleeping-bag with one blanket underneath and two on top, for the temperature was pretty low and the heating apparatus was not in operation.

The first experience in that bunk was unusual. There was a faint hum of the engines, unlike the sound of a 'plane; and, again, the sensation was quite different from that of the throb of a ship. However, I slept until nearly seven and then discovered that, though it was a fine morning, there was nothing to look at but sea. Sea 'neat' soon becomes tiring, so back to bed again and slept till nine. A good night.

By this time even the sea had disappeared and there was nothing to look at but clouds, which were not only uninteresting but exuded chilliness. I filled in the time by making a tour of the ship. I must have walked for about a hundred yards along a perilously thin gangway surrounded by an intricate network of wires, ballast bags and petrol tanks, with here and there large apertures covered with net, through which the air came in. Then followed a slight climb uphill as I approached the nose end.

It was rather an eerie feeling wandering there alone, for, although we were going ahead at about sixty miles per hour or more, there was no noise, no roar, nothing but aggressive quietude. The engines, of course, were far away, and streamlining did the rest. At the completion of my trip I was entirely ready for the excellent breakfast our hosts had provided.

At last through the clouds appeared patches of coastline, which proved to be the southerly point of my native Yorkshire and the mouth of the Humber. As we made our way from Hull to Leeds the clouds rolled away, and were followed by as goodly a day as one could wish to see.

From now on most of my time was spent in the control-room, from which one got an amazing view of the country. This room, suspended clear of the ship, was built of glass right down to the floor, and as it had an inward slope forward one gazed upon the view directly below, as well as that on each side. I was surrounded by gadgets of every kind and those most important items the rudder and elevator control, whilst behind us was the wireless-room. In our little house of glass there was also no noise of engines, all we heard being a pleasant swish of the wind as England slipped underneath.

The great airship caused considerable excitement as we passed over the big centres of population. There was one continuous stream from the houses to the streets, and crowds of upturned faces. From Leeds we tilted up somewhat to cross the Pennines, and over a stretch of fine wild country reached

Manchester, which, untrue to its reputation (perhaps ill-deserved), was bathed in sunshine. In this district it was recreation time in the school-yards, or so it appeared, and all the children waved energetically to us. Along the Ship Canal to the coast, before reaching which I recognized Knowsley and a model village.

We flew into gorgeously clear weather and a great welcome as we swung over Liverpool. Every ship in harbour turned on its siren, and a hectic chorus of sound ascended as down we dropped, and circled once or twice right round Liverpool and New Brighton. Then followed a fairly straight run home over country traversed by the old North-Western—big grass fields and quiet villages.

At length we sighted the mooring-mast at Cardington. Our first attempt to hook up failed, but a circle round and a second attack proved successful. In a few minutes we were drawn up, with the gangway down, and the delightful experience of our twenty-two hours' trial trip duly over.

From the contemporary number of *Flight* my mind is refreshed on one or two details.

The engines, which were Condors 3B, were all new, and this was their trial run. The total number on board was 65, the crew numbering 5 officers and 36 ratings, in addition to 24 passengers.

Squadron-Leader R. S. Booth, A.F.C., was captain of the ship, and Major G. H. Scott, C.B.E., A.F.C., the officer in charge of flying and training, watched the start from the ground.

The special objects of the trip were: first, to test the new engines, and then to practise wireless reception of complete weather charts. This had been tried before with a ship at the Royal Aircraft Works, but there had been no previous transmission of maps to a ship in flight. And finally, to try out short-wave wireless reception, as *R.100* was to receive messages from Malta and Baghdad.

In all three respects the results were quite satisfactory.

During the flight the ship was kept, for the most part, at a height of 2000 feet, with an occasional maximum of 3400. Her usual speed was about 54 knots, but for three hours she was run at 70 m.p.h., and at one period of ten minutes at full speed, 80 m.p.h.

Throughout the cruise fuel consumption was also being tested. The actual weights taken on board, at the start, were 22½ tons of fuel and 15 tons of water ballast.

According to *Flight*:

"It was as nasty an evening for mooring as could well be imagined. . . . Booth handled her very skilfully indeed, though afterwards he said, in an apologetic tone, 'You see, none of us has had much airship practice for the last ten years.' . . . None the less, opinions were unanimous that the flight had been most enjoyable."

Those, at any rate, were my sentiments.

So much for the gasbags, and now for the 'planes.

WITH WILBUR WRIGHT

It was on one of my early visits across the water that I first became acquainted with those two famous brothers of Dayton, Ohio.

In 1908 Wilbur Wright visited France to study the progress made by aviation in that country. It was during that visit that I spent a day with Wilbur Wright, and gazed upon my first flying-machine.

This took place nearer forty than thirty years ago, and, alas, I made no notes at the time. So there remain various vivid memories of Wright and his biplane, but blurred points of details as to many things I should like now to recall, especially with regard to the gist of our talk and the enthusiasm of those early pioneers gathered around him.

Those two excellent forms of recreation, rugger and fox-hunting, caused me to try a cure at Bagnolles de l'Orne to patch up a leg which had suffered slightly in their pursuit.

How much good the treatment did I am not quite sure, for it was on only two occasions (to Bagnolles) that I have been anywhere to take any waters; however, in the course of a fairly hectic existence a placid life for two or three weeks, plus simple treatment, and simpler living, are doubtless thoroughly beneficial.

We had a Charron car in those days, and crossed first by Southampton-St. Malo, and then by Southampton-Havre. On each journey we passed through the old city of Caen, where I naturally pulled up, to have a look at the grand old churches associated with William the Conqueror. We had a long, lethargic chauffeur, by name Atkinson, and when on our second trip I suggested that we should have a look round one of these historic churches he gazed upon me with a doleful air and protested, "You sent me in there last year, sir."

Bayeux, Caen, Falaise, all peaceful and beautiful towns, shattered, alas, by World War Number II.

Bagnolles is in a huge forest, with just the kind of rides for a gallop on horse-back, and on each of our visits I was able to hire a horse and explore these woods and the attractive countryside; in the Charron we paid visits to many surrounding towns, such as Alençon, famous for its lace, Domfront, with its sturdy old castle, and Le Mans.

During our stay, Wilbur Wright, who had accepted the invitation of the French Government to carry out his flights in France, arrived at the Champ d'Auvour at Le Mans. A mutual friend from the U.S.A. learnt that I was over in France and I was duly invited to the Champ d'Auvour. I accepted with considerable eagerness, and awaited a telegram to inform me when all was ready and weather of the right brand for flying expected. One evening the eventful telegram arrived:

All in order, weather conditions steady, flying sure tomorrow.

Wright.

Bagnolles was only sixty or seventy miles from Le Mans, somewhat cross-

country, and as already stated, I had a car with me. My long, lethargic chauffeur, a rare decent lad in the ordinary way, was less excitable than the most phlegmatic tortoise. That morning, however, Atkinson was all thrills, and when I came down about dawn he and the car had apparently been ready for hours.

At length we arrived. I met and shook hands with the great American pioneer, whom I took to at once. This 'bird-man', as he was often called, was not unlike a bird himself, his strong face, full of character and determination, lit up by a pair of piercing eyes, above a somewhat beak-like nose, counterbalanced by a clear-cut jaw. Altogether he was the type of man who would see a job through to the finish.

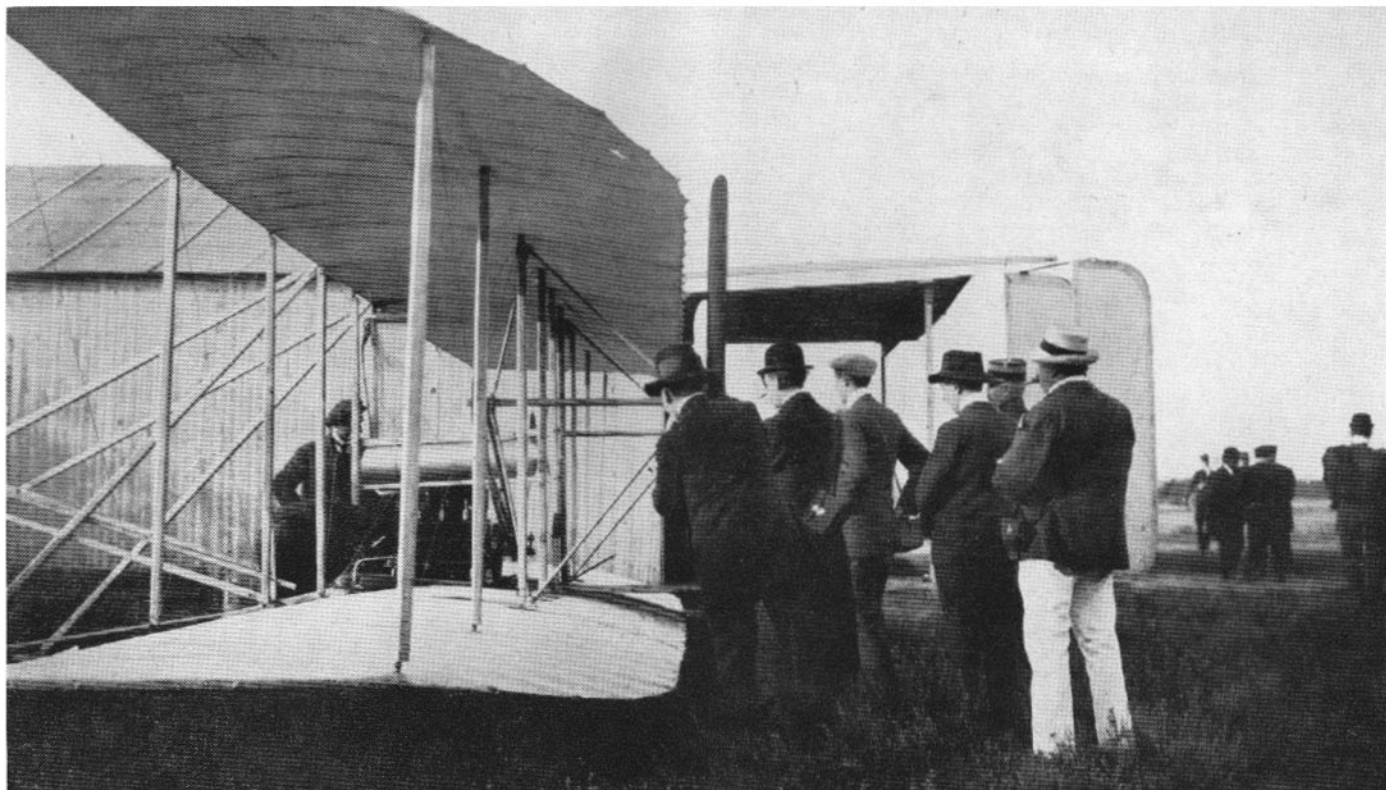
I was received at the 'hangar', though I doubt whether the word had originated at that date, and after a little chat on the U.S.A. and mutual American friends, we walked across the training-ground (aerodrome today) to a spot in the centre of which they had hauled the biplane. Looking back, I gazed upon what might seem to the eye of today to be a quaintly contrived contraption, an almost archaic museum piece, but to the eye of 1908, the eye of one who had faith, it was a stupendous achievement, and a promise of much greater things to come. Thoroughly thrilled, I stared at the thing for quite a time, finding it difficult to realize that it could go up in the air—and stay there.

Wright's machine was, of course, made at Dayton, Ohio. It was a biplane with, in front, two small planes which served as elevator control, and two vertical planes behind for rudder. Its four-cylinder engine was of twenty-four horse-power, and was connected by chains to two wooden propellers. It was not fashioned on wheels, as is the 'plane of today, but on skids like a sleigh, so that after each flight it had to be dragged back to an odd-looking device of spring-boards, with a super-catapult attachment. Then at the proper moment, with engine running, the 'plane all set, and Wright aboard, the lever was pulled, the catapult did its job, and up went the 'plane.

All this Wright explained to me while I stood beside him and did my best to grasp it all; then, with a smile, he added, "Would you like to come up with me?" As there seemed to be no kind of accommodation for a passenger and I was somewhat dubious as to the operation of the catapult, I assured him I should like nothing better, but that I should prefer to study the initial view from the spectator's angle. He agreed that this was sound.

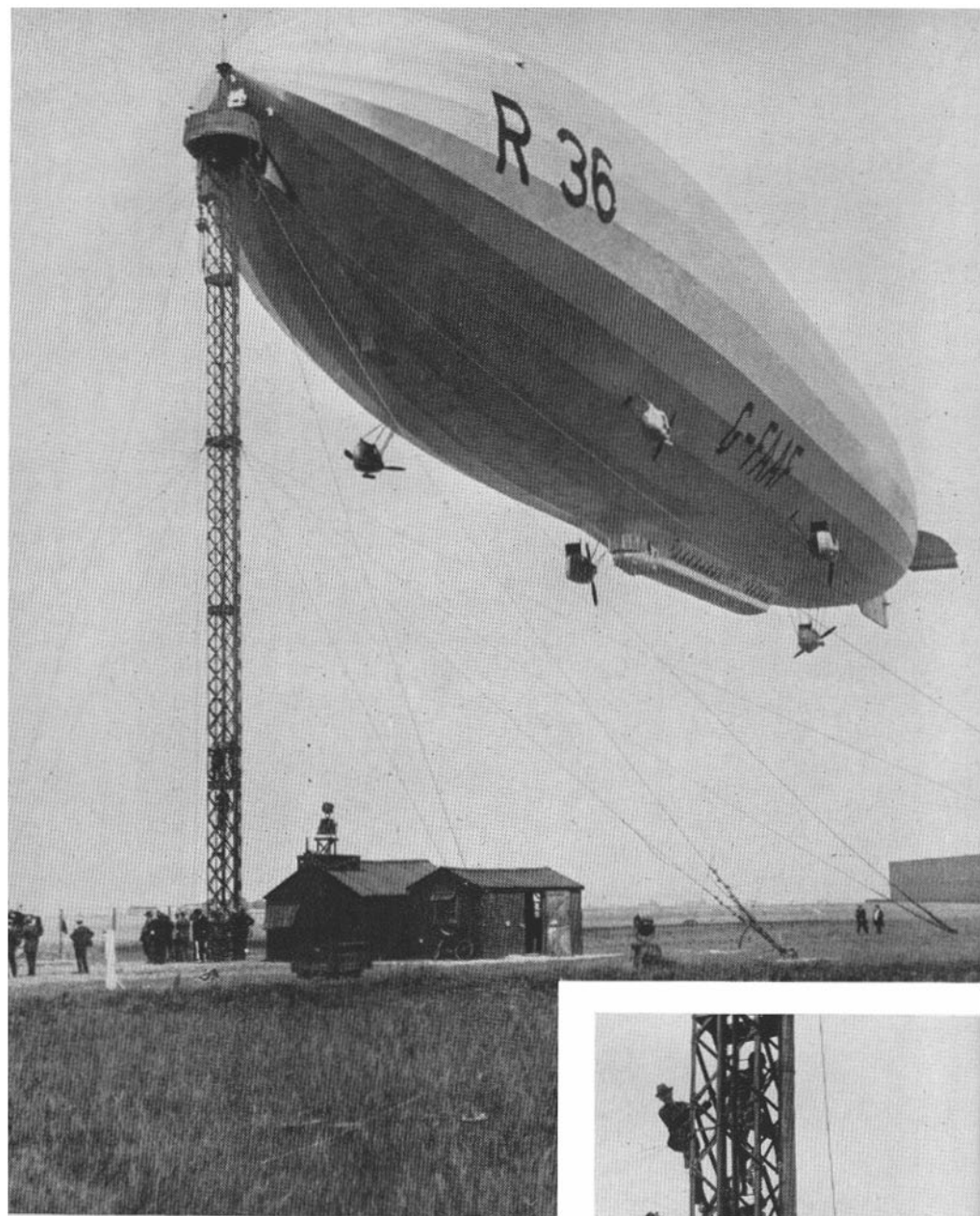
When all seemed ready, Wilbur Wright put in at least another half hour going over every detail again. I remember him as one of the most careful of men, who gave meticulous attention to everything which concerned his 'plane, and rightly so, when one considers what he was evolving from the unknown.

At length he was satisfied. The 'plane was fixed on its runners, the catapult wound up, the engine running well, the inventor aboard. Wright gave the signal; the lever was pulled, and half-a-dozen of us gazed with fascination as we watched for the first time a man take to the air in a heavier-than-air machine. As I saw him rise and then swing round above the circuit of the Champ d'Auvour, my first impression was that of a man bicycling in the air. There was the same smooth motion on the straight and a similar kind of banking at the turns, but there it stopped.



[Photo by the Author]

WILBUR WRIGHT (LEFT) AND HIS FIRST 'PLANE IN EUROPE. LE MANS, 1908



R36 AT HER MAST

M.P.S MAKING A DIFFICULT
ASCENT TO THE AIRSHIP





THE AUTHOR BEING GREETED BY THE PRIME MINISTER OF MALTA

"ARTEMIS" AT TOBRUK

[Photo by the Author]





LEPANTO, GREECE, FROM 3,500 FEET

[Photo by the Author]

This flight seemed to last for a very long time. I suppose it was really a matter of some four or five minutes. But the world's record was then only thirty minutes and was, of course, held by our friend Wilbur.

There was a very slight breeze blowing, and in due course we watched the 'bird-man' approaching us and dropping slowly in the wind. Down, down he came until the skids were but a few feet above the ground, and when he landed he was within about fifty yards of us. (No bad landing either, for a wheelless 'plane.) It was a great and thrilling moment. In the afternoon I sat up beside him.

That evening we dined, a little party of us, at the Dauphin Hotel at Le Mans. Alas, most of these gallant fellows sooner or later lost their lives in helping forward the science of aviation. The great inventor himself was claimed by typhoid, but not before he had the satisfaction of knowing that his work for the world had been established, and that his name would be added to the cherished list of immortals.

It was late when we started back to Bagnolles, and I drove slowly under the light of the moon, meditating on the happenings of a truly eventful day.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S VISION

During those early years of the aeroplane from 1908 onwards, the vivid imagination and practical support of Lord Northcliffe did, I believe, more than any other effort in that direction to encourage British aviation. One great prize after another was given by the *Daily Mail*, and the presentation of the prize was usually made the occasion for a very delightful luncheon at the Savoy or elsewhere, where those of us who were fortunate enough to be invited assembled and cheered the successive victors. Well do I remember the first cross-Channel flight of M. Bleriot, followed, to the best of my memory, in 1910, with a prize of £10,000 for flying from London to Manchester. Just think of that today! However, M. Paulhan doubtless thought a good deal of it when he received that very comforting cheque, as did we, who incidentally cheered him to the echo.

Another £10,000, with an equally happy occasion for the giving of it, went to M. Beaumont in July 1911 for his flight round Britain; then came still another £10,000 award for the first Atlantic flight in June 1919, accomplished by those two gallant lads, Alcock and Whitten-Brown. Winston Churchill was invited to make the presentation at a luncheon given in honour of the gallant airmen by the Directors of Associated Newspapers, and just before handing over the cheque brought down the house when he said, "I am happy to be able to tell you that I have received His Majesty's gracious assent to an immediate award of the Knight Commandership of the Order of the British Empire both to Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown."

When I entered the House of Commons in 1919 I devoted a good deal of my time to the subject of aviation, both military and civil, and became at once an active member of that excellent body, the Parliamentary Air Committee.

AVIATION AND AUSTRALIA

During preparations for the Imperial Press Conference of 1925 (the story of which is told elsewhere), Great Britain, at the request of our Australian hosts, did a certain amount of liaison work throughout the rest of the Empire.

A small Arrangements Committee, of which I was appointed chairman, was formed, and among our tasks was that of obtaining and submitting to Melbourne the various subjects for discussion. It seemed to me that at this gathering of the leading men of the Empire Press, assembling for the first time as the guests of the newspapers, as well as of the State and Federal Governments of Australia, a great opportunity was afforded to emphasize the growing importance of air communications; and so I ventured to select as my own particular subject that of "An Inter-Empire Air Policy".

On more than one occasion I had raised the subject in the House of Commons, and, like a good many other people, showed signs of impatience when I thought I saw other nations getting ahead. In preparing my data, it is only fair to acknowledge the kindly help I received, as ever, from the Air Ministry, as well as that from my good friend Sir Samuel Hoare (now Lord Templewood), then Secretary of State for Air. Since the Ministry was formed there have been a series of excellent representatives in the House of Commons, but never one keener than Sam Hoare. He loved his job, which he did supremely well, and assuredly blazed that ministerial trail by air which his distinguished successors—and other Ministers—have so eagerly followed since.

In Melbourne we were greeted by the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, and the Chairman of the Australian Branch of the Empire Press Union (our kindly and hospitable hosts), and under the Presidency of Lord Burnham the Conference began.

My resolution on the Air was as follows:

"That this Conference, fully conscious of the importance of improving and facilitating inter-Empire communications, views with sympathy the efforts now being made for linking up by air the different sections of the British Empire."

To which Lord Apsley, with my hearty approval, added these words:

"And urges the utmost development of all the available Imperial Air Resources for that purpose."

A most interesting discussion took place, and many excellent suggestions were made, resulting in unanimous agreement. This debate was followed, as I hoped would be the case, by wholehearted support throughout the Press of the Commonwealth.

UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRONS

Aviation, of course, makes its great appeal to youth, and a real youth movement in aviation have been the University Air Squadrons of Oxford and Cambridge. These young men, who spend their week-ends and vacations flying over England and elsewhere, are a source from which great airmen of the future will always be taken.

I do not suppose Lord Hugh Cecil (now Lord Quickswood) would have admitted that he was really the founder of the University Air Squadron, but it was certainly an idea from the fertile brain of my old Parliamentary colleague which brought about this scheme.

My own introduction to these excellent bodies of keen young men came through my friend and colleague, the late Sir Geoffrey Butler, who was one of the members for Cambridge University, and on more than one occasion held out to me an invitation to spend a week-end with him at Corpus. As an additional attraction he insinuated that at no College in the University was to be found a better glass of port.

The invitation accepted, I found myself in Butler's rooms with about two hours to go before dinner. He thereupon suggested that we should fill in the time by having a look at the headquarters of the Cambridge Air Squadron, of which I knew my host was one of the most wholehearted supporters.

When we made our little tour, Sir Geoffrey turned round and asked me what I thought of the headquarters.

"Very nice indeed," was my reply; "but some of your material does not seem to be very up-to-date."

He nodded.

"My dear Harry, you are quite right. Now, what we would really like, if you could let us have it, would be one of your Napier-Lion engines."

I laughed heartily at the trap into which I had unwittingly fallen, and, having congratulated Butler on the apparently innocent way in which it had been laid, said that I would do my very best to persuade my colleagues to send a 'Lion' along.

We then went back to Corpus, where I had the pleasure of meeting the Professor of Aeronautics, the Professor of Engineering, and other friends of Sir Geoffrey, all delightful men, at a very jolly dinner-party.

My colleagues at Napier's very readily agreed to my request, and, in fact, added to the suggestion, and in due course we went up to Cambridge to hand over two 'Lion' engines, one of which was so constructed that it could be pulled to pieces and reassembled by the members of the Air Squadron.

A week or two later I happened to join the late Lord Cave at a luncheon table in a Pall Mall club, when, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, he inquired why it was I had been instrumental in presenting Napier-Lion engines to the University of Cambridge. I told him that I was surprised to learn that he knew anything about it, for it had been carried out with all quietude and privacy.

"Never mind," replied Lord Cave. "I did hear; and remember, I am not

only Lord Chancellor of England, but Chancellor of the ancient University of Oxford, and you are an old Oxford man."

"Yes," I replied, "that is a hit all right, but it was a Cambridge friend who showed sufficient energy to entice me up to Corpus and prepared a neat little trap into which I fell, and also," I added (and it was true at that time), "I know nothing about the Oxford Air Squadron."

"No," replied Lord Cave with a cheery laugh, "but you soon will."

And so Oxford got Napier-Lions as well as Cambridge, and I know of no visits I have enjoyed more than as the guest of each of the squadrons on more than one occasion. They have both done grand work in flying and in research.

In each University it is the very finest material which is being attracted to join these squadrons, the personnel of which, as time runs on, will do much for the science and art of aviation.

One is accustomed today to flights across and around the earth at record speed, but what I think brought home to most people's minds, the forthcoming elimination of time and space, was the great race from Mildenhall to Australia in 1934.

Sir Richard Fairey, a doughty pioneer and one of the outstanding personalities in the aviation world, invited me to go with him to see the start, and followed it up with a couple of days' shooting in the same sporting county of Suffolk.

To his place near Uxbridge I went to dine and spend (part of) the night. Called before it was over, we were soon away, making cross country for Mildenhall. The Rolls-Royce hopped along merrily, but we had a goodly distance to cover, and unfortunately, near Newmarket, a burst tyre held us up for some little time, and then we missed a turning.

At early dawn we found ourselves opposite the aerodrome at Mildenhall and in the distance could see the shadowy forms of the 'planes, and hear the roar as the engines warmed up. What lay between us was a huge field of roots. Fearing that the 'planes would be off before we could find our way round to say good-bye to the pilots, we decided to leave the car and do a cross-country run over the roots. It was a damp and slippery proceeding, and we flushed more than one head of game as we staggered across. However, the manoeuvre paid, for we were in time to have a chat with many of the pilots before they took off.

Then followed a first-rate day with the pheasants. That night and Sunday we put up at the Felix Hotel, at Felixstowe, and then enjoyed a second shoot on the Monday, before returning to London by road.

We had seen those boys off on the Saturday morning and the first announcement we saw on our arrival in London were posters of the evening papers proclaiming that the first 'plane (piloted by Scott and Black) had reached Australia.

I think that emphasized, in a way nothing else could have done, the amazing possibilities of the future of aviation.

ENGLAND WINS THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY

The Schneider Trophy, the Blue Ribbon of the Air, competed for in September 1927 by officers of the Royal Air Force, was brought back from Italy to England, where it has since remained, for on two subsequent occasions we were again successful, and the third win turned this very coveted, but somewhat massive souvenir into permanent British property.

As the engines in our competing machines were the famous Napier-Lions, my colleagues on the Napier Board asked two of us whether we would go out as their representatives. For my part I readily agreed, and about a week beforehand left with a colleague for Venice and the Lido, where the race was to take place. We all put up at the Excelsior Hotel, on the beach, where I found on my arrival that a little message had been sent to the manager by my old friend Mr.—later Sir George—Reeves Smith, of the Savoy.

A message from the popular doyen of the English hotel world always meant that the manager who received it was ever ready to do anything and everything for one's comfort, and this was no exception. Almost at once I had a request to make, for I learnt that the hotel itself was to be a pylon, a turning-point in the race; so it immediately struck me that instead of witnessing the contest from the official stand which was to be erected on the beach, a far finer view would be obtained from the broad balcony of a corner room on the highest floor, and this room was duly placed at my disposal.

While every kind of preparation for the race was going ahead, we passed half-a-dozen crowded days in which very delightful hospitality and plenty of it was offered to us by the citizens of Venice, one or two memorable parties being given in the old palaces.

It was something of a contrast to leave behind at the Lido our hurtling record-breaking little sea 'plane, and then in Venice leisurely make our way through the canals in the slow-moving but ever-attractive gondolas to the ancestral home of some kindly host—a home still possessing the wondrous atmosphere of Venice of the Middle Ages.

Our team was in charge of a first-rate officer, Air Vice-Marshal Scarlett, with Squadron-Leader (now Air Marshal Sir Leonard) Slatter as Captain, the pilots being Flight-Lieutenants Webster, Worsley, and Kinkead, a splendid trio of boys, and of course tip-top pilots. We had also with us Commander Bird, the Managing Director of the Super-Marine Aviation Works; Mr. R. J. Mitchell, the well-known designer; representatives of the Air Ministry, and last, but not least, engineers and mechanics.

Since these lines were written, R. J. Mitchell has become world-famous as the designer of the redoubtable Spitfire, which did so much for our salvation in the Battle of Britain.

It was indeed but right and proper that the memory of this great designer should be honoured, and all who knew him rejoiced when it was announced that this tribute was to be paid, together with the form it should take. The Spitfire Mitchell Memorial Fund was created by Lady MacRobert "For the endowment of an Aeronautical Engineering Scholarship, and to instal a National Youth Centre."

The great day arrived at last, clear and bright, and half the population or Venice, together with visitors from everywhere else, poured in until the beach was black with people. The air was full of excitement, and I admit to being as full of it as anyone else. My colleague and I made for my room on the sixth or seventh floor, my wonderful corner site, to which, incidentally, we had had sent up a bottle of champagne in an ice-bucket, ready for a hearty toast should victory be ours. I expect we should have had it in any event, to try and drown our sorrows if things had gone wrong.

Just before the race started there was a knock at my door, and round popped a nose and an eyeglass, followed by the cheery face of General Brancker. "Ah, my dear Harry," he said, "I asked where you were, as I had a sort of feeling that you always knew your way to the best pitch; I learned your whereabouts from the office, and here I am, and ye gods! you *have* got the best pitch! May I come in and join you?" Needless to say, to friend Sefton the answer was in the affirmative.

Well, out we went on our balcony, and in a very few minutes the machines were hurtling past. Our three splendid lads, likewise the gallant Italians in their red Macchi 'planes; the cornering of our fellows was quite wonderful, and an eye-opener to the vast majority of the huge crowd. The noise, of course, was terrific, as each of these vicious little machines roared round and round at what was then a world's record speed. In less than no time the race was won and up went the Union Jack, but let me also record that a splendid welcome was given to the winning pilots by a thoroughly sporting Italian crowd.

Needless to add, there was no delay in the toast which was proposed and carried with acclamation; we then descended to meet our friends, to slap on the back our gallant pilots, and to shake hands with everybody. When the first excitement had died down, what seemed to strike us as almost axiomatic was that we should give a dinner in honour of the winning and losing airmen. A word with our friend Bird of the Super-Marine put it on a 50-50 basis, and very hastily invitations were fired round. I quite forget after all these years how many were invited, but whatever the number was, those who turned up considerably exceeded that number. However, it was no evening to cavil about a little point or two like that. Everything went with a swing, and with whole-hearted enthusiasm. It had been from first to last a thorough team-spirit which had won the victory, and the same team-spirit was kept up throughout the evening.

About half-way through our dinner we learnt that elsewhere in the hotel there was a great international gathering of the leaders of the insurance world, presided over by Sir Edward Mountain, a friend of mine, and an outstanding figure in British insurance. Accordingly, when it was proposed that he be collected and brought in to grace our dinner for a short time, off went the team to collect him. In the best of spirits he took the raid, and in due course one or two of us were collected and swirled in to the insurance dinner.

That particular race created intense international interest, and the world's press-cuttings on the English victory would have filled several large books.

We found on our return to England that great enthusiasm had been aroused by this national win, and in no section more so than in the House or

Commons; talking it over one day with my old friend Lord Curzon, now Lord Howe, we thought it would be helpful to airmindedness to honour the pilots at Westminster, and make it an occasion for them and other leading lights of the air to meet Members of Parliament.

Francis Curzon said that he would be delighted to give a dinner with me, and this eventually took place on December 6th, 1927, in the House, in honour of Air Vice-Marshal Scarlett and the high-speed flight. As two of us were hosts, we thought it would be a novel idea to get the Secretary of State for Air to take the chair, and for us to sit on either side of him. Accordingly that was done; the Strangers' room was booked, and, incidentally, entirely filled with the best part of 100 of our Parliamentary colleagues, including a good many members of the Cabinet, and of all parties. We even managed to get down the Trophy to the centre of the table, though I believe it took about half-a-dozen men to carry it through the House.

Sam Hoare, who was, incidentally, a very great success as Air Minister, made, as was his wont, a delightful speech; after congratulating the winning team he extolled the splendid sportsmanship of our Italian rivals, stating that at the end of the contest the feelings of friendship and comradeship between the two teams were more cordial even than they had been at the beginning, which statement was perfectly correct. Scarlett paid a well-deserved compliment to Squadron-Leader Slatter in saying that although he flew the machines as well as anyone else, he was not selected to fly because he was required for the important duty of ground-organization, and added that Slatter was to be condoled with because he did happen to be an organizer of such a high standard; Flight-Lieutenant Webster wound up by saying that the Italian pilots had proved themselves the finest sportsmen our men could ever hope to meet.

Having brought the Trophy back to England, as already stated, we have kept it here.

September 7, 1929, was for England a red-letter day in the air. A large and very happy party of us who were invited to see the race and spend a night or two on board the good ship *Orford* were fortunate in our comfortable home. The surrounding waters were absolutely black with craft of every kind and sort. Judging from what we heard, and afterwards read, the road traffic which had attempted to approach Southampton Water from all directions had turned into congestion *in excelsis*.

The 7th turned out bright and clear, and everyone was keyed up for a great race and terrific speeds. As far as England was concerned, it was an all Super-Marine affair, two of the sea 'planes being engined by Rolls and one by Napier.

The leader of the British team, a first-rate fellow, Squadron-Leader A. H. Orlebar, sacrificed all personal claims to a place in his team, but meditated going out afterwards for a world record. Once again, amidst terrific excitement and the screeching of a fleet of sirens, Flying-Officer Waghorn romped home first, averaging what was then the unbelievable speed of 328 miles per hour, and breaking all records up to date.

We went over to Calshot—some of us—after the race was over, and almost the first thing I saw was General Balbo and the Italian pilots rush up to

congratulate Waghorn. Squadron-Leader Orlebar very kindly asked me whether I would care to stay as the guest of the R.A.F. Mess for a day or two, while they tried for the world's record, which suggestion I was more than delighted to accept. We finished the day with a most enthusiastic informal banquet on board the *Orford*, the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in the chair, Orlebar on one side, and Lieut.-Col. Bernasconi, skipper of the Italian team, on the other. A telegram of congratulations arrived from the King, and the Trophy was duly presented following a very charming little speech by Sir Phillip Sassoon, at that time Chairman of the Aero Club.

I woke up on the Sunday morning in an amazing air of peace after the turmoil and the tumult of the previous day. The vast crowds had vanished as if by magic, and even the shipping seemed to have disappeared. It was a quiet, peaceful English Sunday; and so the day passed with a walk over in the afternoon to see one or two neighbouring friends at Beaulieu. Then the little party of us dined together at the R.A.F. Mess—just our pilots, the Italian pilots, half-a-dozen others and myself.

Just before dinner one of our young men came up to me looking a little worried, and said he was wondering what we could do for our Italian guests. "Naturally," he said, "although they have shown themselves first-rate sportsmen they are a little depressed by their defeat of yesterday, and on top of that they are not used to the almost oppressive quietude of an English Sunday. Do you think there is anything we can possibly fix up for them after dinner?"

That was a bit of a problem, for, as I told my young friend, I did not know much about the district; Southampton did not strike me as a centre of much hilarity on a Sabbath evening, and London was too far off. Then a little notion occurred to me, and I said: "Yes, I have got an idea. Some little time ago I was the guest of Bournemouth for the week-end, and was put up at an hotel which has, or had, a very energetic Italian manager. Perhaps he could do something."

When at length we got him on the 'phone and told him we were anxious for a little party to be organized on behalf of the Schneider Trophy pilots, he almost burst into song, and said, "You arrange to get them over here, Sir Harry, after dinner—I will telephone all round and will promise you a really happy evening, and an informal dance for the officers."

Well, that all sounded very good. I would not take part in the gaiety, for I was somewhat on the casualty list; a few days previously I had unluckily severed an artery in my wrist in trying to push up a recalcitrant window, when my hand slipped and went through a pane of glass. This happened late on a Sunday night, and I was indeed more than fortunate in having a son and daughter who had gone through the training of a Boy Scout and a Girl Guide respectively; between them they were able to fix me up until the arrival of a doctor, who, incidentally, informed me that he himself could not have made a better job of it than had these two young people. So, being on the casualty list, I retired to bed, but on the following morning learnt from both groups of officers that they had had a perfectly magnificent time.

Those two or three days spent at Calshot while the 'planes were being tuned up were most interesting, and I was delighted to congratulate that fine sports-

man, Squadron-Leader Orlebar, when, on the 10th, he put in four flights which averaged 355 miles per hour, and then the following day again raised the record to 357.

The festivities of that week culminated with a luncheon given by the Government at the Ritz, with the Secretary of State for Air in the chair.

CHAPTER IX

Flight to the Cape and Back

IN 1932 the longest Empire route was that to South Africa. I was then, in spare moments, putting together the material for a book dealing with the history of aviation, and particularly the civil side. To enable me to get the atmosphere of this Empire route the Chairman and Managing Director of Imperial Airways very kindly invited me as their guest for the first flight to the Cape on one of their new monoplanes. Naturally I eagerly accepted, and asked if I might bring with me as secretary a young friend, William Makin; my choice was a good one, for Makin proved to be not only a first-rate journalist, of which I was already aware, but a most excellent companion. Alas, in World War II, he was killed on active service in France when representing the *Sunday Times* as a war correspondent.

Too busy to leave by the first of these 'planes (No. 1 of the 'Atalanta' Class) I agreed to go aboard *Artemis*, which was supposed to take the air about the end of January or the beginning of February. As it was her trial trip we naturally expected a few 'teething' troubles. We certainly had them! Having said good-bye to relatives and friends, for several days we were forced to mark time, gleaning each morning the tiresome information that for some reason or other *Artemis* was unable to start. After the best part of a week this '*mañana*' business got on our nerves, besides which we could hardly venture out without the risk of meeting the same friends to whom we had previously said good-bye; we therefore decided to go to Paris by an ordinary 'plane, and await Miss *Artemis* in France.

At Croydon we wished *au revoir* to Captain Prendergast, who was to bring *Artemis* across, and then left on *Hengist* with Captain O. P. Jones, who was, I believe, the first pilot in the world to complete a million miles by air.

We had been in Paris for three or four days before we learnt that our 'plane was really in the air; at once we left for Le Bourget, and almost as soon as we had stepped on to the aerodrome, down came *Artemis*.

In addition to ourselves and the pilot, Captain Prendergast, there was an assistant pilot, a wireless operator and a mechanic: in the 'plane itself—a nine-ton 'plane—we carried enough spares to transform the forepart into a species of flying ironmongery store. After a short stop for fuel at Lyons, we made for Marseilles, and without further incident landed at the great military aerodrome of Istres; this aerodrome is so immense that a thousand aeroplanes could easily land upon it, and in addition a wide stretch of water affords good accommodation for flying-boats.

The evening ended at Martigues, at a delightful little inn, on entering which we almost bumped into two cheery Frenchmen who were playing a wild game of ping-pong on a table in the kitchen. We challenged them at once, took off

our coats and were badly beaten. "Who are you?" we asked, to which they replied, "The champion ping-pong players of Provence."

However, during the course of a marvellous dinner of chicken, omelette, and first-rate wine, we learnt from the proprietor that they were two very famous French air aces, Rossi and Voussoutrot, with several record flights to their credit. At that very moment they were planning a new raid, one which was to establish a new long-distance record.

Over the Alpes Maritimes, on a brilliant morning, we made for the Mediterranean, leaving the coast before reaching St. Raphael, and then started climbing to clear the mountains of Corsica. The savage character of this rugged island is best realized from the air. With its peaks tipped with snow, its valleys deep purple ravines, this wild-looking land seemed to have been made for brigands.

Our stay in Rome was a short one, for we wished to push on to Naples, in order to make Malta the following day in one hop. As the usual aerodrome at Naples, according to our wireless operator, was not likely to prove a satisfactory landing-ground for our big monoplane, it was suggested that we should make use of Capua, a military aerodrome some forty-four kilometres from Naples. Towards four o'clock that afternoon we sighted the smoke-strewn cone of Vesuvius, and duly landed at Capua. Here we also landed into one of those rather tiresome experiences which we are only just beginning to shake off in striving for the freedom of the air. The difficulty and annoyance of the International Barrier.

At once our monoplane was surrounded by Italian Air Force officers and men. They were obviously keenly interested in this (then) giant type of machine, and with a natural curiosity the Italians not only crowded round, but swarmed all over it. They engaged our mechanics in conversation regarding technical details, but, as nobody could be understood in the conflicting English and Italian babble, the thirst for technical details could not be slaked.

While all this was proceeding, the Italian officers courteously invited us into their mess. A very comfortable mess, well furnished, and with the inevitable portraits on the wall of Mussolini and General Balbo, Chief of the Italian Air Service. Cigarettes were produced, an orderly was commanded to bring a tray of liqueurs, and all the courtesies of Italian hospitality were lavished upon us.

We stretched ourselves at ease and talked. Liqueurs were sipped and cigarettes smoked. A *laissez-passer* that I carried from the Italian Embassy in London was examined and approved. Our passports were being meticulously scrutinized in another room. Officers had already searched the cabin of the 'plane for cameras and photographs. Reports had been transmitted as to our route. It was accepted that we had not flown over any of the many prohibited areas in Italy, and that we hoped to leave for Malta at daybreak.

Meanwhile the courtesies continued. They were prolonged. More cigarettes were lit, more liqueurs offered. A considerable amount of money in Italian notes changed hands. This was the landing tax that we had to pay. And when all this had been completed, the officers began another long conversation.

We grew restive. Already it was dusk, and we had been flying from an

early hour in the morning. And Naples was still forty-four kilometres away. The thought of dinner at the hotel and an early bed was particularly inviting. I rose and offered the commandant my hand.

"Well, thank you very much for your hospitality. I've enjoyed it. Perhaps you would kindly telephone for a car to take us to Naples. We're all rather tired."

The officer rose hesitantly.

"I am very sorry," he began, "but it is impossible for you to leave—yet."

"But why?" I protested. "Isn't there a car available?"

"Oh yes, there is a car. There are three cars in the village."

"Then I don't understand . . ." I began.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"There are certain formalities," he said, "which are not yet complete."

"But you have seen our passports?"

He nodded. "They are quite in order."

"And you have the log of our journey?"

"That also is in perfect order."

"And you have examined the cabin?"

"That also seems in order."

"Moreover, you have read this letter from your own Embassy in London?"

The commandant bowed.

"I appreciate all that, but I must nevertheless ask you to remain here a little longer," he insisted.

"But how long?"

I was beginning to feel somewhat annoyed.

"For two hours only," said the commandant. "By that time the customs officer who has just left Naples will have arrived here. Please to have another liqueur. . . ."

It was then I began to realize how complex, how absurd, are many of the international regulations regarding the air. The story of that customs officer's journey from Naples to Capua was a little Latin nightmare. He had to change twice *en route*—he was coming by the local railway—and the last part of his journey would probably be done on foot, a matter of two or three miles. But until he had glanced at the monoplane and ourselves, the commandant was determined to keep us as his guests.

It took us ten minutes' hard talking before that commandant allowed us to depart for Naples. Even then, he was obviously loth to let us go. He did so only because I pointed to the obvious fact that he had the monoplane and all our baggage in his possession. And if that was not sufficient bail for our good behaviour, I gave him the address of our hotel in Naples.

It was not sufficient. The assistant pilot, a mechanic, and a wireless operator had to remain. They were to stay until the arrival of the mysterious customs officer. And so, after nearly two hours wasted in the exchange of official courtesies, we motored in the darkness towards Naples. It was not until three hours later that the assistant pilot, the mechanic and wireless operator were permitted to leave the aerodrome. The machine was left for the night.

I give this incident at length because it has a real bearing upon one of the greatest obstacles to the development of aviation—the international difficulties

which, instead of being simplified, have become more and more complex. I am not blaming the Italians in any way; under the circumstances they could not have been more courteous. They were merely obeying the code of rules. It is the code that is wrong.

And I did have another excellent liqueur before I left the aerodrome of Capua.

It is obvious from a statement of these problems that simplification of international Air Laws is very necessary, but it will, I am afraid, be many years before all international jealousy and suspicions are overcome.

The short flight from Naples to Malta was delightful. On the aerodrome we were met by an enthusiastic and hospitable little crowd, which included the Prime Minister of Malta, various members of the Government, Air Commodore Rathbone, and my old friend Sir Augustus Bartolo, journalist and judge, and a cheery comrade to the tune of almost twenty stone. The Prime Minister took me off to a luncheon party he had arranged, and then for a flying tour, visiting all the sights of Malta, before I was handed over at the Governor's palace to my host and hostess, General Sir David and Lady Campbell. The palace was a great big rambling place, built about 1650, surrounded by a gorgeous garden, and as is the case with most Government Houses, possessed a welcome British atmosphere.

My stay was a short one, for I was to be called at the grisly hour of 4.45 a.m. When I arrived at the aerodrome it was dark, with heavy clouds and a strongish wind, a very different scene from the sunny welcome of yesterday. At the crack of dawn, with warmed-up engines, we roared out to sea, drifting clouds above, plenty of white horses below. For about two hours we were out of sight of land. We went through a nasty Mediterranean storm, mist and cloud swirled about us, blinding all vision, the altimeter needle jerked in mad fashion, and the seas seemed to be slanting up towards us. For some time we were skimming within a few feet of the rough water, which was none of the lauded blue but a very murky grey. At length we came through the storm, and at about 7.30 a.m. on the horizon we saw a low, yellow line, the coast of Africa.

Tripoli is a desolate-looking land from the air—a dirty brown desert with black patches of scrub, and an occasional cluster of date palms. We followed the surf-lined coast, flying over mile after mile of bleak desolation. There is very little of the Hollywood desert about the real African variety. Our monoplane slanted towards a sun-baked patch; a wireless mast and one or two isolated buildings appeared, and we were over Sirte, one of Italy's outposts in Tripoli.

I had with me a letter from Count Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, which I handed to the Commandant, who gave us a warm welcome and a meal of kid and eggs; after a very short rest we went on to Benghazi, flying for several hours across the desolate sea and sand landscape. At Benghazi we were taken to the mess by the Commandant, while the various formalities were being completed. The usual galaxy of international regulations had to be carried out. After much vermouth, and questioning at the Benghazi aerodrome, we were allowed to drive to a hotel, which, incidentally, was clean and good, and then

had a walk round the bazaars. Here again the cleanliness was astonishing, and Italy certainly deserved full marks for cleaning up the Suk.

Never have I seen or even dreamed of such cleanly Arab bazaars. As we went down one narrow street a particularly tall camel suddenly popped his head out of a half-open door, his body immediately followed, and he nearly trod on us, as he *quite* filled the narrow alley. A moment later a shrieking eunuch followed in close pursuit, camel and eunuch disappearing round the corner.

When we returned to the hotel at about the hour of the *apéritif* we received a call from the British Vice-Consul, who was a Maltese, and then three young Englishmen suddenly arrived in a motor-car. One of them, I discovered, was a friend, Harold Pemberton, of the *Daily Express*. They had come from the distant desert and were adventuring with a motor-caravan across North Africa. At that particular moment the caravan had broken down some sixty miles away, and they had come on to Benghazi to obtain spares. Motoring in this desert was obviously no holiday affair.

Once again this uninviting yellow country stretched beneath the wings of our 'plane—there was a camel caravan below, six men mounted on beasts whose mangy coats were camouflage against the surface; one could only detect them by the trail they left behind as they moved. Then a cluster of buildings was revealed below, and our next petrol port of call, Tobruk. Silence, except for the 'swish—swish—swish' of our wings, and the dirty, brown earth seemed to be lifted towards us. A bump, another bump, and then a deafening report. The heavy monoplane lurched sideways and we were flung across the cabin. By a mighty effort Prendergast controlled the 'plane, and quickly we clambered out, to find that our port-side tyre, a huge Dunlop, had burst! Those who have not sampled this experience have still something new ahead of them. Several evil pieces of jagged glass round the 'plane told the story.

We were at once surrounded by a group of Italian airmen startled from their quietude by the noise of the explosion. It appeared that we had with us no wheel extractor, and the wheel stuck, so eventually a Heath Robinson affair was rigged up and did the trick, but it kept us from eleven o'clock until after three.

Again our Italian hosts looked after us with the greatest of kindness, and while mechanics were toiling in the blinding heat to replace the burst tyre we were taken into the mess, where an excellent meal was offered to us, with a lot of air-adventure talk. At length all was well again, and after picking up Shell at Mersa Matruh we left just after sundown to make for Heliopolis. Later, as the moon rose, it seemed that we were flying over a dead planet. The desert was cold and desolate, and the sand had turned grey; in the darkness appeared what looked like a ribbon of glistening metal. It was the Nile. Lights then began to flicker, and we droned steadily towards what seemed in the clear air to be a city of glistening crystals. In the darkness beyond the city the sand suddenly flared. It was the aerodrome of Heliopolis signalling to us. The flares increased to a series of little bonfires, then a searchlight cut through the flares to reveal the landing-ground, and in a few moments' time our flight over the Libyan desert had ended.

We were met by a number of young Airways friends, and by Attwood, who

was to pilot us down Africa. Imperial Airways had every right to be proud of its organization at Heliopolis; both men and methods were just as good as they could possibly be, and we had some little time to study the working of this busy airport, for *Artemis* was to be given a thorough overhaul and all her vital parts microscopically examined.

However, three or four days passed very happily at Cairo, with a game of golf, two or three visits to the museum, and meetings with innumerable friends.

They were pleasant days at Khartoum. Sir John Maffey was my ideal of a perfect Governor-General; he not only looked the part but carried it out, and both he and his lady were the most charming hosts. Another good friend with whom I spent many happy hours was Wing-Commander (now Air-Marshal Sir Arthur) Coningham, in command of the R.A.F. at Khartoum. He and his very popular wife told me that my arrival had been announced in the local papers at least half-a-dozen times, and that a magnum of champagne had been waiting in the refrigerator for at least ten days; their welcome and kindly hospitality was in no way damped down on account of the delay.

The question of civil aviation appeared to be rather a difficult one in the Sudan, which was neither a part of the Empire nor was it a Sovereign State. There were no rules, but a million square miles of desert and sudd created considerable responsibility, and for the purpose of finding wrecked, lost or stranded aviators there was only one squadron of the R.A.F. The route, of course, is mostly south-north, and the authorities were anxious that airmen should follow either the railway or the river. They were very much against women, unless accompanied, however brilliant they might be as pilots, for after a forced landing they became again just women, and (added my informant of the Secretariat) "according to the Soudanese—one woman equals two goats", and that is all. I suggested that it might perhaps be asking for trouble to slip this information into the little brochure which I was told was being prepared. I never saw that brochure.

Then came the good news that our friend *Artemis* was well and strong again, followed by the arrival of Attwood and his crew; the following morning, called at the early hour of 3.30 a.m., we were aboard and away well before the sun made up his mind to rise.

At Kosti and Malakal we came across various groups of curious Shillok Africans, amazingly lengthy negroes who appeared to spend the whole day standing on one leg leaning up on a ten-foot spear. They looked for all the world like black storks, and the youngsters were as naked as they were black. Then for miles and miles we flew over the sudd, a region of treacherous, floating green stuff, a veritable terror in the case of a forced landing.

After crossing the sudd we ran through black clouds into a full-grown storm, with vivid streaks of lightning hundreds of yards in length and continuous thunder. Then came bright, clear weather, and a most interesting flight over the jungle. Dropping fairly low, we flew over what might well be a Central African Whipsnade, with every sort of expected and unexpected beast and, as a *bonne bouche*, an enormous herd of elephants.

The only animals which appeared to be disturbed by our 'plane were the giraffes; these beasts galloped off in different directions, and the curiously stiff movements of their long legs and necks made them look very like rocking-horses.

Juba, where we spent the night, was a horrible spot, hot and stifling, foul and clammy. The little hotel appeared to be all on wrong lines for the tropics, with low ceilings and, incidentally, no ice, so drinks as well as baths were tepid. By the light of a single candle one crawled into bed under stuffy mosquito curtains at nine o'clock, and there were no regrets on leaving very early next morning.

We took off in pitch darkness, and shot up over the flares into an inky sky, across which flashed occasional streaks of lightning. For an hour nothing was visible except the slight reddening of the engine exhausts, but at about 5000 feet the air became cool, a pleasant contrast to the earlier hours of the night. At length came dawn, and the first rays of the sun on some rugged hills ahead turned them into a wonderful rose.

The swamps of the Nile were giving way gradually to richer-looking land, a few well-made roads were to be seen, as well as villages of mud huts dotted here and there, and surrounded by patches of vivid green. From our pilot we learnt that we were about to cross into Uganda, and, crossing, flew alongside more elephants, but it was noticeable that this big troop of grey monsters, slowly making its way through the bush, utterly ignored our 'plane.

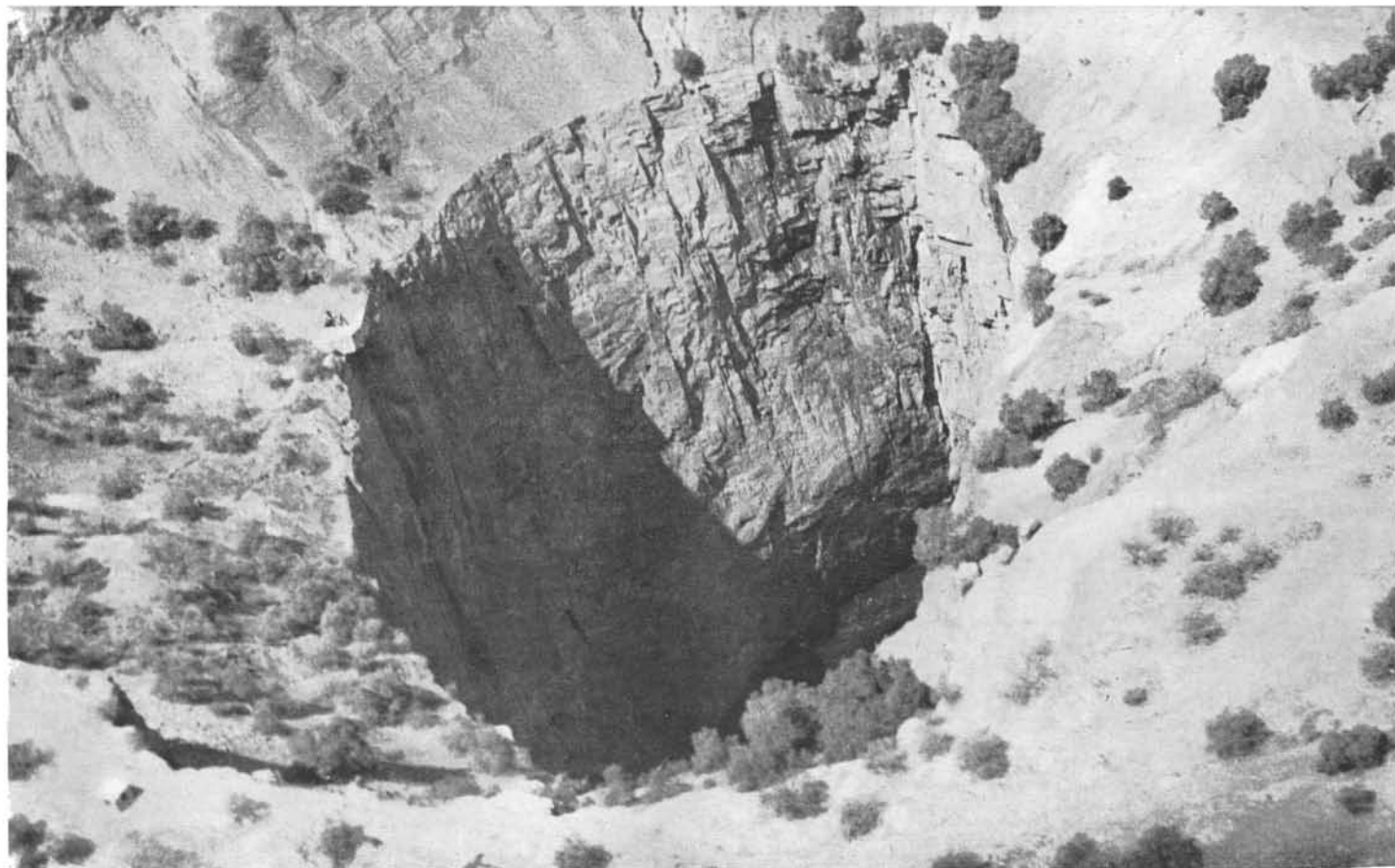
A few moments later we flew over Kampala, and were thrilled by the sight of a dazzling sheet of water in the distance, Africa's great inland sea, Victoria Nyanza. We swung round over this great lake, came back, and gliding gently along the green coastline, passed over the delightful little town of Entebbe; here was a vision of vivid green, the scattered houses surrounding a big hill, on one side of which were the golf links, on the other a parade ground for troops, and, in the centre, Government House, with an attractive-looking swimming-pool in its gardens.

Alas! our stay was but a short one, and to my great regret I missed Sir Bernard Bourdillon, who was at a conference of East African Governors at Kampala. I learned from his A.D.C. that His Excellency had been kindly making inquiries about our arrival for the past week or two, but, alas! the 'teething' troubles of the 'plane had held us up.

A young Irish doctor and his charming wife were among those who met us at the aerodrome, and suggested that during our short stay we must, at any rate, have a run round Entebbe. The invitation was promptly accepted, and I enjoyed every minute of a most attractive drive on a perfect day. Government House, where we called to enable me to write my name in the book, looked a most comfortable spot and is wonderfully well situated.

After our rapid circular tour my Irish doctor and his pretty wife ran me down slowly to the aerodrome. I kept gazing across this wonderful lake as we drove along, at the green and pleasant-looking islands scattered about in its placid waters, but when I suggested to the Irish doctor what a heavenly spot it was he replied, "Well, it may look so, but a few months at a time are quite long enough to live by this lake." Then he told me that he had had a couple of attacks of blackwater fever, and during the past eighteen months his wife had gone down half-a-dozen times with malaria.

We flew low over the lake between the coastline and an assortment of islands. The latter seemed to be covered with dense vegetation, the trees rotting and tumbling across slimy swamps. The principal inhabitants appeared to be



THE DEEPEST HOLE EVER DUG BY MAN—KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINE



THE AUTHOR'S HOME IN COWLEY STREET



DRAWING ROOM, COWLEY STREET



THE AUTHOR'S DEN, COWLEY STREET

hippos or crocodiles, and I also made out the forms of two quite large snakes. Then as the sun got higher we droned ahead through a heavy white haze. About noon our pilot scrawled something on a slip of paper and handed it to me. The message read: "Just crossing the equator."

On we went over this gigantic lake, covering in an hour or two a distance which took the early explorers many a week to traverse; at length through the blinding white haze appeared Kisumu, Victoria Nyanza's great port, with its line of sheds and quays and three or four steamers alongside. It is an amazing thought that here, in the heart of Africa, on a sheet of water very nearly four thousand feet above the sea, were ships which must have been carried piecemeal from the coast through the jungle and up to the hills, finally to be put together on the shores of this inland sea.

Kisumu is quite a big airport, with large workshops and native mechanics prepared to tackle any emergency. The Acting District Commissioner took us up to his very pleasant bungalow, where we enjoyed an excellent luncheon, as well as the view across his garden and over the lake. The garden to me looked delightful, but an apology was made for its appearance, because of the fact that on the previous afternoon a hippo had left the lake for a stroll round it, and his visit had done it no good.

A most attractive section of Kenya is the district of Nyeri, and just before I left London Sir William McLintock gave me a note to some of his relatives in that part of the colony. Another kind friend, Billie Rootes (now Sir William), having heard of my whereabouts, had cabled to his people to put a Hillman car at my disposal during my short stay, which charming thought made pleasant and simple my trip to Nyeri. An old Parliamentary colleague, the late Freddie Guest, happened to be in Nairobi at the time, and asked me if I would take his son Winston, the well-known polo-player, with me so that he might then go along to their farm, some miles further on. It was a good run of about a hundred miles through very picturesque scenery: on the way we had a look at sisal being treated before transformation to rope, and then passed through excellent coffee country, to the rich land of the native preserve.

After a very happy stay in this most delightful region, Paddy Lyons drove me back to Government House, pulling up on the way at an excellent country club for luncheon. That day happened to be St. Patrick's Day, and the Governor, being an Irishman, took me to a celebration dinner with his fellow-countrymen, which went with a first-rate swing.

Before I left Nairobi I was the guest of an interesting little circle under the chairmanship of Major Cavendish Bentinck, to discuss further publicity for Kenya at home, a subject on which I was already a perfervid convert.

Flying south from Nairobi we were soon over the African Zoo again—this time it was the Kenya Game Reserve, a portion of which I had explored by car a few days previously. The herds of zebras and antelopes immediately below us were in their thousands, and perfectly delightful they looked as they roamed free and undisturbed in this splendid sanctuary; in addition to the Game Reserve we passed over some fine-looking country, carrying what appeared to be very well-tended coffee plantations.

Then standing out clear against the sky we saw ahead of us the massive outline of Africa's greatest mountain, Kilimanjaro; although so near the

equator the whole of the upper mass of this mighty peak is covered with snow. Kilimanjaro is not dwarfed in the midst of a great mountain range, but stands almost solitary on the plain, and as we flew over the edge of the base we gazed down at the plantations on the green fringe, and up to the glacier-like cone sparkling in the sunshine.

At Moshi and Dodoma we came down for food for man and 'plane, and once again admired the marvellous groundwork carried out by Imperial Airways in preparing the route between Croydon and the Cape. In each place were most excellent little rest-houses, very well run and providing as pleasant a meal as one could wish to enjoy.

That day's flight from Nairobi brought us down at Embeya in Tanganyika, to spend the night. The aerodrome was surrounded by hills; aggressively dirty weather hung over most of these, so we were hustled into a car to gain the shelter of our inn, which was about a mile away, before the rain came on.

An interesting spot was that inn at Embeya with, incidentally, one side for chatting, and one for feeding; all in excellent and simple taste.

This genuine comfort appeared to me to be most praiseworthy, when one considered that the nearest station was some 300 miles away, and even then only approachable in dry weather. In wet weather it was off the map.

This little spot in the heart of Africa reminded me very much of sections of Scotland, except that, of course, the Embeya Highlanders were black. Its particular interest at the time of our visit was the development of the Lupa Gold Diggings. We met several of the miners who had made their way to the inn, and were very glad to hear of news from home. The inn was some forty miles from the diggings, but being free from mosquito and the tsetse fly, as well as on the main air route, it stood high in the estimation of the miner on recreation bent. If the legend I learnt there was true, some of the early visitors must have been of a slightly crude variety, for we were told that during the inn's early history the following notice was to be found in the bedrooms:

VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO TAKE THEIR BOOTS OFF BEFORE GOING TO BED,
OTHERWISE CHARGE FOR WASHING SHEETS WILL BE ADDED TO BILL.

From the hotel one looked right across at the mountains of Nyasaland, while behind us were fine, rolling hills. Before sunset I had a magnificent tramp up these hills, and came back to be greeted with a blazing log fire and a splendid tea of scones and cake. I also witnessed the arrival of Africa's first aerial stowaway. He had apparently tucked himself away in the fuselage of the *City of Bagdad*, flown down by Captain Caspareuthus to Broken Hill. Caspareuthus felt the tail of the 'plane sagging a little as he rose, and half hesitated about returning, but imagining that some of the baggage had been badly placed and was responsible, duly carried on, and it was therefore not until he had landed at Broken Hill that the young stowaway was discovered.

He had a long story to tell, which was likewise a very hard luck case, but he was brought back in due course from Broken Hill to Embeya, once again by Caspareuthus. On his arrival a khaki-clad officer of the police was awaiting him at the aerodrome, and up came the two to our inn. He was a nice young fellow, this stowaway, and we could not help feeling sorry for him, though, of

course, he had endangered the safety of several passengers travelling on that 'plane. However, before appearing at the Bar of Justice, he found himself at the bar of the one hotel within 300 miles, and enjoyed a little chat and a comforting drink before being escorted by the police officer to the local gaol. What punishment he received I never heard, nor do I know if he has since been followed by any imitator, but he was certainly Africa's first offender in that particular direction.

From Embeya our route took us over very wild-looking country with stops at Empika and Broken Hill, to the charming go-ahead capital of Southern Rhodesia—Salisbury. Here was our pull-up for the night, and good friends kept me fairly busy.

The Premier's secretary met me with greetings from the Prime Minister, and informed me that I was to have the privilege of a dinner with himself and some of his colleagues, at the club. The *Salisbury Herald* claimed me for an interview, and a message arrived from the Governor, Sir Cecil Rodwell, asking me up to Government House, if not available for dinner, for a glass of sherry before dinner.

I did all these things, and much enjoyed a chat with His Excellency at the delightful Government House, where I found a blaze of flowers, both inside and in the gardens, and a glorious jacaranda avenue, along which we drove.

Cat lovers would appreciate the bar of the Salisbury Club, for while one found all round the walls cartoons and portraits of leading personalities, in the place of honour over the fireplace was a large framed photograph of a cat—the Club cat. It was, they told me, an adorable animal loved by all.

One old House of Commons colleague I met at Salisbury was F. A. MacQuisten, who told me that he was Chairman of the Globe and Phoenix Mine, and often went out to Southern Rhodesia.

Among the friends who came to greet me at Bulawayo was S. H. Veats, Editor of the *Chronicle*, who informed me that that morning in the churches of Bulawayo they were praying for rain. He gave me the added information that from despatches received England was under a blizzard, with record snow-drifts. From Bulawayo we flew over the grave of Cecil Rhodes on the edge of the Matoppos. The great Empire-builder chose well in the selection of his last resting-place. In all their splendour none of the great mausoleums of the past can compare with the lonely grandeur of this grave amidst the gigantic boulders of the grey weathered hills.

We soon crossed the Limpopo, boundary of Rhodesia and the Transvaal, and after leaving Petersburg and a good deal of rock country were much struck by a large and wonderfully kept orange-farm, a most impressive feature from the air. Before completing our day's run to Johannesburg we swung twice round Pretoria, admired the regularity of its streets, the blaze of colour in gardens and parks, and the wonderful position and striking appearance of the Union Government Buildings, as well as the impressive Government House.

As an African city second only to Cairo in population, unassisted by Nature except for climate, the first sight of Johannesburg from the air is an experience not to be forgotten. Gardens and dumps, raking skyscrapers, a huge native quarter, effective University buildings, well planned parks and busy crowded streets flashed beneath us as we banked around the city, first on the port and

then on the starboard side. We found Johannesburg on the crest of an optimistic wave; while our economists at home and in Europe had been struggling with the gold standard, here fortunes were being made as the price of the metal soared ever upwards.

At the height of 6000 feet there is a tonic in the air of Johannesburg, and hospitality is overwhelming. Everyone seemed to have plenty of money, and all the excitements of modern civilization were spread before us the moment we arrived; what is more, they seemed to be quite natural, and fitted in thoroughly with the spirit of the place. I was swirled away by innumerable friends, and the evening finished at a very merry dinner and dance at the Country Club, a roomy building with a long, deep verandah, gay with flowers and frocks; everyone seemed bent on thoroughly enjoying themselves and seeing to it that the wandering stranger had everything to make him happy.

On my return home I enjoyed another variety of a Johannesburg dinner, being entertained at the Rand Club by thirty or forty hosts, all newspaper men, the only slightly embarrassing proceeding about it being the fact that my health was proposed by no fewer than six of them. It is a truly wonderful club. The welcome was vociferous, the table was charmingly decorated, and the cuisine so excellent that I asked if I might be allowed humbly to express my thanks, and offer my congratulations to the chef.

To be called at 5 a.m. after the full measure of Johannesburg hospitality was slightly depressing. Starting off on our nine-mile drive to the aerodrome, we passed at least half-a-dozen Johannesburgers still in evening dress, making their way home—at least I took it they were going home—and I almost felt that I heard in the distance the popping of yet another two or three champagne corks.

We left the great city bathed in the morning mist which prophesied a hot day to follow, and in a few minutes were flying over great green pyramids—the dumps of the Rand. Below us the Vaal river curled away to the skyline, the only variation in the dusty, uninviting country was an occasional isolated farm; so we left behind us the treasures of gold, soon to soar over those of diamonds, for just short of Kimberley yawned an enormous hole in the earth. Our pilot banked, slipped sideways and gave us a wonderful view of the biggest hole ever made by man—the Kimberley Diamond Mine.

From the 'plane I secured quite a good photograph of its crumbling cliffs, with a glittering pool of water far below.

A stretch of flat, uninteresting veldt followed our short stay in Kimberley, and then from 5000 feet we rose to 11,000 to cross the Hex River Mountains. As we passed over these wild-looking jagged peaks with their gloomy deep ravines, our pilot tapped me on the shoulder and pointing straight ahead, exclaimed, "That is the end of your long journey." And then against a shimmering silver line fifty miles away I saw the famous unmistakable outline of Table Mountain, a mighty pile of rock dividing two oceans. It was a glorious approach to the city; as the distance decreased we sped over Paarl and Stellenbosch, over vineyards and orange groves, and finally over the capital itself. On we roared above the aerodrome, and out across Table Bay, swinging round at about 3500 feet, our port-side wing-tip seeming almost to touch the top of Table Mountain. One more turn over the breakers, to recross the city, every detail of which stood out in the vivid sunshine of a gorgeously clear afternoon,

and then a final sweep round the airport, followed by a perfect landing, which brought our long journey of 8000 miles to an end.

On the aerodrome I found awaiting me an A.D.C. from the Governor-General, some of my old friends in the newspaper world and various others. My first invitation was from Commander Green, who steers the South African section of the Empire Parliamentary Association, asking me if I would accept an invitation to address Members of both Houses on the following day; a longer invitation was impossible, for Parliament was on the eve of prorogation. Naturally I accepted, telling Commander Green that so great a compliment could not be declined, but that it suggested more midnight oil than relaxation for my first few hours in South Africa. The time fixed for the address was noon, and I was asked to speak for about three-quarters of an hour on the subject of the "Romance of Aviation".

A large and representative gathering did me the honour of attending, and gave me a splendid welcome. The President of the Senate presided, and I spoke for about forty minutes, after which General Smuts proposed a vote of thanks in the kindest possible manner. A member of the Senate rose to ask whether the address might be printed. These talks, however, were not by way of being public ones, so there was no stenographer present, and as I had spoken without any notes, the request presented insuperable difficulties.

At one o'clock we adjourned for luncheon, and I had the pleasure of sitting next to General Smuts, who presided, with Senator Stuttaford and Colonel Reitz, the author of *Commando*, opposite me.

Another function which I much enjoyed was a delightful luncheon given to me by the Press at the Civil Service Club. This luncheon was arranged by Jimmie Dunn of Reuters. It was a most interesting gathering, and according to B. K. Long of the *Cape Times* the most representative which had assembled for some time, both from the point of view of the Dutch as well as the English-speaking element.

In addition to the newspapermen from the Cape, Cope, of the *Natal Mercury*, and L. Rose McLeod, of the *Rand Daily Mail*, were also among the hosts. Rose McLeod asked me if I intended to make the return journey by air, and on my affirmative reply amused me by saying, "Well, you keep the night at Johannesburg for your newspaper friends there. We will do what we can to show you the Rand Club is not beaten by Cape Town." He was as good as his word, and I have already referred to that particularly warm welcome in Johannesburg.

I spent many happy hours with the Governor-General, who was preparing to go up to Pretoria as soon as the election was over. Lord Clarendon had no easy task following so amazingly popular a Governor-General as was Lord Athlone, but from all I heard from the many with whom I came in contact, he carried out that task with complete success.

No wonder South Africans rave over the beauties, the climate, and the amenities of their wonderful country. It would be very difficult to find in any part of the world any land which offered greater attractions. Inland we enjoyed some glorious drives, such as those through Stellenbosch and over the mountains to Paarl. The farms, well-kept and tucked away in the picturesque folds of the hills, gave one a real idea of prosperity, peace, and security. On the Indian

Ocean side I was entertained by Sir Abe Bailey at his attractive Dutch house at Meuzenberg, where the surf-bathing is magnificent, and riding on the surf-board a most entrancing national amusement.

At St. James, kept by one John Gentry, an old sergeant-major of the 9th Lancers, a very great character, I met Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieut. Nicholettes, who had just arrived there after breaking the then long-distance record in a Fairy Napier. We enjoyed life both in the beautiful swimming-pool at St. James and in an occasional round of golf.

Among others who had met me on arrival was Gordon Store, who at one time held the record flight from England to the Cape. With Store I did some exploring of the district in his three-seater Fox-Moth. It was a wonderful way in which to study the amazing coastline at South Africa's base. We visited in turn almost every point and every bay, flying round and round Cape Town and just over the top of Table Mountain. We traversed the hills and had a look at Constantia, with some fine old homes facing the Indian Ocean.

The point, the Cape of Good Hope itself, looked magnificent, its beauty enhanced by the mighty rollers of a real rough sea. At Fishhoek we saw a big net being pulled in, and from our position immediately over it could see huge fish tumbling about inside. On these flights I took a Bell-Howell movie camera with me, and got one particularly good shot over Simons Town. We were travelling along at about 1500 feet parallel with the shore. With the camera all set, I took the picture as we dived for the waves, and then carried on for half-a-dozen miles at about 125 m.p.h. just over the breaking surf.

It was with real sorrow that I said goodbye to my friends old and new, English and Dutch, on leaving Cape Town to start my journey home.

With my young friend Makin I had flown from Europe in a 'plane of our own, taking things more or less easily with many a halt on the way. To get the real atmosphere of the ordinary Empire travel I had decided before starting out to return by the normal Empire route, and this I duly did, beginning the first section in *Atalanta* with, incidentally, half a gale blowing under her tail. There were none other than the usual incidents on our journey home, and our return, at any rate as far as Cairo, followed the line of route we had taken south. The flight across the Mediterranean was made over another course, and I have vivid recollections of the journey from Athens to Brindisi on a sparkingly clear day. If the beauties of this particular section of Europe were more thoroughly realized, I believe many people would make the trip solely for the purpose of seeing Greece from above. I have witnessed few sights more utterly beautiful than that of the Gulf of Corinth and Lepanto as we saw it one morning from the air—sky and sea the deepest blue and the mountains capped with snow.

I need but add that I returned home a whole-hearted supporter of Imperial Airways in the great Empire work they were endeavouring to carry out.

CHAPTER X

The Pilgrims

WE COME INTO BEING

IN 1902 came my first real opportunity to work for Anglo-American co-operation when a little group of us, British and Americans, formed The Pilgrims' Club.

On July 16 of that year an informal meeting took place at the Carlton Hotel, at which General Joseph Wheeler, Colonel B. C. Mahon, D.S.O., the Hon. C. S. Rolls and I were elected as a provisional committee.

General Joe Wheeler, known as 'Hellfire Joe', was a famous cavalry leader of the South in the Civil War; Bryan Mahon was a delightful Irishman, and Charlie Rolls the well-known pioneer of both the motoring and aeroplane world.

We were fortunate in getting that grand old soldier, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, to promise to be our first President, and at a meeting on July 24, at which General Lord Grenfell presided, a strong committee was elected, and I was invited and at once agreed to act as Honorary Secretary.

In the course of an informal chat after that meeting, we decided that the most effective way to bring the Club into being would be by gathering in honour of our newly elected President, Lord Roberts.

Now, although in the ordinary way the London season would then have been over, it was carried on throughout August, for owing to the illness of King Edward VIIth the Coronation had been postponed, and this, of course, kept people from every part of the world in London.

General Wheeler, an old friend of Lord Roberts, undertook to get in touch with the Field-Marshal and arrange the date for the first gathering.

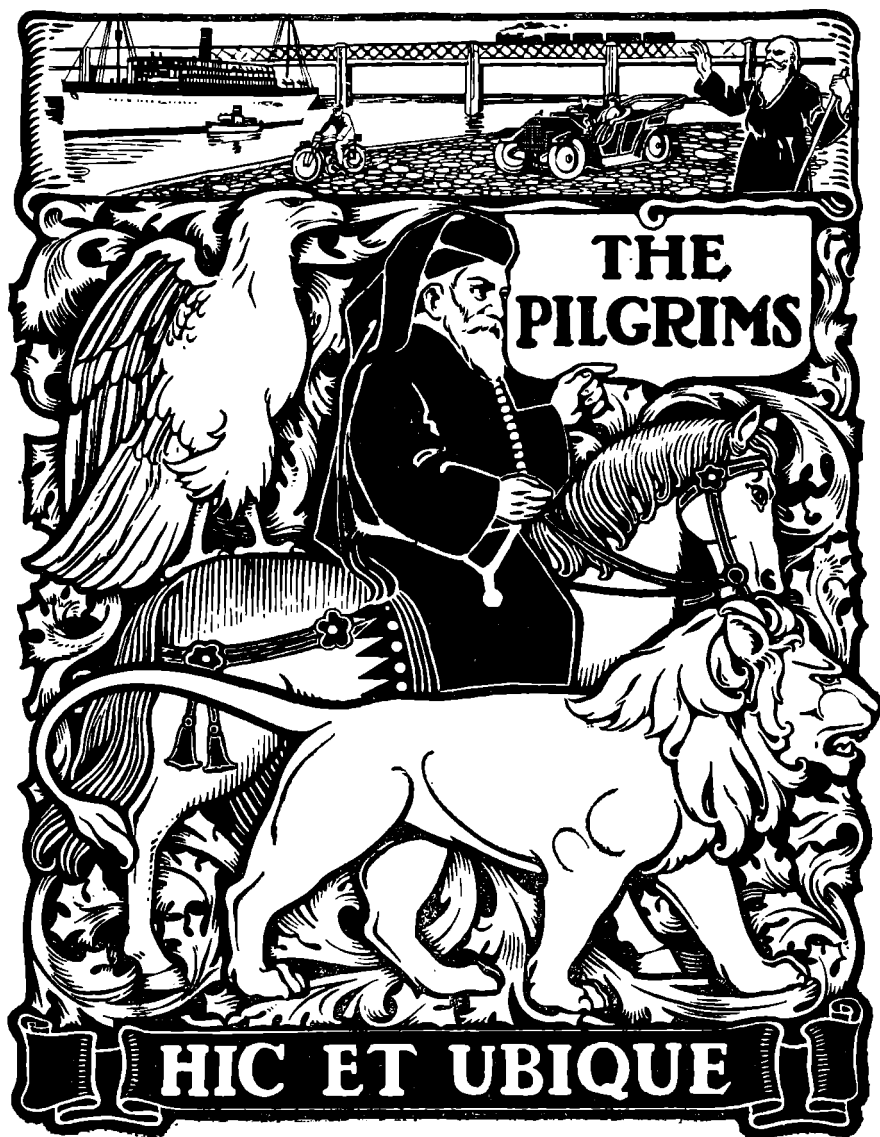
In due course Lord Roberts replied, suggesting August 8, but, instead of sending his note to the Carlton Hotel, he had sent it to the Carlton Club, from which it made a somewhat circuitous tour in attempts to find the General. In the meantime, Wheeler, having heard nothing, went across to Paris for a few days, and on August 5 I received a telegram from Paris as follows:

Letter from Lord Roberts dated July fixes August 8th for dinner with Pilgrims. Letter was misdirected. Telegraph me plans. Joseph Wheeler.

This was somewhat of a shock, for we had only three days left in which to get together a representative gathering. However, I very naturally came to the conclusion that it would never do for us to break down at the first fence, so wired back:

Everything arranged, come back by first train. Brittain.

For the next forty-eight hours the little group of us hustled right manfully to get together a representative party. The General duly arrived on the 6th,



The Pilgrims' Crest

and the rest of that day and the whole of the 7th I spent with him in a hansom cab rounding up distinguished Pilgrims and strangers from all directions.

Our efforts, I am happy to think, were more than successful, and a very

happy company assembled on the evening of the 8th, under the chairmanship of Lord Kinnaird.

And so 'The Pilgrims' was launched, and, according to the Press, 'the occasion given on the eve of the Coronation was made memorable by the speeches which, for uniform brilliance and brevity, could not be surpassed'.

At that dinner we were responsible for one interesting innovation, the elimination of a top table, all members being seated at little round tables of eight, and this policy we kept up for many a long year.

Another thing we went in for was to limit ourselves, whenever possible, to one main speech, that of our guest, which was a great change from the oppressively long toast list which so often prevailed some forty years ago and which, alas, is not even extinct today. Curtailing the proceedings in this way did, I must confess, bring another experience which I went through at almost every gathering, when members would say to me, "What a grand evening, my dear Harry, but what a pity to stop when we were really enjoying ourselves."

From that day I saw much of that most lovable personality and very gallant soldier, Lord Roberts, who honoured me by becoming a firm friend and so remained until the end.

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., was built on diminutive, but well-knit lines, ever alert and as straight as a ramrod, keen blue eyes, a face well tanned by Eastern sunshine, with a fairly heavy white moustache, and tiny white tuft under the chin.

Known to millions as 'Bobs', he was the possessor of a pleasing voice and an ever-ready smile; although small, even in mufti he was obviously someone born to command.

In full regalia, complete with baton, and aloft on his favourite charger, he was a striking figure.

He had a house in Portland Place, and a country home at Ascot, each filled with interesting trophies of a great soldier's life.

Both in London and at Englemere he was the kindest of hosts, and if, and when, he could be persuaded to talk about earlier years in India, it was rather like having a chat with history.

The Pilgrims' Club, particularly during the time it was being built up, was almost, of necessity, very much a one-man job. I was intensely keen on it, and perhaps devoted more time than I should have done to building it up, time which could, undoubtedly, have been devoted more profitably to commercial purposes, but I have no regrets. Some of the best friends I possess have been made through contact with The Pilgrims, on either side, and those friendships I would not have missed for a mountain of gold.

No one could have wished for a better committee than that with which I was privileged to work. The best and kindest of souls; all busy men, invariably supporting every effort and suggestion I put forward. We owed a great debt of gratitude to the Press on either side, which took up The Pilgrims at once and both placed and kept us on the map.

Another innovation for which we received authority from the highest quarters was the permission to couple together, in a single toast, the names

of H.M. The King and the President of the United States. That authority was granted during our first year, and has been a valued privilege of The Pilgrims ever since.

My friend Bruce Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, asked one of his artists, Hugh Fisher, to design us a coat-of-arms, not, maybe, the authentic work of the Heralds' College, but a most attractive design. Our motto, *Hic et ubique*, was, I fear, somewhat cribbed from that of the Royal Artillery, adding our own *Hic*.

PILGRIMS OF AMERICA FORMED

It was early in the following year, 1903, that our Sister Society, The Pilgrims of America, came into being. On January 13, fifteen or twenty well-known Americans met at the old Waldorf-Astoria, under the chairmanship of the Bishop of New York, Dr. Potter. The moving spirit was a most dynamic and witty American, George T. Wilson, who had helped us immensely in the formation of The Pilgrims here. Connected with one of the big insurance companies, he was a very prince of entertainers, and could put more life and go into any gathering than any man I have ever met. He gave the most amazing dinner-parties to the most representative citizens, but, whoever they were, bishops, judges of the High Court, or leading business men, at the end of the evening they were all as schoolboys in the hands of George.

He acted as toast-master at The Pilgrims' first gathering at the Waldorf, which was in honour of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. According to the *New York Sun*, Lord Charles' speech was in the true Beresfordian style. It certainly was, for he dealt with points which were of a supposedly delicate nature in a breezy manner amounting to almost half a gale.

However, there is one thing I have always noted with regard to our American friends, which is this. If they, in turn, look upon you as an old and trusted friend, if what you say has the smack of sincerity and, incidentally, if you say it with a smile, you are taken into the family circle. You may hit out, metaphorically, as straight as you like, and what you say is appreciated and accepted in the right spirit.

Many of our people on this side, and particularly our would-be propagandists and purveyors of information, have still to learn this truism.

A well-known wit in New York at that time was Simeon Ford, with whom George Wilson frequently had an amusing bout. In a brief address, this particular evening, he certainly added to the gaiety of the proceedings. After saying that he understood the dinner was supposed to be in honour of Lord Charles Beresford, he suggested it appeared to be turning into a halo for George T. Wilson, and that he was certainly not one to add a single cubit to the circumference of George's already over-developed brow. "George and I," he said, "were boys together, and we are yet, and I have always loved him and I love him still, and the stiller he is the more I love him,"

In 1903 Mr. Joseph Choate, who was one of the most popular, as he was certainly one of the most eloquent, of American Ambassadors, was The Pilgrims' guest on the completion of his fourth year at the Court of St. James. Mr. Choate made, as ever, a very delightful speech, full of that humour of which he was a master. I well remember one little incident. The official toast-master,



Pilgrims' gathering in honour of Mr. Joseph Choate, American Ambassador

a gentleman in a red coat, with a large voice and pachydermatous hide, was—for perhaps the only time in his existence—made to appear slightly abashed.

The Ambassador's speech, as I have stated, was punctuated with sparkling flashes of wit, which naturally the guests appreciated, showing their appreciation in hearty cheers and long ripples of laughter. The toast-master, however, from his position behind the speaker's chair, insisted on taking charge of the proceedings; when, in his opinion, the laughter had run on long enough he solemnly raised both hands and waved his arms majestically, with the obvious

intention of 'shooing' the audience into silence. Well, Mr. Choate, being human, naturally enjoyed the appreciation of his delightful quips and, as he was not speaking on any time limit, concluded, as undoubtedly did the audience, that they should carry on their laughter as long as they liked. Accordingly, after a series of these imperious gestures for silence, the Ambassador slowly turned round and, looking at the toast-master with a quiet smile, brought down the house by saying, "Brother Pilgrims, I am not quite sure whether I, or the gentleman in pink, has the floor." It is needless to add that our honoured guest was permitted to finish his speech without further interference.

From this date The Pilgrims, on either side, forged right ahead, and for many years I had the pleasure of working in the closest co-operation with George Wilson in New York, with the result that The Pilgrims always marched in step. Each move made by either of us was immediately reported to the other and so an intimate and close co-operation was built up.

The Pilgrims of Great Britain and The Pilgrims of America, as a single entity, formed The Pilgrims' Club, and a member elected on either side was likewise a member of the Sister Society.

We met on many occasions during our first two years, and I remember one entertaining speech in London by Senator Chauncey Depew. According to the *Chicago Record*, honours were divided that evening between the Senator and Sir George White, V.C., the defender of Ladysmith. Depew told a story of a wandering missionary, who carried on his wagon front and sides the legend, 'God is Love', while on the back of the wagon was the warning, 'Mind the bull-dog, he has all his teeth.' There, suggested Depew, might be found the idea of the mission of Great Britain and the United States. They were preaching the gospel of love to the world, but on the rear of their wagon was the warning, to whom it might concern, that their teeth were sharp.

ANTICIPATING RADIO

Early in 1904 Sir Mortimer Durand went out to Washington as our new Ambassador, and the idea occurred to me that it might be possible to hold a simultaneous gathering in England and America. Those, of course, were days long before broadcasting, so what I had in mind was to borrow the Atlantic cable for a couple of hours and link up Delmonico's in New York with our meeting-place in London.

So I went to see a Brother Pilgrim, George Gray Ward, of the Commercial Cable Company. When I asked him whether I could have the Atlantic cable for two or three hours, he whistled softly and replied, "Boy, that will cost you a lot of money." After assuring him that a novel idea was sometimes of far more value than a money payment, and that we did not propose to pay a cent for the cable, I told him my story. At the finish he agreed to link up London with New York.

This joint gathering created intense interest at the time, as a glance

through the press-cutting book shows. The *New York Herald* had a heading, 'PILGRIMS IN SYNCHRONOUS SYMPOSIA'. The *Daily Express*, 'PILGRIMS IN TWO WORLDS DINE TOGETHER'. The *Daily Telegraph*, 'A UNIQUE EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP', and so forth.

The New York gathering to honour our Ambassador was a very representative one. We did our best to bring together at our supper party outstanding Englishmen who would exchange messages of greeting with their American counterparts.

Lord Roberts led off with a message to the President of the United States' Pilgrims, and then we drank the health of Sir Mortimer. That message was rapidly followed by one from the American Ambassador to his opposite number, and then followed leading representatives of the Navy, the Army, Commerce, Bench and Bar, replies coming back within a matter of seconds, and being received with intense enthusiasm. There was only one slight hiatus, when I fired across a little poetic salvo, as follows:

"British Pilgrims westward gazing
Send you greetings overseas,
Glasses to their comrades raising
In a hearty unity.

Pilgrims whom no fate can sever,
May our path be calm and bright,
And the link of friendship ever
Bind us closely, as to-night!"

We learnt later that gallant attempts were made to reply in verse but, unfortunately, there was no ready-made rhymers handy.

In the name of The Pilgrims I wound up with our warmest thanks to Pilgrim Ward of the Commercial Cable Company for enabling American and British Pilgrims, for the first time in their history, to spend together an evening of such happy fellowship.

AN HISTORIC GATHERING

In April of 1906, the American Pilgrims made history: a Governor-General of Canada was, for the first time, the guest of a banquet in New York. The Governor-General of that time was Lord Grey, as fine a type of Englishman as ever lived.

Elihu Root, successor to John Hay as Secretary of State, and Mr. Joseph Choate spoke on behalf of the five hundred distinguished Americans who filled the banqueting-hall of the Waldorf-Astoria. After an admirable speech, Earl Grey added to the historic nature of the gathering by making an historic gift. That gift was the portrait of the great Benjamin Franklin which had been taken from his Philadelphia home by Lord Grey's great-grandfather, Charles

Grey, who had occupied Franklin's house in Philadelphia during the war in 1777. Ever since then the portrait had adorned Lord Grey's home in Northumberland, but as a great admirer of Franklin, and a well-wisher of a happy feeling between the two peoples, he had decided to restore of his own free will this well-known picture. As the New York Press stated: "At this announcement the diners rose to their feet and cheered enthusiastically, cheering which was renewed when Mr. Choate proceeded to say that the portrait was now in the hands of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador in London, and would doubtless arrive in Philadelphia in time for the celebrations of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin on April 20."

On this side, we had a splendid speech from Lord Curzon, upon the termination of his office as British Viceroy in India. Lord Curzon's opening sentence pleased The Pilgrims of both nations when he said the best pilgrimage he had ever made in his life was to the other side of the water, to persuade an American pilgrim to continue her life pilgrimage in his company. After a brilliant description of life in India, and the duties to be carried out, Lord Curzon went on to say: "Whatever service we have given we have freely rendered, though when we come back we sometimes find that nobody knows quite where we have been, and still less what we have been doing. Yet we feel that we would not part with our experience for anything in the world. Whether our position in India has been great or small, we feel that we have had our hand on the pulse of the Universe," and then he added: "A member of the present House of Commons has said that my administration has been one of pomp and pageantry. This description has appeared to captivate even the Secretary of State. Such is the baleful influence of alliteration on the literary mind."

After referring to the right spirit of administration, and amidst cheers when mentioning the work of Lord Milner who was sitting near him, Lord Curzon urged all who heard him "to trust the man on the spot and to send out to this task the best man you can tempt or train. Wherever unknown lands exist, wherever a new civilization, wherever, in fact, progress and enlightenment are possible, there is the field for the Anglo-Saxon race, and may we never fall below the dignity of our high course."

Lord Curzon never forgot this welcome home. He was a man not easy of approach and, to the world, ever since Oxford days, had been regarded as 'a most superior person'. But he had another side.

The great George Nathaniel Curzon was a commanding and even glittering personality, especially in full regalia.

With a large frame, he possessed a great dome-like head and a firm mouth over an equally firm, clean-shaven chin. His manner could be awe-inspiring and abrupt, but in private intercourse with one whom he regarded as a friend he was courteous, urbane and a perfect host.

Early the following morning I received from him a charming note, thanking me for all I had done and saying that he would always look upon that welcome as one of the highest honours ever paid to him, and one which he would ever connect with my untiring exertions.

Often, at his request, I would drop in, in later years, sometimes at odd hours, to see him at Carlton House Terrace. This great man, looked upon

by so many as a stern, unbending, pompous individual, could be the most human of persons, and to an undistinguished youth showed himself a kindly and most delightful companion. With stoic fortitude he bore what was almost continual pain, and never once did I hear him refer to it.

Sometimes when he got warmed up on a subject he would stand and, with his back to the fire, work out his ideas in perfectly chosen prose, frequently winding up with an effective peroration; all of which tended to make me feel that I might be the very Council of India itself instead of a single, simple listener.

In glancing through old letters of this period I find very many from my good friend George Wilson, my opposite number in New York, then at the wheel of the American Pilgrims. As I have already stated, we wrote to one another at least every week, giving full details of anything happening on our own side, and making all kinds of inquiries from the other. It was a close-working partnership. Among other things, we were anxious to create the precedent that an incoming Ambassador on either side should make his first speech to the people of the country to which he had been accredited, from the Board of The Pilgrims, and George Wilson was very wishful to see that this much-desired honour should definitely date from the reception of James Bryce, who had been appointed as the next Ambassador to the United States.

I had known Mr. Bryce (afterwards Viscount Bryce) since my Oxford days, when he was a fellow of All Souls, and a well-known Law lecturer, for which Honour School I was a humble striver; an arrangement was therefore satisfactorily entered into by which the Pilgrims on this side should speed the parting, and our American friends give the first welcome to the coming, guest.

James Bryce was hailed, on the other side, as the perfect Ambassador. Mr. Choate, who welcomed him in New York, admitted that Columbus discovered America, but Mr. Bryce discovered Americans to themselves.

This, of course, was very largely true, for in those days *Bryce on the American Constitution* was a standard work.

I saw a good deal of Mr. Bryce, both during his term as Ambassador and on his return to England. He was a most untiring little man, with a slightly bent figure, grey pointed beard, a clear, precise voice, piercing eyes, and a very hurried walk. When he was quite an old man, I met him on several occasions pacing through London on a dirty winter's day, without an overcoat and apparently, from his rapid gait, a few minutes late for the next appointment.

Perhaps the greatest compliment paid to The Pilgrims about this time, particularly when one remembered that the Club was not more than five years old, was a request to welcome to England the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, who were assembling for the Imperial Conference.

WELCOME TO DOMINION PRIME MINISTERS

This invitation was given to me by 'Lulu' Harcourt, the tall, immaculately dressed Colonial Secretary, who wore one of the highest collars I ever remember.

These days, of course, were long before the foundation of that excellent body the Empire Parliamentary Association, or of the many clubs which, paying us the compliment of flattery, sprang up during the years which followed, somewhat on the lines of The Pilgrims. Notwithstanding all this, I felt that this request from the Colonial Office was an outstanding compliment to what was, after all, but an Anglo-American dining club, however effective its methods and distinguished its personnel.

It is interesting to look back at the press-cuttings describing this dinner. For example, I will take the *Evening Standard* of April 20, 1907. Under the heading, "The Pilgrims' Club Historic Banquet to the Colonial Premiers", there is a plan showing the arrangement of thirty-four tables at Claridge's, and then under the heading "How the guests were seated", the names of every individual member at each of those tables. It undoubtedly is a wonderful list to read through, and well I remember the hours spent in arranging the places of those 368 guests, using my best endeavours to place each where he would most happily enjoy himself. I previously said there was no top table, Lord Roberts, who presided, being at table fifteen towards the centre of the room. The *Evening Standard* stated:

"The Pilgrims' Club has been associated with not a few distinguished gatherings, and will, no doubt, play its part in many others, but it may be doubted whether any more interesting function has ever been, or will in the future be, held under its auspices than last night's dinner at Claridge's Hotel."

After a speech by Sir Edward Grey (afterwards Grey of Falloden), Alfred Deakin, the Prime Minister of Australia, in a most eloquent reply, roused intense enthusiasm. It was a speech of uncompromising Empire loyalty delivered with real earnestness. The Premier of New Zealand endorsed to the full all that had been said by Mr. Deakin, and the gathering was wholeheartedly in accord with Lord Roberts when, referring to General Botha, our President stated that he was certain we should find him as staunch a friend as he had been found by the British Army to be a difficult and troublesome enemy.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A couple of months later, in June 1907, we had what, I think, was one of the very happiest events which ever brought The Pilgrims together, and that was a luncheon in honour of Mark Twain. When this gathering was arranged, I went to see Lord Roberts to discuss with him who would make the most appropriate chairman, for it seemed to me that to get the very best out of this witty and distinguished writer we should attempt to find his nearest possible opposite number. I therefore suggested to our President one who, although not at that time a member of The Pilgrims, seemed in every way to fill the bill; this was Augustine Birrell, in public life Secretary for Ireland, in private life



THE PILGRIM SHIP
A WEDDING GIFT GIVEN BY THE PILGRIMS TO THEIR HONORARY SECRETARY,
NOVEMBER 1905

THE
PILGRIMS DINNER
IN HONOUR OF COMMANDER
ROBERT E. PEARY
At the SAVOY HOTEL

JUNE 10TH 1910



THE PILGRIMS WELCOME TO ENGLAND THE DISCOVERER OF THE
NORTH POLE



LADY BRITTAIN, D.B.E., FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR JAMES SHANNON, R.A.,
PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY THE PILGRIMS ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE CLUB

unmatched maker of polished quips and impromptu epigrams. Lord Roberts readily agreed, as did Augustine Birrell, so the success of the gathering was assured.

During his short visit to England, Mark Twain was received with an affectionate welcome, which increased in intensity during his stay. At our own



THE PILGRIMS' LUNCHEON TO MARK TWAIN.

June 25th 1907

particular gathering there was, of course, the greatest possible enthusiasm, but mingled with that, the feeling that each one of us was welcoming a very dear friend. As one of the papers put it:

"Mark Twain is enjoying himself. No one who saw him yesterday at the lunch given in his honour by The Pilgrims at the Savoy can have any doubt as to that. His gleaming and beaming countenance, more picturesque than ever, radiated fun and happiness all round the room. What

a wonderful old head it is, with its aquiline eye, and its leonine jaw and mane. The Pilgrims might almost adopt it as a symbol of that co-mingling of British Lion and American Eagle which they exist to promote."

Over the initials 'O.S.', Owen Seaman of *Punch* had written for us the following verses, which we attached to the list of guests:

Pilot of many pilgrims since the shout
Mark Twain, that served you for a deathless sign,
On Mississippi's waterway rang out
Over the plummet line;
Still where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue halcyon seas, long may you keep
Your course unbroken, buoyed upon a love
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

Both Augustine Birrell and Mark Twain were at the top of their form.

Mark Twain made great play upon the fact that the first thing he saw in England on his arrival was a newspaper man with a great red highly displayed placard in front of him. On that placard were two sentences running together, without even a comma, and stated:

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES
ASCOT GOLD CUP STOLEN

He went on to say, "I never have seen that Cup, I have not got the Cup, I did not have a chance to get it." And then, after a few words on the wickedness of stealing, he said: "I do confess that when I was here several years ago I stole a hat, but it did not amount to anything; it was not a good hat, and was only a clergyman's hat, anyway. I was at a luncheon party and Archdeacon Wilberforce was there also. He is Archdeacon now—he was just a Canon then and was serving in the Westminster battery, if that is the proper term. He left the luncheon table before I did. He began this thing. I did steal his hat, but he began by taking mine. I make that confession because I will not accuse Archdeacon Wilberforce of stealing my hat—I should not think of it. I confine that phrase to myself. He merely took my hat, and with good judgment too—it was a better hat than his."

I saw a good deal of Mark Twain during that last visit to England, and, like all who knew him, soon came to love him. He stayed at Brown's Hotel in Dover Street, and I well remember one morning, invited by him to breakfast at about 9.30 with three or four other men, I enjoyed his delightful companionship, and listened to his wonderful reminiscences as he slowly drawled on from one yarn to another. He must have gripped us pretty closely, for it was not until a telephone call disturbed one of the party we discovered that breakfast had carried on until afternoon. On that occasion Mark Twain was, I remember, a most picturesque figure in white flannels.

Sailors, painters and parsons then became our guests, and at the clerical gathering Mr. Asquith gently suggested to the visiting archbishops and bishops, of which there were many, that it was a great opportunity for a layman to get a little of his own back, "for," he added, "we are accustomed to listen with

greater or less edification, at any rate in compulsory silence and at least with spiritual docility, to the lessons which are week by week imparted to us from the pulpit. Tonight, for the moment—and only for the moment—the normal positions are reversed, and I, a humble layman, have the opportunity, of which, let me assure you at once by saying that I am not going to take undue advantage, of providing our clerical guests with the strange experience of listening to a sermon. If I were in a vindictive mood I should like to settle some old scores, but under the genial and mellowing influence of The Pilgrims' hospitality I will confine myself to two or three sentences on a single text."

Of lighter and more informal gatherings, one, at the Savoy in 1909, was held to entertain and congratulate the American Polo Team which had recently won the International Cup.

Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, who presided, told us that he was probably the only man in the room who saw polo played before it was introduced into the British Army. In the early 'Sixties, at which time the game was practically unknown at home, he used to go out to see the native cavalry regiments in India play polo, on very small ponies, with very big sticks and an enormous ball.

It was a great team, that Meadowbrook team, with Payne-Whitney as captain; Larry Waterbury, who was almost as famous a racquets player as he was a polo expert; Devereux Milburn, who was also an Oxford Blue, having rowed in the 'Varsity eight. Payne-Whitney told us how the contest had been conducted without the slightest jealousy, and they were returning home with the best of feelings; when an English team went across with the laudable intention of recapturing the Cup, a very earnest attempt would be made, he said, to repay the overwhelming hospitality the American team had received during their visit to the old country, a land still to the fore in maintaining the best traditions of sport.

SAILORS AND STATESMEN

A very distinguished American arrived in England early in June 1910—Commander Peary, the first white man to stand on the North Pole. My wife had the pleasure of meeting him before I did, and as they drove round the park together he gave her a vivid exposition of exactly what he thought of Dr. Cook. 'Doc. Cook' in those days was a very notorious individual, but the young people of today have probably no recollection of the man who was the pseudo-discoverer of the Pole, and, descending on Europe before the arrival of Peary, did what he could to steal the thunder.

Peary, after a rousing reception, gave an interesting account of his historic voyage. The *Roosevelt*, he told us, was a complete reversal of the idea and theory of previous Arctic ships. The latter were sailing vessels with auxiliary steam power. The *Roosevelt* was a steamship and an auxiliary sailing craft. Of their food, he said, nine-tenths could be used both for the members of the party and for the dogs. It consisted of pemmican, ship's biscuits, tins of milk and tea, and all except the tea could be utilized by the dogs, who could then be utilized to feed each other, the remainder, maybe, falling victims to the members of the party. Eventually there would be only the men left. After describing Arctic clothing, and the all-importance of fur, particularly fur from animals living

in that very region, Peary added that the reason for the success of the expedition was experience. Many problems had been solved, he added, but others remained, such as the insularity of Greenland, the determination of temperature, current, and so forth. There were great differences between the Northern and Southern Polar regions. At the North Pole the sea was two miles in depth, at the South Pole the men would be two miles in the air. At the North there were wolf, deer, fox, lemur, and other animals; at the South there was not a single example of land life.

To our great satisfaction the U.S. Navy often visited us about this time, and no guests were ever more welcome.

I remember one party, presided over by Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, where The Pilgrims were reminded that naval officers were the most peace-loving people in the world, and the Anglo-Saxon race the least aggressive that ever existed, which statement was greeted with loud cries of 'Bravo', and laughter. "But," added the Chairman, "when an unjust war is forced upon us we are rather fond of fighting."

It was at this same gathering that I first had the pleasure of meeting William Sims (at that time a Commander), with whom I was to be closely associated a few years later when, in due course, he became Admiral-in-Command of the American Fleet in European waters.

Once again The Pilgrims had the privilege of welcoming to England the Prime Ministers of the Dominions. This was in May 1911.

Sir Edward Grey, in a noteworthy speech, proposed the health of our distinguished visitors, to which a brilliant response was made by Canada's silver-tongued orator, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. With him were Mr. Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia, General Botha and Sir Joseph Ward from South Africa and New Zealand, and Sir Edward Morris from Newfoundland.

Sir Edward Grey, afterwards Earl Grey of Falloden, like his colleague Mr. Asquith, would have made an ideal Roman senator, of slightly lighter build than his chief. He had a broad, intellectual head and a keen, steady eye.

Though most of his days were perforce spent in cities, he was essentially a countryman and a lover of country-, and, particularly, bird-life.

In later years, unfortunately, his sight gradually failed him, and this was impressed upon me very vividly during the course of a week I had with him in Washington, when he was our Ambassador there.

He was discussing his favourite subject—birds and trees—when he asked me on several occasions to describe the leaves and the bark of trees beside the road, as well as the nature and colouring of birds in the distance. When I had given him the answers, he in turn outlined in a delightful manner the many interesting habits of the bird in question and equally fascinating details of the trees.

In his particular case, as a deep lover of Nature, the failure of his sight was a crowning calamity.

A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE

Since the days of our infancy we had rather avoided annual dinners, but considered that, having arrived at the end of our first decade, it was only right and proper to celebrate the occasion.

I have every reason to remember that particularly happy evening because of the fact that a very delightful surprise was sprung on me.

Our veteran President, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, hale and hearty in spite of his eighty years, presided, and over thirty Pilgrims came across from New York to emphasize the friendly relations existing between the two sections of The Pilgrims' Club.

Canada's eloquent Minister of Commerce, Mr. George Foster, represented the Dominion and he and Dr. Manning, later Bishop of New York, gave us admirable speeches.

Dr. Manning told us of a little incident which befell him earlier in his career, when it was his privilege and pleasure to be working in one of the southern cities. "We received," he said, "a visit from the late Admiral Schley, who, on a Sunday night, attended service in my church; the local paper on the following morning announced the fact in these words:

'Admiral and Mrs. Schley attended service last night in Christchurch and listened to a sermon by the Rector, the Rev. W. T. Manning, after which they were driven to their hotel and took a much-needed rest'!"

Following George Foster's speech, Lord Roberts called upon the Consul-General, the Hon. John L. Griffiths, one of the most delightful speakers who ever crossed the Atlantic.

He was a diminutive, stocky figure, stout, with a round, red face, and very short arms. He possessed a somewhat high-pitched voice, but so effective was his oratory that he was sought after by almost every association in the country. Before he had delivered two or three sentences he always succeeded in gripping his audience.

In spite of his unimpressive figure his was a most attractive and endearing personality, and he possessed hosts of English friends.

Now, as the individual who had prepared the toast list, I could not understand why he was butting in, but it soon became apparent that he and my dear old friends of The Pilgrims' Executive Committee had been quietly plotting among themselves, and Pilgrim Griffiths went on to say, "The important, and difficult, and delicate, and unexpected duty has been assigned to me to surprise our Honorary Secretary." He then suggested that the assembled guests would be impressed with the magnitude of his task, because "in this specific Honorary Secretary were combined Scottish thrift, German thoroughness, Irish wit, French joyousness, Canadian optimism, American aggressiveness, and English shyness". Loud laughter followed the latest suggestion. "And yet," he said, "it is not difficult in a sense to surprise him, because of his abnormal reticence and his disinclination to ask questions."

After pulling my leg a little longer, he then did succeed in filling me with a certain amount of bashfulness when he continued: "It usually happens that the success of any undertaking can be attributed to the imagination, the resourcefulness, the enthusiasm and courage of one man. While the co-operation of many minds has been necessary to give The Pilgrims the assured position the Society occupies, still I feel we all agree that we owe our prosperity more to Harry Brittain than to anyone else. He has a genius for organization. What-

ever the occasion may be, the success of the event is assured if he can only overcome his temperamental timidity and be induced to take the initiative. An English poet, doubtless thinking of his multitudinous activities, of his many attachments, accomplishments and achievements, casually referred to him the other day as our 'Greater Britain'. While The Pilgrims feel that they never can make any adequate recognition of all that he has done for them, nevertheless they are anxious to show in some way an appreciation of his unselfish labours. He was recently presented by the British newspaper proprietors with a portrait of himself, before which, I am informed, he stands at least half-an-hour every day in silence and in reverent admiration. You may find him any afternoon in the Royal Academy, and always in the same place." (I need hardly add that loud laughter followed this.)

"The Committee of The Pilgrims, when they were considering what form the surprise should take, felt that nothing could please him as much as a picture of the one who had been the inspiration of all his labours, and whose approval means more to him than the praise of all the world beside. We much regret that the portrait of Mrs. Harry Brittain is not finished, but on this anniversary night we want to assure our friend that something beautiful is coming to him, and that later the formal presentation will be made. We wish him every joy and happiness. He has so many good friends that he need never lack advice, and he is such a magnetic listener that they never need lack for a sympathetic audience. No one, I am sure, has done more than Mr. Harry Brittain to confirm that friendship between England and America which has continued, though seriously disturbed now and again, for nearly a hundred years, and which, we trust, may last for ever. I ask you, then, to lift your glasses to drink to the health of the Pilgrim whom we all delight to honour, the Pilgrim who, however travel-stained and weary, always abounds in good cheer, and in the warmth of whose geniality, pessimism and cynicism melt away, and life becomes a vivid and vital experience, immensely worth the living."

At a later date, the Caxton Publishing Company reproduced this charming tribute from the American Consul-General in their *Book of Public Speaking*.

Then, in December 1912, to the deep regret of all who knew him, the American Ambassador died. He passed away on the eve of a great meeting which had been arranged to take place at the Mansion House to celebrate the Centenary of Peace between the British Empire and the United States. The Lord Mayor, who presided, read out a letter which he had received only a day or two before from Mr. Reid, who said that he particularly wished to be present as he regarded this as an event of enormous importance, and thought that a failure to give it such a celebration as should challenge the attention of the whole world would be a crime. It was at that meeting that we decided to purchase the old home of the Washingtons, Sulgrave Manor, and an International Committee to keep the two countries in touch was duly formed. It is now, of course, past history that the First World War postponed, *sine die*, those celebrations which should have taken place in 1915.

TENTH BIRTHDAY IN NEW YORK

As a return visit to that paid by members of The Pilgrims of America on our tenth anniversary, I gladly accepted the invitation from New York to represent our President, Lord Roberts, and the British Pilgrims at the tenth anniversary gathering of our Sister Society. This date in February fitted in admirably, for it also gave me the opportunity, as Chairman of the Overseas Committee, of going ahead with arrangements for the forthcoming celebration of the 100 years of peace. On arrival in New York by the good ship *Carmania*, my first entertainment, and one which I much appreciated, was a luncheon given in my honour by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, at the National Arts Club, to meet his colleagues on the editorial staff of the *Outlook*. It was always a joy to meet the great T.R., and on this particular occasion he was in tremendous form.

Five hundred strong, we Pilgrims gathered at the Waldorf under the chairmanship of Mr. Joseph Choate, who was excellent as ever. Mr. Choate referred to the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra as two of the most devoted friends of the United States we ever had, who never lost occasion to manifest their ardent goodwill, their never-failing interest, in America. Loud cheers greeted his remarks, which were enthusiastically repeated when Mr. Choate read out a personal cable message from King George, as well as one from Queen Alexandra. Mr. Choate, in referring to the fact that we were entering upon the celebration of the Peace Centenary, said: "We have kept the peace for a hundred years because, in the main and long run, the peoples are one, united in sentiment and united in all the concerns and things that make for civilization. We might have fought a dozen times in those hundred years, but we have kept the peace always by the preservation on both sides of absolute good faith and fidelity to the promises that we have made to one another."

In due course I made my short speech, submitting the message of congratulations and goodwill from the British Pilgrims, and in their name presented Mr. Choate with a gold salver containing bread and salt, the traditional pilgrims' fare.

Following this Pilgrims' banquet, I put in a very strenuous month in the United States and Canada with Mr. Choate. I addressed various meetings on the Peace Centenary, and then at the request of the Canadians went up to Ottawa, to be present at the formation of the Executive Committee for Canada, for which Sir Edmund Walker, a leading banker, was appointed President. I was also invited to give addresses to the Canadian Clubs in Montreal and Toronto and the Women's Canadian Club, where I am reminded that I enjoyed the rare experience of having half my address published in the *Montreal Star* on Monday, February 17, 1913, and the conclusion of that same address, another three columns, on the following day. This was followed by a little talk at the fiftieth anniversary gathering of the Old Union League Club in New York, and then came a meeting or two at Washington, followed by an interview with President Taft at the White House.

Before sailing for home by the southern route, for I felt that a slight rest

cure was due to me, I had a splendid send-off dinner from the New York Press Club, where I threw out the suggestion that at the right time and place, the right kind of conference between leading newspaper men of the British Empire and the United States might be productive of sound practical results. I still look forward to this conference.

WELCOME TO WALTER HINES PAGE

In the meantime, a new Ambassador had been appointed to the Court of St. James's—Walter Hines Page. It had been my good fortune to have known each American Ambassador since my undergraduate days, during which time, incidentally, the Embassy first came into being. Of all those whom I have had the honour to meet there was none who left memories of a more essentially human and lovable character than did Walter Page. I was in touch with him both before and immediately on his arrival, for the purpose of organizing The Pilgrims' welcome to him; Mr. Page took the greatest interest in every detail, discussing each item most carefully. The gathering took place on Friday, June 6, 1913, when in a speech of about three-quarters-of-an-hour the Ambassador entirely captured the brilliant and distinguished audience which had gathered under the chairmanship of that fine old veteran, Lord Roberts, our President.

Some time before this Pilgrims' function, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, our Minister in Sweden, with whom I had spent many happy hours in that attractive land, was appointed British Ambassador to Washington, but had not yet left to take up his new post.

Thinking that I had hit upon a rather bright suggestion, I sent a note to Stockholm asking whether, as Ambassador-elect, he would care to send me a short message which could be added to those we hoped to receive on that great occasion.

In due course came the reply, which read as follows:

My dear Harry, I have often heard of a message from the tomb, but never one from the embryo.

I found this quite unanswerable!

Sir Edward Grey voiced the welcome of The Pilgrims to the new Ambassador, a welcome supported to the full by the British Press. As *The Times* pointed out, this welcome on either side of an incoming Ambassador was precisely what it was meant to be, a unique compliment. The representatives of a foreign power are frequently fêted on their recall, but for an Ambassador to be welcomed on arrival, almost before he has had time to present his credentials, is an experience which is enjoyed solely by the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. It is a recognition on our part that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relationship, and that it would be against the grain of British instincts if no distinction were to be drawn between the American and other Ambassadors.

Shortly after Mr. Page had been our honoured guest, he took the chair as

host at a representative gathering of The Pilgrims to honour James Bryce on his return after serving six-and-a-half years as British Ambassador at Washington. On that occasion Myron Herrick, the well-beloved American Ambassador to France, came across to support Mr. Page.

We had a series of very enjoyable meetings during 1913 and the first half of '14, when in June we welcomed home the English polo team which had met with success in the United States.

There was one very pleasing gesture before the contest. Captain Cheape had been the victim of an accident, and the American Polo Association, with true sportsmanship, postponed the series of games until his recovery. This action was immensely appreciated in England. The games were followed with the greatest enthusiasm on either side of the Atlantic, and there was considerable gratification on this side when England won.

Another function during that month of June in which The Pilgrims, or many of them, were good enough to give me a helping hand, was the great Peace Centenary Ball and Pageant at the Albert Hall. It was the first function arranged by the British committee for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of peace among English-speaking peoples, and both our people and well-known Americans then in London collaborated heartily to make it a success. A series of wonderful processions was arranged, beginning with the aborigines in tribal dresses and concluding with a procession of representatives of the Forty-Eight States.

I was asked to arrange a procession of the Pilgrim Fathers, which I readily agreed to do, and for this purpose many brother Pilgrims came forward, and not only joined my little band, but brought with them the requisite number of Pilgrim Mothers, as well as a few Pilgrim Children. Among the Pilgrim Fathers I can recollect were John L. Garvin, Gordon Selfridge, Hamar Greenwood (now Viscount Greenwood), and Sir Frank Newnes. The processions were reviewed, quite properly, by Columbus, and, after representatives of those who had had their part in the history of America, came a second set symbolizing the English-speaking peoples following Britannia and Columbia. The American group representing the Forty-Eight States was composed entirely of American ladies, and I am reminded by *The Times* that all who took part either in that particular group or in the Canadian, Australian, South African, Indian or New Zealand group, came from the countries they represented.

"This fact combined with the symbolical interest of the costumes worn gave the stately and beautiful ceremonial with its special and appropriate music a profound significance and interest. The money raised at this great gathering was to be devoted towards the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, the foundation of a permanent Chair of Anglo-American history . . ."

and so forth.

SULGRAVE MANOR PURCHASED

Before the First Great War put a stop to, or at least enforced a long postponement of, the celebration of the centenary of peace between Britain and

America, the British committee was able to carry out one most interesting task—namely, the purchase of Sulgrave Manor. This old home of the Washingtons we hoped to restore as closely as possible to what we believed was its original condition. On purchase we found it a somewhat dilapidated shrine, for the house had been neglected and vandals had, alas, been busy. The ten acres surrounding the Manor, which were also purchased, were in a very rough and unkempt condition; our hope, in due course, was to lay it out as an old English garden of the sixteenth century.

On July 27, 1914, a few of us, headed by the Duke of Teck and comprising, among others, Lord Shaw, Arthur Shirley Benn, my lady and myself, together with Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, as our distinguished guest, made our way to Sulgrave, where the inhabitants of the peaceful little village had prepared a most enthusiastic welcome. We went through the formality of handing over the key to the American Ambassador, who then opened the principal door of the house, a fine old door which has above it the Washington coat of arms, the Stars and Bars. Before returning to London we were entertained by the Mayor at luncheon in Northampton, and later by Lord Spencer at his beautiful place, Althorp Park, where we were shown several most interesting Washington records and relics.

That visit to Sulgrave was a delightful gathering in the heart of England, and Dr. Page was in his very happiest vein.

A GRACIOUS PRESENTATION

The last big function held in London on the eve of the First Great War I am never likely to forget, for it was a most wonderful and generous tribute to my humble services from a large gathering of brother Pilgrims, both British and American, who forgathered in my honour for the presentation of Sir James Shannon's portrait of my wife in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the Club. Lord Roberts had told me that he wished to take the chair and personally make the presentation, but at the last moment he was called off to advise at the War Office, and the American Ambassador, supported by Lord Bryce, very kindly took his place.

At the twenty-five or thirty tables scattered round the banqueting-hall at the Savoy were all my old Pilgrim friends. In addition to the Ambassador and Lord Bryce, our own little round table also comprised Earl Grey, Lord Burnham, the Canadian High Commissioner, Lord Rothermere, Sir Ray Lankester and Lord Kinnaird. It was for me a most delightful function, though naturally an embarrassing one. After the American Ambassador had said the very kindest things, and referred to the fact that the portrait was that of a lady whom they all admired, Lord Bryce continued in the same more than kindly strain.

A few words, perhaps, I may quote: "We are friends with European countries, and we earnestly hope and pray that the scourge of war may yet be avoided. We have with America more than friendship. It is a mutual understanding. We have with the United States a mutual understanding and personal affection which cannot exist equally well between ourselves and any

other country. It is for that affection that Harry Brittain has laboured, and laboured with a success which we all appreciate, and for which we heartily thank him. It is that affection which we hope will go on increasing so long as the two countries exist."

I found it very difficult to reply to all these kindly eulogies, and was glad there were no more speeches, but in their stead a happy procession of loyal old friends who came up to shake me by the hand and offer me their sincere good wishes and congratulations.

WAR

This, then, as I have already stated, proved to be the last big social function of its kind to take place in London in those now distant pre-war days. A few hours later the clash of arms echoed through Europe, and within that week Great Britain had taken her stand with the Allies.

One of the first efforts of our American friends in London was to make all possible arrangements for the thousands of American visitors caught in the maelstrom and scattered all over the Continent of Europe. For this purpose an American Citizens' Emergency Committee was formed to evolve means of transport, finance and information. One of the most active members of this committee was Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, afterwards President of the United States.

Hoover, born in 1874, the son of a blacksmith, I had already met on many occasions before the War, when as a successful mining engineer he was domiciled in London.

A stocky-built type with a large round head, he became the leader of the American colony in London when war broke out, and was appointed Chairman of the American Relief Committee. The work he did in many lands in saving the starving peoples of Europe is too well known to need any detail recalled.

As President of the United States, and later as defeated candidate, he tasted adulation *in excelsis*, as well as the entire opposite.

He possesses degrees from forty-nine universities, which must be, I imagine, a record.

Doubtless because I was Chairman of The Pilgrims, I was invited as the one Englishman to serve on this committee for the purpose of acting as the link between that committee and our authorities. The Savoy Hotel generously gave us ample headquarters, and for the next couple of weeks we lived somewhat strenuous lives working night and day in doing what we could to assist back to their native land many thousands of stranded citizens.

In November of that year The Pilgrims suffered a great loss on the sudden death of our beloved President, Lord Roberts. To me indeed it was a particularly heavy blow, for since the foundation of the Club, he had always been my guide, philosopher and friend, and I had for this grand old simple soldier a very deep affection.

A few weeks after the Field-Marshal's death I received from the American Pilgrims a beautifully engrossed message to convey to Lady Roberts. After expressing eloquently the sympathy of the members of our sister society, the memorial states:

"The Pilgrims of this Country will ever think of their friend, the first President of the British Pilgrims, as one whose high character, unaffected simplicity and knightly spirit illustrated the truest ideals of our race, and in this year which completes the Centenary of Peace between the United States and Great Britain the name of Lord Roberts stands to them as a symbol of those qualities upon which is built the lasting friendship of the English-speaking peoples."

This beautiful memorial was signed by Joseph Choate, as President; by the four Vice-Presidents, Chauncey M. Depew, Nicholas Murray Butler, S. Cunliffe Owen and George T. Wilson; followed by the signatures of the Executive Committee. Lady Roberts, to whom I handed over this memorial at her home in Ascot, assured me that she and her family would ever value this American tribute.

1914 AND SNIPERS' BATTALION

Like most of my friends, I tried to get out to France at the beginning of the First World War, but the fact of having been born in the year 1873, plus other minor details, made those early attempts ineffective. However, at the beginning of 1915 the right opportunity seemed to offer.

In a note from Colonel John Norton Griffiths, I learnt that snipers were badly needed at the Front. He had, so he wrote me, suggested to the G.O.C. that it might be possible to form a Snipers' Battalion from men who were at the limit of, or over, military age, but who had had experience in different parts of the world in big-game hunting.

I fell in with Jack Griffiths' suggestion at once, and endeavoured to enthuse one or two nabobs at the War Office, but for some time without success. At length, however, a trickle of encouragement was forthcoming, accompanied by the statement that a fairly considerable sum would have to be raised by myself and others responsible, for such things as telescopic sights and so forth. To this we agreed, and a well-known peer offered not only to help out on the financial side, but also to place at our disposal a large country house and all facilities for practice, on condition that he might join such a battalion if and when formed.

By cable I got in touch with various likely folk overseas, and responses soon came rolling in to add to offers already made by others here.

Then followed a letter of hearty congratulations from a friend at the War Office who had helped me considerably in each stage of our negotiations.

When all seemed settled, as happens occasionally in this uncertain world, some particular individual who had the authority so to do blue-pencilled the scheme, to the great disappointment of those of us who had been looking forward to sniping German snipers.

MISSION TO AMERICA

However, it was not many weeks after this that I was asked whether I would undertake a mission to the United States, not unconnected with the

war, and particularly connected with two old friends, Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Charles Masterman, who were engaged in clarifying the Allied cause throughout the various neutral countries. The ostensible reason for which I was to go across the Atlantic was as a Member of the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute (The Royal Empire Society of today), to get in touch with the branches in the United States and Canada, to give addresses at respective centres, and do what was possible to enlarge the membership; secondly, as Chairman of The Pilgrims' Club, I accepted an invitation from the Sister Society to pay them a visit as their guest and inform them of European conditions up to date.

At a gathering of The Pilgrims on April 15 (1915), which, incidentally, coincided with the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln, the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, a past Governor of the Philippines, was in the chair. After we had heard a most eloquent address by Sir Gilbert Parker, Cameron Forbes, after thanking the speaker, added, "I also feel that we all ought to wish Harry Brittain God-speed, and a safe clearance of England by the *Lusitania* on Saturday, when she bears him to America, and I express to him, on behalf of the people of America, a welcome with open arms." That wondrous welcome during my nine or ten months' tour I certainly received throughout the land of Uncle Sam.

What was fated to be the last trip West of that splendid ship, the *Lusitania*, was a very happy one. I had as companion my old friend, that great genius, Marchese Marconi. There were not more than a couple of hundred first-class passengers on board, most of them, of course, crossing for some reason or another in connection with the War. Marconi and I had wonderful staterooms allotted to us, the regal suite or something equally magnificent, and many a happy hour did I spend with him in listening to his discourse on wireless, with results up to date, and future aspirations.

Tom Royden (Lord Royden today), a Director of the Cunard, as able as he was popular, saw us off on board, and introduced us to the various ships' officers. With the purser, McCubbin (one of the many good fellows drowned a few days later), I had previously crossed on the *Carmania* and doubtless other ships. He was responsible for persuading me to preside at what proved to be the last concert held on board this famous Cunarder. According to McCubbin, we succeeded in getting a record collection for the number of passengers carried. A message giving me the Freedom of the Port of New York took me rapidly through the Customs shed, and I turned for a last look at the grand old ship, familiarly known as the *Lucy*, as with hull and funnels all painted a dusky matt surface she lay alongside the quay.

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

A day or two after my arrival, the Executive of The Pilgrims of America gathered in my honour at a dinner at the Union League Club. There was a full attendance, with the exception of Mr. Joseph Choate, who, alas, was ill. Chauncey Depew presided, and on my other side was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. It was a pleasure indeed to meet so many of my good American friends

again. Roses and lilac decorated the beautiful table, and between the few short speeches a small, well-chosen orchestra entertained us.

Following a delightful message from Pilgrim President Choate, Chauncey Depew's short welcome was followed by a wonderful address from Nicholas Murray Butler. With first-hand knowledge of pre-war Germany, he gave us an insight into those lectures by Treitsche, which he used to attend at the University of Berlin, and to which officers and members of the Imperial family crowded. In those days, he admitted, he hardly took Treitsche's lectures seriously. His analytical exposition of Prussian character and aims was absolutely brilliant.

Before that date—and since—I have listened many a time, and always with appreciation, to Nicholas Murray Butler, but that masterly address was the most striking political review I can recall.

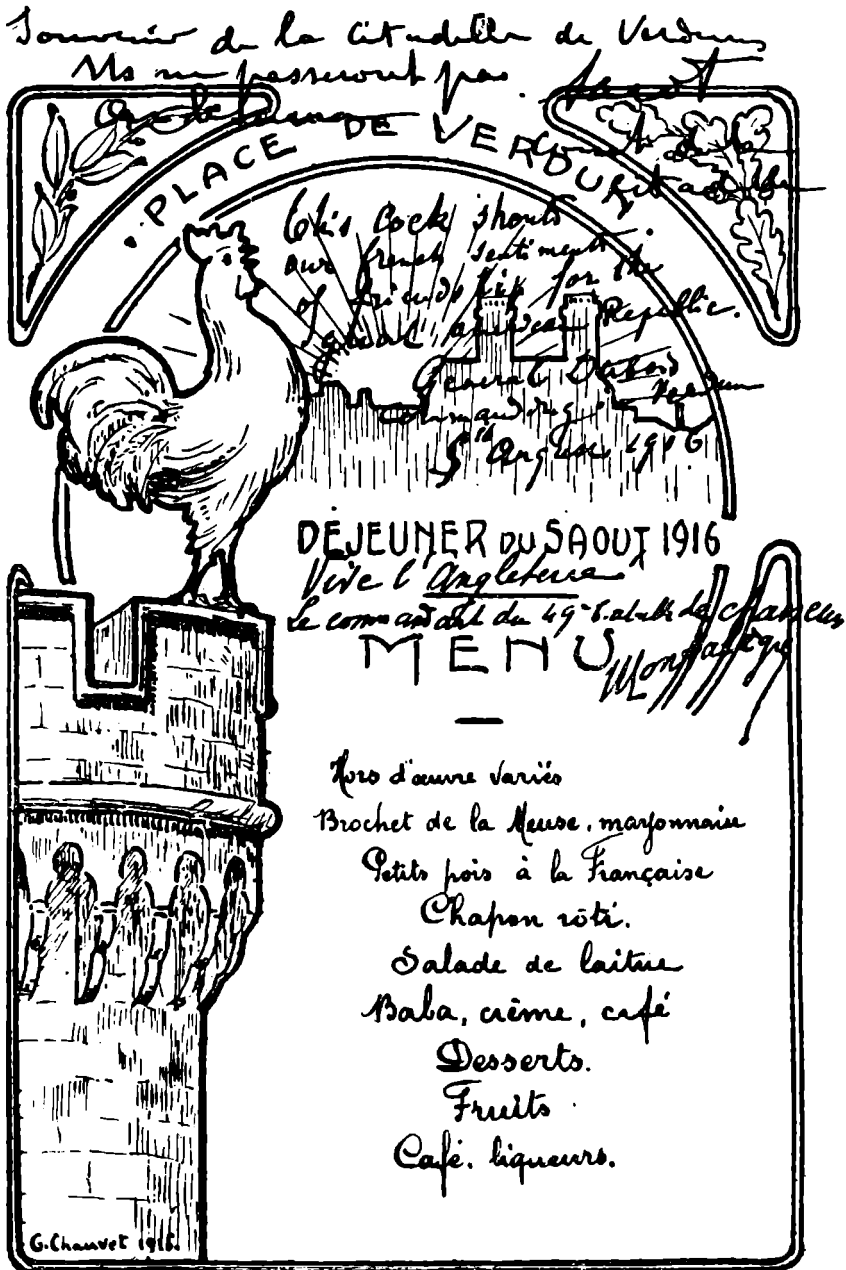
My wanderings throughout America, interesting as they were to me, were not officially connected with The Pilgrims, though I was specifically invited, as Chairman of the Pilgrims, to take part in a picturesque ceremony in the West concerning the opening, or the 'christening', of the Great Pacific Highway. After this lapse of time I candidly forget the specific object of the meeting, but have described the picturesque ceremony elsewhere.

At the request of the Chairman of the American Pilgrims I returned to New York at the end of September 1915, in order to give him a hand in preparation for the welcome of Lord Reading and the Anglo-French Loan Commission, and for several days put in many hours per day with my newspaper friends wherever I thought certain information might be useful. A day or two before the gathering I had a long talk with dear old Joseph Choate, who told me that he was determined to preside at The Pilgrims' dinner, even if he were never able to go out again. He also assured me that he meant to let himself go, giving me the outline of one or two of his statements in advance. There was assuredly no half-and-half about them!

The dinner took place at Sherry's on October 1, beneath the intertwined flags of Britain, France and America, and in the presence of 400 representative men who were prominent in the banking, commercial and political life of the United States. In a voice that had lost none of its old power, Joseph Choate, in most eloquent terms, pleaded the cause of the Allies. Lord Reading received such a thunderous ovation when he rose to speak that for the moment he was quite overcome. He spoke with great eloquence and made a most favourable impression.

At this gathering I sat next to General du Pont—of powder fame—who was, I was told, the largest subscriber to the loan. Other neighbours were Dr. Manning, Admiral Peary and Sir Edmund Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who came down from Toronto especially for the gathering. The following morning I had a long talk with Lord Reading, who was delighted with the wonderful reception he had experienced, as well as with the excellent Press he had commanded.

The end of November saw me back in England again.



Menu card of a dinner in honour of James M. Beck and the author, given by General Dubois, in command of the Citadel at Verdun

TO VERDUN FROM THE SOMME

During the autumn of 1914 an article appeared in the *New York Times* by the Hon. James M. Beck, one-time Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. The article in question made an intense impression on either side of the Atlantic, and was translated into a number of European languages. James Beck some time later published a book based upon that article, entitled *The Evidence in the Case*, with an introduction by the Hon. Joseph Choate. This book in its turn aroused intense interest, and was followed up by a series of addresses by James Beck, who was a speaker of the very first rank.

There was a general desire throughout Great Britain that Mr. Beck might be persuaded to cross the Atlantic, see something of the fighting-line at first hand, and give one or two addresses in London and the great industrial centres. As the United States was then neutral it was not too easy for the powers-that-be to invite him over. It was, however, a simple matter for myself, on behalf of The Pilgrims' Committee, to ask a distinguished American Pilgrim to cross the Atlantic and join us for two or three weeks as The Pilgrims' guest; this accordingly I did in the early part of April 1916.

I took Mr. James Beck, after a few days as our guest in England, over to France, where we went along the battle-line, through the Somme, where the war was then raging, and down to Verdun, then closely besieged by the Germans.

In this famous French fortress we were most hospitably entertained by the Commandant, General Dubois, at one of the most interesting and enthusiastic little gatherings I have ever attended. The fact that German shells were bursting on the roof of our underground retreat in no way detracted from the interest.

Incidentally, I wrote a little book of this visit to France under the title of *To Verdun from the Somme*, to which my friend Beck contributed an eloquent foreword. Entirely owing to that foreword this unpretentious book had a somewhat astonishing sale, running through five editions in eight or nine days.

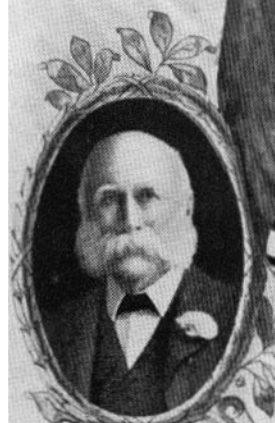
THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' CLUB

From the very beginning of the First World War, in one way or another, my contact with America had been close and continuous, and no one rejoiced more than I did when in April 1917 came the welcome news that the United States had decided to join the Allies. A wave of enthusiasm swept over England; innumerable were the incidents great and small which then occurred and which no one who witnessed them, or any of them, is likely to forget.

With an intense desire to carry out something concrete for our Allies, the idea occurred to me that it might perhaps be possible to found a club to look after American Army and Navy officers who found their way to and through Great Britain.

Of course, one knew that such a club would be established, for there were plenty of rich and hospitable Americans to see to that; but I felt that not Americans, but Englishmen, should undertake this very pleasant task. A club established by Americans would not have struck exactly the same note—

1903
FEBRUARY 9
1928



WILLIAM BUTLER DUNCAN
FIRST PRESIDENT



RIGHT REV HENRY C. POTTER
SECOND PRESIDENT



JOSEPH H. CHOATE
THIRD PRESIDENT



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
FOURTH and PRESENT PRESIDENT

Dinner
commemorating the
Twenty-fifth Anniversary
of the
Founding of the Pilgrims
of the United States
Hotel Biltmore
February ninth
1928





[Photo by the Author]

AN INFORMAL LUNCHEON PARTY IN THE COURTYARD AT COWLEY STREET



THE AUTHOR ENTERTAINING AMERICAN OFFICERS AT HIS HOME IN WESTMINSTER



THE DINING ROOM AT COWLEY STREET



KING GEORGE V AND QUEEN MARY VISIT THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' CLUB
(LEFT TO RIGHT) : THE AUTHOR ; H.M. THE KING ; THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR (DR. PAGE) ; QUEEN MARY ; AND ADMIRAL SIMS, U.S.N.

what I wanted it to be was a gift from Britons, who, through that gift, might show their friendship and appreciation.

I turned this idea over in my mind for some little time, and discussed it one day at the Carlton Club with an old friend, Morton Frewen, the well-known publicist, who told me that he believed Lord Leconfield was wishful to convert his big Mayfair house to some such purpose, and eventually in the most generous manner Lord Leconfield did so. This great house (a depressing block of offices today) was ideally suited for a club. I readily undertook the responsibility of bringing it into being and creating an organization to keep it in being for the duration of the War. Naturally, as Chairman of The Pilgrims, I turned to one or two of my old friends, and to the members of a perfect committee which had supported me for years, with the invariable injunction, "Go ahead, and let us know what you've done when you've done it."

Among the very first I invited to give me a hand was John Wilson Taylor (later Sir John), the efficient Secretary of the Bath Club, whom I invited to act as Chairman of the House Committee; as Hon. Secretary I asked Mr. Herbert Windeler, a first-rate fellow whom I had met in Boston, and who had passed a good part of his life in the United States.

Another old colleague, Joseph Temperley, I invited to give a hand on a finance committee, to assist in raising necessary guarantees, and with my friend John Buchan tackled the Government, with satisfactory results.

John Buchan, first Lord Tweedsmuir, was a slightly built figure with clear-cut features, a distinctive voice and an endearing personality.

During the First World War he backed me 100 per cent. in all my Anglo-American activities, both in my mission, the first war mission in 1915, and at a later date when I founded the American Officers' Club.

His was a fine, simple character, utterly unspoilt by success. There have been few more popular Governors-General in any part of the British Empire than was he when Governor-General of Canada.

For our President I went to see the Duke of Connaught, whom I had invited some years before to become the President of The Pilgrims; H.R.H. willingly agreed to act in the same capacity for the American Officers' Club, and throughout its career showed the greatest possible interest in our progress.

One of the first difficulties which presented itself to me in bringing the club into being was the question of furniture, together, of course, with linen, cutlery, and so on.

When I went to one or two of the big concerns, such as Maples and Warings, to find out how much it would cost to buy, or perhaps to hire, I found that prices ruled amazingly high. The guarantee fund we were putting together would have been utterly insufficient to pay for all these things, with anything over for running expenses; so I sat down and cogitated, and in due course the necessary inspiration occurred to me. Ships! Great big *de-luxe* liners now largely turned into some form of man-of-war or hospital ships—where was all the luxury furniture? It must be stored somewhere.

So once again I turned to the C.P.R., from whose President I had received such wondrous help on more than one occasion, and once again the message came as quickly as electricity could carry it in an enthusiastic affirmative.

The C.P.R. had the *de-luxe* furniture stored, as well as cutlery and linen galore, and, as a little reward for the bright thought, a message came from that great concern that it would not only supply the needs of the club from top to bottom, but that all would be delivered free at our door. No wonder I swear by the C.P.R.!

To the officers of the two Services across the Atlantic a message was sent out: "Your club is ready for you; although you may not know it, you are already a member—an honorary member, without dues, fees or obligations, and your club boasts the most luxurious house in London. The latch is out, come in."

The Office of Works, which had been most helpful in every way, presented the club with a fine Union Jack, and Captain Barclay Warburton gave us the Stars and Stripes to hang alongside it. We made an appeal for English newspapers and also gifts of books for the library. I asked the American correspondents whether they would send the same request over to American newspapers to put us on their free mailing-list, and a general information bureau was established. The *Daily Express*, in writing of this enterprise, said:

"It is the most sumptuous club in the world, and American officers who put up there will find to their astonishment that the British Pilgrims who are running it for them are providing meals and refreshments at a price which would put an ordinary caterer in the bankruptcy court in a week. Harry Brittain, the Chairman of the British Pilgrims, has secured more concessions in a month in favour of this club than was ever dreamed of. One of the features will be that visiting officers will have a large choice of week-end parties in country houses, which will enable them to take home to America a splendid memory of one of England's greatest attractions."

At a distinguished gathering over which I was privileged to preside, the club was formally opened by the Duke of Connaught, whose speech was replied to by Dr. Page, the American Ambassador. We also had leading members of the British Government, representatives of the fighting services of America, as well as of Great Britain, and the High Commissioners of the Dominions.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN

The opening was very shortly followed by a visit from King George V and Queen Mary, when, on their Majesties entering the house, one had the rare sight of the British Royal Standard run up side by side with Old Glory.

The King expressed himself as delighted with every feature of the club and, among other things, tried several of the easy chairs. After sitting down in one particularly comfortable one, he turned round to me and said: "Where did you get hold of your chairs, Brittain? I can't manage to get chairs like these." When I told His Majesty the source of the supply he was doubly interested.

At Queen Mary's request, I gave an explanation of the idea behind the

club, how it had come into being, and how we were running it; then both the King and Queen made a most minute inspection of every part of the building, expressing themselves particularly pleased with the bedrooms, which they said looked so bright and thoroughly homelike.

Following the visit of the King and Queen was one paid by Edward, Prince of Wales, who, with his equerry, Sidney Greville, made a complete tour of the house. H.R.H. was so interested in what he saw that on more than one occasion after that he was good enough to come along as my guest and take a meal with some of the younger American officers, with whom he was soon on intimate terms.

The club rapidly became an exceedingly happy rendezvous—the cooking was, I think, thoroughly appreciated, and ‘full house’ for lunch and dinner were no rare events. At the American bar all sorts of wondrous drinks were concocted, one local speciality being the Artillery cocktail; who the inventor was I never discovered, but it was exceedingly good and moderately potent.

One day when I was in the club we were visited by no fewer than nine American Generals. After I had suggested to them that they should try the club’s speciality, they did, and liked it so much that one very cheery soldier slapped me on the back and said: “This is grand. Oh, hell, why do we have to go to France!”

We had as a neighbour in Chesterfield Gardens the Canadian Officers’ Club, where I was privileged on several occasions to be a guest.

One evening I especially remember was a dinner given in honour of Edward, Prince of Wales, and His present Majesty, King George VI, then Duke of York. On that occasion Their Royal Highnesses and other guests were good enough to autograph my menu, which I kept as a souvenir of a very delightful evening.

Among the odd and happy days spent in the country from time to time was one at Walton Heath, where Sir George Riddell—as he then was—entertained on a Sunday all American officers who played the game of golf, and I presented two prizes for competition, a brace of bronze lions—rather fine lions I thought they were, which I had purchased a year or two before. The Press, of course, seized upon the nature of the beast, and in the accounts of the match they were referred to as “. . . big bronze British lions with untwistable tails”.

From pictures in the illustrated papers, I see that the two prizes were won (I had to have my memory refreshed by those illustrated papers) by Lieut. R. Fawcett and Capt. W. C. Crampton, both of the U.S. Army. I wonder where those lions are now.

We had a cottage at Walton Heath in those days, known as the White House, which was opposite the church and the village green. After the golf match, a good many of the American officers made their way to the White House and had lots of fun with Bobby and Alida, my two small children, and also with their great pet, Jacko, a grey parrot. Jacko, whose original name was Jacquot, was bought many years before by my father-in-law for my wife when she was a little girl, on their return from a visit to the South of France. The bird, which was then very French, sang French songs, but in time he became anglicized, changed his name from Jacquot to Jacko and, in his old

age, under the tuition of my children, learned how to play cricket—at least a sort of cricket.

They rolled up a whole lot of paper into a big ball with elastic bands round it, bowled at Jacko, who with his beak defended the makeshift wicket to the best of his ability, flicking the ball away for considerable distances, and chortling with joy whenever he succeeded in doing so. He was a dear old bird and an ever interesting companion.

Among the functions of the American Officers' Club which will doubtless be remembered by some of our guests were our 'Thursday nights'. On these occasions we always had a full house at dinner. As our principal guest I used to invite a member of the Cabinet or some leading Admiral or General, who, when dinner was over, gave the American officers an informal talk on the progress of the War, or on any other subject which seemed good to him and them. Among the many who came and addressed the members—and I believe most of them appreciated the evening just as much as did the members themselves—were Mr. Balfour, Lord Reading, Sir Eric Geddes, Lord Derby, Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Sir Robert Borden of Canada, Mr. Walter Long, Lord Birkenhead, General Smuts, Mr. Hughes of Australia, Lord Finlay and General Sir William Robertson.

On these occasions the chef used to go all out to see that he produced a dinner worthy of the evening, and, thinking back, I cannot remember any single occasion when he failed.

On the night of Thanksgiving Day, in November 1918, I presided over a great gathering at the club on genuine American lines. We had with us the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, as well as the Lord Mayor of London; the band of the 1st Life Guards supplied just the right sort of music.

A CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

One of the most popular functions which took place was a children's Christmas party, given to enable American officers to meet 'Young England'. It arose like this.

One day Admiral Sims and I were lunching together, when he began to thank me for the little I had done in bringing the club into being, making it possible for American officers to learn so much of English life and meet so many distinguished Englishmen, and I said: "Well, Admiral, after all, that's what the club was started for, or among its main reasons, but an additional idea has just occurred to me. You have not yet met the most attractive product of this country."

"Oh," said Sims, "what's that?"

"The English child," I replied. "Now this is the end of November; I will do my best to get up a real English Christmas party so that American officers can meet our boys and girls and, incidentally, let our boys and girls realize what good fellows American officers are."

Sims, who was immensely struck with the idea, said: "My friend, let me

offer my little donation right away. I think I can fix up for you three bands—a Navy band, a string band, and a jazz band.”

Well, I accepted these at once, and then got busy on the party. I went after entertainers, dear old George Robey, who was the first I asked, promised without any hesitation to turn up—to turn up as a little girl if I liked. He did, and a good one he made. Peter Pan and Wendy, with the whole of the cast, also came, and were of course received with wild enthusiasm. Every entertainer whom I asked promptly accepted.

From the Home Office I got permission to have for that evening real ice cream, which doubtless several of the younger children had never tasted.

One day I drifted into the Carlton Club to lunch and ran into Rudyard Kipling, who joined me. He had seen the announcement of the party and added that he thought it was a cracking good idea. “My dear fellow,” he said, “instead of having a solemn programme printed, why don’t you write a little letter to each of your young guests, and have that letter presented to them as they come in, telling them exactly what they are going to see, what they are going to have to eat, and what they ought to do?” Well, of course, I thought that was a very good idea, and after lunch suggested to Kipling that as he had put it forward the least he could do was to collaborate. He did, and a delightful effort we turned out, nine-tenths Kipling and one-tenth me.

The last time I saw him, when again we were lunching together, I told him that I had run into one of the officers—a matter of some fifteen or sixteen years later—who said that he still had a copy of the letter, which he prized very much, and added that they were now looked upon almost as collectors’ pieces. Kipling said to me, “Well, old chap, I suppose you didn’t keep one?”

“No—I’m afraid I didn’t; did you?”

“No,” he said, “alas, I didn’t.”

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS’ ASSOCIATION FORMED

The club remained open until every American officer had turned his face again for home, and then wound up with two or three functions over which I, as Chairman, presided—functions in honour of those who had helped us, and a final official gathering on the last night of our existence. I also gave a luncheon to the American correspondents to thank them for the assistance they had given me, whenever I asked for it, and on all occasions. This luncheon took place towards the end of February 1919, and I think every available correspondent was present.

In the course of a short speech I made one suggestion, which was put into being that day. In pointing out that every single man present was a friend of mine, even with that knowledge I had had considerable difficulty in finding each individual address.

“Now,” I added, “I have got you together, why not remain together instead of working in a series of units as you have done up to now? Surely it would be an advantage for you yourselves to co-operate, and it would certainly make it far easier for those who wish to get in touch with any one American correspondent or with all of you.”

Many ideas germinated at the American Officers' Club, but that one was brought to fruition at once; the suggestion met with unanimous approval, and then and there those present agreed to form themselves into an association.

It was decided that Edward Price Bell, at that time doyen of American correspondents and the very able representative of the *Chicago Daily News*, should be elected first President. It was also unanimously agreed that I should become an Honorary Member. That, however, has just come to my mind when dictating these notes many years later, but as I have heard nothing more about it since that date it occurs to me that the election must have been overlooked; this is really rather sad when I think of the many cheery gatherings which must have taken place during those years, in some of which I might have taken part.

The American Officers' Club closed its doors on May 14, 1919, after a farewell gathering.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: THE PILGRIMS' PRESIDENT

Following the death of Lord Roberts, Lord Bryce, who had been an outstandingly successful Ambassador at Washington, agreed to act as President *pro tem.*, and presided at various functions, as well as addresses on subjects connected with the War.

Then, upon his return from Canada, and with the wholehearted approval of the Committee as well as that of Lord Bryce, I invited the Duke of Connaught to become our President, and so he remained until the day of his death.

During his time as Governor-General, H.R.H. greatly endeared himself to the people of Canada, as he did everywhere else. In the course of my mission through the U.S.A. in 1915 I received a charming message from him that whenever I would like a sight of the Union Jack there was always a room for me at Rideau Hall. That kindly invitation I took advantage of more than once, and not only enjoyed princely hospitality, but profited greatly from the Governor-General's sage counsel and well-weighed advice.

The Duke was an impressive figure, full of dignity when occasion required; in uniform, every inch a Field-Marshal, but behind all a genial and most thoughtful host.

No detail was ever too much for him, and many an hour I spent with him in his London house discussing every angle of some projected function until he was entirely satisfied; and his comments I always found a hundred-per-cent. sound.

In January 1919 the Duke presided at our welcome to another incoming Ambassador, the Hon. John W. Davis, a distinguished American lawyer, and a man of remarkable eloquence.

Lord Curzon, in proposing the health of Mr. Davis, prophesied, alas, only too well. "It may be thought," he said, "that the task before the new Ambassador is an easier one than that which confronted his predecessor. That is a short-sighted view. The War has been won, but the Peace has not been won. The winning of peace is the greatest constructive task that has ever been imposed on the shoulders of peoples, or combinations of peoples."

THE U.S. LABOUR DELEGATION AND THE WAR

It was during the month of May 1918, some time after the Americans had joined us in the War, that I was sent for by the then Minister of Information, who greeted me with a smile and then said, "My dear Harry, we want you to give us a helping hand, for we are in a bit of a hole and arrangements have to be made very rapidly."

It appeared that some months previously an American delegation, including many U.S. leaders of Labour, had been invited to come over as the guests of our Government, to see something of the energetic manner in which munitions of war were being turned out in the old country, to pay a visit to the Front in Belgium, the British and French lines in France, and then on to General Pershing's American Army.

After that they were to return to England to give addresses in certain parts of the country to our munition workers, many of whom were naturally tired after their effort during three strenuous years; those delegates would encourage them with the thought that an unending stream of American soldiers was pouring across the Atlantic to assist the Allies until the day of triumph arrived.

Well, according to the Minister, the invitation had not only been accepted but the party was rapidly approaching England; in fact, was but three days off our shores and apparently no preparation of any kind had been made. And so he asked me whether, in collaboration with my friend Sir Campbell Stuart, I would undertake the task of acting as host for the British Government, look after these men, and immediately make all arrangements for them for the ensuing five weeks.

I agreed, and the next three days were somewhat strenuous ones, during which we put in hand all preliminary arrangements and then hopped into the train to meet our guests at Liverpool.

When it came to going abroad, I had to undertake the task of steering our guests alone, as Sir Campbell Stuart could not get away.

[The following section is from my diary as jotted down day by day.]

Our visit to France had, of necessity to be short, for we did not leave England until the night of May 2, to be back in London on May 11, in time for the mass meetings; these had been arranged for the Labour leaders at their own request, the first to take place on Sunday, May 12.

These arrangements, therefore, gave us only a week and a day in France, and for that reason the powers-that-were had decided that because of lack of time a visit should not be paid to the British and French Fronts. Our Front was at that time somewhat difficult for visitors to get at, and as the delegation had come over as our guests, it would have looked odd for them to have seen one Front and not the other.

No detailed programme had been arranged with the French, and as this was the first delegation of its kind I rather feared troubles ahead, and assuredly found a few. However, all worked out in the end, and if we had a few difficulties we certainly gleaned valuable information for future use.

We arrived in Paris that night at 10.30 and were met at the Gare St. Lazare

by the Minister of Labour, M. Poliard, my friend Franklin Bouillon, and a host of others, together with a large number of representatives from the Labour Party. We were taken into a side-room, where I presented the delegates, and speeches were punctuated with magnesium flashes and warm embraces.

Arrived at the Grand Hotel fairly tired at about 11.30. Another host of political gentlemen was at the hotel, a seething mob all talking at once and pouring out suggestions as to how we might fit in the next fourteen days as the guests of France. Ye gods! And I had to break to them in the morning that we must at the very latest be back in a week's time.

The morning of Saturday, May 4, was a hectic one. No two Frenchmen seemed to be of one mind as to our programme, but all insisted on its being lengthy. The Labour crowd wanted to have great meetings on Thursday and Sunday; others wished to leave for the Front on Monday. Luncheon that day was arranged to meet various ex-Premiers and Ministers at the Impasse de Conti. Half-a-dozen excited Ministers surrounded me and wanted to know why we were taking the party so soon out of France. I explained to M. Briand, M. Pichon, etc., that we had to get back to England because of a series of great meetings that had been fixed up for the delegates at their own request, and so forth, and gradually they began to appreciate that I really was tied for time.

I was not helped at all by one of my fellow countrymen, an old grey-bearded Socialist with a face like pictures of Aaron, who had come out from England supposedly to look after the Labour people, and fell in with every suggestion to visit anything, entirely forgetful of the fact that our time was limited. Thank goodness he bored all the delegates perfectly stiff, so that after a very short time they declined to listen to him.

In order to visit the French Front on the Tuesday, we were called at 5.30 a.m. for breakfast, and were all aboard big Renault cars before seven o'clock.

Our hosts seemed to have petrol by the ton, for an extra car was thrown in to take the baggage, which could easily have been plastered on the roofs of the numerous limousines. Long run to Rheims. All sorts of stops and chatter on the way, during which sections of the convoy exhibited amazing proclivities for getting lost. The old city looked very pathetic, and the damage done since I was there two years before stupendous. Several big shells had recently burst on the cathedral, which appeared to be out of the perpendicular in more than one place.

The old Hôtel Lion d'Or was now as flat as a pancake and remained only a memory of happy days gone by. There was not a soul about the place, and the dull booming of the guns at frequent intervals let us know that the enemy was functioning.

We spent about a couple of hours in Rheims, and whilst we were in the cathedral the Germans restarted shelling, so the French officer in whose charge we were decided we had better move on. They had been using gas-shells, so gas-masks were duly served out to each of the delegates.

We were soon all aboard and travelling towards the south, and I was in the leading car with a French Staff Officer; after we had been tearing along for some time at a good pace, all in closed limousines, I happened to look round and noticed, to my amusement, that many of the delegates had put on their

gas-masks and were driving in them through the glorious sunshine of a perfect day. They certainly had a great respect for the pace of pursuing gas.

We made our way through the Forest of the Argonne, and drove for miles alongside the German lines, through magnificent country. Most of the trees seemed full out and at least three weeks ahead of England. About four o'clock we pulled up at Chalons, where we were received by General Gouraud, in command of the Fifth Army.

Gouraud at once remembered me, and the little dinner we had together in his garden at Chalons two years before. Since then he had been out of the country, appointed Governor of Morocco, and recently returned. A fine fellow and idolized by his staff.

There was a bad hold-up here while the chauffeurs hunted for petrol. This was a nuisance, for we had a long run before us and wanted to finish before dark. However, the delay upset calculations and darkness came on. We crawled for miles, our only light being flashes from the German searchlights, and our progress therefore mighty slow. Eventually we slid down a familiar hill, drawing up before the fortress of Verdun about ten o'clock. A real warm welcome awaited us there, and a cheery meal as the guests of Sarot, the old Commandant, who embracing me warmly added that all good luck comes in threes, so I must surely pay a third visit to Verdun.

We turned in pretty late, but before I got off to sleep I was called in by one of my American friends to try and settle a little dispute between a couple of them, and naturally did my best. Although annoyed at being awakened, I could not fail to see the humour of an Englishman being called upon to try and settle an American Labour dispute in a French fortress under German gunfire!

We spent the following morning looking over the battered remains of Verdun, and then came back to meet General Hirschauer, a brilliant Alsatian in command of the Second Army, who presided at a very happy luncheon.

I learnt that the nearest American lines were not more than twenty-five miles away, and so arranged that Jim O'Grady (later Sir James, Governor of Tasmania, etc.), who was with me, and the two Americans who were to return to speak at Bristol, should go on at once so that they might have at any rate a few hours with the American forces before returning north.

The rest of us started off somewhat later, and at Commercy were met by Colonel Sweeney of Pershing's Intelligence, head of the Press and Censorship of the U.S. Army. Sweeney turned out to be a perfectly first-class fellow, as was his Aide, Captain Wilson. We went ahead in his car at a rattling good pace.

At Domrémy we had a rest for five or ten minutes, so that the delegates might pay a short visit to the birthplace of Joan of Arc, an interesting old house well kept up. Here I sprang a little surprise on Jim Wilson. He had often told me about his brother who was out with the American Army, and after some little exertion I had been able to locate where he was, and obtained leave for him to meet his brother. I duly collected the brother, and took him up to the top of a lonely hill, face to face with Jim. For thirty seconds Jim was the most surprised American in France.

We reached Chaumont at 8.15 p.m., where we were received by Major General McAndrew, Chief of Staff, and then came General Pershing, to whom

I presented each of the delegates. Both he and McAndrew had some very nice things to say to me about the American Officers' Club, which, they were good enough to add, would never be forgotten by the U.S. Forces.

General Pershing then made a speech to the delegates, saying that they were the first Commission to visit the American Armies in France, and that he looked forward to seeing them for at least three or four days to enable him to show his fellow-countrymen everything. That, of course, made the situation a fairly difficult one for me, as I had to explain, courteously yet firmly, that, owing to engagements made for the delegates at their own request, it was essential for them to be in London by the end of the week. That was in three days' time. Of course, the delegates would have liked to stay on, and during the rest of that evening I had to work overtime explaining how we must carry out the job as arranged.

Eventually, with the help of Colonel Sweeney, it was agreed all round that engagements made must stand, but, engagements finished, any of the delegates who had come over with me would have a standing invitation to return as the guests of the American Army.

Accompanied by Sweeney, we saw all we could of the American Forces at different places. At Langres we met General Southall, a very good fellow in command of that district. He in turn showed us the local sights, including large cases full of pigeons, potential carriers of hundreds of messages. Eventually we reached Dijon, where we had a luncheon at the main hotel. Here we said good-bye to our chauffeurs who had done us so well. They were dear good fellows and the *au revoir* was almost affectionate, the little souvenirs presented to them being received with great acclamation.

From Dijon we left for Paris by special train, and in the new atmosphere we began to settle down all happy and contented. The night's rest I had been looking forward to misfired, for I had the bad luck to take something that poisoned me, and passed an appalling night; in the morning I found that two or three others had likewise been knocked out.

I sent for my two friends, Gordon and Butler, and asked them if they would go round to the British Embassy to see if all was in order. They came back with the bad news that the Admiralty was not able to arrange for a destroyer, and also that the only boat sailed in the morning at 9 a.m., which meant that we should have to motor all night, arriving just in time to board her at Boulogne. It would be a bad finish and would not do at all. I asked them to go round again and try their luck a second time.

In the meantime, Colonel Casgrain, a doctor with the Canadian Medical Corps, arrived, told me that I had had a very bad touch and must on no account get out of bed. I told him that was impossible, and asked him if he would not give me some eighty-horse-power medicine to fix me up in an hour's time. I then telephoned to the Embassy to find out if our Ambassador was to be at Pichon's luncheon, crawled out of bed about eleven, took a short drive in an open car as a form of reviver, and then went on to the Quai d'Orsay to meet the Foreign Minister.

Luncheon was served in the magnificent state-room, about 100 present, at a great rectangular table covered with gold plate and flowers, a wonderful effort. Our Ambassador was apologetic about the boat, but said he feared he

could do nothing. I asked him if he would stick to the special train if I could get the boat. "Certainly," he said, but at the same time expressed the opinion that I should find it impossible.

I had been thinking out a move, and then tackled M. Lergue, the Minister of Marine. After a few minutes' chat, to my great delight the Minister fell in with my views, took me into a little room, and telephoned to the Admiralty. In about five minutes all was arranged, and a French boat, the *Pas de Calais*, was to be in readiness at Boulogne the next day from three o'clock onwards.

I then went back to find all seated at the luncheon with the Ambassador just opposite to me; when I told him that I had now got a boat and looked forward to his train, he laughed heartily and said he wished to know whether anything would ever stop me from getting what I wanted! Anyway, the Ministers were all very grateful for the additional day in Paris, each expressing gratification that the delegates had been able to remain and so meet every phase of life in France.

After about an hour I managed to crawl away and lie down for forty minutes, leaving the delegates to go on to the gala reception at the Hôtel de Ville. I then made my way to the Chamber of Deputies, where I met my delegates, and we were all ushered into our special box.

We listened to a speech by the Minister of Food, who told his fellow countrymen what England had done in that respect, and broke to them the fact that France was also to be rationed; after which Franklin Bouillon rose to inform the House of the presence of the Mission, whereupon all the Members stood up and gave the Americans and ourselves a great ovation.

We then went to a lower room, where Paul Deschenel made a magnificent speech welcoming the Mission, to which two of my Americans, Wilson and Meredith, gave very happy replies. M. Clemenceau was present with practically the whole of the Ministry, as well as the Senators and Deputies.

I presented each one of them to the grand old man, who asked me to take back a personal message to Mr. Lloyd George, to assure him with what delight he, Clemenceau, had read L.G.'s outstanding speech in the House of Commons a few days before. Of course, I promised to do this.

At the hotel we put our goods together and got ready to leave. We received a last-moment message *via* Mr. Balfour and the Ambassador to the effect that the authorities in London wished us to be back on the Saturday night without fail so that the delegates might keep their engagements at the huge gatherings arranged for them on Sunday.

[*End of notes from private diary.*]

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After the first mass meeting the delegates were received by the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street, where we learnt with great gratification that His Majesty desired to receive the delegation before they returned to America.

At noon on the appointed morning, Sir Campbell Stuart and I brought our visitors to the Palace, each one being formally presented to His Majesty, the Queen, and Princess Mary.

When the formal presentations were made, and a gracious speech by His Majesty had been delivered, together with a reply from one of the delegates,

we stood about, surrounded by some of the Household, and it looked as if there were nothing else to be done. One could not help feeling, however, that if the formal atmosphere in which the audience had been carried on up to then could be slightly changed, our guests would go away much happier, so I took the risk of going up to His Majesty and suggesting that I understood he wished to have a little informal talk with each of the delegates before they left, adding, "If that is so, sir, I have had them on my hands for four or five weeks, and I think I know a little story about every one of them." The King laughed and said, "That is a very good idea," and within four or five minutes a small group was around His Majesty, who was in splendid form, and for over half-an-hour a most genial conversation was carried on and many a yarn exchanged.

At the end of one excellent story the King told, one of the Americans, a great big fellow who to the best of my memory represented the Railroad Men's Union, tapped His Majesty upon the shoulder and said, "Say, King, I've got yer," and nobody laughed harder than did His Majesty King George.

When I looked at my watch it was about twenty past one, and to my consternation I realized that we were due at lunch in the City of London at 1.15, so I had again to go up to His Majesty and inform him of this. The King laughed and said: "I had no idea the time had gone so quickly. This is the happiest morning I have had for a very long time."

It was certainly a happy day for the delegates. Conversations they had had and little stories they had told and listened to were all kept as confidences; but what they gave out to the world, on this side of the Atlantic as well as the other, was that even at the White House they could not have received a more genial and democratic welcome than that they had had from the King and Queen of England.

Other functions were arranged for them in London, as well as visits to adjoining munition works, and finally an informal dinner at the House of Commons given in their honour.

After we had taken them up to Liverpool and seen them once more aboard the British liner which was taking them home, I felt like parting from real good friends as we said good-bye, and I can see now the burly form of Jim Wilson, their leader, as he held out a great strong hand to shake mine and, after thanking us in the name of them all for the weeks that they had spent as the guests of England, added; "Shake, Harry Brittain, shake. Gee, you're no Englishman, you're a goldarned Yank!" which, I feel sure, from Jim Wilson's point of view, was the sincerest compliment he could have paid me.

They were a fine lot. They took back home a great story of the efforts being made by the Old Country, and again and again in the years that have passed I have received with intense pleasure letters from one or other of them recalling those old days of comradeship in the First Great War.

GOD-SPEED TO ADMIRAL SIMS

Of all the fighting men who came over from America during the First World War, none appealed more closely to the hearts of the British people than did Admiral William Sims, Commander-in-Chief of the American Naval Forces

in European waters. This big-hearted, loose-limbed American sailor, simple and unaffected, endeared himself to all who met him, and it was a universal feeling of sorrow that affected each circle in which he had moved when the time came to say 'good-bye'.

From the founding of the American Officers' Club until the last day he was here I had seen him constantly, for we had forgathered once or twice almost every week. He was a most perfect companion, with a delicious sense of humour and a never-failing stock of anecdotes and reminiscences. When, in the early part of 1919, it was learned that he would shortly be returning to his native land, all sorts of farewells were arranged for him.

From his fellow-countrymen in England Admiral Sims had received a valuable service of plate in token of their appreciation, and for the services he had rendered in the Great War. I was anxious that we also should hand over to William Sims some souvenir which he would appreciate, and eventually the idea of a simple gift occurred to me, which he was good enough afterwards to assure me would be the most highly prized he could ever receive. My action was made possible through the kindness of my friend and colleague Walter Long, then First Lord, and consisted of a piece of English oak in the rough, taken from the deck of H.M.S. *Victory*, wrapped in one of *Victory's* flags. Upon it were two plates, on the first of which was engraved the following:

"On the eve of leaving Europe to take up once more his duties in his native land, this little souvenir of English oak from Nelson's immortal flagship *Victory* is presented by the British Pilgrims to William Sims, Admiral of the U.S. Navy, who has so brilliantly assisted in the victory won for humanity and who has, in addition, gained the affection, esteem and regard of every citizen in these islands."

The second, in facsimile of the writing of the First Lord of the Admiralty, read:

"A piece of the *Victory*. A token of our admiration for the sailor, and our regard for the man, our friend, Admiral Sims.

"(Signed) WALTER LONG.

"First Lord of the Admiralty."

21.3.19.

That precious souvenir, Sims assured us, would rest in a place of honour in the War College at Newport, Rhode Island, whither he was returning.

My few words from the chair were eloquently supported by those of the Speaker, and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the First Sea Lord, in wishing him God-speed.

Admiral Sims, who was naturally accorded a great reception, gave us a very touchingshort speech, and dwelt upon the wonderfully cordial co-operation between the British Admiralty and Naval officers with himself and the officers of the United States Navy. Their work in every way, he assured us, had been most harmonious throughout the whole War.

In addition to Admirals and Generals, a very large number of his old

friends, members of The Pilgrims' Club, forgathered at Waterloo to say good-bye to William Sims.

When we had all assembled round the carriage there was, of course, a host of photographers, and according to the *Evening News*:

"It was like a machine-gun barrage to hear the shutters click. The light was not good enough at the carriage window, so with the pleasant courtesy that cements Empires together, Admiral Sims consented to walk up to the engine where the light was good. For this purpose he wore a big horseshoe on his handsome chest. This talisman was wreathed in the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Sir Harry Brittain, the godfather of all American functions in England, had just presented it to him. 'I found it twelve years ago when I was on my honeymoon in Italy,' said Sir Harry. 'In fact I found two horseshoes, and they have brought me such good luck that I thought I would spare one for Admiral Sims today.' "

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL LINKS UP WITH ST. GEORGE'S, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

One of the many pleasant visits I paid with Admiral Sims was to the large Co-Educational Public School in Hertfordshire.

At that time I was a Governor of St. George's School, and for the past seven years I have been Chairman of the Board.

On my suggestion Admiral Sims went with me to Harpenden, and was immediately struck by the friendly atmosphere of St. George's; before leaving he presented the school with an American flag, and told me afterwards that this visit had been the happiest day of the whole of his stay on this side.

In 1919 I was in America with Edward, Prince of Wales, staying in New York.

One morning the Admiral 'phoned me from the Naval College at Newport, Rhode Island, saying that he had read in the papers that I was in the country and added, "If you don't pay me a visit, my dear Harry, I will go across and make war on your darned little island!"

Overwhelmed as ever by American hospitality, I had only one morning and afternoon free before I sailed, and that was on Thanksgiving Day; at night I was to be the guest at a gathering at the Waldorf-Astoria.

So I said to the Admiral, "Have you a seaplane?" "No," he replied, but added that after my close association with the American Navy, he thought one would be forthcoming.

Within twenty minutes, from the Navy Department at Washington I received this message: "We hear you want to see Admiral Sims, and he is very wishful to see you. We are despatching our newest seaplane to be at your service at Rockaway Beach" (a thoroughly characteristic touch of American courtesy).

The Admiral was to meet me at 1.30 p.m.

At 1.29, after a delightful flight over Long Island, the two American pilots brought me down just opposite the landing-stage.

After a most convivial Thanksgiving Day luncheon, Sims said, "Now, my dear friend, the boys of St. George's School are waiting to greet you," so off we went together, when I experienced a welcome which was indeed a real tonic.

Then followed a talk on England in general, and St. George's, Harpenden, in particular, and so we linked up the two schools—American and English.

HANDING OVER THE REINS

Now I was beginning to approach the end of my active work on behalf of The Pilgrims. The War over, I was back once more in business affairs, in the daily round of a breadwinner, to which had been added the responsibilities of a Member of Parliament. The task of the American Officers' Club was almost over, and very shortly the last contingent of American officers would be making their way back to their native land.

Not only were my spare moments becoming exceedingly few, but I also had the somewhat natural feeling that, having been responsible for so many years for The Pilgrims' welfare, I might now perhaps be allowed to hand over the responsibility to others. Accordingly, I threw out the suggestion in the first place to my old colleagues, with an idea of discussing a successor. That they were one and all kindness itself goes without saying, and I treasure many letters, expressing the hope that I could see my way to remain, and saying far too kind things about the work I had done.

On May 14, 1919, the American Officers' Club, after several farewell gatherings, finally closed its doors. During the following month the headquarters of The Pilgrims was removed to Northumberland Avenue, and, after all necessary details had been arranged, it seemed to me that the right and proper time had arrived to hand over the duties of Chairman to a good and worthy Pilgrims' successor. I did my best to sum up the reasons for this action, and to express my heartfelt thanks to my old friends for the support I had received for many a year, in a letter which I addressed to each of our members.

The following week the Executive Committee of the Pilgrims did me the honour of dining with me at the House of Commons at a *Nunc Dimittis* dinner. From them, from the members of the club, and from the Press I received many delightful tributes, more than ample compensation for anything I might have been able to do.

Since those days, which seem so fresh in my memory, many years have now passed, and it needs no statement of mine to emphasize the fact how The Pilgrims on either side of the Atlantic have continued to flourish.

It is needless for me to attempt to sing the praises of the two distinguished Englishmen who have succeeded my humble self as Chairman. The first was Lord Desborough, one of the best all-round men in this or any other country, and a keen advocate for the promotion of Anglo-American friendship. He, in turn, after a most successful tenure, handed over the ribbons to one equally well known, and who has made an ideal Chairman. In Lord Derby we have that rare combination of statesman, sportsman, and great Englishman, whose every speech is always a model of what a speech should be, and whose delightful sense of humour brightens up every gathering over which he presides.



LEAVING SULGRAVE CHURCH

(LEFT TO RIGHT): THE AUTHOR; WALTER HINES PAGE (THEN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR); AND THE DUKE OF TECK



AT SULGRAVE MANOR

THE AUTHOR (SENIOR GOVERNOR OF THE SULGRAVE MANOR BOARD) POINTING OUT THE ADDITION MADE TO
THE OLD BUILDING BY SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD

(LEFT TO RIGHT): MRS. ATTLEE; EARL SPENCER (CHAIRMAN OF THE SULGRAVE MANOR BOARD); THE PRIME MINISTER



SULGRAVE MANOR

FREDERICK CARTER, THE CURATOR, SHOWS THE WORKING OF A MEDIEVAL MOUSETRAP IN THE OLD KITCHEN,
PERHAPS THE MOST COMPLETE 17TH-CENTURY KITCHEN IN THE COUNTRY

PICTURE SHOWS THE AUTHOR, THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. CARTER, AND MRS. ATTLEE



THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, THE HON. JOHN WINANT, SIGNS FOR THE AUTHOR THE SPECIALLY BOUND EDITION OF "PILGRIM PARTNERS" AT A PARTY GIVEN BY THE PUBLISHER, MR. WALTER HUTCHINSON, TO CELEBRATE THE SUCCESS OF THE BOOK

As our President throughout the greater part of this period we enjoyed the privilege and prestige of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught as our Chief.

TO AMERICA AGAIN

I have taken an active part in only two functions since my days of Chairman were over—the first at the end of 1919, when I went across the Atlantic to keep my promise to the British Press, to discuss details for the second Imperial Press Conference at Ottawa. There, in accordance with his kindly suggestion, I met H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and was with him subsequently on a visit to Washington and New York. In New York The Pilgrims gave a great banquet in his honour, for the purpose of which I was annexed by some of my friends on the Committee to help in making certain of the arrangements, and at which H.R.H. received a magnificent welcome, and was unanimously and vociferously elected as a life member of The Pilgrims' Club.

During that visit some of my particular friends welcomed me as "Member of Parliament for the United States", and many of my Pilgrim brethren were present when I handed over to representatives of the American Army and Navy an old English loving-cup as a little souvenir of my happy association with Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors at the American Officers' Club.

The other occasion was in February 1928, when I represented the British Pilgrims at the twenty-fifth anniversary of The Pilgrims of America. My successor, Lord Desborough, being unable to go, the pleasant task was wished on to me. I could not at that time leave the House of Commons for very long, but I readily agreed to put in three days on the other side while the ship turned round.

In mid-Atlantic I received a message from Mr. Frank Kellogg, then Secretary of State, inviting me to visit Washington as his guest, and to pay my respects to the President (Mr. Calvin Coolidge) before joining the American Pilgrims the following day.

I was, of course, more than happy to do this, and after a welcome at New York's City Hall was hustled to the Capitol, where I made at once for the State Department.

My friendship with Mr. Kellogg dated from the time when he came over to London as American Ambassador, and particularly from a gathering of the English-Speaking Union to celebrate Washington's birthday, a function which took place shortly after his arrival.

I had commissioned the Scottish artist, Mr. Stephen Reid, to do a painting of Sulgrave Manor, which I had promised to present to the E.S.U.'s London clubrooms on that occasion.

It was a pleasant evening at the Savoy, my picture being duly unveiled by Mr. Winston Churchill, who presided, and most graciously acknowledged the gift.

After dinner Mrs. Kellogg told me that the Ambassador, who was very taken with the painting, had kept insisting that they must go and see this old Washington home as soon as they possibly could.

It was rapidly arranged, that self-same week-end we drove down by car,

picnic basket aboard, and never was a happier nor a more convivial luncheon served under the old roof of Sulgrave.

A MEETING WITH PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Mr. Kellogg's tenure of office in London was short, too short, and it was good to meet him again. On arrival at the State Department, I was at once received by Mr. Kellogg with the heartiest of welcomes. Together we then walked over to the White House at noon, where we were joined by Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador, and taken at once into the President's sanctum.

Mr. Coolidge greeted me with the query, "Now, Sir Harry, I know that you've crossed the Atlantic very many times, but how much of our country have you managed to cover?" "Well, Mr. President," I replied, "I've had the privilege of visiting every one of your forty-eight States; and you, sir?"

Mr. Coolidge looked me over with an enigmatic smile. "My," he said, "I'll have to go very slow with the next question I put to you; I'm shy of at least six."

The President had the reputation of being a rather chary conversationalist with a pronounced economy of words, but that was most certainly not my experience.

At the end of a very pleasant hour I said, "Well, Mr. President, you are a very busy man and I mustn't take up another minute of your valuable time." "What's your next engagement?" asked Mr. Coolidge. "The Secretary of State," I replied, "is very kindly giving a luncheon for me at the Metropolitan Club at 1.30 to meet some of the citizens of Washington." The President pulled out his watch. "If you have another half-hour, I have," said Mr. Coolidge.

As I was leaving, the President asked me whether I had any engagement for dinner. "Yes, sir," I replied, "I am dining at our Embassy," whereupon the Ambassador suggested that it was only just a little informal dinner, but the President quickly interjected: "You must never disappoint your Ambassador, and I have another idea. Tonight I pay my first visit to the National Press Club; if you will join me there for supper and say a few words to the boys, after I have performed my part of the ceremony, we shall be delighted to see you, and will send you back by special train to New York."

I add these various details for, notwithstanding all arguments to the contrary, I had the good fortune to find in Mr. Calvin Coolidge anything but the silent President.

The well-filled day wound up with the most memorable and enthusiastic function at the National Press Club, after which I was whirled back to New York at an early hour the following morning.

That evening took place The Pilgrims' twenty-fifth anniversary at the Hotel Biltmore, under the chairmanship of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. It was altogether a brilliant evening with the great hall filled, and a galaxy of fair ladies lining the galleries. Seated between our Ambassador and Dr. Manning, I saw surrounding me the faces of very many old friends, and a

right royal welcome they gave me when, somewhat nervously following two of America's most eloquent orators, I got up to offer the congratulations of, and to give my message from, the British Pilgrims.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR

For the second time our country was drawn into a great world war, and again the gallant sons of America fought side by side with us to victory.

Shortly before that war broke out, we met, under the chairmanship of Lord Derby, to wish God-speed to one who during his far too brief term of office endeared himself to the peoples of America.

Lord Lothian, an old friend since Oxford days, proved himself the ideal Ambassador, a statesman among statesmen, a democrat amidst democrats. He died in harness long before his time, but left a golden memory to those who knew and loved him.

Lord Halifax, who was largely responsible for the appointment of the Marquess of Lothian as British Ambassador, was sent to Washington by Mr. Winston Churchill just about the time that President Roosevelt appointed Mr. John Winant to London.

It was the privilege of The Pilgrims to speed the parting, and welcome the coming, guest. And on each occasion the toast of the day was proposed by the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill. Each gathering was attended by practically every member of the Cabinet, as well as by leading men from all parts of our Empire.

A wholehearted welcome awaited Lord Halifax in New York, where all that was representative of the great American nation met in the great ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria to welcome one who, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in London, had gained a world-wide reputation.

Lord Halifax's address, perhaps the most important speech in a life spent in the midst of world affairs, was indeed worthy of the occasion, and received wide acclaim. His masterly survey on 'Great Britain and the Post-war World' was afterwards issued as a White Paper for all to read, and was well worth the reading.

Our welcome to Mr. Winant at a luncheon of simple wartime fare was as warm as had been our Sister Society's reception of Lord Halifax. His was no light task to follow Mr. Churchill at his very best, before an audience which, although utterly friendly, was certainly formidable. But Winant did not fail. He was himself; he was deeply sincere and assuredly captured the heart of every Pilgrim present.

A MORE THAN KINDLY TRIBUTE FROM MY PUBLISHER

During the War I was persuaded by Lord Lothian and other Pilgrims to publish the story of the club, which I did under the title of *Pilgrim Partners: Forty Years of Anglo-American Fellowship*.

Cordial congratulations to you my friend on the success of your book.

British-American friendship is far deeper rooted as the result of your vitalising activities and civilisation has been saved.

We can now look forward to early victory and the moulding of a better world.

Yes, all have reason to thank you Sir Harry.

Walter Hutchinson

6th May 1942.

*John Gilbert Wmait
Anthony Riddle &*

Felix. D. G. G. G.

Greenwood

*Campbell Smith
Edward Ingelfield
W. C. Lusk
W. G. Max Muller
H. S. Turner
W. G. Lusk
W. G. Lusk*

The inscription and some of the signatures contained in the specially bound copy of his book "Pilgrim Partners" presented to the author by his publisher, Mr. Walter Hutchinson, and signed by many friends

Ernest Brown

Francis Joseph

John

Bennett Thomas Moore

Thos Hart

Frank H. Wales.

Thomas and

Louchwood

Hubert Waddy

Steboly

Schme.

William Thorne

Kensley

Ernest Evans

John

John Simpson

Alan Pitt Torp

Percy Pitt Torp {Lillian Moore Torp}

Prue S. Lyman

Woolin
Larribus. Danson & Mc
Wozens. Simon
R. Haynes

Arthur L. Wagner
1888
Gordon Thomas
H. L. Cummings

Wm. W. W. W.

P. Williams

Williams 18/1
Elbank, Herbert Tull

Famrose

R. H. Bruce Lockhart.

William Swade

Chamillion

The third page of signatures from the presentation copy of "Pilgrim Partners"

H.M. the King, our Patron, graciously accepted the first specially bound copy, and President Roosevelt did me the honour of accepting the other.

Somewhat later I received a message from my good friend and publisher, Mr. Walter Hutchinson, that, subject to my approval, he would like to give a party in appreciation of the work of *The Pilgrims*, and to celebrate the success of the book.

Naturally I readily consented, and a delightful gathering took place at the Savoy.

About 150 well-known men, including the American Ambassador, the Lord Chancellor, many Members of the Cabinet, Lord Derby with *The Pilgrims* Committee, and leaders in the newspaper and other worlds, honoured my host with their presence on this very cheerful occasion.

Mr. Hutchinson, who had another pleasing surprise for me, brought along a beautifully bound copy of *Pilgrim Partners*, and invited my fellow guests to inscribe their names on or around the title page.

But surprises were not yet at an end; before the evening was over Lord Bennett, Canada's former Prime Minister, mounted a somewhat insecure-looking plush-covered stool, and most entertainingly proposed the toast of my very good health; he was in brilliant form, and in attempting to respond I found it difficult to express my real feelings of gratitude.

That my task was no easy one may be gathered from the Press of the following day:

According to the *Daily Telegraph*: "On this informal platform Lord Bennett made what may be regarded as one of the best speeches of his life."

The *Evening Standard*, in agreement, stated: "I have heard Lord Bennett make many speeches, but never a better nor a more witty one."

And then the *Evening News*: "It was a model of what a speech of that kind should be—the right length, admirably spiced with wit, and paying the right compliments with just that little tweak of the victim's leg which prevents the compliments becoming banal or overdone."

It certainly was a happy party, and appreciated by none more than by the humble author.

LONDON—1945

Our first post-war function was in December 1945 to welcome back to London Mr. Clement Attlee, the new Prime Minister, on his return from a goodwill mission to the United States.

He was supported by several of his Cabinet, one of whom, Lord Jowitt, the new Lord Chancellor, made an admirable speech.

Mr. Attlee, after a kindly reference to my book *Pilgrim Partners*, which he told us he had read some years ago, added that he never believed the time would come when he would enjoy the privilege of being the principal guest at a gathering of *The Pilgrims*.

In the early part of 1946, London was selected for the first meeting of the United Nations. One of America's delegates was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of the great President. Never had *The Pilgrims* entertained one of her

sex, nor in fact had any women been present at a Pilgrims' gathering throughout the whole of our forty-three years' history. But a general rule may be occasionally broken, and so we decided to invite Mrs. Roosevelt as our guest. We were amply rewarded. Seldom have I listened to so statesmanlike a speech so charmingly delivered as was that of Eleanor Roosevelt.

At this function, as was the case at the welcome to the Prime Minister, my old friend and fellow Vice-President, Viscount Greenwood, presided. From Lord Derby, our beloved Chairman for so many years, we learnt to our great sorrow that physical disability made it impossible for him to come to London, and so Hamar Greenwood, a fine Pilgrim, and a stalwart Canadian, was invited to act as our Chairman, and right worthily has he carried out his congenial task. Although our President, Lord Derby, was unable to be with us, he sent a message which made an instant appeal to The Pilgrims, to the effect that we should be responsible for erecting in the heart of London a memorial to Franklin Roosevelt.

In due course a small committee was formed, with the Earl of Derby as President; Viscount Greenwood, Chairman; Sir Campbell Stuart, Honorary Treasurer; together with the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, the American Minister (M. Waldemar Gallman) and myself.

A meeting took place in the Speaker's Library, when it was decided that, for many reasons, Grosvenor Square would form the most suitable site. The Square has long been associated with American activities, and throughout all the war years was very much the centre of American London. We considered that the garden, effectively laid out, would form the framework for a fitting memorial to the great President, whose statue, on a raised platform, we hoped to place in the centre of the Square.

The sculptor selected was Sir William Reid Dick, R.A., who has recently completed a fine statue of King George V for the National Memorial at Westminster, the architect chosen being B. W. A. Gallanough.

There were certain preliminaries to be carried out. We had, of course, to obtain the sanction and co-operation of the owners of properties surrounding the Square, and also to undertake the preparation of a Bill to be passed through Parliament. We felt, however, that with the wholehearted approval of Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador, and with the friendly co-operation of the British Government, any possible difficulties would soon disappear.

At this meeting Lord Kindersley was co-opted as a member of the committee.

Sir William Reid Dick, without definitely committing himself, expressed the hope that the statue would be ready for unveiling in the early part of 1948.

In the spring of 1946 two great Ambassadors retired. Lord Halifax, who had done yeoman service throughout the war years (and who, incidentally, was the first British Ambassador personally to become acquainted with all the forty-eight States), received his initial welcome, on arrival in the U.S., from The Pilgrims of America.

His last address to the American people—and a fine, thoughtful address it proved to be—was made in New York on April 22, when the American

Pilgrims met once again, to bid an outstanding Ambassador an affectionate farewell.

At this dinner, my friend the Hon. John W. Davis should have taken the Chair, but unfortunately illness prevented him, the Executive Chairman, Mr. G. Dunn, presiding in his place. Mr. Davis, a brilliant lawyer and Ambassador in London from 1918 to 1921, had been elected President of the American Pilgrims following the retirement of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who had held that position for eighteen years.

My friendship with Dr. Butler goes back as far as 1902, when I had the unexpected privilege of representing Oxford University at his Inauguration as President of Columbia University by President (Theodore) Roosevelt; this high position he held for over forty years and was, throughout that length of time, an outstanding figure in the United States and in the World of Letters. Widespread sympathy was felt for him when it was announced that owing to failing eyesight he was forced largely to give up the full and active life he had always led.

To the regret of all his friends—and they are legion—Mr. Winant's term as Ambassador closed almost concurrently, and The Pilgrims forgathered in his honour on April 30, to wish him God-speed. The debt our country will ever owe to this great American, history alone can decide.

At the same time The Pilgrims had the privilege of entertaining a second distinguished guest in Lord Inverchapel, the newly appointed British Ambassador to Washington.

On May 28th we again met for the incoming American Ambassador, Mr. Averell Harriman, a tried and valued friend, and also to welcome home a great Englishman, whose work as British representative at Washington during the Second World War will stand out with that of the greatest of our Ambassadors.

Lord Greenwood, who has proved himself an admirable Chairman, presided at these memorable Pilgrims' gatherings.

As Senior Vice-President and an ex-officio member of the Executive, I do my best to attend all meetings of the Committee, and because I thoroughly enjoy them, make a point of being present at every gathering to which I am able to go.

Again and again on both sides of the Atlantic, the Pilgrims forgather, and again and again I am delighted to read in the columns of the Press that no more brilliant function has ever been held by The Pilgrims than that which is being reported the self-same morning. May that ever continue to be the case, and may the good work of keeping warm Anglo-American friendship be carried on with ever-increasing success by The Pilgrims' Club, on both sides of the Atlantic, for many a year to come.

CHAPTER XI

Americana

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A GREAT human dynamo was Theodore Roosevelt. I have described elsewhere how I first met him in 1902, when right unworthily representing the University of Oxford at the inauguration of Nicholas Murray Butler as President of Columbia University.

Many happy hours it was my privilege to spend with Roosevelt in New York, in London, and in his delightful home at Oyster Bay, Long Island. He paid a visit to London after a turn at big game in Africa, and incidentally gave us a most interesting talk on how to run our Empire. Nobody minded, just because it was "T.R.", and, by the same token, he talked good horse-sense.

After one great function in the City, Lord Strathcona, the grand old man of Canada, then Canadian High Commissioner, gave a reception for him at his house in Grosvenor Square. I drove with Colonel Roosevelt from the City. When we arrived outside Strathcona's house a goodly crowd had assembled, but nothing like the crowd assembled within to welcome the ex-President and to be presented. Roosevelt took in the position at a glance; when his aged host had placed himself by the door with the ex-President on his right, the unleashed guests started to press forward, as Roosevelt turned to me and said, "Brittain, will you be my special policeman and get a move on these folks after I have shaken hands with them, or there will be a most frightful block?" I readily agreed, and stood at the right-hand side of Colonel Roosevelt. By this time dear old Lord Strathcona had almost disappeared behind the door, the Colonel was doing the hand-shaking, and how he had it reduced to a fine art! In between the vigorous remarks he addressed to one guest after another, he would swing his head round over his shoulder and keep up a semi-running conversation with me, thuswise. To the guest—"Madam, I am very pleased to meet you, your husband's works are very familiar to me." To me—"And so you knew Hickock of Yale. My, he could sling the hammer some!" "Sir, I am very happy to shake hands with you. I have not yet been in your country, but I hope to go." To me—"So that was your college at Oxford, and a mighty pretty little spot it is, I remember the lake and the water-lilies." "General, I am delighted to meet you—the fame of your mounted infantry is well known in the United States"; and so on. One excited lady, after shaking hands with the Colonel, came on and shook me by both hands, saying, "Well, I suppose you're Mr. Kermit?" At the end of that reception I felt a bit like the tail-end of a rigger match, but the ex-President looked just as cool as when he had first entered the room.

I was over in New York on one occasion when he was occupying a prominent

position on the staff of the *Outlook*, and he very kindly gave a luncheon party in my honour at the National Arts Club to meet his colleagues. He was in gorgeous form that day. At the side of my place I found one of the largest tankards I have ever seen in use, filled to the brim with beer, my host assuring his other guests that as a consumer of beer a good Britisher was in the front rank, so he intended to put me through the test. There was a good deal of chaff bandied about, and I could not forbear getting off on my host one of the very many stories which were then current about him—apocryphal stories as to his future on this earth, and in the world above.

This particular little story dealt with the world above, and as it had not yet reached the victim, with his permission I let him have it. It ran something on these lines. When eventually the time arrived for the Colonel to pass along, there was great excitement in the Heavenly Kingdom, and Peter, thrusting aside the gate-keepers, informed them of the imminent arrival of an outstanding figure from the Earth whom he proposed to look after personally; and forthwith, opening both gates, he admitted the famous ex-President. St. Peter then assured Roosevelt that he had put aside a whole day to take him round the Kingdom of Heaven, show him everything that there was, and if, during that tour, anything struck the new arrival which might be altered or improved, he had only to mention the fact and as far as possible it would be dealt with. Roosevelt replied: "That's mighty good of you, St. Peter. I shall be proud and honoured to be so escorted." The tour commenced, and a most exhaustive inspection was carried out. At length, the journey completed and the golden gates reached once more, St. Peter with an expectant expression upon his face said, "Well, Colonel, what do you think of it all?" "Sir," replied Roosevelt, "you have a real bully city up here—a first-rate place, well laid out, and up to date. I have, indeed, very little criticism to offer—but since you have asked for suggestions there is one I should like to put forward. It is this, sir: I find your choir—your heavenly choir—is weak." "Dear, dear, dear!" replied St. Peter. "I am sorry to hear that. We pride ourselves so intensely on our singing. What would you suggest in the way of an improvement, Colonel?" "Well," replied Roosevelt, "I should crowd in another million sopranos, half-a-million altos and half-a-million tenors." "Ah," said St. Peter, "if you think that would help, it can be very easily done, for as you can well imagine, we have a large selection and a long waiting-list; but, Colonel, what about the basses?" "Oh," replied Roosevelt, "I propose to sing bass myself!" My host roared with laughter, which was good to hear, for no one appreciated the jibe more than he did himself.

Once, when at Oyster Bay, we were discussing the different variety of fish to be obtained on the American and British coasts. He agreed that each had fish of outstanding merit, such as our Dover sole on the one side and the soft-shelled crab on the other. Having praised the American oyster, and also having expressed a liking for the clam, I suggested to Colonel Roosevelt that I did not see why it should not be possible to breed clams at the mouth of one or other of our English rivers; provided the right river could be found, it struck me that the item would go well on the menus of some of the leading London hotels which cater particularly for Americans, as well as for many Englishmen who know and appreciate American delicacies. Roosevelt said, "Well, you couldn't

have raised the point on a better occasion, for this afternoon the head of our Fisheries Department at Washington is coming over to see me, and we will take the matter up with him." This was just before the war. I went very fully into the subject with this very courteous and erudite gentleman from Washington, who told me that he would go thoroughly into the question and find out if any of our rivers would fill the bill. Eventually I got the answer, together with a long letter giving chapter and verse for the reasons behind the suggestion, and the river put forward was one in South Devon (incidentally in my brother-in-law's constituency). I have never had time to pursue that clam research, but I have still got those notes somewhere if and when a prospective clam-breeder eventuates!

The last time I saw Colonel Roosevelt was during the First World War when I went over to Long Island as his guest on my arrival by the *Lusitania*, and was with him a few days later when she was torpedoed on her return. I shall never forget his righteous wrath as he walked up and down his den, and how and why he wished that he were still President of the United States.

Another outstanding experience which, for the moment, had slipped my memory was a day or two with him on a presidential election tour. At that particular job he was supreme. I have met in my time many a good 'mixer', but to see Theodore Roosevelt go into and stir up a crowd to wildest enthusiasm was a real experience. There was a radiation about that magnetic personality which at times was almost uncanny.

Even Roosevelt, however, did not know everything, and like more than one other good American and almost all foreigners, he was puzzled, at any rate on one occasion, by British titles. I kept one of his letters—a letter to Lord Roberts which the Field-Marshal gave me at my request—and about which I chaffed T.R., although I need hardly say he took the chaff in the very best part. At my suggestion Lord Roberts, as President of The Pilgrims, had sent a telegram to Colonel Roosevelt, who was then on *safari* in Central Africa, inviting him to a Pilgrims' function to be held in his honour on his way through London. The telegram was signed 'Roberts Field Marshal, Pilgrims, Savoy, London', and in due course the gallant soldier received a note from the Colonel in an envelope addressed to:

MR. ROBERTS,
FIELD MARSHAL PILGRIMS,
SAVOY HOTEL,
LONDON,

and that envelope is now treasured among my many souvenirs.

THE HON. JOHN BARRATT

A good friend of mine was John Barratt. When I first met him he was associated with the St. Louis World Fair. John's job was to rush round Europe and Asia and interview sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and presidents with the idea of persuading their respective countries to take part in the great exhibition. He was altogether amazing, keen-looking and bald, and I used to

accuse him of having hustled round Europe and Asia at such a pace that the friction had worn his hair off. At one time American Minister to the Argentine, I believe he also represented his country elsewhere. Later he was appointed Director-General of the Pan-American Union at Washington, when that wonderful building had been completed through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie.

John was the great apostle of hustle; whenever I went across to the other side he always used to entertain me royally, and likewise saw to it that on every possible occasion I went through a barrage of newspaper men and photographers. He had a commanding presence and no small voice.

One summer, just about the beginning of the season, in the good old pre-war days, I got a letter from Barratt saying that he was coming over to London for a week or two, had ordered rooms at the Ritz, and would I, like a good fellow, cast an eye over them? I decided to do more than that, and sent him a cable saying that for the first week I should be glad if he would fix up no engagements; I had many friends I wanted him to meet, there was much doing, and I would duly get everything scheduled.

On his reply—"O.K."—I set to work.

When he reached these shores John likewise went through a barrage of newspaper men and photographers, with a relay waiting for him on arrival in London. He was allowed no more than about half-an-hour before he had to jump into other clothes for his first function. That was on Saturday evening. Among other dates, I had arranged breakfast with him the following Thursday (there was no other meal free), just to see how he was getting on. When I turned up he was still in bed, and said to me in a voice which was a mere echo of the normal: "My dear old Harry—you've got me beat—I take back everything I ever said about Yankee hustle. I had no idea things in this old burg could travel the pace they do."

VISCOUNT BRYCE

James Bryce, author of *The American Constitution*, told me that on one occasion while British Ambassador in Washington, he was on a trip to the Middle West, aboard one of the steamers on Lake Michigan. It was a beautiful evening and a goodly crowd of Americans, mostly young men and women, were sitting on deck in a big circle, indulging in a general talk.

The old gentleman joined the party and listened for some time while different events in American history were being discussed. At last he ventured to put forward a counter suggestion on one point raised, whereupon the youthful speaker turned upon him with the rebuke: "My dear sir, you're wrong. I know you're wrong, for I quote from Bryce."

A STORY OF BISHOP POTTER

Bishop Potter, the Bishop of New York, and for some years President of the American Pilgrims, was a friend of mine. He looked very much the Bishop, dignified and urbane, but could occasionally unbend.

He told me that one day, during a visit to Rome, he was standing outside the door of his hotel when a somewhat wild-looking Westerner who either knew him by sight, or recognized his episcopal hat, jerked out, "Say, Bish, where's the closhum?" "The closhum?" said the Bishop. "Yeah," said the Westerner, "the closhum—the place where the wild beasts fight." "Ah, my friend," said the Bishop, "you must mean the Coliseum, but," he added, "there have been no wild beast fights in the Coliseum for at least two thousand years." Whereupon the Westerner, after spitting on the pavement, ejaculated, "Gee, then what in hell is there to do in this durned old burg, anyhow?"

A STORY OF ANOTHER BISHOP—AND OTHER ANECDOTES

Bishop Darlington, a splendid-looking man of fine American stock, and a most eloquent talker, lived at Harrisburg many years ago, at a time when my wife and I were over in America; he and Mrs. Darlington invited us to spend the week-end with them, and a very enjoyable week-end it was. After dinner Mrs. Darlington said to me, "I believe you're the first house guest we have ever had here who has been able to keep up in conversation with the Bishop, and I've been wondering how you managed to do it." To which I replied, "Well, Mrs. Darlington, most of the people you have to stay with you are nice refined people, and wait until the Bishop arrives at a full stop, but I found that if I had anything to say on the subject under discussion, the only thing was to chip in on the comma."

Nobody enjoyed the joke more than did the Bishop.

A Prominent Citizen.

Once I was lunching at a club in a city of the Middle West when a neighbour said to me, "Say, have you met Mr. L. U. Z. Cook of this city?" When I answered in the negative, he replied, "Well, that's a great pity, for I'll have you know that Mr. Cook is a very prominent citizen." To which I answered, "Sorry I've missed him, but tell me, what does his prominence consist in?" As solemn as a judge, the speaker then exclaimed, "Sir, Mr. Cook has built himself a hundred-thousand dollar tomb."

A Far Western Inn.

When I first visited the Western States, the Great West really was 'wild and woolly'; many of those delightful characters, the miners, trappers, lumbermen and fishermen still abounded, and had not yet been crowded out by ever-advancing super-civilization. The local eating-houses bore all manner of enticing announcements. One of the happiest signs displayed was over the door of a certain inn in Colorado, where the announcement read: "Good Meal, 50 cents. Regular Gorge, one dollar."

One more American Story

A Pittsburgh citizen returning home from a European tour was asked by one of his friends, "Well, George, did you see Rome?" "Yes," he said, "I saw

Rome, but I'd have seen it a durned sight better if it hadn't been for the freight car in the way."

LAW IN THE U.S.A.

There is, perhaps, no Court in the world which wields greater power, or is conducted with more dignity, than the Supreme Court of the United States, but other Courts are not all quite so dignified.

On my first visit to America (in 1902) I was staying with a friend who had been up at Oxford with me, and like myself taken the Law School; home again at Boston he had joined a legal firm and gave me his views on the diverse methods of the two countries. "Of course," he said, "you will notice a great difference in the practice of the Law over here; even in these New England states you won't find the same sombre dignity you and I were accustomed to in Old England, although it's dignity *in excelsis* compared with some parts of our great country."

He then gave me a description of one of his first jobs, a visit to the Middle West when—after a consultation—he had to find the local judge and get some papers signed before catching the east-bound train. The weather was tropically hot, there was no form of conveyance available, but eventually he arrived at the little courthouse and discovered one attendant, who told him he would find the judge in an inner room. The attendant likewise told him to walk right in. So in he walked, to find sitting on the floor, in front of a large safe with a combination lock, an angry little man cooked up by the heat, and perhaps even further by a touch of temper on the failure of the combination.

My friend, gathering that he *must* be the judge, for he was the sole occupant, greeted him with the words, "'Morning, Judge, is the Court open?"

The little angry, hot man, without getting up, slowly turned his head and mopping his forehead said, "Yes, sir, Court's open, Hell's open, everything's open but this gol-darned safe."

"And so, you see," said the young Bostonian, "dignity is merely comparative."

MISS AMELIA EARHART

During one visit to New York I had an amusing experience with Miss Amelia Earhart.

In 1931 I was in America as a delegate of the London Chamber at the Congress of International Chambers of Commerce at Washington, and as the representative of British Chambers in general on the subject of Air Transport.

During a short stay in New York I was asked by a mutual friend whether I had ever met Miss Amelia Earhart, who was in private life Mrs. George Putnam. I replied that I had not had the pleasure of meeting this very brilliant and popular American airwoman, and a little tea-party was duly arranged by Miss Earhart that same afternoon.

While busy making the tea she was constantly interrupted by the telephone, which rang somewhat incessantly and took her to the bedroom adjoining to reply. After the fifth or sixth interruption I turned to her and said, "Miss

Earhart, the next time that thing goes, let me save you a little trouble and answer it for you." To this she willingly agreed, and in the course of a minute or so again the bell rang. In the adjoining room I picked up the receiver and called out, "Miss Amelia Earhart's secretary speaking; who is that?"

"Her husband," came the reply!

BROADCASTING IN AMERICA

In November 1931 I left by the *Aquitania* for Pittsburgh, where I had been invited to give the Annual Address at the Carnegie Institute. We were due to arrive in New York at noon on Armistice Day.

Just before leaving England I received an invitation, which I much appreciated, from the National Broadcasting Company to give the Armistice Day address in America over the air.

Alas, terrific storms held us up, and Armistice Day had passed before we reached Sandy Hook, so that my talk, with an altered title, had to be given a few days later.

Before returning home I was invited to give three coast-to-coast broadcasts of the type known as a 'national hook-up'. This I readily accepted, and on seating myself before the microphone in the little room allotted to that purpose, while gazing up at a little flickering red lamp, a somewhat stern-looking official entered, and in solemn tones said, "Sir Harry, you are now about to address between — and — million American people" (I forget how many million!). To which I replied, "For heaven's sake, don't make this cold-blooded job worse than it is." He merely answered, "When that light holds steady, you gee," so I duly gee-d.

Returning some fifteen minutes later, with a much more cheerful expression, he said, "There is your first fan on the 'phone, a girl with a charming voice." So out I went, picked up the receiver, and, I heard a sweet voice proclaim with the delightful informality one meets in America: "Say, Sir Harry, this is Phyllis. I did love your *ad-dress*." "Say, Phyllis, I should love yours," said I. "My, that's smart for an Englishman," she answered.

Apparently she had a boy-friend in the newspaper world, for one of the New York dailies came out the following morning with this little story, under the intriguing title, "Britisher who don't go to sleep in the soup."

Following a certain number of broadcasts of mine to and in America, I received one day a note from my good friend Sir John Reith, informing me that at one of the many polls held in that great country, on the merit or otherwise of broadcasting voices, the signal honour had fallen to me of being placed first of the English-speaking foreigners, and third in the full list of Americans and all other citizens.

Sir John suggested that this should prove a good testimonial if and when I was hunting for a broadcasting job!



THE START OF THE GOLF COMPETITION FOR MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' CLUB, HELD AT WALTON HEATH

AMONG THOSE IN THE GROUP ARE IAN MACPHERSON, M.P. (LATER LORD STRATHCARRON); LORD ASHFIELD; JAMES BRAID; THE AUTHOR; SIR JOHN WILSON TAYLOR; LORD RIDDELL; HERBERT WINDELER (HON. SEC. OF THE CLUB); LADY BRITAIN; AND IN THE FOREGROUND ALIDA AND BOBBIE

AFTER THE COMPETITION: TWO BRONZE LIONS GIVEN BY THE AUTHOR AND PRESENTED BY HIS DAUGHTER

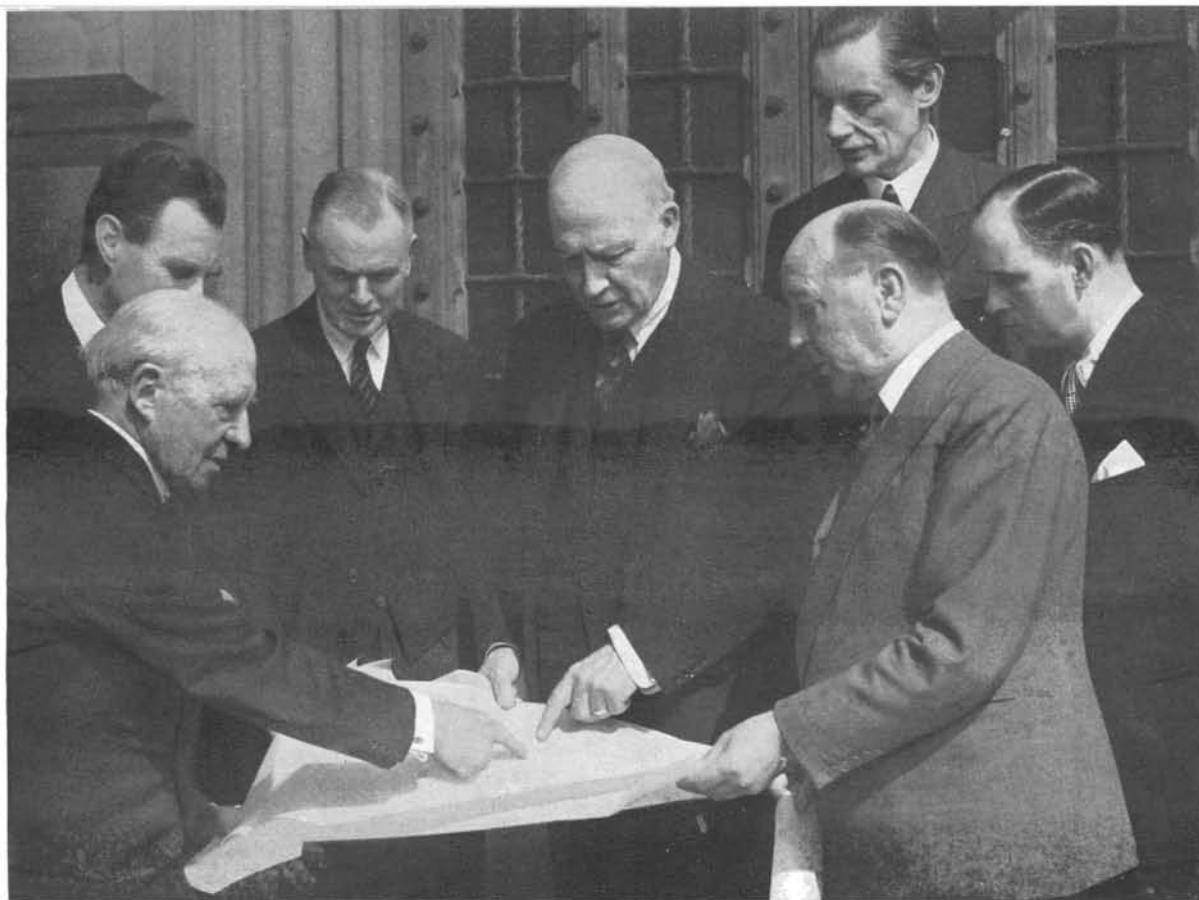




AN OLD ENGLISH LOVING CUP (MADE IN 1772) PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR—AS FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN OF THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' CLUB IN LONDON, 1917-1919—AND ACCEPTED BY THE U.S. SECRETARIES OF WAR AND THE NAVY AS A TROPHY TO BE COMPETED FOR BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND NAVAL COLLEGES, WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS



ALIDA TUNING THE HARP



THE FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL COMMITTEE MEET TO FURTHER THEIR PLANS FOR THE ERECTION OF A STATUE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE AMERICAN PRESIDENT. THEY ARE SEEN ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

(LEFT TO RIGHT): THE AUTHOR; MR. B. W. A. GALLANOUGH (THE ARCHITECT); COL. CLIFTON BROWN (THE SPEAKER); VISCOUNT GREENWOOD; SIR CAMPBELL STUART; MR. WALDEMAR J. GALLMAN (AMERICAN MINISTER); AND SIR WILLIAM REID DICK, R.A.

A MEMORY OF WOODROW WILSON

In April 1915 I was sent to America on an interesting war mission, and just before leaving New York for the West in the following month I was invited to a luncheon to meet the President, Mr. Woodrow Wilson. This luncheon took place in a private room at the top of the Biltmore Hotel, the guests being seated at a series of round tables of eight.

I had the honour of being at the President's table, which was decorated with six or eight flags on tallish poles in little black stands, the flags being alternately the Stars and Stripes and the President's Private Flag. It was a very lively party and I was sorry when the time arrived for me to go, but I had to make my way to Chicago that afternoon and catch a train which left at 2.45.

I asked the President's permission to fade quietly away, with which permission he invited me to accept two of the flags, one of each kind, as a souvenir. Naturally, I said I should be delighted to do so, and armed with one in each hand shot down the elevator and away to my train as quickly as I could. The luggage was all aboard, and I was doubtless a humorous sight rushing along the platform with a fluttering flag in each hand. I only just caught the train, and on settling down tried to tuck up the flags in my suitcase. They were, however, a trifle too long, so they had to rest on the rack until we reached Chicago, then for the rest of the journey to the West they found an abiding spot in my big upright American trunk.

While on the coast of Oregon I received telegrams from Vancouver and Victoria asking me whether I would go up as the guest of the Canada Clubs in each of these two cities to give a couple of talks. It struck me that a sight of the Union Jack would be extremely pleasant, so I readily accepted and spent three or four very happy days in British Columbia.

Returning via Seattle, a Customs official asked me to open the big trunk; I did so, and out dropped the two flags. "Say, what's that blue flag with an eagle on it?" said the Custom House man. "Why, that is the Private Flag of the President of the United States." "What are you doing with our President's Private Flag?" he queried. "Mr. Woodrow Wilson presented me with the two as a little souvenir." "Our President gave you those flags?" said he. "He did," said I. "Gee!" said he, "I'm not going through your baggage. Shake!" He shook hands warmly, and I was passed back again into the United States.

Those two flags have long since stood on a cabinet in my den at Westminster. Very many visitors, including numerous Americans, have seen them, but only one succeeded in guessing what the blue flag was; that was my dear old friend Admiral Sims, who had doubtless seen it more than once when the President or one of his predecessors had flown it afloat.

I have a later memory of President Woodrow Wilson at the Peace Conference where I met him a good many times. There exists somewhere in the Foreign Office (unless, as is doubtless the case, it has long since been destroyed) a letter of mine to the Powers-that-were, suggesting that if President Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat, was to be accepted on international policy as representing

the entire United States, he should be supported by leading Republicans such as Elihu Root and others of his calibre. No particular notice was taken of the suggestion from such a humble person as myself, but it might have made quite a considerable difference if my particular viewpoint had been shared by those of the official band.

Woodrow Wilson was a curious complex character who appeared to inspire among his own people great admiration or wholehearted detestation. Even at his old University of Princeton I found the latter feelings very marked, and expressed without any hesitation in direct Anglo-Saxon.

Elihu Root was a grand, rugged old type. The last time I ran into him was in the Art Gallery at The Hague, at a time when he was a leading member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration. I had gone into the gallery to have a look round, and particularly to view once again an amazing picture of Rembrandt's.

During the course of perhaps half-a-dozen visits to The Hague I have always paid a visit to the Mauritshuis, principally to admire once more the painting of Nicolas Tulp, Rembrandt's friend and patron, giving his seventeenth-century address on the human body. Elihu was a much more ardent student, for he said to me: "I hope you share my appreciation of this picture, in my opinion one of the very finest paintings in the world? Whenever I am at The Hague I come in here and usually spend half-an-hour at a time gazing at this masterpiece." This was a side of the great American lawyer which up to then I had not come across.

AMERICAN COUSINS

The self-same morning on which I met President Wilson at luncheon in New York I received a telephone call which interested me. As I was leaving the Union League Club, I was told that a gentleman of my own name wished to speak to me.

Picking up the receiver, I was hailed by a cheery voice which said: "This is Admiral Brittain, in command of the United States battleship *Pennsylvania*. I see by the papers that you are over here. We are about twenty-seventh cousins, and I should so like you to come and lunch or dine with me."

Alas, I had to tell my twenty-seventh cousin that I was on duty bound for the West that afternoon. We had quite a chat on the 'phone; he told me when his forbears had come over from England, how they had settled in Virginia, and then gone farther South into North and South Carolina, where some of them now were, I in my turn telling him of another branch at Atlanta, Georgia. I was not fated to meet the Admiral, for he died not so very long after.

I did, however, do a little Boy Scout act for those American cousins in my Oxford days. One of them wrote to my father, pointing out that if he could trace a certain marriage in a little village (possibly in Derbyshire) it would establish the necessary link to claim the inheritance of a piece of property of considerable value.

The idea of this romantic hunt rather intrigued me, so during part of the Long Vacation I drove round most of the northern part of Derbyshire, visiting one little village after another in the Peak District, and eventually came across

the register in question. It was lying with one or two other ancient documents under a bed in the attic of an old farmhouse which belonged to one of the churchwardens; no very safe deposit in which to store local historic records. The signatures, duly attested by a neighbouring attorney, were sent out to our namesake in the Southern States, who afterwards wrote a most grateful letter to my father informing him that the successful quest had resulted in his branch of the family duly inheriting the property.

One day I shall hope to go down and see some of these distant relatives, particularly one very charming cousin who writes to me regularly from Atlanta, Georgia, and whose invitation to visit him and his family I should so like to accept.

CHAPTER XII

National War Aims Committee

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN VISIT TO BLACKPOOL

WHEN America joined us in the First World War in 1917 our munition-workers had had, of course, a pretty hard racketing for some three years, and a proposal was agreed to by the Prime Minister that a National War Aims Committee should be formed, by means of which speakers might be sent to the great munition works throughout the country, to let the people know how the struggle was going, to emphasize the help the great Republic would bring, and to assure all workers that it was only a question of time before victory would be ours.

Now, to the best of my memory, this National War Aims Committee came into being early in July 1917, and I was asked to act as liaison officer with the United States, and invite over a certain number of well-known American speakers to join us in driving home the full meaning of mutual co-operation.

This was duly done, and by the end of the month we were ready to start.

Now, although it was wartime, workers required some respite and relaxation, and it was therefore decided to hold our opening meeting in one of the great seaside towns during the early days of August. That decision taken, it did not require much argument to convince the Committee that the town in question should be that deservedly popular Lancashire seaside resort, the go-ahead town of Blackpool.

For the opening effort the British team consisted of the Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Smith, afterwards Lord Birkenhead, the Rt. Hon. Frederick Guest, Chief Government Whip, and myself, together with our three American orators.

We were told that great preparations were being made in our honour; with the town *en fête* we were to be received by the Mayor and the G.O.C. of the district, while troops were to line the streets, and a series of great meetings was to be addressed. Our arrival was fixed for two o'clock. On looking up the time of departure we found that it would mean a very early start, in fact so early that 'F.E.' said he'd be d——d if he was going to get up at that hour for anybody. Upon which I suggested that we might perhaps travel part of the way the evening before, and put in the night *en route*. This was approved as a bright idea, and agreed to unanimously; so at Preston we dined and slept, leaving for Blackpool after breakfast the following morning.

It was a gorgeous day with a real good spanking breeze, as we strolled along to the end of the pier to get a breath of sea air. One little incident amused us. There was a lugger coming in, one of those so-called pleasure boats for a brief cruise at 'A bob a nob', and she was bobbling considerably. At the pierhead

we noticed an enormously stout old lady who was obviously taking a great interest in the lugger; when the boat was about eighty yards off she put both her hands up to her mouth, and shouted out at the top of her voice, "Eh, Sal, lass, hasta enjoyed thasen?" Across the water came the reply, "Eh, ba guum we 'ave, we've been that sick——!" Upon which the old lady vociferously exclaimed that they had had their full shilling's worth!

After a pleasant luncheon, the six of us made our way down towards the station to meet our hosts, but long before we arrived at our destination we found ourselves on the edge of a huge crowd, which it seemed impossible to penetrate. Meeting a stalwart policeman, I asked whether by hook or by crook we could get through. "Nay," he replied, "not till t' party fra Lunnnon cooms." Then I tried to explain that we were the party from London, and pointing to Sir Frederick Smith, added, "That's the Attorney-General." The big P.C., after registering considerable amazement, blurted out, "What, 'im?" "Yes," said I, "he's the best we have at the moment!" "Eh, it's a rum go," said the policeman, "tha'd better all coom wi' me rahnd t'goods yard."

So, circumnavigating the crowd, he led us beyond the station along a side track, and across two or three others to the far end of a very long platform. From that point in the distance we espied the Mayor in his robes and all the other dignitaries and potentates; we also saw a long line of twenty or thirty cars bedecked with Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes, and behind these cars a full military band. Well, there we stood for some time, but realizing that we should look very foolish if we were discovered at the end of the platform, finally decided to give ourselves up. His Worship, who received us with some astonishment, shook each one heartily by the hand, and roared with laughter when we told him the story of our arrival.

An all-round conference was then called, and it was agreed that at two o'clock promptly, whether the train was in or not, the two National Anthems should be played and the procession begin. It was an amazing day, the weather was perfect, and we were received everywhere with the rousing enthusiasm of a real Lancashire welcome. My particular American was Mr. Irving Bacheller, a New York editor, author of many books, and a most charming man; during the remainder of that afternoon he and I moved on from one great gathering to another, our colleagues, of course, being similarly engaged at other meetings.

Blackpool possesses some enormous halls, as well as every variety of amusement centre, and I well remember that Mr. Bacheller and I started off in a huge circus, where, incidentally, we followed an elephant, a very big elephant, which had been performing prodigiously in the ring. The size of this circus rather overwhelmed Bacheller, who turned to me and said, "My dear fellow, I can't possibly make my voice carry through this great place."

"Well, you'd better try," I said, "that's what we're here for." So he put up a gallant best. Other halls we went to were not quite such an effort as was that circus! In those days the 'mike' and loud-speakers were unknown, so one had to rely on one's own unaided lungs.

We kept this effort up, off and on, all day, with slight breathers for refreshments. When the last meeting happily terminated, we were all invited to a supper-party which was given on the stage of one of the theatres. It was a good party. Blackpool was generous enough to vote every meeting a huge success;

at any rate thousands of visitors, and good sterling munition workers at that, who had come from all parts of the Midlands and the North, heartily applauded the accounts they heard of the progress of events, together with encouraging details of U.S. co-operation. For the six of us it was a very friendly experience in Anglo-American partnership.

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

Lord Birkenhead (to all who knew him 'F.E.') was a truly wonderful fellow, the best and most loyal of friends, but one I should imagine to be avoided as an enemy. I met him first in Oxford days when my College was playing his at Rugger. 'F.E.', who was somewhat senior to me, and a good deal heavier, fell upon me as I was trying to streak away with the ball over the line. After colliding with a goalpost we rolled over in a heap, and I didn't get the best of it.

Tall, loose-limbed, clean-shaven, with a somewhat contemptuous turn of the mouth, clear-cut features and a well-groomed head of raven hair, 'F.E.' was, from his undergraduate days onwards, a striking personality.

He certainly squeezed everything there was to squeeze out of life, but gave as liberally as he took. Many a happy hour have I spent with him and his brother Harold, who was devoted to him, and many strenuous games of tennis did we put in together. In our Oxford days the future Lady Birkenhead and Lady Smith were delightfully attractive Oxford girls, Margaret and Joan Furneaux, both enormously popular with those undergraduates who were privileged to know them.

'F.E.'s' meteoric career is now part of history. His success at the Union, where he addressed his fellow undergraduates with almost insolent confidence, the electric effect of his maiden speech in the House, his rapid rise at the Bar, a Privy Councillorship while still in the thirties, and the Woolsack at forty-five have been recorded again and again.

What seemed to be the most striking feature of his spectacular success was the apparently effortless manner which achieved it.

Scholarships, a First Class in Final Honours, coveted University Prizes and Lectureship were but a prelude to further prizes in public life; all these 'F.E.' took in his stride, and still found time to enjoy the many pleasures of life as we knew them in those far-off pre-war days.

One of the most amazing speeches I ever heard 'F.E.' deliver was at a hospital dinner on the subject of that most painful disease, stone in the bladder. It was, if I remember rightly, a Jubilee dinner of some kind, and 'F.E.' as principal guest proposed, of course, the principal toast. He gave a perfectly masterly survey of the methods of treatment of this trouble from the very earliest days, extolling the methods made use of by that particular hospital today, a hospital which, he stated, was a model to the whole world, and to which doctors and surgeons from almost every country came in steady procession. The speech finished with thunders of applause, and when a little later I asked 'F.E.' where on earth he got the information, he replied with a smile, "My dear fellow, from the *Clicquot*." Well, it may have helped, but there must have been something of a Brief behind it.

As a speaker, 'F.E.' was in the very first flight, whether in Parliament, the Law Courts, or as the star turn at a mass meeting.

He might be sitting on a platform or elsewhere, to all appearances half asleep, and evincing no interest in what was being said, but when his turn came, woe betide any opponent who had foolishly nurtured such a thought.

With devastating logic, and in clear, incisive English, never hesitating for a sentence, let alone for a word, 'F.E.' was equally effective in pulverizing an enemy or advocating a cause.

To follow him, as may be imagined, was no easy task, and on more than one occasion I was the luckless soul who had to try. An evening in Paris I remember, long ago when we were both guests of the English Colony on Empire Day—the meeting, in a large hall, was as packed as it was enthusiastic—the subject was the British Empire without any affixes or suffixes, and 'F.E.' was in tremendous form.

On our way in he got hold of my arm, and whispered, "Harry, do you mind if I slip away quietly after I've said my piece—I've a somewhat important engagement I want to keep?" "By all means," said I, "slide away—perhaps I'll do better without your eagle eye upon me!"

After the British National Anthem and rounds of cheers, one of our kindly hosts told me that, to follow the labours of the day, a few of them had arranged a merry party at a well-known restaurant at Montmartre, at which I was to be their guest.

Up we went, and on entering the first happy face I saw was that of 'F.E.', the centre of yet another cheerful throng.

After a friendly jibe on this definition of an important engagement we all joined forces, and saw out Empire Day together.

The last time I saw Lord Birkenhead was as his guest at dinner a week or so after I had decided to give up smoking. After upbraiding me for my decision, for he was a lover as well as a connoisseur of a good cigar, he handed me one of his finest, and insisted that if it was to be my last smoke it should be the best available.

To the world at large, and particularly to those who were fond of him, the far too early passing of this vivid and colourful personality left a blank impossible to fill. Of course he had his faults—who hasn't?—but he had tremendous qualities, and none greater than that of loyal, never varying friendship.

CHAPTER XIII

July 4, 1915—A Hundred Years of Peace

If the First World War had not commenced in 1914, the year 1915 would have witnessed the celebration throughout the United States and the British Empire of A Hundred Years of Peace between these two great nations.

This centenary movement owed its inception, to the best of my memory, to the late John Hays Hammond, who was a member of the mission which came over for the Coronation of King George V. It was his idea that this centenary should be made much of, and, as I was then very active in Anglo-American work, he talked it over with me. I in my turn discussed the subject with Robert Donald, then Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and in due course the Anglo-American Peace Centenary Committee was formed. Some time after that I was made Chairman of the International Committee, the link between London, New York and eventually Ottawa.

A little later I paid a visit to the United States and Canada at the request of the American Committee, and underwent twenty-seven banquets in twenty-eight days. However, that is another story, as was also the visit of myself and my opposite number to Belgium as the guests of Ghent.

Well, in 1915, instead of taking part in Peace celebrations, I was in the United States on the first mission from my own country, endeavouring to find out what were the machinations of the enemy throughout the great Republic, and at the beginning of July I had reached the Far West; I was staying at Portland, Oregon. Although I was unaware of it at the time, tremendous preparations had been made for a huge July 4th gathering on the American-Canadian border at a little place called Blaine.

The moving spirit in this, as I believe he also was in the great Pacific Highway, was Sam Hill, the son-in-law of the great James J. Hill, the railroad magnate. When Mr. Hill heard that I was at Portland, and also that I was the Chairman of the International Committee for the Peace Centenary, he came to see me with Judge Burke, of Seattle, whom I had met once before in Rome. Together they urged me to come to this historic ceremony as Great Britain's representative, with the Governors of Oregon, Washington and California, as well as the Premier of British Columbia, who had promised to take part in the proceedings.

I told my visitors that as I was over on a job for my country in connection with the War, the last thing I wanted to do was to make a speech, but that I should be very happy to be present at this meeting if I could remain inarticulate. This Mr. Hill agreed to, and my part in the ceremony was to be limited to the very great privilege of hauling up the Stars and Stripes, which was to be raised side by side with the Union Jack.

The whole proceeding was amazingly interesting. A great gathering of many thousands was assembled in a picturesque clearing in the forest, right on the borders of Canada and the United States. The platform, which was entirely covered by the flags of both nations, had on either side a huge pole of Oregon pine.

Right round this vast concourse of people was ringed a circle of black motor-cars. They were all black in those days, and the sight of that enormous ring was an impressive one. It was a glorious day, a trifle on the warm side, and, although I naturally appreciated the privilege of hauling up the flag of Uncle Sam, it was rather a big flag, and I had to pull for a very long time before Old Glory arrived at the top of the pole.

Then followed the singing of the two National Anthems, and the speaking began. Those duly announced on the programme delivered most eloquent addresses, and then Judge Burke gave one of his own. He quite overlooked the fact that I was not to be called upon, went out of his way to say far too flattering things about me and asked the crowd if they would not like to hear the representative from Great Britain. Well, of course, they could only shout out "Yes", and so I was for it. I had thought out no kind of speech, and after, of course, offering my thanks for being allowed to take part in so significant a ceremony wound up, I am afraid, with a few stories.

After more National Anthems, sung with real enthusiasm amid tokens of friendship all round, dozens of these good fellows, mostly farmers, crowded round me, and, after shaking me warmly by the hand, suggested that I couldn't be an Englishman, because I had a sense of humour. I tried to explain to them that a sense of humour was a fairly prevalent complaint at home, but the opposite idea was so deeply ingrained in many of their minds that I made no further attempt at argument.

However, satisfied apparently that I had passed their test, a whole bunch of the boys insisted on my dining with them as their guest that night at Blaine, and it was certainly one of the most entertaining and lively dinners I have ever attended. Towards the end of the evening one of them got up and suggested that I be elected Mayor. This was carried unanimously and, at any rate, gives me the right to say that, at what appeared to be a very representative gathering, I was unanimously elected Mayor of an American city!

Judge Burke was a great character, and I saw a good deal of him during my stay in Seattle. While there we had a mighty conference of the 'shriners', and a most extraordinary procession of these celebrated freemasons marched through the main streets that same night. They had some astonishing uniforms and a series of bands. The members of one of these bands wore little spurs, to which were attached tiny electric lights. The band from Philadelphia was a very fine one, and I understood that the man who played the drum was a well-known banker. They also told me what subscription he had given to be allowed to play that drum. I forget today the exact sum, but it was very large, for one of his compatriots worked out that it amounted to very nearly a dollar a smack!

One day at luncheon the Mayor of Seattle said he would like to take me out to see their old pioneer home. I said I should be delighted, so out we went. Reverently he stood before this little shack and said, "Now, sir, that is our home, our old home, our pioneer home, and I'll have you know, sir, that that old home

is very nearly twenty-seven years old." After all, what is age? It is all comparative, and I remember at the time feeling with the Mayor that I was standing in front of an extremely venerable building.

I had driven up from San Diego to Seattle by car, but on two or three occasions we had had to put it on to the train. Some day I hope to do that run again over the magnificent road which I know now exists and connects up the Dominion of Canada with Mexico.

FIRST ENGLISH GUEST OF THE AMERICAN ARMY IN OCCUPIED GERMANY

In 1919 I had a little job in Paris in connection with the Peace Conference, in the course of which I ran into General Bliss (in command of American Troops in Paris), who told me that he had received a message from Coblenz inviting me to be the first guest of the American Army of Occupation. Much touched by this invitation, I told the General that as soon as my little task was over I would willingly accept if the invitation still held good. He assured me on that point, so about three days later I got him on the 'phone early in the morning to inform him that my task was completed.

"When would you like to start?" asked General Bliss.

"Whenever you like, sir," said I, and in about an hour's time along came a delightful American officer, a West Point Colonel, in a big American car to run me across France to Coblenz. By a curious coincidence I was billeted in the self-same house of a leading citizen of Coblenz who had been the host of Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland and myself five years before, when we had finished a very happy rowing trip down the Rivers Saar and Moselle. Under what different conditions we met on this occasion!

During the ten days that followed, as the guest of the Army of Uncle Sam, I was the recipient of every attention and kindness that typical American hospitality could devise.

If my own efforts in connection with the American Officers' Club in London had contributed in any degree to the pleasure of American Army and Naval officers while stationed in England, I was repaid tenfold during my visit to the U.S. Army in Germany.

I was immensely impressed by the physical fitness and the extraordinary cheeriness of all ranks. Physical drill was always in evidence, as well as baseball and all sorts of outdoor exercise, with the result that every officer and doughboy was in the pink of condition. Their uniforms were spotless, and all were a hundred-per-cent punctilious in matters of ceremonial.

It amused me very much to see how the German children picked up the quick jerked salute of the Americans. Wherever we went, little Germans, boys and girls, came up to attention like West Pointers when our car passed them—with a 'flick' their hands were up to their foreheads.

One day as we were running along the excellent German roads, I suggested to the officer escorting me that it would be rather interesting to have a glimpse of unoccupied Germany. The idea seemed to appeal to him, as he turned round and replied: "Well, Sir Harry, if you wish to do so, why not? It is a bit off the

schedule, but we'll take a chance." And so we did, and were doubtless among the first visitors into the unoccupied zone; but in we went to a big adjoining town and received the most courteous treatment at a café, at which we pulled up for a little refreshment before returning to our headquarters.

At the end of ten very happy days we started back for Paris, intending to make a short stay at Trèves (or Trier, as the Germans call it) for luncheon, but as soon as I got inside the Hôtel Porta Nigra a cheery voice hailed me; to my surprise and delight, up came one of our old guests at the American Officers' Club, and one of the very best—another West Point Colonel.

"Why, Sir Harry," he said, "what on earth are you doing here?" So I told him of my visit, and said that I was just in for lunch before going off through the Argonne on my way to Paris. "Well," he said, "you can go and have a look at the Argonne, but not today. No, sir! I'm the boss of this joint, and if you attempt to move I'll have the military police stop your car and place you under arrest. What you're going to do, sir, is to be our guest tonight at dinner, followed by the best entertainment we can possibly fix up in your honour, and now, after we have had lunch together, our friend Peggy here"—pointing to a very attractive girl in the Y.W.C.A. uniform—"will take you for a stroll and show you the ruins."

Military police or not, who was I to refuse such hospitality? Peggy and I have been friends ever since, even though we did not find any ruins, and never did I have a jollier evening than that spent as the guest of those great lads at Trier.

What particularly struck me in that visit to the Front, not only in the American zone, but in that of the French and of our own at that time, was the healthy look of the people, particularly of the children, and the wonderful orderliness on all sides. The villages did not seem to lack such comparative luxuries as paint. No land seemed to have come out of cultivation, and even under the trees in the orchards every square yard had been carefully cultivated and kept up. The shops seemed to be well filled, although anything which in any shape or form referred to war had disappeared. In the theatres every seat appeared to be booked, and on Sunday the population, both male and female, turned out in full array.

I know these observations are very different to the reports we then had, about the terribly hard times through which the Germans had been passing. They were admittedly only superficial, but the signs of hard times certainly did not show up in the districts through which I passed.

[From notes made at the time.]

THIRD CENTENARY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS—A DUTCH WELCOME

During the Spring of 1920 I received a message from the United States, reminding me that the 300th Anniversary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers was to be celebrated that year, and with the message the Committee did me the great honour of inviting me over as President of a British Delegation, which

was to make a tour of several weeks in the U.S.A., and be entertained by many of the cities of the Union.

I replied to the formal invitation saying that, naturally, I much appreciated being asked to undertake this task, but that at the particular time it was unfortunately quite impossible for me to leave the House of Commons for a period of five weeks. I must confess that I also added a little note to one member of the Committee, whom I had known for many years, that fond as I was of my American friends, I had arrived at a time of life when, with all the goodwill in the world, I should find it a very uphill job to address a different audience, on a similar subject, night after night, sustained only by iced water.

A little later on, however, I received a second invitation, suggesting that if I could not go over to America, I might perhaps act as President of an Anglo-American Delegation, and cross the North Sea as the guest of Holland for a stay of five days. That, of course, was a much simpler proposition to which I most readily assented.

Now the great majority of people, so at least I should imagine, have no idea that the Pilgrim Fathers, before they sailed for Plymouth Rock, spent thirteen whole years in Holland at the old University Town of Leyden, for which reason Holland naturally came right into the picture.

The first entertainment to be given to us was one by Her Majesty the Queen at her summer home, Het Loo, which I believe means the House in the Woods. A party of about 150 was to leave by the same train and route, arrive in Amsterdam together and then by special train proceed to Het Loo. Held up by a three-line whip at the House of Commons, my wife and I had to follow by a later train and another route, and reached Amsterdam only just in time to scramble across the railway line and get into the very last coach of the special train just as it was moving off. I arrived therefore at the journey's end without meeting any of my fellow delegates, without seeing the programme, or learning anything of the arrangements of our hosts.

However, luck was with me, for the first two people I did meet at Het Loo were old friends, the British and American Ministers, Sir Ronald Graham and William Phillips; they, with the knowledge and kindness of diplomats, put me wise as to all proceedings, not only with regard to this reception, but of the following days.

We were ushered upstairs into a large ballroom, where we were arranged in two great semi-circles, I as President standing number one on the line of the male semi-circle, and my wife in a similar position at the head of the ladies. In due course the royal procession came along, headed by the Court Chamberlain, and I was duly presented to Her Majesty the Queen.

She began with the simple opening, "Well, Sir Harry, have you ever been in my country before?"

I replied, "Yes, ma'am, I have, on very many occasions. I well remember one visit when I had the very great privilege of building castles with Your Majesty."

The Queen, slightly startled, said, "Really, when did I build castles?"

"We built them," said I, "on the sands at Scheveningen."

"Oh," said the Queen, "that must have been a very long time ago."

"No, ma'am," said I, "it doesn't seem so to me. In those days I was an

undergraduate at Oxford and, Your Majesty, if I may venture to say so, was a very charming little girl."

With that the Dutch Queen looked at me, smiled and moved on to number two, and the rest of us stood in our semi-circle whilst a few words were being exchanged with each member of the delegation. Then the royal procession, bowing to right and left, slowly made its way back to the door and disappeared.

Some minutes later the Court Chamberlain returned and, coming up to me, said, "Sir Harry, Her Majesty would like to see you in" (I think it was) "the Blue Drawing-room." "Heavens!" thought I, "I'm going to be put through it for treating serious subjects lightly." But when I got into the room, there was Her Majesty of Holland (regarded somewhat awesomely by many of her subjects as a strong woman with the mind of a man), instead of frowning upon me, with a most delightful smile, and in equally delightful colloquial English, suggested that my type of answer had put her slightly off her stroke, but, she added, it was a pleasure to meet the president of a delegation with a sense of humour, for sometimes formal receptions were apt to be such super-solemn affairs.

After that, I was invited to a little refreshment in the pleasant wine of France; a little later the Queen sent for my wife, and then, accompanied by the Prince Consort, we went for a walk through the charming palace gardens.

The visit was a very happy one; during the ensuing days festivities were splendidly organized, and a first-rate *entente* established between America, Holland and Britain.

A wonderful firework display was given at The Hague on the Queen's birthday, in which my then very small girl took part, together with the British Minister and the Foreign Minister of Holland. But that must be told elsewhere.

CHAPTER XIV

Canada, 1907

AS THE GUESTS OF LORD STRATHCONA

ONE day, in 1907, I was having a chat with my old friend, Lord Strathcona, then in the neighbourhood of his eighty-eighth year, when he put forward the irresistible invitation that my lady and I should try to find time for a second honeymoon, at the holiday period of that year, and go out to Canada as his guests.

He added, "My dear Harry, I am now what they call an old man, though I don't feel it, but I may not make many future journeys to the Dominion." He was then kind enough to suggest that, as a fairly intelligent and active individual, I might put the experience of that journey to good use. My lady was likewise all for the trip, so across we went.

Before leaving, I was Lord Strathcona's guest at the Dominion Day Dinner in London, where I had the privilege of meeting many who knew the country. This was the twelfth occasion on which the grand old gentleman, as High Commissioner, had presided at this function.

At that dinner I remember sitting next to Bishop Montgomery, the father of one of whom we knew nothing in those days, but who as the famous Field-Marshal was destined to fill the columns of many newspapers in days to come.

I have crossed the great Dominion sixteen times from coast to coast, but I still vividly remember my first trip. Those memories, perhaps, were burnt in because enthusiasm for what we had seen impelled me to put down our impressions in a book, which I entitled *Canada—There and Back*.

This book, which professed to be no more than the hasty impressions of an average tourist, was written and published with the sole idea of persuading a few friends, who had yet to experience the delights of Britain beyond the seas, to follow our example.

Why I did this was because Canadian friends in all parts of the country repeatedly told us how few English visitors they met. And of those encountered, many were men who had left their country for their country's good.

My brief story was only a small, superficial effort, but it met with a very kindly reception from both the British and Canadian Press, and I was delighted to receive, from time to time, letters from fellow Britons who had followed our example.

We left London at the end of July in the old *Empress of Britain*, and a good ship she was. In addition to the inhabitants of the saloon, we had some 800 emigrants aboard, of the very best type. It would be interesting today to learn of the subsequent history of those fine, determined men of the Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon and Scottish races.

Canadians are rightly proud of the noble gateway to their Dominion, and few who approach the country through the great Gulf of St. Lawrence and steam up that mighty river can fail to be deeply impressed. This first impression is intensified when, with the most outstanding suddenness, the historic Rock, overlooking Quebec, rises out of the water, like some mysterious sentinel.

The visitor to this interesting old city is well looked after in a hotel second to none. The Frontinac, magnificent in situation, and attractive in chateau style, is fitted up with perfect taste. It was the first of a chain of great hotels we found between Quebec and Vancouver, almost all uniformly well run.

In Quebec we had our first experience of Canadian hospitality, which, from coast to coast, we found overwhelming. Expeditions to many of the charming little French Canadian villages, a tour through the region of early struggles between Montcalm and Wolfe, a dinner above the Montmorency Falls, and a welcome at the Garrison Club, quite filled up our first few happy days.

Montreal at once struck us as being a great metropolitan city. Its wide extent, the general lay-out, its splendid private houses, and its air of prosperity were deeply impressive.

At the time of our visit, Montreal contained many outstanding citizens, several of whom it was our very good fortune to meet.

We dined with Lord Strathcona at his house on our first evening and made a tour with him of more than one of the great institutions of the city. But it was a later gathering which remains very firmly fixed in my mind, a dinner with Sir William Van Horne, to which my lady and I were bidden.

There were only six of us altogether. After dinner, Sir William Van Horne gave a lead by starting to yarn about the early days of the C.P.R., and was followed by his colleagues, Lord Strathcona, Lord Mountstephen and Mr. R. B. Angus of the Bank of Montreal.

For the next two or three hours I had an enthralling time listening to stories of the days when the Dominion of Canada was being created, and when that great band of steel, the trans-continental C.P.R., was being driven through from coast to coast.

What I should have done, of course, instead of going to bed that evening, was to have wrapped my head in a wet towel and written for three or four hours. Unluckily, in those days I had no ediphone, otherwise I might have dictated it.

It was probably the last time those four great builders of Canada ever met together. Any one of the four knew that story as did few other men. None of them, alas, put it down, and now the history of those great days must be written from letters and reference books, instead of from the living memory of men who took a vivid part in the great adventure.

Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen made their way to Canada as two poor Scottish boys, Donald Smith and Donald Stephen, and in partnership, many years later, started the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Sir William Van Horne, a many-sided man, was by birth a citizen of the neighbouring Republic. He made a name for himself when the early pioneers of the C.P.R. invited him across the border to grapple with the problems that lay before him. How Van Horne dealt with those problems, completed the great system, and became its President, are now matters of history.

Sir William Van Horne was a great and dynamic character. In build he was considerably on the stout side, and one day when we were sitting with him in his delightful house on Sherbrook Street, Montreal, he was lamenting the fact of his size and how old and decrepit he had become, when suddenly the door blew open. As the old gentleman hopped right over a sofa to close the door with a bang, I could not lament with him. He was at any time prepared to go anywhere at almost a moment's notice; he kept three bags always packed, and told me that he could leave for Toronto in thirty seconds, for New York in one minute, and for Cuba, where he was building a railway, in three minutes.

The C.P.R. were very proud of Van Horne, and rightly so. He was a man not only of tremendous determination and drive, but of great imagination.

One very nice little story about him I learnt from the Secretary of the line in his room in the C.P.R. Building, which building stands high up above the city of Montreal. He told me that one day an American happened to be chatting with him about various railway managers and railway chiefs, and in the course of discussion said, "I don't know why you people seem to think such a lot of your Sir William Van Horne. He strikes me as being just a fairly capable executive, of which we have many on the other side." Whereupon the Secretary led the visitor to a corner of his room and, pointing through the great bay window, said, "Tell me, what can you see from these windows?" "Why," said the American, "chimneys and roofs of Montreal, of course." "Yes, I guess you do," said the Secretary, "but Van Horne would see the Pacific."

Van Horne began life at the bottom of the railway ladder, and finished as President of the C.P.R. If he had not built a great railroad across the Continent he would have done something else equally great, for he crowded into his life interests galore, among others a love of art.

In his beautiful house in Montreal he had a wonderful collection of old masters, and a more interesting guide could not exist. A large studio upstairs was crowded with paintings done by Van Horne in odd moments, mostly all-night sittings. Vivid effects of night scenes, and beautiful bits of his island retreat off the coast of New Brunswick.

Another collection of his was a marvellous assortment of old Japanese tea jars. Sir William knew all their points, their history and inscriptions, and had compiled a wonderful catalogue, with each card exquisitely painted in water-colours, together with a miniature reproduction of each for reference purposes, a perfectly microscopic work.

Montreal, like most transatlantic cities, possesses many clubs, both in the city and in the surrounding country.

The Mount Royal, a beautiful building designed by the late Stanford White, is in exquisitely simple taste, with fine lofty rooms. The popular club of Montreal was the St. James's, where, after business hours (for there were very few all-day loafers in Canada), one was sure to meet a large number of interesting and, as the Yankees say, 'lovely men'.

Of the many country clubs, we enjoyed immensely the Forest and Stream. Could any club have a more refreshing name? Situated on a delicious little promontory, it enjoys a pleasant breeze from the lake at most hours. On each side the lake shore was dotted with country homes, gay with flowers and surrounded by well-kept lawns running down to the water's edge.



[Photo by the Author]

MAIN STREET, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, FORTY YEARS AGO



KINGSTON, JAMAICA: TWO WEEKS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE. A STALWART OPTIMIST

[Photo by the Author]



[Photo by the Author]

INCOMPARABLE LAKE LOUISE, IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS



ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL SPEECH DAY: THE AUTHOR, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS, TALKING TO VISCOUNT SIMON



THE AUTHOR WITH THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR (BARON CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE), AT AN AIR MEETING

From the Forest and Stream, one way of returning to Montreal is by boat, from Lachine, through the rapids. The thrill is soon over, but it is great fun while it lasts, and perfectly safe.

One of the most cheerful souls we met in Montreal was a bachelor brewer, whose house rejoiced in the somewhat unusual name of 'Stagger Holme'. He put me in the way of a first-rate horse on which I spent several enjoyable hours exploring the mountain. One must never refer to Mount Royal as a hill!

From the summit the view across the city is superb.

The chief solicitor of the C.P.R. was A. L. Creelman, who, incidentally, had been a fellow passenger on the *Empress*. Like many men who have risen to the top in Canada, he was born in the Maritime Provinces at a small town in New Brunswick. Bonar Law came from the same place, and Mr. Creelman's earliest recollection was being taken to the latter's christening and asking his mother, "Why Bonar?" He told me the answer, but I have forgotten it.

The President of the C.P.R. at that time was Sir Thomas Shaughnessy (later Lord Shaughnessy), whom I had met in England a year previously, and who, in after years, was more than helpful to me on many occasions.

The President was a vigorous, striking personality, full of energy and determination; his name was known from London to Hong Kong as the active head of the world's greatest line, chief in his own country of an army of 80,000 employees, and of a company whose territory was greater than that of many a potentate.

Sir Thomas was a brilliant administrator, and a firm believer in discipline. If one word would do, he never wasted time with two, and, at his office, a wise man wasted no time with the President. In private life, a more delightful companion and interesting raconteur it would have been impossible to find.

Toronto, at first sight, strikes one as forcibly American, but a very short stay brings out the fact that the citizens are the old British stock, with perhaps a little ginger added, and form an enthusiastic and loyal centre of the Commonwealth.

We arrived on a Saturday, in all the hustle and bustle of a busy working day. How different everything was the following morning! Shops shut, streets deserted, the only sound which filled the air coming from innumerable peals of bells. It reminded me of a Sunday morning in Oxford days. Then, in St. James's Cathedral, it was hard to realize that one was some thousands of miles from Westminster, for the general atmosphere, the service, the people, even the old, worn Union Jack over the pulpit seemed so like England.

But there was one difference; when the familiar hymns rolled out on the splendid organ, the congregation didn't leave all the singing to the choir, as is so often done in the Old Country, but joined in with the most thorough and effective heartiness.

Still with the C.P.R., our first host was E. B. Osler, a distinguished director and a member of the well-known Toronto family of whom perhaps the best known was Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford (of 'Too old at forty' fame). We saw much of Osler during our brief stay in Toronto, and he promised to meet us later in Winnipeg.

The opening of the National Exposition coincided with our visit to the city, and brought along innumerable people from the provinces as well as from other

parts of Canada and the United States. It was an annual feature, lasting about a fortnight.

The president, Mr. George, gave us the warmest of welcomes and, with him, we awaited the arrival of the Governor-General, to whom we had not yet paid our respects.

Lord Grey, whom I had met only casually once or twice at home, but whom I got to know so well during subsequent years, was as fine a type of Englishman as I ever hope to meet.

On that particular day he arrived to the minute, made a first-rate speech, crisp, eloquent and to the point, received a volley of hearty Anglo-Saxon cheers, pressed a button and the Exhibition of 1907 was open.

Lord Grey was extremely popular throughout the Dominion, a fact that was impressed upon us many times between Quebec and Victoria. The Governor-Generalship of Canada is no easy post, for the free and independent members of our sister nation have an equally free and independent method of saying exactly what they think concerning each occupant of that exalted position.

Abundance of tact, energy and ability, together with a pleasant and easy democratic manner are, unfortunately, not always found in combination.

Lord Grey had all these and much more; after we had spent that first day with him at Toronto I could not help thinking that, when his time came to leave, the gap would be no easy one to fill.

This Exhibition very effectively upset one of my ideas with regard to Canada, which, up till then, I had looked upon as almost wholly a great agricultural country.

Exhibits, all home-made, seemed to cover every sphere and showed numberless examples of first-rate workmanship.

We paid several visits to that Exhibition, gleaning something new each time, as well as seeing many diverse types of Canadian citizens.

The committee had worked out an excellent scheme for attracting the varied interests by dedicating certain days to different classes; one day, for instance, might be Manufacturer's Day, another, Pressman's Day, a third, Children's Day, and so on. The last was a very pretty sight, when young Ontario, in its brightest, whitest dresses and its smartest suits, turned up in its thousands and enjoyed itself hugely.

Studying my fellow guests, I could not help being forcibly struck by the strong, keen type of face which marked the successful Canadian. Here was reflected latent force, restrained energy and plenty of it; a type capable of tackling anything from an intricate commercial proposition to hacking out a homestead in a British Columbian forest.

In those days the roads round Toronto were very rough, and it was a brave car which exceeded the speed limit, but there were several fascinating spots some miles out which, even if the road had been twice as rough, were well worth the journey.

To the Hunt Club we went more than once, and it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful situation than this attractive club enjoyed; from the broad veranda one looked out across the well-kept lawns and over towering cliffs upon the vast expanse of Lake Ontario below.

After one well-attended gymkhana at the Club, we were driven off to spend

an evening with Sir Donald Mann, who with Sir William Mackenzie formed an interesting combination at that time, as the pioneers and builders of the Canadian Northern Railway.

Mackenzie, the thinker, the negotiator, the financier; Mann, the tough driving force.

In his younger days Dan Mann had been a lumberman, and his great frame and broad shoulders, even in the days when I knew him, gave one the idea of a great husky thick-set youth who, some years before, would certainly have been most effective in swinging an axe. He was an interesting companion and a first-rate host, and more than once in Toronto we spent a happy evening listening to the stories of his adventurous youthful days.

There is one yarn I heard about Dan Mann (but cannot vouch for its verity), told of his first trip to Europe. It was said that either in Germany or Austria he got into some scrape—a rough-house in a restaurant or elsewhere—and the next morning, with all the formality of those occasions, received a challenge to fight a duel. Having quite forgotten the little troubles of the previous evening, and being a good-natured sort of fellow, he was not a bit anxious to fight anyone, and thus informed his friends. However, they explained to him that on the Continent things could not be laughed off in that way, and the challenge having once been issued had to be taken up seriously. "But," said Dan, "I have never fired a pistol in my life, and I don't know the first thing about a sword." "Well," said his Continental friend, "there is no reason for you to fight with either; you are the challenged party and the choice of weapons is yours." "What," said Dan, "do you mean to say that I can fight him with anything I like?" "Yes," he replied, "certainly you can." Dan Mann smiled a happy smile as he replied, "Well, that's a relief, anyhow; go back and tell him I'll fight him with a broad axe."

Besides the Hunt Club, there were two first-rate golf clubs just outside Toronto, on one of which, Lambton, I enjoyed a round or two. With the exception of those clubs at home which have annexed some old country house, the Club House at Lambton was as imposing as any we possess. I was much struck by the great baronial-like hall, decorated with mighty heads and filled with vast, seductive chairs which would appeal to the heart of any golfer after a strenuous round.

The course was a thoroughly sporting one, over-sporting I found it sometimes, for a particularly curly stream had a recurring knack of getting in my way.

Just above the Club House I found a lengthy series of big arc-lamps swinging in a wood, whilst underneath, between the trees, was a well-rolled and perfectly surfaced lawn. Here was a luxury I had never met before; an after-dinner putting green under the lights of many-a-thousand-candle-power. Here the Toronto player may wander out at dead of night, switch on the lights, and find out why he really missed that short two-footer. What a useful thing is a neighbouring Niagara! Well, of course, before going west we had to pay a fleeting visit to these famous Falls, which, impressive as they are in bright sunshine, we found far more impressive by the light of the moon. Niagara is wonderful under all conditions, but by night it is overwhelming.

Just as we left Montreal with the greatest regret, so we turned westwards

from Toronto, after coming to the conclusion that the impartial visitor must find it extremely difficult to decide which was the more pleasant city, when each had so many alluring charms.

By the Lake route we made our way west, through the famous 'Soo' Canal, and were constantly informed that twice as much traffic gets through the 'five-million dollar Soo' as through the Suez Canal.

The temperature on Lake Superior was noticeably lower than that on Lake Huron, and I should imagine the strongest swimmer would have only a remote chance of keeping afloat for long.

Canada's great half-way house, Winnipeg, is on a flat open plain and owes very little in the way of attraction to Nature, but the vast, prosperous city, with its atmosphere bright and clear, its imposing buildings and its air of 'go', cannot fail to impress any visitor. Its winters are cold, very cold, and its summers are hot, with a good assortment of mosquitoes, but its hospitality and friendliness make up for anything lacking in the way of climate or scenery.

Our first host in Winnipeg was Sir William Whyte, Vice-President of the C.P.R., a fine-looking man, and a great figure in Manitoba. At dinner one evening we had the privilege of meeting another Grand Old Man of Canadian politics, Sir Charles Tupper; born in the early 'Twenties of the last century, he had held, in turn, every important post in the Cabinet, had twice been High Commissioner in London and, finally, was Prime Minister of the Dominion.

In spite of his 87 years, Sir Charles had a mind as quick and clear as a man half his age, and his advancing years had in no way damped his unwavering optimism.

An hour or two with Sir Charles passed very quickly, for to listen to a man who had done so much and who, within three years of go, could talk of his country's growth with the energy and vigour of youth, is not an everyday experience.

It was William Whyte who, when the C.P.R. was being thrust through the Rockies and had got up somewhere near Laggan, wandered away for a walk by himself one Sunday. Up and up he climbed, until through a gap in the forest he saw what he thought, and what is universally considered today, to be one of the finest views in the world, the incomparable Lake Louise. Some years later the C.P.R. built a most pleasing wooden chalet beside this Lake.

Arriving at Laggan in a snowstorm, we drove up to the chalet after midnight, somewhat cold and very hungry. Late as it was, we were welcomed by a roaring fire in the hall and an excellent light supper. As it was pitch dark when we arrived, we had, of course, no idea how or where the hotel was situated, but never shall I forget the view next morning from the balcony of my room. This perfect masterpiece of Nature must surely be the loveliest lake in the world. There is nothing lacking in any of the features of mountain, forest and glacier which go to make up the whole indescribable picture—and the marvellous ever-changing colour adds to the perfection of its beauty.

It was, I must confess, with a pang of regret that I found myself on a later visit driven up to a building, no doubt very magnificent and Ritz-like, but one which seemed to me a trifle out of place amidst that glorious sylvan and mountain scenery. I missed that friendly old log chalet.

During our stay in Winnipeg we were joined by Mr. E. B. Osler from

Toronto, and with him were the guests at a luncheon given by Sir William Whyte. During luncheon, Sir William referred to a factory in which Osler as well as himself had a large interest, and suggested that we should drive out and have a look at it after lunch. It was a hot summer day and in summer flies are not unknown in Winnipeg.

In the entrance hall of the factory we saw a most entertaining type of fly-trap, which had been, I think, designed and built by one of the workmen. This trap was made in the form of a model castle, approached by a novel form of drawbridge. The drawbridge was an endless band of sticky material, flavoured with something or other which appeared to be attractive to flies; from time to time a fly settling on this band would be slowly drawn along, until some other delicate little piece of mechanism gave it a kick behind and fired it into the moat, where, of course, its remaining moments were rapidly numbered. E. B. Osler was so taken with this toy that when we started to go round the place he asked us to leave him there for a few minutes, and promised to join us later.

Round we went, and saw whatever there was to see, although I must add that it cannot have been particularly thrilling, for I entirely forgot what the factory turned out. When, however, on the completion of our tour we returned to the entrance hall, we were amused to find Mr. E. B. Osler with his eyes still riveted on the castle and the circulating drawbridge.

In his rapt absorption, watching the destruction of a regiment of flies, he had entirely forgotten that he had come out to inspect, for the first time, the product of one of his many investments.

But the gathering which was to stand out in my memory as the most important during our Canadian visit was a dinner at Government House, where we were the guests of Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan. Sir Daniel was a delightful example of that old, polished school not met with everywhere today. He had seen considerable service in the field in the Red River Expedition, the Fenian Raid and the North-Western Rebellion, and then took his part in the politics of the Province before being appointed Lieutenant-Governor over an area about the size of England and Scotland. It was a happy evening, at which were present various members of the local Legislature and others, and among subjects which cropped up we heard a good deal about the ignorance of many at home with regard to the Dominion, and *vice versa*.

During the re-examination of one bright local M.P., who had cross-questioned me closely, I had an inspiration that evening as to an effort which might be made to bring into closer unity and understanding the constituent parts of the Empire.

It suddenly struck me that if the leading newspapermen from every part of the Empire could only be persuaded to meet and, having met, could form a permanent body, empowered to summon further meetings at regular intervals, personal friendships would be forged, many misconceptions would be cleared up, and a bond of understanding created which would assuredly endure.

That night I worked out an outline of my scheme, and discussed it in full the following morning with John W. Dafoe, of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, who was at that time, and was destined for many a long year to remain, one of Canada's outstanding editors.

The Imperial Press Conference and the Empire Press Union owed their

origin to the gathering that night under the hospitable roof of the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba. The immediate result of my idea was to let me in for two years of very hard work, somewhat to the detriment of my own personal affairs, but it was work I have never regretted.

The story of the Imperial Press Conference is told elsewhere.

With happy memories we left Winnipeg, and were off again, over the rolling prairie; our route lay due west, over a line as straight as an arrow, with interminable fields of grain on either side. Early autumn was, of course, the time of the busy season, in which these loose-limbed sun-burned farmers were hard at it from dawn to dusk throughout the most strenuous days of the year.

As we journeyed across the prairie, it was difficult to imagine that barely a generation before all these millions of acres of Europe's food were wild open country, where vast herds of buffalo roamed undisturbed.

At any station where we stopped for more than a minute there was a general exodus for a brief constitutional, and before the end of the day one seemed to be on speaking terms with everybody on board.

In each car the roomy smoking-room was a merry meeting-place, with many an experience exchanged and many a valuable hint picked up from one's fellow travellers.

The Canadian is a gloriously refreshing optimist, always ready to back his province or his city against that of any other rival from any other part of the Dominion, and the knowledge which each one possessed of his local statistics was surprising. Whatever it might be, policemen, telephones, factories or miles of pavement, every detail he knew, down to a decimal. I could not help wondering how long a Liverpudlian could keep going, on the same line of argument, if tackled by a man from Manchester.

There are magnificent mountains in many parts of the world, but one's first sight of the Rockies is bound to impress the most hardened traveller. These great, naked peaks, torn into every fantastic form, have a vivid individuality all their own. We spent, of course, a few days at Banff, as every tourist is bound to do, and found that everything that had been said about it, together with every delightful excursion made from that somewhat sophisticated resort, bore out to the full all we had been told.

But that was the case with each of the beauty spots we managed to visit in the Rockies. Of all the many attractive centres I think I should give the palm to Lake Louise.

Canada is full of wonderful cities, but even in those days, when it was only twenty-one years' old, Vancouver was a restlessly progressive port. It seemed to have both eyes on the day-after-tomorrow, and the great business buildings with which its streets were lined gave one the impression of a town of a quarter of-a-million inhabitants, rather than one of 70,000, which was its population at that time.

There was a veritable business buzz going on continuously, and everyone both talked and thought in superlatives.

In great contrast was Victoria, which possessed an air of leisurely peace, a marked contrast to its aggressive neighbour on the mainland.

Our host in Victoria was the very live and active Premier, Richard (later

Sir Richard) McBride. Victoria was, indeed, a pleasant spot in which to loiter, with every variety of shooting and fishing close at hand.

We had, however, almost exhausted our allotted time, and so, very reluctantly, had to turn our faces eastwards.

To vary the journey home we returned by what is known as the Lower Loop of the C.P.R., through the Crow's Nest Pass and Arrow Lake. On this journey, through Robson, along the banks of the Kootenay, we saw and appreciated Canada in the making.

Our route lay through a country of the grandest description, lit with all the glorious tints of a Canadian autumn, as we passed by one small settlement after another, in every stage of formation. This line of ever-increasing prosperity, nine years before, had been an Indian trail. We were there very near the pioneer days, and had chats with many 'old timers' whose reminiscences were well worth hearing.

On rejoining the main line, we made direct for Ottawa. After breakfast on the first morning I adjourned to the smoke-room, where, happily engaged in an animated conversation, I came across two archbishops, a French-Canadian lawyer and a stout commercial traveller from Chicago. The leaders of the Church were both from Winnipeg, one being Archbishop Langevin, head of the Roman Catholics, and the other the Protestant Archbishop of Rupertsland.

They were both most interesting and instructive companions, and had grown up with the great Dominion. Archbishop Mathieson, who was born at Winnipeg, then the small Fort Garry, told me that it had been the birth-place of his mother as well, right back in the early days of the Selkirk settlers, so that his family connection with the district dated from the very eve of British occupation there.

With Archbishop Langevin was his secretary, Father La Casse, whose life of toil as a missionary in the wilds of Labrador, and among the Indians of the North-West had, apparently, in no way affected a most breezily cheery manner and an unending fund of anecdote.

The stout commercial traveller had one aim in life that morning, which was to find an opponent for a game of poker. The suggestion was turned down by the Archbishops and likewise by myself, but eventually, after continued persuasion, Father La Casse agreed, though he warned the American that, as a poker-player, he was considered more than useful. Some hours later we found that his statement had proved to be quite correct!

The time soon slipped by as we sped across the Continent; in due course the towers of the capital appeared in the distance, and shortly after we came to a standstill in the Union Station.

The difficulty we had in tearing ourselves away from the alluring mountains cut short our stay in the East, and so it was but a brief visit we were able to pay to Canada's capital.

But during that brief visit we had the privilege of meeting several of its Ministers, and were invited to take part in the welcome home to Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, together with his colleague, Monsieur Brodeur, on their return from completing the Commercial Treaty between Canada and France—the first direct negotiation carried through between the Dominion and a

foreign Power—so we felt ourselves to be onlookers at a time when Canada was taking her duly appointed place as a sister nation by the side of the Old Country.

Our visit wound up with a delightful dinner given to us by the Governor-General, Lord Grey, at Rideau Hall. I shall never forget his enthusiasm, when I told His Excellency of my scheme for an Imperial Press Conference, and his insistence that I should on no account whatsoever drop the project; he assured me of his help in every possible way.

We had been through Canada as the guests of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and, on leaving Ottawa, we were able fully to realize what those magic initials C.P.R. really meant.

Canada is proud of the C.P.R., and she may well be. In days of increasing prosperity people are apt to forget the enormous difficulties against which the master minds, who conceived this great enterprise, had to contend. It was a project of splendid audacity to drive a line through an almost unknown wilderness, across the limitless prairie, and over four mighty mountain ranges, to link up a handful of men in British Columbia with the newly formed Federation; it was done, and the line completed five years before the time specified in the contract.

No wonder the history of this railway-making reads like a romance.

Another point which struck me forcibly after this, my first journey across the Dominion, was that, in building up this great nation, the palm must certainly be awarded to that hard-working, frugal land north of the Tweed. Strathcona, Mountstephen, Angus, McNicoll, McIntyre, Drummond and Whyte are a few, among many, of the builders of Canada.

We saw, in the course of this brief trip, only the fringe of this magnificent country. There were many sections, including the whole of the Maritime Provinces, which we were forced to leave out, but, having once tasted the delights of Canadian travel, I am happy to think that in subsequent years good fortune and specific missions have led me to almost every section of this great and hospitable land.

A FEW DAYS IN JAMAICA

Before we left England another good friend, Sir Alfred Jones of Liverpool, insisted that we should spend a week or two as his guests in Jamaica before returning home in one of his ships. As I had every intention of running down to New York and Washington at the termination of our tour in Canada, I readily accepted. Sir Alfred Jones, who was Chairman of the Elder Dempster Line, was the man who introduced the banana into Britain. He had, in addition, many other interests in Jamaica.

Sir William Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was also anxious for us to take in Cuba, where he was then building a railway, but, unfortunately, as transport from Cuba to Jamaica was more than problematical, we had to say 'No' to that kindly suggestion.

We were received in New York by George T. Wilson, the moving spirit of *The Pilgrims of America*, and spent with him, and other kindly American friends, a wonderful week.

I was the guest at a delightful dinner The Pilgrims gave in my honour at Delmonico's, and on the following day, in the same place, Frank Munsey asked many of his friends to meet us both. A curious, lonely individual was Frank Munsey, who appeared to live in an aura of gloom. However, I seemed to be able to penetrate that gloom, and always liked him. He did not strike one as having either outstanding personality or a vivid imagination, but he certainly showed himself an astute director of newspapers, for when he died his will was proved for £9,000,000 (not dollars), and, if my memory serves me right, he poured most of it on to the New York Museum.

At Washington we had the same wholehearted welcome as we had received in New York, and were delightfully entertained by General Corbin, among others, the last Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, at his home at Chevy Chase.

The sea trip from Philadelphia started off with a storm, followed by scorching weather off Cape Hatteras. It was too hot to do anything except sit under an awning and watch the flying-fish.

Port Antonio, where we arrived in vivid sunshine after a terrific down-pour, seemed to be outlined with great black birds, John Crows, drying themselves in rows. They looked ultra-comic as they sat with solemn faces on the wires and on the rocks, with outspread wings steaming in the sun.

Our hotel at Constant Spring was most comfortable, notwithstanding the fact that it had been somewhat dislocated by the recent earthquake, though nothing like so badly as had most of the buildings in Kingston, the capital.

Both Sir Sydney Olivier, the Governor, and Mr. Bourne, the Colonial Secretary, were very kind to us, and under their auspices we saw as much as we possibly could of this most attractive and interesting island.

We had one little experience which I shall not readily forget. The Governor 'phoned me up one evening and asked if we would breakfast with him the following morning, and suggested that perhaps before coming to Government House we might like a ride in the cool of the early hours. The idea appeared to both of us to be excellent and, having accepted the kindly invitation, His Excellency told me that his secretary would call for us at seven o'clock with the requisite horses.

A beautiful morning, cool and clear, and off the three of us started. When we had been riding for the best part of a couple of hours and the sun was becoming considerably more powerful, I turned to the secretary, whom we will call 'X', and asked him how far we were from Government House for, according to my watch, we were due there in under ten minutes' time. 'X', with a wan and apologetic smile, then confessed to me that he was lost.

Naturally I was not overpleased, and still less when, in reply to my query, I learned that he had been in the country for a number of years. Lost we were. Never did I get more tired of banana trees or of a sun ever more aggressive than I did on that particular morning, for it was after eleven o'clock before we reached Government House, thoroughly cooked through.

Years passed, and the next time I met our worthy guide was during the First World War, in Whitehall. Accosting me cheerily, he said, "I wonder if you remember who I am?" Said I: "Good heavens, I do! I could not possibly forget you, you are 'X'—Fluffy 'X', if I remember aright your nick-

name when we met in Jamaica. What are you doing now?" "Oh," he replied, "I am in the War Office, in the Intelligence Department."

I have memories of Jamaica immediately after the earthquake when much of the island, particularly the attractive little town of Kingston, had suffered severely. One could not help feeling impressed by the quiet heroism displayed in many directions. One store, I remember, belonged to a very good fellow called Gardiner. He was carrying on under a corrugated iron roof, bearing in large letters the slogan, '*Two fires, three hurricanes, one earthquake, but still going strong*', which struck me as being very much the right sort of spirit.

One day, at the Club, I was entertained by various friends at a luncheon, and we started off with excellent oysters—oysters, they told me, caught on trees. These oysters were followed by equally excellent crab. To my query, "Where do you catch these?" they replied, "Oh, going across the fields." "Well," said I, "I am a fairly old-world traveller, but I can't swallow every yarn." However, both statements turned out to be true. The oysters were found in the submerged forest of fossilized trees which had been under the sea since the great earthquake destroyed Port Royal; as for the crabs, it seems that at their most edible period they leave the water for a stroll on land, a very handy habit.

Among the beauty spots not to be missed are Bog Walk and the Hope Gardens. In the latter it seems possible to grow almost every form of vegetation, temperate and sub-tropical.

Much as I love trees I did not know enough about them sufficiently to appreciate the wonderful variety pointed out to us by the Curator, who was good enough to act as our guide. He started a guessing game with me and, though I managed to answer a few queries correctly, I soon got quite out of my depth. Finally, pointing to a tree which carried on it a species of fruit somewhat resembling a plum, he invited me to make a guess. When I lamentably failed, he picked off the 'plum' and cut it across with his knife. Out came a vivid yellow fluid. "That," said he, "is the gamboge tree." Up to then I had never realized that gamboge grew on trees.

We returned home by the *Port Kingston*, a comfortable little ship of moderate size. In addition to masses of bananas which, with interest, we watched being loaded up, we carried about sixty or seventy large turtles in the bows and, on more than one occasion on the high seas, enjoyed that Lord Mayor's delicacy, turtle soup.

CHAPTER XV

CANADA AGAIN

The Last 'Great West'

A TRIP TO NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA WITH THE PREMIER

IN 1912 I went to Canada with the Earl of Dunmore and the late Sir John Norton Griffiths. When in Montreal, I received a telegram from my old friend Dick McBride (later Sir Richard), inviting me to accompany him on a proposed visit to that section of his Province lying up in the Northern Rockies, his first visit in the nine or ten years during which he had held the Premiership. This invitation naturally appealed to me, but I did not like the idea of leaving my two friends, and therefore telegraphed to McBride to know whether it would upset his plans at all if I came not as a unit but as a party of three. An immediate reply told me that he also was being accompanied by two other friends, the Speaker of the B.C. Parliament as well as the Editor of the *Victoria Colonist*, and added that an additional three would be entirely excellent.

Accordingly we forgathered, as instructed, at a little spot called Ashcroft, on the main C.P.R. Line, arriving from east and west within an hour of one another on the appointed day.

We were to start by car—we were, in fact, to take the first motor-cars up the old Caribou Road (built, I believe, by the Royal Engineers in the 'Sixties)—and as we wanted to make as much headway as possible, it was decided that we should start at, or before, dawn. So we turned in betimes with the idea of being called at cock crow the following morning.

We were awakened by a youth with a somewhat piercing voice. As the little hotel was entirely made of wood, and sound travelled very easily through its walls, I caught the following conversation between Jimmy the Boss and Jake the boy: "Well, have you called 'em?" To which Jake replied, "Yes, Boss, I have called 'em all, and they're all shifting, except that Earl fellow, and I can't shift him."

After an early breakfast in the dark we made our way across the yard to the spot where our cars were waiting. During this very short walk Jack Griffiths managed to stub a biggish stone with his toe, and loosed off a most picturesque sentence or two, lit up with an assortment of very eloquent oaths. McBride went up to him, with outstretched hand. "Shake, Colonel, shake," he said. "By Gad, you speak my language."

Well, at length we got under way and our adventurous trip began. The roads were pretty rough, the going was heavy, and we kept meeting one waggon after another drawn by anything up to a dozen horses. These animals were

entirely unused to cars, so we spent much of our time hopping in and out, helping to pacify the excited teams.

Eventually we reached a little township called Quesnel, an old Hudson Bay fort. It contained about a dozen houses and one store, all ablaze with Union Jacks.

Every citizen was out to receive the Premier on his first—his very first—visit, and a rousing welcome they gave to our little party. I was immediately annexed by one of the leading worthies, who said he would like to show me his city. Round we went—it did not take very many minutes, but that in no way damped his ardour or his pride. When we had returned to our starting point he said: "Sir, I'll have you know we've got a real slap-up city here. Gee, we have everything here, except a street car service and a steam laundry."

We were forced to give up part of our journey—a visit to the workings and workers of a mine at Barkerville—for a recent fall of rain had made the roads quite impassable, and the cars rolled about like ships at sea.

The latter part of our journey towards Fort George was made in a flat-bottomed paddle-steamer, the last one left in that part of the Upper Fraser. There had been more, but each had been wrecked and broken up.

Fort George, as we approached it, was in a very riot of enthusiasm. In fact there were three Fort Georges, each one claiming to be the greatest city of the future, and each looking forward to the arrival of the Premier to settle the problem.

The whole of the citizens were assembled at the side of the little landing-stage as we disembarked, when the Premier was invited as a first and foremost task to accompany them, and himself to select a site for the post office. This, I suppose, was the Fort Georgian method of attempting to get official choice of the centre location. However, our good friend Dick was much too old a hand to be caught in that way, though he gaily accompanied our hosts for a tour of the city, or cities. In the meantime, a small group of women came up to me and said they would like me to christen the first baby born in Fort George. I thanked them for the compliment, but told them that I wasn't a parson, to which they replied that there was no parson within a hundred-and-fifty miles. I then suggested that I didn't even know whether a christening by my humble self would be legal, but they said they would take the risk of that. I inquired as to the child's sex and what name they wanted to give it. I was told it was a girl, but the name was left to me. So I suggested a picturesque old Spanish name, Georgita, a name which I had come across and one which seemed appropriate for a baby born in Fort George. That was readily agreed to, and Georgita was duly christened.

At that I left the party and wandered round the small settlement, where I came across a square-built shack with some steps beside it. Being of a curious nature, I climbed up the steps, and looking down saw a young man in very *négligé* apparel working away at an ancient-looking printing press. At the same time he looked up at me with the query, "Are you one of the Premier's party?" I replied that I was, and in my turn asked him what he was doing. "Well," he said, "I am the proprietor, cum-manager, cum-editor, cum-compositor, cum-office boy of the *South Fort George Herald*, and I am getting out the first number to give you a welcome." "I wonder if I can help you,"

said I. "I am sure you can," said he, "step right in." He was busy setting up his first leader, and having run out of 'bourgeois', was printing in italics, and if any leader ever merited italics, this one certainly did.

A well-known weekly paper in Toronto had been having a cut at Fort George to the effect that it was hardly a city so much as a nest of speculators in real estate, together with a few other suggestions of an uncomplimentary nature.

And so the Editor of the *South Fort George Herald* had girt up his loins and was setting up his leader as follows: 'We don't give a hell of a damn for the seven-day opinion of the half-boiled lobster down East; we mean to be a bulldog if we only live a minute.' Having read this opening broadside, I turned to the young man and, after congratulating him on his fighting spirit, offered to write the second leader, if I could manage to match his style at all.

He was a good lad; I saw a lot of him during our short stay, and agreed to write a brief account of our visit to Northern British Columbia on my return home.

We had a wonderful time at Fort George: nowhere in this world have I met more wholehearted and enthusiastic hosts. It seemed to be the last of the Great West left—the last of the fishermen, the lumbermen, the miners, the trappers—all those splendid fellows who live the great pioneer life on the edge of things.

In the evening we had our meeting, a meeting in a brand new empty store, of which not only the walls but even the ceiling was covered with Union Jacks. Sir Richard McBride on this, as on other occasions, got out of making a lengthy speech himself by intimating that he had with him three visitors from the old country, three old friends whom he described as his 'Imperial Troupe', so, one after the other, we had to tell the story of the Empire.

At the finish of a crowded day we were escorted back to our boat by practically the whole of the inhabitants, and for long after we got on board we heard the strains of such songs as 'There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight' wafted towards the Upper Fraser. I suppose it was about 2 a.m. when we turned in; the next thing I recollect was a most violent bump which jerked me out of my bunk, and I came to the conclusion, not incorrectly, that we were on the rocks.

The Fort George Cañon was a dangerous spot, and a furious current hurled itself between the narrow openings in the rocks. More than once since that experience did I hear the Premier tell the story of how that 'blasted Britisher', meaning myself, appeared on deck in pink silk pyjamas with a hand camera. Well, I did take up a hand camera, for it occurred to me that if all went fairly well there might be a possibility of an interesting picture or two, and there was.

I duly kept my promise when I got back home; dictated up a few memories of our happy visit to the new B.C., and in due course received a charming little note from the young Editor thanking me so much for what I had written, with just a timid suggestion that he thought he ought really to pay me something for the work. I sent him a reply telling him I had been only too delighted to pay my tribute and offer my very humble thanks for all we had enjoyed. Then a postscript occurred to me, to the effect that, if he cared to make a small

payment in any direction, I should like to suggest that a christening mug be purchased for the baby Georgita, which in due course was done.

It never occurred to me as particularly likely that I should run into this young man (by name Daniels) again, but I did some years later. It was during the battle of the Somme, just after we had captured the little village of Fricourt. Overhead a fight was going on between one of our 'planes and a German, and at the end of the village an anti-aircraft gun was blazing at the enemy 'plane. As we passed by the gun team, I thought there was something familiar about the face of the young officer. I have a bad memory for faces, but for once I'd guessed right; it was sure enough Daniels.

CHAPTER XVI

One or Two Memories

LORD STRATHCONA, LORD HALDANE AND LONDON UNIVERSITY

I WAS devoted to the first Lord Strathcona who, as previously stated, invited my wife—my bride as she was then—and myself as his guests for a second honeymoon in Canada.

I used to go and shoot with him each year at Debden, a place he had in Essex, and a wonderful shoot it was in those pre-war many-pheasant days. He did not himself shoot, but left the running of it to his son-in-law, Dr. Howard. One day the dear old man came in at breakfast to inform us that two Canadian gentlemen were coming down to see him early that morning; he then added that he thought it would be very nice if we asked them to join us in the shoot. What could we say otherwise than that we should be delighted? We were held up for about half-an-hour, waiting for these two good men, who arrived in billycock hats and black tail-coats. The fact that they stated that they had done practically no shooting was ignored, for Lord Strathcona had made up his mind they should enjoy some sport, so duly rigged up with caps and jackets and armed with guns, out they came. At the first stand the birds fairly streamed over, but after the first shot or two I took no further interest in shooting birds, for one of the visitors was too near me and my loader; simultaneously we bolted to the back of a stalwart elm until the beat was over. Thank goodness the two visitors decided after that first beat that this was not their particular form of recreation.

One evening when I was sitting with the old gentleman at the end of a very good day, he suddenly said, "You know, my dear Harry, you are, I think, almost the only one of my friends, young or old, whom I have known for any length of time, who has never asked me for anything." I somewhat naturally replied: "Well, the idea never occurred to me, nor do I think there's anything I want. However, I'll bear the thought in mind." It must have been about six months after that that I was staying with the late Lord Haldane, then Chancellor of London University. In his expressive and eloquent way Haldane expounded to me his ideas on the inevitable future of London as the Imperial University, and told me that they wanted £50,000 to add to what was collected to complete the amount required for a new site. He then said, "Now, you know a lot of people, Harry, I wonder if you could help us." I ventured to suggest that if I were going out to collect any money for any university I should be doing so for my old Alma Mater of Oxford, and anyway, I hated begging.

However, Lord Haldane, a very difficult man to argue with, eventually persuaded me of London's claims, and I then bethought me of Lord Strathcona's comment. I told Haldane I would do what I could.

A week or two later I called to see the grand old Canadian High Commissioner and told him the story. He hummed and hawed for a bit and said, "You know, my dear boy, I am not as rich as people think I am." However, eventually he smiled and said, "Well, perhaps I couldn't devote the money to any better purpose," and let me have a cheque for £50,000. I sent the good news to Lord Haldane, who wrote thanking me for this wonderful help and for the splendid gift which I had obtained, adding that the University of London would never forget what I had done for them.

Well, the sad end of that story was that the Senate apparently couldn't agree among themselves, and nothing was done. Very many months later Lord Strathcona quite rightly suggested to me that it was a stupid thing to hold up so much money for such a length of time, adding that he was a business man as well as a philanthropist, and equally rightly withdrew the offer.

Some years after that the University of London celebrated its centenary (at least, I think I'm right in saying its centenary) and organized a whole week of festivities. I don't know how many thousands took part in those festivities, but the individual who was never to be forgotten did not even receive the suggestion of a ticket for the very back row at any single one of the celebrations. However, he still bears up.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

To my regret I never knew Alfred Harmsworth in his very early days. When I first met him he had established the *Daily Mail*, and was already riding a winning horse. My real friendship with him started in 1907 when I was organizing the first Imperial Press Conference.

Upon my return from Canada, where this idea was born in my mind, I had gone to see Harmsworth, after a talk with my old friend Arthur Pearson, and laid my plans before him. His enthusiasm was splendid. "My dear Harry, what a grand idea," he said. "Why on earth has none of us ever thought of it before? However, let's act quickly now. The first thing to be done is to call together a meeting of the British Press." But the story of the Imperial Press Conference is told elsewhere.

Alfred Harmsworth, First and last Baron Northcliffe, was a big man (in every sense), with an immense head on good square shoulders. A good crop of hair brushed down at an angle over the left eye. Determination writ large was obvious from one glance of that striking head. He knew his own mind, and arrived at whatever decision he had to make without the waste of a second.

He was utterly dynamic, and exercised enormous influence in his day. It is, I think, generally agreed that no greater journalist ever ruled in Fleet Street.

Alfred Harmsworth, as all his world knew, had a very quick temper. He also, I believe, rather liked those who stood up to him. One day, when I had been busy for some six months toiling at the extremely uphill job of organizing



THE TWO ALIDAS



THE AUTHOR LEAVING ECHUCA, ON THE BORDERS OF NEW SOUTH WALES, DURING A FLIGHT ROUND VICTORIA

this first Imperial Press Conference, I ran into him in St. James's Street. He asked me some trivial question, what it was I quite forget, but to my reply and apropos of nothing, abused me like a pickpocket for not carrying out some particular detail which he thought ought to be done.

Now, as I had given up almost everything for the purpose of what I believed to be a great Empire ideal, and, incidentally, was working in an honorary capacity at a very considerable loss to myself, his rating got me very much on the raw. So I replied very shortly, and with some heat, that if he mistook me for some blankety blank reporter on his blankety blank *Daily Mail*, he could go to all sorts of places.

For about half-a-minute we handed to one another some exceedingly pungent phrases. Suddenly Alfred burst out laughing and said: "My dear Harry, forget what I said. You're doing a grand work; I'm sorry I lost my temper for no reason, and I shall not forgive myself unless you come along and join me at lunch." I laughed too, and apologizing for losing my temper likewise, said I should love to have luncheon with him, but I was going down to the Club where So-and-so was lunching with me. "Never mind that," said Harmsworth, "we will 'phone him and get him along too." So we went over to St. James's Place, where Harmsworth then lived, and my friend duly joined us at what proved to be a delightful little gathering.

From that day to the end of his life, if Alfred Harmsworth was ever able to do me a good turn, he always seemed to want to do it. He had a habit of ringing one up at an inordinately early hour in the morning, but as I also had a telephone at my bedside that slightly softened the sting of the early call.

One day, having called me up, he said, "My dear fellow, I want to pay you the greatest compliment I possibly can, and that is to take you down with me to lunch with my mother." And a wonderful woman was Mrs. Harmsworth. We drove down to Totteridge, where she lived, and it was a delight to see that brilliant son and his mother together. He was obviously as devoted to her as she was proud of him. She was certainly one of the most remarkable old ladies I have ever had the pleasure of meeting; so alive, so intelligent and so full of information.

While building up the Imperial Press Conference I had to raise a guarantee fund, and it was to Alfred I went first. He said at once: "Yes, my dear Harry, of course I will—here's a couple of thousand pounds to start with. If you want less don't call on me for the lot; if you want more, come to me again."

Incidentally, he gave one of the most delightful functions at the Conference, a garden party at Sutton Court, one of the really beautiful and interesting old Surrey houses; and on a trip made shortly afterwards through Canada he kept sending me little notes from his private car, telling me of the far-reaching effects of the Conference which he had come across in the various cities of the Dominion. When it was suggested that a presentation should be made to me by the British Press, he, with Arthur Pearson and Lord Burnham, was a moving spirit in getting up subscriptions for a portrait which was afterwards painted by Sir William Orpen, and presented to me at a newspaper gathering.

One morning at the usual early hour, he called me up to tell me that Lord Onslow (the fourth Earl of Onslow) had been trying to persuade him to induce me to undertake a certain new job; that was to give a hand to the organization

of an Empire Parliamentary Association, based somewhat on the lines of what had been accomplished in the creation of the Empire Press Union. Northcliffe then added that he had told Onslow that in his opinion I had given up as much time as I could afford to the Empire (at any rate, just then) in the two years devoted to the organization of the Imperial Press Conference, and that he would do no more than pass the message on. To this opinion I reluctantly agreed, and added that with every wish in the world I could not then undertake any more organization of the kind.

I did, however, readily accept an invitation to meet the provisional Committee of Lords and Commons on three or four occasions, and to the best of my ability gave them something of our experience in the somewhat similar venture, which they were good enough to say was very helpful.

In appointing their Secretary, the Committee were fortunate in securing Sir Howard d'Egville, than whom it would have been impossible to have found a man more perfectly suited to the particular task which he has since worked up to be one of the outstanding links of Empire.

On another occasion Alfred 'phoned me at the same hour again, but this time he was much more mysterious. He told me that Lord Roberts was particularly anxious to have a chat with me, and that he, Lord Northcliffe, would meet the two of us wherever we liked, either in London or at Lord Roberts' house at Ascot. The fact that the great Lord Northcliffe was prepared to go down to Ascot to a meeting impressed me considerably, and I accepted that rendezvous, for it fitted in with a visit which my wife and I were making to Binfield, just on the other side of Ascot.

When we arrived there I found Lord Roberts and Lord Northcliffe waiting for me; it appeared that both, deeply concerned by German war preparations, and equally depressed by the lack of our own, wished to put every effort of organization into the National Service League. The idea of that meeting was to persuade me to take in hand this special organization. I told them that although immensely touched by their suggestion of my capacity in this direction, I could not afford to put aside the work I was doing just at that time, even for a task so important.

"From the financial side," said Northcliffe, "tell us just what you want and we'll readily meet you." Again I thanked him, but told him that for National or Empire work I should hate to take any kind of remuneration.

Lord Roberts then said, "Well, Harry, will you give us a helping hand as a member of a very small committee with Lord Northcliffe and myself, and will you try and help us to think of someone who could act as Organizing Secretary?" To this I most willingly consented.

Eventually a name was suggested by Lord Northcliffe, one Freddie Browning, whom I remembered having met once or twice quite casually, but knew nothing of his capabilities. However, Lord Northcliffe thought that he would fill the bill, and undertook to get in touch with him. That little committee was duly formed, with Browning as Secretary, and with Lord Roberts I went on more than one occasion to address audiences upon what we believed to be the great coming menace; it was indeed an uphill job, for in hardly any part of England could we get the masses to realize that there was any possibility of war between ourselves and Germany.

How right the grand old Field-Marshal was, and how wonderful was his prophecy made as far back as 1909, when addressing the Imperial Press Conference, and emphasizing the possibility of this Armageddon. He told us that in his opinion the menace might come at any moment and from any direction, adding that even a 'chance shot in the Balkans might bring the whole world to war. Six years later that shot was fired.

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Arthur Pearson hoped at one time that he had become the possessor of *The Times*, but, as the world knows, he failed, and the great paper was acquired by Lord Northcliffe. These two big men, both dear friends of mine, saw practically nothing of one another for several years.

I remember one day when poor Arthur Pearson, who was losing his sight, was spending a good deal of time down at his country house near Farnham; I suggested to Alfred how nice it would be if he were to go over and look up Pearson. He fell in with the idea at once and said, "My dear Harry, fix it up and I shall be only too ready to go." I duly arranged the little meeting, which was one of the happiest gatherings I ever had a hand in. I naturally did not suggest to Arthur that I myself had suggested the visit to Northcliffe.

Northcliffe was a great enthusiastic pioneer. No one will ever know how much we owe to him for the encouragement of Aviation. The great £10,000 prizes the *Daily Mail* gave for various feats in the air—the crossing of the Channel, the flight round Britain and so on—after every one of which Northcliffe gathered his friends, usually at the Savoy, to meet such men as Bleriot, Beaumont, or other heroes, were made doubly memorable by the infectious enthusiasm with which he conducted all the proceedings. He had his faults, and maybe they were big faults, but he certainly had his virtues, and they were grand virtues. His was one of the most magnetic personalities I have known.

Each of the Harmsworth brothers had a marked individuality, and together were a striking and interesting band. The world, of course, knew best Lord Northcliffe, a journalistic genius of international renown, an unforgiving enemy—according to report—but as far as I was concerned, a fascinating and sterling friend.

In sheer business ability and drive Lord Rothermere undoubtedly took first place, and there was something about the quiet effectiveness and simple, disarming, modest manner of Cecil, now Lord Harmsworth, which brought him a host of friends.

I remember well a kindly and thoughtful action of his, when I was a Member of Parliament and he was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In the early 'Twenties, I had been working hard in the House of Commons and elsewhere for the elimination of the *visa* between England and France.

One morning I received a message from Cecil, giving me the good tidings that this Anglo-French Agreement had been brought about and largely through my continued efforts. He added that, as he wished this fact to be known, he would like me to put in a 'Private notice question' the following day, so that he could duly inform the House and the country. Very hearty cheers greeted the announcement that the two Governments had decided to abolish

the *visa*, the abolition to take place at once. This personal tribute, I have always thought, was a very kindly act of Cecil Harmsworth's, and entirely characteristic. There was, of course, no earthly need to bring me into the picture, for the announcement could have been made automatically by the Foreign Office, but Harmsworth was not the kind of man to overlook the efforts of a colleague, to whom he wished to give credit for a little task accomplished.

To the world at large Leicester, Hildebrand and St. John were not so well known, but each had his own strong points; for all-round charm and geniality I was much attracted by the youngest, St. John, who had the misfortune to be terribly injured in a motor accident which, although it crippled his body, had no effect on a most active, endearing and clear-thinking mind.

It was, I believe a great sorrow to Lord Northcliffe that he had no children. Only once did I hear him refer to this. He happened to be at my house in Cowley Street, and was looking at a miniature of my two children, which had been presented to my wife by the Home and Dominion Press. He picked it up and gazed at it quietly for at least a minute, then just as quietly handing it back said, "My dear Harry, how I envy you."

CHAPTER XVII

The First Imperial Press Conference and the Founding of the Empire Press Union

THE CONCEPTION

"In my opinion the recent Imperial Press Conference was one of the most important ever held in Britain."

This statement, in a speech made by Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, shortly after the close of the first Conference, added just one more to the many striking comments on the same subject by public men in the Mother Country and throughout the Empire. This great gathering of the Editors of the Empire's Press took place at the beginning of June 1909, but the idea of holding such a gathering was born almost two years before. As already stated, my wife and I were privileged to pay a visit to Canada in the early autumn of 1907 as the guests of Canada's grand old man, Lord Strathcona, then High Commissioner in London.

Dining one night at Government House, in Winnipeg, two or three of us were discussing Commonwealth and Empire problems, and indulging in the not uncommon amusement of chaffing one another on the amazing ignorance of folks in every other part of the Empire on the subject of our own particular section. It was a most entertaining Manitoban who tackled me on the subject—all, of course, in the best of humour. When in turn, and by his leave, I cross-examined him, he fell down on my first simple question—the names of the States of Australia.

That night, as I lay in bed turning over the conversation at the dinner-table, I could not help being impressed by the fact that this Canadian citizen, very bright, very intelligent, and incidentally a member of the local Legislature, could not even give me the sub-divisions of another great unit of the Empire. From that, of course, one asked oneself, "If this be the knowledge of an intelligent citizen, what must be that of the man-in-the-street?" It was not only lack of knowledge of our people in the Old Country for the Dominions and Colonies, which I readily admitted, or that of a large number in the Dominions and Colonies for the Mother Country, but equally apparent was the ignorance of many in the Dominions and Colonies with regard to other parts of the Empire. And so, not unnaturally, followed the thought: "Is there any effort which could be made for the encouragement of inter-Empire knowledge, and closer understanding?"

Then gradually began to materialize the idea of calling a meeting in the heart of the Mother Country of those whose **daily job it is to mould the opinion of millions of readers wherever the Union Jack flies**: to organize a gathering of editors or proprietors of the Empire's newspapers for the purpose of meeting

us at home and discussing outstanding points, as well as enabling us to show them all we were able to in the old land; but, in addition, to afford them an opportunity of meeting one another, and in collaboration to thrash out many mutual problems and interests. Then, looking ahead, to try and bring together similar gatherings in subsequent years, not necessarily in the Mother Country, but in each of the great Dominions in turn. In addition to this, and with the object of keeping the units in close touch, to form a permanent body with headquarters in London and branches throughout the Empire.

BIRTH OF THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE

The following morning, the enthusiasm for my scheme having in no way abated, I spent two or three hours attempting to work out various preliminary details and evolve a skeleton scheme; later that day it was my good fortune to be the guest of one of Canada's most able Editors and outstanding citizens, John Dafoe of the *Manitoba Free Press*. To my delight he fell in at once with the idea, gave me many most practical suggestions, and much sound advice; and it was, incidentally, with the sincerest pleasure that two years later I welcomed John Dafoe as one of the two delegates to the Conference from the city of Winnipeg.

Shortly afterwards, when staying at Ottawa, I went into the subject with the Governor-General, Lord Grey, and his popular Military Secretary, Col. Sir John Hanbury-Williams. Lord Grey, ever an enthusiast for Empire work, gave me every possible encouragement. I seem to see him now pacing up and down his room at Rideau Hall, exclaiming: "My dear Harry, if you can pull this off it will, in my opinion, do more for the Empire than any form of Conference which has yet taken place. We will do everything we possibly can to help you along."

The next stage, and naturally the most important, was to get the approval and co-operation of the principal newspaper proprietors and leading editors at home. On my return to England that autumn I called to see many well-known journalists and discussed the matter with them. First and foremost, my old friend, Arthur Pearson; then Kennedy Jones, at that time an associate of Lord Northcliffe; and then Robert Donald, Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. Each assured me the scheme was right; each promised his help.

Encouraged by this wonderfully helpful start, I put in an active week or two sounding other leaders in the national and provincial Press. Among others, Fabian Ware (who since those days has done such great work with the War Graves Commission), at that time editing the *Morning Post*; Harold Gwynne, Editor of the *Standard*; the Hon. Harry Lawson, a very active figure in control of the *Daily Telegraph*, and son, of course, of the first Lord Burnham; Frank Newnes; C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*; the Editors of the *Yorkshire Post*, *Sheffield Telegraph*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Western Morning News*, and other great provincial papers; St. Loe Strachey, of the *Spectator*; Bruce

Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*; and, last but not least, Lord Northcliffe, who was almost the most enthusiastic of all. The majority of these distinguished journalists were good enough to come to a little informal luncheon which I gave at the Savoy, at which the whole scheme was talked through, and provisional arrangements suggested. Lord Northcliffe made a short speech endorsing to the full my idea, and saying that he would be only too happy to give it his full support, and would be very happy to act as Treasurer if I would undertake the task of Hon. Secretary.

This, of course, I was very ready to do, and in due course we summoned together an informal meeting of the British Press, the first occasion on which the Home Press had, to the best of my knowledge, ever met in such large numbers under the same roof. At that meeting (which incidentally was also at the Savoy Hotel) it was suggested that Lord Burnham be elected our President, and Arthur Pearson undertook to act as Chairman, with the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary as previously stated.

A General Committee of about a hundred was formed, to include representatives of all the provincial morning and evening papers of Great Britain, as well as the leading weeklies and agencies, together with the President of the Institute of Journalists and the Newspaper Society. The General Committee was, of course, far too large for working purposes, and was created in the main to let our future guests know how widespread was the desire of the Press of the United Kingdom to join in their welcome. Even the Executive Committee of sixteen or eighteen was found to be too big to call together as frequently as was necessary, so the arrangements eventually fell into the hands of two or three small sub-committees which met regularly, and, for some time before the Conference, almost daily.

One of the first necessities we had, of course, to tackle, was that of putting together a somewhat considerable guarantee fund. Here, Lord Northcliffe, as already stated, was more than helpful.

The second task I had to tackle was one which would not strike the average citizen as a difficult one, namely, to get publicity for this Conference.

Often in subsequent years, when a guest at a Press gathering, or responding to the toast of the Press at others, I have dwelt on the subject of the unbelievable modesty of the Press on the subject of its own public service. This statement, although usually received with a smile, is really true, or at any rate was utterly true in the year 1908.

For months I could not get any of our people to say anything worth while with regard to the great Conference we were all so anxious to bring about, and so in endeavouring to make my arrangements throughout the country—arrangements for the meeting place in London, arrangements for hotel accommodation, for every sort of transport by road and rail, for public and private hospitality—I had to wander up and down, and on each occasion reiterate the whole story to those whom I hoped to interest. For example, with regard to the railways; for a long time I could get no kind or sort of concession in any shape or form, and well I remember the first sympathetic ear I found was that of my old friend, Sir Alexander Henderson, afterwards Lord Faringdon, at that time Chairman of the Great Central Line. We sat next to one another at some public dinner, where I poured out my woes, suggesting that I should

probably have found it simpler to arrange transport facilities for a bunch of visiting continental tourists than seemed to be the case with this delegation of leading newspaper men who, more than any other possible visitors, possessed the power of moulding opinion day-by-day throughout our Dominions and Colonies.

Either Henderson's kindheartedness or my eloquence prevailed, for before the dinner was over he said: "Well, my dear Harry, you have persuaded *me*, at any rate, that your scheme is sound and that your visitors deserve the very best we can give you. As far as it will serve you, the Great Central Railway will do all it possibly can for the transport and comfort of your guests."

I then asked him if I might announce this very acceptable promise in the papers as a news item. "Certainly," he replied. I did so, and that thawed out matters very considerably in the direction of rail transport.

The authorities of the Savoy Hotel, ever hospitable, gave us our headquarters under their roof, and in the early summer of 1908 I persuaded my associates of the Press—both Metropolitan and Provincial—to allow me to use the columns of their papers in circulating from time to time arrangements, settled and prospective, with regard to the proposed Conference, pointing out to them that the better the forthcoming gathering was known throughout the country, the easier it would be for the harassed organiser to make the many necessary arrangements.

In the first letter I ventured to call the attention of the readers to a proposal which I felt sure would engage an unreserved sympathy.

"Imperial Conferences and meetings of many kinds have been held in recent years; but there is one which still remains to be convened. The representatives of the newspapers of the British Empire have never yet found the opportunity of making acquaintance with one another and of exchanging views on those political and professional topics in which they are all interested. Considering the great and growing importance of that part played by the Press in all the States of the Empire, there can be no body of persons whom it is more desirable to bring into personal contact than those who are charged with the conduct of the great organs of public opinion in all the diverse portions of the Imperial Realm. A serious attempt is now being made to attain this end."

I then announced the prospective date, together with details of Committee and Executive, and expressed a hope that the invitation shortly to be sent out would be accepted by the most influential newspaper men of every section of the Empire. After stating that facilities for full and free discussion would be afforded, the letter went on to state:

"But we do not intend that our energies or the time of our visitors shall be wholly absorbed in these grave matters. Some of the overseas journalists will be visiting Great Britain for the first time; others will be glad to renew their acquaintance with the Old Country. We hope that they will spend an enjoyable holiday and carry back pleasant reminiscences of

British hospitality—that they will have the opportunity of inspecting the naval, military and industrial resources of the Old Country, that they will see something of our social life in its best aspects, and that they will be brought into touch with many persons of high distinction, as well as with leading colleagues of the London and Provincial Press. Guests and hosts alike have much to learn from this mutual intercourse, which should lead to a better understanding by home journalists of the Dominions beyond the seas, and a closer realization on the part of the visitors of the political, social and industrial conditions which prevail in these islands. That the occasion, if wisely used, will conduce to the unity and solidarity of the Empire as a whole, we entertain no doubt whatever.”

This letter, backed up by several leaders and supported by correspondence—expected and unexpected—was followed by another which I sent out on behalf of the Press of Great Britain to the heads of the great daily newspapers throughout the Empire, informing them of the Conference, and asking those from the larger cities whether they would be kind enough to meet and elect from among their body representatives to act as delegates on behalf of the newspapers of that particular city. To one or two of the most important centres we allocated three delegates; to certain parts of the Empire in regions where there was only one outstanding daily paper we invited the representative direct. On all occasions except the direct invitations referred to, we naturally left the selection entirely to our future guests.

We then added that we should be glad if those who were going to do us the honour to come to London as our guests would consider themselves as such, from the moment they left their respective lands, during the period of the Conference, and for the journey home. We hoped to welcome them all in London on Monday, June 7, 1909, to entertain them in London for the period of the Conference, followed by visits to various parts of Great Britain, returning to the Metropolis for one or two final meetings.

In the meantime our little Committee was working away, and particularly do I like to recall the help given me by Lord Northcliffe, Arthur Pearson, Harold Gwynne and Robert Donald in the day-by-day arrangements, while Alfred Spender at the head of a small Conference sub-committee devoted endless time and attention to dealing with the subjects to be discussed.

Harold Gwynne, in those days, was editor of the *Morning Post*. When I first knew him he was Reuter's senior correspondent in South Africa, and a first-rate journalist.

When Arthur Pearson bought the *Morning Standard* I remember suggesting to him that, if he could be persuaded to take up the job, Harold Gwynne would make an excellent editor. Pearson agreed, and Gwynne for some time occupied that position, leaving it later to edit the *Morning Post*.

Robert Donald—later Sir Robert—a great figure in Fleet Street, edited the *Daily Chronicle*, and throughout the first War was one of the coterie of friends closely associated with the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, at Walton Heath.

Alfred Spender was a great figure throughout his life in liberal journalism, the Editor and moving spirit of the *Westminster Gazette*. His leaders were widely

read by men of all shades of politics. Utterly sincere and scrupulously fair, his viewpoint was always worthy of appreciation.

It was a great loss to London evening journalism when Alfred Spender and the *Westminster Gazette* ceased to be.

Kyffin Thomas was the owner of the *Adelaide Register*, a tall, well-built Australian, and a born diplomat.

When all the delegates to the first Conference had assembled, it was felt necessary to elect a chairman of the delegation as a whole, and a proof, I think, of his personality, diplomacy and tact, was shewn by the fact that it was almost immediately decided that he was the right man for the position. To act as their honorary secretary the delegates elected John Kirwan of Calgoorlie.

While details were being arranged in London I was engaged in making a series of flying visits to Coventry, Sheffield, Manchester, and so forth, as well as to Glasgow and Edinburgh, rounding off the various arrangements in the Provinces and in Scotland.

One idea which occurred to me, and one which I kept very much to myself, was that of conferring upon a few of our guests the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Law at one or other of our great universities. I naturally tried first my old Alma Mater of Oxford, but found its Chancellor, Lord Curzon, not as responsive as I could have wished, although he was good enough to promise to go up to Oxford, entertain the delegates at a luncheon at All Souls, and give in their honour a garden party in that same interesting college. So then I tried a great university of the North, where I found in Sir Donald Macalister of Glasgow a more sympathetic listener. To my great delight Macalister agreed to confer six degrees, and left it in my hands to nominate the six. It was not an easy task, for with two or three exceptions I had not had the privilege of meeting any of our guests-to-be.

Towards the end of 1908 the forthcoming Imperial Press Conference was becoming fairly widely known. For the first six months of that year, as previously stated, I had a real uphill job in making every single arrangement; all kinds of difficulties were encountered in putting together the programme, for as every pioneer will admit, the Old Country does not readily enthuse on new ideas.

During the last six months the story was entirely different, for when we really had our plans almost complete, and the programme cut and dried, a veritable Niagara of invitations began to pour in; the fact that I endeavoured to impress upon our kind would-be hosts that every available date was fixed apparently weighed little, and correspondence upon this subject became in several instances exceedingly animated. Particularly was this the case with regard to certain cities which had been slightly lukewarm when the subject was first broached, or they discovering that they had been passed over and invitations accepted elsewhere.

One of the most important of the preliminary arrangements which had to be made was that which concerned the transport to the Motherland of all our distinguished guests, for in our invitation to them we had expressly stated that we desired to be their hosts from the time they left their own home town, during the period of the Conference, and for their transport home. In a little tribute

paid to the memory of that great Chief of the C.P.R., Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, I have related the story how, after failure to accomplish what I desired with the P. & O., the idea came to me to see whether we could not bring our friends from Australia and New Zealand home across the great Dominion of Canada, which suggestion brought back a welcome and enthusiastic reply from Sir Thomas; so it came about that not only did the leaders of the Press 'Down Under' have the opportunity, many of them for the first time, of seeing another great section of the Empire, but, thanks to the wondrous hospitality of the C.P.R., as well as that of Canadian colleagues, friendships were formed between the representatives of the three Dominions before all arrived together at an English port. Theirs, indeed, was a triumphant progress from Vancouver to Quebec. In the somewhat short time at their disposal they were able to see a few of Canada's manufactories, products and resources, were entertained by the Governor-General at Ottawa, and by every city and province which they passed. It goes without saying that they left Quebec with the Canadian delegates imbued with the wonderful possibilities, as well as the overwhelming hospitality, of the great Dominion. In fact, as more than one Australian said to me a little later, it was no bad thing for them that a week at sea was sandwiched in between the passage across Canada and the subsequent strenuous weeks 'at home'.

In the meantime, on this side all outstanding points had been satisfactorily arranged, subjects for the Conference agreed upon, speakers settled, the social programme for London, as well as for the provincial and later the Scottish tour, duly printed and, as far as was humanly possible, all eventualities provided for.

We had, of course, a certain number of difficulties to overcome, even during the comparatively smooth going of the last six months: perhaps one of the most difficult, until good fortune and an energetic effort put it right, was the possibility of losing, at our great opening gathering to welcome our guests, the services of one who was then known as the Orator of Empire.

In the year 1909 party politics were somewhat strenuous, and it was difficult to think of a leading statesman who could voice the right kind of welcome to this country and who was not, with his colleagues and opponents, passing through the turmoil of strenuous political days. There was, however, one outstanding figure who claimed to plough his lonely furrow far from the dust of the political arena, Lord Rosebery, and it was Lord Rosebery who had been persuaded to undertake the task of welcoming our guests. One morning our President, Lord Burnham, rang me up with the doleful message that Lord Rosebery, for certain reasons, found it impossible to be with us. This struck me as being utterly catastrophic. I asked Lord Burnham if I might come round, hear all about it and see whether anything could be done. He told me that Lord Rosebery was adamant, and he feared we should have to think of someone else.

I went at once, and heard the story. It appeared that Lord Rosebery was wishful to hand over his villa in Italy as a country retreat for Britain's Ambassador. It also appeared that the only time which Lord Rosebery thought he could go would be just the period of the commencement of our Conference, for he had to be back in London to be the guest of King Edward for Ascot. Appar-

ently a year previously His Majesty had invited Lord Rosebery to Windsor for the Ascot Races, but for some reason or another he had been unable to go, and he had informed Lord Burnham that it would be impossible—and more than that, discourteous—even to think of absenting himself on a second occasion. “Yes,” said Lord Burnham, “Lord Rosebery is quite adamant.”

Then I bethought me of Lord Esher, whom I knew well, and who was at that time closely associated with the Court. I therefore sent him a little note, begging him to do what he could. His reply, however, was somewhat damping; it ran as follows:

“2, Tilney Street, W.

“22 May, 1909.

“My dear Mr. Brittain,

“I can do nothing. Positively *nothing*.

“If Ld. Rosebery wishes to ‘get off’ this visit to Windsor, he *only* can ask the King.

“Yours very S.,

“Esher.”

I ventured then to suggest to Lord Burnham that there might perhaps be one way out, for I knew that he had the privilege of His Majesty's friendship, and that King Edward had, on more than one occasion, been his guest at Hall Barn; I therefore begged him to make an appeal direct to the King, pointing out the outstanding importance to us all of attempting to persuade Lord Rosebery to undertake a task for which he was so supremely fitted, and for which it was almost impossible to fill the position adequately if he failed.

Eventually Lord Burnham agreed to make the effort. For a couple of days I was on tenterhooks while messages were passing to and fro, backed up by one or two personal visits. But the effort finally succeeded, and it was with unconcealed joy that I received the news from Lord Burnham that His Majesty had graciously excused Lord Rosebery, and that he was free to make his Italian arrangements after the Imperial Press Conference had been duly opened. I have only to add that the Grand Old Man of Fleet Street was just as excited on receipt of the news as was the humble organizer.

THE CONFERENCE MEETS

That welcome dinner, on June 5, 1909, was certainly the largest and most important assembly of newspaper men which had ever come together in London. There was at that time no hotel with a room big enough to hold us all, and so we forgathered in one of the great halls at the Imperial International Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, the Palace of Music; here assembled some 600 newspaper men from the Home Country to welcome our distinguished guests.

It has been my fortune, good or ill, during a somewhat lengthy public

life, to attend hundreds of dinners, many of them of the greatest interest, but this gathering stands out, and will always stand out, quite by itself, for during the course of that evening I listened to the greatest speech that I have ever heard, or am ever likely to hear, in the English language. It was, I believe, my old friend John L. Garvin who first described Lord Rosebery as the Public Orator of the Empire.

And so, during that evening, it was perhaps with gratitude even deeper than that great audience realized that I read out the words of a telegram which had been dispatched from the Conference to the King, and the gracious reply which had just come in from King Edward.

Lord Rosebery, at this inaugural banquet, struck the first prophetic note. Other public men addressing the Conference added their warnings with regard to the state of Europe. "We foresee possibilities," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, "in which we shall be called upon to unite our whole strength in a common defence." He urged the journalists of the Empire to recognize the Navy as Imperial and not local, and so to teach and preach.

Sir Edward Grey, then Foreign Minister, speaking, as Mr. Balfour afterwards said, in terms very unusual for a Foreign Minister, endorsed the serious warning which Lord Rosebery had given. He described the weather in foreign politics as 'sultry', adding, "stand up for strength, but insist that our moderation should be such that our strength shall be feared only by those who attack us".

Mr. Balfour, a former Prime Minister, and a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence, gave the delegates this thought: "If the fate of the Empire depends on fleet superiority, then that superiority must be shown in Home waters. The German Ocean, the Channel, the neighbourhood of these islands, possibly the Mediterranean, these are the places in which, if there is to be an Armageddon, the Armageddon will take place."

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AND NAVAL AND MILITARY REVIEWS

During and after the main Conference

The crowded events which ran with and followed the Conference itself are, of course, impossible for me to deal with in detail. Three large press-cutting books of this period are a sufficient reminder that the newspapers of this country, the Dominions and foreign lands devoted column after column each day to describing the things that were said and done. A full record of the Conference, published under the name of *A Parliament of the Press*, was scattered far and wide, and so successfully that the edition was sold out at once.

Of the many parties the delegates attended during the first week, needless to say none was appreciated more thoroughly than was the opening function when the visitors were the guests of their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, at a garden party at Marlborough House. Before their arrival I had the privilege of a long conversation with His Royal Highness, who,

as we walked slowly about the garden, asked me many questions in connection with the Conference, showing the interest he took in it, and the sympathy he felt for any plan which might help to bind the Empire more closely together.

The delegates and their wives, in accordance with arrangements previously made, met on arrival at a particular place, were arranged in different groups, and were then presented to the Prince and Princess, after which they naturally merged into the general gathering. About a quarter-of-an-hour later I was sent for by the Prince, who told me that he had just received a message from Buckingham Palace that His Majesty King Edward, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, was expected to arrive shortly, and had expressed a wish to have the delegates presented to him individually. This was something of a problem, and H.R.H. put that problem up to Lord Burnham and myself.

There were at least 500 people present at the party, and as we had seen the majority of our visitors for the first time only the day before, our task was not an easy one. Dear old Lord Burnham was splendid. Taking one section of the garden he gave me the other, and for the next ten minutes we worked like a couple of sheepdogs, rounding up our numerous flock and separating them from the rest of the Royal guests to the best of our ability. It was a glorious summer afternoon, with a full burst of real June sunshine, so that among other things the task was a warm one; however, we managed to carry it out just in time, and our guests were duly drawn up once again just before the King stepped forward to receive them. King Edward, with a genial smile, shook hands with each, and with his proverbial tact had something appropriate to say to everyone. One of the points which struck me was on the introduction of the first French-Canadian representative, M. d'Hellencourt, of Quebec. The King, without a second's pause, at once changed from English to French; the happy smile on M. d'Hellencourt's face showed how sincerely he felt the compliment to his mother tongue. Queen Alexandra was equally gracious, and won the hearts of all by the charming way in which she received them.

I possess a little souvenir of that party which I treasure, in a letter received a day or two later from Marlborough House, thanking me for the successful effort made, in difficult circumstances, in marshallling the delegates for the second time so that they might be received by the King.

And so the week began. During the remaining days the delegates were brought into contact with almost all the men who moved the wheels of Empire at home. They were officially entertained by the Government. They met merchant princes at the Mansion House, and under the guidance of the Postmaster-General discovered the secrets of the G.P.O. A delightful luncheon under Big Ben was given by those members of the Lords and Commons connected with literature and journalism, whilst the members of the Conservative Party gave a brilliant luncheon at the Constitutional Club. They were entertained in such historic homes of London as Apsley and Lancaster House (the latter at that time Stafford House, the home of the Duke of Sutherland), whilst at Hall Barn, Taplow and Sutton Place the delegates saw three country

homes of different periods, and received the warmest of welcomes from Lord Burnham, Lord Desborough and Lord Northcliffe.

With the exception of the Government banquet we accepted no other invitations for official dinners, believing that our guests would much prefer to meet a few English men and women at private houses, where ideas are more easily exchanged and friendships formed than at the larger and more formal gatherings. These little functions did not, of course, come under the limelight of the daily Press, but they were assuredly appreciated by our guests, as well as by those who were asked to meet them. Many an interesting question was raised, and many a point—perhaps misunderstood before—cleared up. In this connection, as previously stated, we found the ladies' sub-committee of the greatest help. It was not the easiest task imaginable to subdivide a group of some eighty or ninety people into small and always varying parties so that they just fitted into the numbers available on each of the different evenings.

After the royal garden party the greatest compliment paid to the visiting editors came from the Admiralty and the War Office, in the form of invitations to witness displays especially arranged in their honour by the Army at Aldershot and by the Fleet at Spithead. I doubt if ever before a body of laymen has had the honour of reviewing the sea and land forces of one of the great Powers. That this honour was sincerely appreciated was very evident to all who were with the delegates on those two most interesting occasions. That the visits served a useful purpose has been emphasized again and again in the years which have followed.

Having seen off all the delegates in their fleet of cars (sending them, incidentally, by a slightly longer route), I drove down to Aldershot as fast as I could to be in time to present our guests to Lord Haldane, then Secretary of State for War, who had promised me to attend. I remember that drive, for it was the only occasion throughout my long career as a motorist—at any rate, up to now—that I have ever been pulled up for exceeding the speed limit. I owe a debt of gratitude to that particular policeman, who, on learning the reason for my excessive speed, accepted it and told me to push along.

The day at Aldershot was in every way enjoyable, for every detail illustrating the many sides of a soldier's life had been splendidly worked out by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. From the summit of Tunnel Hill we watched an engagement in which 15,000 men took part as nearly as possible under war conditions, culminating in a spectacular charge to the foot of the hill. Later in the day we were taken to the parade ground, where Sir Horace had arranged an interesting experience of a different kind, consisting of a march past of detachments from each unit stationed at Aldershot in all the splendour of review order. Smith-Dorrien realized that the average Briton Overseas seldom saw a soldier from the Home Country, and when he did it was in the more sombre and workaday khaki. It was a happy thought, and our guests expressed real appreciation as the brilliant cavalcade of guards, lancers, Highlanders, and detachments of many a famous regiment slowly filed before them.

A visit to the immense mobilization stores, swimming-bath and gymnasium was followed by a first-rate exhibition of gymnastics and swimming; the whole

party then adjourned to the Officers' Club for tea before motoring back to London, after a day as enjoyable as it had been instructive.

The week finished with the great Naval display at Spithead. Half-an-hour before scheduled time I arrived at Victoria to find our train, beautifully decorated, waiting for the party. I also found the First Sea Lord, who, leaving nothing to chance, had arrived even earlier to see that every detail was perfect. As I learnt in our preliminary arrangements, no item was too small to escape his notice, and on that particular Saturday the whole programme went through with clockwork-like precision.

At Portsmouth, having boarded the *Volcano*, we steamed slowly down the harbour, past the *Victory*, that day gay with bunting and manned from stern to stern; doubtless in the hearts of all who gazed upon her stout old wooden walls—and many did so for the first time—there was a thrill of pride in Britain's deeds of other days. But our mission that day was with the present, not the past, and at Spithead there was indeed unveiled before us a spectacle almost overwhelming in its magnitude. In seven mighty lines which ran to the horizon were anchored Britain's ships of war. Such a sight could have been seen nowhere else in the world.

As we steamed slowly down the lines, ship after ship boomed forth a welcome, and long wreaths of smoke drifted across the grey steel shapes. My friend John (later Sir John) Kirwan of Western Australia, in a description of the review, told one charming little story. Admiral Sir John Fisher, the First Sea Lord, who had come down with us from Victoria, was in mufti, and met hardly any of the delegates until later in the day. According to John Kirwan's narrative, as the *Volcano* was about to start a quietly, almost shabbily dressed, elderly gentleman in civilian clothes boarded the steamer and joined the party. As she progressed along the lines the delegates consulted copies of a chart that had been supplied to them showing the track through the fleet, and giving the names, tonnage, guns, etc., of each vessel. One member of the overseas party, the youthful daughter of one of the delegates, was reading the chart aloud, and for the benefit of those near, giving particulars of the ships she pointed out. "Excuse me," said the old gentleman, "you are reading the chart wrongly." He then gave the names of the ships passed, mentioned many details about them, referred to the careers of some of the vessels, and answered various questions about them. "You seem to know a lot about ships," remarked the young lady. "Oh," he replied, "not so very much." "Indeed you do," was the response. "Well," he answered, with a strange smile, "I don't know so much about them as I would like to, but I am always trying to learn more." Little Miss Australia, who seemed to think that she had discovered some Portsmouth journalistic authority, insistently went on, "And what have you to do with the ships?" "Well, my dear," replied the old gentleman, "I happen to have charge of them. My name is Fisher."

Later we were taken aboard the *Dreadnought*, then the last word in battle-ships, where Admiral Sir William May received the delegates, and a most interesting display-attack by torpedo-boat and submarine took place. Herein the elements collaborated in making the display as effective as possible, for a short and sharp storm, the only one of the day, blackened the sky and made the scene a sternly vivid one. We wound up with a real stirring attack on Whale



A FAMOUS GEYSER AT ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND

[Photo by the Author]



IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, MELBOURNE, 1925
MR. ANTHONY EDEN AND THE AUTHOR



THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, AUSTRALIA, 1925



SILVER TROPHY PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY THE EDITORS OF OVERSEAS
NEWSPAPERS AFTER THE FIRST IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, 1909

Island by bluejackets, a wonderful medley of boats and armoured trains, of hidden trenches and 4.7's.

From a special pavilion, which would have been dangerously close if the ammunition had not been blank, the delegates watched the mimic war, and much cheering mingled with the roar and rattle of the guns as one gallant attack after another was equally gallantly repulsed. After every sort of death and glory, the island was captured, the Union Jack hoisted, and 'dead' as well as living sprang to attention at the first notes of the National Anthem.

On our return we were driven through the dockyards to see vessels of various classes in the dry docks and basins. The special train on which we dined brought us back to Victoria, full of gratitude to the Admiralty for the wonderful day they had afforded us, and a particular touch of gratitude to the First Sea Lord for the excellence and perfection of all his arrangements. In fact, we felt that he could not be allowed to disappear without realizing how grateful we were, and as he walked up the platform at Victoria he was surrounded and mobbed by the enthusiastic delegates. I called for cheers, which were given again and again with waving of hats and handkerchiefs; then followed 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow', sung with more vigour than tune! There was yet a final cheer, and much hand-shaking before our host was allowed to go on his way with a last word to the delegates, "I hope you will all come again."

So the first week came to an end, and the fact that almost every delegate was at every Conference, and attended nearly every function given, said much for the energy, determination and staying power of the greater Briton.

On Sunday, our one quiet day, most of the visitors attended evening service at the Abbey, where seats had been reserved for them. Here we had a little unrehearsed incident which was not on the programme, but which was, nevertheless, much appreciated. Among the congregation I had seen the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Randall Davidson, and when the service was over I asked His Grace if it would be possible for the delegates to be taken round the chapels and Royal tombs after the congregation had gone. The Archbishop not only approved of the suggestion but made himself our guide, and in the deepening twilight we walked slowly round the glorious old building, listening to the story of its wondrous past from the Primate of All England.

THROUGH THE PROVINCES

During the tour in the Provinces, and again in Scotland, the delegates were the recipients of hospitality from every class, as unbounded, as generous, as that which they had found in London.

Second to none in the Empire for wholehearted open-handed hospitality is the great city of Glasgow, and we had a foretaste of her welcome when, on arrival at Euston on the morning of Sunday, June 20, we were joined by Lord Provost McInnes Shaw, who had come down to London to escort his guests to the North. Once again my lady and I were in sole charge of our large family, and off we set for Glasgow in a special train of great luxury, the officials of the line doing everything to make our journey enjoyable. Luncheon and

tea were served aboard the train, and the delegates were lavish in their praise of all the excellent arrangements.

Glasgow indeed gave us a programme of generous fullness typical of Scotland. Whether the fact that so large a number of the delegates bore Scottish names had any influence or not, it is certain that nowhere did we meet with more magnificent hospitality or receive a more enthusiastic welcome.

In addition, a little well-kept secret was revealed to the delegates in the conferment of the Degree of Hon. LL.D. upon six of the most popular and gifted visitors. I was naturally delighted to have been able to arrange this great distinction for the first time in this country, when journalists were so honoured as journalists, and I owed, indeed, a great debt of gratitude to the Principal, Sir Donald MacAlister, for so graciously falling in with this suggestion.

It had not been too easy to pick out the recipients, so it was therefore all the more satisfactory to realize, at the completion of the ceremony, that the selection appeared to have the wholehearted approval of the entire delegation.

Dr. MacDonald of Toronto, who replied to the address of the Principal, expressed the universal opinion when he said that the newly created Doctors accepted the honours not for themselves alone, but for the Press of the whole Empire, and they were deeply touched that the great University of Glasgow, with a long history and a noble name, should confer this honour, unique in the history of Journalism. Those who were so honoured were Mr. (later Sir Edward) Cunningham, Editor of the *Melbourne Argus*; Sir Hugh Graham, later Lord Atholstan, proprietor of the *Montreal Star*; Mr. (later Sir Maitland) Park, Editor of the *Cape Times*; Mr. (later Sir Stanley), Reed Editor of the *Times of India*; Dr. Ward, Editor-in-Chief of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*; and Dr. J. A. MacDonald, Managing Editor of the *Toronto Globe*.

The final gathering in Edinburgh was memorable for a delightful speech from Lord Dunedin, Lord President of the Court of Sessions, and an equally effective reply by John Kirwan, representing the *Kalgoorlie Miner*, of Western Australia, who also officiated as Honorary Secretary for the delegates.

John (now Sir John) Kirwan, who has been a sterling friend of mine ever since the days of 1909, has added to his success in journalism by making a great name for himself in the realm of politics, and has been for many years past Speaker of his Legislative Assembly; that he is just as good a speaker as he was a newspaper man is the verdict from 'Down Under'.

We made our way back to London in a special train, as supremely comfortable as that which had brought us North. This time it was the East Coast route (now the L.N.E.R.), and while luncheon was being served the train developed a pace over a flat section of the line which both in speed and steadiness of running received our visitors' warmest praise.

On our return, the resumed sittings of the Conference took place, as well as meetings of the sub-committee which had been formed to deal with cable rates. A discussion of the greatest interest took place on the subject of Imperial Defence, under the chairmanship of Lord Esher, with Lord Charles Beresford as first speaker on the naval forces, and General Sir John French on the military aspect. After the last debate we forgathered at Lansdowne House—alas, now no more—where a brilliant reception was given by Lord and Lady Lansdowne in honour of His Majesty's birthday.

London,

June Twenty-sixth, 1903.

Harry I. Brittain Esq.



Dear Mr. Brittain,

As delegates from the Oversea portions of the British Empire we desire to express our warmest thanks to you as the originator and Designer of the Imperial Press Conference and for the marked efficiency and courtesy you have shown throughout.

None more than we can realise how heavy and responsible was the undertaking and how complete the success achieved. To the public men and private citizens of the United Kingdom who aided so conspicuously in the work of the Conference and who so generously extended hospitality to the delegates we desire through you to offer our most cordial thanks.

We assure you that the great kindness of yourself and Mr. Brittain will never be forgotten by us, and it is our sincere wish that you may long be spared to enjoy happiness and prosperity together.

beg you to accept the accompanying as a slight token of our appreciation and esteem and as a souvenir of what we believe will prove to be an Imperial event of great importance.

Mr. H. P. Jones, Chairman
Adelaide, S. Aus.

High School. Montreal, Can.

Maitland Hall Perth, W. Aus.

George Street, Dunedin N.Z.

Stanley Road, Bombay.

Law & Brinkley, Montreal

John W. Keirison W. Australia

P. Davis, Melb.

C. Bennett Sydney, N.S.W.

F. Crookier Roles, Captn.

Ed. S. Cunningham Melbourne

W. G. Sykes, S. Aus.

J. D. Finlayson.

F. W. Ward, Sydney.

R. Phillips, Sec. S. Africa

John H. Richardson, S. Africa

G. H. Ingham, S. Africa

Photographs of the bound illuminated address to the author which accompanied the presentation of a silver trophy following the first Imperial Press Conference

P. D. Ross Ottawa, Canada	Richard J. Jones Newman London
Alfons. Madras.	William Holts Ingles, New Zealand.
J. W. H. Calcutta N. India	E. B. Watton Port Elizabeth Cape Prov.
James McDonald Toronto.	Norman Clark Belfast
H. B. Kealey Liverpool N.W.	James Brathwaite Calcutta
W. J. H. Elder, N. Zealand	W. C. Engle Pretoria
Angus Mackay, Bendigo, Australia	J. W. D. Macdonald Halifax, Canada
Mark Allen, Dunedin, New Zealand	Geoffrey Robinson S. Africa
George Finnie, Dundee, N. Zealand	B. E. Davies Birmingham
Harry Dick, Auckland N. Zealand	Ronald Macdonald Christchurch N. Zealand
Edward Dwyer, Calcutta	Stewart Rangoon
Mr. Thompson, N. S. Wales	
John Nelson, Victoria Canada	
Lewis Ashkenazi, Jamaica.	
S. J. G. M. Mullins	
M. L. Chubb, Winnipeg	
Canthra Woodhead Durban Natal. S. A.	
E. W. Cready St. John's Canada	

A further page of signatures included in the illuminated address overleaf

Before the Conference reached its official close, two other meetings took place. The first was with the Prime Minister, at the House of Commons, on the subject of cable rates, which was introduced by the Hon. Harry Lawson (afterwards Lord Burnham), the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) being accompanied by the then Postmaster-General, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and Col. Seely (today Lord Mottistone), at that time Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The second reception was given by the delegates on the closing afternoon of the Conference, to say farewell to their hosts of the British Press and to the many friends whom they had met during their sojourn in London. Mr. Kyffin Thomas, Chairman of the delegates, and his lady acted as host and hostess, and received at their headquarters a large gathering, not only of those connected with the British Press, but, to the full capacity of the reception rooms, many others who had collaborated in looking after our visitors from Overseas. In the course of that reception, my dear friends from Overseas covered me with confusion by making me a presentation as beautiful as it was wholly unexpected. Kyffin Thomas, as spokesman, after saying that he would not make a speech, expressed very charmingly what he described as the great indebtedness of himself and his fellow delegates to the Hon. Secretary and his wife, and handed to me a beautifully illuminated address bound in the form of an album. This address, 'To the originator and designer of the Imperial Press Conference', phrased in most touching terms, was signed by every one of the delegates, and concluded by wishing to my wife and myself a long life of happiness and prosperity together. With that I treasure a silver trophy, which ever since has stood in an honoured place in my home.

The *Newspaper Owner* of that date describes the gift as follows:

"The design of this trophy represents Britannia at the helm of the barque *Progress*, with Mercury, emblematical of the Press, at the prow. The barque is supported by four wings, representing the four quarters of the earth, upon a globe of the world, on which the British Empire is traced. The whole stands on a plinth upon which are engraved upon festoons of laurel the names of the Dominions and Colonies which were represented at the Imperial Press Conference. The inscription is as follows: 'Presented to Harry Brittain, originator and organizer of the First Imperial Press Conference, by the delegates from Overseas as a mark of affection and esteem, June 1909.'"

A second presentation, which, if possible, I appreciated even more, was made to my wife, in the form of a very delightful miniature of our two small children; and a third to Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, a diamond pendant, presented on behalf of the delegates by Lady Graham, for the splendid work she had done as the Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Committee.

It was not an easy task for me to reply to all the kinds things which were said about me, and to bid farewell to so many who, in the course of a few brief weeks, had been transformed from new acquaintances into real good friends. Many, of course, I have seen again on numerous occasions, and hope to continue to do so, but, as always is the case, when such a Conference breaks

up, one is bound to say good-bye to some for the last time. Although I could not help feeling rather sad that my specific task was over, I naturally rejoiced in the fact that all had gone well.

THE EMPIRE PRESS UNION FOUNDED

The Conference was followed in England by a series of articles in the home Press, of which not the least interesting was a retrospect in *The Times* of June 28, immediately after the close of the programme, written by the special correspondent who had accompanied the delegates throughout. This was in turn followed by practically the whole of the Metropolitan and the great provincial papers, and in terms more than pleasing to those of us who had had some active little part in the work.

Following the departure of the delegates, almost every mail brought in some vivid impression, and it was perhaps from these written in the quiet perspective which distance creates that some idea of the results of the Conference might be gauged.

Those results, as I saw them, were twofold: direct and indirect. Of the former there were two, the first being the reduction of Press cable rates (previously referred to) to every part of the Empire. The second, and one which I endeavoured to emphasize from the very earliest stages, was the formation of a permanent body to carry on the work begun at the Conference.

This permanent organization was founded a few months later under the name of the Empire Press Union, the idea of this Union being to keep the newspapers of the Empire in close touch with one another; to continue the work of the cable committee, in dealing with such questions as cable rates, and an inter-British news service; to act as a central connecting body of the newspapers here with those Overseas; to arrange for the holding of further conferences, and to decide in what part of the Empire they were to be held.

That Union was duly formed, as a company limited by guarantee, with a Certificate of Incorporation from the Board of Trade, and today, under the presidency of my good friend John Astor, Chairman of *The Times*, is one of the most effective links of Empire, with its headquarters in Fleet Street, and possessing strong and effective branches in every part of the British Commonwealth. But it was not only the direct results which were of importance. In an article written for the *Newspaper Press Directory* of the following year I tried to visualize future hopes, and venture to quote what I then wrote on this particular aspect:

“The indirect results of the Conference are not to be tabulated so easily as are the direct, but they were in the opinion of those connected with it by far the most important. We brought over to England men whose occupation it was to mould public opinion in all the great centres of the Empire, many of whom had previously drawn their information in a great

measure not from personal observation, but second hand, and this information in many cases had been received through channels not always friendly to England. We did our best in the short time available to show these men something of Great Britain as she really is from the inside. They reviewed her might and majesty, and we did not hide from them the poverty and distress in our great cities. They met and heard our leading statesmen, representing not one shade of political opinion alone, and learnt from them a few of the difficulties we have to contend with as the pivot of the Empire. Their meeting with our leading newspaper men here was of great mutual benefit, and led to firm friendships being formed which cannot fail to bind together in many ways the Empire's Press. They voiced the sentiments of Imperial Unity, and Imperial Equality, speaking for the great mass of the people, in a manner in which it had never been voiced before, and which, as those who studied the foreign Press during the month of June will readily recollect, caused an immense impression throughout the countries of Europe. The ideas interchanged, the experience gained cannot all be written down today, but will last and make themselves felt for many years to come."

Shortly after the completion of the Conference, and under the Editorship of S. J. Pryor, as already stated, an official record was published entitled *A Parliament of the Press*, containing a report of the proceedings, of the naval and military pageants arranged in honour of the delegates, and with many pages devoted to the visits to the great provincial centres. We were already under a great debt of gratitude to Lord Rosebery for his memorable opening speech of 'Welcome Home', and he laid us under a further debt by accepting the request of the Editor to contribute a preface to the volume. Lord Rosebery's preface concludes with these words:

"To my mind then this fertile and original conception promises more for the unity of the Empire than any of the forms of Imperial congregation that have preceded it. It is the gathering of the tribes to the Ancient Tribe. God grant that it portends, as I believe it does portend, union daily closer and nearer, until it shall over-ride geography and consolidate our scattered peoples."

During the following month Lord Rosebery invited my wife and myself to pay him a visit at 'The Durdans', his house at Epsom, and there he gave me his reasons for much that he had said in his speech of welcome, and in the preface to the official record. I asked him if he would mind telling me how long he took to prepare this great oration which had so impressed us all, and which we so very nearly missed. He told me that, off and on, it had taken him the best part of three weeks. It was worth every minute of the time.

Almost before the last of the delegates had left our shores we took up the task which was in my mind when the suggestion of the Conference was originally made, to put into being the permanent body; we named it the Empire Press Union. The various and necessary details were worked out during the autumn, Mr. Charles Soames kindly undertaking the legal work. At the

end of the year we received the requisite licence from the Board of Trade, and the Empire Press Union was duly incorporated.

In the memorandum under the title of 'Original Articles', reproduced by reason of their 'Historical Interest', we have a list of the first Officers and Council. The first President was Lord Burnham; the first Treasurer Lord Northcliffe; the first Council consisted of the following: C. Arthur Pearson (who was elected Chairman), Sir John Arnott, Bt., Moberley Bell, Robert Donald, Kennedy Jones, the Hon. H. L. W. Lawson, C. D. Leng, Ernest Parke, Sir George Riddell, C. P. Scott and J. A. Spender. The first Hon. Secretary was myself. I agreed to act in this capacity throughout the organization stage and until the Union was well and truly launched.

A PRESENTATION FROM THE HOME PRESS

In the meantime a surprise had been prepared for me by my good friends of the British Press, when I learnt informally from Harry Lawson that it had been decided to present me with my portrait as a souvenir of the work accomplished. From Lawson I gathered that Arthur Pearson, Lord Northcliffe and he himself had busied themselves, with one or two others, in this more than kindly suggestion. He then said that it was to be left to me to select any artist I desired, and added, "If I were you, my dear Harry, I would choose either Sargent or Sir Hubert Herkomer."

I had, however, conceived a great admiration for the works of a young artist who was then very little known. His name was Orpen, afterwards to become Sir William Orpen, R.A., and, before his far too early death, one of our greatest portrait painters. Harry Lawson, I am afraid, was not too pleased with me when I informed him of my choice; in fact he told me it was rather foolish to go to some more or less unknown man when I could have had a portrait by an outstanding artist.

However, I stuck to Orpen, and in due course went out to his studio at South Kensington, where the sittings commenced. Notwithstanding the fact that he told me I was the worst sitter he had ever had, we became great friends. After some five attempts on my plain and homely features before the following sitting commenced he celebrated the occasion by turning the canvas upside down and starting again. The picture took a long time to complete, and resulted in many an entertaining luncheon at the Savile Club when the morning sitting was over.

The portrait, eventually finished, was duly presented to me at a dinner of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association under the presidency of Harry Lawson, M.P., its Chairman. It was a largely attended gathering of real good friends among the leaders of the country's newspapers. Harry Lawson's charming speech was, of course, somewhat embarrassing to the grateful recipient. Among other things he said that

"all would be agreed that the Press was right in doing honour to a man

who had performed a great service to the Press, the Nation and the Empire, conceiving the idea, and carrying into effect the first Press Conference ever held in the Empire. The Imperial Press Conference of 1909 was the work of Harry Brittain. There was no doubt that from the broadest standpoint the Imperial Press Conference had promoted a better understanding of common interests, common loyalties and common aspirations than ever existed before within the Empire. It gave them a new unity which he thought was destined to bear excellent fruit in the future. From the point of view of Pressmen it produced practical results of the greatest value in reducing almost as by a stroke of genius the cable rates throughout the whole of the Imperial system. It was because they felt that Harry Brittain deserved well of the Press and of the State that his friends were happy to have the chance of offering him, as an expression of what they felt towards him, a portrait by Mr. Orpen. Almost the whole of the newspaper world inside and outside London were represented among the subscribers. Though it might not be an adequate recognition of the services he had rendered, it was at all events some measure of appreciation which he thoroughly deserved for a great work performed with infinite tact and goodwill towards all who had the interests of the Empire at heart."

The Chairman then, amid cheers, unveiled the portrait.

To that very charming speech, so delightfully received by all who were present, I had to endeavour to reply, and found the task no easy one. The portrait, in due course, made its way to the Academy, to be discovered on the Line.

PROGRESS OF THE EMPIRE PRESS UNION

The Empire Press Union, which was taken up in earnest by the Press, soon became an Empire-wide organization. It has, during the course of its career, secured innumerable privileges for the Press, and helped visiting editors in many ways. From the start it has had the wholehearted support of the London correspondents of the Dominion and Colonial newspapers, and they would, I think, be the very first to agree that in its turn it has done its very best for them.

Following the death of the first Lord Burnham in 1916, his son, Harry, was a most successful President, popular and beloved by all; he retired in 1929. He was succeeded by Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, Chairman of *The Times*, who, together with his charming wife, Lady Violet, has assuredly annexed not only the regard but the affection of newspaper folk in every part of the Empire. Since John Astor succeeded as President, he has coupled with that the task of Chairman of the Council, and there is no member of the Union, here or overseas, who does not hope that he will hold the double reins for many a long year to come.

Since 1919 our Secretary has been Mr. H. E. Turner, who has worked

year in, year out, wholeheartedly for the Union. He has today wide knowledge of the Empire, his experience is appreciated by the members of every section, and is of the greatest value to all of us.

Following the first Conference numerous knighthoods were conferred, none more popular than that bestowed upon Robert Kyffin Thomas, of the *Adelaide Register*, a charming and genial Australian who was elected by the delegates, unanimously, as their Chairman.

In glancing through my press-cutting book I have just come across a laudatory article on Kyffin Thomas by one whom Lord Northcliffe described as the greatest journalist of his time, William T. Stead, and I am reminded in that article of an amusing reference where Stead writes that regret is being expressed that a similar honour had not been bestowed upon myself for creating and organizing the gathering.

"Harry Brittain" [writes 'W.T.'] "richly deserved the honour, and deserved it not the less because of the austere integrity of public virtue which led him, at the time when the knighthood was hanging in the balance, to fill his windows with caricatures of the Ministers on whose favour it depended and to fling himself heart and soul into an electoral campaign against the Government."

Our dear friend Kyffin Thomas was, alas, not to enjoy for long the knighthood conferred upon him, for to the sorrow of all his many friends he passed on in June 1910, a short year after the happy weeks we spent with him in England.

During August and September of that year I paid a visit to the United States and Canada, and in the latter country came across many instances of the value of the first Conference; at Montreal Sir Hugh Graham, afterwards Lord Atholstan, forgathered a large number of distinguished citizens, including many newspaper men, at a dinner in my honour at the Mount Royal Club, and I was delighted to listen to tributes, paid by men from all parts of the Dominion, to what had been accomplished by the first gathering of the Empire Press Union.

Again, in the following year, a Coronation Banquet was given on June 18 by the Empire Press Union, to the large number of representatives of the Overseas Press who had forgathered in London. Lord Burnham—the first Lord Burnham—presided over a crowded gathering, supported by the Treasurer, Lord Northcliffe, and Kennedy Jones, then Chairman of Council. The Grand Old Man of Fleet Street was in great form, and in turn was followed by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who gave us an eloquent address in his happiest vein.

Several of the leading Canadian newspaper men who were over for the Coronation endorsed what I had learned again and again privately during my visit the previous year, how strong was the desire in Canada for a second Press Conference, and that Ottawa should be the meeting-place. This was repeated to me on the spot in 1913 during a short visit to Montreal and Ottawa from New York; either 1914 or 1915 being the suggested date.

Well, all this we proposed, but the First Great War, alas, disposed, and Conference No. 2 was perforce postponed *sine die*.

However, there was much for the Empire Press Union to do during the War. Meetings were arranged and attended by the many correspondents of Overseas papers; the privilege of admitting a certain number of correspondents to the lobby of the House of Commons was secured, as well as many other facilities in a dozen different directions. The Union also took part in propaganda work, distributing throughout the Empire articles by leading writers on the various war achievements, and through its members and associations in all the Dominions and Colonies it spread information which did much to guide public opinion everywhere.

In July 1918 a large number of Canadian newspaper men visited Great Britain in order to give the people of the Dominion a fuller idea of war conditions. This delegation was entertained on more than one occasion by the Empire Press Union, and an informal conference was assembled to discuss affairs of mutual interest, when Col. Woods, of Calgary, emphasized the need for a still better, quicker, and cheaper news service throughout the Empire.

Referring to my own brief remarks on that occasion, I see that I pinned my faith in the capacity of the newspaper editor as against that of the average politician, adding that I had met many stupid politicians, but never a stupid editor of a great newspaper. Either such a man would have to go, or his paper would disappear. Notwithstanding many a year of Parliamentary experience since then, I am still of the same opinion.

Once again in my press-cutting book I am reminded of a little function which had quite slipped my memory, and that was a luncheon which I gave to Lord Burnham and the Council of the Empire Press Union, at the American Officers' Club, of which I was Chairman, to discuss the holding of a Second Imperial Press Conference. Our Canadian friends had very kindly suggested a gathering in 1915, which of course had to be postponed, and it was hoped that perhaps the Conference might take place in the Dominion in 1920. At the conclusion of this function Lord Burnham asked me whether I would once again act as the Ambassador for the home Press in making the preliminary contact. This seemed to indicate another brief visit to Canada, and perhaps a rapid tour of a part of the Great Dominion as, once again, the guest of the ever hospitable Canadian Pacific Railway.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

The Canadian Pacific Railway, one of the greatest business concerns in the world, has always enjoyed first-rate men to steer its fortunes. Among these was Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, to whom I have already referred.

In 1907, or maybe early in 1908, when carrying through the uphill job of preparation for the first Imperial Press Conference, one of the many points which worried me was the bringing of the delegates from all ends of the Empire to London. With the help of one or two good newspaper friends,

I had put together a very fair-sized sum towards the necessary expenses, but in our invitation to the representatives of the Empire's Press we had particularly stated that we wished them each and all to be our guests from the time they left their homes, wherever they might be—Adelaide, Wellington, Bombay or Cape Town, until they returned once again to their own doorsteps; so naturally I was anxious to do all possible in the way of a reasonable reduction in rates.

With this idea in mind, I went down to the P. & O. to discuss with Sir Thomas Sutherland, the General Manager (I think that was his title) any kind of reduction, but found this distinguished Scot entirely adamant. Nothing had been written in the papers about the Imperial Press Conference (that, incidentally, was one of my greatest difficulties, to get the Press to beat the drum about ourselves), and after about a quarter-of-an-hour's attempt at persuasion I gave up in despair.

On my way out of the office my eye was attracted by a large globe of the world which, so far as I can remember, was an advertisement for one of the cable companies. Looking at this globe, suddenly an idea struck me. A wonderful idea, of course—the fact that the world was round. Why not, then, give the P. & O. a miss and bring our guests from Australia and New Zealand round the other side of the world?

That afternoon I sent a long cablegram to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the C.P.R., and what a tonic arrived the following morning! Sir Thomas replied to the effect that he was delighted with the suggestion; he added that the C.P.R. would be only too happy to look after these welcome visitors from Australia and New Zealand, bring them across the Dominion as the guests of the Line, and then, in company with the Canadian delegates, put them on one of their own boats for England. It was a grand and hospitable answer and, incidentally, I hope and trust was good business in the long run for the Canadian Pacific Railway. It also meant that the newspaper representatives from Australia and New Zealand had the Canadian newspaper men as well as the C.P.R. as their hosts, so that, as I said, when they arrived in England they landed here not as strangers but as good, firm friends. How I blessed that globe of the world!

A year or so after the Imperial Press Conference was over and the Empire Press Union had come into being, I received another message from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and one which I was very proud to receive. It was to the effect that the C.P.R. was building a new line from Brandon down to the American border and, for what he graciously described as my services to the Empire, he wished, subject to my approval, to christen the terminal town after me and the adjoining stations after my old home in Yorkshire and its neighbouring village. Naturally I replied at once, saying how much I was touched by this kindly suggestion.

After a week or two, however, a letter came from Sir Thomas saying that apparently a town already bore my name, and duplicates were not encouraged by the postal authorities; but having looked up *Who's Who* and discovered that my wife had a very attractive Christian name, might they give that name to the terminal town? I replied, of course, that I was still more honoured by that suggestion, and today in the prairie of Saskatchewan stands the little

town of Alida, whilst next to it is a station bearing the name of my old home Storth Oaks, and next to that Broomhill. We have had more than one visit from citizens of Alida, and when I went through the Great Dominion to Australia for the third Imperial Press Conference, I did my best to charter a 'plane at Winnipeg to go and spend a few hours there, but alas, in 1924 there was no such thing as a 'plane available, and I could do no more than send a message of greeting, to which I received a quite delightful reply before we boarded the *Aorangi* at Vancouver.

EARL GREY OF HOWICK

There were few older men in my youthful days to whom I was more devoted than to the late Lord Grey. Always the same magnetic personality, with an ever-cheerful, 'don't-give-a-damn-for-anyone' manner, unbounded enthusiasm, wholehearted love of Empire, all entirely after my own heart. An hour or two with Albert Grey was a vitalizing tonic.

I stayed with him several times when he was Governor-General of Canada, where he assuredly won the hearts of Canadians. As already stated, he was the first Englishman whom I consulted in 1907, after conceiving the idea of a Press Conference to link up more closely constituent parts of the Empire, and it was his wholehearted support of my conception which did more than anything else to make me determined to carry out the task.

When he returned from Canada I saw much of him. He was often in Cowley Street (for as a director of the old North-Eastern Railway he frequently made his way to the Parliamentary offices next door to my house), when he would give a rap on my library window if he saw me working inside, come in, and have a chat.

When our small boy and girl arrived he invariably made inquiries about them, and as they began to acquire intelligence and started to walk about, found them very amusing. They in their turn adored him, particularly the little girl, and at one period I don't think he ever passed the house without coming in to look them up. He used to recount various stories of their odd sayings, only two of which I can remember.

On one occasion when Alida was about three, Lord Grey was sitting in my den in a large armchair with the little girl on his knee, when suddenly he remembered an appointment considerably overdue. We hastily sent out for a taxi, and when my man returned to the room to announce the fact, with the words "Taxi's at the door, my Lord," Alida looked up solemnly and said, "Why are you called Lord? Were you born in a manger?" "No, my dear," replied Lord Grey, laughing, "I don't think I was, but if they put on much more to the things they call taxes, I shall certainly die in one."

Another story which I heard him repeat more than once with great gusto had its origin on another occasion when he popped in and said, "Harry, where are the children?" "Upstairs in the nursery, I think," said I. "Let's go up and see them," said he. Up we went, up and up and up, and finally

just as we were outside their room heard a tremendous noise going on. When we went in to see what it was all about we found Bobby on his hands and knees going round the room as fast as he could, with Alida on his back, beating him with a stick. "What on earth's all this about?" I asked. Whereupon Alida, entirely calm and collected, replied: "Oh, it's all right, Dadda, we're going to J'usalem. Bobby's a donkey, and I'm Jesus."

As may be imagined, they possessed a nurse who did her best to give them a rudimentary knowledge of the Scriptures, even if the results were not quite those she had anticipated.

One evening Lord Grey had been dining with us and listening to my wife playing the harp. When she had finished he said: "You know, that gives me an idea. At Howick, which I want you both to visit one day soon, we have an old harp which for generations has been but an ornament; I want you to promise me to play it when you come." Alida suggested that it would probably be unplayable for want of strings, but she would try, never for a moment imagining that Lord Grey would remember his request.

Some months later we spent a very happy week-end in this charming region of Northumberland; during dinner the first evening Lord Grey turned to my wife and said, "Now then, Alida, how about a little music on the harp after dinner?" He had seen to it that all the requisite number of strings had been obtained, so my lady had to start the somewhat lengthy process of putting them in and tuning up before she could carry out her promise.

I remember our host telling us some romantic story about that harp, to the effect that it was almost a hundred years to a day since it was last played upon, and then by a fair lady of the house of Grey, who, for some reason which I quite forget, disappeared shortly afterwards; so that for a century the harp had remained silent and forlorn.

I was associated with Lord Grey in a gallant effort he made to bring together the Governments of the Great Dominions on a huge island site (which is now Aldwych), in which effort he was backed by the L.C.C., who granted him a lengthy option at no cost on this wonderful area. It was a grand idea, but was, I fear, somewhat before its time; maybe that time will never arrive!

We had another and more successful collaboration in the creation of an organization to celebrate the Centenary of Peace between the British Empire and the United States, a celebration which, among other things, resulted in the purchase of Sulgrave Manor (which I have dealt with in another chapter). I also served on committees of which Lord Grey was the chief, dealing with Dominion resources development, as well as the Royal Colonial Institute, now the Royal Empire Society, of which he was a vividly active President.

I remember dining with him one night and the late Sir Starr Jameson; during dinner Grey told us that his old friend Sir Weston Jarvis had married, and was back with his bride in London. He added, "Let's go and serenade him." This we did, standing in a row in Curzon Street and singing what we believed to be an effective carol under Weston's windows. It occurred to me it might have been rather a shock if we had been taken to Vine Street for disturbing the peace; instead of which we were taken in by dear old Weston and given much hospitality.

Earl Grey was a great Englishman. He may have made mistakes, but he did things—big things—and with his infectious enthusiasm, carried along others to try and do things too.

My memories of him are among the very happiest I possess.

From the point of view of the Imperial Press Conference and the subsequent Empire Press Union, John Dæoe of Winnipeg and Earl Grey of Howick were the two good friends who set me on my way.

CHAPTER XVIII

The First Overseas Conference: Canada, 1920

IN February 1919 a meeting of the E.P.U. was held to consider an invitation from the Canadian Press to hold a Conference in the autumn of that year, or in 1920. With Mr. Hurd (now Sir Percy Hurd), I was requested by my colleagues on the council to pursue the question with the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Robert Borden, and Mr. John W. Dafoe, of the *Manitoba Free Press*, who happened to be in London at the time. Our distinguished visitors were as sympathetic as they were interested in the proposal, and promised to get in touch with the Dominion at once. It was, of course, a matter of particular personal interest to me that one of the two well-known Canadians with whom we conferred should have been Mr. Dafoe, for it was in Winnipeg that the conception of the idea of the Conference first occurred to me in 1907, and the able Editor of the *Manitoba Free Press* was the first individual with whom the idea was discussed.

Canada immediately replied to the effect that she would be delighted to give the first welcome overseas to the Empire's Press, and invited the central body of the E.P.U. to cable its views on the important question of date. Eventually the summer of 1920 was selected as the date, and the members of the Council of the Union did me the honour of asking me to act as Chairman of the Arrangements Committee in connection with the preparation of the gathering, our hosts-to-be expressing the wish that the Central Branch of the Union should deal with such matters as invitations and general arrangements for the Homeland as well as for the rest of the Empire.

To carry out my task as completely as possible, and convinced that a personal visit would be far more effective than months of correspondence, I decided to go to Canada to discuss preliminary arrangements on the spot, and so left for this purpose in October 1919. An unexpected call at Halifax by the *Mauretania* gave me an opportunity for a preliminary talk with some of the newspaper men of the Maritime Provinces, who unanimously put forward the wise suggestion that the tour should commence in the old Province of Nova Scotia.

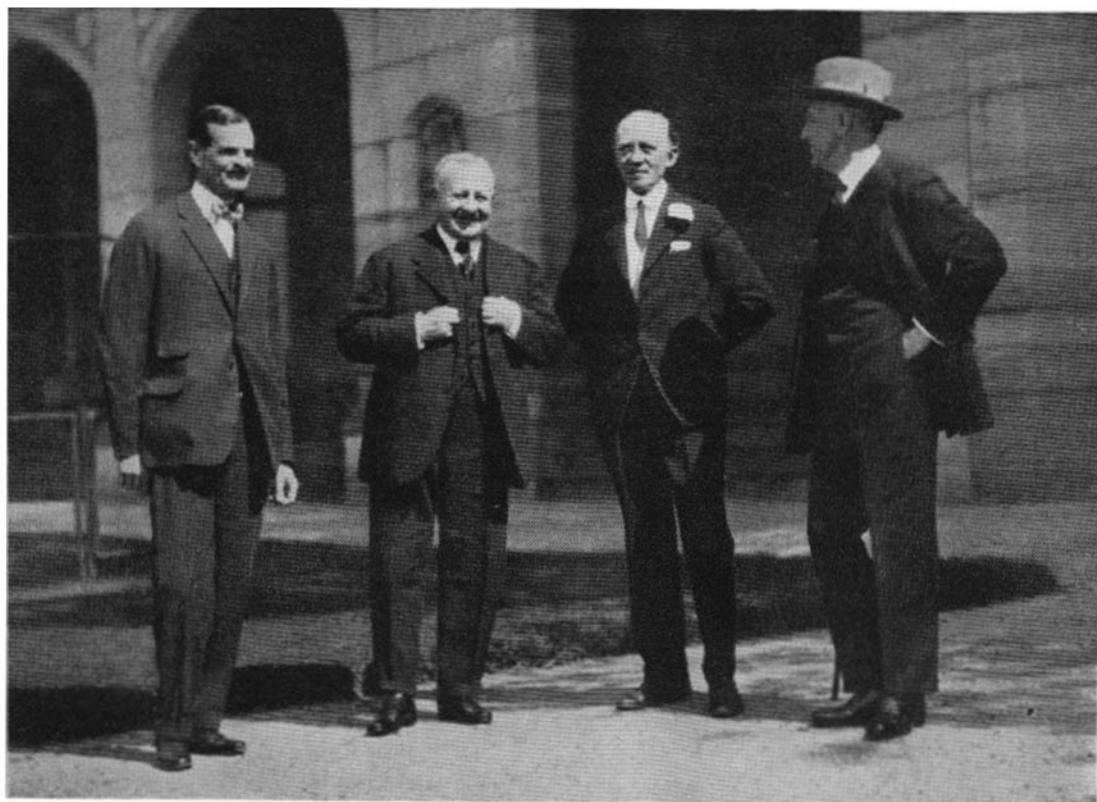
Lord Atholstan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee, assembled together an important gathering of newspaper men to meet me on arrival at Montreal. Throughout the greater part of a day we had a full, friendly and family discussion on the many points which had to be settled. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed, which I was delighted to find shared not only by all the leading newspaper men of Canada, but also by the Federal and Provincial Governments, as well as by the leading citizens throughout the country; an ideal secretary in the person of Mr. C. F. Crandall, Editor of the *Montreal Star*, was found, and it is impossible to over-praise the energy and ability which he threw into his task.



THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, MELBOURNE, 1925

THE PICTURE SHOWS THOSE DELEGATES WHO ATTENDED THIS CONFERENCE AND ALSO THE FIRST CONFERENCE (IN LONDON IN 1909)

(LEFT TO RIGHT): MR. THEODORE FINK (AUSTRALIA); SIR ELMSELY CARR (GREAT BRITAIN); SIR GEORGE FENWICK (NEW ZEALAND); THE AUTHOR;
MR. J. W. DAFOE (CANADA); LORD BURNHAM (GREAT BRITAIN); MR. N. CLARK (AUSTRALIA); SIR GEORGE SYME (AUSTRALIA); MR. J. O. FAIRFAX
(AUSTRALIA); SIR JOHN KIRWAN (AUSTRALIA); AND DR. E. S. CUNNINGHAM (AUSTRALIA)



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY, DURING THE THIRD IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE
(LEFT TO RIGHT): COL. THE HON. J. J. ASTOR; LORD BURNHAM; THE AUTHOR; AND H.E. ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY DE CHAIR,
GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES



THE RT. HON. W. M. HUGHES (RIGHT) AT THE ACTON POST OFFICE, CANBERRA,
WITH THE AUTHOR (THEN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR ACTON, ENGLAND) AT
THE TIME OF THE IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE IN AUSTRALIA



BELVEDERE, CALCUTTA: THE AUTHOR WITH THE VICEROY, THE MARQUESS
OF READING

On leaving Montreal I had the privilege of addressing a luncheon-gathering at Ottawa of those connected with journalism, under the ægis of the Empire Parliamentary Association, and a few days later was the guest of the Empire Club at Toronto for the purpose of outlining what we hoped would result from a Conference in the Dominion.

On my return to London the result of this short tour was reported to a meeting of the Council of the Union, and preparations were made at once to summon the most representative delegation possible. July 1920 brought with it delegates to London from various parts of the Empire, *en route* for Canada. Many of the Australians and New Zealanders, of course, made the journey to Vancouver direct. Arrivals from overseas, together with the Home Delegation, were welcomed by the Canadian High Commissioner, Sir George Perley, on the occasion of Dominion Day, and a little later in the month Lord and Lady Burnham entertained the best part of 100 guests at a luncheon at the Savoy.

Harry Burnham, in the course of his speech of welcome, said that: on the eve of the second Imperial Press Conference, they were all looking backward as well as forward—they were not bound by precedent, they had no official formulæ to choke their free power of breathing, and must all have at the back of their minds the wonderful achievement of the first Conference of 1909. Theirs was the only Parliament of the Empire that had ever assembled in free Conference, and it had all the advantages of real representation without the cast-iron restriction of the mandate. Their only mandate had been to secure a better understanding that would consolidate and fructify the common patriotism of the whole and all the parts of the one Ocean Commonwealth.

"The distances of the nations," he continued, quoting Ruskin, "are measured not by seas but by ignorance." The Press Conference had helped more than any other Conference yet held to dissipate and dispel the fog of peace within the Empire, so that when the appointed hour came, the fog of war was so thick that our enemies never saw through it, and grasped the essential unity of the British Dominions.

Leo Amery, on behalf of the Colonial Office, wishing us God-speed, said that one value of an Empire Press Conference was that party or local subjects could not be discussed. The danger to pressmen, as to politicians, was to get absorbed in the little issues and forget the big ones. The Conference of 1909 discovered the big problems that lay ahead with seriousness, and in a practical spirit such as was never seen in Parliament, and the result was that when they separated they realized the big issues with which the Empire might any day be faced. Though that was five years before the storm actually burst, there was not a village from one end of the Empire to the other which had not a true view of the cause and meaning of the recent war.

So off we went, on July 28, by a special train from Euston to Liverpool, the greater part of the good ship *Victorian* having been reserved for us. Our Canadian hosts had authorized us to invite a hundred delegates, sixty from the Homeland and forty from the Dominions, India and the Colonies, in addition to which there were about thirty ladies for whom the Canadian Committee had promised to make every provision possible.

It was a most interesting trip, for besides the *North Atlantic Times*, issued twice daily on board, new records galore were broken, or I should say established, in wireless telephony, Marconi having arranged to fit out the ship with the latest long-distance apparatus, for communication between ship and ship, or ship and shore. Mr. A. E. Burrows, Marconi's chief lieutenant, was on board and in charge of all the experiments which, I believe, proved even more successful than had been anticipated. What with conversations and news items, the wireless appeared to be busy all the time.

One afternoon I had just had a chat with Chelmsford, and was making my way to my stateroom, when I was pulled up by the steward with a request—at that time quite unknown in such circumstances: "You are wanted, sir, on the 'phone." It occurred to me at that moment that this might prove to be yet an added horror of the sea. On reaching the instrument, I learned that it was the *New York World* calling me, speaking from Newfoundland, with the demand for a short interview. But a very pleasing and unexpected message followed later that day informing me that the great McGill University intended to pay me the outstanding compliment of an Hon. LL.D.

Our delegation was, indeed, fortunate in its President, Lord Burnham, proprietor of one of London's greatest daily newspapers; with the fullest of all possible experience in many directions he made an ideal Chairman. His good humour, ability and tact did much for the outstanding success of the Conference and deeply impressed all who came in contact with him.

Although the delegation was a very representative one, both from home and overseas, there were naturally one or two who for certain reasons had been unable to join us. Of these I particularly missed Lord Northcliffe, whose help to me at the first Conference had been invaluable, and who had promised me again and again to come out to Canada, but who, unfortunately, for reasons of health was unable to do so. His absence was a great loss. However, he did the next best thing, for he sent a most efficient representative in Sir Campbell Stuart, a brilliant young Canadian.

Another friend of mine in the party, Roderick Jones (later Sir Roderick), at that time Chairman of Reuter's, was married but a few days before we sailed. His wedding took place at the delightful Chelsea Old Church (alas, no more), and his bride, Enid Bagnold (and a most attractive bride she was), created what I think must be something of a record in presenting the world with a new novel on the eve of her wedding day.

One little touch, a delightful touch of Canadian courtesy, should not be forgotten, and that was the arrival of Colonel Parkins of the *Ottawa Journal*, who came across to London as the representative of the Canadian Committee, solely for the purpose of acting as our escort. His experience and advice were extremely useful in the preparation of the many details which we had to discuss during our trip across. For this purpose we formed a small committee of the Union, together with representatives of delegations overseas. This committee met fairly frequently to thrash out each matter for discussion, and select the necessary speakers who were to reply to addresses of welcome, and take part in civic and other functions during the tour through Canada, both before and after the date of the Conference.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

At Montreal, the great commercial capital of Canada, we were welcomed by Lord Atholstan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee, and received a civic greeting upon the summit of historic Mount Royal. Our welcome was voiced by the Hon. Charles Marcil, representing the Administrative Commission of Montreal; it fell to me to reply for England, and Geoffrey Fairfax for Australia. I made my little effort half in English and half in French, and was very touched by the more than kindly words of appreciation from the French Canadians present. Later that afternoon we adjourned to McGill University, where those of us who were to be so honoured duly received our degrees as Doctors of Law.

By a happy coincidence this was the first public convocation of the University to be presided over by General Sir Arthur Currie, Generalissimo of the Canadian Forces during the War, and now Principal and Vice-Chancellor. Four of us had the great honour of receiving these degrees: Lord Burnham, our Chairman, together with the Chairmen of the South African and New Zealand delegations, and myself.

While we were awaiting the opening of the ceremony I had the opportunity of a very pleasant chat with the Principal on McGill affairs. Referring to the conferment of degrees, Sir Arthur said to me, "You know, Sir Harry, the ceremony is in Latin, and I sincerely hope that you will forgive me if my Latin is a trifle rusty." "Indeed I will, General," replied I, "and for the best of all possible reasons!"

The ceremony, which took place in the hall of the Royal Victoria College, was a most impressive one and, in addition to the delegates, was attended by a large number of citizens prominent in the life of Montreal. I was very appreciative of the presence of three distinguished American newspaper men, old friends of mine who had travelled up from Philadelphia and New York especially for the ceremony, and to attend a wonderful banquet which wound up the day's proceedings, given in our honour by Lord Atholstan.

My three old friends were Cyrus Curtis of the *Saturday Evening Post and Philadelphia Ledger*; John Rathom, Editor of the *Providence Journal*, with whom I collaborated closely during a period of the War; and Melville Stone, the well-known and popular General Manager of the Associated Press. With the latter came Roy Martin, Stone's acting General Manager, at that time a stranger to me, but a very good friend in later days.

Lord Atholstan's dinner at the Ritz-Carlton, a gathering of over 300 guests, was a sumptuous affair most admirably organized. I enjoyed it especially, for I had the good fortune to find myself next to Stephen Leacock, a somewhat unique figure in the life of McGill. Officially head of the Department of Public Economy, he was one of the most humorous of after-dinner speakers, a well-known author of delightful books, and a thoroughly fascinating conversationalist and companion.

A fine statesmanlike speech was made that evening by Sir John Willison, of Toronto, who was then *The Times'* Canadian correspondent. There was, if I remember rightly, general agreement amongst the delegates that the two

finest of many good speeches amongst the scores listened to in Canada were delivered by two Canadian journalists, Willison's, to which I have just referred, and the second, made later by John Dafoe of Winnipeg.

The Conference itself took place at Ottawa, and was opened on August 4, 1920. Lord Burnham, on the proposal of Lord Atholstan, was unanimously elected as Chairman of the Conference, and well indeed he carried out his task. Addresses of welcome were given to us by the Governor-General (the Duke of Devonshire), by Mr. Arthur Meighen, the Prime Minister, and by Mr. Mackenzie King, leader of the Opposition. The Duke was, indeed, no stranger to an Imperial Press Conference, for at our first gathering in 1909 he had welcomed and entertained the delegates right royally at Chatsworth, as well as at Buxton. The Prime Minister paid us the very great compliment of returning from Western Canada especially to greet us at Ottawa. His official and kindly welcome was re-echoed to the full by Mr. Mackenzie King.

THE CANADIAN WEEKLIES' DELEGATION —OUR GUESTS IN ENGLAND

DURING the summer of 1924 the E.P.U. undertook another activity in collaboration with the Newspaper Society. Arrangements were made to welcome a party of 171 editors of Canadian weekly newspapers. The E.P.U. were to look after them for ten days in London, and the Newspaper Society to father a tour through England, Scotland and Wales for a similar period. A committee of six was appointed, representing the two societies, with our able Secretary, Mr. H. E. Turner, in collaboration with Mr. Armstrong of the Newspaper Society, as Joint Secretaries. The Committee paid me the compliment of electing me as their Chairman, and we did all we could to see that our very welcome guests spent interesting days while over here.

Among other much appreciated parties they were especially received by His Majesty King George V at Buckingham Palace at the second garden party, and delightfully entertained by Lord and Lady Burnham at Hall Barn, their beautiful home in Buckinghamshire. Lord Beaverbrook gave a wonderfully well-organized dinner at the Queen's Hall; Lord Riddell presided over a luncheon of the Council of the Union at Princes; John Astor and Lady Violet entertained the party at historic Hever Castle, and there were innumerable individual hosts. The Admiralty showed them something of the Fleet at Weymouth, and the Air Ministry showed them 'planes at Kenley. I had the great pleasure of arranging a visit to the Houses of Parliament, and the Press Hospitality Committee of the British Empire Exhibition, of which I was Chairman, provided motor coaches and special couriers at the hotel where they were staying. I know that both the tours were thoroughly enjoyed, for from that splendid body of men I received, on their return to Canada, a whole host of most charming and enthusiastic letters of thanks.

Incidentally, we had a very busy season at the great Empire Exhibition, as far as Press hospitality was concerned. On the suggestion of the Executive, a Committee was formed by the Union to organize for the reception an entertainment of Press visitors from the Dominions and Colonies, as well as

from foreign countries. Col. Fred Lawson (later Lord Burnham) and Sir Frank Newnes were associated with me as representing the E.P.U., in addition to which all the well-known associations, unions and clubs connected with the Press joined in, while my lady, who happened to be their Chairman, represented the Society of Women Journalists.

The Exhibition Press Club was opened early in May by the Prime Minister (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald). It was a roomy building with a wide verandah which overlooked the grounds, and possessing all accommodation required for the discharge of journalistic work. I had the honour of presiding over the opening ceremony, which was attended by the Duke of Devonshire as Chairman of the Executive; Sir James Stevenson, Chairman of the Board of the Exhibition; Sir Travers Clarke, Chief Administrative of the Exhibition; Lord Rothermere, and representatives of each Dominion, as well as most of the Colonies.

The Prime Minister feelingly expressed his regrets that he was not working with the journalists; he envied them their present opportunity for excellent copy. Sometimes, he said, journalists were driven to make bricks without clay or straw, and they generally succeeded, but with the British Empire Exhibition and the Labour Government, how rich was their raw material.

For yet another reason do I remember this great Exhibition, for it enabled me to find one of the best and most loyal of secretaries.

My friend Sir Lawrence Weaver, who was in charge of Exhibits, hearing that I was looking for a secretary, told me that he had an admirable Scots-woman working for him, on what, he admitted, was merely a temporary job.

Well, that brought me in touch with my dear Miss Fletcher, who was with me for sixteen years, until her retirement.

No man was better served. After twelve years as a nurse at Guy's Hospital, she served through the First Great War, was captured by the Germans, and escaped; then, on returning home, she trained for secretarial work.

"Fletch", as the family called her, had a real card index mind, was tact personified, possessed a most persuasive telephone manner, knew everybody's secretary and all their little particularities, and was as popular as she was efficient.

She was an enthusiastic Scot, and none the worse for that.

CHAPTER XIX

Preparations for the Australian Conference, 1925

I WAS summoned to the Exhibition on a good many occasions to preside at one function or another, and to bid welcome to newspaper men who had fongathered from every part of the world. In the meantime, work in connection with the third Imperial Press Conference went steadily ahead. Our kindly Australian hosts were wishful that much of the arranging should be made through the Council of the Empire Press Union, and suggested to us that the total number of delegates to be invited should amount to 50—30 representative of the Home Press, and 20 from the Dominions and Colonies, the nomination of the delegates to be left in the hands of the Council of the E.P.U.

To carry out all this preliminary organization in conjunction with the overseas section, the Council appointed a Conference Arrangements Committee, of which it asked me to act as Chairman, the other members being Sir Roderick Jones, Mr.—now Sir Percy—Hurd, M.P., Sir Campbell Stuart, Mr. Crosbie Roles, our Honorary Secretary, Col. Fred Lawson, Mr. Valentine Knapp, representing the Newspaper Society, and Lord Riddell, representing the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Viscount Burnham, as President of the Union, was, of course, an *ex-officio* member.

We had a large number of meetings, and spent a considerable amount of time in forming what we considered a sound and representative team, keeping, of course, in close touch with the other sections of the Union overseas. We had, naturally, a number of disappointments among those whom we had hoped would be delegates but who, for one reason or another, after accepting, found they were unable to come with us. One of these, for example, was Arthur Mann, the very brilliant Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, whom we had much hoped to have with us. As he found that he was unable to come, and it seemed a pity that this great paper should be unrepresented, I suggested that perhaps his place might be taken by a young colleague in the House of Commons, who, I knew, was anxious to visit Australia, and whose father-in-law was largely interested in this great Yorkshire paper. Accordingly, I was deputed to invite Anthony Eden to accompany the party.

Another last-moment suggestion I made which also proved to be a very happy one was during the progress of one of our later meetings. In reply to Lord Burnham's query as to whether any of us could think of any outstanding paper to which an invitation had not been sent, the name of a very famous weekly occurred to me, and I murmured *Punch*. "What a good idea!" said Burnham. "And by the same token, as their office is next door, you and I will go in after this meeting is over, see Mr. Agnew, and talk it over." This we accordingly did, and found Mr. Agnew more than ready to send a representative from his

paper. He asked us to make a suggestion. "Well," said I, "I have never met him, but if he is as good in real life as he is to read, how about A.P.H.?"

Agnew agreed with the suggestion, and the invitation, I am glad to say, was accepted. No member of that particular delegation was more popular or, incidentally, more effective as a speaker than was Alan Herbert.

At length we had the programme rounded up as far as our end was concerned, and I suggested to those of my colleagues in the House of Commons that we might perhaps act as hosts to our fellow delegates before we sailed. Accordingly, the suggestion was carried out, with myself as Chairman, and John Astor, Anthony Eden, and Edward Iliffe as hosts, at a luncheon in the Harcourt Room on June 24.

It was a very happy party. In addition to the members of the Conference we entertained various leaders of the British Press who were unable to go out with us, as well as the Secretary of State for the Dominions, Leo Amery; Ormsby-Gore (now Lord Harlech), the Under-Secretary; Mitchell-Thomson, Postmaster-General (later Lord Selsdon); Lord Stonehaven, Governor-General designate of Australia; and Ramsay MacDonald, leader of the Opposition. The Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, who had a long-standing engagement at Oxford, sent me a note of regret, together with all good wishes for that real success of which he entertained no doubt.

To me fell the privilege of welcoming our guests, replies being made by Leo Amery and Lord Burnham. In an entertaining and characteristic speech, Lord Riddell wound up in proposing the health of my fellow hosts and myself.

That gathering, however, was not to be our final send-off, for the High Commissioner of Australia, Sir Joseph Cook, saw to it that that took place at Australia House on the eve of our departure.

THE ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS' ASSOCIATION

A few weeks before we left for Australia Sir Samuel Hoare (now Lord Templewood), came over to me in the Lobby and asked me whether I would agree to be the guest of honour at the King's Birthday Banquet of the Royal Warrant Holders' Association. In my ignorance I said to him, "Well, Sam, what is the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, and why do you want to find a guest for them?"

He told me (what, of course, I ought to have known) that the R.W.H.A. comprised the great firms who were honoured by the patronage of the King, who bore the Royal Arms over their factories or stores, as well as such distinguished folk as the King's Physician, the King's Surgeon, and so forth. Sir Samuel then told me that he had been the guest on a previous occasion, and had been asked, as a friend of both, if he would pass on this invitation to me. Finding that June 3 was free, I said that of course I would accept with the greatest possible pleasure.

It was at the back of my mind to give a short address on Empire Trade,

for with the exception of the loyal toasts mine was the only one, 'The President, Officers, and Members of the Association'. I also thought it would be a comparatively small party, but on arrival at the Connaught Rooms found that I was the guest of a large assembly with a long top table, and any amount of equally long cross dittos.

The atmosphere was exceedingly cheerful, and after I had been speaking for a few minutes it struck me that it was no particular occasion for a serious address, but that I might adventure into a slightly lighter vein. I was off fairly shortly to the other side of the world, and as the reason was a somewhat interesting one, and had been referred to by the Press on several occasions, a little thought occurred to me.

After another word or two on Imperial trade, and what could be effected by the right kind of traveller armed with the right kind of goods, I said :

"It is, I believe, a fact that you Garter Knights of British Trade have, up to the present, been accustomed to work solely as units, each in his particular line occupied in turning out the very finest manufactured goods, the best of the best, and fit for a king. Now, it seems to me that this occasion creates an opportunity for you to co-operate in unison. As many of you know, I am off in a week or two to Australia, travelling *en route* through two other great sections of our Empire. I think I am a pretty good traveller, and if I may suggest it, with that angle in view, this may be your opportunity to work in unison, and in wholehearted collaboration to supply me with a complete trousseau."

There was a roar of laughter at this. I then slipped back to the previous theme of Empire trade, and eventually concluded. However, as soon as I sat down cards and messages began to roll up very rapidly and were passed on to me by the Chairman. What I had thrown out as a little joke my good friends took *au grand sérieux*.

The first message I received read as follows: "We shall be delighted to make you a tropical dress suit and half-a-dozen silk shirts.—Thresher & Glenny."

Then: "Will you be so good as to accept from us one of our latest steamer coats.—Aquascutum."

"We should like to send for your acceptance a complete line of our goods.—Vinolia Ltd."

And on they went merrily, until the last most intriguing suggestion: "You will probably be giving a few cocktail parties to old friends before you leave. Will you, therefore, accept from us a case of our best gin.—Booths, His Majesty's Distillers."

I tried to explain to the Chairman that this was all a bit of a joke, to which he replied, "Well, it may have been a joke, but it's a very good idea," adding that he was quite sure that all his friends who had made these offers would be deeply disappointed if I did not accept them; so accept them I did, and for the next few days my house in Cowley Street somewhat resembled the Army and Navy Stores.

In my turn I did my best to make these goods well known. I brought in the incident several times when making speeches overseas, which not only amused my hearers, but was followed up by questions about the Royal Warrant Holders, and I trust bore fruit.

One day, many months later, I went into Aquascutum to buy some light form of waterproof, when one of the managers came down to greet me and said they were much indebted to me for the splendid way in which I had 'pushed' their steamer coat, adding that they had sold quite a large number on my recommendation; what's more, it was a mighty good steamer coat.

Now, after all these years, I still retain some of these presents given to me by those kindly hosts of the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, and if they had as much fun in making me the gifts as I had in extolling their virtues when on my trip round the world, we are both well satisfied.

Five years later, at the King's Birthday luncheon in 1929, I once again had the privilege of enjoying the hospitality of the Royal Warrant Holders' Association. From my press-cutting book I see that between 400 and 500 were present on this occasion.

One of the London evening papers, referring to the meeting, gives me an amusing little dig in its description of the function. Herewith the *Star* of that date:

"There is not a prouder body in this country than the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, and rightly proud too they looked at their annual luncheon yesterday. The guest of honour was Sir Harry Brittain. As a speaker he is a man who bursts into flights of rhetoric. For a few minutes he talks quietly and slowly; suddenly he begins to toy with his horn-rimmed spectacles, which is the warning, then he thumps the table, raises his voice, and carries all before him. . . . His point, that there should be an Industrial Order of Merit conferred on workers who gained national glory and recognition, was a good one, and I shall be surprised if the idea will end at the luncheon."

This suggested industrial O.M. has still to be brought into being, but as a reward for outstanding merit to British factories for work created by British workmen, I feel sure the suggestion was a good one, and would be intensely appreciated whenever and wherever it might be conferred.

EN ROUTE

To return to the Press Conference.

With regard to the subjects to be considered at Melbourne, such as Communications, Dominion News, Liberty of the Press, Migration, Empire Trade, and so on, these points had, of course, occupied our thoughts and those of our colleagues of the Dominions sections for several months past.

Asked to undertake one address myself, and being extremely interested, at that particular period, in the development of aviation, I agreed to deal with the subject of an Inter-Empire Air Service and air policy generally; in the preparation of that address I received great help from Sir Samuel Hoare (at that time the able and energetic Secretary of State), as well as from officials in the Air Ministry.

Aboard the good ship *Empress of France*, we set off for Australia on Saturday, July 11, 1925, *via* the Dominion of Canada, a very happy and, according to those who assembled to wish us God-speed, a fairly representative party. It goes without saying that once again we had a grand welcome in Canada, and were privileged to cross the Dominion in as fine a train as ever ran on wheels.

A. B. Calder, of the C.P.R., a sterling friend of 1920, had made a special trip to London to discuss the programme with our Arrangements Committee, and his smiling presence greeted us on our arrival at Quebec, from which port he accompanied us right across the Dominion. We also had with us Warwick Fairfax, son of the Union's Chairman in Australia, whose advice and information on Australian matters, as we made our way 'Down Under', were greatly appreciated.

We had two or three very happy days in the Rockies, and it was a pleasure once more to renew acquaintance with beautiful Banff, rightly regarded as one of Canada's most attractive mountain resorts.

During our short stay I spent most of my time on horseback with half-a-dozen fellow delegates, and enjoyable it was! One or two of our trips were cross-country. The majority went by car, but there was another small and active section, including Lord Burnham, who took to the trail as hikers. On one occasion we overtook the hikers as they were making their way beside a little stream which meandered down the mountain-side in a series of picturesque waterfalls. The trail was slippery indeed, but the horses were as active as goats, and extraordinarily sure-footed. The view across this divide, with an emerald lake some four miles below, was superb. One spot we visited was Watca camp, where a real friendly greeting awaited us. This camp, with its big central common-room, delightfully decorated, lay like a large starfish on the mountain-side, neat little shacks, where dwelt the campers, radiating in all directions. We were shown with pride these comfortable quarters fitted up with camp beds, running water and so on.

Banff was our only pull-up across the Continent until we reached Vancouver, where we were entertained with thorough western hospitality. We sailed aboard the good ship *Aorangi*, accompanied, of course, by our Canadian colleagues who had joined us *en route*. The journey across Canada had been carried out under the most comfortable conditions possible, and in that splendid train, our home for many days, we had been wondrously looked after by every member of the staff. Harry Burnham was housed in the Vice-President's car, which I renamed the 'House of Lords'; it was a sumptuous affair replete with almost every magazine on earth, plus a bath which really worked.

The *Aorangi's* captain, Crawford, jolly and red-faced, annexed me for his table, to which two other good friends were added at Victoria, when John Astor and Lady Violet joined us.

I was elected chairman of the ship's committee with a cheery Australian, by name Coombes, as hon. secretary. Various meetings of the delegates were held, with Lord Burnham in the chair, for the purpose of discussing the Conference, selecting speakers for the different subjects, and forming a small committee which should represent the delegation as a whole. The committee was composed of Iliffe, John Astor and myself for Great Britain, Colonel Woods and C. F. Crandall for Canada, and Arthur Moore for India, with New Zealanders and South Africans to be added in due course; then followed the usual happy days of a Pacific trip, during which one always seems to be so busy doing nothing. One morning a long wireless message arrived with a very warm invitation for us all to be the guests of Honolulu, together with a suggested interesting programme. Naturally this invitation was cordially accepted.

A riotous welcome awaited us. Newspaper men, photographers, representatives of the Governor, backed by a committee of welcome, who garlanded us with 'lei'—a native necklace of beautiful flowers placed on guests both on arrival and departure. Honolulu's welcome cry of 'Aloha' likewise seems to cover both 'How do you do' and 'Good-bye'.

After this brief ceremony we were driven to the palace to pay our respects to Governor Farrington, himself formerly a newspaper man. The green grass and trees looked very pleasant after many days at sea, while the blaze of flowers and flowering shrubs was remarkable, the purple of the bougainvillea and the brilliant red of the flame-trees forming masses of vivid colour.

We found Government House a roomy building, containing the throne-room of the last of the monarchs, with the old Hawaiian flag, upon which is emblazoned the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, beside the now-vacant throne. A certain number of us decided to spend the night ashore at a hotel on Waikiki beach. It turned out to be a sound decision, for we learned that it was very warm and airless in the harbour.

We were to have sailed the following morning, but a great send-off luncheon had been arranged to take place at the Country Club. The captain very kindly delayed the sailing of the *Aorangi* for three hours so that this gathering might be held. A row of glorious hibiscus blooms adorned the top table which faced a series of others at right angles. From every seat at the table one obtained a superb view; at the foot of the mountain behind us we could see a series of fairways which appeared to indicate excellent golf links. The food was all Hawaiian, the menu being printed on great long Ti leaves. The Governor, who welcomed us, left no possible phrase unuttered in expounding the charms of Hawaii, John Astor made a most appropriate response, while Vernon wound up with an equally felicitous vote of thanks to our hosts.

Between Honolulu and Fiji we had another meeting of the President's Committee, at which the order of speeches and so forth was finally arranged, and at which I suggested that as Chairman of England's greatest newspaper, John Astor be asked to act as Chairman of that Committee. The same evening a charming and thoughtful communication arrived from New Zealand to the effect that all messages from the delegates to any friend in New Zealand, or for any other purpose, would each and all be franked.

Fiji, the main island of a group of 250, looked glorious in the sparkling

sunshine; but as we drew alongside the sun did more than sparkle, and a pith helmet was a comfort. We had only seven hours at Suva, but during that time, under the guidance of the President of the Chamber of Commerce, Sir Maynard Hedstrom, and the Acting Colonial Secretary, Mr. Stewart, we saw all we could. Stewart very kindly invited me to accompany him; with me came Edward Iliffe and his daughter, and a most interesting morning we had.

Eventually we reached the rendezvous where we were to be regaled with native dancing. In due course the Governor arrived and the fun began. First of all a sacred whale tooth was presented to His Excellency. These interesting relics, of which we were told there were very few left, are from eighty to one hundred years old and date from the time when Fiji was a whaling-station. They were handed from one chief to another to ensure the binding of a contract or promise. Then came the making, under many incantations, of a local brew called kava, which was solemnly handed round. Dancing, sham fights and songs followed in what was a really first-rate entertainment. The Fijians, all in white, squatted round, forming a large square. The band, as well as the dancers, were attired in the quaintest kit imaginable, mostly leaves and flowers!

To save time, instead of a formal luncheon a light one was served, during which I had a chat with the Governor, Sir Eyre Hutson, who reminded me that I had been his host at a private dinner some years ago at the House of Commons. On that occasion I had as my guest Ernest Shackleton—and another old friend, Arthur Shirley Benn, had asked permission to bring Hutson along. His Excellency then invited me to come in to see Government House before we sailed, and to bring the Iliffes with me. So we continued our delightful drive, finishing up with a tea-party and admiring His Excellency's beautifully kept garden, from which one had an indescribable view across the hills and over the harbour.

A large crowd came to see us off, and the Colonial Secretary insisted on presenting me with one of the precious whale teeth which I proudly carried on board under his supervision. With the gangway up and a band playing us off, some excitement was caused by the fact that Graham, his wife and daughter, and Edmund Findlay had returned too late for the ordinary method of boarding, and were eventually received with hearty applause as they climbed aboard up a rope ladder.

This happy trip across the Pacific wound up with a cheery sing-song and a prize-giving, over which our little committee had invited Lord Burnham to preside; Mrs. McKenzie, who had come on board at Suva with her father-in-law, dear old Sir Thomas (at one time High Commissioner), was asked to present the prizes. However the somewhat rough weather proved too much for Mrs. McKenzie, so Lady Burnham, as ever full of energy, good humour and tact, effectively took her place. Harry Burnham, having proposed a vote of thanks to myself and my little committee, which was received with red-hot *Aorangi* applause, I duly presented Coombes, our excellent Australian honorary secretary, with a silver cigar-box on behalf of the committee. He had done his job well and was a first-rate organizer.

After running for several hours through smooth, landlocked waters, on the

evening of Sunday, August 16, Auckland came into sight; in the harbour lay great vessels of the American Fleet, then on a visit to New Zealand; each vessel was lit up and carrying on a gay conversation in Morse.

NEW ZEALAND

We were greeted at Auckland by a very representative body of newspaper men, as well as by Government officials, and the following morning from a host of New Zealand friends received a rousing welcome—a welcome with a homelike touch. A drive round Mount Eden followed, with a pleasantly informal luncheon at the Ellerslie racecourse, placed at the disposal of the *Auckland Star* by the committee of the Racing Club. The officer in command of the United States Fleet, Admiral Robison, was present at this gathering. He and I found that we were old friends of World War I, and he insisted on my dining that evening on his flagship, the U.S.S. *California*.

To our Committee it seemed right and proper, on the hill which bore his name, that the response to our welcome should be voiced by Anthony Eden. A charming speech he made, assuring our hosts that that particular visit would long live as a valued and treasured memory. He explained that at about three miles from his home was the little town of West Auckland, from which his ancestor, the first Lord Auckland, took his name. This name had later been bestowed upon the City of Auckland, New Zealand, and he felt that this was a case of the child outgrowing its parent. It would indeed, he added, be impossible for a person bearing his name not to enjoy the beauty of such a spot as this.

During our short stay at New Plymouth, Lord Burnham passed on to me an invitation from the Chairman of the New Zealand Club at Wellington, saying they would like me to be the speaker at luncheon the following day; as I had already agreed to reply to the toast of welcome at the Empire Press Union banquet in the evening, it looked like being a fairly full day. Yet another invitation came in, from the Speaker, for us to visit the House—then in session—inviting those of us who were Members of Parliament to take seats on the floor of the House, an honour of which we were very appreciative.

The approach to the capital is most impressive, and must have been a fairly severe engineering job, for the line passes through a series of hills and gorges before arriving at the terminus. On arrival at Wellington a wholehearted British welcome awaited us.

The first morning was spent quietly in my room jotting down thoughts for a brace of speeches. Proceedings at the luncheon were on the same lines as those of the Canada Clubs, all over in an hour, thus giving the speaker from twenty to twenty-five minutes for his talk. As I was some minutes under my allotted time I made a suggestion to the Chairman that Captain Shaw, of *The Times*, should be called upon to round up the proceedings, and right well he did so. Between luncheon and dinner the Governor-General, Sir Charles Ferguson, and his charming lady held a reception at Government House, where we met many of the distinguished citizens of Wellington.

The E.P.U. banquet took place at the Grand Hotel at 8.30 p.m. This

apparently was an almost unheard-of hour for dinner in New Zealand, and doubtless broke all kinds of Union rules, but it struck me as being a very comfortable hour. Sir George Fenwick, who was at that time nearly eighty, took the chair, and I then had to reply with John Astor, who was, as ever, delightful; another good friend, John Bassett, of Canada, very ably wound up the proceedings of the banquet.

Before reaching Wellington I had had the temerity to send a wireless message to the Prime Minister, saying that Sir Edward Iliffe and I would challenge any pair or pairs of Members, of either House, to a little match at tennis. This challenge was duly accepted, and lots of fun we had. I am reminded by my diary that our opponents were Vernon Reed of the Upper House, formerly M.P. for the Bay of Islands, A. Y. Murdoch, M.P. for Marsden, and K. F. William, M.P. for the Bay of Plenty.

Refreshing shower-baths followed the match, and left us more than ready for the luncheon at the Parliament House, which was presided over by the Governor-General, supported by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. William Ferguson Massey. Our team showed up splendidly, 'the lord', as we affectionately called dear Harry Burnham, started off with a great oration, followed by Bert Woods, the very popular Chairman of the Canadian delegation, who made an excellent and quite moving speech.

At our last gathering in the Dominion we asked Lady Violet Astor to express our thanks. She told me that she felt thoroughly nervous, but seldom have I listened to a more charming or witty speech.

Before we left the islands we took the opportunity of presenting to L. J. Berry a gold cigarette-case duly inscribed. Mr. Berry, who was responsible for all the executive work involved in our tour of the Dominion, had certainly carried out his job with unceasing care and organizing skill; so much so that when, on August 28, the time came for us to leave on the s.s. *Ulimaroa* for Sydney, we all felt that during our short stay we had been shown everything possible, and had exchanged much profitable talk with our fellow Britons in those delightful islands.

Our trip across to Sydney was, in more ways than one, a pleasant surprise. In the first place we had heard some melancholy things about the boat, but found her much better than we had been led to expect, with quite comfortable cabins. Again, the Tasman Sea is notoriously nasty, so we were prepared for anything, but the weather was more than kind and the Pacific emphasized its name by presenting almost an oily surface, so that everyone was very happy.

Emboldened by our little victory over our brother M.P.s at the tennis match at Wellington, we dispatched a similar message to Mr. Bruce with a challenge for a game or two against Australian Members at Canberra. I was able to make a very good story of the sequel, and one which more than once caused our Australian friends to break into ribald laughter when I assured them that, having received our telegraphed challenge, Mr. Bruce at once dissolved Parliament. On September 1, after an exceedingly comfortable and entirely uneventful passage, the land of the Commonwealth appeared on the horizon, and a little later we passed the famous Heads and steamed into Sydney Harbour.

CHAPTER XX

Australia, 1925

ON our arrival messages of welcome poured in from all sides, among the first received being those from the Governor-General, Lord Forster, from Lord Stonehaven, Governor-General-Designate, and from Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Prime Minister. Awaiting us on the quay was J. O. Fairfax, Chairman of the Australian Section of the E.P.U., G. P. Harris, the Hon. Organizing Secretary, with many other Australian members of the Union.

It is impossible to overstate the care with which every detail of our tour had been thought out, and everything conducive to our comfort brought in. Each delegate was presented with a neat leather case containing six beautifully bound programmes, one for each State, with summaries of all arrangements made, and so forth. A specially printed booklet, full of general information about Australia, as well as a set of excellent maps and a copy of the *Australian Statesman's Year Book* completed our initial equipment.

Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, Governor of New South Wales, and his lady had kindly invited the Burnhams, the Astors and myself to stay at Government House; a delightful oasis we found it. The house, which was built in 1840 in the castellated style, is roomy and comfortable, with the atmosphere of a goodly-sized country house in England or Scotland. The view from the front, overlooking Sydney Harbour, is superb.

Those were hectic but happy days we spent in Sydney. A civic welcome, followed by a garden party, a dinner by the Australian Section of the Union, and a State Government banquet, were the opening events. For the first two or three functions we had great difficulty in cutting down the responses to the number we wanted—one or two at the most—for it appeared to be felt that every single section ought to reply. However, as both hosts and guests were fairly sensible people, that Niagara of oratory was, fortunately, damned after a day or two.

In addition to what one might call the mass meals, various of us were called off to make singleton efforts. One invitation which I was happy to accept was a luncheon given by the Empire Parliamentary Association. At a reception given at the University, A. P. Herbert scored an outstanding success with delightful touches of humour, finishing up with an unaffected and affectionate reference to our old University of Oxford. Both Harry Burnham and John Astor were excellent, as were, indeed, our principal hosts; among others, B. K. Long, of South Africa, and Arthur Moore, Chairman of the Indian Section, were very striking.

On the night of our arrival I was taken, together with my fellow guests, to a Sydney ball, by our hostess, Lady de Chair, and there I was immensely struck by the healthful beauty of the Sydney girls, a beauty so striking when

en masse that it must be seen to be believed. Talking to one young man, who was, I imagined, a member of our party, I expounded a little on this subject, little realizing that I was chatting with a young journalist; on the following morning, however, I read in flaming headlines my unqualified assurance that Sydney girls were the most beautiful in the world. That, of course, was all right as long as we stayed in Sydney, but it would have made my life easier in other cities if the young journalist had used, for example, the phrase 'second to none'. However, I was able to say in very truth that although I did not use the exact words quoted, what the reporter had suggested was not far wrong.

One glorious day we spent in the Blue Mountains. These mountains are really blue, but the valleys are, if possible, even more blue than the mountains.

One morning at breakfast, when discussing the engagements of the week (and they were numerous), Lord Burnham wound up the discussion by saying, "Well, at any rate, on Sunday we shall have a 'breather' and get some fresh air and exercise." "Oh no, you won't," said His Excellency, "at least, not all of you. Various engagements have been made on Sunday afternoon. You, Lord Burnham, speak to a gathering of Presbyterians, while Sir Harry Brittain is to address a mass meeting of Methodists at the Lyceum Hall, and his address is being broadcast."

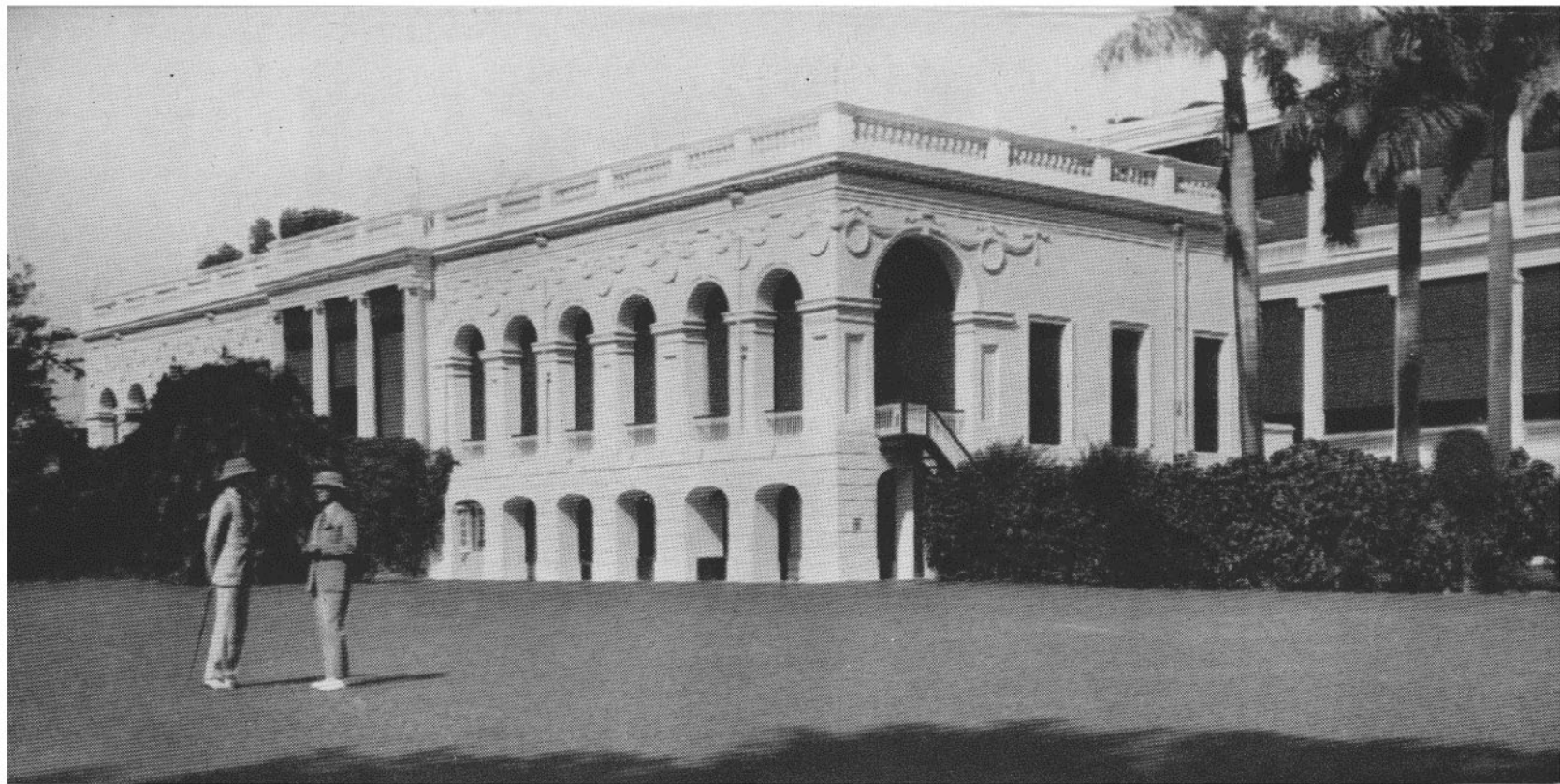
Well, that was that! And while our house party was taken off to the cathedral on Sunday morning, I underwent a dose of massage to try to get rid of a touch of rheumatism, and then settled down to work up my address for the afternoon. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon, and why anyone should want to come and hear me talk about the Imperial Press Conference and its significance I don't know, but come they did, for the great hall was crowded to the doors; the reception by the audience was so wholeheartedly kind and generous that it quite made up for the loss of the fresh air and exercise to which I had looked forward with other members of our party.

Brunston Fletcher, Editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, made a delightful speech in proposing a vote of thanks, quoting largely from Lord Rosebery concerning the purpose of the first Imperial Press Conference, adding that no man could desire a better monument than that completed Conference, together with the results which continued from it.

One of the many attractive places round Sydney is Rose Bay, which possesses a club-house that is the very acme of comfort. I did not play on the golf-course, but with Iliffe and John Astor had some splendid sets of tennis on very fine courts.

One morning I happened to be alone at Government House when a visitor appeared, with a specimen of that very rare Australian mammal, the duck-billed platypus. I had never seen one of these strange animals before, and did not know what to do with the odd little creature when presented with it. However, he insisted on handing the beast over to me, so I took it inside and gave it a temporary home in Lord Burnham's bath, where I thought it might pass a happy hour or two.

During our stay at Sydney, hospitality was unending; among others, the Fairfaxes gave us a charming party and a dance, and on another occasion, with John and Lady Violet Astor, I was a guest at a delightful dinner at Double Bay with the Allens at their very beautiful house. Great folk, the



BELVEDERE, CALCUTTA: THE AUTHOR AND A MEMBER OF THE VICEREGAL STAFF



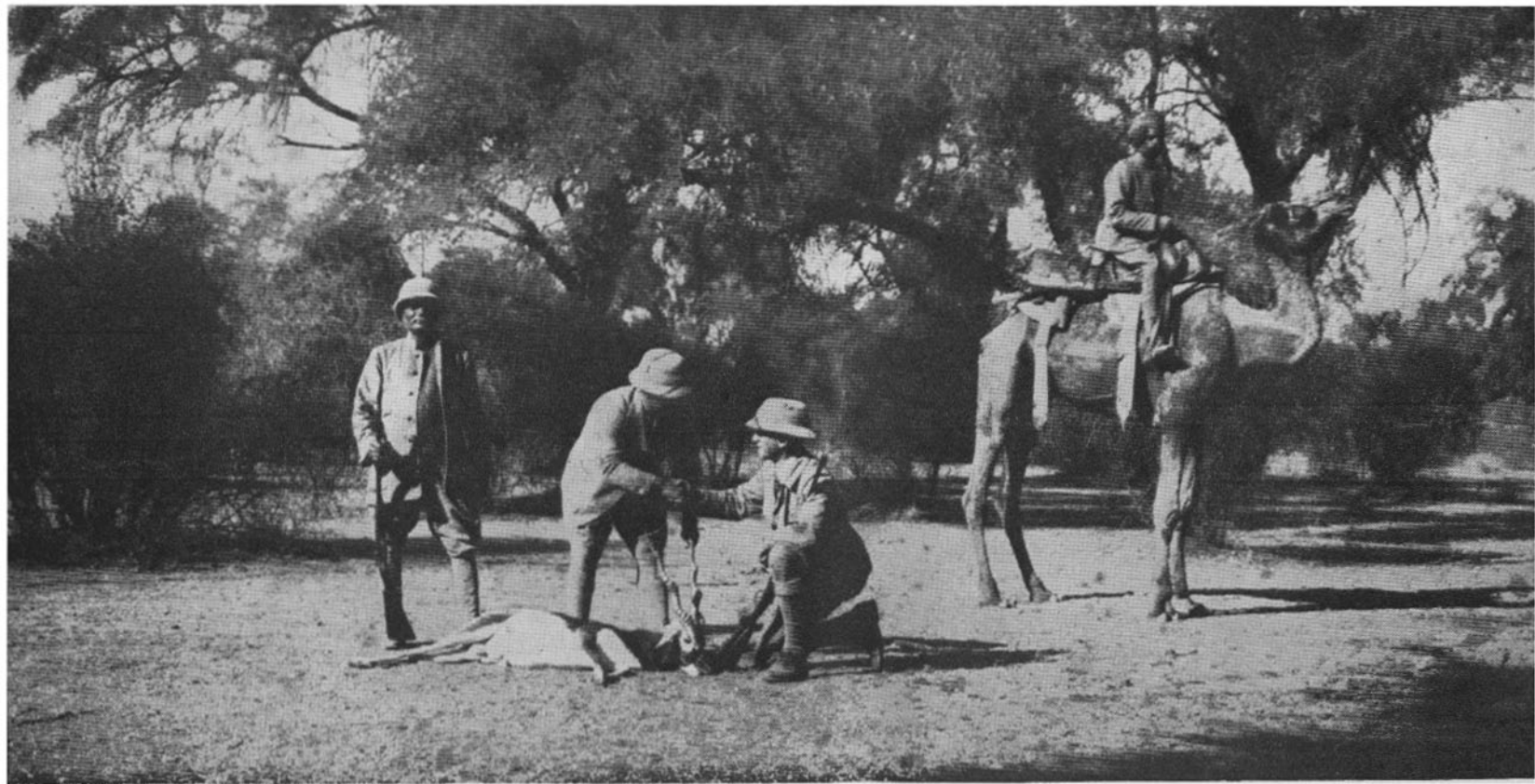
THE TAJ MAHAL (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND) FROM AGRA FORT

[Photo by the Author



LADY KENNET IN THE CARLE CAVES, BETWEEN BOMBAY AND POONA

[Photo by the Author]



THE MAHARAJAH CONGRATULATES THE AUTHOR AFTER A STALK. HANUMANGOOL FOREST, BIKANER

Sydney people, and we left our comfortable headquarters and their beautiful city with real and sincere regret.

Canberra, in the Year of our Lord 1925, was not outstanding, and it will be some time before it becomes a second Washington. We were, of course, told to try and visualize it a hundred years ahead, and I have not any doubt that is the right aspect. But it is, I fear, somewhat natural for the casual visitor to Australia to wonder why it was not possible, with two such splendid cities as Sydney and Melbourne, mutually to agree upon one of them as the Capital—each a beautiful Capital, ready made.

By car we explored some of the country around Canberra, visiting various orchards, irrigation and experimental farms, as well as an Agricultural High School. At the latter we were greeted by something strange in the way of 'college yells', doubtless derived from the aborigines. We made our way slowly up to Queensland, leaving behind a heavy trail of speeches. They were not all made by our little party, for wherever we went, everybody seemed to want to impress us with the richness of the soil, the prosperity of the people, and eloquence was never lacking in driving home those important points.

For the first part of the journey we travelled by car over roads which, I have no doubt, have been much improved in the last twenty years; eventually we arrived at Coolangatta, where N.S.W. adjoins Queensland. This particular place, I was told, puts up about 150,000 people in summer, though where it puts them I couldn't even guess. The sand and grass-covered dunes reminded me very much of Nordwyk, in Holland; incidentally, a fine sea was running in. Although Brisbane was only sixty miles away, our special was scheduled to take three hours to do it; there was likewise a change in the gauge from 4 ft. 8 in. in N.S.W. to the narrow 3 ft. 6 in., so that everything had to be trans-shipped.

J. J. Knight, a first-rate fellow whom I had met in Canada in 1920, was Chairman of the Brisbane Section of the E.P.U.; incidentally, he was also the owner of the *Brisbane Courier*, and with his kindly colleagues saw to it that the welcome we received in Queensland was no whit inferior to that experienced in any other State. Brisbane is not a big city, but it serves as the centre of a huge area, possesses good shops, and bears every evidence of prosperity.

MELBOURNE OUR MECCA

Our Mecca for the Conference itself was, of course, Melbourne, and after an all-night journey from Sydney we reached the Victorian border at 8 a.m. on Monday, September 28. The train which carried the official welcoming party from Melbourne arrived at just about the same time, and the Albury Municipality were our kindly hosts for breakfast. Ye gods! what a morning it was! Outside it was bitterly cold, with a threatening sky and violent squalls of rain and hail, but there was nothing cold in the reception by those good fellows of the Victorian Committee, who had travelled all night to greet us.

A. C. C. Holtz, the Chairman, Allan Spowers, proprietor of the *Argus*, Theodore Fink, Chairman of the *Herald*, and another old friend, Dr. E. S. Cunningham, Editor of the *Argus*, represented the Victorian Section of the

Union, whilst the Government of Victoria was represented by the Chief Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the Minister for Public Works, in addition to which there were many of the controlling heads of the Victoria State Department.

It had apparently been ordained that we should inspect water in bulk, so after an excellent breakfast out we drove to the Hume Reservoir, with its storages, locks and weirs galore. We were popped into separate cars for the twenty-mile run, the local member taking me in hand. It was truly piercing weather, the elements howling and hailing with unabated vehemence, so before the local M.P. could say anything, I risked asking him how he liked "our Australian Spring". I am quite sure that a visit today to the completed Hume Reservoir under normal conditions would be a delightful experience.

After this preliminary canter we left for Melbourne in a comfortable train provided by the Government, aboard which a truly wondrous luncheon was served; in chats with our new hosts, and interviews with newly-arrived journalists from Melbourne, the time passed very rapidly until we ran into Spencer Street Station, where a host of citizens was waiting to give us a warm welcome.

Lord Stradbroke, the Governor of Victoria, kindly invited me to stay with him, together with Lord Burnham and his lady, so we left with an A.D.C. for Government House—which was about four miles away, a pleasantly peaceful place for a wandering pilgrim. The real State Government House had been lent to the Federal Government pending its removal to Canberra, a removal, so I was told, which might be spread over a good many years. His Excellency and Lady Stradbroke were waiting to welcome us, together with their daughter, Lady Helena Rous, Captain Bertram, the Secretary, and Lord and Lady Apsley.

Alan Apsley and his bright young wife who had come out the previous March as emigrants had seen the job well through for several months in Western Australia. They had had some most amusing as well as very useful experiences, and Lady Apsley, ever delightfully entertaining, related a few with gusto.

Government House afforded a fine view over the Dandenong Hills, although even at that time part of Melbourne was creeping up, and what had been open fields, just beyond the garden, was being gradually dotted with buildings. We had only just time for a brief stroll with His Excellency to inspect his collection of interesting birds, including every kind of parrot, when we had to leave for our first function, a dinner given in our honour by the Federal Government at the Parliament House, presided over by Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister. In addition to Lord Burnham, the leader of each delegation likewise replied. This, of course, somewhat lengthened the proceedings, but each and all put up a most admirable performance.

The following morning the Conference was formally opened, and J. O. Fairfax (of the *Sydney Morning Herald*), as Chairman of the Australian Branch, presided over a well-filled hall. The Governor-General, Lord Forster, who had stayed over especially to welcome us, a gesture sincerely appreciated, spoke first, followed by the Governor of Victoria; then came the Prime Minister, Mr. Bruce, who made a most impressive speech. After the formal opening Lord Burnham was unanimously elected to the Chair, as President of the

third Imperial Press Conference, the general outline of business was laid down and the meeting adjourned. A great attendance of newspaper men from all parts of Australia had forgathered, together with a full reporters' table.

The Conference proper commenced on Wednesday, September 30, with Lord Burnham in the Chair. At the very beginning of this conference I received an unexpected and most touching tribute from my dear old friend Harry Burnham.

He began the proceedings by saying that with the approval of the delegates he wished to send our greetings and best wishes to Lord Rosebery, who had virtually opened the First Imperial Press Conference in 1909, with a memorable and historic speech, and who at that time was lying very ill. After this suggestion had been enthusiastically approved, a surprise came for me. Perhaps I might be allowed to quote some of his words taken from the official report of the proceedings, a kindly gesture which I can never forget.

"I propose now" (said Lord Burnham) "formally to greet here one of our own number, Sir Harry Brittain, as the inaugurator of the movement which led, in the first place, to the Imperial Press Conference of 1909, and in the second, to the foundation of the Empire Press Union. Sir Harry Brittain conceived the idea and carried it into effect . . . without his inspiration there might have been no Imperial Press Conference, the moral forces of the Empire would have been seriously weakened by the want of that concordat of the Press which did so much for the common good. It is very doubtful whether in the troubled days that succeeded the Great War we should have been able effectually to establish what I honestly think is one of the healthiest and most beneficial organizations of the common life of our Ocean Commonwealth. I am sure you will approve of my offering to Sir Harry Brittain our cordial congratulations, and our warm recognition for the invaluable services he rendered in the first stages of this great and impelling movement."

I do not know whether I was more touched at the time by Harry Burnham's generous words, by the wonderful endorsement of that large gathering, or by the many dear friends who came up afterwards to shake me quietly by the hand.

The Conference itself was full of interest, and dealt with many subjects affecting both the Empire and the Press (a verbatim report of which is to be found in the official record of the Third Conference). Cable and Wireless Communication started the ball rolling and then followed such matters as the importance of Dominion news, postal rates, liberty of the Press, copyrights, broadcasting, Empire trade, migration, and so on. My own little effort was a speech and resolution on the subject of Inter-Empire Air Services. I had worked pretty hard at this paper, and had had the great opportunity of discussing it before leaving with the then Secretary of State for Air, as well as one or two leading men, both home and overseas, connected with Military and Civil Aviation. My resolution was seconded by A. W. Moore, Chairman of the Indian Branch, supported by Prof. Bartolo of Malta, as well as by Lord Apsley, who, with my very hearty approval, added a few words to my own

resolution which both improved and strengthened it; this combined effort then received the unanimous approval of the meeting.

Lord Burnham made an absolutely ideal Chairman of the Third Imperial Press Conference, which fact was emphasized to the satisfaction of us all by Jim Fairfax and Bert Woods of Calgary when moving and seconding a motion of thanks to him. Burnham assured us all that looking back on his life's work there was nothing of which he was so proud as his connection with the Empire Press Union; personally, he looked forward to the next Conference, although, he said, with some misgiving, owing to a far too rapid approach of the allotted span. But the tradition, he added, was now thoroughly established, and it would always be far easier to carry on than it was to create such a Conference. "It is," he said, "a tradition that will be reflected in journalistic work in every part of the Empire, and a tradition of which journalism has every reason to be proud."

For our short visit to Tasmania we boarded the *Nairana*, which, on that occasion, was making her second trip. She was quite a stout little ship, far better than one had anticipated, and from all accounts she needed to be, for this crossing had the reputation of being the world's worst.

After Sydney Harbour, that of Melbourne is somewhat of a poor affair. There was little to see as we made for the ocean, but it was an unexpected pleasure to find that ocean agreeably flat. The *Nairana* was not sailing for Launceston as usual, but for Burnie; as we were to visit Launceston on our return, the good people of Burnie had insisted upon a call on arrival. I fear we were not all as enthusiastic as we might have been, for this call meant being roused at about 5 a.m.—an hour at which the average tourist does not appear at his best.

At 5.30 a.m. we were alongside the quay. Various distinguished citizens (and I hand them out full marks for early rising) met us at that somewhat grisly hour; we then learned that an official breakfast was to be given in our honour at the Emu Bay Hotel at 7.30. I suggested to Lady Violet Astor that a little exercise would perhaps be good for us, so we walked round the town of Burnie. For the most part it was fast asleep, blinds all down, and windows most get-atable from the footpath. As we walked along I was very tempted to knock on a few of those windows and rouse some of the sleeping Tasmanians. Instead, however, we dutifully made our way to the 7.30 breakfast.

There was, of course, a toast of welcome, to which Sir Frank Newnes had been asked to reply. Under such conditions it requires a good constitution to make the right sort of reply, and Frank deserved full marks for his efforts on that particular occasion. He was quite admirable, selecting as his opening line 'Christians awake, salute the happy Morn', and then proceeding with a series of bouquets to the beauties of Tasmania, tributes which were as neatly rounded as they proved to be correct.

The Government had provided a special train for us from Burnie to Hobart, and, as the train did not travel at a very riotous pace, we had an opportunity during the run of realizing what an amazingly attractive island Tasmania is.

At that time the Governor was Sir James O'Grady, previously a Labour Member for Leeds, and I believe the first Labour Governor to be appointed. Jim, who was a general favourite in the House of Commons, had kindly sent

a telegram to Melbourne to the effect that he would like his old friend and colleague, Charles Bowerman, and his old friend and opponent, Harry Brittain, to stay with him at Government House during the Tasmanian visit. On the day of our arrival he was taking part in some function at Launceston, so he sent his A.D.C., Captain Stopp, to meet us at Western Junction.

At Parattah we pulled up for luncheon, and piercingly cold it was, for we were still in the tail-end of the winter; Tasmania, of course, lies very far south, in fact, I suppose Hobart is about the most southerly of the world's capitals. With us was our chief guide, W. H. Cummings, of the *Hobart Mercury*, D. James, of the *Telegraph*, as well as representatives of the Government. Late in the afternoon we reached Hobart, having taken the greater part of the day, with a very early start, to accomplish a distance of 200 miles.

Government House is a fine building of beautiful local stone, taken from an adjoining quarry, which has since been transformed into a small but charming lake. It is a large, rambling building, and was, we were told, erected by convict labour in the late 'Fifties. Its position and the view it affords are almost perfect.

Escorted to our rooms by the A.D.C., I found I had been allotted what was known as the 'King's Room', where Edward VII and King George V had slept. It was a huge room with two immense bay windows, one looking out over the harbour and away to sea, the other across the Sound to the hills; as fine a panorama as I think I have ever seen, and at that moment superbly effective under the rays of the setting sun.

Shortly afterwards His Excellency arrived with his daughter Margaret, a very sweet and utterly unspoiled girl of 19 or 20, and a very happy hour he, Charlie Bowerman and I spent yarning over old times; among other items, we gave our host the latest news from the House of Commons smoke-room, which happy centre he assured us he missed more than he could say.

I had been told off to speak at the dinner at Hobart, and, as during our tour almost everything possible had been said about Australia, including Tasmania, I thought I would do my best to give them a quarter-of-an-hour on 'old England'.

Not only was I ready to preach from this text, but from Australian friends I had received several quiet hints to do so, in an attempt to tackle recurrent little rumours suggesting the decadence of the Old Country; such rumours are usually created overseas by our own ridiculous habit of disparaging so much in our native land. I was therefore wonderfully touched by the unexpectedly warm response from a very kindly and enthusiastic audience, and still more so by the receipt, the following day, of a number of unexpected and most appreciative letters.

We wound up at Hobart with a happy evening party at Government House, Margaret and I spending most of that morning in the garden, gathering, bringing in, and later arranging, masses of magnificent flowers in the State dining-room and ballroom, and very pleased we were with our effort.

Northern Tasmania we found also possessed innumerable attractions. Launceston, the principal city, is a bright, clean town, beautifully situated on the River Tamar. The public parks and the cataract gorge (the principal show-points of the little city) were certainly exquisite.

The evening before we sailed, a send-off party was arranged in our honour. I remember it well because of two most happy speeches made in response to that of Mr. R. W. Rolph, of the *Examiner*, A.P.H., in a delectably witty reply, voicing the thanks of the delegates, and Lady Violet Astor, in a speech as effective as it was felicitous, responding for the ladies of the delegation.

And now my hours with old friends of the delegation were rapidly drawing to a close, but before saying good-bye to them in Melbourne I was able to take part in a very pleasing little ceremony at the Menzies Hotel, where, on behalf of all the delegates, John Astor presented to Lord and Lady Burnham a loving-cup made from Australian gold. Before handing over this cup in our name, John very kindly asked me if I would add a few words, but he had done it all so nicely and concisely that nothing more was needed.

Harry Burnham, who certainly deserved all we could give him, had, with his dear lady, worked like a Trojan for the success of the Conference, as indeed had every other delegate who had taken part. That this visit to Australia had been a triumphant success was in every way self-evident, as was the fact that these Imperial Press Conferences were by then firmly established as very great Empire Institutions.

At half-past twelve that day I went to the station to say good-bye to the rest of the party, and wish them happy days until we met again; the same afternoon I left for Adelaide, where I was welcomed in the morning by various members of the Thomas family, the children of my old friend Sir Robert Kyffin Thomas. After a delightful motor run to the heights of Mount Lofty, meetings with the various newspaper people, one or two interviewers, and a farewell luncheon, I was driven down to the *Cathay*, where I set sail for Ceylon to make my way home later via India, Persia and Palestine.

CHAPTER XXI

India: Guest of the Viceroy

BEFORE I left London in 1925 for the third Imperial Press Conference in Australia, I willingly agreed to the kindly suggestion of Lord Reading, then India's Viceroy, that I should stay with him for a short time on the journey home. When in Melbourne, however, I read in the newspapers that Lady Reading was seriously ill, and sending a cable of sympathy to the Viceroy, added that, in the circumstances, I should not of course think of inflicting myself upon him. However, in reply I received a charming cable which began 'My dear Harry', and continuing as a letter, went on to say that there were certain times when it would be irksome to look after acquaintances, but when the presence of an old friend would be more than welcome. Very naturally, that settled that question.

After a wonderful ten days in the beautiful island of Ceylon, to my mind one of the most attractive spots in the world, I arrived at Calcutta on November 12, and said good-bye to the charming captain of a very crowded little boat on which I had sailed from Colombo. I was met by one of the Viceroy's A.D.C.s, followed by two or three magnificent Indian servants to take charge of my baggage. The Viceroy has, of course, several homes in India, but as far as I remember, only one address. Wherever he may be, 'Viceroy's Camp, India', suffices.

We were duly driven to Belvedere, where my quarters looked very cool and comfortable, especially the marble bathroom, after the somewhat hot and poky little quarters on the ship. Belvedere, as Government House is called, is a great white palace in the centre of a beautiful green and park-like region, with out-buildings in all directions; there is also a city of tents—not the little bell-tents we know at home, but big comfortable affairs complete with electric light and other creature comforts. Sentries appeared to be everywhere; before each door was stationed a unit of the Viceregal Bodyguard, a splendid figure in blazing uniform carrying a lance with red-and-white pennant, and standing as if carved from stone.

I had hoped to meet Laming Worthington-Evans, then Secretary of State for War, who had expected to be out in India at this time and had invited me to pay a visit with him to the North-West Frontier. Unfortunately, Worthy, as he was known to all his friends, was unable to get away. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Birdwood, however, was in Calcutta, and we forgathered my first evening. As he had been in command of the Australians during the war he was naturally interested in my recent visit 'Down Under', and asked news of many friends.

Owing to the illness of Lady Reading, I was the only guest at Belvedere,

but Lord Reading assured me that on that account I was not to hesitate in asking any friends I liked to the house. It was a huge place, with innumerable servants, and His Excellency assured me that he intended to see to it that I had a thoroughly good time.

During my stay at Belvedere I had the interesting experience of breakfasting each morning alone with this amazingly interesting man, who gave me a series of short discourses on the many wonderful sides of Indian life. Our breakfast was served on a cool verandah overlooking a garden of flowers, with solemn-looking attendants standing some way back from the table. Lord Reading's term was approaching its close, so he spoke from personal experience, knowledge and research, and dealt with a different subject every morning—the historical side, the religious side, the political side, the agricultural side, the literary and artistic side, the military side, and every other angle of activity; I only wish that following each of those short talks I had jotted down what I remembered, for the result would have formed a fascinating study of Indian life, from the point of view not only of a Viceroy, but also of a student.

On several occasions breakfast was preceded by a game of golf or a ride in the delicious morning air. Breakfast over, the Viceroy had, of course, any amount of official work to tackle, but he was always kind enough to see that my day was as full as I wished to make it, with every variety of interest.

I spent happy hours with many of the leading citizens, both military and civil, of Calcutta, and was most hospitably entertained in their very delightful homes. That same hospitality I experienced at the magnificent Bengal Club, as well as at the Saturday Club, where, in addition to the men I was also privileged to meet many of the wives and daughters of Calcutta. One morning we spent in the Victoria Memorial, a really mighty monument of marble, from the same quarries which supplied the Taj, and filled with sculpture, pictures, etc., outlining the history of India. Our Rolls-Royce, with the Union Jack on the bonnet and the royal crown fore and aft, was preceded by a motor-bicycle, followed by a police car. A staff and guard were drawn up to receive the Viceroy, and it was interesting to see how the stern, dark faces of the old soldiers relaxed when His Excellency shook hands with each one of them. Lord Curzon was the prime mover in this memorial, and there are no less than two statues of him, commemorating this fact. Curzon undoubtedly did great work for the monuments of India, but it struck me that one single statue somewhere else would have had a better effect.

At the suggestion of the Viceroy I spent one morning with the celebrated Indian professor of plant life, Sir J. Bose. Sir Willoughby Carey and his daughters called for me, and we put in a couple of thrilling hours with this erudite scientist, watching unbelievable experiments, carried out with the most delicate machinery for the purpose of testing the feelings, breathing, feeding, etc., of plant life: a most uncanny affair. Bose maintained that plants have practically all the feelings of human beings, except that they are anchored and we are mobile. He carried out all these experiments in a building surrounding a beautiful garden in which there were a great variety of plants, birds and animals.

One morning the Principal of the Moslem College looked me up, told

me that his people lived in Acton, and that his small boy had worked for me at the last election; but the real object of his visit was to get me to address the College. This I agreed to do, and was duly welcomed by the Principal, supported by a distinguished Moslem, who presided, as well as by the Director of Education. The place was packed and hot, and it was a curious sensation addressing such an audience for the first time before acquiring the local atmosphere, but I found them most enthusiastic, and I very naturally avoided politics.

After my talk, which lasted for about half-an-hour, I was escorted by a most hearty band of young Moslems to what seemed to me to be something in the nature of a religious ceremony, at which flowers and scented water were cast over me. Just as I was returning to Belvedere, a cavalcade of the Governor, Lord Lytton, drove up. He had just returned from Darjeeling, and was calling to pay his respects to the Viceroy. We met at the bottom of the great staircase, duly saluted, and then the Governor asked me if I had not received his note in Australia. When I replied, "No," he said: "Why, I asked you to stay with me here."

Arranging a date for dinner, he entertained me right royally at his magnificent Government House, which, though built on the model of Kedleston Hall, is much larger. It is a gorgeous building inside and out, and has a series of very fine reception rooms. In addition to Lady Lytton there were present his eldest son, Lord Knebworth, whose tragic death some years later cut off one of the finest young men of our day, and his daughter, Lady Hermione Bulwer Lytton, a delightful young girl as charming as she was entirely unspoilt. Sitting under the huge white columns after dinner, the view across the garden was most impressive. I enjoyed to the full a long talk with Lytton, and wished I had been fortunate enough to have seen more of him during my stay in Calcutta. Meanwhile, the Viceroy was very kindly going into all the details of my tour through Northern India, and took endless trouble in arranging that in the comparatively short time at my disposal I should see what was possible of the ancient monuments, as well as enjoy some excellent shooting in Rajputana.

And so one morning, after we had finished the *tête-à-tête* breakfast, to which I looked forward so much, the Military Secretary presented me with the suggested outline of my journey, which, needless to say, I found entirely satisfactory. One indispensable adjunct I had not yet succeeded in finding, namely, a native bearer to accompany me across, but all sorts of efforts were being made to obtain a good one. During my last morning at Belvedere we went out to visit a large jute factory some fourteen or fifteen miles from Calcutta. This great place had a stock of well over £4,000,000 worth of jute, and it was interesting to sense the atmosphere of a factory employing thousands of hands, which possessed a good welfare side, a library and recreation grounds for so large a mixed crowd of Madrassi, Hindus, and Moslems. They all looked thoroughly happy and well cared for. Our drive back was held up a good many times by cows—sacred cows. These animals wander everywhere. They sit outside the shops, on the pavement, all over the pavement, and no one dreams of shooing them off! The monkey is also sacred, and lots of big grey ones were leaping about on the walls and in the woods as we rattled along, but,

fortunately, they don't take up so much room as cows, nor do they spend a large proportion of their time on the hard high road.

Eventually we got back through the crowds of sacred cows, and I found quite a large number of prospective bearers waiting to be interviewed. Among them an old regimental servant of one of the A.D.C.s turned up, and it was agreed that he was by far the best, a first-rate fellow. He rejoiced in the name of Ariocsani, but it had been decided long before that that was an impossible name for daily use, so he was rechristened Harry. That struck me as slightly unfortunate, as we were liable to get mixed up. However, I took the risk of that.

My last little dinner was one alone with the Viceroy, after which I said good-bye to him, and thanked him very sincerely for a wonderful time. In his turn he was good enough to tell me that I had cheered him up no end, and that it was a great joy to have with him an old friend to whom he could open his mind without any reservations. After this, one of the A.D.C.s took me down to the Howrah Station for the 8.30 Punjab express. This big terminal station was an odd sight, with dozens of highly bedecked Hindus squatting around in little groups looking as if they were going to sit there for days. I found any amount of room in my compartment, all the luggage stored away, a bed at least eight feet long, linen, blankets, etc., duly supplied by a Calcutta friend, and rolled up in a wonderful holdall. There was apparently no towel in the very roomy lavatory, but innumerable electric lights and three electric fans.

The Sacred City of Benares looked extraordinarily attractive in the mists of the early morning, and the Maharajah's secretary was waiting to take me up to the guest-house. My suite, consisting of bedroom, sitting-room and bathroom, was colossal, and in the bathroom I could very easily have given a small dance. Animal life on the pavements in Benares is very striking. In one row, lying side by side, I totted up a camel, a big white cow (sacred), several goats, a dog or two, and three parrots in cages.

Interesting and beautiful as is Benares at any time, it is something never to be forgotten when seen from the river in early morning. At the suggestion of the Commissioner, I was called one morning at 5.45, and after a very flimsy breakfast, taken down to the river-front where a boat of the Maharajah's with four Indian oarsmen was waiting for us. In we went, and then down the Ganges, passing the most indescribably beautiful series of temples, palaces and *ghats* piled up from the river's edge to the summit of the bank, and towering up to a couple of hundred feet. In the early morning sunshine each shrine stood out crystal clear; and thousands of Hindoos on the steps of the *ghats* were washing themselves in the water of the sacred stream. I could have wandered about Benares for many a day, but I had to wander on.

My next welcome came from the Chief Commissioner at New Delhi, a splendid, cheery host with whom I spent three or four very pleasant days seeing all I could of eight Old Delhis, together with an inspection of the great modern city. And what a gorgeous climate is that of New Delhi in wintertime: all day one enjoys a nice kind friendly sun when one can move about without becoming damp all over, but a good fire is a pleasant addition in the deliciously cool evenings.

I was driven round to see many of the wonderful old buildings outside the

city, among them the seventh wonder of India, the gorgeous Kutahminar Tower, which is about 250 feet high and was built in 1200. From the summit there is an immense all-round view, to gaze upon which two or three of us climbed up to the top. Just as I was curling round the last turn or two I passed some people coming down, and was naturally astonished to hear one of them say, "Why, that's Harry Brittain!" I turned round and, looking down, to my surprise saw Mrs. Hilton Young, Lady Scott as was, and now Lady Kennet, together with Sir Basil Blackett. Hilton Young had come out as Chairman of the Currency Commission, while Blackett, once at the Treasury, was on the Supreme Council of India. The top of that old tower seemed an unlikely place to run into a couple of English friends.

We spent a morning going round New Delhi, which was then rapidly growing up. Some of the great buildings were finished, Government House being about two-thirds of the way complete. In the great state dining-room I got rather a good snapshot of one Hindoo acting the part of a barber, and cutting the hair of another who was squatting in front of him.

I owed much of my enjoyment of Delhi to Lady Clarke, wife of Sir Geoffrey Clarke, who had been for some time head of the Post and Telegraphs Departments. She took me round many of these glorious old buildings, through some of the crowded bazaars, and gave me a first-rate idea, during the short time available, of the many different angles of life in Delhi.

BIKANER, AND A GREAT PRINCE

About nine o'clock one gorgeous morning I arrived at the Palace of Bikaner, Lallgarh by name, in the Maharajah's capital. His Highness, after giving me a warm welcome, said that the members of the house party were waiting for me to accompany them for a morning with the imperial sand grouse, so I assured him that the tub and subsequent breakfast were matters which I would very rapidly terminate. The question of guns cropping up, my host asked me if I had any with me, but as the last thing I expected to do when I left for Australia was to get any shooting my reply was in the negative.

"Well," he said, "I think we can soon put that right," and as we were going to the gun-room I happened to mention that I was one of those odd people who preferred single triggers and that it might for that reason be a little difficult to fit me up. However, I very soon found that I was wrong. How many pairs of guns there were in that gun-room I don't know, but there was a very large number, and incidentally quite a considerable variety of single triggers.

A fleet of Rolls was drawn up outside the palace without any loss of time, and all of us, with guns, cartridges and loaders, were aboard. The Maharaj Kumar, who proved himself to be a first-rate shot, took me out in his car, and we had a little swing round on our own over the desert at about sixty-miles-an-hour, up to a lake near a small village where we rose some demoiselle crane as well as duck. I got a right and left at the crane with No. 3 shot, then a right and left at a brace of fairly high duck with No. 5, and felt how good it was to handle a pair of guns again.

The imperial sand grouse is a beautiful bird about the same size as a normal

Scottish grouse, but lighter in colour. He is only grouse, by name, of course. There is no driving, for the birds are shot during the normal morning flight on their way to water. They fly at a great pace, and are liable to dip like a flash of lightning; for these reasons they are not too easy to hit. At my first attempt I was between the Maharajah and his eldest son, and started off with two rights and lefts. The Maharajah turned round and gave me a cheer. At that moment I fancied myself as a slayer of imperial sand grouse, but the pride was taken out of me afterwards, for I missed a considerable number while the Maharaj Kumar on my right and his distinguished father were bringing them down with the regularity of clockwork.

I am not quite certain of the number of the Maharajah's palaces, but think it runs to something like sixteen or seventeen. During my stay with him we sampled several, each of which was run on absolutely oiled wheels. In fact, on such oiled wheels that one could not help imagining that the particular palace in which one found oneself for the time being was the one and only regular home. The perfection of service was almost uncanny. Life seemed to be rather like one's idea of the Arabian Nights, considerably improved.

Guests at Bikaner were privileged to spend the day with a first-class sportsman and the evening with a thoroughly informed and most interesting statesman. At dinner there were two forms of menu, one French and the other Indian. Always ready for something new, I plumped for the Indian on the first occasion, and found it so excellent that I stuck to it throughout.

Of all the palaces, that which appealed to me most was Gajner, a beautiful place built right on, and in fact over, a great lake, a large oasis on the edge of the desert. Gajner, fascinatingly beautiful and the acme of comfort, surrounded by the most glorious vegetation and brilliant flowers, was on this occasion the centre of a very jolly house party. It was indeed a wonderful spot to return to after a day spent with the grouse, duck, black buck, or chinkara, which animal, familiarly known as 'chink', proved to be a small but exceedingly rapid-moving deer.

There was a full moon during the day or two we spent at Gajner, and never shall I forget the reflection of the lake under a cloudless Indian sky sparkling with stars.

In the capital city of Bikaner, in addition to Lallgarh, the great modern palace, is one even larger; this is the old fort, which is really a series of palaces joined together, and heaven knows how many hundred feet long. One afternoon the Maharajah was good enough to let me see some of his jewels; although he described the display as 'some' of his jewels, these amazing gems covered the best part of fifteen tables, and in addition to jewellery proper there was also harness, studded with gems, for both horses and elephants, as well as all kinds of other regal paraphernalia. Heaven alone knows what must have been the value of his collection.

During my visit I had the opportunity of making an expedition with His Highness to the Punjab, where he opened the canal works of the Sutlej, a development which was to mean the fertilizing of some 1100 square miles of his territory. It was a great chance for a visitor and an invitation which, of course, I eagerly accepted.

The day we left the capital I spent wandering round the city of Bikaner,

and among other things inspected the gaol, where the celebrated Bikaner carpets are made. Never have I seen a more spotless gaol; it was so sparkingly bright that I had to put on dark glasses. For some reason the Governor apologized for its not being quite so clean as usual, and hastened to explain that while it was getting its accustomed winter painting a month or so before, there had been a shower which had apparently spoilt the paint. I couldn't help smiling when I switched the statement mentally to London, and tried to visualize a Cockney warder grumbling because he had struck a wet morning on a particular day four weeks previously.

The carpets were extraordinarily beautiful, rather after the pattern of Persian rugs. The men were all trained, and worked some eight or nine hours a day. They wore three sorts of caps, black, yellow or white, and in reply to my somewhat natural query I was informed that the white caps were worn by the first offenders, the yellow by the old-timers, and the black by the murderers. Looking round the room in which we were, I noticed that some five or six of the dozen gentlemen working around me had on little black caps, which gave me a somewhat ticklish feeling.

Apparently the demand for these carpets is always greater than the supply, and they most certainly are exquisite works of art.

From the gaol we wandered through the narrow and entrancing streets, vivid with life, where the most amusing incidents always appear to be happening, and nobody seems to mind.

One of these narrow lanes was blocked by two huge bulls which were having a tremendous fight. For some time we watched them, and then had to go round another way, for there was no passing on either side. We learnt casually that this fight had been going on for the best part of five hours.

The Maharajah owns some five or six hundred miles of line, and his private train is a very splendid affair.

We left for the Punjab the same evening, and woke up in the desert, where, as we rolled along, a gargantuan breakfast was laid; fish, omelette and sand grouse just as a start. Then at Bhatinda Junction we were out of the State, the narrow-gauge line finished, and the broad began. We had to change trains with an hour or so to spare, but as our new train, also a special, was drawn up just opposite the old, the army of retainers accompanying the Maharajah merely had to cross the platform.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at Ferozepore, where of course there was much fussment, a guard of honour, a band and salute of guns; then followed a drive of three or four miles to our camp. This camp was indeed impressive; as for the magnificent three-roomed tent which was allotted to me, I could have been happy in it for many a day.

The Maharajah took me out, after a cup of tea, to see the fair which was to be inaugurated the next day, as well as the great canal which was to do so much for his State. We finished up with a banquet in a huge tent in the midst of our canvas town, and a very happy party took a share in it, the only depressing part being when H.H. insisted upon calling for a speech from me, when everyone was feeling gay and satisfied.

The great day which followed was certainly a stupendous affair, perfectly organized. All the potentates of the Punjab came to join the potentates from

Bikaner, and the bunting displayed on the gaily bedecked tents gave a good oriental touch of colour. After the foundation-stones were laid, or foundation-tablets inserted, and a tour of the works made, we adjourned to the feast. The Lord Mayor's banquet was nothing to it, and the way the meal was cooked and served in this unlikely spot was something not to be forgotten.

It was a happy evening at Ferozepore with the Maharajah and our friends from Bikaner, together with the popular Governor of the Punjab and his staff; everyone in first-rate humour.

The specific object of this great effort was to irrigate more than 1100 square miles of the State land—potentially fertile land, but until then a desert dependent on a rainfall far too light and too precarious. All expenses were being paid by the State, and a little additional tonic had been added in the form of a State lottery.

After saying good-bye we returned by train, but only to the frontier of His Highness's State, where we made for what he called a shooting-box, and here passed the night. This shooting-box was an old fort, one of four, I was told, in a square, or, to be more exact, a parallelogram of fifty by ten miles so arranged to let the army deploy safely in the centre. The fort was approached by means of a huge gate, which still contained its massive wooden doors, on which were a series of long cross spikes some twelve feet above the ground, so placed to prevent the elephants of the attacking force from charging the doors with their heads.

In this corner of the State we had a first-rate day's shooting, the Maharaj Kumar taking me out in a picturesque bullock-cart to have a crack at black buck. After going for some little distance through the forest, we met a fine-looking Shikari on a camel, who gave us a few details as to where animals had been seen. For some considerable time we went along without spotting anything, but at length well away on the left we saw the head of a buck, and I quietly stepped out of the cart, which went slowly on. I had slipped off behind a thick bush, and by a piece of luck the buck stepped clear on the left-hand side. I aimed for the shoulder and dropped him dead. Then the Maharaj Kumar brought up the chief hunter, a fine old noble of Bikaner, whose beauty was not his strong point; although his pet name is 'Ugly' he rejoices in the delightful name of 'Pretty Sing'—*Prithui*, which is pronounced 'pretty', and Singh, the old family name.

This forest was divided up by a series of roads going in different directions, and the variety of game was a delight to see. As we drove slowly along we saw animals flashing by in the distance, frequently leaping across the roads. All sorts of attractive birds were to be seen—parrots, jays, eagles, cranes, mynahs, and upon its nest on the top of a tree a great big stork.

Later that day I went out with the Maharajah in his Rolls, a car so arranged that the windscreen dropped flat when required. We had left the forest and were crossing the plain, a plain dotted occasionally with scrub and containing just a few black buck. There are not many of them, and those seen go like the wind; but His Highness thought we might perhaps get an odd chance at a shot. We saw nothing for about twelve or fifteen miles, when the Maharajah spotted a buck heaven knows how far ahead, although I could see nothing. "One has

just turned into that clump," he said. "If he turns right-handed you may get a crack at him."

He stepped on the gas, and the Rolls leaped forward at an amazing pace; the buck, I presume, hearing us, bolted from his scrub and went like greased lightning right across our track to a patch of scrub on the other side. We were doing fifty-three to fifty-five miles-an-hour according to the speedometer, a most thrilling affair and a piece of wonderful driving by an absolute expert. For some time I had had the rifle ready, though without the faintest hope that I could touch any animal galloping across at heaven knows how many m.p.h. from a car going over fifty. However, when he showed himself I chucked up the rifle more or less as one would a shot-gun, swung right-handed and loosed off at what seemed about a foot-and-a-half ahead; to my surprise and amazement he turned clean over. We pulled up eventually in a huge curve, came up to the buck, and found him stone dead, shot through the head. It was of course an absurdly lucky shot, of a kind which I am not very likely to pull off again, but I shall never forget it as a shooting experience. I think the Maharajah was as pleased as I was, for taking off a pair of wonderful little field-glasses which he had round his neck, he presented them to me as a souvenir. They are the best sporting-glasses I have ever looked through, and I treasure them immensely as a memory of a very happy day.

Before I left Bikaner I had a grand day or two with the duck, as well as a final turn at the elusive imperial sand grouse, and a few interesting odds and ends such as koonj, the demoiselle crane, which, incidentally, are excellent eating. I don't think I ever left any place in any part of the world with greater sorrow than I left the home of this most hospitable Indian prince, and it was in his own private coach that I once again made a journey to the border of his State at Bhatinda, whence I made for Delhi on my way to Agra. For the few hours to be spent at Delhi I had wired for what is called a 'retiring-room', and in the gloom was taken up many stairs to it. I particularly asked for my small stuff only to be brought up, for I had with me a huge American innovation trunk. On reaching the top of the staircase and looking back, to my amazement I saw a coolie coming up with this enormous trunk on his head. Some coolie!

On the way to Bombay I broke my journey for a couple of days at Agra, a wondrous spot, where I would like to have spent a couple of months, and particularly with the Commissioner of that day, a most kindly and interesting host. I have always had an intense admiration for the great Moghul Akbar, but a short visit to his marvellous deserted city has increased that admiration tenfold. From the high gateway, a striking pile of red sandstone of enormous size, we wandered through court, palace and public building, all on the grandest scale, and for me a delightful experience, for my guide who was, of course, in command of this region, loved his job and proved an ideal cicerone.

On the way home in the late afternoon I suggested that I should so much like to have my first glimpse of the Taj Mahal at sunset, so we drove through the great Park to the banks of the Jumna, a fine approach which India owes to the late Lord Curzon. The beauty of the Taj is beyond all description, and seen for the first time in the fading light there was something ethereal about this peerless tomb, which is as perfect as human brain and hand could devise. My host assured me that the beauty of it grows on one with each succeeding visit,

and that he personally never tired of making his way through the Taj at any time of the day or night.

We wandered round together and studied Jehan's memorial to his beloved Mumtaz-I-Mahal at every angle, and then went into the tomb itself, by now almost wrapped in the darkness of night.

To the call of an old Moslem the dome returned a most alluring echo which slowly died away; in the deep silence that followed, the wondrous building seemed almost unreal in its affecting beauty. When we left, it was under a blaze of stars in the deep blue Indian sky.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BOMBAY

My last stay in India was at Government House, Bombay, the Governor at that time being Sir Leslie Wilson, who a year or two previously had proved himself to be one of the most popular Chief Whips the Tory Party ever possessed, and from all I could discover appeared to be turning out just as good a Governor as he had been a Whip. He most certainly looked the part, and the smartness of his bodyguard was second to nothing I had yet met in India. Among the fellow guests I found several old friends—Hilton Young, now Lord Kennet, and his wife, Sir Henry Strakosch, and half-a-dozen others. Government House at Bombay is placed right out on a point overlooking the sea, and consists of a large building with state-rooms, surrounded by a series of bungalows dotted round the edge of the cliff. An attractive carriage drive by the sea leads up to this group of buildings, while big shady trees and masses of flowers add to the beauty of the garden; but the climate is hot and stuffy and, I should imagine, somewhat relaxing.

My stay at Bombay was thoroughly enjoyable, with plenty to see in the way of both architectural and human interest; and healthy exercise in the shape of a swim on His Excellency's strip of beach, apparently the only stretch of sand round the bay. In addition to this we had some first-rate sets of tennis, which were undoubtedly fairly warm work, although they labelled this particular period 'the cold weather'.

The Governor of Bombay must, I fear, find entertaining rather an expensive item, for situated as he is at the gateway of India, he is apt to be looked up by most folk, who either know him or bring an introduction with them; in the case of such a particularly popular Governor as was Leslie the procession must have been almost an endless one. However, he did seem to enjoy it, and was a quite perfect host.

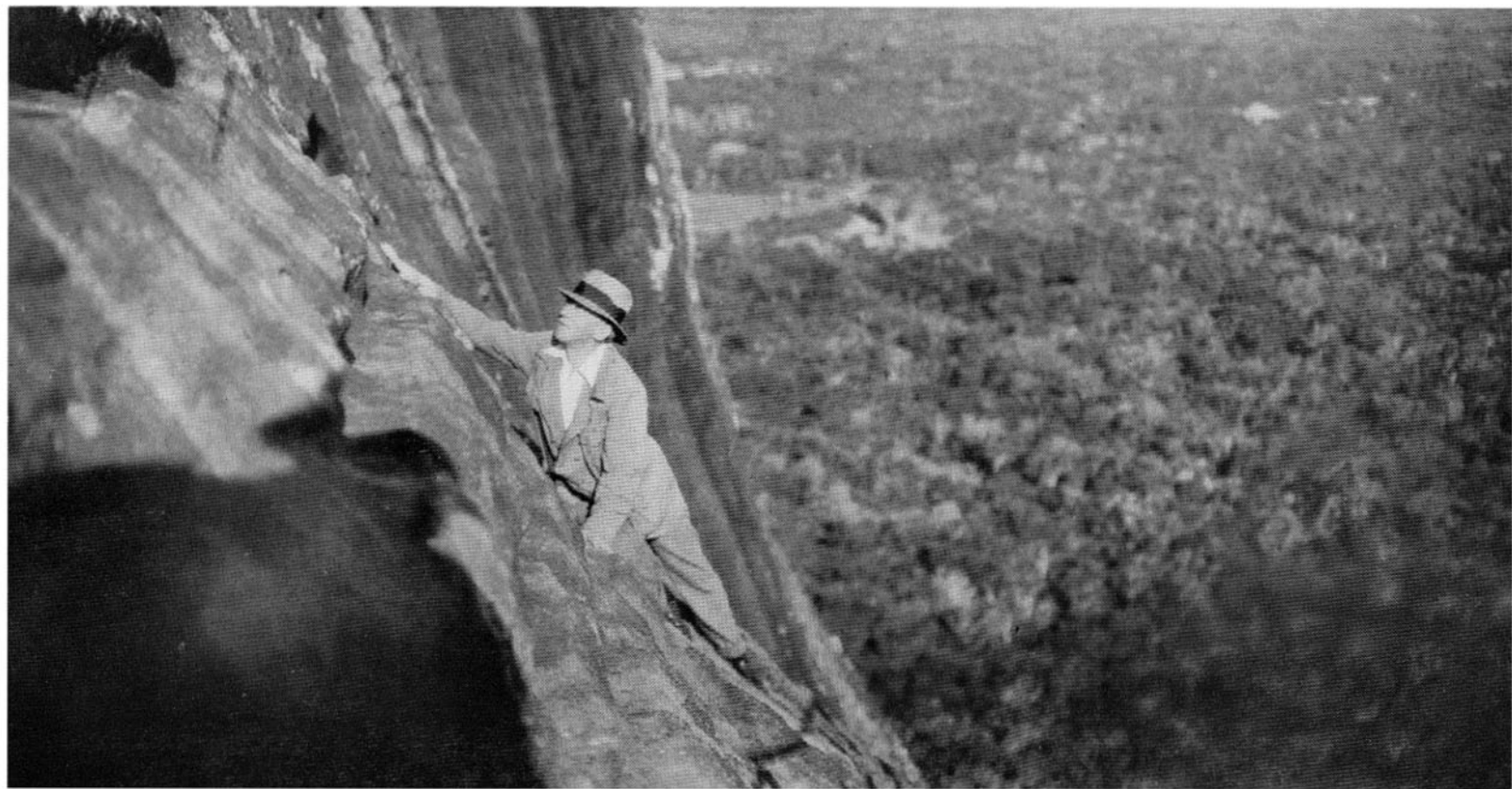
One or two interesting trips we made on board the Governor's launch, an excellent little ship called the *Diamond*, and in that somewhat oppressive climate a little turn on the water certainly improved matters.

Another old friend whom I was delighted to meet in Bombay was Sir Stanley Reed, the brilliant editor of the *Times of India*. Sir Stanley had come over as our guest to represent his paper at the first Imperial Press Conference in 1909. He is as able a speaker as he was an editor, and a real asset to any gathering. He gave me a most interesting dinner at the Willingdon Club (which, incidentally, he had more than a little to do with in putting on the map),

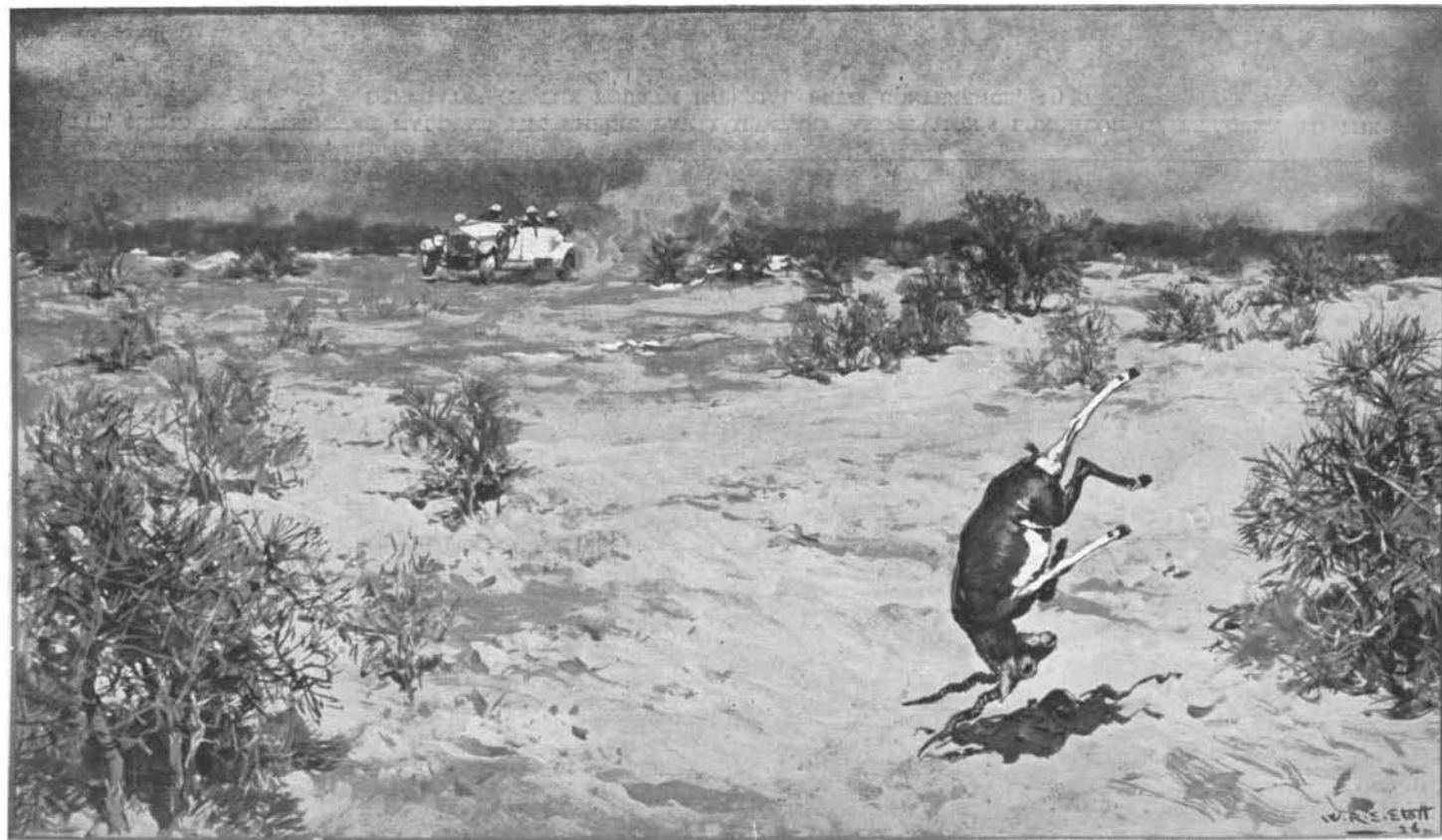


CHRISTMAS DAY IN PERSIA : RACE MEETING AT "FIELDS" RUN BY THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

[Photo by the Author]

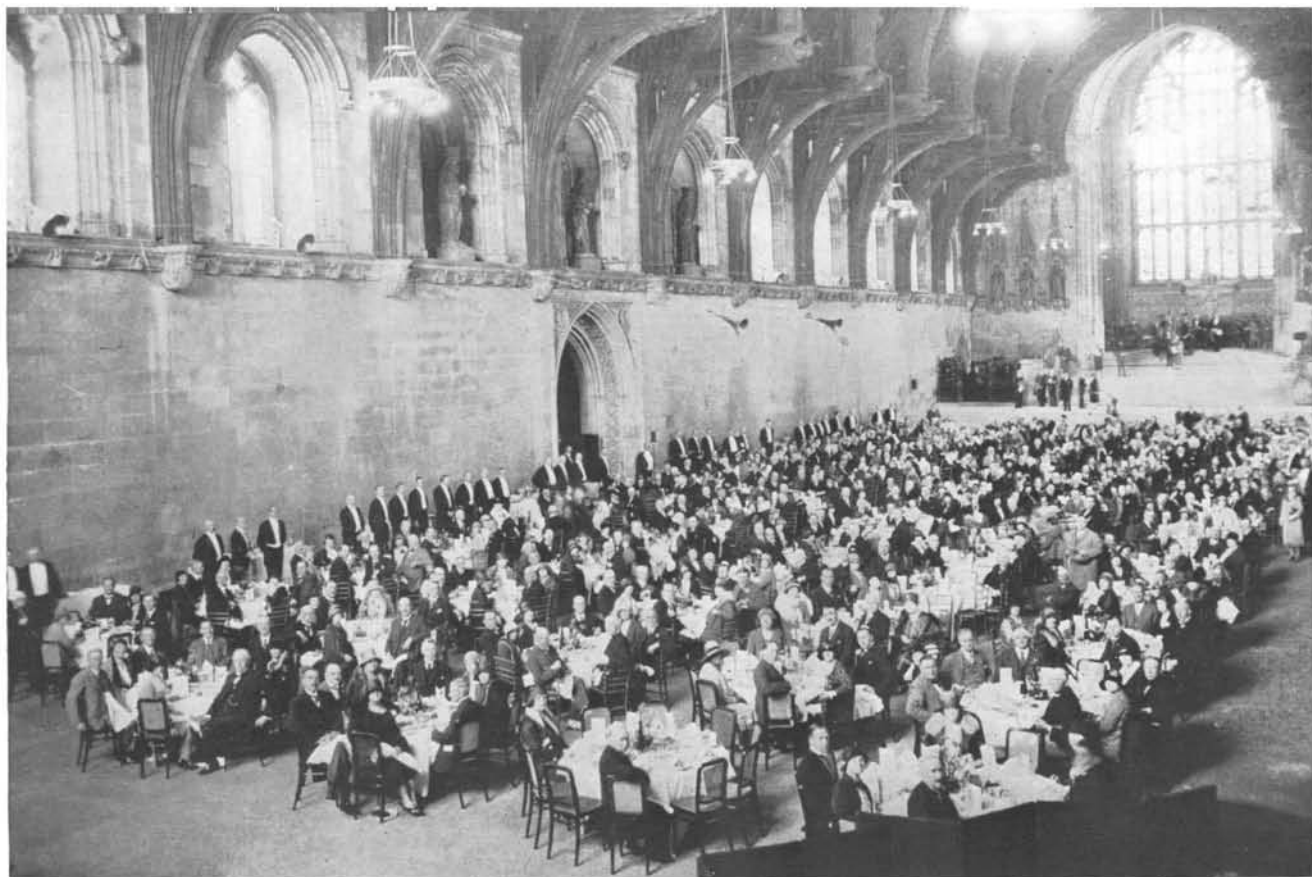


CEYLON: THE AUTHOR CLIMBING SIGIRI ROCK: NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS, BUT PRETTY STEEP



[From the artist's drawing in "The Illustrated London News"]

WITH THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANER AT THE WHEEL OF HIS ROLLS-ROYCE, DOING 54 M.P.H. OVER ROUGH GROUND IN THE DESERT, SIR HARRY BRITTAIN (SEATED BESIDE HIM IN THE CAR) BRINGS DOWN A BUCK TRAVELLING AT FULL SPEED



THE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER HALL AT THE EMPIRE PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION'S LUNCHEON OF WELCOME TO THE DELEGATES OF THE FOURTH IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, 1930

where I met his successor as Editor, together with half-a-dozen other interesting citizens. H.E. and Lady Wilson had to leave Bombay on their visit to Sind a couple of days before I left for Persia, but the house-party of a dozen still stayed on at Government House; although I believe some forty servants left with the Gubernatorial party, there seemed to be just as many left to look after those of us who remained behind.

On my last day I made a delightful excursion into the hills with Lady Hilton Young. Lady Hilton Young, whom I had known since her schooldays, was the younger sister of an old colleague at Oxford, by name Rosslyn Bruce; later she married Captain Scott of South Pole fame, whom I also counted as an old and valued friend; in due course she has become one of our best-known sculptors and the mother of Peter Scott, whose paintings of birds are as distinctive as they are delightful. Rosslyn Bruce was a curious fellow, and at Oxford we all thought he would rapidly become a bishop. Why he hasn't I really don't know. Perhaps he didn't want to. He could do almost anything with any living animal or bird, was a first-rate speaker and an amusing cynic. I remember one story told of him at Oxford, probably entirely untrue, to the effect that in some examination he had to write a thesis on King David. He somewhat upset the effect of a brilliant essay, so the story ran, by finishing with words something on these lines: "Notwithstanding all the tributes which we must rightly lay before the shrine of this great Hebraic King, he was essentially a man whom one could not introduce to one's sisters," and it was stated that that suggestion quite upset the examiner. Doubtless, if it were ever made, it did!

The trip which Lady Hilton Young and I made was to the Karle Caves, with an old Hindu Buddhist temple some seventy miles up the Poona road. We left at about eight o'clock with a picnic-basket on board and a full day before us. I was glad to have the opportunity of making that trip, for it gave me a very good idea of the type of country in the region of Bombay. It took us, of course, some time to shake off the great city, but when we did get out into the country we found it very attractive. The roads also were quite excellent when once we had finished with the bullock-carts and other impedimenta which crowd Bombay.

After a long run on the flat we started climbing up the Ghats, a series of great hills which run up into the plateau land; on top of these hills it was a good deal cooler, with quite a respectable breeze blowing. After a few miles on the plateau we pulled up at the bottom of a craggy hill, on the top of which we learnt was the temple we had come to see; it was a hottish climb, breeze or no breeze, but the result was well worth the effort.

This temple, hacked out of the solid rock, closely resembled a Christian church, although put up long before Christianity existed. The carving on the top of the capitals was vividly fresh, and over a kind of altar throne was an original wooden umbrella. There were also great wooden supports at the entrance, which must have been there for an unconscionable time.

Doubtless my distinguished companion would have liked to have studied the sculpture at length, but we were both very hungry; we also knew that an excellent lunch was waiting for us in the car at the bottom of the craggy hill, and that some six miles farther was a large reservoir with a beautiful pagoda

at the side of it, where we could eat in comfort, and enjoy a real breeze. As we had had breakfast at 7.30, how we did enjoy luncheon at 2 p.m. on the banks of that pleasant reservoir!

It was the British India Line, the *Valera*, which took me from Bombay to the Persian Gulf. The ship was packed, but most of the passengers were only bound for Karachi, after which we expected to go forward in a fairly empty boat. I said good-bye to the fine staff at Government House (two names I specially remember—Major Vaux and Captain Piggott, good fellows both) and then paid off my faithful 'Harry', who was most reluctant to leave. He had been a really first-rate servant, and I sent a little chit about him to Sir John Simon, who was to arrive from England by the *Rawalpindi* later in the day.

Among those on board was Lawrence, one of the Council of Bombay, with his family, going to Sind; and Dr. Young of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, whom I found a most interesting man. He was short, Scotch, energetic, as keen as a ferret, and rather reminded me of Frank Wild, Shackleton's right-hand man. He had been with the Company almost since its inception. An interesting foreigner was a certain Prince Mirza, a Persian general, who had been on army manœuvres in India with his very attractive young wife, and a Persian retinue. Swarms of Persians came to see them off, and there was much garlanding, etc.

The Prince, who turned out to be quite an interesting type, rejoiced in the full name of General Prince Mohamed Hosein Mirza, to which he had even recently added the name Firouze. He was a cousin of the late Shah, and apparently a friend and associate of the new one, so he was doubtless a diplomat. His wife, Princess Sapyeh, a bride of two months' standing, was twenty-two, and had been brought up in Hong-Kong. She spoke perfect English with a slight accent, a little like a South American—in fact, she might easily have passed as a young Peruvian lady. In the ordinary way she would have been in purdah, but on this little English ship she was apparently allowed to go about with her face uncovered. Their home was at Shiraz, the Garden City of Persia, where they invited me to stay with them for Christmas, and then see me safely across to Mohammerah. This would indeed have been interesting, but I had already promised the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to go to them as their Christmas guest.

When we had been out two days, the Princess came to see me in great trouble early one morning to tell me that her husband was very sick, and covered with spots like a leopard. I suggested that as he might have something catching we had better talk to him through his port-hole on deck, which we did, and he then asked me if I would look after his lady.

I had many long talks with this charming little woman, learnt a great deal about Persian family life, and a good many things of that somewhat unknown land.

CHAPTER XXII

Christmas in Persia

VISIT TO THE OILFIELDS

WELCOMED at Mohammerah by the resident director, Mr. Jacks, for the best part of a week I was the guest of this wonderful go-ahead concern, then the Anglo-Persian, now the Anglo-Iranian, Oil Company. Jacks presented me to his various colleagues, good fellows all, and handed me greetings from my old friend Lord Greenway, then Chairman of the Company. He also gave me a whole bunch of messages, one which I was very happy to receive being Christmas greetings from Home.

From Mohammerah to Fields, the first part of the journey lay over apparently endless desert, with a haphazard track some eighty miles to Ahwaz. One met occasional cars and camels, but about the only living thing we put up with was a fox which trekked off at a rapid rate. Driving along, one was more and more impressed with this gigantic undertaking in this huge unfriendly desert in a foreign wilderness, with a climate which in summer goes up to hectic heights.

I alighted at Ahwaz—my address, I believe, was No. 1 Bungalow—and shortly after midnight we had a musical serenade from a merry party of the A.P.O. Company's staff, who with an odd nurse or two from the hospital were doing a carol round. Away we went again into the desert at an early hour on Christmas morning, and soon came across the long black pipes, down which thousands of tons of oil perpetually flow. The desert shortly became a little more undulating, and eventually we came to a ferry where we were taken across to another settlement of the A.P.O. Company. This was the second time we had crossed the Karun, the first being over a light-built bridge along which we had to crawl.

Three boosting-stations, which drive the oil along, were also *en route*. Then began a climb of one-and-a-half hours up a road, the building of which was no mean feat, to a barbed-wire fence with a lodge; here was the entrance to Fields, a great territory some fourteen miles long by five miles broad, dotted with oil-wells, workshops and bungalows.

After another mile or so we arrived at the very comfortable bungalow of the Fields manager, Mr. Wrights, where excellent quarters and an equally excellent lunch awaited us; hungry we were, for it was well after two o'clock.

The Christmas Day race-meeting was on in the afternoon, and we drove over to see the finish. Impressive and thoroughly British—a race-meeting on that inhospitable mountain-top so recently wrested from Nature's wilderness, but there it was. All Fields present. A good course with a polo-ground in the centre, raised stand, paddock and all the appurtenances; round at the back

coconut-shies and Aunt Sallies complete; all the staff of the A.P.O. Company and all in their best and happiest mood.

A row of black motors was ranged up in the rear, and round the edge were equally happy and excited Persians. What would have been Boxing Day at Home was spent driving round this amazing settlement, which is probably still more amazing today.

My main purpose in visiting Abadan, after going round the refinery, was to give my promised address to the members of the Club, to which we made our way after a cup of tea at one of the bungalows. The Abadan Club is a splendid building, with every creature comfort, and in the main room—and a large one it was—I found an equally large gathering waiting. The subject upon which I had been asked to speak was the Imperial Press Conference and its relation to Empire problems.

No one could have wished for a keener or more enthusiastic audience; when my little talk was over, any number of the members came up to shake hands, and to give me their personal thanks. As the hour for leave-taking approached I was genuinely sorry to say good-bye to them all, for a finer crowd I have never met, all animated by the most splendid team spirit.

It would be impossible to imagine any better school than Fields, Mohammerah and Abadan for a young man to get a grip of engineering, for all is there—mechanical, electrical and chemical—with every prospect of intense development. I could not help thinking that the A.P.O. Company would make an ideal illustration to point out to the British pessimist what grit and go the race possesses when opportunity offers or can be created.

The sandstorm abated, we drove back again to Mohammerah, through seven miles of desert, now calm and still under the great big moon. Even here I did not finally say good-bye to the A.P.O. Company, for two cars were waiting to take me on to Basrah, one containing an Arab servant and a cook, and I learnt that a special saloon carriage had been ordered ahead. Every point down to the last detail had been quietly worked out—so typical, I found of Jacks, and the Company as a whole.

It was a weird journey over the desert by moonlight, the cars whizzing along at about forty m.p.h. following the pale track of innumerable predecessors. On either side to the horizon all was flat and bare. At length one light after another appeared on the skyline; these came from the banks of the Shat-el-Arab, the great river formed by the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. The carriage which awaited me at Basrah was a large one with a comfortable bed, a long table, several easy chairs, three or four fans, and at least sixteen electric lights, as well as a bathroom, kitchen, and servants' room.

The region between Basrah and Bagdad is full of history. There is the site of the Garden of Eden, although it does not look much like it now, and famous tombs such as those of Ezra, Ezekiel and Daniel; but the spot which gave me an outstanding thrill was that of Ur of the Chaldees, perhaps the oldest known town in the world, the station now being called Ur Junction.

Right away over the desert one saw the ruins of the famous city of Ur standing out in clear silhouette on the plain. I had some time available for a walk out in that direction, but unfortunately not time to bridge the entire distance and browse about amidst these wonderful historic remains.

BAGHDAD

When we arrived at our journey's end, I got quite a thrill on seeing the name 'Baghdad' written up on the station platform. A splendid thing—a first impression, but the sad part about this particular visit was that I was forced to push on and could only spend some twenty-four hours in the city of Baghdad.

My host was Mr. (now Sir Bernard) Bourdillon, Acting High Commissioner, who with his delightful wife certainly filled that one day with as many interesting sights as any human being could possibly take in.

Two duties I had to perform before our tour began—the first to pay my respects to Sir John Higgins, the Air Vice-Marshal in command of the forces in Iraq, who had asked me to stay with him—the second to make arrangements for my long motor drive the following day to Jerusalem by the newly opened Nairn Route. I had promised Lord Greenway that I would return by this route, if possible, and do my best to help make it known.

Apart from the fact that I was anxious to get home as soon as I could, there was another argument against delay, for there appeared to be a strong possibility of the weather breaking up (more than likely at that time of the year), and after a heavy fall of rain the going was amazingly bad on that trackless sand where one might be bogged for days, hundreds of miles from civilization. It is, of course, a very different proposition today, with a rest-house half-way across, a wonderful form of six-wheeled motor-bus as transport, and a regular service of air-liners passing overhead.

These were the early days of Nairn, when one steered by the sun and stars; to add to the excitement certain hostile bands of Arabs, known as the Druses, were out on the desert, for which reason we were advised to avoid the direct route to Damascus and make for Jerusalem instead.

These arrangements duly made, I learned that our two cars—for one was not allowed to travel alone—would start the following morning at 9.30. I then drove back to the Residency, and left for my conducted tour with Mrs. Bourdillon, who informed me that King Feisal was to receive me at 4.30.

Baghdad in those days was an odd mixture of the old and the new, of which the old certainly predominated. We started our drive by crossing the Maude Bridge, a bridge of boats. It had been raining hard in the hills and the Tigris was pouring down in a turgid stream, the strong current lashing against the somewhat rickety affair. This road was a one-way business, worked alternately by red and white flags. However, the Residency car was allowed right of way, so we were soon over. We then drove along a new street, a broad thoroughfare blown through by the Turks before the War, and made our way to the Sharji Bazaar. Here, we seemed to drift into the realms of the Thousand and One Nights, with scenes reminiscent of the immortal *Chu-Chin-Chow*.

The bazaars with their narrow, covered corridors, filled with that curious smell of the East, certainly looked as if they might have been there for a thousand-and-one years—the imperturbable Arab sitting cross-legged above his store, and gazing Sphinx-like on the movements of beasts and humans. Of the former there was a continual movement, and frequently the nose of some silently moving camel would slide over one's shoulder as this supercilious

creature slowly made its way through the bazaar; or else one was avoiding a gaily bedecked string of donkeys loaded up with packages of various kinds as they pushed their way cautiously ahead.

I could have stayed for hours in this place watching the motley crowd. Full up it certainly was, for shopping had to finish about three o'clock, as the covered-in bazaar became dark later in the afternoon.

Passing by a very ancient mosque, we crossed over to another huge bazaar where there were hundreds of stalls of silk and cotton stuffs, of bright red shoes, and row after row of coppersmiths plying their trade, hammering noisily. Some were fashioning huge copper water-carriers, or immense trays of the same metal. The clatter of innumerable hammers was, of course, terrific, but the craftsmen seemed to thrive on it. As we wandered along any number of these men seemed to know my hostess and greeted us, or greeted her most warmly, and I was reminded of days in Constantinople before the War when my wife and I were the guests of old Sir Henry Woods—Admiral Sir Henry Woods, Pasha—and of the hours we spent with Miss Whittall, his sister-in-law, in those old Turkish bazaars, where almost every solitary individual seemed to know her, and she them, and incidentally all their family troubles.

We then drove out through the North gate by the old Turkish Barracks to Muadhim, a little village with the Sunni shrine, surrounded by gardens with waving date-palms, where we came across delightful little scenes which would have rejoiced the heart of any artist. Once again we crossed a bridge of boats, a bridge which swung and swayed from the traffic above and the rising river beneath, and then pulled up at the Mosque of Kadhimain, a veritable magnet for pilgrims. Amid four graceful minarets, the golden pinnacles of which gleamed under the sun, rose two large domes, the whole standing out clear above the flat-roofed village. But I was not allowed to linger here very long, the time had arrived for my visit to the King, and so we drove to the palace, where Mrs. Bourdillon duly left me.

There were sentries at the gates, with a guard inside, and then a short drive to a comfortable-looking building of moderate size, but doubtless quite adequate. Some distance further was another palace, which I believe was the home of the Queen, her daughters and attendants.

I was received by two or three intelligent young officers, together with a Minister whose name I failed to get, and then after a chat of a minute or two was taken in to the King, who received me very warmly, and gave me the best part of an hour of his time.

King Feisal, one of four brothers, was a good-looking man, of medium height, with an olive complexion, keen black eyes and a short, pointed beard. He was in European clothes, and not as I had seen him once before, in his Arab robes, when he made a most imposing figure. He spoke no English, although he was learning it, so we carried on in French.

A good deal of our talk was on the subject of the Mosul, which was then a burning question, decisions of the League, and of the damage done, according to H.M., by certain of our newspapers at home in leaders which had been put to effective use by a rival Power. He was looking forward to another visit to London to renew his acquaintance with a good many English friends. I suggested to H.M. that I thought it might be a good thing for him to pay a few

visits to the big northern manufacturing towns, and by the best of all links—the personal touch—interest *them* in his country.

We finished the day with such a happy little dinner at the Residency, and a long, long talk with Bourdillon afterwards. As far as I know, I have never had the good fortune to meet him again, but he is, of course, today Sir Bernard Bourdillon, and has been one of the most successful of our Colonial Governors.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND THE DESERT MAIL

Called early, and found, to my sorrow, that it was raining hard. That did not look too good for our long trip unless, of course, the rain was purely local and did not extend for any distance into the desert. After an early breakfast, boarded a car with Mrs. Bourdillon, the luggage following in a vanette, and away over the Maude Bridge for the Nairn Garage.

Crossing the Tigris we noticed that the river had risen a good three feet in the night, so the rain must have been coming down pretty hard in the hills. At the garage we found several men busy on the two cars (both 8-cylinder Cadillacs) which were scheduled to make the trip.

There were some twenty or thirty officers of the R.A.F. down to say good-bye to Group-Captain Board, who was going home after two years in Iraq. I was introduced to him and to many others, from one of whom I learnt that he had borne the responsibility of my brother's education, and had dined with us at our old home in Yorkshire many years ago. I gave him Bob's address, and said I was sure he would like a line.

The loading up was most expeditiously performed. All my gear, rolled in sacking, securely roped to the car, and as the running-board and wings were likewise so covered, one had to climb in over the top. Our two drivers were named Reed and Ash, fine fellows both, as they all must be who are able to undertake this somewhat exacting job. They were about to drive, with only short stops for meals, all through that day, through the following night, and the whole of the next day, until with luck we hoped to pull up at Amman, the capital of Trans-Jordania; then a night's rest in tents before pushing forward to Jerusalem. As I think I mentioned before, this Southern route—which we were forced to take because the Druses were out in the desert—was longer and far harder going than that to Damascus, which, although naturally somewhat tiring, was a fairly straight-ahead job.

I tucked up with Reed, and Board with Ash, the entire back of the latter car being filled up with His Majesty's mail-bags, containing, among many other letters, a few I had written from Mohammerah. At each driver's side was a gun with a belt of cartridges round the steering pillar, placed good and handy to pick up anything he might find *en route*. After good-byes all round, best of luck and a hearty round of cheers, the two cars started off, in heavy rain, on their long trek.

We soon left Baghdad behind, and on the edge of the desert met an armoured car coming in. Pulling up to glean information, to our great satisfaction we learnt that the rain area was not a wide one, and before twenty minutes had passed, sighted the first break in the clouds.

I had taken on with me a couple of blankets and the *pashteen* (a thick goatskin coat), also a white winter sports woolly helmet which Mrs. Bourdillon had given me, and some of these I started to put on. At Felujah we found the Euphrates, crossed over by a rickety bridge of boats which fortunately was still there, though the swollen river was straining it badly. If the water had risen a very little more, then the bridge would have to have been cut to save it.

We had now traversed the famous 'land of the two rivers', and traces can still be seen of the remains of the old canals which made it one of the richest countries in ancient history. Blue sky came at last, and with it a blazing sun which stayed with us throughout the day. It was a great relief, as we had already done a good deal of rolling and slipping, and put in one or two quite respectable skids. The end of civilization came with Ramadi, a small village in the desert, and a landing-ground of the R.A.F. Here we were taken into a comfortable room with a blazing fire, and from our store spread out a most excellent lunch. Over the door of these quarters was painted a huge camel with wings, and the R.A.F. motto underneath.

A mounted police officer on a beautiful Arab rode up just as we were finishing our lunch, and wished us a good trip; at one o'clock we started off. The going was excellent for many a mile, and we rattled away at some fifty or sixty miles an hour. On every side up to the horizon was just plain brown, a bad spot to be lost in, or on which to break down. This vast expanse of sand was in due course succeeded by a hard type of soil covered with fine gravel. Over this it was again possible to travel at a rattling pace, though an occasional hole brought on a corresponding bump; these, however, were few and far between, for Reed was a wonderful driver, and had an uncanny memory of the order of the going. Then, on occasions, after rapid travelling, we would encounter a pretty rough patch, and our pace would drop to five or ten miles an hour, after which we would more than likely be winding our way through a form of scrub.

Just before sundown we put up a fox, and Reed, who was after the skin, gave chase and succeeded in shooting it. We also roused a wild turkey, but that was missed, the shot dropping just under the bird.

Following a really gorgeous sunset arose a nearly full moon; when she fully appeared we pulled up for our evening meal, a romantic desert dinner. The two cars concentrated their head- and searchlights on to a centre, where we piled up the wood, with some of the wild sage which was scattered around, and soon had a first-rate fire burning. On this we put a kettle, spread out our rugs alongside, and thoroughly enjoyed the last meal of 1925.

I could not help thinking what a different kind of party it was to those then taking place in the world's gay centres—in London, in Paris, at Monte, or in the Engadine, where tens-of-thousands were forgathering and celebrating. In that great wild open space under the clear light of the moon that meal had its attractions, and remains a very pleasant memory.

At about ten o'clock we passed a small camel camp in the midst of nowhere, and pulled up to exchange greetings with the two or three lonely Arabs in charge. One or two of the camels became quite gay under the beams of our headlights, and executed a quite unrehearsed little camel-hop round the cars,

after which we pushed on through the night. As the clock on the dashboard reached twelve I wished Reed a Happy New Year, to which he gaily replied; after that our conversation became somewhat monosyllabic.

It was likewise desperately cold. I had slipped out of my shoes and put on some felt slippers. My clothing altogether consisted of one pair of wool socks, one pair of silk, two sets of silk underclothing, one thick flannel shirt, one silk shirt, two long-sleeved woolly waistcoats, a stout steamer coat and big Scotch scarf, a pair of blankets and the *pashteen*, to say nothing of a grey flannel suit; even then I was not too warm, and to this I should add the Swiss helmet, with a Burberry shooting-hat on top. It really was a desperately cold night, and at about four or five in the morning I, for one, felt that my own little bed would be a pretty good spot.

At long last came the grey dawn and away in the east a touch of rose, followed in due course by the arrival of our old friend the sun—clear-cut in a cloudless sky.

The world began to look better again, so that at about eight o'clock thoughts of breakfast were not unpleasant. We had by this time I suppose driven some 500 miles, the greater part of the distance, but we knew that the miles which lay ahead were no easy ones. We were not to breakfast alone, for we came across two of the vigilant guards of the desert in H.M.R.C. 'Ranger' and H.M. armoured car 'Terror', drawn up side by side. The officers and men were already out, a blazing fire was going, and a wonderful perfume wafted our way, a perfume of sausages and bacon.

It was in this happy company I enjoyed my first meal on Friday, January 1, 1926, and a good breakfast it was. Also, how splendid it felt to get out and stretch, put in a rapid half-mile trot to start the blood circulating, and moult a few layers of superfluous clothing. With all sorts of New Year's greetings we left our friends of the R.A.F., and almost immediately were forced to negotiate a most infernal piece of country, the direct route being barred by a casual and temporary sheet of water. Through sand, slippery mud, and round great boulders we slowly rolled along, pitching and staggering as we climbed one steepish hill to crawl down the opposite side. Our speedometer had gone out of action, and we had burst one tyre.

Over the hill we waited for our friends, but as they failed to appear we had to turn laboriously round and came across them a mile-and-a-half behind. They had had a pretty rough time and a couple of tyres had gone, both spares, so that if bad luck occurred again it would mean laborious repairing.

Off and on running, sometimes fair, mostly indifferent, took us to about 12.30, when in the distance we saw a couple of cars approaching, a convoy going east. This was quite excellent, as the time appeared appropriate to forgather for a joint luncheon. It was almost like a meeting of a motor-club. We both cheered up one another by imparting the mutual information that the worst bit of road still lay ahead. In one of the cars I found a very good fellow who was going on to Abadan; he had heard of my visit, and told me that he would send me along copies of the pictures he was then taking of this desert trip.

Our drivers, who combined many good qualities, were as good at building a fire or fixing up a luncheon as they were at manœuvring a car, and this

particular luncheon, like the breakfast, was a great success. Having said good-bye to our east-bound friends and enjoyed a few miles of good running, we reached a section which they had eloquently described, aptly termed 'The Bay of Biscay'; although less than twenty-five miles across, it took us a good three hours to negotiate this truly awful bit of country.

The Cadillacs gave a vivid imitation of a pair of ships in a storm; though the action may have been good for the liver, it was certainly painful for the body, and was not the kind of route which the A.A. is likely to recommend. But as all things eventually end, at length we left that noxious bay, and found good running again.

The next item of interest came from above. A couple of 'planes—Vernons, I think they were—flying to Baghdad with the ingoing mail. They duly spotted us and spiralled down to salute the Group-Captain whom they knew was aboard; later we learned that they had duly reported our whereabouts to civilization. Then, from the flat, we started to do a bit of climbing, and towards sunset ran on to a great plateau, past an old ruined Khan, which Reed told me he thought had been at one time a rest-house for pilgrims on the way to Mecca.

We were now above the clouds, which, under the setting sun, were tinged with delicious colourings of orange and rose; from the plain we rushed downhill at a tremendous pace towards the distant horizon, smooth as a billiard table.

There was one more difficult passage to negotiate before we reached our goal, but at last we ran into a little collection of tents, the Nairn headquarters near Amman. Here the 'Nairnites' were fed and slept for the night before proceeding to Jerusalem. The road ahead lay over the mountains, a real road, not a track, but somewhat dangerous to negotiate in the dark, so that unless it were necessary to push on for the purpose of catching the mail the risk was not taken.

Into one of these little tents the Group-Captain disappeared to tackle the telephone, emerging a few minutes later with an invitation from his brother officers of the R.A.F. for us both to spend the night with them; following an immediate acceptance, we and our baggage were whirled up precipitous hills in a Rolls vanette. How good our quarters looked, and how excellent was the wallow in a big white bath after some thirty odd hours of toilsome travel through that desert.

Squadron-Leader Dalbiac, who was in command, in the absence of Group-Captain Macewan, was a most excellent host, and looked wondrously after our inner man. The Mess was quite a small one of half-a-dozen officers, but the meal was of the cheeriest, and after enjoying a chat and a good cigar we turned in to a real bed once more for a most acceptable rest. The following morning we were up good and early and Dalbiac, who wanted to go through to Haifa, came along with us.

Amman lay about a mile away, and before we reached it we had a look at the Trans-Jordanian Army, or some of it, drilling on the plain; this was the army of King Abdullah, King Feisal's brother. The King's palace was a new building, and placed in a position to command the town. Amman appeared to be an interesting old spot containing the remains of a very fine Roman

amphitheatre, and, according to Dalbiac, there were many other interesting relics of ancient Rome in the neighbourhood.

From Amman we started climbing—a good big climb—along a first-rate road, and odd it seemed to be motoring on a real road again. The country was rugged, but fine in its way, and though bare, doubtless in the early spring was a mass of flowers. Right under the summit of the mountains we passed a rock from which water always flows, without any apparent reason—quite unique in this part of the world. It is called the Moses Rock, and by tradition is that smote by Moses before the entry of the Israelites into the Promised Land.

We were now passing the Mountains of Moab, from the even slopes of which we got a magnificent view of the great plain of Jericho, a strip of green across the centre indicating where the Jordan flowed. As we descended, turn after turn brought to view still more vividly stretches of this great valley, until far on the left the Dead Sea came into the picture. Behind rose another mighty mountain range on the top of which was Bethany, backed by the Mount of Olives, and then, separated by the Vale of Jehosophat—Jerusalem.

From the bottom of the wild Moab Hills we followed a stretch of some four or five miles until we reached the Allenby Bridge. Here Trans-Jordania ends, and we crossed the river into Palestine. It is an ugly bridge, but the British have dealt adequately with the road, and right up to Jerusalem the surface was excellent.

The village of Jericho, even then not impressively large, had grown a good deal since I last saw it some seventeen years previously, and sported a brave-looking hotel, 'The Jordan'; perhaps it was not quite so brave inside. The climb up from Jericho on the said perfect road seemed somehow longer than it had done when we drove down it all those years ago, before the age of motors.

In due course, however, we arrived at Bethany, where the tall tower of what is now Government House crowns the hill. Our journey had ended; at the post-office were handed over our many bags of mail, and the duties of our good friends, Reed and Ash, completed. Awaiting me was a letter from the genial High Commissioner, Lord Plumer, offering me hospitality at Government House, and one night I spent in Jerusalem before catching a liner home from Port Said.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Empire Press Union's New President

IN June 1929 Lord Burnham, the well-loved President of the Empire Press Union, retired. He had then ceased to have any active interest in the *Daily Telegraph*, the paper with which his family had been so long identified, and in resigning from the Presidency he told us he was, with regret, about to sever the last of the links which bound him to the newspaper world. We were, indeed, more than sorry to lose one who had proved himself so tireless, devoted and able a leader. There is no doubt that very much of the success of the Conferences, both in Canada and Australia, was owing to Harry Burnham's invariable tact and tireless industry. The only silver lining to our cloud was that in the Chairman of our Council we possessed a man of sterling type who was persuaded to follow Lord Burnham as President; in the years which have followed, John Astor has indeed proved an ideal successor. As the principal proprietor of the world's greatest newspaper he would certainly have had a claim to the Presidency—but John Astor's leadership has meant even more than that; by his modesty, his geniality, his capacity for work, and his obvious love of that work, he has endeared himself to every single member of the Empire Press Union in every part of the Empire.

THE FOURTH CONFERENCE—LONDON, 1930

The Fourth Imperial Press Conference, in 1930, completed a cycle, for the place of meeting was London again after a twenty-one years' interval. To prepare for this gathering, the Council of the E.P.U. elected a committee of the Home members of the Union, who made all arrangements under the Chairmanship of our President. It was a committee of about a dozen, with specific members representing the Newspaper Society, the Periodical, Trade Press, and Weekly Newspaper Proprietors' Association, as well as the N.P.A. itself, and the great agencies.

There was plenty of time available, for the committee was appointed a year-and-a-half before the Conference, so that months in advance we were able to get in touch with all parts of the Empire. On this particular occasion my own responsibility was practically nil, for I was only one of a good-sized committee. We had a first-rate Chairman, who not only devoted himself wholeheartedly to the task, but possessed to the full the capacity to do so, and last, but by no means least, we were working on this occasion for a body known all over the world; there was no need in 1930 to persuade the various

powers-that-be of the importance of the Quinquennial gatherings of the Empire's Press.

In every way the Conference of 1930 was quite a different proposition to that of 1909. Not only was it the fourth conference of a well-established Union, but it came back once again to the Old Country, to an England twenty-one years older, to an England which, since the first Conference, had been through the trials and stress of a World War. That the Conference of 1930 was in every way an unqualified success, I (who had but a small part in its organization, but attended almost all its functions, as well as every moment of the discussions) am more than certain, just as I am quite certain that it owed more of its success to John Astor and his lady than to all the rest of us who made up that organization committee.

At our opening gathering, which took place at Grosvenor House, John Astor, on the proposal of Col. Woods of Calgary, was enthusiastically elected as President; on John's proposal, which I was very happy to second, Col. Woods was appointed Deputy Chairman. Upon the invitation of the Council three organizations of journalists nominated their delegates; Mr. Tom Clarke was appointed by the Institute of Journalists, Sir H. M. Richardson by the National Union of Journalists, and my wife (who happened to be their Chairman) by the Society of Women Journalists. Lady Violet Astor opened the programme with a most enjoyable party at her house in Carlton House Terrace, our first large-scale function being a banquet at the Guildhall, given by the Press as a whole, to our visitors from Overseas.

Another function which was much appreciated was one arranged by Sir Howard d'Egville—a luncheon of eight or nine hundred in Westminster Hall, under the auspices of the Empire Parliamentary Association. This was the first gathering of the kind held in this old Hall since the representatives of the Dominion Parliaments were entertained at the Coronation of King George V in 1911. The Speaker, Captain Fitzroy, presided, supported by Cabinet Ministers, leaders of the Opposition, as well as by very many Members and ex-Members of Parliament.

An outing vastly enjoyed by the delegates was a visit to the Derby. We owed most of the comfort on that particular occasion to Lord Ashfield, who not only provided special trains for the delegates, but also omnibuses as stands near the winning-post; and at the appropriate time a most admirable luncheon was served in each bus. One amusing incident in the afternoon's proceedings was an exciting chase, with eventual arrest, of a 'welsher' who went to ground between two of our buses. I am convinced that more than one of the delegates believes to this day that it was a put-up job on the part of the Committee to add to the flavour of a great day at Epsom.

One very long but memorable day took in Ascot during Race Week, where we were the guests of Viscount Churchill, before proceeding to Aldershot for dinner and the Tattoo. It was 2 a.m. before the delegates were deposited once more at their hotel.

John Astor and Lady Violet, not content with the delightful entertainment they had given us at their house in London, entertained the visitors at the very happiest of parties at Hever Castle, their historic home in Kent. John gave the visitors a little story of the Castle from the days of William de Hever

in the thirteenth century, to that later date when, for three generations, it was the home of the Boleyn family, and, very unfortunately for one of the fair members of that family, Hever was visited by Henry VIII.

A function which was naturally of interest to me was a reception given by my wife to enable delegates to meet the Diplomatic Corps. A large number of Ambassadors, Ministers, and their ladies accepted her invitation for this function, and about 500 guests forgathered, including many members of the Cabinet, as well as Members of both Houses; as a little tribute to the memory of our old friend, Sir Arthur Pearson, who founded St. Dunstan's, and who also took a great part in the first Imperial Press Conference twenty-one years before, we arranged to have the St. Dunstan's band of war-blinded men, and most beautifully they played.

As was the case in 1909, so in 1930, following the Conference in London, we made a tour of the Provinces and of Scotland, visiting such great cities as Liverpool, Birmingham, Bradford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and so on. We spent one very happy day at Coventry, where Sir Edward, now Lord, Iliffe, entertained us right royally in his native town.

In the course of his speech of welcome, Edward Iliffe gave us, among other interesting memories, the story of the start of the career of Lord Northcliffe, in his prime undoubtedly the world's greatest journalist.

"When Alfred Harmsworth was a young man of twenty-one" [said Sir Edward], "he edited a bicycling paper for my father. As a matter of fact, I remember that at the time he could not ride a bicycle. He was engaged at the modest salary of £4 a week. One of the great features of the paper he edited was 'Answers to Correspondents'. He conceived the idea that a paper called by that name, and dealing with every subject under the sun, would prove a commercial success. He started this new venture, and my father at his works here in Coventry printed the paper for him. It did not immediately succeed; then the name of the paper was shortened to *Answers*, instead of *Answers to Correspondents*, and a puzzle competition was started. The paper went ahead from that moment and proved the beginning of the vast fortune made by the Harmsworth family out of newspapers."

To that story Edward Iliffe added one more very brief memory. "We had," he said, "at that time a young reporter whose name was Poole. He was the happy father of a small infant. I remember one Sunday morning going for a walk with Alfred Harmsworth, and we met Poole. 'Well, Poole,' said Alfred, 'how is the puddle?'"

We wound up that Conference with a very happy dinner and dance at Grosvenor House on the final evening, Monday, June 30, at which we invited Lord Riddell, as President of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, to preside. At that dinner a presentation in the form of a Book of Remembrance was presented to John Astor, and a presentation by the ladies of the Overseas Delegation to Lady Violet, for their splendid and untiring work which had meant so much towards ensuring the success of the Conference.

And so, twenty-one years after the first gathering, a second Conference in

London had reached its appointed goal. The baby which I had had some little hand in helping along in its infancy had grown up, through vigorous and lusty childhood, into a stalwart youth and had at length come of age.

THE FIFTH CONFERENCE—SOUTH AFRICA, 1935

Well and worthily does the Empire Press Union carry on. The fifth Conference duly took place in South Africa in 1935.

The previous year I made a flight to the Cape and back to try and sense the Empire atmosphere over what was then the Empire's longest flight, for a book which I was writing on the history of aviation. During that journey South I met most of the newspaper men, and was delightfully entertained both at Johannesburg and Cape Town by journalistic friends, including, of course, many members of the Union, who were to be hosts the following year. It was then I had the opportunity of going over, at their request, details of the various functions arranged, and making the humble suggestion to leave as many free days as possible, so that the visiting delegates might not only have the opportunity of meeting the genial people of South Africa, but could also enjoy a certain amount of sport and recreation under the glorious South African sun.

I was unable to make the journey the following year to South Africa, but at the wish of my old friends and colleagues, and accompanied by my wife and my girl, I did thoroughly enjoy a far too brief trip with the delegates as far as Madeira, followed by eight or ten happy days on that attractive island, until the next Union Castle liner picked us up again on her journey home.

At the meeting in South Africa the suggestion was put forward to hold a small yearly conference, of one or two days, in London town, dealing largely with the technical aspects and practical problems arising in newspaper production. That plan was adopted, and again largely owing to the leadership and wondrous generosity of John Astor, who has not only housed the Conference on each occasion, but right royally entertained its members, these gatherings ('36-'39) were fully attended, and productive of both interesting discussions and sound results.

Then came the Second World War, and the forthcoming Conference which should have taken place in 1940, and, as we had hoped, in Canada, was perforce abandoned.

THE SIXTH CONFERENCE—LONDON AGAIN

During the summer of 1945, on the conclusion of hostilities in Europe, we thought that perhaps our colleagues Overseas might like to assemble in the Mother Country for the sixth Imperial Press Conference. Accordingly, the sections were consulted by cable and the suggestion approved. A representative meeting of the Home Press followed, in the Board Room of *The Times*, when half-a-dozen of us were invited to form an Arrangements Sub-committee under the chairmanship of our President, Col. Astor, to plan and carry through the extensive programme for 1946.

Once again, as in 1930, when this Conference had been announced, the main difficulty of the little committee was in deciding what offers to choose from the many so kindly put forward.

At every meeting innumerable suggestions were considered, proposing items of interest as well as unbounded offers of hospitality from every part of the country.

Because of difficulties in transport and accommodation, we felt bound to limit our guests to sixty (which number became sixty-one), and on this occasion, to our regret, were unable to issue invitations to wives of delegates. Rooms in the Metropolis were at a premium, hotels which had not suffered from bomb damage had been commandeered by various Government Departments, so we were fortunate in being able to find space to put up our guests in London and hoped for the best in the Provinces and Scotland.

The month of June was chosen for the date of the meeting, the visitors being, as on previous Conferences, our guests from the time they left their homes in the various parts of the British Empire until they returned.

Ten Sessions were allowed for, the first to be addressed by the Prime Minister. The Government, under Mr. Attlee, promised us every kind of help and assistance, and of the Ministers whom I personally had the pleasure of consulting none evinced greater readiness to assist in every way than did Lord Addison, the Dominions Secretary.

The Sessions (fully reported in the official record) dealt largely with all important Empire matters such as Empire Resources, Empire Trade, and Empire Security, with interesting off-the-record addresses by the three Chiefs of Staff, Lords Alanbrooke, Cunningham and Tedder; then followed other subjects such as Empire Communications, with the Postmaster-General and Lord Knollys (Chairman of B.O.A.C.) as the first speakers, Empire Policy towards world problems, Freedom of the Press, and the Empire Press Union itself.

As for the many functions, and opportunities for relaxation offered to our visitors, it is only possible to deal briefly.

Once again our President and Lady Violet Astor welcomed the delegates, not only at Carlton House Terrace, but also at Hever Castle, their historic home in Kent, where Mr. Winston Churchill came to meet our guests.

Then followed engagements in considerable variety:

A Government reception with the Dominions Secretary as host; to the Derby as guests of Lord Ashfield; down the Thames to a luncheon in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, with a welcome by the First Sea Lord, and a brief inspection of the Port of London; by air to Wiltshire and to Bristol on the invitation of the R.A.F. and the Bristol Aeroplane Company respectively—both most instructive visits.

The Victory Parade took place on June 8th. On June 12th we were received by Their Majesties the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace; this happy and informal reception, which lasted for nearly two hours, was the red-letter day in a very well filled week. In addition to the larger gatherings, many small private dinner parties were organized, which were, I think, much appreciated by the delegates.

For the Provincial and Scottish tour we were fortunate. Supported by

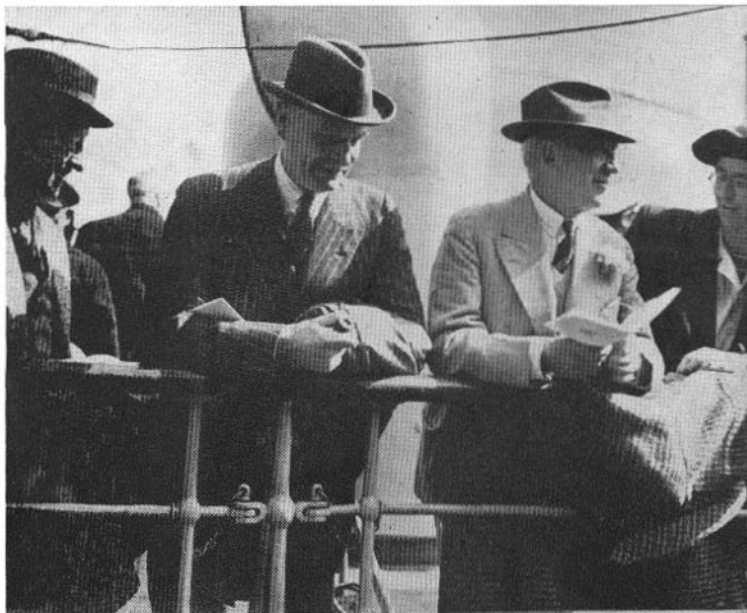


THE SIXTH IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE. VISIT OF DELEGATES TO YORKSHIRE.
ON THE TERRACE AT TEMPLE NEWSAM, LEEDS, JUNE 25TH, 1946

SIXTH IMPERIAL
PRESS CONFERENCE
JUNE, 1946

A DAY ON THE CLYDE

(LEFT TO RIGHT): SIR
RODERICK JONES, COL.
J. J. ASTOR, THE AUTHOR,
AND THE HON. MABEL
STRICKLAND OF THE
"TIMES OF MALTA", THE
ONLY WOMAN DELEGATE.



SIXTH IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE, JUNE, 1946. THE CHIEFS OF STAFF ADDRESS
THE DELEGATES

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE, AS CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF; ADMIRAL OF
THE FLEET LORD CUNNINGHAM, AS FIRST SEA LORD; AND MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F., LORD TEDDER,
AS CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF



the Minister of Transport, and with the co-operation of the L.N.E.R., L.M.S., and Pullman Company, the 'Silver King', a 15-coach train, was placed at our disposal, and proved a veritable hotel on wheels.

Sleepers and Pullman cars were the last word in luxury travel, and a perfectly trained staff looked after our creature comforts.

A special coupé, with complete office equipment, was set aside for conference purposes, to say nothing of a letterbox, public address system, and facilities for long-distance telephone calls.

Each night our moving home was drawn up, usually at some quiet spot in the countryside.

Coventry and Stratford-on-Avon were our first ports of call, when our old friend, Lord Iliffe, was a most efficient host.

Then to the industrial North, where Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow were visited.

Civic chiefs vied with the great provincial newspapers in the welcome they offered, and many a famous factory was visited.

Our somewhat large party was occasionally divided into two, John Astor looking after one section and I the other. This we did at Manchester for both inspection of industries and also for the dinners at newspaper offices; John, with his section, being entertained by the *Manchester Guardian*, mine accompanying me to Kemsley House.

That evening at Kemsley House will not be forgotten for many a day; it was a wonderful party. From kindly friends at Liverpool we travelled north to Glasgow, where a morning of perfect weather on the Clyde, together with a visit to John Brown's famous shipyards, formed a happy prelude to a great welcome from the Scottish newspapers, when the haggis was piped in with full ceremony and 'Auld Lang Syne' wound up a well-filled day. After enjoying the hospitality and unique beauty of historic Edinburgh we made for the South once more. Our small arrangements committee had agreed to my plea for a brief visit to the capital of my native county on our way to Leeds, and at York we had a warmhearted welcome from Sir Ivo Thomson and the staff of the *Yorkshire Evening Press*; two or three hours passed very rapidly in this grand old city.

That night our 'Silver King' came 'to anchor' in the midst of Marston Moor, peaceful fields on either side.

After dinner on our train, many of the delegates went for an evening stroll to study Yorkshire in an informal mood, and the bonds of Empire were cemented when men of the Dominions and Colonies joined men of the Homeland in a cheerful sing-song at the village inn.

A drive to historic Temple Newsam in the morning was followed by a civic luncheon and a visit to Montague Burton's, the largest clothing factory in the world; the day ended with a most enjoyable dinner as the guests of the *Yorkshire Post*, with Mr. Rupert Beckett as the very genial chairman.

Back in London once more, we had two further sessions of the Conference, including a thoughtful address by Sir William Hailey, Director-General of the B.B.C., and as a last word an invitation from Senator Rupert Davies on behalf of the Canadian Section to hold the next Imperial Press Conference in Canada in 1950. This invitation was unanimously and enthusiastically accepted.

The R.A.F. were again our hosts, firstly at Farnborough for a flying display of civil and military aircraft, and secondly at the Air Ministry, where we saw some interesting R.A.F. films, and at a subsequent party had the pleasure of meeting members of the Air Council.

Our final June function was a first-rate day as the guests of the Royal Navy. Aboard H.M.S. *Ocean*, the Navy showed us what it could do in the way of leaving and landing on a carrier's deck, what it felt like to be attacked at sea, and many other things.

Altogether a day of thrills, backed up by the characteristic hospitality of the Senior Service.

This should have wound up the entire proceedings, but the Three Fighting Services had most kindly advised us that if there was anything further they could do for our visitors we had only to say the word. And so we suggested a survey of the battlegrounds from the Normandy Beaches to the Baltic.

Our proposal was approved, all arrangements put in hand, and on July 1st we took off from Blackbushe Aerodrome in five Dakota planes, accompanied by senior and junior officers of the three Services. With us throughout the tour were Major-General D. A. H. Graham, Rear-Admiral Douglas Pennant, and Air Commodore N. L. Desoer, who, before leaving, briefed us generally on the outline of the campaign.

This, in further detail, was repeated each morning before we set out, and during the day we were joined by other officers who, on the spot, described the particular phase of the battle in which they had taken part. Of many excellent addresses, none were enjoyed more than those of a brilliant young Brigadier, R. F. K. Belchem, who had served with Field-Marshal Montgomery from El Alamein to Berlin. The Cherbourg Peninsula and what is left of Mulberry we studied from the air, as, flying low, our 'planes circled round.

Driving round with a charming companion, General Brownjohn, I listened to stories of the fighting at Caen, Pegasus Bridge, and Villers Bocage, as thrilling as they were supremely interesting.

For the heroic struggle at the Falaise Gap, Canadian officers were, of course, the spokesmen, and an epic story they had to tell.

We flew to Brussels and then over Antwerp and the Scheldt, circling two or three times the little island of Walcheren, a sad casualty of the war.

With Eindhoven as headquarters for a couple of nights, we were driven out to Arnhem and Nijmegen Bridge, and then flown to the Ruhr, where both from the air and on the ground we had first-hand evidence of the completeness of the work of the R.A.F. at Essen, Wuppertal, Krefeld, and last, but not least, Cologne.

Then followed crowded days in Berlin, a very different city to the Berlin I used to know. The G.O.C., Marshal of the Air Sir Sholto Douglas, gave the delegates a most thoughtful address on current German problems, and then invited questions.

For over an hour the delegates plied him with queries of the most searching type, but, as I assured him later, when driving me to luncheon at the 'Blue White' Club, he certainly had all the answers.

Our tour under the aegis of our Fighting Services ended at Hamburg, where our gallant hosts forgathered to wish us God speed at a memorable

send-off dinner. From first to last the organization in every detail had been superlative.

At Hamburg we said good-bye to some half-dozen of our colleagues who had to return, and also, to our sorrow, to our genial leader, John Astor, who had so capably steered us since the Conference assembled.

Our tour was not yet finished, for we had accepted an invitation from the French Government to wind up our journey as the guests of France.

Col. Astor's mantle then descended upon me, and as acting President I endeavoured to look after the party until we returned home.

From Hamburg our faithful Dakotas took us down to Strasbourg, where our French hosts awaited us. Incidentally, Europe (including England) was undergoing a heat wave, and record temperatures for many a year were being recorded.

So we were glad to learn that instead of motoring some ninety kilometres to Baden-Baden for an official luncheon (it was then approaching one o'clock) we were to be taken on to Strasbourg, to continue our journey later.

On arrival at Baden-Baden, with one or two colleagues I went to pay our respects to the Military Governor, before being driven rapidly up a steep and winding road to the imposing guest-house of General Koenig.

From the balcony of my very sumptuous quarters there was a magnificent view overlooking this well-known German spa.

At dinner that evening with General Navarre I met Mlle de Miribel, a brilliant young Frenchwoman, as attractive as she was able, who had come from the Foreign Office in Paris to accompany us during our stay in France.

The following morning, after a long and interesting session with the Military Governor, our party was driven over to Fribourg, a lengthy drive in very warm weather; after luncheon with our Fribourg hosts we spent some time in the Museum inspecting a unique collection of early prints and sculpture which had been stolen by Hitler from innumerable churches on the Continent.

On arrival in Paris, our party was split up and accommodated in six or seven different hotels; to bring us together for the various functions and conferences during the remainder of our stay, two or three buses made circular tours of the hotels.

One most interesting talk we had from M. Offroy, Chief of the Press Section of the Foreign Office, on general conditions, and another from M. J. Monnet on the future.

Delightful parties were given for us by the British and Canadian Ambassadors, and one at the Maison des Allies by the directors of the *Continental Daily Mail*.

Our last day in Paris was July 14th, the famous 'Quatorze', and after witnessing a Review we were driven out into the country, where at the ancient and picturesque Écu de France, on the banks of the Marne, we enjoyed an alfresco luncheon.

At this luncheon my neighbour was Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, who told me that her château was only a few miles away, and suggested that before returning to the city the delegates might like to see it.

We found the Château de Gros Bois full of treasures, not the least of

which were its fine library and many souvenirs of Napoleon. Our delightful cicerone added immensely to the pleasure of the visit.

Paris looked gay and full of life as we returned; everywhere one saw the Tricolour and flags of the Allies, and every café was crowded with Parisians enjoying this famous holiday.

To end the day we were the guests of the Ministry of Information, at an exceedingly cheerful dinner in the Jardin de Montmartre.

Here I felt sure there would be no speeches, for this large restaurant was filled with many another party besides our own; but I was wrong.

And once again, after an enthusiastic welcome from a kindly host, I had to get up and attempt an impromptu reply in my rusty French, unexercised for seven long years; but the audience was more than generous.

Throughout our visit nothing could have exceeded the kindness and hospitality of our gracious French hosts, and it was with sorrow that we left the following morning by the 'Golden Arrow'.

With even greater sorrow did I say good-bye to those dear friends from every section of the British Empire.

As a team they had played up every minute of the time, a happy, ever helpful and wondrously appreciative band of kinsmen.

And so ended the Sixth Imperial Press Conference.

I am happy to think that my old colleagues still invite me to give a hand in the cause of the Empire's Press, and I enjoy, enormously, doing what little I can to help the Union along.

I look up sometimes at the portrait of a young man—flattered by Sir William Orpen—and bearing the legend 'Presented to the Originator and Organizer of the First Imperial Press Conference by the Newspapers of Great Britain'; then I hark back to the struggles of those early days, and to the years which have intervened, with many a happy memory of old friends at Home and in every part of that Commonwealth and Empire I have learnt to know and love.

In organizing the first Imperial Press Conference, it was my good fortune to meet the eminent men and statesmen who were at that time the veritable builders of the British Empire.

I know how they regarded this meeting of the Empire's Press. Some years later, at the conclusion of the First World War, I listened to one of the greatest of our British statesmen, Lord Milner, endorse the earlier opinions of 1909, in the following words:

"These Conferences are likely to be landmarks in history. At the first gathering, great Imperial questions were thoroughly discussed and a community of ideas established, to which I attribute in a great degree the marvellous way in which the Empire pulled together when the hour of trial came."

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