

Papers of Hugh Dalton:
Original Manuscript Diary

Volume 40:
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(Folder of Loose Manuscripts)

Reduction Ratio:

12 x

DIARY.

4/14/51

Long talk at Home after dinner with Harold
Wilson. I began, as usual, by asking when he would
finish his anti-monopoly White Paper. He said he hoped
in a day or two. I then spoke of the need of a strong,

fresh programme to an election in late Summer or
early autumn. I asked about his staff. L his young man.

He spoke of Alan Neale, Tony's friend. I said he was ^{rather} an
academic type, not very impressive; but had done work on

the Working Party on R.P.M. I gave no sign of knowing him, but

mentioned that W.P. highly, & asked his promotion for work. ^{local} ^{man}
He said from his own address in London about a £40,000 Capital Camp

How then said he would have hard Henry Fox (was thinking
by knowing. Winkle had advised him to wait till the next

moment.

anti-monopoly
counterparty
Industrial Commission

We then turned to immediate things. How said Nye would

resign, unless the Cab withdrew the changes. I said I
hoped he would not. I liked & admired Nye very much.

But I thought he had his quite out of focus. How

said he agreed with Nye, I would have to consider his
own position very carefully, if Nye resided. I said that
would help him to find a better role with the end of

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Transport Home. I asked whether he thought anyone else would go. He said perhaps Strachey. Any junior Ministers? He replied "what about John Freeman?"
(This was a shot in the dark; see later note.)

I said it was a very narrow point on which to rely. He said it would seem to widen. Mr. G. would not be asked on Foreign Policy, etc. He was young enough to ~~be with the cabinet~~ wait for power & leadership. I said this was all very bad for the Party. Had he spoken to anyone else about it? He said G. H. He would speak to H. G. Now, perhaps, to Addison. I suggested...

He said he seemed to be a long way now from our earlier talk on a programme of Sept or Oct. We went off & had a drink.

He is a great deal concerned ^{inwards} ~~inwards~~ about his face. But he is said to be fantastically ambitious, & desperately jealous of H. G. Thinking that he should have been Chancellor. He has disappointed me a lot.

1A NY.

5/4/51.

Saw H.G. this evening in my room at Home, just before my dinner with Tracy & Burkwald.

I told H.G. how I had learned of Nygi's intentions, but did not tell him of my talk with H.W. I asked whether he had considered the consequences of Nygi's resignation. He said yes, and he was convinced that he must face these consequences. He was very firm & determined.

He said he could not always be blackmailed & give way. If we didn't stand up to him, Nygi would do to our Party what L-S had done to the Library.

If we would, he thought, do us good in his country to make a stand on this. Nygi's influence was much exaggerated. When the case was put, he would have very little support. He had

himself accepted the prescription that had been given, which was much more objectionable to both L & Hanna, and people would think very

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5/4/51 (2)

I said Stanley might go, and then Nye & H.W. He said he'd be well rid of the 3 of them! (4)

Little of those changes against the backbone of the budget. He wouldn't mind more if the changes were carried with the help of Tory votes.

I said I was not proposing retreat on the changes. I had supported him on this, & would continue to. But I thought he seriously underestimated Nye and his potentialities & usefulness. I thought that H.W. thought too little of the Party and too much, relatively, of the general body of the electorate.

He said H.W. had been to see him. I had rather very smoothly about the difficulties of the situation. He had said he was to consider difficult with himself, because he agreed with Nye.

I said I should do my best to stop Nye resigning. But I thought it would be best to say on the changes I should support standing firm.

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6/4/51

He deplored the
materialism of Herbert
& Nye. I had said to the
of them.

relational to H-3. was known, I Nye hated
me & was jealous of him. J.F. thought that,
none the less, it might be worth my seeing him.
I fixed with J.F. that he should see me on
Ballet Day. I discussed this. He said he would
lose his seat anyhow next time, but would not
run away. He was very contemptuous of Harold
Wilson, when I told him he was asking him to
to find him a least minute bolt-hole from
Huyton.

Earlier, before lunch, I had talked to Addison.
Very wise & frankly gave me some hints.
He was afraid that Nye was only using the
changes as a pretext. He wanted to be
out, & inasmuch, & to attract the old men
in the cabinet & to become the next leader. I
suggested that he should see him. He said he would.
He spoke very nicely to me of my team work. I pointed out from 1947.

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In the afternoon, therefore, I contacted Mgt, who had
been at a UCC meeting in main part of
the building, to come along & see me in his
own office.

He did, & we talked at length. Our ~~personal~~
relationship, as between us two, was, as usual,
neatly friendly. But he spoke very
bitterly of H.G., & to a less extent of C.M.
& H.M. He said again that he had protested
violently to C.M. when H.G. was appointed.
He had no standing in the Party. Now he was
trying to be a second Snowden, an Iron
Chancellor, trying to please his friends in the
Treasury: ^{the} whole Treasury business was out
of date - & that would talk about suffrage
& balance, & tolerances. H.G. had blindly

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accepted an imp with Reamant programme. He was wildly pro-American & anti-Russian. He was an excellent press secretary. He had tried to get an APO to let me to see to change. He had ^{the had} ^{didn't} ^{help} ^{at} ^{length} ^{to} ^{all} ^{but}. ^{He} ^{had} ^{Health} ^{services} ^{at} ^{length} ^{to} ^{all} ^{but}.

I simply said that, as he knew I knew it, very well, better than he did, & that he wasn't getting his picture right at all. I then spoke at great length ^{on} ^{lines} ^{out} ⁱⁿ my letter to him of the next day. But I couldn't move

him. "If it is such a small thing, why not give way? One compensation of living

why would be ^{me} ^{is} ^{how} ^a ^{very} ^{small} ^{thing}? ^{(He} ^{said} ^{that} ^{he} ^{was} ^{worth} ²³ ^{million}?) ^{He} ^{clearly} ^{feels} ^{an} ^{effort} ^{is} ^{being} ^{made} ^{to} ^{drive} ^{him} ^{out}. ^{10:30}

He says in C.K.H. "He doubtless missed me. I want to leave to Molt. I go to Lebanon. I refused in some time. I was agreed when he

DIARY,

6/4/51 (57)

promised there should be no cut in the Social Services.²¹ He said he couldn't pass the bill imposing the changes. He couldn't vote for it, nor would a lot of others. I said it would be very disagreeable to carry it by Tory votes. He said the Tories would find a way, by some humbug, to vote against it. I spoke of splitting the party, & how our ~~the~~ young men would be much better. He said it wouldn't be his fault.

I asked him what he intended. He said that, when at Monday's Cab, the changes were withdrawn, "my resignation will be in the Press at the same time as the report of the Budget speech."

I urged him to reconsider, & to work for the election ⁵/₆ months time on a work-weekly programme, after he've had ^{more} meat & sun.

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6/4/51 (61)

John Freeman, in our talk today, said that he heard from his spies in the F-0 - he clearly meant Kenneth Younger, whom he has a very high opinion indeed - that Hubert wasn't reading enough, or studying enough. He wasn't certain himself, as a new Foreign Secretary at such a time should be. It would be a very neat mistake if he didn't use K-Y. fully. (This I found that K-Y. had said he didn't.)

M. G. M. J. F. is inclined to think it is the changes that make the, not wider issues. - though he might, if possible, soon bring these in.

DIARY

7/4/57. (Sat)

I write from the office to H.G., expressing great approval of his proposed remission of Estate Duty on historic houses, including contracts, in a strictly respects not now covered.

I end "wishing you the best of luck, lucidity & loyal support on Monday & Tuesday." Monday is the Budget Cabinet, Tuesday Budget Day. Wednesday he'll have the Party Mtg. He's having a very low initiation.

Later from the flat I write to Nye & John Freeman (copies attached). I have no ^{real} hope of shifting Nye, but I want to be on record. I shouldn't mind if this letter were published.

I am very gloomy. Nye, with or without many followers, will be a most formidable outside critic, & he will hot-up as he goes on - & pretty quickly.

[Xerox
copy
1966]

My letter to Nye, copy of which I read only to J.F. & Tony,
and. of course, to R.

(12)

185k. Achley (London. SW 1)

7/4/51

My dear Nye,

I am very sad indeed looking forward to next week - and to the weeks and months and years beyond it.

If you resign now, the consequences to our Party will, at the least, be very damaging. And they might be much worse and more fatal than that. And this Party of ours, with all its imperfections, is still our only political instrument for winning Socialism and Justice and Peace and a Vindicating Future.

We discussed all this yesterday afternoon in complete friendliness, though, I fear, without my being able to persuade you. But, just because we have been on the same side on so many disputed matters, including here and there and recent international policy, I am writing to ask you to weigh up once more the consequences of your resignation.

I am quite sure that, on the immediate issue of Pauline Church's false facts and spectacles, you greatly overestimate the public reaction, both in the Party and outside. I know and fully appreciate your own strong feelings and sense of principle about this, but I am quite sure that most people will look at these two items as small details in a big picture. If they like the picture as a whole, they won't worry much about these two details. TO →

To resign on this would be thought by most people to be a gesture quite out of proportion to its pretext.

If you widen the issue, and bring in other matters, the question will be put "Why resign now?" And, of course, you know away your power, which is considerable, to influence decisions inside the Cabinet on these other matters.

It is a hateful prospect that we and all our leading colleagues should all be publicly attacking one another and confusing and dividing the Party, while the Tories grin and gloat and profit.

As I said yesterday, a Parliamentary Labour Party reduced to its safe seats would be a poor thing indeed, an ugly skeleton. Most of our best young men would have been massacred, and the Tories firmly fixed in power, perhaps for a generation, perhaps through a war which would finish us and all our hopes.

I, as you know, am always thinking of the need to maintain the flow of young blood through our Party. Often this flow is much too weak even now. If we had such an electoral smash, the result might well be mortal.

Don't, therefore, I most earnestly urge you, force this issue next week. Let us rather aim at an election in late summer or early autumn as a united Party with a spry, new programme, which you and I could help to frame.

Don't do it now!

Yours sincerely

Staff.

[Xerox
copy
1966]

copy. Mr John Freeman

House of Commons,

London, S.W.1

185A. Ashley Gardens.
S.W.1

(Vic 6111)

7/4/51

Dear John,

I saw Nye yesterday
^{and he said} afternoon, Our personal relations
remain quite friendly, but I
had no success ~~with~~ him.

His hates of several others
glowed fiercely.

I am writing to him this
afternoon, but have hardly
any hope of shifting him.

and will bring much comfort
to the ending!

It may all be in the
Observer - and other rags -
tomorrow.

Your date with me on
Tuesday, some time after
the budget - perhaps ^{about} an
hour ~~or so~~ after, so as to take
further reaction of it all -
is marked in my diary!

There are so many
unknowns, running on conduct
(including forms of pleasure & ^{manner} measured)
of individuals, that I can't be
at all sure of immediate ^{improb. questions} ~~let alone~~
taken ^{congruous} ~~but it~~ But it will be
pretty hateful ~~anyway~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~state~~

DIARY.

9/4/51 (Monday. Budget eve.)

Two long Cabinets, 10.30 - 1.30 and 6.30 - 9.15, on the Budget

Hugh's statement this morning, pretty good on a whole in difficult circumstances. (I would have preferred to increase Death Duties, and put Standard Rate of I.T. at 10/-, leaving two reduced rates at 2/6 and 5/- but other bits were so important that I don't say this, since I want to give him full backing).

Then a long ramble into Nye on Health Charges, and a flood of injunctions and appeals. Nye threatens to widen the issue to remuneration. We shall spend all the money

It is very resistant. He offers to put off the Budget, & resign. He promises, if he does so, to ~~not~~ go quickly, and not to attack the post afterwards. This is a bit of a bluff. I don't think he will do it. If he had £23m to spend, he would use to keep false teeth and spectacles free. He would rather spend it on improved family allowances, or on more old-age pensions, or on smaller increases here & there.

Could the imposition be changed by postponing? Tomblason, who has lost his composure, says No. I hope says No.

I make a strong short appeal to consider interests of Party, need to have election, 2nd Nov. when we have had more disasters, but some months hence, when we have had more sun and meat. So it's better to go & do it now.

His reports that he & David have had seen P.M. in the future. He said I stand firm, a very heavy responsibility would rest on anyone who split the first & the Party. The talk went on & on. At 1.30 I take the lead in riding to go. He has to meet again at 6.30 and

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I have 1 am & do a little writing for me to take them out to lunch. I told them I had one ticket for tomorrow, & hope to get a second. I said there'll be a "spout of drama" tomorrow but didn't go into detail. I think, at this stage, that the odds are that Nye will resign, but, through thinking this, I got them no part of it, & they fell Tony afterwards that I gave them a wonderful lunch - at Joseph's - & was in reaching for from the discuss Economic Theory, & motion used for philosophy, & stock exchange speculation, & Tony - "I am an un/conditioned Tony give", I say, as I can say "I think I am too - & my plan for directing big investors into gilt-edged.

And then I go back to the drama, & more to second reading of my ~~Minerals~~ ^{Highways} Bill. Then I go out to the smoke room, & see Nye, & signed to him. I have go out together and walk to his room, & try a few. No good! He attacks the Cals. "Who are they? I didn't choose them. One of the others whom. They are either old men, or rootless men, like Saitzbell & Gordon Walker. They are "disrupting the welfare state." While I was with me, it's very

up. I said "let me come up in ten minutes." Then I went. I saw Strachey going out with H.W. In the second cabinet the ~~the~~ debate went on & on. I had ~~was~~ very weary. It is his birthday, just 45. "Many happy returns!" said some one. Nye's talked of him & could not all the time, and H.W. We are slapping

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9/4/51 (3)

(18)

the Health Service. And what I ask, would the Tories do
on this, & count on other questions, if he put them to a
vote a big majority?

Finally the votes are collected, and all stand by the
Charter, except Nye and H.W. ("Nye & the dog"
I call them outside) and Toulson, who has lost his
courage & wants to postpone decision.

After Clinton says he can't stand against S. Shields.
He is an old man, 69. Some wonder, after it's over,
whether he could have saved the situation by going in?
One only man now looks happy is Nye. But perhaps
he isn't really. He had asked in the last today
"aren't I worth £2 million?" (the revenue
from his shares)

He becomes very irritated at constant appeals to him
Why not appeal to them?

I saw J.F. later that evening. He said all Nye's friends were
trying to persuade him not to resign before the Party meeting on
Wednesday (day after tomorrow, day after Butler's speech). He will
do his best to stop him, but if ~~Nye goes~~ Nye goes, he must guide
him. He J.F. hopes that, if he & I are on opposite sides of the
gulf, it won't end our friendship. He expresses great
regard & affection for me. I say I feel the same for him.
I read him my letter to Nye. He says it is a very interesting
letter.

DIARY

(19)

10/4/57

Budget Day!

I ring up Tony's flat at 8.30. I am nervous the phone. I tell him I have got the second Budget ticket. Will he come and pick it up in my office about noon? Then I wish to speak to Tony - still asleep, on usual after late nights. I tell him there is a very bad political situation. Nye, Hail & Strachey are resigning, and perhaps J.F. (and someone else said Tom Cook, but I never heard this talk.) We face an early election and a heavy defeat. Will he come to discuss in my office.

He comes at 11.30. He says he is very pro-Nye, but he is against him on this. I wish him to see J.F. with whom I have a date today, and then after that sits down. Tony says that, if Nye goes to the Tribune backs him, he will try to write an article putting the other side. He says Nye may be betting on losing our leader in 10, or even 5, years time. These things are forgotten much more quickly than one thinks, e.g. gifts, and they must be very carefully forgotten in opposition. I said I didn't think Nye was a very good life. He looked unwell. He said J.F. was a great Nye. etc. but he'd certainly speak to him. Tony says he'll take him, when he just arrives, down to the

Home and give him two drinks before lunch.

I then see Gossman in the smoke room. He says he sent Mr. Rando, rather unwilling, to breakfast with Nye this morning, to dissuade him from resigning. Nye had kept it very quiet. M. Frost

DIARY.

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10/4/51(2)

Knew nothing about it at midnight last night. * Ford is passionately
in favour of Nye resigning. He is almost the only one.

Hugh's Budget Speech is a tremendous success.
He looks as fresh as paint, wears a red carnation. Very
lucid and talks well. He is a much better element
than Stafford, who was very good at getting up a brief, but
didn't realize, as Hugh does, all ~~the~~ ^{the} surrounding arguments.

He gets a great ovation at the end. The Party are
very pleased, and the tea room is full of his portrait.
I walk up and down outside the tea room, and whenever
any friend of mine comes out, I ask what is the feeling,
& it is practically all one way. "He can defend that." "The
boys are very pleased."

Nye Rept off the bench, and only came down
to the Chamber to hear Hugh on the Health Charge. He
stood behind the speaker's chair. It was a great shock
to him that there was no outcry when the charge was
announced. - hardly any audible reaction on either side of
the House. Only Jennie, standing with him, said "Shame!"
just above her breath. Then he staid out into
the passage.
After Hugh sat down, I went out into the corridors.

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10/4/51(3)

Six Under Secretaries, headed by Jim Callaghan, had signed a letter to him, which Jim delivered. One of the signatories was Robert Lee, Mr. Stewart Blankinship & one Stan. The press had not taken it. I said that if he did, they would all lose their seats. (I don't think Robert would.) Jim said that Nye, during read the letter, said to him "You are all ~~making things~~ putting me in a very difficult position" !! I hear that all his followers are now trying to persuade him not to do it. He will wait now for tomorrow's Party meeting, they say. This means he can't speak the top headline from Haff's as he first intended, either in Tompkins' evening, or tomorrow morning, papers!

Haff sat down at 5:45 and just before 6, as arranged, J.F. came to see me in my room. He says that Nye has definitely put off resignation till the Party meeting. He has been working very hard at this, - he was with me during the first part of the Budget speech, till he went down to hear Haff on the chances. So late many ^{for hours on end.} Stan, one of the most effective & outspoken being Stanley Evans, now in an old body. I told J.F. of Haff's moral attitude, in offering to ~~resign~~ & say nothing. A show speech compared to a speaking profane ^{garage}, I said. He still thinks that if Nye goes, he must go too. But he won't decide yet. I will see me first.

DIARY

10/4/51 (4)

I am trying to make him think less ~~with~~ idolatrously of his
idea! He admits he told me a lie last
Friday when he looked beyond. He was in a good
considering joint resolution, but he was pleased to believe.

11/4/51

Party meeting. Driving to the Home I see a chalked
newspaper notice "Tammam Sachs Meet" ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~
before the meeting starts. I get an evening paper with the
news from Sunka, and give it to Willy Hull, and suggest
that he should give the Party meeting a good send-off
by announcing it. He does, & they cheer!

He opens with a short speech. Then my job
is to say that he & his friends, would take a certain
step, but there is still time for further consideration.
Party unity must not be imposed on one side only.
It's a very satisfactory statement but he has more
time to be done. My hour makes it more
difficult for the resolution now.

Sorry I am from my room to the Pk Mtg I meet H.W.,
and very sure of his relation to me. "Good morning, Mr. Datta."
I hope we're still colleagues. I've been trying to persuade
myself to resign. I say "The hours different." He says
"that you should I want him to resign." I say "I'm sure
I don't know."

DIARY

11/4/51 (2)

One general feeling in the Party is favorable to the Budget, though there is evidently a strong minority against the Health Changes.

Nye & Herbert are almost in a personal clash. Nye has been warned not to develop an argument, and doesn't. But Herbert is on the edge of doing so. Nye jumps up to protest. Mr Herbert says his very next sentence was going to be "Now I have finished with that."

Going out with the passage I meet Crossman & Strachey. To Mr Herbert I say "If there was an election now, you'd be down like the poor good and proper, and with some better men than you & some worse ones." He flares at this, and says "You have got a simple and logical way of putting things." I say "Well, you've been psycho-analysed. You ought to like things simple." He says "I should find any difficulty in plain speech." Crossman says that if there was a break,

he would go with Nye, & he would do a lot more. I suggest he should all have a drink before lunch, & we do in long time to see how he'd mass-murder the Party.

DIARY

11/4/51 (3)

if he went ~~was that~~ including nearly all his own friends,
and come back with a Shrivelled Parliamentary Party,
would certainly ~~wouldn't~~ wear him as leader.
(J.F. says that he conveyed this point ~~that~~ I had
possibly made to him, to Nye, who hadn't kept it
like that before.)

As Crossman, Strachey & I have an ~~int.~~ Crossman says
that the division between left & Right was never so
sharp. ~~It's~~ ^{It's} he says, is very doctrinaire as
pro-American. ~~It's~~ ^{It's} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~giving~~ ^{giving} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~organising~~ ^{organising} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~defence~~ ^{defence}.
on arguments, when programme entered in February.
I say he made no more. I asked Strachey why he didn't
make a new line. He says it's very difficult of a Service
Militar to do that. He recalls that I was the only
one who backed him up. When he read out Stalin's directive,
"War possible in 1951, probable in 1952." I say he might
review all that again. Crossman says "I want to meet the Party ^{to discuss}
J.F. just after lunch, taken to me. He walks down passage
leading past Foreign Secretary's Room. He says he wrote
a very strong letter to Nye last night, which he hopes has
had a considerable effect this morning. While he was
talking this comes along, accompanied by Miss. I said "Let's
have a jam at Venus!" Great embarrassment!

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11/4/51 (4)

Wigg was the first to spill beans of the crisis. He went round saying that Nye was being very awkward in Cab, obviously inspired by Shawcross. Nye was very cautious, fearing

change of ^{of} Cab ^{Secretary} secret. J.F. said Nye would resign or talk but would not ^{step} out. I said that doesn't matter much. Important

D. Hepburn was had a very hard line at the mtg, defending change & saying that it would be disastrous to wobble back now, & would fatally discredit the Govt. I said that Jim Callaghan was seeing Nye at 3, & the Director quite understood why Jim was being brought into these "diplomatic exchanges". He's a bit jealous of his old subordinates.

Nye going upstairs said to me "Ulen says James on the election. So when Tony & Joan this Bill over? If you say the Party will be a rattle, & you won't care it"

He doesn't try to make all your idolatrous abstract too. J.F. said he didn't think he would.

I said I would give about 1000. It would not occur. But he certainly could catch at the Army Programme again if there was any new evidence.

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11/4/51 (5)

This evening the Nyeites are intriguing every hand. The main now is to prevent the introduction of the Bill for change. Lyttelton said ~~that~~ ^{recently} that the Tories would support it. Nye & Hux are spreading the story of the "maelect". I don't believe PM did say this. I expect Nye said it - maybe to the June, & then, in his usual way, said "well perhaps that might be a good time." (PM's last message to Thomas last saying he had never said election in June, in reply to telephone enquiry by H.M.)

With the 2 WW discussing movements & individual attitudes. He spoke of J.F. They said they had a report of a "rough" meeting, attended by Gossman & J.F., & that latter said that if Nye went, he would go too. I said that I never that J.F. was doing all he could to stop Nye coming. They then spoke further of J.F., whom I defended. J.F. told me that there had been no such "rough" meeting.

Tommy knows of debate tonight. He was disappointed with his speech. I feel he hasn't got the technique. He spoke too fast & without enough heavy emphasis. That it was H.G. ^{against} ~~against~~ ^{very good material.} He must practice more.

DIARY,

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11/4/51 (8)

Huff told me he'd had a most amazing day yesterday. Up till noon he hadn't known whether he was going to make a budget speech or not. He had twice offered to resign C.R.K. - and even ^{and not to attack the Govt.} ~~once~~ - had had cold feet and wanted him to drop all mention of the changes. He had finally agreed to leave one sentence out of his speech, in which he had intended to name a date for the beginning of the changes. I said "Don't build yourself up too high. You've had a great triumph, & every hour now makes it sure that they won't resign." I said his broadcast had been a great success. He had that one fifth, a fineside - that number on the air. But (then following a suggestion of L.F.) he ought to try to find some occasion to appear with Mr. in Cab on some disputed issue, preferably when they would both be in a minority.

Huff says W.W. never wavered or wobbled at all, a break town of strategy.

~~What is the~~
Today in Bank, with Lytton went to meeting Mr. who had been
to hear & tried to keep Mr. amused, & to prevent his speaking
up. This effort was successful. & was asked to mention / handle
Daily Action (afterwards)

11/4/51 (6)

" Manchester Guardian
and Daily Express
(attached) "

Missing,

DIARY.

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12/4/51 (Thursday)

Cab. Nye says to me, before we go in, "it's not finished yet." ^{rather gleefully} (He said to me the other day "I should expect much more leverage outside the Cabinet than is it." of Megalomania & jealousy govern him. She will be

frank in her own way" some people must be made to be the line." He has not been a multiplying influence! &

I rang up Wendle this morning before Cab. as agreed with H.H. and told him this was a joint message for Herbert & me; Harold Wilson must not be helped to find a

letter seat; if Hughes was to be lost, let him lose it! Wendle said he wasn't helping. I said Wilson had suggested to me that he was. (Hughes Wendle took the point!)

I try to get Nye into the right mood, just before we go in. I ask if he's seen the Manchester Guardian this morning or has seen me as by Helter. Very amusing!

Then H.H. weeps out, and asks "Have you seen the Daily Telegraph?" Ours much more serious. That carries a

full report of the Mtz. I say "They always do.

Nothing is lost." He says "But they say that H.H. said

DIARY.

12/4/51 (2)

That it was time a certain person bluff was called, & it would be this time." I say "that's not the kind you said at the O.K. mtg. Why are you always trying to stir things up? I'm trying to stir them down." Nye, then a bit excited, as the little blipka entered, said "you must tell your friends in the Treasury to help."

In Cat ~~the~~ the meeting, - as I & others had advised him to do - the two bills to give effect to Health Charges & Pension Improvements. They are to be presented formally next week, with second reading the week after, just before Finance Bill.

Nye protests. Why bring a Health Charges Bill? He & H.W. saw P.M. ~~last night~~ yesterday, and a date was mentioned for general election. This would mean Bill would come into operation. Don't provide party by bringing in Bill.

Grayson is rather tired of it all at this point and afraid for the Dog who masterfully affirms that he speaks with his master. There is no reaction, except for Stewart who asks what is this date? Jan P.M. H.W. has Ministerial only? Then ~~say~~ say "June" & H.W. says he has

DIARY.

12/4/51 (3)

been to talk with Dan. Now Dennis says he said there would
be an election in June. Stewart then becomes abusive
of Nye. He says he has put his personal vituperation into
cold storage, but he is quite prepared to bring them out.
(want a course-framed shit and how can he be! I
infinitely prefer Nye!)

Nye says that if Bill is introduced, he can't vote for it.
That's all. (The threat of further revolt.) He could drag
his feet with his lobby to support it.
interview me quickly to say that this is all a postscript

Heard an industry the Times went out against it, as by Helter
said yesterday, in speech & broadcast. So very likely there
won't be a vote. And perhaps we'll discuss it further
now? Tom Liska will more wants to put it off.

All come speak! But we decide to go ahead.

Hugh's speech and broadcast, & the Party's reaction
in the House and Party meeting, & the likelihood
Tony support can be levered. Lm made a new situation

Nye's resignation now would seem quite

reasonable and, if he did, he would get many fewer followers
in House and country than a few days ago, and could put a

DIARY.

(32)

12/4/51 (4)

not quite so hopeful election. But still pretty bad!

Talk to Tony, after Roy has made a good speech in the House, & just before he goes to entertain an Argentine at dinner.

Later talk to J.F. who hopes Truman will make in the summer that Crossman will his "illiterate brilliance" will replace Kenneth Young, & whom J.F. thinks very highly as Minister of State.

All over for the moment. But for how long?

Nye, I fear, will try to make trouble again, & may find a better pretext. Anti-Americanism is not likely to have much effect with Truman's fighting back and the Republicans. But he may campaign against Rearrangement.

He has a mixed lot of followers, & even followers, even they might make serious in the Press and in his country than in the Parliamentary Party. They he has arithmetic is such that even a few could wreck us.

But Nye has sheerest passion and hatred, and a great lack of judgment, & his, I think, has shaken some of his leadership.

DIARY

14/4/51

(certain reputation
& unreliability)

1 habit) was in Nov 1947, 1 major
2 like hell & back by me! 1 only
(said) for Respiration & by me! ~~unreliable~~

I am at W.L., write alone for the street-out, (R is finished) →
(London) writing up diary notes, & thinking, & typing.

Thought on 9 o'clock news is Eric Berne's death, from heart attack.
The surprise is that he didn't die sooner. He had been
in use, physically or mentally, for some time, & should have
A signal earlier.

I alter a copy of a letter I write to P.M.

He did a lot of big things, as, on E.Sec's side some
big mistakes. But on Palmer's, he did a lot of good in his
life. Stafford's latest news sounds pretty promising.
So they may not be from soon.

Who's coming up? Hope faitzbell certainly. And
Nye is worst & when he is, - full of potentiality, and
uncertainty of course, and danger to himself & the Party.

I am ~~63~~ 63. I have lost all hustling
ambition, if I ever had it. I want to hold

the Party United, to encourage it - to be bold
and frank, and to help on the young.
The best of -

I seem pretty fit now, apart from a fibrillating heart
(where many do no account) & the need to take Kleefer's pills.

[Xerox
copy
1966]

Copy of letter to P.M. written on 15/4/51

185th A.E. Str.

House of Commons,

London, S.W.1

My dear Clem,

I was ~~just~~ going to write to you ^{just before} ~~when~~ I heard of
Eric's death. ~~A friend~~ It is an tragedy & great
familiar landmark is gone from our skyline. He
showed an almost ~~incredible~~ ^{unbelievable} physical and moral
courage, an ill health and weakness pressed upon
him. And he did ^{deeds} a tremendous thing for
the Trade Union, the Labour Party, of Britain and
of the Free World. I first worked closely
with him in 1936 when ^{I was} ~~my~~ Chairman of the
National Executive & he of the Finance Council.
We planned policy together on Pension and
on Foreign Affairs. Through later years I
found him a wonderful comrade, & I remember
a very little ^{of importance} on which we disagreed. And
how blessed to go quick at the end, as he did!

As to his successor, ~~I think a young Trade~~
my first thought is that another Trade Unionist

Should enter the Cabinet, & a ^{one would see it too high} young one. The (35)
best all-around, ^{view} ~~judgment~~ of
Robens, who has ^{independently} played a
very loyal and active part during his post
postmaster/tracking stage Jaitzkell, but ~~not~~
doing his best to stop me from resigning. Unless
you want to make other changes in the Cabinet ^{now}
would it not be simple to make Robens Lord
Privy Seal, ~~resigning his~~ but as the most ^{except}
junior member of the Cabinet, and give him ~~power~~
~~of non-departmental work~~ too, including presiding
over ^{or officiating} a ^{small} a
suitable Dept. become available for him? This
knowing ^{in Cabinet work} would be very valuable to the latter.
I hope that, outside the Cabinet, you are still
willing to certain changes, especially in the
Saville Dept., which would make us ^{best}
a better, briffer, fresher Govt.
You will have heard only too much for
too long about recent troubles, ^{to} ~~to~~
I could, using all ^{desks & all} ~~possible~~ human
instruments I could, (a) to support Haff, & (b) to

with skin and gorged with ^{and happy with} meat ^{that's}, in the interval, he
 have some success abroad and can
 make a good election programme, with a
 bit of freshness and new appeal in it, we might
 surprise ourselves by our success.

a lot of good like
 me to come & see you
 of course I'll come
 I'll be sure to
 visit

I hear talk of the possibility of
 taking over from Young ^{Man} in the
 Young now knows a lot about it all, much more
 than Herbert on let. Crossman, as someone said,
 has an "illiterate brilliance" in foreign affairs,
 but ^{not combine well with} the fact of
 bad combination. Has he then been reading
 that last week that "if it comes to a break,
 I shall go with Nye"; ^{and} criticizing it
 in this week's Statesman. It is a most
 gifted and attractive creature, ~~and would~~
^{and would} ~~be a~~ ^{one who best deserves to}

~~like him~~
 as it's really to ^{the Horn} ~~bring him inside~~
 would have liked to see him in the front line of
 but he always puts stones in his own shoes.
 Mr Miller Whiteley said once "he can't make of his
 mind what he wants to be." I hope you're really better
 will be back soon. ^{the mass}

DIARY.

15/4/51.

(This may be a copy of a note already recorded)

I wrote in Diary today - with reference to
Ernie's death and Stafford's near-death-

I am 63. I have lost all

ambitious personal ambition, if I ever had it.

I want to hold the Party united, to
encourage it to be bold & fresh & strong, and
to help on the best of the young.

I seem pretty fit now, apart from a
fibrillating heart - which may do 2 or 3
harm for years - and a need to take
sleeping pills. If I hadn't gone in Nov. 1947,
I might have been a crock by now, whereas I
only saved from bankruptcy and my financial contact
with the Liquidator Tribunal, a certain reputation for
reliability & talking for peace.

DIARY.

17/4/51

Letter from P.M. - ^{no} idea of threatening out Young & make room for Crossman. Quotes Henderson of New College. "Bad judgment? No judgment at all." From Marked Roberts. I'm to see Clew this week end.

Talk to ^{learn} on Ministerial changes. P.M. intends to make Clunkin Lord Privy Seal, & bring in Shannan as Home Secretary. I say Shannan has no judgment (common criticism!) and is very weak. He ought to have gone long ago to the Bank. W.W. says Clew will bring in Roberts, probably as Minister without Portfolio, & give him ministerial authority etc. to begin with. These changes should be made about at once.

With Service Dept, I say I hope he still means to let rid of Henderson & Strachey, & put de Freitas & Freeman in their places. W.W. says he thinks that & that should happen at Westminster - was difficult trials are passed, & an act to remove the difficulties.

I will speak to Clew about all this at the week-end. Later I will J.F. this. He says he would give anything to leave his present job. He

DIARY.

17/4/51 (21)

would gladly move to another vanda-secutaryship, if he could
 move up. He thinks he must tell Chen, if he
 offers him the r.o., that he would have free will Mye,
 if Mye had written. I doubt the need for this, particularly
 if it will kill him, & things have settled down
 by then. J.F. says he thinks he will answer Mye a
 lot at the end by writing to her in a split
 the Party, but to tell her that, if he did go,
 J.F. would go with him.

I say Mye has showed himself in my opinion
 by his recent conduct. J.F. says he has shown
 a lack of judgment (some old verdict!) I say, still
 worse, he has been provoked by personal hatred
 - chiefly against Hays. I don't like this, or men
 who say to Hays the ball things then: can
 you. I ask how far J.F. (he) will follow Mye
 like a dog. What he, in future cases, reserve
 his own judgment? He says yes certainly, and, if
 Mye were just to say on the changes with, he
 thinks he would not go with him. He says Mr. Frost
 & Jennie - was a officious-minded & doesn't like Mye

DIARY.

(41)

17/4/51 (31)

being in the front & has a fault-complex about a
Cabinet Minister's salary - has been pressing him
to resign. He had been having doubts in thinking Jennie
was a moderating force.

He shows me from Ischelt Cripps a very sad
photo of Stafford, lying on his face in bed, smiling but,
and the W. Knight, near death.

DIARY.

15/4/51

C.E. comes in while I am talking to him today
that Nye said at the Welsh Yaffle tonight that
he had much more support in the constituency
parties than he thought. More possible ~~to~~
~~at~~ Cab?

Coming back from S. B.'s funeral at Golden's place,
Willy Hall says that when the H.C. was made
Chancellor, Nye told him that Stafford had
told Nye that, if Stafford resigned from the Chancellorship,
Nye ought to succeed him. Willy, who naturally
didn't like Stafford, says that he wouldn't put it
past Stafford to take said line.

16/4/51 (1)

Deegan Jay says that the day after the H.C. was
appointed, Nye said to ^{him} "I've been tricked."
Nye ~~at~~ Stafford mentioned me that I should be
his successor. ^{but he had told me that he had more}
a violent protest to pay on H.C.'s appointment.

DIARY.

(43)

19/4/51 (2)

We were in Cab today on proposal to let Communitarianism discuss political aspects of Defence. H.M. proposed that I should ~~be~~ backed him up. I had sent him a strong note on this (separately to be read with Diary notes). It had evidently influenced him. Cab finally left H.M. a free hand, as between amending the Statute & accepting a resolution.

Shirvell accepted with great reluctance, Alexander argued against, McNeil was violently against, (yelling at the end of the table) and Bevan was against because he is against Communist Empire anywhere.

There were no other suggestions, and so but my speech was unnecessary in detail, because I was the only one who was ~~in~~ anything more than S.M.C.

19/4/51 (2)

"... a strong note on
r/10 (separately included
with Diary notes)"

Missing.

DIARY.

19/4/51 (3)

When next week's business is raised, including
Second Reading of Health Changes Bill, Mr
Sgt. says that he gives no notice that he will resign
on the Third Reading, & he wishes this to be
recorded in the Minutes.

HM. very profusely says that this can't be done.
~~Resignation~~ Resignation is a matter between the
Minister concerned & the P.M.

Then comes a move, started by Churchill of
all people, to see whether he can't say
that changes will be temporary, limited to one
year.

Then there follows a grand
impatience in the Cab with this continued
nervousness — first he threatened to resign
before the Budget, then on Budget Day, then if the
changes were brought in, then he wouldn't vote
second reading, & now this! At the end
of one of these discussions in Cab, he said "They

DIARY.

(96)

19/4/51 (4)

Should I have to put up with these bloody
absurdities?" Planning at Stage. But they said
nothing, L & C had dispersed.

Today I said I didn't propose to repeat
my appeal to him 2nd L & C resign and 2nd
to divide the Party in the face of the enemy.

But after Sturzell's protest, to save my
skin "Oh! that might make a big difference" —
and then across the table to Wilson & 2nd
saying "we've got him on the run!" —
a small group of Ministers were approached to
try to find a formula I report on Monday.

- H.G., M.G., M'Neil, Sturzell & Murphy
L & C Chute & 2nd. M reported on

the sheet, writing down of it. A further
meeting was held.

DIARY.

(17)

20/4/51 (Fri)

I worked a bit in the office and then went over to the House.

Crossman, Harold Davies and Baird, on behalf of the Dr. Midland group, saw Chuter & I. w. this morning. They told me they thought it had not been too bad. They suggested something in the preamble to say the changes would be permanent, something in the Bill to make them subject to annual renewal and a reduction in the charge from 5% to 20%. They also wanted a Party meeting next Wed. to discuss it all! (but this is a National Executive Day.)

I think that this sounds at all practical, but explain my view to them, except that it was useful to keep friendly contact.

I saw Mr. Laker. He said last night's meeting of ministers with Mr. Laker was no good. They had offered him a promise, to the effect that the changes were not necessarily permanent & might be modified at any time by affirmative resolution.

He would not take it or propose any alternative, or agree to anything short of the withdrawal of the Bill.

DIARY.

(45)

20/4/51 (121)

Later, with Jim Callaghan - whom I had been spending
a bit out of track, because he has been spending
so much time on the Submarine Deterrence (Affair)
- he is now acting First Lord, and kind he had
is very ill - I was invited to go & see Ullmer.

He shows us his private views to Mr. Kent
Nijet. He swept it aside as "a beauty",
but made no alternative suggestion. It proposed
that in his Second Reading speech to Ministers
should say that those changes were not
necessarily permanent, but that, if the House
approved, they could be removed or modified
by affirmative order.

Ullmer & I had a ^{longer} ~~longer~~ - and I thought
less good - statement which they were
willing to show him, but in view of his complete
rejection of the first, they didn't. I was glad
his longer one contained some few stiff passages
in agreement to have been possible.

DIARY.

(49)

20/4/51 (31)

The first formal fullness very much to suggestion made in Club yesterday by Shinnell - a surprising move, for he has been bitter & tactless towards Nye, - much more so than anyone else in Club - which Nye picked up as reason "O. Something of that sort would make a very big difference."

Under steps Club, at this point, Nye knew a note about to the Dog - they sit opposite each other, but ^{small} note can be read, if neighbours are keen - "we've got them on the run."

~~But~~ C is now willing to be vicar, and so is Mr. W., but the time has come when the P.M. may have to tell Nye that he must either play with the team or go. I said "he couldn't not to seem to be victimising him."

DIARY

20/4/57(4)

Jim Callaghan afterwards talked to Frost, & reported that the latter had said that Nye must now spend a period of his back benches. Frost has been pressing him, hands of all of them, and against his views of most of them, to resign.

Today knew McNair & Wilkes

Tribram, attacking Hays most outrageously, comparing him to Swadlow, & his

bad bet to Swadlow's c 1931. Saying that he is the darling of the City ^{2 1/2-Ton} with many suffering from Tom Hays.

McKenna & Mallickin joining Tolson.

1 Reef a copy of my Diary with this makes me see very red! ~~Red~~

It is becoming impossible to concentrate one's mind on anything except this odious form of nervous war is becoming totally intolerable.

*Keep with
Diary notes*

TRIBUNE

SOCIALIST ▲ FORTNIGHTLY ▲ SIXPENCE

EDITORIAL BOARD: JENNIE LEE, MICHAEL FOOT

*A most wicked
publication!*

No. 730. APRIL 20th—MAY 3rd, 1951

A DANGEROUS BUDGET :

1. Must It be 1931 Over Again ?

EDITORIAL

2. The Million at the Bottom

IAN MIKARDO, M.P.

3. Why That Health Service Charge ?

J. P. W. MALLALIEU, M.P.

4. The Verdict In the City

ROBERT J. EDWARDS

Britain's Bankrupt Railways

CECIL POOLE, M.P.



FOR A TIME, during the last Parliament, fellow M.P.s used to buttonhole me about the coal supplies of their constituents. Then for a time they buttonholed me about the dollar gap. Latterly, in this Parliament, they have buttonholed me about purchase tax; and on the day before the Budget, Sir Waldron Smithers stopped me in a corridor and asked me kindly whether I was all ready for the morrow.

It's not that I am an expert on coal, the dollar gap, purchase tax or the Budget. It's just that I look rather like that friend of my schooldays, Hugh Gaitskell. No doubt colleagues from time to time ask Hugh for Cup Final tickets or mention to him that Huddersfield Town lost on the previous Saturday.

On Budget day I went into the Gallery facing the Government Front Bench to get a line on this resemblance for myself; and as I sat up there I could, with a little imagination, see as my own the face and figure that of the Chancellor who had just come into the House and sat down beside Ernie Bevin.

For one thing, the Chancellor was obviously nervous and this gave him the schoolboyish look which I like to think I still retain in middle age. Noticing his nervousness, Ernie Bevin, with fatherly kindness, tried to ease it with a little joke or two, at which Hugh laughed with that abstracted dutifulness which a boy puts on when, though his mind is elsewhere, he does not wish to seem ungrateful for well meant sympathy.

The minutes ticked by and at last Questions were over, the Speaker left the chair and Major Milner, as Chairman of Ways and Means, took his place. And now Hugh, his face flushed to the colour of the flower in his buttonhole, sat tautly on the edge of the bench, eyes on Major Milner, like a scholarship candidate awaiting summons to the interview room.

Then the summons came; and at once all the boyishness in Hugh seemed to vanish. He rose, inserted a little key into his despatch box, drew out his manuscript and began to read it in a clear, firm voice. He continued to read in a firm—and after Mr. Churchill had begged him to go a little slower—in an even clearer one for some two hours. When he sat down, he received

See That Your
Local Library
Stocks Tribune

a fine ovation and general congratulations on the manner of his performance.

Certainly the manner was most competent. Like his predecessor, Stafford Cripps, he can read a long manuscript fluently, almost as though he were making an extempore speech. You might think this was easy; but even such a practised speaker as Herbert Morrison, reading just a short speech, finds that his eye sometimes skips a line, so making nonsense of a sentence and forcing a repetition. But Hugh never needed to re-read a single sentence in the whole two hours.

However, I considered the manner of his performance six days later, when he wound up the Budget debate, to be even more effective. He was not then reading a prepared speech, but was instead answering, in a bare thirty minutes, many of the major points raised in a four day debate. He did this concisely and effectively.

True he was helped to some extent by the performance of Opposition speakers. Lyttelton, who is not at the best of times a great Parliamentary speaker, had had to wait uneasily in his place, shuffling his notes, while his own backbenchers argued the toss about Egypt. The strain of nervous exasperation seemed to put him off his stroke.

Osbert Peake, another leading Opposition speaker, enters debates on the Budget with the air of an apprehensive ferret. For the greater part of the time that sharp nose of his is lost in manuscript. Indeed he is so dependent on his manuscript that even those sallies which he would like the House to regard as impromptu are laboriously and not very effectively read. Every now and again, however, he looks up cautiously from his script as if to satisfy himself that he is still unobserved.

R. A. Butler is a far better performer than either of these two. But on Monday night, when he wound up for the Opposition, he had his own difficulties. For one thing, one of his supporters, in a speech of intolerable length, had demanded that the Government, in order to cut expenditure, should increase the charge on school meals. Butler had to open his speech by repudiating this proposal for the simple reason that, in pursuance of their tactics of Ordeal by Prayer, his party had decided, no doubt by oversight, to pray that very evening against a proposal to increase the charge on school meals.

The second of Butler's difficulties was that he also had to repudiate Lord Woolton, the Conservative Party machine, Mr. Eden and many Conservative M.P.s by announcing that his party were no longer in favour of reducing the food subsidies. Even so he did very well.

But with brisk cross-examination, Gait-

skell soon had him in difficulties again and eventually pushed him right under water by the simple process of fastening the full weight of Oliver Lyttelton on his shoulders

Without question, Gaitskell's manner of presenting his Budget and in handling the subsequent debate was first class. The immediate reception of his matter was almost equally well received by a majority of the House, partly I think because most people had expected proposals which would be more "severe". But I am not so sure that this majority satisfaction will continue.

So far as I can remember this is the first Labour budget which, in however small a way, cuts a social service for the benefit of rearmament. True in the last Parliament, proposals to cut a social service, housing, were adopted and then abandoned in face of resistance by Nye Bevan. Subsequently, a proposal to charge for prescriptions was adopted and then abandoned when Nye Bevan revealed that it was administratively unworkable. But in his first Budget, Hugh Gaitskell has succeeded in extracting £25 million out of the Health Service.

Quite a lot of people in the Labour movement think that he has done right to charge for teeth and specs. We've all heard those stories of the next door neighbour—but one who habitually jumps on her false teeth just for the pleasure of getting another free pair. I have not, in actual constituency practice, tracked down one of these wasters but we're all convinced that the next man is abusing the free health service. Further, nearly everyone thinks that the dentists are being paid too much—and are not false teeth part of the dentist's job? I personally would have thought that if dentists are being paid too much the best thing to do is to reduce their earnings by cutting fees and not by forcing poorer people to go without the false teeth they would otherwise have ordered.

I cannot myself see why Gaitskell ever put forward this proposal at all. It nets him £25 million—a lot of money except when it is contrasted with a total budget figure of £4,000 million and a rearmament figure of £1,500 million. Is it definitely established that the rearmament figure must be £1,500 million? Why should it not be £1,475 million? Is it definitely established that given present shortages, the service departments can actually acquire the total quantity of materials for which the Chancellor is now giving them budget licence? If that is not established, what really does lie behind the Chancellor's determination to wring £25 million out of the Health Service? He knows—and so does Herbert Morrison—that at least two of their Cabinet colleagues were strongly opposed to this. Yet, for £25 million, which it is probable he does not need, the Chancellor has been induced to risk resignations from the Cabinet. Or did he and his collaborators not regard this as a risk?

If only I thought like the Chancellor as well as looking like him, I should be able to answer this question and so make as big a show in the Sunday papers as the Man who Stole the Stone.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU.

NOW THAT sufficient time has passed to enable us to gather up general impressions and reactions to the Budget, we are in a better position to discuss it than immediately after the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his statement. I shall not say that the dominant feeling inspired by reflection is one of relief... The sense of relief to which I have alluded is enhanced by the fact that probably few, if any, Budgets in recent years have been anticipated with so much anxiety.

These sentiments have a contemporary flavour. They are, in fact, the opening passage in the speech of Mr. Neville Chamberlain on behalf of the Tory Opposition following Mr. Phillip Snowden's Budget statement in April, 1931. A few months later the 1929-31 Labour Government collapsed. The City, the permanent officials at the Treasury, Mr. Montagu Norman as Governor of the Bank of England had their way with poor Philip Snowden. No one who knew him would accuse him of corruption or treachery. He was honest personified. He was a true-blue Englishman untainted by Celtic fervour or foreign traits of any kind. He was also a sincere and idealistic Socialist who to the end of his days remained faithful after his fashion. But his fashion was not good enough. At the moment of crisis he deserted his Socialism and the powers of reaction were able to swarm to victory through the breach which he had made.

Must It be 1931 Over Again?

We have had to wait 20 years for a Labour Chancellor to win such warm approval in Conservative quarters. (Lest anyone doubts the charge, let him read the list of tributes set out on page seven of this issue.) Mr. Gaitskell has made the grade. And the reality should not be concealed because many Labour Members, too, greeted the Budget with a sense of enthusiastic relief. Now, as then, the majority of Labour M.P.s are proud of their Chancellor, impressed by his mastery of intricate financial matters and lulled into a false sense of security by their certainty that he is a good man who would not willingly do them wrong. The parallel might be too close for comfort. In that wretched 1929 Parliament, whose record no Socialist now defends, most Labour Members were blind to Snowden's shortcomings. They allowed themselves to be led like lambs to the slaughter. Only when it was too late did they look back to unravel the causes of their undoing.

In our view, therefore, the time to examine the potential economic and political consequences of Mr. Gaitskell is now. What is the real significance of this Budget which has won such golden opinions from the *Financial Times* and the *Economist* and which the Tory front bench assails with mock fury and barely concealed contentment?

A Dangerous Budget

Let us first look at the Budget on the basis of Mr. Gaitskell's own assumptions. Let us accept his figures and agree that the first financial problem facing him was how to close an inflationary gap of some £150 million. Let us apply the single Socialist test: has the Chancellor attempted to share fairly the burdens of rearmament now being imposed on the nation?

The Poorer Sections: Little for Them

Stated in broad terms, it may be replied that the bulk of the fresh taxation falls on shoulders able to bear it while the chief relief goes to the old age pensioners. What could be fairer than that? This is the Chancellor's own defence—and it is so inadequate as to be contemptible. The facts about the burden which rearmament is imposing are not to be found solely in the Budget figures. They can be seen in the rising prices taking place continuously. A few days before the Budget the price of bread went up and the pegging of food subsidies in the Budget means that we shall have to face further increases in the price of essential foods in coming weeks and months. Just before the Budget an increase in post office charges was foreshadowed; just after the Budget a steep rise in railway fares was promised. Clothing prices are climbing steadily out of the reach of the lower-paid worker; many others are moving in the same direction. Everyone knows the facts and, of course, most of the rises are inevitable as a result of the increased price we must pay for imported raw material.

But does the Chancellor contend that such rises in price, which afflict most seriously the poorer sections of the community, are not a matter of budgetary concern? So he appears to do by his own defence of the Budget and in so doing he neglects the whole Labour case for such budgetary devices as food subsidies. Socialists have always looked upon the Budget as one main planning instrument directing the whole economy, but Mr. Gaitskell appears to have departed somewhat from that doctrine. In particular, the food subsidies were designed as a shield against the rising price of necessities. Of course, they still assist in that direction. But the cold fact is that rising prices are now cutting the value of the social services and reducing the standard of life of great numbers of our people. The Budget should have been used as an instrument to mitigate the effects of these happenings for those who are hurt most. Not merely has it done nothing of the kind; it has attempted nothing of the kind.

The chief exception which might be instanced is the case of the old age pensioner, and here the concession is hedged around with a number of limitations. Why, if the case for a rise for the pensioners on grounds of need is proved in April, must they wait until October? Have not the pensioners between 65 and 70 an equal claim

on grounds of need? What about a considerable number of others living on small fixed incomes—the chronic sick, some war pensioners and others? All these, together with a great number of the lowest paid workers even after such wage increases as they may recently have secured, are left to face steeply rising prices without any assistance from this Budget whatsoever. Rearmament is cutting a large slice out of their standard of life and the Budget has not even made an effort to ease their burden.

Of course, we know how easy it is for anyone to set out a list of desirable benefits for different sections of the community without counting the cost. Add together all the measures at which we have hinted and which would together provide a real relief for the poorer members of the community and the total would be formidable. An extra payment for all pensioners, for all on small fixed incomes such as sick pay, a comparable increase in National Assistance rates, an increase in food subsidies, a restoration of clothing subsidies, a subsidy to keep down domestic coal prices or railway fares—yes, it would add up to a big sum. Our complaint against the Chancellor is not that he has rejected all these measures. Our complaint is that, with the exception of the old age pensioners concession, he has attempted none of them. And he has refrained from all such measures at a moment when the City and the Tories are laughing at his timidity.

What Mr. Gaitskell Could Have Done

Is it true that not a penny more could be found, without wrecking the economy, to assist those who are now bearing the brunt of the rearmament programme? The gasps of relief from the Tories may supply one answer; simple figures can give another. According to the Chancellor himself, income tax reliefs granted since 1945 are worth, on current income levels, about £1,000 million a year, of which he now proposes to take back £80 million. Would another £80 million taken back have broken the economy? It would have been enough to give all the old age pensioners a decent rise now and not merely in October, even if it had caused apoplexy in the offices of the *Financial News*. Can nothing more be raised from death duties when every year some £600 million is passed on in inheritance after tax and after taking account of the proper concessions given by Hugh Dalton to those leaving less than £7,500? Would not a larger petrol tax have been justified, in view of the acute hardship which many mothers face in buying unsubsidised clothing for their children? And what about a capital levy, the case for which was argued so forcibly in Roy Jenkins's recent *Tribune* pamphlet *Fair Shares for the Rich*, and which none of the City pundits have been able to answer effectively? When rearmament is partly undermining the principle of fair shares which Labour has

No refer to increased profits Tax
or to increased income tax
or to relief for families

striven to establish, is a Chancellor in a Labour Government entitled to leave untouched the gross disparity in the ownership of wealth which still prevails in our country? Surely these are some of the places where a Socialist Chancellor would have looked for the means to ease the position of the millions he has in fact neglected. He would not thereby have won the handsome tribute of the City. But he would have done his duty.

Altogether, how can any Socialist fail to accept the view expressed in the choice phrase of *The Times* that "Mr. Gaitskell seemed to have resisted most of the temptations which beset a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer?" All the more revealing, therefore, amid so much reticence, is the temptation which Mr. Gaitskell did not resist. He has not resisted the temptation to attack the National Health Service in a manner which has caused more rejoicing in the Tory heaven than all his delicacy in rejecting Socialist measures.

The Attack On National Health

There is no case whatever for this proposal on grounds of merit. What it means bluntly is that those who need spectacles or dentures are either to be compelled to go without or they are to be called upon to make a direct substantial contribution to the cost of rearmament. That is surely to strike a fundamental blow at the essential principle of the Health Service. Since the proposal was made it has been pretended in some quarters that the impost is partly required to check waste and an abuse of the Service. But that claim is denied both by the facts and by commonsense. A notable feature of the past few months has been the sharp decline in the demand for spectacles and dentures. The huge waiting lists of the past have been overcome. And who really believes that masses of our fellow citizens are such fools and wantons as to be clamouring for spectacles they do not need and visits to the dentist they can avoid? There is no comparison between these charges and the abortive proposal for a charge on prescriptions. That proposition was considered as a possible check on abuses but chiefly to relieve doctors from unnecessary calls. It proved to be impracticable. Certainly it was never in the same category as the present proposed charges. Mr. Gaitskell, to do him credit, has never claimed that the charges were designed to stop waste. He put them forward as a straight budgetary device.

What grounds had he for doing so? On a Budget of more than £4,000 million he was budgeting for "a modest surplus of £39 million." On his own figures, therefore, he could have left the Health Service free and still have had a surplus. Alternatively, a mild increase in the petrol tax, for instance, would have been sufficient to have found the sum required. On what conceivable Socialist grounds can it be claimed that the man who needs spectacles or teeth should make a special contribution to rearmament rather than the general taxpayer? But the evil does not stop here. Precisely because Mr. Gaitskell's argument for the health charge is based on general revenue raising grounds, he has opened a breach in

the Health Service which can be made wider and wider each year either by some future Tory Chancellor or by a Socialist Chancellor "resisting Socialist temptations." Why should not the deaf man pay for his Medresco aid, just as much as the worker on £5 a week who may now be called upon to pay almost a full week's wage for a set of teeth to eat with? If the half blind must pay to read, why should not the hospital patient come to the rescue of the Treasury? No, the fact is Mr. Gaitskell has delivered a frontal attack on the Health Service. He did it in a speech in which he had not one good word to say for the achievements of that Service. And yet, had it not been for the successful implementation of the Health Act, it is highly probable that Labour would never have been returned in 1950 and Mr. Gaitskell would never have been Chancellor of the Exchequer.



In short, the attack on the Health Service is completely gratuitous. It cannot be argued that it was needed to check abuses. It cannot be argued that it was essential to balance the Budget. It opens the way to the destruction of one of the main Acts which Labour has put on the Statute Book. And it must have been known to the Chancellor that such a measure would cause much rejoicing for the Tories, widespread dismay throughout the Labour movement and clear disunity within our ranks. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Gaitskell shares the detestation of Treasury officials for the principle of a free Service. If that is his view, he should have had the honesty to fight it in open Labour Party discussion instead of presenting the Movement with an attempted *fait accompli* in defiance of every principle for which we have stood. The attack on the Health Service is important in itself and important as a symbol. It marks the first major attempt to dismantle the social service structure which Labour

has built in the last five years. It would indeed be a sad day for the Labour Party if such an event were lightly disregarded as a matter of no significance.

So far we have examined Mr. Gaitskell's Budget on the basis of his own assumptions. The view plainly revealed by his actions is that little can be done to share more fairly the burdens of rearmament and that the man living on a small fixed income or the lower-paid worker must be left to face the wind of rising prices almost unaided. Even on Mr. Gaitskell's assumptions that claim is false. More taxes could have been imposed to meet the problem and the City would not have been disappointed. But it is highly doubtful whether Mr. Gaitskell's assumptions are correct. Even some of the stiffer taxes which we have suggested might not have been necessary if Mr. Gaitskell had applied properly severe tests to the Defence Departments.

A ceiling is fixed for food subsidies, which means that food prices will go up. A ceiling is fixed for the Health Service, which means that charges are imposed and that some sections of it are curtailed. Was the same rigid attitude applied towards the defence programme upon which just under £1,500 million is to be spent? It is hard to believe it. There are strong grounds for believing that the Service Departments will not be able to spend the whole of the amount on profitable activity during the coming year. It is common knowledge that a chief limiting factor on the whole programme is the shortage of raw materials. Are we to proceed with the full defence programme quite irrespective of whether the materials for maintaining our general economic life are to be available? That was never the understanding with the Americans or anyone else.

Precise figures are not easy to gauge in such matters, but would it really have injured the defence programme if £100 million had been lopped off this enormous total? That would still have meant that the extra amount to be spent on rearmament this year would have been more than the whole of the cost of the Health Service put together, without sending anyone back to Woolworth's for his spectacles. It may very well be indeed that such a curtailment of the programme would make it more smooth and efficient, and this extra £100 million, together with even a few of the proposed extra taxes which we have suggested, would have enabled the Chancellor to make a real effort in restoring the principle of fair shares. Is it not clear that such an addition to the belief that justice was being done would have paid British democracy handsomely and equipped us better to face such trials as the international situation may impose? It is the Chancellor's ready, almost scornful, rejection of these possibilities which makes this a bad Budget on any Socialist test.

The Trend Must Be Reversed

These then are our criticisms of the present trend of Government policy. They are more serious than any we have felt called upon to make on domestic issues since Labour was returned to power in 1945. What then were we to do? Were we to keep quiet? Were we to pretend that Labour is boldly

upholding the principle of fair shares when a Budget was introduced which did not attempt to do anything of the sort? Are we to subscribe to the view that the march towards a more equalitarian society must now be halted? Are we to bow before the Gaitskell dictate that any benefit for the old-age pensioners must now be squeezed out of the beneficiaries of the Health Service? And are we to do this at the very moment when the Tory press is applauding the Chancellor for his scrupulous rejection of Socialist temptation?

Of course, we know the Tories would be worse, much worse. They have scorpions prepared to replace Gaitskell's whips. But the only way to defeat the Tories is by a united Labour movement which does not, like Philip Snowden, desert its Socialism at the moment of crisis. The responsibility for disunity within the Labour movement, if such exists at the present time, rests with those—and Mr. Gaitskell is only one of them—who are seeking to force a timid and squalidly inadequate financial policy down our throats. The way to restore unity is for the Labour movement throughout the country to make it clear that the present trend must be reversed before we are led back to another 1931.

After MacArthur

THE BOLD dismissal of General MacArthur has earned Mr. Truman fresh respect from both his friends and his enemies. It has been welcomed with warm approval by millions of ordinary men and women inside and outside America for whom the General had come to symbolise all that is most anti-democratic and most dangerous among the many conflicting trends in American life and American policy. The charge that President Truman in making this move has acted as a British "stooge" is too absurd to contradict. The great significance of the President's decision lies in the

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reassertion of civilian authority within the United States and only as a consequence in the renewed chance of avoiding the extension of the war. Even so the step is essentially a negative one. A disastrous development has been forestalled. But the question of what is to happen now remains wide open.

President Truman has shown on many earlier occasions that no amount of vociferous opposition can deter him from acting as he thinks right. He proved this by his staunch defence of the civil rights programme and by his repeated vetoes of reactionary measures such as the Taft-Hartley and the McCarran Acts. Unfortunately in all these cases his courage did not prevent the triumph of his enemies. The unholy combination of the Republicans and Southern Democrats proved stronger than his good intentions.

That is not to say that the same pattern must now be repeated in the case of General MacArthur. No doubt, it will take a little time before the uproar dies down, but the very violence and absurdity of the Republican propaganda is bound to defeat itself in the end. Their clamour for an all-out war in China is as unpopular in America as in Britain. The real danger is not that MacArthur and all he stands for might after all still win. The real danger is that the United States and the United Nations will continue to drift without clear direction and common purpose.

President Truman, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Marshall have all made it clear on many occasions that a wide gulf separates them from MacArthurism. They are as firmly opposed to any extension of the Korean war as their allies in the British Commonwealth and Western Europe, but they remain equally opposed to the recognition of the Peking Government, to its admission to the United Nations, to the restoration of Formosa to China and to the participation of the Chinese Government in the drafting of the peace treaty with Japan. They have thus made very clear what they do not want, but they have been so anxious to defend themselves against the charges of appeasement, on the one hand, and warmongering, on the other, that they have never got round to thinking out what they propose to put into the place of these rejected courses of policy.

The worst result of this drift has been the glaring failure to formulate a political war aim for Korea. The order which was apparently given to the army commanders to confine themselves to a war of manoeuvres somewhere near the 38th Parallel is no substitute for an openly declared war aim, and the military difficulties which it entails make no sense unless it is justified by the intention to restore the 38th Parallel as a political frontier.

The restoration of the political partition of Korea along the 38th Parallel is not an ideal solution. But, as we have stressed before, it seems the only solution which avoids the violation of important Chinese and Russian interests and, at the same time, fully vindicates the principle of collective security and the need to repulse aggression effectively. The alternative, as we should know by now, is not a better solution, but no solution at all. General MacArthur would never have become so dangerous

had not the total lack of political leadership left him with a political void in which he could seek to impose his own private solutions. To fill this void with a positive political strategy is a task of the utmost urgency. If President Truman, and Mr. Morrison and all their associates, fail in this, the dismissal of MacArthur will have been little more than a brave but essentially negative gesture.

Ernest Bevin

THOUSANDS of words of tribute to Ernest Bevin have appeared in the last few days and we wish to add ours briefly and sincerely. The story has been told of his prodigious contribution to the building of a great trade union and the Labour Movement of the twentieth century. It is a massive record.

It would be hypocritical for us who have sometimes criticised him in the past to pretend that there are no other counts to be put in the scales. Some of his policies as Foreign Secretary appeared to us to be misguided; a few of these he seemed to follow with an obstinacy which amounted almost to an obsession; and there are other decisions in his long life which are naturally open to controversy.

But none of these criticisms can diminish the fact that he was a tremendous personality. He combined an astonishing inventiveness and ingenuity in the private council chamber with an enormous power for swaying a mass audience. He was seen at his most formidable at Labour Party and trade union conferences. There for twenty years and more he exercised an authority which it is hard to define and impossible to overestimate. Part of the secret at least was due to his genuine humanity and his consistent refusal to forget his origin. These are certainly qualities which entitle him to the honour he has gained.

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For Subscription rates—see back page

The Million at the Bottom

HUGH GAITSKELL'S extra four bob a head for some old age pensioners—not all of them—is a welcome contribution to bridging the gap between purchasing-power and prices in that section of the community where the gap is widest and most difficult to bridge. It's a bit hard to understand why the rest of the old folk aren't included in this bit of bounty, or why any of them have got to wait until October for it. And it's a bit hard to understand why the higher scales weren't applied to all the other people who live permanently, not because they want to but because of their circumstances, on the social security scale. The chronic sick are in the same boat as the aged; and the man who is permanently unemployed because he is unemployable has been having the same struggle to make ends meet as the man who is permanently unemployed because he has retired.

But there is one group of people—a big group, about a million of them—who have a special claim to participate in Mr. Gaitskell's bounty, and who aren't going to get their share unless somebody remembers them and remembers to do something for them. If they are forgotten this time, that will be no new experience for them, because they've often been forgotten. They are the people who are in the care of, and who live on supplementary payments from, the National Assistance Board.

There can never be any doubt that the recipients of National Assistance are at the bottom end of the income scale. If they weren't, they wouldn't qualify for a payment. They are, by definition, the people whose income from all sources doesn't reach what is defined as the minimum required to maintain health. Something like half of them are old age pensioners, who, like everybody else on the National Assistance list, receive from the Board a supplementary payment to make their pension up to the minimum scale.

Take for example, an old couple living alone, with no source of income other than their pension. According to the National Assistance scales, their income, after paying rent, must not fall below 43s. 6d. a week. Now suppose such a couple pays 10s. a week rent. Their total minimum requirements are therefore 53s. 6d. a week; their pension (now) is 42s.; and therefore the Board will give them a supplementary payment of 11s. 6d. a week.

Now just see what will happen after October 1st if, in the meanwhile, the National Assistance scales are not raised above their present level. Our old couple will then be getting a pension of 50s. a week, and therefore the National Assistance office will be compelled by its regulations to reduce its supplement from 11s. 6d. a week to 3s. 6d. a week. Thus the eight bob which the Government has given the old people

with one hand will be taken away by the other; and the rise in prices which the 8s. was supposed to meet will have to be faced without a single extra penny to meet it with.

What would be so wicked about this situation, if it developed, is that price rises hit these people harder than anybody else, and for two reasons. In the first place, they can't compensate for dearer necessities, as other people can, by cutting down on luxuries, because they've got no money for luxuries and therefore never buy them. They can't make up for dearer food or dearer coal by drinking less beer, or going to the cinema less often, or wearing cotton shirts instead of silk, because a chronically sick man on National Assistance can't afford to drink or go to the pictures or wear silk shirts.

In the second place, if you look at the interim index of retail prices you see at once why that index has gone up more for the poorest people than for the rest of the community. In the aggregate that index has gone up over the last twelve months by 4½ per cent., but within that aggregate figure the essentials of life have gone up by more than that, and the average figure has been kept down to 4½ per cent. only because the luxuries and semi-luxuries have gone up much less or, in some cases, have even gone down.

Thus, rent and rates have gone up only 1 per cent., but that doesn't mean anything to the N.A. recipient, because his rent is calculated separately for the purpose of his allowance. The classification called "services"—cinema seats, permanent waves and trips to the seaside—is of only academic interest to the N.A. recipient. And certainly he can get no pleasure or profit out of the fact that drink and tobacco have gone down by 3 per cent., because to him drink and tobacco are what the other fellow spends his money on.

What he is concerned about are the things which he must have—food, clothing, fuel and light, and household durable goods (saucepans and the like)—and every one of those four items has gone up by much more than the average of 4½ per cent. Food is up 5½ per cent., clothing 9 per cent., fuel and light 9 per cent., and household goods 13½ per cent. So the poorest people have a private inflation of their own, much tougher than yours and mine.

That's why Mr. Gaitskell's four bob a nob is going to be a hollow mockery to those who need it most unless there is at least a proportionate increase in the scales of the National Assistance Board, and also in the discretionary payments which they are allowed to make to meet special needs. The initiative in raising these scales lies not with the Government, but with the Board. Their duty is plain.

IAN MIKARDO.

Festival Budget for the City

by ROBERT J. EDWARDS

READERS OF Fleet Street's financial columns will not be surprised if Mr. Hugh Gaitskell is shortly offered the Freedom of the City. He will be assured of a second tumultuous reception. He had his first a week ago, following the Budget. For Mr. Gaitskell added a heavy dollop of yeast to the City's dough, and within a few hours there were "almost boom conditions" on the Stock Exchange. Thus said the *Financial Times*. The index of Ordinary Shares reached its highest point since February, 1948, swelling in three days from 122.6 to 125.9.

What has Mr. Gaitskell done to win the friendship of the City, surely an unusual honour for a Socialist Chancellor? The first indication that the City was about to launch into a prolonged beano appeared when Mr. Churchill rose to congratulate the Chancellor on his "honest attempt to solve the problems which lie before us." If the Tories approved, no prophetic powers were needed to see that the City would do likewise. Next day the *Financial Times* declared: "The Stock Exchange will not take an unduly tragic view of the Budget." In fact, "first impressions were distinctly favourable."

Busily the City financiers totted up the Budget profit and loss account. They found, on making calculations over a wide range of the ordinary shares of leading companies, that "the higher profits' tax will reduce the cover for dividends to only a very moderate extent in most cases" (*Financial Times*). No wonder the *Manchester Guardian's* financial editor reported: "The Budget was remarkably well received on the Stock Exchange." The Chancellor's downright rejection of compulsory dividend limitation may not be glad tidings for the T.U.C., but in the City it was "a reassuring development" (*Financial Times* again) for the ordinary shareholder. Rearmament was not going to hit the investor so badly after all.

The *Financial Times* itself joined Mr. Gaitskell's new admirers. Had he not succeeded in providing manna for the Socialists, through the concessions to old age pensioners and the tax on distributed profits, while not incurring the wrath of the City? Yes, said the *Financial Times*: "On balance, the Budget is regarded as being distinctly clever."

And there is to be no more nonsense about dividend limitation. That shackle has been thrown overboard. The *Financial Times* puts it less bluntly: "Hitherto some companies may have had inhibitions about raising their dividends for fear of provoking Government retaliation in the form of statutory limitation. Now that the Chancellor has rejected that weapon, company directors may increasingly take the view that dividend policy need not now be related to anything other than the future financial needs of their businesses."

The City could not have prayed for a more just and equitable method of spreading the burden of rearmament. The company directors will be able to put up their dividends, regardless of the national inter-

est. But who can complain at that, for will not these financiers have to pay for half their teeth and spectacles like everybody else?

"The Stock Exchange has concluded that the inflationary implications of the Budget override all its unpleasantness," wrote Mr. Oscar Hobson, the *News Chronicle's* city editor. The gust of relief whistled through even the *Daily Telegraph's* city column: "To set against the increases in income tax and distributed profits tax, which must bear hardly on investors, are the Chancellor's decisions to eschew the much discussed Capital Gains Tax and any attempt at statutory dividend limitation."

The *Times* also stresses the general rejoicing—in the City—at what Mr. Gaitskell's Budget didn't do: "An important element in the markets' response was relief that Mr. Gaitskell had eschewed more extreme doctrinaire measures, such as a capital levy or statutory limitation of dividends." Mr. Gaitskell's gentle handling of the City was not altogether a surprise. As *The Times* added: "Even though these things were not expected, the risk was not wholly ignored."

Added to the accolades of the City was this gem from *The Economist*: "It is greatly to his (Mr. Gaitskell's) credit that (when public opinion has moved decisively against the Government) his Budget exhibits so much good sense and courage, and so little concession to those of his party who, in their bewilderment at the nature of the contemporary world, cling like limpets to the defensive principle that anything the

ROUNDOUT

Scotland For Ever

AN Englishman in Scotland, the weekend before the Stone was returned, my natural concern was to find out what Scotsmen thought about the affair. Although I must have asked a dozen people for their comments I couldn't find one who took it seriously. None of them said that it ought to be left in Scotland—they didn't mind what happened to it; all of them thought it a good joke; two thought (a nice Scottish touch) that far too much public money had been spent trying to recover it. Admittedly, as I was at a National Council of Labour Colleges week-end school, my informants were more intelligent and sophisticated than the average, but they were hard put to it to think of any among their acquaintances who felt strongly. There was a decided feeling that it would be wrong to impose prison sentences on the culprits; but so there is in England. Any idea that a "Scottish question" could develop out of the Stone was regarded as simply foolish. Nevertheless, I hope that any court which may be called on to try the Stone stealers will be lenient. There is no point in running any risk of making martyrs even if interest is not as high in Scotland as it is in England. If my

Government has once done must at all costs be maintained for ever."

Yes, there was general approval for the Health Service charges. Said the *Sunday Times* leader: "The outstanding merit is the start made, through the charge on spectacles and dentures, towards adjusting the social services to what the people want, having regard to the other calls on them." The political correspondent of the same paper mentioned on the front page that "the bottom dog seems to come off worst of all."

The *Times* appeared to imagine that the strange British have their teeth pulled out for the sheer fun of it. Its leader writer reached a new height in pompous idiocy with these warm words of approval: "This charge on spectacles and dentures—on that part of the health service where waste is suspected to be worst—has been widely accepted as the least harmful way that could be found of curbing extravagance." Said the *Daily Telegraph*: "The saving which Mr. Gaitskell has achieved is relatively minute, but at any rate it is a good beginning."

The *Daily Express* "Opinion" column began like this: "Mr. Gaitskell introduces a Tory Budget. He puts a charge of 50 per cent. on teeth and spectacles. That is what the Tories would have done. Now the job is done for them." And it ended like this: "Before his life is through he will make a first-rate Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Tory Government."

The "For he's a jolly good fellow" theme continued all last week. And on Tuesday this week *The Times* declared: "Mr. Gaitskell seemed to have resisted most of the temptations which beset a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer."

And so say all of us.

sketchy knowledge of law is right, I believe it is unnecessary to charge anyone with theft, because whether a larceny has been committed depends on whether there was an intention at the time of the theft permanently to deprive the owner of possession. Now that the Stone has been returned it is clear that the theft was never intended to be permanent.

Cowal Guest House, Dunoon, which belongs to the Workers' Travel Association, is an ideal place for a week-end school for Glaswegians. It is only an hour and a half from Glasgow, but a substantial part of the journey is by steamer across the Clyde towards the sea. By the time you are standing on the lawn of the Guest House and looking out over the hill-enclosed water you are satisfied that you have got far away from cities. We were particularly lucky in that snow-topped hills coupled with a miraculously sunny Sunday created a pleasing illusion that we were in Switzerland. At Dunoon, which is in Argyllshire and therefore technically almost in the Highlands, a

statue of Burns's Highland Mary looks down on the Clyde. That stimulated a good deal of Burns quoting and argument, and hearing different Scottish voices reciting him made me really appreciate the poet for the first time. Very few Englishmen know as much, or as much about, Shakespeare as almost every Scotsman knows of his Burns.

If I can make my trumpet heard above the din of all those who are now claiming that they got rid of MacArthur, may I point out that I was the first M.P. to say in a speech in the House of Commons that MacArthur, because of his political excursions, should go? That was last September during the emergency sitting. However, this is not a serious claim to have disposed of MacArthur. The decision was President Truman's and although Britain's views were well known he acted by himself and without any pressure from outside. It is important for those of us who are grateful to President Truman for his courage not to cause him any embarrassment at home by suggesting, as the Republicans are only too quick to say, that he acted under British pressure. Incidentally, we should not think that all our troubles in Korea are over because MacArthur has gone. A peaceful settlement has still to be reached with the Chinese and it can only be got if they show willing. MacArthur's dismissal merely removes the last vestige of any pretext the Chinese may have for hesitation in talking peace.

WOODROW WYATT.

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The Bankrupt Railways

by CECIL POOLE, M.P.

This is the first of two articles in which Mr. Poole outlines the historical background to the present difficulties of British Railways and suggests remedies for the future.

IT IS impossible to understand the problem of the railways without delving a little into history. The railways have been sick for more than a quarter of a century. They were kept alive throughout the war years by an enormous transfusion of government traffic carried at exorbitant rates, which were approximately three times as high as those charged by the nationalised undertaking in 1949.

The early history of rail transport is the story of vested interests in Parliament using their position to make it as difficult as possible for the railways to get under way. Enormous capital burdens were placed upon the new industry—including fabulous prices for land acquisition and compensation for loss of amenity, the compulsory purchase of canals, and the imposition of charges, conditions, and obligations as common carriers.

For example, a bill was presented to Parliament in 1833, concerned with the construction of the London-Birmingham Railway, which showed an estimated figure for land and compensation of £½ million. Immediately the land owners got to work, and so fantastic were the compensation claims that the estimated figure for land and compensation was increased fourfold. A village parson on the proposed railway route claimed that his privacy had been invaded and that workmen working on the railway and passengers travelling on it would be able to see into his daughters' bedrooms. In consequence, he said he must remove his family to the seaside and engage a curate to do his work. This may sound nonsensical, but the claim had to be met, although history records that the parson never took his family to the seaside and no curate was ever engaged.

This sort of thing was repeated wherever a line was built, with the result that the invested capital in the industry became enormously inflated and bore little relation to the actual value of the assets. It was on this inflated figure that compensation was based when the railways were nationalised.

When war came in 1914 there were 120 separate railway undertakings in spite of the fact that amalgamations had been going on continuously since 1845. The larger undertakings continued to do good business and show good profits, in contrast to some of the smaller units, which were even then unable to pay a dividend. During the 1914-18 war years the railways were taken over and placed under the control of the Railway Executive Committee. The experience of these years showed the wastefulness of running 120 separate undertakings, and government control was extended for a further two years when war ended. The Ministry of Transport was created in 1919 "to consider the future of the railways."

From then onwards the railways were subjected to Royal Commissions, Courts of Inquiry, Conferences and Committees, yet none of these made any recommendations for the long term solution of the problems of the industry. The problems following

the war were acute, and they remain with us today in almost the same form.

True, 1921 saw the 120 separate undertakings amalgamated into four groups in which the weak were linked with the prosperous. The 1921 Act also established the Railway Rates Tribunal and a new classification and charges scheme, but these desirable reforms proved quite insufficient to remove the ever more menacing spectre of the road competitor.

Thousands of ex-Army lorries had been thrown on the market at the end of the war and bought up by ex-servicemen with their gratuities. Although they had little or no working capital, these men were subject to no control on working conditions or charges. Swiftly they built up prosperous businesses by undercutting the railways (for the railways were compelled to carry at a statutory charge and to publish their rates). They left the difficult and less remunerative traffic to the railways, who were by law not permitted to refuse it. Nor were the railways allowed to reduce their charges in an effort to compete.

By now the railways were in real trouble. In 1922 they sought Parliamentary sanction to run road transport themselves. But the Tory gentlemen who now preach the benefits of healthy competition had other ideas in those days, and consent was refused. Permission was not given until 8 years later. But it was too late.

Why did Parliament refuse what would seem to be a reasonable request? The answer to that question lies in the composition of the House of Commons of that time. The landed gentry who populated the benches of Parliament in the middle of the 19th century had gone, and it was the new industrial magnates who graced the Palace of Westminster. These gentlemen had profited greatly from the Parliamentary control of railway rates and charges, and they now saw how much more they could benefit from the operation of uncontrolled road transport. Hence their refusal to allow the railways to come in, for had they done so, they would have been compelled to place some control over road charges, and the benefits of cut-throat competition would have been denied them.

The Royal Commission on Transport was supposed to submit proposals for coordination and development of transport, but it failed dismally to do either. All that the 1930 Road Traffic Act achieved was to lay down some road safety laws and enforce the licensing and regulation of road passenger vehicles.

In 1932 the Salter conference was set up to establish a fair basis of competition between road and rail. Its recommendations again only skimmed the surface of the problem. They dealt with taxation of road vehicles, suggested the licensing of road hauliers and powers to debar unsuitable traffic from the roads.

Its licensing recommendations were em-

bodied in the 1933 Road and Rail Traffic Act. This divided road transport owners into A, B and C licence holders. The A licence entitled the holder to carry for hire or reward over an unlimited field. Its duration was fixed at two years. The B licence entitled the holder to carry his own goods or to carry for hire or reward, but the licensing authority had power to attach conditions. Its duration was one year. The C licence entitled the holder to use his vehicles only to carry goods in connection with his business. Its duration was fixed at three years.

It was never envisaged that the licences had any degree of permanence as a right—a point worth remembering in view of some of the nonsense talked today. In fact, in moving the Bill the Minister of Transport of the day, Colonel Oliver Stanley, said: "At the end of an A licence or B licence ... they will fall back under the proper jurisdiction and be subject to the discretion of the licensing authority."

This was as the Act intended. But the Licensing Authorities failed dismally to prevent an excess of lorries. My own conservative estimate is that there are a quarter of a million more vehicles on the road today than are necessary to handle traffic. In 1938 the duration of the licences was extended to 5 years, 2 years and 5 years respectively.

All this did little or nothing to help the railways meet the new competition. Road operators continued to cream the lucrative and easily handled traffics and had unlimited freedom to carry what they liked, where they liked at any figure they liked, and they were free to differentiate between one customer and another.

The continued growth of road competition was equalled by the growth of railway directors in Parliament, and they wailed loud, long and often about this unfair competition. Colonel Oliver Stanley voiced his own apprehension when he said in moving the 1933 Act:

"I wonder what would have happened to road transport in the last 10 years if the losses under the competition of road transport had fallen, not on the railway shareholders, but on the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if the assets which we now see going to waste had been, not the assets of the railway companies, but the assets of the taxpayers of this country, and if the man who had to stand at this Box every April and explain the losses which arose from this competition was also the man who had it in his power to bring that competition to an end."

Well, today the losses do not fall on the railway shareholders and the assets going to waste are the assets of the taxpayers. But today the Tories only laugh and jeer.

In desperation, the railway companies in 1938 launched their "Square Deal" campaign and asked for freedom to fix rates and for facilities to operate on terms of equality with road transport. They had been asking for this for sixteen years without success.

Then the war came. The railways could no longer be neglected. Once again they were guaranteed revenue. Rates and fares were increased at once. The agreement made in August 1941 between the Government and the railways gave them a guaranteed net annual revenue of £43 million, which they

divided in proportion to their previous earnings. This was extremely generous, for only once in the previous 22 years had they earned such a sum. They carried all Government traffic in the war years at fixed tonnage rates irrespective of distance. When it is revealed that War Department traffic was debited at 36/2 per ton as against an average charge in 1949 of 12/9 a ton, it is easy to understand why the railway companies in the war years not only earned their guaranteed revenue but in addition were able to return a surplus of £67 million to the Exchequer.

The war years also saw a large measure of control extended over road transport. For the first time, there was a large measure of transport integration. As one who had a humble part to play in the movement of traffic in the months preceding D-Day and

in the subsequent "follow-up" reinforcements on the continent, I say without fear of contradiction that the invasion could never have been undertaken unless a national integrated system of transport had been operating with compulsory direction of traffics to their most suitable service.

That experience proved that the only intelligent way to operate transport is as one system. With the end of the war, the railways once more faced a disastrous repeat performance of post-1919 history. Chaos loomed again for the transport industry in general. Bankruptcy threatened the railway companies.

But a general election also came—and with it a new Government.

[To be concluded]

CORRESPONDENCE

Socialist Architecture

IS THE FACT that two articles have recently appeared in *Tribune* dealing with architectural themes a sign of a growing awareness in Socialist circles of the importance of architecture? I like to think so, though I am not an architect, and haven't that personal axe to grind; but I do live in the tiny, dark near-slum dwellings which a well-meaning Mr. Peabody erected to alleviate the housing misery of the poor. His good intentions were not enough, and his buildings are now the slums they were meant to replace. Our Socialist society needs to be built with better materials and on sounder foundations than this.

A knowledge among Socialists of the assistance that modern architecture can render them in establishing the classless society would prove a strong weapon in fighting for those ideals. In the time of William Morris the need for new standards in design and new standards of living were felt to be mutually inter-dependent, as is acknowledged today in Sweden, but the basic ideas of Socialism seem to have been largely lost sight of in the present day concentration on the political battlefield.

What exactly is meant by "raising the standard of living"? Surely not merely the giving to everybody of a sufficiency of money and leisure, for of what use are these commodities if they must be spent in dreary unimaginative surroundings, in slums, or that no less evil environment the "respectable" Tudor-bethan suburb; or spent on shoddy, ill-made, ill-designed goods.

This lack of awareness of the basic identity of modern architecture and Socialism is exemplified in a letter in *Tribune* of March 22nd from Mr. R. John Lansdown, who exhorts us "firstly to get on with the task of establishing Socialism and meanwhile we can consider what our Socialist architecture should look like."

Mr. Robert J. Edwards's article on his visit to the Lansbury neighbourhood site provides an answer to that when he says of Ricardo Street Primary School—"it is not just better, it is a revolution, a symbol of the classless society of the future," and "it is schools and houses conceived in ... this ... spirit, that will one day bring the walls of privilege and Toryism crashing down to dust."

Mr. Edwards was disappointed in the flats which have already been erected in Lansbury. This aids, rather than invalidates, my point, since these flats were designed by the L.C.C. Valuer's Department and not the architects. The L.C.C. with the best of intentions, in producing its immense post-war housing schemes, entrusted the designing of its housing to its Valuer's Department "in the interests of administration" whilst it possessed an architectural staff good enough to produce the Royal Festival Hall.

It is to the L.C.C.'s credit that when the volume of criticism against the results of this policy reached a peak in 1949, with exchanges on the B.B.C. "Critics" programme, they changed their policy and gave responsibility for the design of housing to the Architect's Department. The new housing Architect's Department, expanded by a number of the most brilliant contemporary architects, have produced their first scheme for housing development to be erected at Wimbledon Park Side in Wandsworth, which promises to be very fine and exciting, and a telling contrast to the flats Mr. Edwards saw at Poplar.

Also, I think Mr. Edwards will find that the rest of the building on the Lansbury site will prove to be much less pedestrian than what has been achieved so far, since, like the Ricardo Street School he so admires, by Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardell, most of the other designs are by private architects, chosen jointly by the L.C.C. and the Festival authorities.

There are now, in London at any rate, a few good housing schemes worth going at least a little out of one's way to see, and where we can get some idea of the new standards of living we can have if we wish and are interested enough to press for more.

Such are, or will be, the Lansbury site,

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the Rosebery Avenue, Finsbury, flats by Tecton, Bromley Road, Lewisham by Maxwell Fry and Jane Drew, in St. Pancras by Norman & Dawbarn, and Henning & Chitty, the estate by Frederick Gibberd for Hackney Borough Council, and Powell & Moya's Pimlico Scheme.

But these schemes are the exception rather than the rule, and the regrettable thing is that it doesn't cost any more to employ a good designer than a bad one, though it is argued that it costs less not to employ one at all: but does it really pay to let the Borough Engineer or Surveyor or Sanitary Inspector do the job?

The good architect is a specialist in organising space and materials, and as an artist he can make these things into a pleasure for the eye and a joy to live in. This surely is true economy—to use the materials and the space allotted to their maximum extent for the greatest convenience and enjoyment of people.

The devastation caused by the war gave us our greatest chance since the Great Fire of London, to rebuild our cities and our homes in a manner worthy of our people. We none of us wish for the chance to re-occur in like manner, and the present opportunity is being lost fast.

The County of London Plan, which was received with such enthusiasm when first published, is being nibbled away by the land-grabbing methods of private firms and the short-sighted policies of some councils and government departments. Now is the time to decide whether we wish to design and build a "Socialist" society or to allow our environment to grow unplanned and undesigned until we are engulfed and strangled by it.

The art of architecture needs a broad and informed public if it is to consist of achieved facts, rather than promises of what might have been. Regular criticism in the non-architectural press could help to find that public, and surely a Socialist paper and a Socialist public should lead the way in such an innovation.

Then perhaps Socialists will realise that in the modern architect they have one of their strongest allies in establishing a happy and balanced community in a setting which would give the individual the opportunity of living a rich and full life.

FREDERICK PACKER.
London, S.W.3.

[We intend to publish further articles on architecture and design at regular intervals.—Editors, *Tribune*.]

Fifty Facts?

"FIFTY FACTS on Foreign Policy" is an official Labour Party publication. Some of the facts are excellent, others indisputable, but there is also selection, suppression and distortion. I illustrate:

Page 11. *Russia's Policy Now*. "On the other hand she has taken gambles which involve the risk of world war. The Berlin blockade was one. The attack on South Korea another, much more dangerous."

The attack on South Korea a Russian gamble? Taken without weighing in with any material, troop or aircraft support? Is that a fact?

Page 42. "On 25th June, North Korean troops began an unprovoked assault against

the territory of South Korea. The U.N. Security Council met the same day."

Entirely unprovoked? Russia and China were not at the Council. A minor point?

Page 12. *Soviet Expansion*. "She has organised civil war in Burma, Indonesia, Malaya, Greece and Indo-China." *Really? Russia? Not China? Not local Communists? Not hunger? Nothing to do with Nationalism—with puppet regimes—or with European suppression of legitimate native interests? Just Soviet expansion?*

It would be possible to go on. There's that one about the thousands of German anti-Nazis the Russians have put in concentration camps. Where have all these thousands of German anti-Nazis suddenly sprung from? Perhaps they are there? But why no word of the anti-Nazis we know to be in prison in Greece and Spain? There is an unquestioned fact. Why not use it instead of some of the doubtful ones?

The booklet reads in parts rather like an inverted version of *Daily Worker* facts—still more, again only in parts, it bears a frightful resemblance to some aspects of Fascist propaganda.

Government foreign policy does not need justifying to Tories. By and large they are in favour of it. So one presumes the booklet to have been issued with a view to convincing Labour supporters that the present foreign policy is correct. It will have quite the opposite effect and will confirm in the mind of more and more constituency party members that there is something horribly wrong with a foreign policy which needs lies and distortion to justify it.

If this booklet is not at once withdrawn, disowned and replaced with a constructive publication—then there is no health in us—and no hope for us.

HUGH JENKINS.
London, S.E.19.

Terror in Morocco

YOUR SPECIAL correspondent in Morocco, who gives to his article, as published by *Tribune* on March 22nd, the title "Terror in Morocco," reports on recent events in this country in a way which makes him appear most unfortunately prejudiced. I should like therefore to draw the attention of the readers of *Tribune* towards some aspects of the Moroccan situation, of which other correspondents have not been unaware.

Because the Istiqlal party bears the nationalist label, there exists a natural tendency to consider it as dedicated to democratic and progressive ideals. In point of fact, referring to the recent crisis, the members of the Istiqlal, who originate from the well-to-do bourgeoisie or even from ruling families, have been blocking for two years a number of *dahirs* (decrees) which your correspondent terms "pro-French." I wonder if he has investigated the purpose of these decrees, which the Palace had been keeping for such a long time in cold storage, because of the hostility shown to them by the Istiqlal. He could have been informed that this new legislation was mainly concerned with:

(a) Administration of justice in Morocco on the basis of separation between the executive and the judiciary.

(b) Organisation of local self-government in the country and in towns on the basis of

elected assemblies. This is meant as a first step towards the setting up of provincial assemblies and ultimately of a national assembly.

It is clear that such reforms are of a democratic spirit and motivated by the purpose of leading the Moroccan people towards political and social progress. Whatever their reasons, the Istiqlal leaders were opposed to such reforms. And I cannot help being surprised when a publication like *Tribune*, dedicated to democracy and progress, takes sides with them on such an issue.

BERTRAND DE LA SALLE.
(Press Attaché, French Embassy)
London, S.W.1.

Tay Bridge Disaster

IN HIS admirable review of Hamilton Ellis's *Four Main Lines*, Mr. Kenneth Young conveys the spirit of the book most successfully. May I, however, correct one small point? The reader would infer from your review that the train involved in the collapse of the Tay Bridge in 1879 consisted only of "empty mail vans". In fact, there were no fewer than 72 passengers aboard, all of whom lost their lives in what proved to be one of the most terrible railway disasters in Britain.

PHILIP UNWIN.
London, W.C.1. (Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

League of Youth

CLIFF SCROTTON'S article on the Labour League of Youth was very disappointing. Hoping to read of some of the genuine grievances of a League member, all I could find were dreary platitudes in support of National Status and some mumbo-jumbo about the spirit of our Party's pioneers.

Whether Mr. Scrotton's article had any effect on the League's Easter Conference it would be difficult to say. What we do know, however, is that Conference rejected National Status—but not before some amazing scenes, during which the self-styled "champions of League of Youth democracy" twice attempted to unseat the chairman and also maintained a continuous barrage of jeering and interruption against speakers who opposed their demands.

An interpretation of the decision of Conference to democracy's champions is, I am sure, unnecessary. May we therefore look forward to increased activity from them to strengthen the branches and the federations of our League, after of course Mr. Scrotton and his friends have undertaken a decent burial of the "Transport House" bogey.
Coventry GEOFFREY H. GUNN.

"A Tip for Gaitskell"

MR. DALE obviously does not understand the first thing about bonus shares.

The effect of the issue of these shares is that profits which were previously available for distribution as dividends can no longer be so distributed. That is to say, they must be retained in the company's business, and are, of course, available for re-equipment.

Furthermore a shareholder who sells his newly issued bonus share is, in fact merely realising part of his capital.
Oxford. F. WHITMORE.

BOOKS

Return to Liberalism

by T. R. FYVEL

WORLD WITHIN WORLD: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF STEPHEN SPENDER: *Hamish Hamilton*. 15/-.

AT ONE TIME in the nineteen-thirties, Stephen Spender's name was almost always associated with those of two fellow-poets of his generation, W. H. Auden and C. Day Lewis. Commenting on this fact in his new book, Mr. Spender says that Auden's poetry was essentially intellectual, while Day Lewis was basically a traditionalist; and about himself he says: "As for me, I was an autobiographer restlessly searching for forms in which to express the stages of my development". The comment would apply equally to Mr. Spender's autobiography, *World Within World*, in which he looks back from the summit of forty at the phases of his progress. He has lived in unquiet times which have given the poet little chance of "non-involvement", and has become a public representative of what he calls "the divided generation". As a result, *World Within World* seems to alternate between the manner of *Candide* and that of *Candida*. At one moment we see Mr. Spender discoursing interestingly about Fascism or the economics of the modern literary life; we see him concerned with the Spanish Civil War or serving as a London auxiliary fireman; the next moment, again, he is retailing snatches of intimate conversation with such friends as Virginia Woolf, W. H. Auden or Christopher Isherwood, or analysing his own emotional relationships.

And the keynote running through it all? I think that Mr. Spender gives it to us in his opening passage. He grew up as a member of a prominent Liberal clan; his uncle, J. A. Spender, was one of the best-known Liberal journalists of the day; his maternal grandfather came from a well-known German-Jewish family; and already in his tender years, Mr. Spender says, he imbibed the Liberal view of history. History, as seen by the infant Spender, seemed on the one hand to insist on terrible happenings in the past, on the Star Chamber, Henry VIII's wives, slavery, the Industrial Revolution, the French Revolution, Bismarck and all the rest of it. But against these disasters one could set the Reform Acts, Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone, Home Rule, Health Insurance, the United States, the League of Nations and other good things to show that civilisation was nevertheless moving steadily forward. No doubt there was more than a touch of naivety about this Liberal optimism which Mr. Spender's elders still preached to him at the time of the first world war. And yet, and yet—throughout his book Mr. Spender reveals, sometimes unwittingly, how persistently these early beliefs have remained with him on his journey.

The journey went by way of Oxford, pre-Hitler Germany, literary Bloomsbury, a brief flirtation with Communism, the Spanish Civil War, its disillusioning aftermath—

all fairly familiar landmarks. On coming down from Oxford, Mr. Spender departed for several longer spells to pre-Hitler Germany, passing his time with some of those young artists, writers and others who during the last years of the Weimar Republic practised their highly publicised cult of the untrammelled life. When Mr. Spender tries to describe why this alleged German "lost generation", battered by inflation and unemployment, listened readily to Hitler, one may quarrel with his sense of proportion. The numbers of these rootless young people have too often been exaggerated. After all, Germany during the later nineteen-twenties was economically very much a going concern, and during 1929-31 economic crisis and mass unemployment hit America as severely as Germany. If the shock in the United States produced Roosevelt and the New Deal while in Germany it produced Hitler and militarism, this was because genuine democracy was as deep-rooted in America as militarism and bureaucracy were in Germany.

Still, Mr. Spender makes some telling points about this period. He is also interesting about English literary and social life in the early 'thirties, and in his summing up Mr. Spender comments shrewdly on the extent to which the whole liberal, enlightened culture of Bloomsbury depended on enough money to lead a pleasant and protected life in London and in country houses. "Bloomsbury", he says, frowned upon the Left-wing preoccupations of his "divided generation," and, still under the shadow of disapproval, he overdoes his elaborate explanations why he and other young English writers drifted so close to the Communist Party, or into misconceptions about the Spanish Civil War.

Are these explanations really necessary? True, in spite of Spain and the efforts of the last pro-Western Soviet statesman, Litvinov, it was rather late in the day for intelligent English writers in the nineteen-thirties to mistake Communist totalitarianism for a form of advanced Liberalism. Yet the mistake can readily be explained. British life between the wars was still that of a sheltered island, where political realism lagged behind events, on the Left and even more on the Right. On the other hand there were moments when the Spanish Civil War seemed a stirring struggle between progress and black reaction, while the camouflage of ultimate Communist designs was extremely efficient. There is another point to be considered: most of the English intellectuals who during the 'thirties indulged in a pro-Communist phase had been educated at public schools and Oxford or Cambridge. That is, they had been cut off by the class gap in English education from ready contact with the mass of the ordinary English people. The pro-Communism of writers such as Spender, Auden and Day Lewis should really be seen as part of a general movement of English public school intellect-

uals to find such contact—in line, say, with Robert Graves's attitude to the first world war, with T. E. Lawrence turning into Aircraftman Shaw, with George Orwell slumming in London and Paris and exploring Wigan. In this context, it was perhaps as natural that Mr. Spender should have had pro-Communist sympathies during the 'thirties as that, given his background, he should have returned to his present position of Liberal humanism.

In his closing chapters Mr. Spender gives a lively account of his two years service as a wartime London fireman, and also a few pen-pictures of his friends—Cyril Connolly on a Devon beach wittily imitating fighter-pilots talking over the B.B.C., W. H. Auden sitting in a perpetually curtained room in New York, Christopher Isherwood sunning himself in California. Perhaps the effect of irony is not altogether intended, for though Mr. Spender's path sharply diverged from that of his friends Auden and Isherwood, who left England before the war, he tries with all sympathy to analyse why they went back on their earlier beliefs. But, again, are the reasons so important? Had Auden been a major writer, his passage from Oxford to New York or from Freud and Marx to Anglicanism would no doubt have deserved study, but after all his verse does not quite rate this earnest scrutiny of motives, and though Christopher Isherwood's Berlin stories are moving and well-written, as a European intellectual he is, let's say, no Pirandello.

So much for the social and political aspects of *World Within World*. They may be the more important, yet many readers may well find the main interest of the book in the character sketches (drawn sympathetically yet often with asperity, too) of the many literary figures who crossed Mr. Spender's path, or in his general observations on the lives and loves of literary men. *World Within World* ought to be considered an interim biography, yet it is already a documentary period-piece.

Black Record

by AUSTEN ALBU

COAL: W. H. B. Court. *H.M.S.O.* 21/-
THE BRITISH COAL INDUSTRY: H. Towns-hend-Rose. *Allen & Unwin*. 12/6.

THERE are many lessons for Socialists in Professor Court's book, the third to be published in the Civil Series of the official history of the second world war. It deals at length with the story of the organisation of the coal industry and with the machinery for distribution which developed during the war. Perhaps the most extraordinary aspect of the whole story was the utter lack of understanding, by those responsible for making plans in preparation for its wartime operation, of the state to which the industry had been reduced in the previous twenty years. "An uncritical estimate of the technical and economic strength of the coal industry in official quarters before the war and during its early years formed a serious weakness in British industrial preparations. Hence the adop-

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tion during the war of short-run palliatives, miscalled solutions, for what was in its nature a long-term problem." There is no doubt that the die-hard attitude of the Tories, expressed in their last ditch opposition to nationalisation, prevented the overall control of the industry which conditions demanded. As a result the attempt was made to control the industry through officers drawn from the Central Council of Colliery Owners.

The first most serious problem was the increased demand made by France. Production reached its peak in June, 1940, when the numbers employed reached 767,500; but this problem found a catastrophic solution in the collapse of France. From the resulting disorganisation of the exporting coal-fields, chiefly of the North East and of South Wales, the industry never recovered. Miners were called up or left the pits for other industries and in 1941 the average numbers on the books had fallen to 697,633. At the same time there was a reduction of output per man, but lack of adequate statistics prevented a scientific examination of its causes. One was the increasing age of miners due to the fall off in recruitment and to the call-up of young miners. Professor Court quotes figures of boys entering the industry: in the year ending 1935-36 there were 19,000; 1937-38, 15,200; 1940-41, 13,800; 1941-42, 9,600.

The result was the fuel crisis of 1942, which led to the ending of indirect control and the setting up of the Ministry of Fuel and Power. But the negative attitude of the mine-owners and their opposition even to temporary requisitioning of the mines and to national wage negotiation produced the compromise solution by which the State directed the mining operations while the owners remained responsible for finance. This created a situation in which the managers found themselves subject to a conflict of loyalty and led to one of the most critical debates of the wartime House of Commons. Churchill persuaded the Cabinet to turn down the proposals of the Minister of Fuel and Power, Major Lloyd George, for requisitioning of the mines and he himself spoke in the debate. At that time his influence was supreme and his statement that he "could not take the responsibility of making far-reaching controversial changes which I am not convinced are directly needed for the war effort without a Parliament refreshed by contact with the electorate" settled the issue. On the distribution side one of the most significant decisions was the reversal, in 1942, of Dalton's proposed scheme for domestic rationing due to the "opposition of industrial and class interests."

These facts have a particular significance just now, when we are continually being urged by the Tories to give up parts of our political programme in the interests of national unity. Whatever may be the arguments against a radical social programme introduced by a government supported by a narrow majority, there can be none against policies aimed at giving the state the power to reorganise basic industries in the public interest. After reading the history of the Tory attitude to the coal industry, who can credit their claims that their arguments on, for instance, the nationalisation of iron and steel are based solely on the public interest.

The story of the organisation of the in-

dustry is brought up to date in Mr. Townshend-Rose's book, which is one of a series on National Boards to be written by officials working on them. It is a clear, factual description of the National Coal Board and its functioning. It includes a chapter of background history, a simple description of the process of mining and chapters on the National Plan, Industrial Relations, Marketing and Finance. At the end are four charts illustrating the history of manpower and output since 1925 which, by themselves, are a complete answer to the parrot cries of the failure of nationalisation.

Penguin Science

by ANTHONY BARNETT

SCIENCE NEWS 19. Penguin Books. 1/6.
NEW BIOLOGY 9. Penguin Books. 1/6.
A DICTIONARY OF BIOLOGY: M. Abercrombie, C. J. Hickman & M. L. Johnson. Penguin Books. 2/-.

THE regular publication of serious scientific journals at eightpence is one of Penguin Books' most notable achievements. The first number of *Science News* announced that it would "attempt to give the general reader an inkling of what is going on in the world of science," and that the emphasis would be on new developments. Some numbers later the editor announced that he had been surprised at the extent to which *Science News* was read by scientists. A perusal of the latest number suggests, however, that most of the articles are not suitable for the ordinary, Penguin-reading layman. This is not said to deter readers from buying *Science News*; but it does seem worth while to draw attention to the high level of knowledge which many of the articles demand.

In other respects recent numbers have been noticeably enterprising. The range is extraordinarily wide, from extra-sensory perception (misleadingly so-called, one may suspect) to science in education. The correspondence which is occasionally published is interesting, and the inclusion of book reviews is welcome. But now that there is to be a new editor, it is to be hoped that there will be at least a partial move back to the original position.

New Biology, according to its editors in the first number, was by contrast designed for "an audience already possessing some scientific knowledge, whether through self-education or through school or university instruction," but, they added, "we do not want to frighten off the ordinary reader who has no biological background whatever." Accordingly, *New Biology* has regularly included a glossary of technical terms, and now the editors have also brought out an admirable dictionary of biology. The ninth number begins with a most clear and instructive article on the causes of cancer. There is next an article on animal conservation in Canada which deals with the baffling problems of the regular fluctuations in animal numbers. Three articles deal with aspects of the lives and deaths of insects. A second article in the series on "famous plants" describes the male fern. The number ends with recent work on whales and the Unesco statement on "race."

The most obvious omission from both

Science News and *New Biology* is articles on science in general, on studies of the history of science or on the social influences acting on science and scientists today. *Science News* has had in the past an excellent article giving an example of scientific method; and *New Biology* published an assessment of Goethe as a scientist. There is much to be said for having more of this sort of thing. One type of article which is still to be seen is the essay-review; and since the standard of reviewing of books on popular and semi-popular science is lamentably low (a reflexion which may have already

Daniel George At Large

How to Understand the English

MR. FRANK VANDERSCHMIDT was—for all I know, still is—chief London correspondent of *Newsweek*, an American magazine. Apparently it is from his sprightly contributions to that organ of information and opinion that *What the English Think of Us* (Quality Press, 12/6) has been compiled. His reports upon conditions here and upon the esteem in which Americans are held by us have the authority conferred by the pronouncements and behaviour of some of the natives. For example, "a very wise old British general" told him:

"This country is not a great power any longer, and it may never be a great power again... But most Englishmen cannot stop thinking of their country in great-power terms. America, to them, is still a colony where red Indians roam with tomahawks and white men prowl with squirrel rifles."

The general (Colonel Blimp's grandfather, I presume) was true blue to type in adding:

"If anyone should come along and appeal to all that is truly English in us, we might be truly great again."

Abruptly descending the military scale, Mr. Vanderschmidt met "a downy-chinned conscript" in Leicester Square:

"He heard my speech and announced that he would like to poke me in the chin. I asked him why he didn't and he immediately apologised, calling me "sir". There were encounters with the comparatively civilised, and to them a meed of praise is awarded:

The small tradesmen in Hampstead, the hilly, Old World, artistic London community where we live, are agreeable and accommodating. We are included without question in the under-the-counter category of regular customers for cigarettes, or plum puddings, or other scarce articles, although we have always been careful not to ask for special favours.

At school here Mr. Vanderschmidt's sons have not been ostracised, and he cannot deny that "Oklahoma!" and "Annie Get Your Gun" have been popular. Moreover, while he realises that "many Americans, after a few weeks in England, are convinced that every Englishman hates them and is out to take them for all they can get," he gladly testifies:

"That, of course, is nonsense. I lived in England for years before the war and I never found anything of the sort. Nor do I believe for a moment that the one

occurred to the reader), Penguins might give a lead towards a higher standard.

But none of this will solve the problem of a journal really adapted to the needs of the general reader. There is probably a considerable latent demand for truly popular science, which these Penguins quite fail to supply. Perhaps the only solution is a magazine resolutely addressed to children of not more than fifteen years. Judging by the size of the adult audience for school science broadcasts, such a journal would reach a large public.

out of three who, two years after the war, had built up a bitterness to my countrymen and their way of life, is going to stay that way.
In short, Mr. Vanderschmidt believes there is a good deal to be said for us still.

Naturally, there is something to be said against us. We have, it seems, a "Shirking Class," mostly composed of the younger generation, who have "become faintly scornful of the traditional American devotion to hard work." Mr. Vanderschmidt does not withhold sympathy from the coal miner. He will permit him "after five shifts of back-breaking labor in a thin coal seam, to take Saturday off to see a football game, or merely to sit on his hunkers in the sun." But:

"What of the twenty-year-old clerk in an essential industry, who spends his time between "tea breaks" loafing behind a pillar and dreaming about his next "hols"? Ay, what of him? I do not know—except that if he talks of "hols" he must have been to school with Billy Bunter."

And what, I must ask on my own behalf, of Sam and Selma? Sam was a lorry driver who after the war got a job driving a car for the American embassy:

The job paid only five quid (\$20) a week, but Sam got a little expense account that he could cheat on slightly, and he spent his evenings mending pots and pans and things for people in his neighbourhood. But something soured Sam the chauffeur-tinker. He began to come late on duty; he wanted to be paid for overtime; he stayed away; the Americans sacked him.

Selma also got herself the sack. She came from Lancashire with a baby—illegitimate. She was married "one gay summer night at Blackpool," but the man was "only practising the common sport of the British lower classes—bigamy." The American woman for whom she worked treated her with infinite consideration, but, "not because Selma was getting sassy, but because she did almost no work," she fired her "quite gently with a month's notice."

Selma, having lost her Lancashire accent without acquiring a single Americanism, tells Sam (in Mr. Vanderschmidt's version of Cockney):

"I 'ardly expected a blow like that. I've tried ever so, haven't I? Sweated me,

they 'ave, and now the sack. No grawtitude, these Americans. I've 'arf a mind to report them to the Council. All work, no pley, that's wot we get for 'olding 'itler back. Trying to take over the country, that's wot.

Sam and Selma are the dregs: let's rise above them and join Mr. Vanderschmidt among the middle classes. They, we learn, have become "most abstemious, since whisky, gin or rum, often unobtainable at controlled prices, is costly even then." According to Mr. Vanderschmidt, the middle-class Englishman "has run smack out of money." He knows people "on medium incomes who are continually on the edge of absolute poverty."

One young woman with a fair job told me: "The income tax takes a third of my salary, and by the time I pay the rent and a few other fixed obligations I have exactly fifteen shillings (\$3) to get through the week on. Then on Friday I draw 5 pounds (\$20) expense money. Four of my friends get a pound of this to tide them over until next week, then they pay me back. It's the same thing every week."

Mr. Vanderschmidt is rightly sceptical of Loretta Young who reported to Hollywood that she had returned "with an aching heart for all the hunger and shivering" she saw in Britain. He cannot bring himself to believe that she actually saw "a business executive who had to wear cardboard soles for his shoes" or a little girl who, when given some chocolate, said "Do I lick or bite?" He—an acute observer or anyhow a good journalist—gets around and sees things for himself:

All over England, which is very much like an old and leaky ship, perilously overcrowded by too many orderly, well-disciplined people who do not know where they are going, young men and women are trying to get out. The percentage of would-be immigrants has been figured scientifically at 42 per cent. of the population.

(Don't you like as much as I do "figured scientifically"?)

Mr. Vanderschmidt, describing the unveiling of the statue of Franklin D. Roosevelt in Grosvenor Square, says that all the British present "exuded the same feeling of superiority, almost patronage." But, he concedes, "they surely can be forgiven if, in these days of their hardship, they are a tiny bit smug about the way they have shown how grateful they were, and how they honour his memory."

Thank you, Mr. Vanderschmidt, from the bottom—the very bottom—of my heart. You and your colleagues and their opposite numbers among British correspondents do a great service to the cause of Anglo-American friendship. While your people and mine have such fantasies to entertain us we shall never come to grief. Figuring scientifically, I estimate that 42 per cent. of the remaining 58 per cent. of our population regard you as a typical American. Me, I think you do a nice job for *Newsweek*. It must be a bright little paper. Mail me a copy.

New Novels

by PHILIP PARRISH

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT: William Faulkner. *Chatto & Windus*. 9/6.
SHADOWS MOVE AMONG THEM: Edgar Mittelhölzer. *Peter Nevill*. 10/6.
EVER THINE: Hester W. Chapman. *Cape*. 15/-.
THE DREAM MERCHANTS: Harold Robbins. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 15/-.
SINGLE BLESSEDNESS: Francis Scarfe. *Heinemann*. 8/6.

IT may be treasonable to suggest it about a Nobel prize-winner, but I find Mr. William Faulkner far more memorable when he is pootering about on the trail of small-town mysteries, as in the six stories collected as *Knights Gambit*, than in the rhetorical flourishes of his larger and more highly orchestrated books. The place is the same—the mythical Mississippi township of Jefferson, which has been Faulkner's purgatory for over 20 years. Although the stories are independent, they are linked by the avuncular and omniscient Gavin Stevens, the attorney you may have met in Faulkner's last novel, *Intruder in the Dust*. He is so wise, so tolerant, yet so shadowy a figure that he is obviously intended to be a kind of sounding-board for the author; he gathers up the tales of violence, resolves them, and so comments implicitly on the state of Southern society—a fairly disastrous state—that has allowed them to happen. Stevens

is not, I think, a wholly acceptable figure; he is adequate on the "whodunnit" level, though even here his detective tricks have been sprung by a long line of predecessors, but he is too baldly and remotely drawn ever to be established as a person, as distinct from a deductive machine. Thus to a large extent the theme threading these stories—variations on that endemic corruption which seems to belong specially below the Mason-Dixon line—is not bodied forth as it should be; one is rarely stirred by it. The longest and most considerable tale is the title story, an admirable piece of clockwork that ticks just a little too loudly to catch at the heart. The writing throughout is exact, convoluted, deliberately arid—why will Mr. Faulkner bring in that one parenthesis too many?—and for the shapely ingenuity of its story-telling alone this collection is one to re-read. It makes an easy introduction to the sound and fury of Faulkner's grander Gothic manner; being less hectic, it is much more grammatical.

Shadows Move Among Them is about a young Englishman, his nerves unstrung by a domestic tragedy, who goes to stay with relations in a remote British Guiana mission-house. There he finds a self-contained community, ruled with benevolent despotism by the Rev. Mr. Harmston, who has amended Christianity to a genial pragmatism, keeps discipline with a whip and salutary cuffs, and has a generally uninhibited attitude towards sex and the spirit. The basis is that everyone needs a myth, but it doesn't matter a great deal what the myth is. Mr. Mittelhölzer admirably suggests

this bright, hot, tropic Utopia—a scene of perpetual melodrama in which the shades are as substantial as the humans—and the earlier part of the book is excellent. But later a didactic note creeps in, and the advantages of primitive sense are contrasted in a perfunctory way with the conventions of Surrey. And throughout Mr. Mittelhölzer is not happy with his anguished Briton, who soothes his distresses with Scotch; he is cut out of cardboard. But the originality of setting, the pervading air of supernatural high spirits, and the clipped, laconic style make this novel a welcome little curio.

Miss Chapman's *Ever Thine* is an immense book of nearly 600 large and well-printed pages, built on an ample Victorian scale. Running to such length, it needs a great deal of narrative fertility to keep it afloat. But this is just what the author does not provide; she tries to sustain our interest in a slow revelation of a single character, Victoire, married to a rather spongy headmaster of a private school. She adopts two children, and takes on the staff one of her rejected swains, who tells the story. On the surface Victoire is one of those glittering personages, all fascination and beautiful self-sacrifice, who seem to be serving the right gods out of pure disinterest. But slowly and ponderously, Miss Chapman turns the coin until we see at last the possessive instinct lurking underneath. I say "at last", but anyone well up in the ways of novelists will have grasped the essence of Victoire very early on. The story proceeds gently via minor squabbles, picnics, and placid tea-cupping, fraught with undertones; the incidents are

too slack and feeble to bear the great weight of Miss Chapman's design. It is like an attempt to perpetrate a water-colour on a Rubens-size canvas. The writing is good, if at times over-fragrant and stiff, so that it reads like a pastiche of a three-decker. The characterisations are sound and persuasive. If the book had been judiciously slimmed, it might have been very good indeed.

Another marathon of a book is *The Dream Merchants*, and it has an appropriate allowance of incident. Mr. Robbins has had the excellent idea of recording the trials and tribulations of the American film industry, the "ham-canning business" as someone called it. The story is admirably contrived and uses the cinematic flashback device competently, and Mr. Robbins writes with that easy nonchalance that makes American journalism so much more racy than our own. But unfortunately the documentary interest is not matched by the fictional narrative, which follows the rut that screenwriters have trodden for years; it even has a glossy fade-out.

It is a pity, because Mr. Robbins is convincing when he is not trying to wring our wethers. Perhaps the cinema alone, *vide* "A Star is Born" and "Sunset Boulevard", dares laugh at itself.

Single Blessedness is a pleasant common-room squib about a feckless schoolmaster, who has an illegitimate son, steals the headmaster's whisky, has a romance with a matron, and writes Patience Strong rhymes that bring him the offer of a Dame-hood. Mr. Scarfe delivers it drily, with an academic delicacy that rarely rises to wit, but the fun is genuine. He tends to change his manner from bizarre fantasy at the beginning to sentimental farce at the end, and he obviously has the makings of a satirist on a grander scale than this.

murderer of butchers (because he loves animals) belongs to Montmartre rather than Millwall; Jouvét's naughty, gluttonous bishop is finally brought to book by a signed souvenir from the Folies Bergère, not the Empire; Michel Simon, the timid respectable botanist who secretly writes pernicious best-selling thrillers, has no affinity with anything but Michel Simon's own inimitable gallery of grizzly wriggling old gentlemen; and Françoise Rosay, as his wife, is Gallically eager to get herself compromised by the butcher-butcherer. The whole thing, in fact, is a glorious romp devised and propelled at just the right speed (for a reel or so too long, by the way) by original artists who knew just what they were doing and how to do it.

Though *Les Amoureux* has a good deal of charm of its own, it has no such certainty of direction, and no such originality. It owes much to Jouvét, who manages to bring life to the stock character of the great composer with whom his sweet young pupil (Dany Robin) falls in love, and even more to René Devillers as his elegantly unselfish wife whose only wish is to make him happy, even if it involves her own unhappiness. But this is but the skilful turning of a handle that has been turned too often before. Every stage of the story is predictable, and one's heart is in one's mouth only at one moment, when it appears that the wife is going to kill herself. The tension here springs not from sympathy with the wife, as it should have done, but from a sudden fear that something is going to happen which will jar with the general cloying familiarity of the film.

Thus has originality flown away from the screen. Thus do artists and technicians aim merely at the targets others have hit. Look at Maurice Chevalier in *La Pomme* at the Continentale. Here, in his sixties, is Chevalier doing the sort of sentimental fairy-godfather stuff that one feels he always wanted to do, even when Lubitsch was dressing him up in the debonair uniforms he hated, and getting from him qualities that he, Chevalier, preferred to pretend he did not possess. One of these days he will be playing Hamlet.

Take even *Unwanted Women*, the Italian film at the Rialto. This is a work of serious purpose—about stateless women in a D.P. camp at Trieste. Its subject inevitably makes much of it touching, often harrowing, but one cannot help feeling that it was made because other films on kindred subjects have been made. Its cry against the callousness of the present-day world and the politicians running it lacks validity because the film is a series of statements that have no aesthetic entity, that offer no solution except sentiment, that say nothing new and nothing constructive. There are some beautiful performances by Françoise Rosay, Valentina Cortese, and Vivi Gioi, and one by Simone Simon that might have been beautiful if someone else's voice had not been dubbed in; but these leave one with no sense of satisfaction, just a consciousness of well-meant waste.

Do I generalise from the particular? Yes, I admit it. But coming back into circulation after a longish absence, I am aware of the need of a spiritual purge. Is the fault mine, or is the trend of cinema today to blame? I shall go on trying to find out.

A National Ballet

by AUDREY WILLIAMSON

THE release of Sullivan's music from copyright might, it was feared, shake the closely integrated genius of the Savoy operas, for Gilbert's texts, from which the music directly flowered, remain D'Oyly Carte property until 1961. But the new ballet at Sadler's Wells, *Pineapple Poll*, shows that its use in another context need not involve a lapse of taste, or even complete disintegration of the Gilbert and Sullivan style of humour.

Pineapple Poll, based not too freely on Gilbert's "Bab Ballad", *The Bumboat Woman's Story*, preserves in fact the essential style of the collaboration. The humorous verses Gilbert contributed to *Fun*, under the signature of his childhood nickname of "Bab," are close in spirit to the later Savoy operas, and many ideas and characters in the operas directly derived from them. The Bumboat Woman (*Poll Pineapple*) herself reappeared as Little Buttercup in *H.M.S. Pinafore*; years have been rolled away, in the ballet, to fit her into the youthful form of Elaine Field (here showing a new *flair* in comedy and dance), but the nautical atmosphere remains, and the tale of the young ladies who, enamoured of the beautiful Captain Belaye, disguise themselves as crew on his good ship the Hot Cross Bun, is put over with a nice sense of Gilbertian absurdity and burlesque.

The ballet, in short, is an exhilarating success, and by far John Cranko's best work to date. His choreography and mime catch exactly the spirit of the humour, and his Hornpipe (brilliantly danced by David Blair, a slyly conceited Captain Belaye) is the cleverest male variation seen in ballet for a long time.

Cranko himself, however, would be the first to admit the debt he owes to Sullivan, and indeed Charles Mackerras's arrangement of the score is the inspiration behind the whole work. Deliberately avoiding the more obvious selection from *Pinafore* that one might have expected (only one item from that opera appears, and then late in the *finale*), he has chosen the form of an ingenious musical switchback, skipping with such fluid insouciance from opera to opera that one scarcely has time to feel any jar of prior associations. His score ranges over every opera except the long-since defunct *Utopia Limited* and *The Grand Duke*, and often with a witty correlation between ballet action and Gilbert's original words. Allowing for a certain richening of texture to replace the vocal and choral line, Mr. Mackerras has retained much of the original orchestration and has avoided distortions of tempo. He has preserved the essential Sullivan, and produced a ballet score joyously danceable and full of style, to which no musical purist could object.

With Osbert Lancaster's nautical designs, equally witty and in character, this is a recognisably national ballet: the only one of its kind, indeed, that the Festival of Britain seems likely to throw up.



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Lunatics at Large

by MATTHEW NORGATE

LOUIS Jouvét is at present to be seen in London in two films, *Drôle de Drame* at the Academy and *Les Amoureux Sont Seuls au Monde* at Studio One. Both films are in a sense derivative, though with violently contrasted results, and the pair of them provide a neat and comprehensive comment on the course of the cinema, not only in France, during the past 15 years. When *Drôle de Drame* was made before the war, it was adventurous of Marcel Carné and Jacques Prévert, as director and script-writer, to go for their story to an English novel, and more dashing still to retain the English setting and yet turn out a film that was in effect pure French fantasy. *Les Amoureux*, on the other hand, is, so far as its story is concerned, a string of clichés with a piano concerto sitting in the middle.

The source of *Drôle de Drame* is a novel by Storer Clouston, who specialised in novels of fantastic farce, and is or was well known for his *Lunatic at Large* and its several sequels. In the hands of Carné and Prévert it becomes a mannered burlesque of period films, of films of detection, and of films about amorous intrigue. Its Edwardian London, for all its Express Dairies and Limehouse attics and Scotland Yard inspectors, is as French as it could be. Barrault's

Meetings

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Apr. 22nd—S. K. Ratcliffe. "The Day of Judgment." Apr. 29th—Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "The Spirit of Man". Questions after lecture. Admission free.

PEACE WITH CHINA Committee, Paddington, Public Meeting, Monday, April 23rd, 8 p.m., Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd., W.2. Chairman: R. S. W. Pollard. Speakers: Margery Fry, Sir John Pratt, J. Silverman, M.P., Rev. G. Norton.

PEACE WITH CHINA Council meeting at Kingsway Hall, Tuesday April 24th, 7 p.m. Chairman: Kingsley Martin. Speakers include Lady Selwyn-Clarke, S. Elwin Jones, M.A., A. J. P. Taylor. Admission free.

Summer Schools

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DIARY

20/4/51 (5)

See Clem in hospital in the afternoon. Previous visit was unavailing. Some days ago, following my letter (in Diary notes) I had not seen him before since he went into hospital.

He is being consulted with H.M. H.S. Clarke & Dr. W. when I arrive. When they come out, H.M. says to me "we must all keep a stiff upper lip now." When I go in, Clem says "I've just sent you an ultimatum. He must either accept our decisions or go." He added that you was a "green-eyed monster". Then

more rather of other things. He was flushed a bit. I thought, but how could Wanda? He has been having trouble with his teeth. His present dentist was too old. He has to have part of his jaw cut away. But he hopes to go down to the man of his former week and after next, return to his old job the following week. He is strong for his promotion of Roberts. I say that if

DIARY.

(53)

20/4/51 (6)

My son, Robert would make a good Minister of
Labour. We agree that he must not
be a victim of my's resignation ~~or~~ as far as
to no immediate election. Let him, if he

will, commit further acts of disloyalty to the
Party, especially to the Divisional Libbers. This
will only make things worse for him. The immediate
election would be better election ^{seeing}
than now, I would prefer Sept
or Oct.

Deliberately don't mention any other possible
men, in particular, J.F. I say this
talk of Shackley writing with me. He
says, with unusual animation, "if I thought he'd
take this line, I'd have dropped him a year
ago."

Late in the afternoon back to H.G. This has
been a talk fixed several days earlier. It

DIARY.

20/4/51 (7)

was supposed to be about my Departmental
interest in Investment Programme. These details
he settled amicably, and with few 2 hrs, subject
to details being worked out by Ministry.

We then spoke of Govt changes, whether Mr. West
on 2nd. Hope said should be very to bring in
someone of the left group? We agree however
was hopeful, - always adding some budget little
variation of his own to ~~some~~ other people's
that was, under Hope. Did I know J.F.? I said
I thought he was by far the most talented and
interesting of the V. Secs. He always did well when
he got a chance, which was very seldom.

Hope said he liked me very much, and
knew that I did. Ad Dora liked his wife. Hope
would quite like me on F.S.T. if Douglas ever
went up - 2 he really did deserve promotion,
he had been 3/4 team at the Treasury 200. I
said D.J. ^{was} so odd that there weren't many
depts he could fill. Hope agreed, but said

DIARY.

22/4/51 (Sunday)

R being at W.L., I lunch with Bob & Betty & Rosalind - now very short sipated & wearing glasses, poor little thing!

Then Bob & Rosalind & I walk on the Heath.

I tell them of some recent events. Bob says there are wonderful headlines in my memoirs!

"Knew I wrote £23 million?" My recently.

"I think I ought to have it!"

H.M. & Sumner 1947, when Premier in debate. He is asked to support it.

Bob is a very good friend.

Then walk, after tea with Fanny, on Heath again with John Freeman.

I say I am very angry indeed about Tribram attack on H.G. I shall, as he knows, done my best to be nice to Mye. But this really makes me down on one night - even to lead to party - effort & jealousy beyond all tolerance to me. I work very hard to dissuade John

DIARY.

22/6/51

from any longer of going with M.J.C. I think he must have heard of the Friday ultimatum. He says it's pretty clear now that M.J.C.'s going. He also admits ^{he'll} ~~be~~ going to a lunch tomorrow given by Pri Kando. I press on him that M.J.C. has almost completely lost touch by this Prin performance. I tell him that H.G. has much more moved by his John's letter. I say how bad it is that people go on talking about this and only knowing half the facts. I tell him that H.G. also speaks well of John's wife. I say Dora likes her. (I admit I don't much love Dora, but John sticks up for her. I have help to ^{arrange}.) I tell John that his stud is made like you will then no matter. (This is important with H.G. now had made a certain remark to me once about J.P. ^{with} L.W.W. now will want to atone for a recent blunder). I say that there are various possible historical things

DIARY.

(5)

22/6/51 (31)

Now under discussion, quite apart from any question of Nye's reputation, which might be a great interest, at least as far as the 20.

But, I say, I feel as though I am taking him to a high plane and ranking him, as they ranked him, by showing him all the Kingdoms of the Earth. (We are walking along the top of Hampstead Heath.)

He laughs and says "You have not much sense of humour to keep on with that story!" But he says that he is not

now committed to follow Nye. He will need his confidence quite ^{completely} ~~totally~~ in the light of the whole situation. ~~I expect~~ I ask him to promise

to go & see it. Before deciding to go. He promises. I go back & take a drink in his flat. ~~He~~ meet his present wife - ~~not a great admirer of de Gaulle &~~ a great admirer of de Gaulle & Pierre Videt - ~~two editors of the~~ ^{conservative editor of the} ~~University~~ ^{University} ~~Quarterly~~. One little girl

DIARY.

22/4/57.(4)

~~and~~ Lizzie, aged 2. This is his present wife by his first husband. John has no children of his own.

I say as we have "I shall be très décliné if you break." He says "Don't let's discuss it again out here." I say "no one will know what décliné means." But you say I would save no useful purpose.

Back at the flat. I ring up Tony & urge him to look on John, especially in view of the Tribune

I am a little vexed at John's obstinacy over all this. How can one go on being a Nyeite after this frightful exhibition of bad character? (And, as it turned out, he never talks to Hagg!)

John finally made up his mind. I write Mr. Tom ^{last night} & he should see the end of one chapter, & the beginning of another. But this part must go on, & if it must keep down fighting - well & good.

DIARY.

23/4/51 (Monday)

(62)

Nye flopped in the House today on his resignation speech. No cheer when he entered, in the middle of question, nor when he rose, at the end of question, hardly any cheers while he was speaking, ^{and} when he sat down. His attack on Staff, & his confession of taking tricks his colleagues by his ^{on perception of change & housing programme} manoeuvres, were a bit liked. A most vicious speech, most notable by the Times.

I spoke to Foot later in the corridor. "I said", "I shall never recommend anyone to read Tribune again." I was totally disgusted by it last week. I take Vera read such a shameful attack on anti-mentals by the Party as in your Editorial. I'm through with you." He said "I consider that all he said was thoroughly justified." He pointed; having been overheard by many. Roy Jenkins told me later that on the previous Thursday, when he had spoken in the Chamber, Foot had been most friendly & complimentary about me & my part in the affair at that time.

DIARY.

(61)

23/4/57 (2)

I saw John Freeman standing at the Ben listening to Nye. I tried to find him, & asked Tony to help.

Later I asked "5 pm. I have tried to find him, & he has Tony. Without success." ^{I have telephoned.} "He is not in his music; not in his room; not with Nye, who is in the kitchen."

I was very much agitated. I said to Tony "within five minutes, I could get his permission if I knew he would take it. But what does he want?"

He can't keep us all hanging about like this!"

Tony said later, when we did hear that John is a statesman leftist, leftiest in opposition, and has been unhappy for a long time about U.S. and our materials & recruitment.

I went down to see with Wainwright. He said John was ^{the Gov. with} ~~not~~ had asked him just before yesterday, whether he would sell to ~~the~~ ^{the} would accept permission. I the initial reference to HBT, - ~~Shanahan~~ ^{on to the Treasury - kind (see)} John had asked for me how to think it over, & then sent this short note, about ^{his} letter to me making this impossible.

DIARY

23/4/51 (3)

Soon after 7-30 pm a messenger brought me the
letter from John. Then I saw him in the
passage & brought him to my room. I was very
sad. And then the telephone rang from Mr 10,
& a secretary asked if he would go to see Mr
to Hospital. And he said he would have to
arrange about transport. But I said "Take my
car" & went down with him with the lady, &
put him in, & patted him on the shoulder
and said "Thank you. He prepared to change
your mind." And he went off. But
later that night wrote me under note
"No change. So sorry!"

O hell!
Wrote him & letter at midnight.

[Xerox copy
1966]



Records 3.45 pm (65)
copy on loan to Hon
P. M. / 23. April. 67.

Dear Will,

I am personally extremely
sorry to have to tell you that I feel
obliged to send a letter to the PM, ^{which} will
preclude my accepting any suggestion
to the bill you spoke to me about
earlier this afternoon.

Yours sincerely

John Gorton

[Xerox copy
1966]

House of Commons,
London, S.W.1

23. April. 57.
7-15 pm.

My dear Hugh,

I have decided after the deepest & most conscientious thought of which I am capable to take what you would consider the wrong decision.

Nothing could have done more to influence me the other way than Nye's outburst this afternoon. I don't ~~want~~ ^{want} to discuss it further at the moment, but I do want you to believe that I have done what I think to be right & that I deeply value & respect the advice

(F)

you have offered to me.

Tempers will be high & cruel things
said for a time, but our friendship will
always mean much to me.

Yours ever

Ph.

I have been unable — for administrative
reasons — to see Hugh G., but shall
continue my efforts this evening.

(But never like Nell's
the good of love! I
wanted him to see Hugh
before he died)

DIARY.

24/4/51.

Party meeting in Westminster Hall
9.30 - 11.30 am. Then ^{Cabinet} Ministers & some Members

Go to the Abbey for Eric Bevin's Memorial Service.
Statement by H. Wilson - quiet, but not very effective - and
J.F. - short & dignified, but not totally successful. Both
say they won't do anything to bring the Govt down.

Hugh makes a very good & calm defence. He
answers points about the auro programme. Even if
it can't be fully carried out, - and that will depend
on talks now going on in Washington - that won't
make for an easy, but for a harder and more
inflationary situation. He wanted this to be a popular
Budget that would win votes. Had it would have
been a popular Budget, if it hadn't been attacked, it
has been in some quarters.

When he sits down, there is loud applause, and
the clapping continues for several minutes. I help
to keep it going. Nye glances. He wants to speak

He jumped up, and challenged Hugh on Cabinet Decision.
"Publish the papers!" he shouts. Later, when he says

DIARY.

24/4/51 @1

get up, he is seen quite out of control. "I went back
 his... I went after that." (I written to HM, beside
 me. "Doris is mostly speaking!") He attacks Hark.
 "But for my Health Service he would never have
 been Chancellor of the Exchequer I have served
 many more years in the Labour Party than he." He
 has been a young man in 1931, when Snowden
 was Chancellor & in this very year he had been
 would have, ^{from he wanted to put when it was long.} He was sweating & sweating.
 & seemed on the edge of a nervous breakdown. one
 he said, "Almost as to himself.") Then I had better
 sit down." ~~Parliament~~ Doris makes a very
 unimpressive impression (Roy Jenkins said to me
 later: "Nye says that it is the Parliamentary Party
 not the Constituent Party that elects the leader")
 Then, after some unimportant interventions, Charles
 up, not very successfully and amid some confusion. As
 usual, a cross between a schoolmaster & a staffmaster.
 He speaks of another meeting to be held, & of a scandalous
 attacks. Jennie Lee jumps up. & he says "I mentioned in
 2 women, but the cap seems to fit." Then he ~~refers~~
 mentions

DIARY

24/4/51 (3)

Monday. one of the speakers this morning reminded me of
Monday. Nye shouts "now you've said it!"

And so to the Abbey!

Part of the ^{hours} meeting I was drafting an Executive
Statement in support of the Govt & the Budget. After
the Abbey, I went with Morgan Phillips to my
Office & finished the draft of N.E.C. ~~to be~~

DIARY.

25/4/57

N.E.C. carries with it D.I.S. cult. - Mr. Driley,
Mikardo & Boulton (cattle) - a resolution, which
started them on draft yesterday, backing the J.C. &
the N.E.C.

There is write next day protesting that he have
gone beyond our rights in ~~fact~~ making this declaration.
Quite a silly argument, which find no support in
our Constitution or past practice.)

They did think of resigning from the Executive, -
but were convinced we should have joined Peter Noel
Baker, Emory Hyman, ^{John} Macnam & Miss Cyster
Mentri - but think better of it.

I get J.F. to come to my room & talk.
I say I don't expect any more correspondence &
he agrees. I say the one thing that bites me is that he
didn't, as he promised, see H.G.
John says that on his Sunday when he was with me, he
had half intended to call in ^{on H.G.} & drink. But he had
important ~~my~~ ¹⁹⁵¹ company. I say that in the real 1951
I only saw Macdonald & not Henderson. One letter

DIARY

25/4/51 (2)

said afterwards "if I had seen him, I might have persuaded him not to leave us."

I said to John that he was a wonderful scalp for the uglies. I had heard Kirkland exulting ^{over him} in the entrance to a laboratory.

John I said to John "Don't form a clique. Keep in circulation." He said he had been told beforehand that everyone would be beautiful to him, if he resigned. But they hadn't been. Perhaps, he says, his function is kinder than mine. He speaks of finance. He says he will have to live very quietly for a while. I say I hope he will close with Mike's offer. I know all about it, we have seen his letter to Mike. This would be combined with the Stakeman. With them, I will have reason. He has a "assembly" meet the "code" on Tribune

would say. I hope he has been at some Dept. write letters to be in private or private. He said, not today but at one of our previous talks. The Rearmament Programme was the wrong size. Too small, if there was a real danger of Russian for a while. This summer - he didn't think there was. But if so, he should be on a real war footing. The danger would not be about 1941. I said "I would like to see you."

with them, I will have reason. He has a "assembly" meet the "code" on Tribune would say. I hope he has been at some Dept. write letters to be in private or private. He said, not today but at one of our previous talks. The Rearmament Programme was the wrong size. Too small, if there was a real danger of Russian for a while. This summer - he didn't think there was. But if so, he should be on a real war footing. The danger would not be about 1941. I said "I would like to see you."