"EMPIRE" INTO "COMMONWEALTH"

WHEN, on August 4, 1914, Britain's Foreign Secretary spoke in the House of Commons on the probability of war, he ended on a note of confidence in the sources, popular and parliamentary, from which his government would be looking for support. However, he made no mention of British colonies—such as Canada and Australia—beyond the seas. There was, of course, no question of their formal noninvolvement. That for them in those days would, in British eyes, have been constitutionally inconceivable. But what in practice was he assuming they would do? It is perhaps reasonable to suppose that he found it best to wait and see. He can hardly have been wholly unmindful of the Empire.

For a British Empire then indeed there was, on whose long road into dissolution the war years would mark a stage. The United States, thirteen of them, had formerly been in it. And in it, still, was the country, South Africa, which is mine.

The tale of British decolonization has yet to be told. But the plot and its principles are familiar. In well-known instances subject peoples contributed toward their emancipation with their blood, waging war against their British "oppressors." But others, more propitiously, won freedom by making war at Britain's side. The transition to sovereign statehood of Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand would surely in any case have come, but it was expedited by the war.

For—as present-day Americans are in so good a position to know—there is nothing like having its loved ones fighting on a faraway front, for feeding a people's consciousness of its involvement in international affairs and its need to bring them within the purview of its constant concern. And an England so dependent on and sensible of the sacrifices in men and money that the Dominions were so resolutely accepting, in a conflict not immediately their own, would not have been very well situated, even had she wanted to, for resisting any suggestions that their wartime leaders might choose to offer on the subject of constitutional reform. Nor would she in any case be very likely to have wanted to.

Years ago I heard one Sunday a sermon in celebration of American independence. My companion, as we left the church, asked if I, as a Britisher, had felt *de trop*. This was, I may say, in one of the Carolinas, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the famous Declaration. "Not at all," I replied; "I was thinking of what people like you had accomplished for people like me." Freedom had been ours virtually for the asking.

Elsewhere the pattern was somewhat other. In at least three ways the process in Britain's Asian and African possessions has differed from that in "her" Dominions a generation before. Her acquiescence in the coming-of-age was not, in our earlier case, much influenced by third-party, notably American, opinion; there was not in 1917, in the shape of a world assembly, a floodlit platform to excite the narcissistic ambitions of the newly fledged, and our advance, if impressive at the time, was not yet a leap into full independence. All we had aspired to was a hand on the tiller of the family boat. And theretofore we had wanted hardly even that. Self-determination? I, for one, had never heard of it.

My father, a civil servant, had taught me no politics. But he had admonished me not to underestimate the Boers—"a fine people, an indomitable little nation," which had held at bay the mighty British Empire for two and a half years. He insisted that I study their Dutch language, not as yet then locally an "official" language, to the neglect of my tenuous French.

With my parent's occupational displacement, after Union in 1910, from Cape Town to Pretoria, I came to experience the neighborly kindness, at his Irene home, of General Jan Christiaan Smuts. I thus early became Smuts-conscious and was pleased, when subsequently enrolled in "his" new defense force in 1913, to be serving, in a sense, under him. Years later, in July, 1919, I was to find myself his fellow passenger when sailing from Southampton for home. And so at Cape Town I witnessed, on the quay, his reunion with General Botha, on whose death, within the month, he was to inherit the premiership of the Union. Two outstanding characters and great South Africans.

From London in May, 1917, Smuts had written to his wife: "A big movement to take me into the Cabinet, but I shall prefer to return to my little country and nation, otherwise people will entirely forget me and I shall perhaps be regarded as English."[1]

Many saw in Botha the greater of the two, as he was certainly the better loved. Of him, when he died, the *Round Table* wrote:

[1] *Smuts Papers*, Vol. III, p. 498.

modern Plutarch would write for us the Parallel Lives of General ashington and General Botha. He would find the link between them ess in the outward circumstances of their lives—though there it is sufficiently striking; both, though men of peace at heart, first won distinction and influence in the field, both were called from military to political leadership—than in an inward harmony of character. A strong sense of duty, the love of all that was honorable, and a certain serene wisdom were the distinguishing qualities of General Botha as of Washington.[2]

South Africa's is a checkered story. From Europe in the early 1600's there had migrated to North America people who made no attempt to form there, along with the indigenous communities, a single, hybrid society. Instead, they established a replica of Europe. Almost contemporaneously, Dutchmen settled at what is now the Cape. There were thenceforth two societies—we, the "Europeans," they, the "Natives." The British, gaining control in the Napoleonic upheaval, thought to impose other, equalitarian standards. Many of the Dutch, *alias* Boers, *alias* Afrikaners, trekked away, to found new little Europes in the north. At the turn of the century Britain subdued the Boer republics, and in 1910 she combined them, with the Cape and Natal, into the Union of South Africa, under a system of white oligarchical rule. ("Under certain conditions," writes Robert MacIver, "the only possible form of government is some kind of oligarchy."[3])

Though not all of Britain's constitutional creations have endured, this one most definitely did. For lads like me had understood that our "first step towards being a citizen of the Empire" was "to be a citizen of South Africa" and that "the only condition" on which South Africa could remain a member of the Empire was that "British and Dutch South Africans must be able to work out a common basis of citizenship."[4] And this we tried, and still are trying, to do.

Of the ruling minority, the Boers form some 60 percent, and under the Westminster type of constitution a party representing Afrikaner nationalism has since 1948 been in control. In 1914 this party, then small, stood, as in 1939 it would again, for neutrality. "We are not pro-German, but anti-British."[5] "I see," wrote Smuts in May, 1917, "Hertzog has just made another embittered attack on the Government because we have not stayed out of the European complications! He is really quite mad, although there are many

2 *Round Table*, X, p. 98.
3 Robert M. MacIver, *The Web of Government*, New York, 1947, p. 191.
4 *Round Table*, IX, p. 626.
5 *Ibid.*, p. 626.

who are mad with him. Wilson also wanted, oh so much, to stay out of it, and what has happened? In the end almost no nation in the world will stay out of it."[6]

Hertzog, who had left the Botha Ministry in 1912 and was in 1924 to replace Smuts in the premiership, was already becoming a power in the land. I, as a youngster, had met him, too, and been told of how, having first thought to study, as did Smuts, at Cambridge, he had, on a disagreeable first impression there of undergraduate deportment, switched instead to Holland. On what trifles does man's history turn!

The part played in the war and at the peace table by Botha and Smuts, so recently Britain's adversaries in the field, was often to be cited as vindication for the methods of British Liberalism in the years between. But not by everybody. When in 1922 Irish leaders were being cast in Whitehall for a comparable role, it befell me at a luncheon table to hear the views of him whose style, in negotiation with Kruger in 1899 and as ruler of the ex-republics on the morrow of their defeat, had left scars on the susceptibilities of the Boers. He, Lord Milner, and Smuts and Botha had twice been peacemakers together, in 1902 on opposite sides, in 1919 on the same side, of the table. Britain's experience, he now advised us, with those two men, was in his opinion "a most *im*moral lesson." Not necessarily always would trustful policies elicit from erstwhile enemies such loyalty and magnanimity as from these.

And, he might have added, such cooperation. When in 1914 Britain conceived as a first wartime objective the elimination from South-West Africa of German power and proposed to Botha that he assume the task, this was not, of course, with any pretension to dictate. It was simply a matter of moral suasion. While South Africans, myself included, might indeed have grown up seeing South-West as the possible source of future attacks on the Union, the thought of becoming the attackers there was something different and had little local appeal. Even so, Botha deferred to Asquith's urging and, to commend his policy to the public, decided personally to command South Africa's forces in the campaign. But for the Rhodes scholarship which was now heading me for Oxford, I might well have been there with him.

As it was, that August had found me in Switzerland, where my grandmother then resided. For three weeks, during French mobilization, trains for returning British tourists could not run. But eventually the ways were cleared, and we, *les anglais*, encumbered

6 *Smuts Papers*, Vol. III, p. 498.

with too much hand luggage, *plus* magnums of Montreux water, bade farewell to the pleasant, neutral lakeside scene. We were to be fifty-nine hours on the journey and to cross over not, as planned, from Boulogne, now on the point of being abandoned, but Dieppe.

At Geneva we changed trains, with crashings of dropped bottles by the way. Soon we were once more on the move. Someone scribbled copies of a supposed verse of *"La Marseillaise,"* and in France, at the larger stops, we would line up and sing it, to the apparent consolation of the harassed townsfolk. *"Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre!"* It was all very pre-De Gaulle.

It was in late June that the Sarajevo killings had occurred. To the South African schoolboy—for I was scarcely more—the news meant little. But the Paris *Daily Mail* saw something in it, as did the *Feuille d'Avis* of Montreux, before whose windows one stood for postings of the latest information.

My granny, whose memories included the accession of Queen Victoria, was confident, from her experience, that "the Powers" would "find a way." And even should they fail and England be involved, Lord Kitchener would be sent for, so all would be well. And when he duly was, there appeared, in tiny print in the usual window, an item on his calling for 100,000 men.

There was nothing particularly theatrical about my motivations, on reaching London, in joining up. His Majesty was at war, and I was his faithful subject.

Sometimes I have wondered what proportion of those phlegmatic volunteers, representing England's cream, along with whom I queued to be recruited, will have seen a thirtieth birthday. Physically, they might have come from California!

We paraded, our first fortnight, in the park. There one morning we were reviewed, nonofficially, by a horseman in a trilby hat, with a cigar. First Lord, not for the only time, of the Admiralty Mr. Churchill was returning, when our officer intercepted him, from a canter in the Row.

No one, then or ever, saw anything out of the ordinary in the presence of a boy from Cape Town in a British unit. Even when, in autumn, 1918, I was for six unforgettable days to be a guest with the British Fleet, it was always as "soldier" that they addressed me, never as "you from overseas."

It was indeed unforgettable, the spectacle of those immense ships, more than fifty of them, with a Yankee squadron—*Arkansas, Wyoming,* and a couple more—steaming magnificently, yet modestly behind. Had the Hun then put to sea, as was thought at that stage not unlikely, it was Beatty's considered policy this time to brave,

not evade, the torpedoes—so there could soon have been gaps, in the fighting formation, for Britain's associates to fill.

I had not anticipated seeing there those naval Americans. True, I had, during a convalescence in London a year before, applauded the marching, past the palace and afterward the War Office—where from a balcony the Cabinet looked pensively on—of the first portentous contingent, technicians I gathered, of the burgeoning new armies of the United States. These men were mostly from homes not more remote from the war than mine, but it was, I knew, as natural that their advent should be thus belated as that mine should have been the earlier, in the operational zone.

How welcome they were, at that stressful juncture, with their promise of victory by and by! With what relish did I not appreciate the Bruce Bairnsfather cartoon: "Another two million men just arrived from the base, Colonel." "All right, give 'em tea, Sergeant." I would gladly have given 'em more than tea.

As natural, I said, for me. It is perhaps worth further considering what it was that had brought the quick response of colonial Britishers in England's day of need. Reasoned explanations are offered. Recently I suggested one. With what feelings had the young men made themselves available "in what was for them their own cause only in so far as it was Britain's cause"? What would surely have counted for something, I wrote, "in the minds at least of many, was the confidence that should they themselves or their country be at some future time in trouble the mighty hand of Britain would be there to see them through. . . . If tomorrow it could be for others to render help, it happened to be their turn now."

But since then, in paging the *Round Table,* I have come upon a phrase, "the instinct of Imperial solidarity," and on reflection I believe that with those of us who were bred as little colonials, conditioned to reverence a queen and then a king and to think in idealistic imagery of the old country, the impulse to rally round rose from something deeper within us than any rational judgment. That something—brought up in England, I might possibly not have had it. Whereas, albeit an alien now in Britain, I have traces of it still. Hence the sharpness of my latter-day disenchantment. Hence the false bravado of lines I indited, that bleak, sunny morning of May 31, 1961,[7] in my determination not to care. "The break with Britain—what is that to me? The England of my dreams so far has died. So much my early vision is belied by what in practice she has proved to be." Sour grapes?

[7] The day South Africa's loss of Commonwealth membership became effective.

But then, with that amiable sentiment off my chest, I went on more authentically: "The Commonwealth, by contrast, that indeed it is for me a tragedy to quit: so much my life was all bound up in it, its values so embedded in my creed." However, here, too, there had been change. "Those values, with their lessons for the wise in how extremes in peace may coexist, outmoded are: the Afro-Asianist shatters the air with shouts of 'Ostracize!' "

It was partly, I suspect, in appreciation of the seemingly instinctual nature of the Empire's wartime cohesion that its assembled leaders, challenged in those anxious days to visualize the future of their association and urged by the proponents of federation to seize what they saw as the psychological moment for a decisive advance, found refuge in an agreed postponement of the issue. Call it an act of official faith, call it a cynical subterfuge, a sophisticated maneuver, call it a confidence trick, an exercise in diplomatic stalling—in retrospect, that resolution of 1917 stands out as a feat of collective statecraft, a blessed alternative to the untimely admission that, in academic logic, the federation-mongers were only too unanswerably right. Sooner or later, they were showing, it must be either federation or else separation into independent sovereign states. This, for the *Round Table*, was the essential question—"are we determined that come what may the Empire shall endure?"[8]

Granted, however, that the conditions of 1914 must never be suffered to recur, that there must be some change, what hope was there at that untranquil moment of easy agreement on its nature? Let the matter therefore be examined by a conference after the war, and first, let the war be won. Thus, in unity of spirit and in singleness of belligerent purpose, but with the constitutional issue unresolved, the Commonwealth soldiered on.

Federation. Who was it that had obliterated that particular cock robin? To a meeting in late 1919 at Victoria West, Smuts explained: "When I went to England I found that there was a totally wrong movement afoot, a movement to establish an Imperial Federation. . . . I made it perfectly clear to the English that the system was absolutely impossible. . . . Largely as a result of my attitude in England, that view of Empire . . . has been given up. . . ."[9]

While throughout the war South Africa thus partnered Canada in the leadership for Dominion equality and freedom, their preoccupations in the matter were not, therefore, necessarily the same.

[8] *Round Table*, Vol. VI, p. 706.
[9] *Ibid.*, Vol. X, 199–200.

Smuts' paramount interest was in promoting fuller acceptance in his country of its status and future in the Commonwealth. "I want very much," he wrote to Mrs. Smuts, "to see that in future our position in the Dominions is improved. I cannot and never shall forget that we were free republics." He believed he could influence his colleagues of the other Dominions "in the right direction."[10]

Looking back, one now may wonder, though I certainly did not do so at the time, with how much confidence those Empire statesmen can have reckoned on an eventual solving of their problem, after the war. Smuts, it is true, with a facility all too typical of his tongue, declared in Edinburgh: "The spirit of comradeship which is the only basis of union is there, and on that basis I am sure we shall find a solution of our constitutional relations in future."[11]

The supposition that when two or more nations, differently situated, their leaders responsible to electorates differing in traditions and outlook, are gathered together in unity's name, a spirit of comradeship will suffice to bridge the divergences and dissolve the conflicts between them is attractive, but irrational. The affecting of such a belief may serve a public purpose. But if, in fact, those Robert Bordens, Lloyd Georges, and the rest did indeed have so much faith in what one may call the myth of the diplomatic indivisibility of the Commonwealth as a formula for the strategic future, this will surely have been the classic instance of the triumph of courage over dubiety, if not of hope over experience.

But that resolution did indeed serve their turn. Innocents like myself were content to believe in that spirit of comradeship and its sufficiency to the Commonwealth's need. *Our* Empire was basically a single system, with a single situation and, at moments of crisis, a single interest, to be reflected, after discussion, in a single stance. Professor Mazrui, of Makerere, has remarked dryly on the proneness of the late Lord Lugard to posit as axiomatic a community of interest between the Empire and its several parts.[12] I own that when young, I, too, took this for granted. And so indeed, one might have inferred, did Smuts: "If your foreign policy is going to rest, not only on the basis of your Cabinet here, but finally on the whole of the British Empire, it will have to be a simpler and more intelligible policy, which will, I am sure, lead in the end to less friction, and the greater safety of the Empire."[13] "And why not?" I might have commented. Yet it all turned on that enormous "if." Brave

[10] *Smuts Papers*, Vol. III, p. 474.
[11] *Ibid.*, p. 506.
[12] Ali A. Mazrui, *Towards a Pax Africana*. Chicago, 1967, p. 149.
[13] H. Duncan Hall, *The British Commonwealth of Nations*, p. 320.

words, but how breezily unrealistic. Could anyone seriously imagine that, merely because it might be more convenient, it would, therefore, be easier in the future than in the past for Britain's policy to be made simple and intelligible? Not a hint here of how exactly that policy was to be caused to rest "on the whole of the British Empire." As well might the decisions of the United States be required to rest on the whole of the North Atlantic alliance.

And as for that postulated spirit of comradeship. Were the Commonwealth leaders not the spokesmen of dynamic democracies, all with opponents eager to supersede them in the seats of power—possibly with different views? Current between the wars and nourished further by the events of 1939 were suggestions of a theory that whereas in the League of Nations the members, though having sworn solidarity, found excuses when put to the test, in the Commonwealth, by contrast, the members, pledging nothing in advance, were as one when any of their number was in trouble. When the late Leo Amery once developed this idea to me, I was uncouth enough to retort that it was, on the contrary, rather as in a horse race, where the starter's special concern was to give the signal only when all were just ready to go. Why no war in 1938? Partly because Britain must play for time, till the Commonwealth, too, would be likely to come in. At this, Mr. Amery fell silent, then chose another topic.

As Duncan Hall had put it, "The core of the problem of Dominion status" was "how to reconcile the *'absolute* equality of nationhood,' and the constitutional independence demanded by the Dominions, with the maintenance of the formal unity of the Empire, which is equally desired by them."[14] In his own remarkable view, the British Commonwealth would "in the last resort . . . rely upon the force of public opinion throughout the group to bring a recalcitrant state into line with the others."[15] So, too, Lord Milner: "Anything like dissension between different British States in the Councils of the League would be so overwhelmingly condemned by public opinion in all of them that it should be an easy task for statesmanship to avoid it."[16] Easy? Whose pliability was here being presupposed? Some problems are not to be solved by simply dismissing them, in words. Had Smuts not written, in 1917: "The British Empire must be based on freedom or go down?"[17] One is reminded of the *Round Table,* June, 1916: "The British

14 *Ibid.*, p. 3.
15 *Ibid.*, p. 314.
16 *Ibid.*, p. 344.
17 *Smuts Papers,* Vol. III, 498.

Commonwealth is often misunderstood by shallow minds. . . ."[18] And also, it would seem, by minds by no means shallow!

How about this one, for a misunderstanding? It concerns the historical dating of Dominion independence. In current controversy over Rhodesia, South Africa is not infrequently referred to as a warning of what may happen if a colony is given its independence before the introduction of majority rule. This, in a way, is doubtless fair enough. But when did the alleged procedural blunder occur? Early, it is implied. By the Colin Legums, South Africa's independence is antedated to 1910![19] Yet in 1915 the *Round Table* was still at most foreseeing that Canada would "clearly be content hereafter, like Scotland [*sic*], with making a distinctive national contribution to a broader Commonwealth."[20] Like Scotland—goodness me! And even Smuts, expatiating in 1919 on the improved position of the Dominions, on how their "status of complete nationhood" had now received international recognition, and on how "as members of the Britannic League" they would "henceforth go forward on terms of equal brotherhood with the other nations on the great paths of the world,"[21] forbore to say "with other sovereign states." No Dominion, in 1919, had thought as yet to provide itself with a department of external affairs.

But the image that its members had of the Commonwealth and of themselves would never cease to change. "We are not," Smuts had said, "an Empire, but a system of nations . . . not only a static system, a stationary system, but a dynamic system, growing, evolving all the time towards new destinies."[22] And this, after all, was not anything very new. "What was really happening," Duncan Hall was to write, of a somewhat earlier period, "was that the colonists were in fact ceasing to be citizens of England and were becoming citizens of Massachusetts or Virginia."[23] "In 1914," the same writer pointed out, "the term 'British Empire' signified a central government surrounded by a number of more or less dependent states: in 1919 it signified a new type of political association, namely a group of autonomous states organized on a basis of complete constitutional equality under a common Crown."[24]

At what precise point in their evolution do nations become just

18 *Round Table,* Vol. VI, 117.
19 Colin and Margaret Legum, *South Africa: Crisis for the West.* New York, 1964, pp. 7, 146.
20 *Round Table,* Vol. VI, p. 156.
21 Hall, *op. cit.*, p. 338.
22 *Smuts Papers,* Vol. III, p. 510.
23 Hall, *op. cit.*, p. 9.
24 *Ibid.*, p. 195.

that? It seems wisest to reply that this is first and foremost a question of a specific mode of emerging collective self-awareness. It seems agreed, for instance, that in 1867, when Canada was constituted, there existed as yet no Canadian nation, whereas in 1900 it was an Australian nation already in being which created for itself a national government. "It may be," reflected the *Round Table,* December, 1915, "that the Canadian nation was born on the battlefield of St. Julien. . . . On the morning of Monday, April 26th . . . the general sorrow was more than neutralized by pride in the heroism of the dead."[25]

And what then of my own South Africa? Of her must, I fear, be conceded rather what Prime Minister Ileo, in 1961, said of his likewise complex country: "The Congo is not a people. It is a collection of large ethnic groups and each of them is a people."[26] Nevertheless the personified South Africa, the "country" of my mystic, sentimental attachment, was for me a reality even before the South Africa of my present-day citizenship left the runway. For had "she" not shown herself a worthy match for England—at cricket in 1905, at rugby football in 1906? With a small *n,* I was already a South African nationalist, sportswise, when the Union was at most but a project in the mind. Who knows? Had Canada long since, like Australia and South Africa, sent her cricketers to Lord's, it might not have required a costly battle to imbue her scattered citizenry with a common pride, in the performance of their "boys over there."

In the war years all the Empire had its boys over there. And already in early 1915 the British Colonial Secretary was announcing his government's intention to consult the Dominions on the framing of the eventual peace. Moreover, "since 1916," it was subsequently said, "every Dominion has been fully informed both by cable and despatch on all aspects of the foreign policy of the Empire."[27] Yet when Mr. Churchill in 1940 was asked about this sharing of cabled information, he minuted: "While . . . there is no change in principle, there should be considerable soft-pedalling in practice."[28] One may wonder if there will ever, in practice, have been a total nonemployment of the pedal.

Meanwhile, when at last the war had ended, it was no longer just a question of shared information or consultation. On the insistence more especially of Canada, with Lloyd George's backing, and in

25 *Round Table,* Vol. VI, 156.
26 New York *Times,* February 12, 1961.
27 *Round Table,* Vol. XIII, p. 19.
28 Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War.* Boston, 1949, Vol. II, p. 631.

face of stiff, but not unlimited, resistance from puzzled friendly powers, the Dominions, albeit anomalously, were present, if not as parties, then at least as signatories, to the treaty.

The truth seems to be that the changes wrought in the imperial structure by the pressures of the war should be measured, as it were, on more levels than one. Sociologically speaking, the progress was considerable. Constitutionally, there was at most an irreversible shift of emphasis as between legal and conventional points of view. And at the level of formal recognition there was the demonstration, quiet but unequivocal, of a type of participating personality new to the council rooms and corridors of diplomacy. The arrangement here in question was said to be designed not to give the British Empire any undue recognition, but "to recognize the position of the Dominions in the Empire and assure to the overseas British countries equal authority with the smaller nations many of whom had made no sacrifices in the long struggle for freedom and civilisation. . . ."[29]

Nevertheless, as though by necessary consequence of their mere presence at the table, the Dominions got included, as members individually, in Woodrow Wilson's League. Individually, as members, but not yet, therefore, as sovereign states. Was not India, too, a member, being not even a Dominion?

Even so, once members of the League, the Dominions were, as persons in their own right, performers, as never previously, in the international drama. It could be only a matter of time and circumstances—we now may feel—before they would stand forth on their unchallengeable own as sovereign states. Was all this then foreseen? Not explicitly, at the time. Sensible men, if asked, would doubtless have endorsed Sir Robert Borden: "It is unwise, having regard to the lessons of the past, for any of us to predict absolutely the developments of the future."[30]

29 Hall, *op cit.,* p. 154.
30 *Ibid.,* p. 167.

C. A. W. Manning

Except for wartime occupations (1939–43), C. A. W. Manning has been in university teaching since 1923, when he was elected into a fellowship at New College. His ensuing Oxford period included an absence, as Rockefeller fellow, at Harvard, where he extended his reading and encountered Roscoe Pound. Roman law, jurisprudence, and international law—in which at times he deputized for J. L. Brierly—were among his teaching subjects. His international interests derived from a Geneva interlude, first with the International Labor Office, then as personal assistant to the Secretary-General of the League. Frequently, in the summers between 1925 and 1937, he lectured, and tutored the law group, in Sir Alfred Zimmern's famous Geneva School. In 1930 he moved, as professor of international relations, to London, where, though emeritus since 1962, he continues to lecture on the philosophical aspects of the subject. His contribution is epitomized in The Nature of International Society *(1962), an inquiry into the texture of the "social cosmos," the context, comprehensively conceived, of the life of political man.*

Born in 1894 of English, Scotch, and French Huguenot stock, Manning was educated in South Africa and at Brasenose College, Oxford, where (1919–22) he took degrees in philosophy and in law.

His reexamination of John Austin appeared in Modern Theories of Law *(ed. W. Ivor Jennings, 1933). Each year from 1932 to 1938 he participated in the International Studies Conference. His report, for UNESCO, on the university teaching of international relations in six representative countries was published in 1954. In 1963 and in 1964, lecturing on South Africa, he toured Canada and the United States. In 1965 he testified on the self-determination of peoples in the South-West Africa case at The Hague.*