The author of the Congressional Front is writing this issue from the Dorchester Hotel in the North End of London. He hopes that censorship and the course of the mails will permit occasional reports at different points on the trip. So, a word about the journey. From Washington to Montreal is 681 miles by train. There we took off for Scotland. It was a non-stop flight for 10½ hours over a distance of 2749 miles. The flight was made at 21,000 feet. It is as smooth as velvet. We rode above all weather. However, to have an oxygen mask over the face for 9 hours is something of a chore. Strange that one can even snooze with such a mask over his mouth. Normally, the journey is made at 10,000 feet and oxygen is not needed. Another 2½ hours by plane and we were in London.

SO THIS IS LONDON.

I was here last in June of 1919. It has changed very little. Same streets, parks, stores and shops. There’s a word for London. It’s “tidy”. There has been enormous bomb damage but the casual visitor would never know it unless he specifically took an inspection tour to see. Worst damage was in Lambeth, Chelsea and other areas. The rubble and debris has been scooped up and hauled away in barges on the Thames River. Bombs fell on the incomparable St. Paul’s Cathedral and also Westminster Abbey. But the damage was comparatively slight. Many people firmly believe that these historic places were saved by the interposition of Providence. This belief—this faith—has been a tonic for morale. Thousands of buildings have been destroyed. Thousands of people have been killed. Yet it is hard to picture because the debris has been removed. The amazing thing is not the physical damage but the resilient courage of a people who took it day after day—sleeping fitfully in stuffy brick or concrete shelter at night—working day after day—and keeping the vigil of Victory with a steady faith. It proves the truth of Confucius’ observation that nothing is so enduring as human will power.

IT’S STILL DARK

But London is still dumbed out. Street lights are hooded to prevent glare. Buses and Taxis drive with dim lights. There are no electric signs. At 7:00 p.m. the black-out curtains on all windows are drawn. Movies close at 10:00 p.m. Bars are open from 7:00 to 9:00 P.M. There is an astonishing good nature about it all. For five years, they’ve gone through this black-out. That’s more than 1800 days. And somehow, they seem like the hotel maid who, when she heard a bomb whistle in its flight, opened a window. The occupant of the room was alarmed. "Good Heavens," she said "close the window, quickly. Aren’t you afraid?" The maid looked at the guest in a most casual way and said, "No indeed, since we’re payin’ for this war, I likes to see wat we’re gettin’ for it." That’s a fair illustration of the serenity and calm with which this city has come through. Where window glass has been knocked out by bombs, composition or beaver board has been installed. On it are posted stickers reading, "Business As Usual". Truly, except for shortages and some inconveniences, business is as usual in London.