

Every news
before 16 - 1928

"NO

Mr. KELLOGG TALKS.

On -
Naval Matters,
Holidays, and
Golf.

BUT HE WASTES NOT A SINGLE WORD.

By a Special Correspondent:

MR. FRANK B. KELLOGG, the "Kellogg Pact" man, standing in his spiked golf shoes on the carpet in his sitting room at Claridge's, took a niblick out of the golf bag propped against a chair, and swung it absent-mindedly. Then he said:

"Young man, I was appointed United States Secretary of State because I was a silent man. I haven't changed, though I gave up office a fortnight ago. But go ahead. Fire away!"

And then he closed one eye and glanced with the other along the shaft of the club, to make sure it was straight. I went ahead

I also fired away.

But interviewing this fresh-faced, white-haired man of 72, standing there in his light brown plus-four suit, was rather like interviewing a very courteous and friendly rock.

"Just This."

Mr. Kellogg never uses two words where one will do. He never uses one if it is possible to use none. He was just like that when he was the American Ambassador in London, and he was just like that to-day, even though his political and diplomatic days are over and he is merely having a holiday.

"What do you think of the Anglo-American naval situation?" I asked him.

He replaced the niblick and took out a putter. He hit an imaginary ball with it, towards the window. Then he said: "Well, I'll just say this. You can take it from me that there's no naval competition between America and England."

His mouth closed firmly. He had said all he was going to say about that.

"Reparations?" I suggested, tentatively.

He shook his head.

"The European situation?"

"I musn't talk about things like that," he said, with a gentle swing of the putter. "I'm not in office now, you know."

"And I must say—he was positively letting himself go now—" it feels pretty

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good, to be out of office, after all this time. Gives a man time to breathe and get a little golf.

"But don't you think I'm going to be idle. No, sir. Idleness doesn't suit me. Just as soon as I get back I'm going to work at my law office in St. Paul—"

Enough!

But he realised suddenly that he was getting talkative and closed down. He just waggled the putter silently, keeping his head down and his eye on the imaginary ball, in the real St. Andrews style. "Golf's your game?" I asked.

"The best game for busy men," said Mr. Kellogg briefly.

I asked him what he was doing during his fortnight in London. "Sitting to Mr. Philip de Laszlo for my portrait, to go in the State Department offices at Washington," he said. "That's five hours a day gone. Then there's golf. And then there are visits to my old friends."

"Do you notice any changes at all in London since you were here?"

"No," he said, compactly.

He put the putter back.

Then—"London's just as nice as it was," he added.

He took up the golf bag. "Well," he said, "I've got to go and play golf now. Last time I was in Europe, I forgot my favourite clubs. But I've got 'em this time"—and he smacked the bag affectionately.