Good Copy

CHAPTER VIII

MORE BENEFACTORS

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FRED SEARLE

Connected with Harrow, but belonging to some years later than my time there, was Fred Searle. He became a master after I left, and I got to know him through Charlie who was at Harrow seven years later than I. He introduced the idea of masters being friend to boys, which was inconceivable in my time. He had an eager and affectionale way with him, and was notorious for his enthusiasms, which provoked a certain amusement, but did not prevent his being extremely popular.

He had a small House and I stayed there with him several times. Winston Churchill was one of his boys at the time, and was a common subject of conversation. Searle used to tell us how Winston made himself disliked, and how he reported to Searle that he was having a rotten time, but he "would get them down in the end".

Searle would have made a vast difference to Harrow if he had lived, and it was a public loss that he died early. His executors passed on to me his dog - a mongrel terrier with long natural tail - of whom Mother became extremely fond, and his writing table, which I have used ever since.

T.F. REEVE

When I went to the Brewery in 1889 the Manager was a pompous old thing in a grey frock coat who had been a favourite of the Chairman. He lectured me on the importance of his position as the nominee of the Directors, whom he always spoke of as the Directors. My uncle, E.M.B., soon afterwards became Chairman, and at once proceeded to replace this old humbug by T. F. Reeve, until then manager at Burton-on-Trent.

I was given charge of two minor departments, of which my father in his day had been in charge, and after a year, which I spent largely at Burton, I was made partly responsible for the main department, which was the Manager's special sphere. This brought me in touch with Reeve. I was extremely fortunate to have his friendship all through my fifteen years at Brick Lane. He was a most remarkable man and combined great business ability with first-class conscience and, what is much more rare, the quality of an intellectual with a very sympathetic altruism. He was a Liberal of the old school - a keen disciple of Mill, and when he stayed at Warlies, which he occasionally did, my mother

was delighted with his knowledge of my Uncle Roden Noel's poetry. He had sons then at school, and one of them came to Warlies for the dragging of the Temple Pond. Fifty years afterwards this boy, now retired, heard that I was in hospital and came to see me. He reminded me that I had long ago said that his father ought to have been Prime Minister, and I seriously think that he would have been an ideal one. One of his remarks which I have often remembered was to the effect that one should store the mind with poetry learnt by heart in case one lost one's eyesight. It may be due to this advice that I have at intervals learnt scraps of poetry, and which are among my best possessions. Having now lost most of my eyesight, I wish I had taken his advice thoroughly.

CANON BARNETT

Most men on leaving the Varsity know very well what their tastes will be, but I was a late developer, and the fact accounts for my never meeting Canon Barnett until I had been concerned with his district for no less than eight years. I even regarded Toynbee Hall as something regrettable from the Christian point of view.

After I returned from Australia in January 1897, Uncle Edward got me to stay at Knighton to meet the Barnetts, and I had by that time become alive to other than Evangelistic purposes. I immediately accepted Barnett's invitation to come to see him at Toynbee. No doubt his charm was an added attraction; anyhow we fell into eachother's arms. Barnett had a most delightful way with him, and his forcible leadership was clothed in a personal approach of extraordinary sweetness. He very soon got me to stand for the Whitechapel Board of Guardians, and this led to my putting up for the L.C.C. Barnett had made the Whitechapel Board famous for the anti-outdoor relief policy which he led them to adopt.

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the level of my shoulder, swinging along with his extraordinarily springy step, and a collection of books under his arm. His religious views were extremely broad, and I still felt rather suspicious of them, but in so lovable a man they left me unmoved while, in any other man, I should have been put off by them. Barnett did a great deal to bring me out of my shyness because he made something of me. I remember a particular action which supprised me by its flattering implication, and probably brought me out considerably. Being concerned with the Poor Law, I went in 1907 with Noel Farrer on a bicycle tour in Germany, designed partly to study methods dealing with vagrants, which had been developed by von Bodelschwingh at Bielefeld. I was very keen on introducing the plan in Whitechapel, and Barnett got up a meeting at which I had to read a paper. I remember my surprise when I found that Barnett had invited a large crowd, and had got Lord Herschell, who was a notable person, to take the chair.

When Barnett became Canon of Bristol I went with Charlie Masterman to consult him on our projects, and later on we met in the Little Cloister when he was Canon of Westminster, and I was in the House of Commons. After his death, Mrs. Barnett became almost as famous as he had been, but when I used to see them together I always thought that she asserted herself too much, as I wanted the conversation to rest with him.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson

Prophets of Baal

A good friend of my early days in Parliament was the famous humorist and temperance leader, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He was a delightful companion in the House on the Liberal benches. He loved to tell me how he hoped to see the brewers destroyed. He wanted it done on the lines applied by the prophet Elijah. He hoped to see them all, including myself, on an altar, and consumed by fire from above.

BISHOP GORE

I suppose it was another case of my fluidity of views that I could be at the same time an ardent follower of both Barnett and Gore. Gore's high Catholicism must have jarred Barnett's latitudinarian views. The Christian Social Union, of which Gore was the leader, was extraordinarily welcome to me, wanting as I did to connect political and philanthropic activity with religion. Gore at that time was an extremely popular preacher. Both manner and matter were most attractive. His voice in preaching was irresistible.

I valued the C.S.U. in connection with Temperance reform, but I got to know Gore better in regard to the problem of Turkish disorder. I remember lunching with him in his house in the Cloister overlooking the Westminster Canons' garden when I returned from the Balkans in 1899. It was a chance which led me to go there and to learn that Macedonia had been restored to the Turks by the British Government. This shocking fact did not seem to be appreciated by anyone whom I knew except Gore, whose keen sense of humanity had been profoundly moved a few years before by the Armenian massacres. He became intensely friendly to me and an eager supporter of the Balkan Committee. His way of addressing a meeting on the subject of massacres, and atrocities, was most moving, and his keen approval certainly furnished another influence on my life because he was a very great man. His friendship gave me confidence.

JAMES BRYCE

Bryce was famous as author of "The Holy Roman Empire" , as a Minister (Secretary for Ireland) and as the most popular Ambassador who ever represented us in America. He was the most distinguished politician who has given me his close friendship. He had been a friend of my father, and I remember his staying at Cromer when he was first in a Liberal Government as Chancellor of the Duchy and therefore concerned with many church livings in Norfolk.

When the Balkan Committee was formed in 1902 we naturally turned to him as he had prominently espoused the cause of the victims of Abdul Hamid years before. When things became urgent through the insurrection of 1903, Bryce invited us to meet in his house at Portland Place in order to put the Committee on an active footing. I remember that I, as Chairman, was asked to work with Henry Nevinson who became so famous, but was personally unknown to me. I enquired where he could be found, and the reply was "He is sitting beside you".

In the subsequent years of Balkan activity, Bryce showed wonderful thoroughness and lack of pride in constantly writing to me, and he attended meetings whenever we wanted him. His encouragement revived my desire to enter Parliament, which had waned after the Ipswich election of 1900, and he was largely my political father.

It was a personal loss when he left Office for the Washington Embassy, but he continued to write to me long letters in his own hand about Balkan affairs. This side of his activity is sadly ignored in his Memoir by Herbert Fisher, and for this I am much to blame, because I ought to have collected his letters and sent them to Fisher when he was writing the book.

When Rufus was born in 1917 I thought that a distinguished godfather would be good for him in after years. Bryce was the natural man to invite. He replied that as a member of the Scottish Church he was not entitled to accept, but for personal affection he would do so, and would moreover call upon Rufus not only to hear sermons, as the Prayer Book enjoins, but also to learn the Shorter Catechism. It was a good joke, because this catechism is immensely long.

In the end I am afraid Bryce was disappointed in me. At Rutland Gate about 1920 we gave a dinner party to meet the new Bulgarian Minister, Stancioff. Bryce came, and at one point the conversation turned to the Labour Party, which I had just joined. He inveighed with great vehemence against it, but after all, you can hardly expect a Liberal of the old individualistic school to feel otherwise about a Party which chooses to say, though it does not literally mean, that all the means of production, distribution, and exchange should be owned by the State.

Ramsay Macdonald

I first saw Ramsay Macdonald at one of the dinners which Charlie Masterman arranged for the men whom he had induced to take part in writing " The Heart of the Empire". Ramsay was then organising the infant Labour Party, and annoyed me by his bitter attack on a Liberal M.P. whom I had regarded as an admirable reformer.

When I got into the House in 1910 I had begun to see that the Liberals needed gingering if they were to display the ra radical spirit that I wanted. There was something romantic about Ramsay, with his good looks, his fine voice and athletic figure, which made a strong impression on me, and I was quite hungry for his friendship. But there was something cold in him which kept one at bay, and my attitude to him was always a mixture of affection and criticism. This was probably due to the strange dualism of his nature.

Sometimes he seemed to think far too well of one; sometimes too ill. In choosing me for his Cabinet I have often thought that he displayed the former kind of defective vision. His most friendly moment arose when he dined or lunched with us at Rutland Gate. On one occasion, by good luck, Lucy had provided wild duck, and it proved that this was his favourite dish. His epicureanism was a surprise. He expatiated on the merits of port wine sauce,

and went on to tell us of the exact way to produce old brandy. Foibles of taste were quite a feature in him. He was very fond of scents, and wore peculiar rings. The oddest thing was his concern with his appearance, and it was still odder that he was not ashamed to reveal to us his satisfaction in regarding himself as the best looking man in the Cabinet.

It must be very uncommon for a man to arouse in others such a strong liking and such antipathy. His son Malcolm asked me, after his father's death, to make a contribution to the Memoir which he was planning, and said that he wished it to include criticism as well as praise. So I wrote some notes which will appear in the book, and I need not say any more here.

He was a very kind friend on the whole, and I wish I had accepted all his quite numerous invitations to travel with him. I am glad that I did at least travel with him twice, namely, in Germany after the War, and in North Africa in 1926. It was probably due to personal friendship that I became a Minister. Some people may have thought that it was due to my helping him financially, but in actual fact I did little in this way.

Hugo and Lota Law

The period of my entering politics was intimately connected with the Laws, my friends from Donegal. Hugh Law took the plunge away from his family associations in Irish politics, and joined the Irish Parliamentary Party. In 1899 he took a house in Grosvenor Road, looking across the river, and invited Charlie and me to share it with them. This was very convenient because, owing to Mother's health, the parents were on the Riviera for that winter.

Charlie and Masterman were making their start in London, and it was a stirring time with Masterman's brilliance becoming known.

The Boer War began that autumn. The Balkan policy was taking shape, and Masterman's plan of a book on London to be called "The Heart of the Empire" gave a new point to my interest in licencing reform.

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The Laws were the most delightful of companions, and their provision of a dwelling place for Charlie and me, combined with their association with the Sydney Webbs, formed an invaluable background to our activities. Hugo got into Parliament before me and became the mouthpiece of the Balkan Committee in the Commons.

Later they had a flat in Westminster Mansions, which

we shared, taking part in the housework, there being no servants. I remember an occasion on which the problem was to get rid of fishes' heads and other scraps, and, there being for some reason no rubbish bin, I was deputed to take them to the river front (which had not then yet become Victoria Gardens) and throw them into the river.

Lota Law possessed a special charm which went with extreme originality. Both she and Hugo were adored by their humble neighbours in the Donegal hills. Irish history would have been different if there had been more such people to show a social spirit untouched by a vestige of class feeling.

Charlie Masterman.

The most brilliant contemporary who gave me his friendship in my youth was Charlie Masterman? I knew him first as a friend of C.R.B. when they left Cambridge in 1899. He fitted in with my lately conceived enthusiasm for the Christian Social Union and we made fast friends in a flash. He came from Cambridge with a brilliant reputation, and my sense of his intellectual superiority required to be balanced in order to make me more at ease with him. This was effected by his affectionate nature and by the fact that I had something to give him in the shape of introductions. I felt him a great acquisition to the cause, and was more than delighted to make him known to Barnett, and to Gore and Scott-Holland. Through Barnett he became Secretary to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and through Gore and Holland he was soon one of the writers on the "Commonwealth", the organ of the C.S.U. Then it became a question of politics and I made that introduction through Sydney Buxton. Sydney introduced him to Asquith, and his foot was on the ladder which led in such incredibly short time to ministerial office.

He was a marvellous combination of personal charm and humour, with political idealism and capacity. John Burns

was right when he said of him "Hearts of Gold", but not when he added "Head of Feathers". His life in a Camberwell block of workmen's flats with Reggie Bray afforded me one of my best experiences through being their guest. The evening fare of toasted sardines is still a memorable pleasure, but was possibly less advantageous to Masterman, for whom it was invariable and who always neglected his health. His incorrigible untidiness was one of the chief amusements which he afforded to his friends. In 1900 C.R.B. and I took him to Switzerland, and he turned up at Victoria with a suitcase falling to pieces; a dirty collar exuding from the opening, and some string taking the place of fastenings. Later on in 1907 he came with us to the Near East, and his appearance when dining with the Ambassador in the princely Embassy at Constantinople was beyond description. His marriage to Lucy Lyttelton, which took place in Henry VII chapel, must have tested the breadth of mind of Lady Lyttelton.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of all our times together was when I stayed with him and Lucy in a disused and leaky railway carriage on the shore at Selsey.

One of the great services which he rendered to me was an indirect one. He insisted on my taking part in the writing of his book on London, by contributing the chapter

on "Temperance Reform". As a junior director on the Board of Truman's, this was an impertinence (almost involving a rebellion) which I could hardly face; but Masterman was irresistible, and I somewhat shielded myself by getting a friend in the trade, Walter Hoare, to give his name with mine. This helped to weaken my connection with Truman's, already severely tested by the contradiction between the views of the Board and the policy of the Liberal Party. Taken together with my desire for free time to give to speaking and organising on the question of Macedonia, it led to my resigning my seat on the Board in 1904.

Nephews and Nieces

One of my greatest boons has been the friendship of my nephews and nieces. They have been among my greatest benefactors, and I should wish to devote a whole chapter to them. I am only restrained from talking at length on the extreme pleasure and benefit which I have derived from them by the fact that nearly all of them are happily with us to-day. I may, however, speak of Noel Ponsonby, who was the first wo bedame a very great friend. It is difficult to imagine any other boy or man like him. Our affection for eachother dates from the time when I spent Easter holidays with the Ponsonbys on Dartmoor, and he made friends with the blacksmith's boy, Sam, who remained intimate with him until Sam died in the Great War.

I commend this to all who want to break away from the tradition of class distinctions, which is so deplorably unchristian and narrow-minded. To few of us realise the advantage of making a friend in the so-called uneducated class whenever this is possible.

I learnt from my fellow Minister, Clynes, a saying which should be our motto - " If we are equal in the sight of God, how much more should we be equal in the sight of eachother.".

MORE BENEFACTORS

Fred SEARLE

Connected with Harrow, but belonging to some years later was Fred Searle. He became a master after I left, and I suppose I got to know him through Charlie or Harold who were at Harrow about ten years later than I. He introduced a plan of being a friend to boys which was inconceivable in my time. He had an eager and affectionate way with him, and was notorious for his enthusiasms which provoked a certain amusement, but did not prevent his being extremely popular.

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river.

Our associations continued till I was in Parliament, and till Hugo's Party came to its end.

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NEPHEWS AND NIECES

One of my greatest boons has been the friendship of my nephews and nieces. They have been among my greatest benefactors, and I am only restrained from talking at length on the extreme pleasure and benefit which I have derived from them by the fact that nearly all of them are happily with us to-day. I may, however, speak of Noel Ponsonby, who was the first who became a very great friend. It is difficult to imagine any other boy or man like him. Our affection for each other dates from the time when I spent Easter holidays with the Ponsonbys on Dartmoor, and he made friends with the blacksmith's boy, Sam, who remained intimate with him until Sam died in the Great War.

I commend this to all others who want to break out of the deplorable unchristian narrow minded division of classes ~~in England~~, and do not realise the advantage of making a friend in the so-called uneducated class where it is possible.

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CHAPTER VIII. MORE BENEFACTORS. benefactions ?

Chapter VIII

More Benefactors

FRED SEARLE.

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to chest more benefit

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For duplicate Copy

Sir Wilfrid Lawson

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A good friend of my early days in Parliament was the famous humorist and temperance leader, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He was a delightful companion in the House on the Liberal benches. He loved to tell me how he hoped to see the brewers destroyed. He wanted it done on the lines applied by the prophet Elijah. He hoped to see them all, including myself, on an altar, and consumed by fire from above.

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He was a very kind friend on the whole, and I wish I had accepted all his quite numerous invitations to travel with him. I am glad that I did at least travel with him twice, namely, in Germany after the War, and in North Africa in 1926. It was probably due to personal friendship that I became a Minister. Some people may have thought that it was due to my helping him financially but in actual fact I did little in this way.

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more benefits (& Friends?

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He was a marvellous combination of personal charm and humour, with and political idealism and capacity. John Burns was right when he said of him "Heart of Gold"

but not when he added "Head of Feathers". His life in a Camberwell block of workmen's flats with Reggie Bray afforded me one of my best experiences through being their guest. The evening fare of toasted sardines is still a memorable pleasure, but was possibly less advantageous to Masterman, for whom it was invariable and who always neglected his health. His incorrigible untidiness was one of the chief amusements which he afforded to his friends. In 1900 C.R.B. and I took him to Switzerland, and he turned up at Victoria with a suitcase falling to pieces; a dirty collar exuding from the opening, and some string taking the place of fastenings. Later on in 1907 he came with us to the Near East, and his appearance when dining with the Ambassador in the princely Embassy at Constantinople was beyond description. His marriage to Lucy Lyttleton, which took place in Henry VII Chapel, must have tested the breadth of mind of Lady Lyttleton.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of all our times together was when I stayed with him and Lucy in a disused and leaky railway carriage on the shore at Selsey.

One of the great services which he rendered to me was an indirect one. He insisted on my taking part in the writing of his book on London dealing with the

subject of "Temperance Reform". As a junior Director on the Board of Truman's, it was an impertinence (almost involving a rebellion) which I could hardly face; but Masterman was irresistible, and I somewhat shielded myself by getting a friend in the trade, Walter Hoare, to give his name with mine. This helped to weaken my connection with Trumans, already severely tested by the contradiction between the views of the Board and the policy of the Liberal Party. Taken together with my desire for free time to give to speaking and organizing on the question of Macedonia, it led to my resigning my seat on the Board in 1904.

more benefactors

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I commend this to all others who want to break out ~~from~~ away from the tradition of class distinctions, which is to ~~of the deplorably unchristian narrow-minded division of classes and~~ Too few of us do not realize the advantage of making a friend in the so-called uneducated class ~~where it~~ whenever this is possible.

I learnt from my fellow Minister Clynes a saying which I should be one motto- "If we are equal in the sight of God, how much more should we equal in the sight of each other."

Before Read

Chap XIII

78

Note for Biography.

Sir W. Lawson. Prophets of Baal.

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ch VIII

More benefactors

CHAPTER VIII. MORE BENEFACTORS.

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subject of "Temperance Reform". As a junior Director on the Board of Truman's it was an impertinence almost involving a rebellion which I could hardly face, but Masterman was irresistible, and I somewhat shielded myself by getting a friend in the trade, Walter Hoare, to give his name with mine. ~~This~~ My reforming effort helped to weaken my connection with Trumans, already severely tested by the contradiction between the views of the Board and the policy of the Liberal Party. Taken together with my desire for free time to give to speaking and organizing on the question of Macedonia it led to my resigning my seat on the Board in 1904.

NEPHEWS AND NIECES

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I commend this to all others who want to break out of the deplorably unchristian narrow-minded division of classes and do not realize the advantage of making a friend in the so-called uneducated class where it is possible.

CHAPTER VIII. MORE BENEFACTORS.

FRED SEARLE

Connected with Harrow, but belonging to some years later, was Fred Searle. He became a master after I left, and I suppose I got to know him through Charlie or Harold, who were at Harrow about ten years later than I. He introduced a plan of being a friend to boys which was inconceivable in my time. He had an eager and affectionate way with him, and was notorious for his enthusiasms, which provoked a certain amusement, but did not prevent his being extremely popular.

He had a small House and I stayed there with him several times. Winston Churchill was one of his boys at the time, and was a common subject of conversation. Searle used to tell us how Winston made himself disliked, and how he reported to Searle that he was having a rotten time, but he would get them down in the end.

Searle would have made a vast difference to Harrow if he had lived, and it was a public loss that he died early. His executors passed on to me his dog - a mongrel terrier with long natural tail - and of whom Mother became so fond, and his writing table, which I have used ever since.

T. F. REEVE.

When I went to the Brewery in 1889 the Manager was a pompous old thing in a grey frock coat who had been a favourite of the Chairman. He lectured me on the importance of his position as the nominee of the Directors, whom he always spoke of as the Directors. My uncle, E.M.B., soon afterwards became Chairman, and at once proceeded to replace this old humbug by T.F.Reeve, until then Manager at Burton-on-Trent.

I was given charge of two minor departments, of which my father in his day had been in charge, and after a year, which I spent largely at Burton, I was made partly responsible for the main department, which was the manager's special sphere. This brought me in touch with Reeve. I was extremely fortunate to have his friendship all through my fifteen years at Brick Lane. He was a most remarkable man, and combined great business ability with first-class conscience and, what was much more rare, the quality of an intellectual and a very sympathetic altruism. He was a Liberal of the old school - a keen disciple of Mill, and when he stayed at Warlies, which he occasionally did, my mother was delighted with his knowledge of my uncle Roden Noel's poetry. He had sons then at school, and one of them came to Warlies for the dragging of the Temple Pond. Fifty years afterwards this boy, now retired,

heard that I was in hospital, and came to see me. He reminded me that I had long ago said that his father ought to have been Prime Minister, and I seriously think that he would have been an ideal one. One of his remarks which I have often remembered was to the effect that one should store the mind with poetry learnt by heart in case one lost one's eyesight. It may be due to this advice that I have at intervals learnt scraps of poetry, and which are among my best possessions. I wish I had taken his advice thoroughly.

CANON BARNETT

Most men on leaving the Varsity know very well what their tastes will be, but I was a late developer, and the fact accounts for my never meeting Canon Barnett until I had been concerned with his district for no less than eight years. I even regarded Toynbee Hall as something regrettable from the Christian point of view.

After I returned from Australia in January 1897, Uncle Edward got me to stay at Knighton to meet the Barnetts, and I had by that time become alive to other than Evangelistic purposes. I immediately accepted Barnett's invitation to come to see him at Toynbee. No doubt his charm was an added attraction; anyhow we fell into each other's arms. Barnett had a most delightful way with him, and his forcible leadership was clothed in a personal approach of extraordinary sweetness. He very soon got me to stand for the Whitechapel Board of Guardians, and this led to my putting up for the L.C.C. Barnett had made the Whitechapel Board famous for the anti-outdoor relief policy which he led them to adopt.

After the Board meetings he and I always walked back along the Whitechapel Road, and I shall never forget his marvellous charm in talking as he looked up at me from the level of my shoulder, swinging along with his extraordinarily springy step, and a collection of books under his arm. His religious views were extremely broad, and

I still felt rather suspicious of them, but in so lovable a man they left me unmoved while, in any other man, I should have been put off by them. Barnett did a great deal to bring me out of my shyness because he made something of me. I remember a particular action which surprised me by its flattering implication, and probably brought me out considerably. Being concerned with the Poor Law, I went in 1907 with Noel Farrar on a bicycle tour in Germany, designed partly to study methods dealing with vagrants developed by von Bodelschwingh. I was very keen on introducing the plan in Whitechapel, and Barnett got up a meeting at which I had to read a paper. I remember my surprise when I found that Barnett had invited a large crowd, and had got Lord Herschell, who was a notable person, to take the chair.

When Barnett became Canon of Bristol I went with Masterman to consult him on our projects, and later we met in the Little Cloister when he was Canon of Westminster, and I was in the House of Commons. After his death, Mrs. Barnett became almost as famous as he had been, but when I used to see them together I always thought that she asserted herself too much, as I wanted the conversation to rest with him.

BISHOP GORE.

I suppose it was another case of my fluidity of views that I could be at the same time an ardent follower of both Barnett and Gore. Gore's high Catholicism must have jarred Barnett's latitudinarian views. The Christian Social Union, of which Gore was leader, was extraordinarily welcome to me, wanting as I did to connect philanthropic activity with religion. Gore at that time was an extremely popular preacher. His manner was most attractive. His voice in preaching was irresistible.

I valued the C.S.U. in connection with Temperance reform, but I got to know Gore better in regard to the problem of Turkish disorder. I remember lunching with him in his house in the Cloister overlooking the Westminster Canons' garden when I returned from the Balkans in 1889. It was a chance which led me to go there and to learn that Macedonia had been restored to the Turks by the British Government. This shocking fact did not seem to be appreciated by anyone whom I knew except Gore, whose keen sense of humanity had been profoundly moved a few years before by the Armenian massacres. He became intensely friendly to me and an eager supporter of the Balkan Committee. His way of addressing a meeting on the subject of massacres, and so on, was most moving, and his keen approval certainly furnished another influence on my life because he was a very great man. His friendship gave me confidence.

RAMSAY MACDONALD

I first saw Ramsay Macdonald at one of the dinners which Charlie Masterman arranged for us whom he had induced to take part in writing "The Heart of the Empire". Ramsay was then organizing the infant Labour Party, and annoyed me by his bitter attack on a Liberal M.P. whom I had regarded as an admirable reformer.

When I got in the House in 1910 I had begun to see that the Liberals needed gingering if they were to display the Radical spirit that I wanted. There was something romantic about Ramsay with his good looks, his fine voice and athletic figure which made a strong impression on me, and I was quite hungry for his friendship. But there was something cold in him which kept one at bay, and my attitude to him was always a mixture of affection and criticism which was probably due to the strange dualism of his nature.

Sometimes he seemed to think far too well of one; sometimes too ill. In choosing me for his Cabinet I have often thought that he displayed the former kind of defective vision. His most friendly moments arose when he dined with us at Rutland Gate. By good luck Lucy had provided wild duck, and it proved that this was his favourite dish. His epicureanism was a surprise. He expatiated at lunch on the merits of port wine sauce,

and went on to tell us of the exact way to produce old brandy. Foibles of taste were quite a feature in him. He was very fond of scents, and wore peculiar rings. The oddest thing was his concern with his appearance, and it was still odder that he was not ashamed to reveal to us his satisfaction in regarding himself as the best looking man in the Cabinet.

It must be very uncommon for a man to arouse in others such a strong liking and such antipathy. His son Malcolm asked me after his father's death to make a contribution to the Memoir which he was planning, and said that he wished it to exclude criticism as well as praise. So I wrote some notes which will appear in the book, and I need not say more here.

He was a very kind friend on the whole, and I wish I had accepted all his quite numerous invitations to travel with him. I am glad that I did at least travel with him twice, namely, Germany after the war, and North Africa in 1926. It was probably due to personal friendship that I became Minister.

THE LAWS

This period was intimately connected with the Laws, my friends from Donegal. Hugh Law took the plunge away from his family associations in Irish politics, and joined the Irish Parliamentary Party. They took a house in Grosvenor Road, looking across the river, and invited Charlie and me to share it with them. This was very convenient because, owing to Mother's health, the parents were on the Riviera for that winter.

Charlie and Masterman were making their start in London, and it was a stirring time with Masterman's brilliance becoming known.

The Boer war began that autumn. The Balkan policy was taking shape, and Masterman's plan of a book on London to be called "The Heart of the Empire" gave a new point to my interest in licensing reform.

The Laws were the most delightful of companions, and their provision of a dwelling place for Charlie and me, combined with their association with the Sydney Webbs, formed an invaluable background to our activities.

Hugo and I used to frequent the public houses of westminster after dinner to get the atmosphere, and he became the mouthpiece of the Balkan Committee in the Commons.

Later they had a flat in Westminster mansions,

which we then shared by taking part in the housework, there being no servants. I remember an occasion on which the problem was to get rid of fishes' heads and other scraps, and there being for some reason no dubbish bin I was deputed to take them to the river front, which had not then yet become Victoria Gardens, and throw them into the river.

Our associations continued till I was in Parliament, and till Hugo's Party came to its end.

Lota Law always displayed a special charm which went with extreme originality. Both she and Hugo were adored by their humble neighbours in the Donegal hills. Irish history would have been different if there had been more such people to show a social spirit untouched by a vestige of class feeling.

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JAMES BRYCE

Bryce was famous as a Minister (Secretary for Ireland), as the most popular Ambassador who represented us in America, and as author of the "Holy Roman Empire". He was the most distinguished person who has given me friendship. He was a friend of my father, and I remember him staying at Cromer when he was first in a Liberal Government as Chancellor of the Duchy and therefore concerned with many Church livings in Norfolk.

When the Balkan Committee was formed in 1902 we naturally turned to him as he had prominently espoused the cause of the victims of Abdul Hamid years before. When things became urgent through the insurrection of 1903, Bryce invited us to meet in his house at Portland Place in order to put the Committee on an active footing. I remember that I, as Chairman, was asked to work with Henry Nevinson who became so famous, but was then unknown to me. I enquired where he could be found, and the reply was, "He is sitting beside you."

In the subsequent years of Balkan activity, Bryce showed wonderful thoroughness and lack of pride in constantly writing to me, and attended meetings whenever we wanted him. His encouragement revived my desire to enter Parliament, which had waned after the Ipswich episode, and he was certainly my political father.

It was a personal loss when he left Office for the Washington Embassy, but he continued to write me long letters in his own hand about Balkan affairs. This side of his activity is sadly ignored in his Memoir by Herbert Fisher, and for this I am much to blame, because I ought to have collected his letters and sent them to Fisher when he was writing the book.

When Rufus was born in 1917 I thought that a distinguished godfather would be good for him in after years. Bryce was the natural man to invite. He replied that as a member of the Scottish Church he was not entitled to accept, but for personal affection he would do so, and would moreover call upon Rufus not only to hear sermons, as the Prayerbook enjoins, but also to learn the Shorter Catechism. It was a good joke, because this catechism is immensely long.

In the end I am afraid Bryce was disappointed in me. At Rutland Gate about 1920 we gave a dinner party to meet the new Bulgarian Minister, Stancioff. Bryce came, and at one point the conversation turned on the Labour Party, which I had just joined. He inveighed with great vehemence against it, but after all, you can hardly expect a Liberal of the old individualistic school to feel otherwise about a Party which chooses to say, though it does not literally mean, that all the means of production, distribution, and exchange should be owned by the State.