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FAMILY

Of course I realise my great good fortune in family life, and I have been extra lucky to have it combined with such perfect places as the Bury and Colne Cottage.

The children have had the advantage of an extremely gifted mother. She always possessed extraordinary charm, and she grew to display amazing energy. I might never have heard of her if she had not made a marked impression on an old friend of mine, Miss Anne Richardson, and on Hermione Buxton. Some of her powers seem super-human. She can go for months without any exercise at all, and then suddenly display athletic e endurance which others would find needed long training. She can do a difficult thing without any practice. Miss Brickdale started to teach her to paint, beginning with a rose. The painting was so good that Miss Brickdale found it useless to attempt any further teaching, and said her amazing facility would handicap her life.

When she took to public speaking she seemed not even conscious of any qualm, such as even Mrs. Pankhurst must have felt, and she had all the arts of the repartee and the purple patch which in everyone else requires prolonged practice.

During the war, in the autumn of 1941, having seldom travelled except in her own large car, she suddenly took to office life in London while living at Woking, and she took kindly to starting in the dark and constantly standing in the train all the way to London, for want of a seat; though shortly before this it had been a trial even to travel by train at all in a first class carriage. She seemed to enjoy a longer day even than people in business, or the Civil Service, not seeing her place of abode in daylight in winter either morning or evening.

Happily her children seem to inherit a good share of these powers. They have the immense merit of knowing what they like, of not imitating other people's likes, and of not being hampered by shyness. Rufus inherited another of his mother's gifts, namely, that of a poet, and he also won the Shakespeare medal at Harrow.

It would be invidious to specify details connected with one of the family or another. My most vivid recollections include wheeling Rufus in Hyde Park in his pram; and seeing him get prizes at Speech Day at Harrow; Chris playing cricket, or going about with a jackdaw on his shoulder; and hearing of his taking a dog to his rooms at Trinity, evading the rules by concealing the dog in a suitcase; Mick charging through the plantations at the Bury

on a bicycle and trying to escape going back to school by charging through wire netting in order to hurt himself badly; Lol running the dog show at Cromer; Jane threatening to disappear for ever if I did not buy for her a pony whose name she spelt "Pickols"; and Sally doing action songs.

REGRETS

JUDGING

I should have been much happier and more useful if I had been less inclined to criticise. I do not mean I was fond of detraction, which is such an unpleasant quality in many people, but I fervently wish that I had acted on the Christian precept not to "judge". It can be followed without swinging to the opposite defect of being gullible. I sometimes thought C.R.B. too uncritical, but I see that this quality made the best possible impression on people who knew him well. His great moral influence in the Labour Party was largely due to this trait.

TIMIDITY

I suppose I was born with such tendencies, and I recall Mother's account of her father's habit of flying from the house by the back door when he heard the visitors' bell. I should have gained vastly in regard to speeches, interviews, speaking at committees, and so on. There is nothing I have desired more in regard to the children than to help then to escape this scourge. I flatter myself that I did so by the custom of Speeches at birthday parties from their earliest years, and I am thankful beyond measure that they seemed to have escaped the disease.

HEALTH

A doctor tells me mankind is in two classes - high pressure, which means a short life and a merry, and low pressure, which means a long life and sad. My pressure is extremely low, so I prove the aphorism wrong.

I have some interesting experiences to record about health. I have been extremely fortunate, and probably far above the average, in freedom from illness and pain, since my trouble with rheumatism in early life. I put this down to two special causes: osteopathy and Christian teaching.

I should like to pass on to others the help that I got from coming in contact with osteopathy. In 1904 when I was 35 I was vainly occupied in trying to get rid of rheumatics (which includes neuritis, lumbago sciatica, etc.) at Harrogate and and Woodhall Spa, and was finally cured at Wildbad, where Leland kept me company.

In 1909 it was most urgent to be busy with the approaching

vacancy in the North Norfolk Division, but in the summer I was seized with a very bad attack - one of those which suddenly make you rigid with pain, perhaps while crossing the street. I made for Droitwich, and was hardly able to get out of the train on arrival. Next day I could just get to the baths which the doctor ordered, but became unable to move, and when C.R.B. kindly came down to me I was stuck in bed, groaning at intervals with sciatica.

Mother's friend, Lady Isabel Margesson, who lived near, came to see me and she begged me to see the Birmingham osteopath, Dr. Pheils. I disliked quacks, and begged her to leave me alone, but she sent him down, and he burst in, looking ultra-American, in a top hat, accompanied by the hotel porter, whom he at once adjured "Now, porter, pin him down". In a minute I could see that he was getting at the spot. He came over every day, working at me for an hour, and finally had me moved to a hotel in Birmingham for further treatment. While there, by the way, Gore, who was Bishop of Birmingham, came to see me. The battle with the Lords over the budget was on, and he told me how he prayed that the Lords would throw it out and so bring democracy to a crisis. I was cured enough to go to Cromer exactly in time for the meeting of the Selection Committee.

The theory of osteopathy appealed to me as much as the practice, and I did something afterwards for the status of

its professors by speeches in Parliament. I have never again had serious rheumatic trouble, and many people have benefitted as the result of my information.

A further interesting experience was the intense antagonism to osteopathy which I found among doctors. Here I heartily agree with Bernard Shaw. Enough to speak of a case where a doctor had said that the life of a child closely related to me was in danger if the child was not left in his charge with a special nurse. This doctor, on hearing that I had consulted osteopaths, threw up the case at an hour's notice.

Now for a word on health through thought.

I use this description because I do not mean "Christian Science", or "Higher Thought", or "Christian Faith Healing" in the conventional sense. I was driven to think about these things by the rheumatic trouble, and had much experience of treatment and lectures. I could not wholly agree with any school, but a big residual remained. I got most help through Dorothy, who kept me company at Bath in 1908, and was a penetrating thinker on the subject.

My need was met by the "Guild of Health", and I have been a member of it for nearly forty years. It appealed to my sense of balance. It is a useful reminder of truths I

should otherwise largely forget. I owe it much, though I have been half-hearted. I recognise, of course, the value of surgery, of certain drugs, and of skilled manipulation.(e.g. osteopathy), but most people think far too little of the influence on health of the mind. I am also convinced that some meaning must be attached to the view of health displayed in the Gospels and Epistles. Undoubtedly in other ages Christian faith has had great influence on health. This age of science makes its influence difficult. We tend to forget this, and membership of a body like the Guild of Health keeps one informed. We should cultivate health through thought when well, all the more because when ill it is too difficult. Thought is a preventive, and I owe it a deep debt, though I do no more than bring it briefly into my daily prayers and read the Guild Magazine.

STROKES OF LUCK

I am often thankful that I was not the eldest son. I should never have been able to follow my taste in houses or see Lucy enjoy indulging hers in the choice of furniture; to make gardens; or acquire pictures.

We Buxtons have a piece of luck in the good health we inherit from ancestors. On our Father's side we have a very long line of steady and probably puritanical people. What luck that we have not to contend with the results of the port-drinking and over-eating of the 18th century. Lord North, when eating a "small" dinner before making his farewell speech in the Lords, is known to have had thirteen courses, eight of them meat.

We also have some forebears who should have bequeathed to us a good share of "guts"; particularly the Liberator, and Barham, and Great-Grandmother Roden.

Another stroke of luck for me was in having my attention called to the view of Uncle Charles upon the way to be happy. So many people live on grievances and envies. His advice was, when tempted to think of those better off, to think about those worse off.

I feel it another piece of luck that I have property

which connects me with my parents. Upshire is full of associations with them, and Colne Cottage, which was specially beloved by both of them, and which also keeps us in touch with other generations as far back as the Liberator.

ANIMALS

Father seems to have brought his older children up on animals more than the younger. Probably he was naturally less interested in dogs and horses when he grew older. I remember his excitement when he first went to Humbie and brought back a retriever puppy. This dog, whom he named Humbie, became the animal of which I have been most fond in my whole life. He was the pup of a Russian retriever, which had a long grey coat. But Humbie was red and smooth-coated. This was the only time when I ever did some work at training a retriever (with a rabbit skin on a string), and it can only have been in school holidays, so naturally the result was decidedly imperfect. He was the successor of Father's dog, Rome, a red curly retriever who was notorious for picking off gooseberries from the bushes, regardless of the thorns. Humbie had tremendous spirit and was famous at Cromer for pugnacity. Old Richard Hoare said he enquired why all the dogs in Cromer had one ear longer than the other, and was told that my dog was responsible for stretching them out. He inspired me with great affection, and I confess that in times of depression I have found my chief consolation in sitting with my arms round his neck, which was easy when I sat on a low armchair in the gun-room at Warlies, as he was

a tall upstanding dog. He was as fast as a greyhound, and could catch a rabbit in the furrow of a field of roots.

Other notable dogs have been my Mother's favourite pug, Sambo, and a mongrel terrier, Jack, which had belonged to Fred Searle. In later times, of all the dogs we have had at the Bury, our red cocker, Watcher, was the most perfect.

CHAPTER XIII

SUNDRY

Paycockes House

Paycockes, and the taste for old houses which it created in me, has been a distinct factor in my life. It has added greatly to my pleasure and, I hope, to my education. It used up a good deal of money, but there is hardly any expenditure to which I look back with more satisfaction, and if I had to claim that anything in my life had been of definite public use, I should quote my saving of Paycockes as the only quite certain piece of evidence. One may have taken part in many useful efforts, but generally they would have been made by someone else if one had not been on the scene. Paycockes is a national asset, which would not have been saved by anybody else. So I had a stroke of luck.

It came to pass through the appearance of a book on Coggeshall by Mr. Beaumont, the local solicitor and a keen archaeologist, in 1894. This, combined with my interest in the Liberator, roused a desire to see his country and a house which had been Buxton property till 1746, and I got up a riding party of three days duration, when we slept at Coggeshall and visited also Earls Colne, where

T.F.B. was brought up and Headingham Castle, where he was born.

Some years afterwards Mr. Beaumont wrote to my father that Paycockes, which was the Buxton house for many generations, was threatened with destruction. A millionaire was in the market in order to secure the carving for his new mansion; would my father save it ? He took no special interest, having quite enough land houses to look after, and passed the suggestion on to me. Not having married, I could afford the luxury of buying what had become tumbledown cottages and was going for £500. My uncle, Louis Buxton, who was the family genealogist, encouraged me, having already discovered family records about the old house which may be read in his volume "The Buxtons of Coggeshall".

The next question was what to do to the house, and who should live in it. Happily Conrad Noel was at the time needing somewhere to live, and write books, so that by great good fortune he and Miriam were there to enjoy the house and put it in order.

As to the building, endless accounts of it have appeared in architectural books and magazines, and I will not compete with the descriptions of the architect. I was ill qualified to handle such an important

aesthetic problem, but Conrad and Miriam were artistic, and I called in various experts including those of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Some of them held the orthodox view that not a finger should be lifted to alter an old building, however mutiliated it had been. Others, including Sir Edwin Lutyens, were, I could see, doubtful whether a Gothic timber front, which had been incongruously Georgeanized, while still retaining the carved plate of the Gothic overhang, ought to be left, or whether the Georgian should be removed and the original perfection, which was so easily within reach, be again displayed. If I did the latter I had to face the charge of perpetrating restoration. I decided to do so, and incurred some severe attacks, e.g. those of Lawrence Weaver, whose book contained at the same time a delightful account and pictures of the house as it became, showing how valuable the restoration had been. Of course the experts would feel bound to show themselves orthodox about the wickedness of restoration, while at the same time feeling delighted that I had perpetrated it, because of the pleasure which the restored front gave them.

We began by taking off the paint from the richly carved beams and joists of the ceiling of the hall. Then we pulled out the cottage fireplaces which had

it has received. In 1924, when no particular friends could live there, and we ourselves had to live in London, I was very glad that the National Trust accepted it, and their possession of it has made it better known, which is most gratifying. Meanwhile my possession of it had led to its being occupied by the historian, Eileen Power, for summer holidays, and this led to the book "The Paycockes of Coggeshall", and to her various works on the mediaeval weavers, Paycocke having built the house out of his profits in the great days of the weaving industry.

My enjoyment of Paycockes naturally led me to a keen interest in old houses, and especially in early timber building, and I have been lucky enough to indulge this pleasure in some other cases, though, of course, none were important compared with Paycockes. I can never find myself under heavy beams and joists without a peculiar sense of contentment, which I cannot quite explain, but which arises, I suppose, from the feeling of the simplicity, honesty and solidarity of the work, and also from the indefinable attraction of antiquity, of the feeling that these things have witnessed the great events of many centuries of history.

I remember inviting Conrad to choose the word which best gave the essence of the merit of such work,

and he chose the term 'integrity'. I would add the quality of generosity, because these old beams are generally far more massive and strong than was necessary for their purpose, and you often find very beautiful carving in positions where it could hardly be seen or enjoyed by the human eye, just as you so often find it in the roofs of churches.

SPORT

Father wanted us to grow up sporting, and would, I think, have liked us best to carry on the family tradition of business and sport. But we all broke away in course of time except Tor, who remained sporting to the last. I was extremely keen till about twenty-five, and then Father was very sad that I no longer joined him in his beloved Norfolk partridge shooting. He tried in vain to point out that we had"a duty to partridges". He did not doubt that the cruelty involved in sport was justified, but he paid tribute to the idea of humanity. For instance, we were always to stun the worms before we put them on the hook; always to kill the fish; carefully to kill wounded game, and work hard with the dog till a running partridge was recovered. We learnt a lot socially from shooting and hunting. We also cultivated the management and knowledge of animals; amd the care of guns and tackle. Fishing roused us to get up early, and we were keen to study sporting books.

I think that as an education hunting has the most value of the sports. Nothing else calls out so much quickness of choice, or so much independence. You are left to your own resources in a peculiar degree, quite apart from the need of courage and guts, which would equally be learnt

from drag hunting, or steeple-chasing.

But I am astonished at the callousness of people watching a fox dug out to meet his very ugly end without even a run. Shooting is in practice more cruel than hunting. Even as to fishing, the writings of Williamson might well evoke as much sympathy with the salmon as to remove th pleasure of playing him, and I wonder now that sporting men are not put off by the artificiality of firearms; hawking should appeal so much more to the primitive hunting instinct which outweighs inhumanity.

But I think the best hunting we did was from London in the days when Connie rode Lobengula. She was a lovely rider and free from nervousness to a dangerous extent. She never bothered to think whether she was junping into a bog. As to myself, most of my hunting was done on "Essex", a horse bred by Father and a grand jumper; but he hardly gave me the best chance because he would never jump without bolting at the fence. After him I had three horses of my own in succession, but the best horse I ever enjoyed was Tor's chestnut mare, Dorothy. The most break-neck run I ever knew was on Dorothy with the Surrey Staghounds, when staying at Rowfant.

When C.R.B. and I took to humane ideas we encouraged

the local drag hunt, and arranged a splendid course all round Father's land. Fox-hunting people,of course, scoffed at this humble sport.

MONEY

Father thought fit to give me more than my younger brothers, and much more than I required at the time, so the disposal of income was a problem while I was still in my twenties; in fact as soon as I had paid off the debt which Father imposed on the shares in Truman's which he transferred to me.

The Christian Social Union gave me a view to work upon; the view that we are trustees: that gross inequality of comfort is un-Christian: that the solution is to live simply and to work hard for reform. One cannot reconcile the glaring contrasts of wealth with any ideal. My salary was absurdly high by any rational standard. I felt urged to hand over spare capital to a Trust, saving enough to provide unearned income for the time when I should do unpaid work. I am glad that, exercising due caution in view of marriage, etc., I formed a Trust for public purposes, though at times it has led to anxious situations. It has led to more effective giving, through more deliberate choice of objects, and to giving larger sums than I should otherwise have done. No doubt if the income had remained my own I might have been more open-handed in personal ways, and enjoyed the pleasure of being so, but the general advantage was great.

Compared with the rich people who seem to get no

pleasure from generosity, I got pleasure from the Trust, especially from helping individuals, saving life in the Balkans, and in Armenia, promoting child welfare, giving large sums to the Labour cause, financing elections, and presenting cigarettes to the entire Bulgarian Army (over 400,000 men) during the Balkan War.

NOTABLES

It is interesting to see well-known people at close quarters; so I may as well mention some of the notable people I have met.

Firstly Prime Ministers, who matter most. I saw Gladstone and heard him speak. He was very old and sat while speaking. His voice was low but very impressive. It was a meeting for a memorial to a famous doctor, who attended him. I have spoken of Rosebery: Campbell-Bannerman was the Prime Minister when I got into the House. He was a good Radical, and inspired personal liking also. Salisbury I shook hands with several times when we went to parties at the Foreign Office. Balfour was the Tory Premier I knew best, because I stayed at his house in Scotland, being a friend of relations of his who spent their holidays with him. He was charming and good-natured, and quite free and easy.

Owing to my friendship with Balfour's I once did a very unusual thing. There were always great official evening parties on the eve of the session. Though a Liberal I was invited on personal grounds to the Tory party as well. Having attended the Liberal party in Belgrave Square, I went on to the Tory party in Downing Street.

When I first stood for Parliament the great Liberal

figure was Rosebery. I need not say more than appears in a former chapter, except that my view of him (already given) was confirmed during the Great War when I had been seeing L.G. at Downing Street on Balkan policy. As I came out I passed a deputation waiting to see L.G. next, and noticed Lord Rosebery. I asked the door-keeper what the deputation was about, and was surprised to learn that its object was to ask permission for more horse racing !

Campbell-Bannerman was leader when I stood in 1905, and I am glad that I admired him, because I seem too apt to criticize when I come to Asquith. I had better say no more, because I was his loyal follower, but it was rather characteristic that when a friend of mine went to him about pushing the Home Rule Bill, Asquith replied "the gas is gone out of that balloon".

I once took him the signatures of 70 M.P.'s, nearly all Liberals, to a memorial urging that relations with Germany should be a special concern of the Government, and his comment was "Any Tories ?".

Lloyd George, whom I have spoken of, was at one time my hero, but fell from his pedestal after he adopted 'bitter end' war policy , and still further after the Versailles Conference.

Bonar Law was a strange, dry personality. On the

Irish question he seemed quite inhuman, but when he dined at one of my Balkan dinners for L.G., I thought him serious and straightforward. About Maddonald I have said enough; and then we come to Baldwin. He was so attractive to me, with his air of philosophy combined with English directness, that I could not believe he was not as keen on the League of Nations as he professed, but I don't know how to excuse his deceiving the country about preparation for war.

Neville Chamberlain was a dry personality. I hardly knew him, but after Munich I told him of a letter received from a German about him, and he wrote me saying that he thought Hitler meant well. Could he really think so ? I liked him best when I sat by him at a lunch, and he told me about his father's love of orchids, which, he said, the old man knew by pet names. I have never cultivated Churchill well and I have a personal remark to report. He said to me, when we were talking in the House of Commons tea room, that he was the only candidate who had ever induced a Buxton to vote Conservative.

A more famous figure than some Prime Ministers was Chamberlain's father, Joe. I was in the House with him and heard him speak. This may interest my descendants, just as it interests me to know that my father was in the House with Lord Palmerston.

Other great figures you may read of and whom I have met include Archbishops Benson, Davidson, Land, Temple and Fisher; Sir Oliver Lodge; the poet Henry Newbolt, and Robert Louis Stevenson who was passing through Auckland, New Zealand, on his way to Samoa in 1893, and called on Sir George Grey when I was with the latter at the Auckland Club; also, perhaps the greatest of all these great men, Robert Browning. It was at a party of Dr. Butler's at the Master's Lodge at Trinity. I was not old enough to appreciate the great man fully, but I have a very nice impression of him as a short, rather fat, bearded, comfortable man, very kind to me, a speechless undergraduate, as we stood talking in the great bow window.

Another class of notables is that of Royalties. My descendants may be interested to hear of some whom I have met. Even if individual kings may be dull personalities, they are important and cannot be ignored.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was the first whom I ran up against. It was customary for the few travellers who went to the Balkans forty years ago to get interviews with the Kings of these little states, and also with their Prime Ministers, and these dignitaries were so out of the world that they were apparently glad to see anyone from the West. After some of us had done service to the Bulgarians by the relief work of 1903, Ferdinand singled me out at a great Government party at the Palace at Sofia and we talked a long time, while he seldom gave other people more than a word. This wily man had an ingratiating manner and made a very friendly impression. Not long afterwards he came to London and called at Princes Gate. I was not in, but he let me know that he wished to confer a Bulgarian Order on me. A good many people accepted these foreign Orders and enjoyed wearing them at functions in London. I offended Ferdinand by not accepting the Order. I thought that one might need to criticize a State, even if one was on its side in a public controversy, and that if one had accepted a favour one would be

handicapped in expressing impartial opinion. Years afterwards the King's Chef-de-Cabinet told me that Ferdinand had never forgiven me. I saw him several times at Sofia, and the last occasion was one of extreme interest. It was when I went for Lloyd George during the War. Both sides were angling for Bulgaria, and the King was looking to see which one would suit him best. He had refused to see any foreign representatives, but he thought that he had better see C.R.B. and me, presumably because we were popular with the Bulgarians. He began by saying that he was a confirmed neutral, and was keeping out of the contest. He said, "Je suis comme dans un petit cocon, mais yous avez forcé le consigne". He was fond of money and might have been bought by the Allies. It would have been interesting if Lloyd George's commission to me to spend any public money that I liked on the Balkans had not been suppressed by Sir Edward Grey.

When the Macedonian question was at its height, King George of Greece came to London. He was a nice man and a brother of Queen Alexandra. He sent me word to come and see him at the Greek Legation, where a party was to be given. To the disgust of the Greek guests, I was ushered into his private room, and he gave me most of the time. He wanted to denounce Bulgarian claims in Macedonia, and gave me quite a lecture on the error of my ways in favouring that claim.

Another king whom I saw in the ordinary course of travels was King Peter of Serbia. One felt that he keenly enjoyed his grandeur, his near ancestor having been a swineherd, and his accession having resulted from the murder of the rival dynasty, represented by King Alexander. I liked better his son Alexander, with whom C.R.B. and I had a talk when he was with the Serbian army, at that time driving the Austrian troops out of North Serbia. This was the man who was assassinated in France years later.

During the Balkan Mission I saw the Greek King Constantine; this was with C.R.B. on our way home. The interesting thing about this was that he made it an occasion to belittle his Prime Minister, Venizelos, whom we had not met. As we entered the Palace we saw a man sitting in the entrance hall, who had come to keep an appointment. When we left the King a long time later, this man was still waiting there, and it proved to be Venizelos himself ! It was not to be long before he got even with his "royal master".

Queen Marie of Roumania, a friend of my brother Harold in later years, sent for C.R.B. and me when we came out of hospital at Bucharest. She was very frank about the old King and Queen (Carol and Elizabeth) whom she evidently disliked. She was well-known as a gifted and

beautiful creature, with a personality, and a great gift for publicity, but what we learnt at the interview was that she was also very amusing. This was chiefly at the expense of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, She improved my impression of him by describing how good he was at making fun of himself, especially on the subject of what he called his elephantine nose, and how he hated William of Germany for spanking him when he was looking out of the window. The notorious Marie was very friendly to me when she came to London later on and Lady Astor gave a party for her.

The really admirable person among these people was her mother-in-law Elizabeth, musician and writer known as Carmen Sylva. She was a friend of Hilda Deichmann and through her she invited me to see her when she was at her holiday home on the Rhine. When Leland and I were at Wildbad we went over. She was rather like Mother. She was one of those who might have been distinguished in Art if she had not been a royalty.

Among agreeable recollections are those of King Boris, who was the only royalty to behave quite like a friend. We had a nice afternoon with him and his sisters at his palace on the Black Sea in 1923, when we lunched with them and his sisters and liked him much better than his father. When he came to London he asked me to see him at the Ritz, and I took Rufus, who stayed with the secretary

outside the King's room during our talk. He was charming to R. when we emerged, and I asked Rufus if he had liked the King, hoping it would make an incident for him to remember. He, being then about eight years old, said "yes", but the best thing had been waiting with the secretary, because while I was with the King, the secretary had been sick ! I think that Boris' father, Foxy Ferdinand, had perhaps more humour than his son. When Leland and I saw him in 1904, Leland apologised for his shabby clothes, and Ferdinand consoled him with the words, "You are exquis". He loved mixing English and French.

I don't remember anything else about royalties until the Labour Government came into power. Then each Minister had an interview at the Palace with George V. He was very friendly on the Norfolk neighbour line. Dick Buxton had been shooting with him. He got on to the Farm Labourers' Union, and George Edwards, the farm labourers' leader, whom he had met. He spoke against legislating on farm wages, which was most unconstitutional on his part, and rather awkward, as it was my job to do this very thing. But, after I had committed the offence by getting the Bill through the House, the subject happily did not arise again when we next met. I think that this was when he was at the Shire Horse Show at the

Agricultural Hall, and it was my business to attend him. We talked together in the middle of the arena, while some trial was going on, and had a leisurely chat. I was concerned about wholemeal flour, and thought of bringing it to public attention by sending a loaf to the King and Queen. I found that he was quite keen about it, except that it did not make good toast. Then we talked about humane killing, and he was enthusiastic about it. He said that the opponents of humane killing were absurd to use the argument of the danger of flying bullets, which were said to have once killed a boy. He broke out in his vehement way with the exclamation, "Only one boy !". The King was in good form at the competition in moving heavily loaded vans from a stationary position. He was to have a private demonstration. We watched the tremendous efforts made by a big shire horse for perhaps twenty seconds. Then the King's humane instincts got the better of him, and he called out, "Stop it".

I had two very nice talks with Edward VIII. One was at the Agricultural Hall, when we lunched together, and the other was on Armistice Day, when the Cabinet was asked by Queen Mary to meet her in the room of the Home Office which she occupied to watch the service just below. After I had talked with her, Edward chatted about his father, who was ill, and I expressed the hope that he would soon be

After ' I have seen you'.

Omission. (George VI.) It is a stroke of public luck to have such a seriously-minded King, and very special luck, from the Christian point of view, to have a King and Queen who are keenly religious.

well enough to shoot. Some paper had said that he used a twelve-bore hammer gun, now long out of fashion, and I told him that I had my father's gun of the same type still in use. He said that the papers were correct, but that his father used a sixteen bore since his illness.

At another agricultural function the Duke of York, now King George VI, was present; not easy to talk to; but the Duchess, now the Queen, was very agreeable and we got on to Herbert Ogilvy, they having been neighbours in Scotland. In 1941, the Duke having become George VI, had me summoned to a Privy Council meeting, which means four or five Privy Councillors meeting the King at the Palace for confirming "Orders in Council". I was the senior, and therefore went into the room first. Knowing his reticience I was quite surprised when he greeted me very warmly with, "It is a long time since I have seen you".

The most interesting personal relation I can record was with Queen Mary. She and George V. proved to be interested in the connexion of my grandmother Gainsborough with his grandmother Queen Victoria. When I first became Minister, Queen Mary, at a Buckingham Palace garden party, as we spoke to her in the queue of hundreds who were brought to her, said that Lucy and I must go to Windsor to see my grannie's portraits, one of which the Prince Consort had had copied and given to Granny. We neglected to follow this up, and when I was again in office, five years later,

Queen Mary when we met said at once that we ought to have been. She really had an extraordinary power of memory. It seemed a miracle that she should connect people whom she saw at long intervals with particular associations. We went to Windwor and found there several of the pictures, notably in a group showing Queen Victoria meeting King Louis Philippe, but oddly enough there was a larger scale portrait of my grannie alone, in the King's private study. I cannot think why. The Queen sent me a photograph of this picture.

ACHIEVEMENTS

C.R.B. and I once discussed the question whether one could hope to have done any good. I said I liked to credit myself with two definite things; one was the Agricultural Wages Bill of 1924, and the other was the preservation of Paycockes. I might add my Charity Trust. Charlie said that he thought rather of having stirred other people to new force and new interests; and certainly he could credit himself with a great deal in that way, if he cared to think of his own credit at all. As for me, he thought I could add to my list the preservation of many lives of Balkan inhabitants. I would indulge my vanity by confessing that I think of other things which would not have been equally done by anyone else. I am quite proud of the garden planting, especially the miniature landscape making, which I have done at th the Pightle and Colne Cottage; and the full-scale landscape gardening at the Bury; and also the planting in Warlies Park which my father did at my suggestion. Much more important than this I count the republication of the Liberator's Memoir, and if I am lucky I shall be able to add the new Memoir which I now hope to bring about.

I have long had an urge to keep on working, because it seems to me unfair that we should use the fruits of other people's labour (as we do on a large scale) and not do our bit. St. Paul said those who won't work will not have food. But they do. I should rather say they will not have food if they get what they ought.

Considering my very mediocre abilities, I have been most fortunate that my experiences have been so interesting. I have had to make bricks without straw (which was not pleasant). A clever man would have made much more of my opportunities, but I have had my chances and am thankful. When I read Gooch's preface to Evan's book, I am still more so.

FOREBEARS

I think we ought to pay tribute to forebears, who make it easier for us to do something with out lives. Praise of ancestry is usually snobbish, but in our case pride goes with gratitude for congenital health of body and mind.

We are all familiar with the boon which we have in being deseended from Thomas Fowell Buxton, the Liberator. I ought to add the Gurneys, who produced Elizabeth Fry, and T.F.B.'s wife, Hannah. Also on my father's side I feel indebted to the long line of plain-living Buxtons who lived at Coggleshall in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Several other ancestors have done us a good turn, showing great spirit, and what some would vulgarly call "guts". My mother's grandfather, Lord Roden, was head of the Orangemen and got into trouble for his faith. Her great-grandfather, Sir Charles Middleton, who became Lord Barham, was made Minister for the Navy by Pitt, when already over eighty years old. He had been head of the Admiralty and, as Minister, he planned the Battle of Trafalgar. Another ancestor of hers was Sir Baptist Hicks, the prosperous Cotswold clothmaker, who built the great house at Campden and shortly afterwards,

when Cromwell's troops were approaching, burnt it down to prevent it becoming their headquarters.

But above all we are indebted to the Liberator. Not many have been philanthropist, politician and reformer; few, if any, have been at the same time sportsmen and ardent Christians.

ENTERPRISE

On the title page of the Liberator's Life is one of his sayings, exhorting to energy. I wish I had followed his advice, especially in regard to enterprise. I have no excuse, because Edie was always reminding us to be enterprising. I regret now that I did not think more of enterprise, as opposed to reason and caution, in many things: e.g. travelling with Ramsay Macdonald, who invited me several times; travelling with Bryce in Macedonia; and with Sir John Harris in Africa; going as Chairman to the Pacific Countries Institute when it met in China; and, perhaps most, declining the Governorship of New Zealand. This occurred six months after the formation of the Labour Government in 1929. It seemed at the time more important to remain in the Cabinet, but difficulties there proved very great, and I soon afterwards accepted the Governorship of Australia. But in the end the Labour Government there decided to appoint the Australian Chief Justice, so nobody was sent out, and Ramsay expressed his regret that his offer had come to nothing.

In all these things I was deterred, I suppose, by love of order and routine, and by a certain amount of laziness, but I think that some unreasoning enterprise would have been better. Let my descendants be warned by my mistake.

FUN

I was criticised by my sisters for being so fond of joking that I gave no impression of being (to strangers) of holding serious views. Perhaps this defect arose from being in my own opinion extremely dull and from wishing to be less so. To redeem myself I sometimes indulged in the humble art of parody. Here is a sample, which serves also to record the verbiage of early life at Warlies. I am also pleased with some of my Limericks, and submit the following:

MARLY'S BIRTHDAY

Stern daughter of a sterner sire,
O Marly, if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a fire
To rouse the Warlies family and reprove;
Thou who art Victory and Law,
When empty terrors overawe,
From strong depressions dost set free
And calmest frenzied nights of foul anxiety.

I, cataleptic and half blind,
Assport of every random gust,
And, being to myself unkind,
Too little have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in mine ear I heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task of pickier walks to stray,
But now I fain would serve more stumly if I may.

By no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought;
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the trembly ags of thought
Me this ragassing carcase tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires,
My corpse no more must change its name,
I long for livid bliss which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver ! Yet thou dost wear
Our mother's most benignant grace;
Nor is there anything more fair
Than is the smile upon thy face.
Bozzoos spring before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost redeem even ags from wrong,
And the most ancient picks by thee are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power,
I call thee; I myself commend
Into thy keeping from this hour;
O let my stumness have an end.
Give unto me more birthday teas,
And frenzied talk of old Warlies.
The spirit of our parents give
And in thy saintly flat thy Bozzoo let me live.

Sundries

Social Progress

I have been lucky in seeing enormous advance in the standard of life and comfort of the poorer classes, and especially fortunate in the privilege of taking part in the legislation concerned. When I began work in 1890 there seemed hardly a possibility of altering the appalling slum condition, the high death rate, the drunkenness, total want of provision for treatment of sickness, or removal of the dismal prospect of the workhouse for the years when people are past earning their living. Reform was brought about by the rise of trade unionism and the sagacious altruism of pioneers led by Canon Barnett, who influenced the difficult leaders. I think it was due as much to the idea of social settlements as of anything else which led the country out of the abyss. The idea of knowing the facts and people by living among them ~~which~~ had much greater weight than the rather patronizing theory of the public spirit led by Shaftesbury. Such a thing as the Old Age Pension seemed so remote that even Barnett himself was opposed to it. But by the time I myself voted for it, he had adopted the more optimistic view of its value. Beveridge, who now leads opinion so far further, was Barnett's pupil at Toynbee, and I remember going round the East End

with him when he was a young Civil servant who wanted to enquire into the possibility of Employment Exchanges. The Labour Party is quite right to want more progress, but we ought not to forget what we owe to Liberalism in its best days, and I am glad that Attlee expresses our indebtedness.

Principles

Life is especially difficult for anyone who has not a regular job regulated by some authority, and leaving no freedom to stay away from it when inclined. It then ought to become a guiding principle to work at least as much as would justify the cost of one's life in regard to national resources. That is difficult to estimate, and the safest rule is to aim at contributing as much work as you can.

Mussolini

He sent me a message through Villari that he would welcome a visit from me. I felt it wrong to accept his hospitality without speaking for my fellow Socialists who were his victims. But I might have seen him and brought this in. I dreaded, however, that my seeing him would damage me in the eyes of the Labour Party, as Sidney Webb had been blamed for a similar visit. I think I ought to have been more enterprising.

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WAR TIME IN LONDON

In the hope that my grandchildren and their children will never see for themselves international war, we who have known it ought to record what to them may, please God, be an incredible nightmare.

For two long periods of my life the human race, has been devoting the greatest efforts in its history to material destruction, This madness came, moreover, just when productive capacity increased so quickly that there was no longer any need for one nation to grab the land of another in order to ensure against poverty. Whether the strife arose from defective social machinery (capitalistic abuses) or from the moral influence of unsocial character in general, it looks to us of these days like a disease whose bacillus has not yet been immunised because it is not identified.

Of the fighting itself there will be plenty of records. I say nothing of it because I was above military age in both war periods. But I make a note of one experience of the time, because we saw more of it than many of our friends. This was the sustained bombing of the London area by the piloted aircraft, by the flying bomb, and by rockets.

All through the summer of 1944 these flying bombs brought death and destruction day and night. Many times

in the night you were woken by the hum of the engine; when the hum stopped you knew the bomb was falling, and the great explosions would follow. Whom would it strike ? Sometimes over four hundred houses were injured by one bomb. We stayed in London because Lydia had to be there for work. Lucy preferred being on the spot for her work for the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. The sangfroid of Londoners was amazing. Risk of sudden death seemed to leave people entirely unaffected. The aged Lords, debating endlessly in a room at the Church House, the details of the Education Bill, paid no attention. The men from the fronts said they found London life far more nerve-shaking than the actual fighting.

My limerick sums up my own conclusion:

"Robots meant to break our nerve
Quite a different purpose serve,
Serve our purpose of the past
To live each day as if our last."

Wartime in London

In the hope that my grandchildren, & their children children, will never see for themselves international war, we who have known it ought to record what to them may, please God, be an incredible nightmare.

For two long periods of my life the human race, has been devoting the best efforts in its history to mutual destruction. This madness came moreover just when productive capacity increased so quickly that there was no longer any need for the nations to grab the

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death & destruction day & night.
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Mrs Limerick sums up my
own conclusion.

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Fun. Blog

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(Tiger & fish. Bombs, &c

Parlt (Biog)

The H. of C. affords a convenient chance of getting at people. Once, feeling the duty of telling others propag.ⁿ for Uty, I invited a large party of M.P.s to hear a famous American Evangelist. & among about 20 who accepted was Ramsay. They all thanked me warmly as they left, shaking hands to mark their feeling of the subject, & for my effort, even if they were not impressed. but JRM sd it was just typical Yankee stuff.

SECRET.

LABOUR PEERS.

Please attend a Party Meeting in Lord Addison's room at half-past twelve on Wednesday next, August 1st.

SOUTHWOOD.

27th July, 1945.

ch XII

Sundry

Paycoches
Regrets
Health
Strokes of luck
animals
Family
Sport
Money
Notables
Achievements
Enterprise

CHAPTER XII SUNDRY

Paycocks

Regrets

Health

Strokes of Luck

Animals

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Enterprise

PAYCOCKS.

Paycocks and the taste for old houses which it created in me has been a distinct factor in my life. It has added greatly to my pleasure and, I hope, to my education. It used up a good deal of money, but there is hardly any expenditure to which I look back with more satisfaction, and if I had to claim that anything in my life had been of definite public use, I should quote my saving of Paycocks as the only quite certain piece of evidence. One may have taken part in useful actions, but generally they would have the problem of someone else if one had not been on the scene. But Paycocks is a national asset, which would not have been saved by anybody else, so I had a stroke of luck.

It came to pass through the appearance of a book on Coggleshall by Mr. Beaumont, the local solicitor and a keen archaeologist, in the ~~80~~nineties. This, combined with my interest in the Liberator, roused a desire to see his country, and I got up a riding party of three days duration, in which we slept at Coggleshall and visited also Earls Colne,and Headingham Castle where the Liberator was born.

Some years afterwards Mr. Beaumont wrote to my father that Paycocks, which was the Buxton house for many generations, was threatened with destruction.

A millionaire was in the market in order to secure the carving for his new mansion; would my father save it ? He took no special interest, having quite enough land and houses to look after, and passed the suggestion on to me. Not having married, I could afford the luxury of buying what had become tumbledown cottages and was going fairly cheap. My uncle, Louis Buxton, who was the family genealogist, encouraged me, having already discovered family records about the old house which may be read in his volume "The Buxtons of Coggleshall".

The next question was what to do to the house, and who should live in it. Happily Conrad Noel was at the time needing somewhere to live, and write books, so that by great good fortune he and Miriam were there to enjoy the house and put it in order.

As to the building, countless accounts of it have appeared in architectural books and magazines, and I will not compete with the descriptions of the expert. I was ill qualified to handle such an important aesthetic problem, and I called in various architects, including those of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Some of them held the orthodox view that not a finger should be lifted to alter an old building, however mutilated it had been. Others, including Sir Edward Lutyens, were, I could see,

doubtful whether a Gothic timber front, which had been outrageously georgeanized, while still retaining the carved plate of the Gothic overhang, ought to be left, or the Georgian removed and the original perfection, which was so easily within reach, should be again displayed. If I did the latter I had to face the charge of perpetrating restoration. I decided to do so, and incurred some severe attacks, e.g. those of Lawrence Weaver, whose works contained such a delightful account and pictures of the house.

Of course experts would feel bound to show themselves orthodox about the wickedness of restoration, while at the same time feeling delighted that I had perpetrated it, because of the pleasure which the restored front gave them.

We began by taking off the paint from the richly carved beams and joists of the ceiling of the hall. Then we pulled out the cottage fireplaces which had been built into the old open hearths. I came in for the fun of some of this excavation and exposure of the old work, but could not be there much, and the Noels had most of the fun. The most thrilling letter I ever had from Conrad was his description of the discoveries in the great fireplace in the panelled room. After this we all felt we must face the problem

of the defaced front. As the house was entirely timber and plaster it was possible to strip the plaster and, if necessary, put it back. The plaster had been, in any case, a temporary affair. When this was done, the front presented an extraordinary mixture; The old windows each side of the tall narrower Georgian windows which had replaced them. A very lovely carved pattern along the plate under the projection was also exposed, and one could estimate exactly what the restored front would look like.

In various parts of the house we had found pieces of the mullions etc. of the original windows, which had projected like oriel windows, expecially the great windows under the projection of the upper floor. Some of the original moulded jambs at the side of the windows were also intact under the plaster. It would have been distressing to hide all this by replacing the plaster as it had been. It had also hidden the massive studs with lovely herring bone brick between them, but still I would have followed the advice of the Ancient Building Society if it had not been for some overwhelming considerations. Firstly, while respecting the experts, we felt that the artistic and historic education afforded by the Gothic front was more important than mere archaeology. Secondly, there

happened to be in Coggleshall a noted wood worker named Beckwith - a man of great taste and craftsmanship - who was ready and eager to do the work at the most moderate cost, and who had large stacks of old oak suited to the purpose. He alone was entitled to much more authority than I had myself. We knew, from pieces used as patchwork in the house and from what remains in the wall, the exact form of every detail down to the shape of the slender columns which stood against the main posts facing the street.

If anyone holds that restoration can never be excused, let him go and look at Paycocks, and assert that such a lovely display of Gothic timber-work is of no value to the world.

Soon after I acquired the house the National Trust asked if I would give it to them, and probably they would have left it unrestored, but it would never have had the public notoriety which it has received, and I was not inclined to part with it. In 1924, when no particular friends could live there, and we ourselves had to live in London, I was very glad that the National Trust accepted it, and their possession of it has made it better known, which is most gratifying. Meanwhile my possession of it had led to its being occupied by the historian, Eileen Power, for summer holidays, and this led to her book "The Paycocks of Coggleshall" and to her

various works on the mediaeval weavers, Paycocks having built the house out of his profits in the great days of the weaving industry.

My enjoyment of Paycocks naturally led me to a keen interest in old houses, and especially early timber building, and I have been lucky enough to indulge this pleasure in some other cases, of course unimportant compared with Paycocks, but I can never find myself under heavy beams and joists without a peculiar sense of contentment, which I cannot quite explain, but which arises either from the feeling of the simplicity, honesty and solidarity of the work, and there is also the indefinable attraction of antiquity, of the feeling that these things have witnessed the great events of many centuries of history.

I remember inviting Conrad to choose the word which best gave the essence of the merit of such work, and he chose the term "integrity". I would add the quality of generosity, because these old beams are generally far more massive and strong than was necessary for their purpose, and you often find very beautiful carving in positions where it could hardly be seen or enjoyed by the human eye, just as you so often find on the roofs of churches.

REGRETS.

JUDGING.

I should have been much happier if I had been less inclined to criticise. I do not mean a fondness for detraction, which is such an unpleasant quality in many people, but I think I should have been more useful if I had acted on the Bible precept not to judge, without swinging to the opposite defect of being gullible. I sometimes thought C.R.B. too uncritical, but I see that this quality made the best possible impression on people in the Labour Movement. His great moral influence in the Party is largely due to this trait

TIMIDITY.

I suppose one is born with such tendencies, and one cannot forget Mother's account of her father's habit of flying from the house by the back door when he heard the visitors' bell, but I wish I had trained myself energetically. I should have gained vastly in regard to speeches, interviews, speaking at committees, and so on. There is nothing I have desired more in regard to the children than to help them to escape this scourge. Speeches at birthday parties have been employed from

their earliest years, and I am thankful beyond measure that they seem to have escaped the disease.

It is of no use to dwell on regrets except to get progress, but I ought to be a warning against lack of enterprise. I am distressed when I think of the invitations to travel which I declined, notably from Ramsay MacDonald, Bryce, and Brailsford, and the Specific Relations Institute.

I also regret a lack of concentration. I should certainly advise my children to keep a hold on their inclination to follow too many interests. Let them remember the maxim of the Liberator: "A purpose once fixed, then death or victory".

HEALTH.

A doctor tells me mankind is in two classes - high pressure, which means a short life and merry, and low pressure, which means a long life and sad. My pressure is extremely low, so I prove the aphorism wrong.

I have some interesting experience to record about health. I have been extremely fortunate, and probably far above the average, in freedom from illness or pain since my trouble with rheumatism in early life. I put this down to two special causes; osteopathy, and Christian teaching.

OSTEOPATHY.

I had a painful experience between the age of twenty-five and forty. In 1904 I was vainly occupied in trying to get rid of rheumatics, which includes neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, etc., at Harrogate, Woodhall Spa, and finally Wildbad, where Leland kept me company.

In 1909 it was most urgent to be busy with the approaching vacancy in the North Norfolk Division, but in the summer I was seized with a very bad attack - one of those which suddenly make you rigid with pain, perhaps

while crossing the street. I made for Droitwich, and was hardly able to get out of the train on arrival. Next day I could just get to the baths which the doctor ordered, but became unable to move, and when C.R.B. kindly came down to me I was stuck in bed, groaning at intervals with sciatica.

By chance Mother's friend, Lady Isabel Margesson, heard of me as she lived nearby, and she begged me to see the Birmingham osteopath, Dr. Pheils. I feared quacks, and begged her to leave me alone, but she sent him down, and he burst in, looking ultra-American in a top hat, accompanied by the hotel porter, whom he at once adjured "Now, porter, pin him down". In a minute I could see that he was getting at the spot. He came over every day working at me for an hour, and finally had me moved to the hotel at Birmingham for further treatment.

While there, by the way, Gore, who was Bishop of Birmingham, came to see me. The battle with the Lords over the budget was on, and he told me he prayed that they would throw it out and bring the issue to a crisis. I was cured enough to go to Cromer exactly in time for the meeting of the Selection Committee.

The theory of osteopathy appealed to as much as the practice, and I did something afterwards for the

status of its professors by speeches in Parliament. I have never again had serious rheumatic trouble, and many people have benefitted as the result of my information.

A further interesting experience was the intense antagonism I found in doctors. Here I heartily agree with Bernard Shaw. Enough to speak of a case where a doctor had said that the life of a child closely related to me was in danger, if not left in his charge with a special nurse. This doctor, on hearing that I had consulted osteopaths, threw up the case at an hour's notice.

HEALTH THROUGH THOUGHT.

I use this description because I do not mean Christian Science, or Higher Thought, or Christian Faith Healing in a conventional sense. I was driven to think a lot about these things by the rheumatic trouble, and had much experience of treatment and ledtures. I could not wholly agree with any school, but a big residual remained. I got most help through Dorothy, who kept me company at Bath in 1908.

I have been a loyal member of the Guild of Health for nearly forty years. It appealed to my sense of balance. It is a useful reminder though unexciting. I owe it much, though I have been half-hearted. I should have been more drawn to mystical views, but I could not deny the value of surgery, drugs, etc., and above all osteopathy, but most people ignore the other side. When we are ill we can think only of the physical.

I am convinced of the great influence of mind, and that some meaning must be attached to the view of health displayed in the Gospels and the Epistles. Undoubtedly in other ages Christian Faith has had great influence on health. This age of science makes its influence difficult. We tend to forget this, and membership of a body like the Guild of Health keeps me from forgetting entirely. We should cultivate health through thought when well all the more, because when ill it is too difficult. Thought is a preventive, and I owe it a deep debt, though I do no more than bring it into daily prayers.

STROKES OF LUCK.

I am often thankful that I was not the eldest son. I should never have been able to follow my taste in houses or furniture; to make gardens, or choose pictures.

We all have another piece of luck in the good stuff we inherit from ancestors. On Father's side a very long line of steady rather puritanical people, while anyone descended from a family which was rich before about 1820 has to contend with the result of excessive drinking of port and of over-eating. Lord North, when eating a small dinner before making his farewell speech in the Lords, is known to have had thirteen courses, eight of them meat.

We also have some forebears who should have bequeathed to us a good share of guts; particularly the Liberator, and Barham, and Great-Grandfather Roden.

Another stroke of luck for me was in having my attention called to the view of Uncle Charles upon the way to be happy. So many people live on grievances and envies. His advice was, when tempted to think about those better off, to think about those worse off. That should be a consolation in all grievances, which are none of them intolerable unless they include physical pain.

I feel it lucky for me that I have property which connects with the parents. Upshire is full of associations with them, and Colne Cottage, which was specially beloved

by both of them, and also keeps us in touch with other generations back to the Liberator.

ANIMALS.

Father seems to have brought his older children up on animals more than the younger. Probably he was naturally less interested in dogs and horses when he grew older. I remember his excitement when he first went to Humbie and brought back a retriever puppy. This dog, whom he named Humbie, became the animal of which I have been most fond in my whole life. He was the pup of a Russian retriever, which had a long grey coat. But Humbie was red and smooth coated. This was the only time when I ever did some work at training a retriever, and it can only have been in school holidays, so naturally the result was decidedly imperfect. He was the successor of Father's dog, Rome, who was famous for his love of gooseberries, which he picked off the bushes regardless of the thorns. Humbie had tremendous spirit and was famous at Cromer for pugnacity. Old Richard Hoare said he enquired why all the dogs in Cromer had one ear longer than the other, and was told that my dog was responsible for stretching them out. He inspired great affection, and I confess that in time of depression I have found my chief consolation in sitting with my arms round his neck, which was easy on a low armchair, as he was a tall upstanding dog. He was as fast as a greyhound, and could catch a rabbit in a furrow of a field of roots.

Other notable dogs have been Mother's favourite pug, Sumbo, and a mongrel terrier, Jack, which had belonged to Fred Searle. In later times, of all the dogs we have had at the Bury, Rufus's red cocker, Watcher, was the most perfect.

FAMILY.

Of course I realize my great good fortune in family life, and I have been extra lucky to have it combined with such perfect places as the Bury and Colne Cottage.

The children have had the advantage of an extremely gifted mother. She always possessed extraordinary charm, and she grew to display amazing energy. I might never have heard of her if she had not made a marked impression on an old friend of mine, Miss Anne Richardson, and on Minnie Buxton. Some of her powers seem super-human. She can go for months without any exercise at all, and then suddenly display athletic endurance which others would find needed long training. She can do a difficult thing without any practice. Miss Brickdale started to teach her to paint, beginning with a rose. The painting was so good that Miss Brickdale found it useless to attempt any further teaching.

When she took to public speaking she seemed not even conscious of any qualm, such as even Mrs. Pankhurst must have felt, and she had all the arts of the repartee and the purple patch which in everyone else requires prolonged practice.

Having never travelled except in her own large car, she suddenly took to the life of a daily breader in its hardest form, starting in the dark, constantly standing

in the train all the way to London, for want of a seat; though shortly before it was a trial even to travel by train at all in a first-class carriage. She seems to enjoy a longer day than people in business, or the Civil Service, not seeing her place of abode in daylight either morning or evening.

Happily her children seem to inherit a good share of these powers. They have the immense merit of knowing what they like, of not imitating other people's likes, and of not being hampered by shyness. Rufus inherited another of his mother's gifts, namely, that of a poet, and he also won the Shakespeare medal at Harrow.

It would be invidious to specify details connected with one of the family or another. I think my most vivid sense of happy recollections includes wheeling Rufus in Hyde Park in his pram, seeing him get prizes at Speech Day at Harrow; Chris playing cricket, and going about with a jackdaw on his shoulder, and hearing of his taking a dog to his rooms at Trinity, evading the rules by concealing the dog in a suitcase; Mick charging through the plantations at Bury on a bicycle and trying to get off going back to school by charging through wire netting in order to hurt himself badly; Lol running the dog shows at Cromer; Jane threatening to disappear for ever if I did not buy for her a pony whose name she spelt "Pickols"; and Sally doing action songs.

SPORT.

Father wanted us to grow up sporting, and would, I think, have liked us to go into business, combining it with public work, on lines of family tradition; but we all broke away in course of time except Tor, who remained sporting to the last. I was extremely keen till about twenty-five, and then he was very sad that I no longer joined him in his beloved Norfolk partridge shooting. He tried in vain to point out that we had a duty to partridges. He paid tribute to the idea of humanity, though he did not doubt that the cruelty involved in sport was justified. For instance, we were always to stun the worms before we put them on the hook; always to kill the fish; carefully to kill wounded game, and work hard with the dog till a running partridge was recovered. We learnt a lot socially from shooting and hunting. We also cultivated management and knowledge of animals; the care of guns and tackle. Fishing roused us to get up early, and we were keen to study sporting books.

I think as education hunting has the most value. Nothing else calls out so much quickness of choice, or so much independence. You are left to your own resources in a peculiar degree, quite apart from the need of

courage and guts, which would equally be learnt from drag hunting, or steeple chasing.

I wonder now that sporting men are not put off by the artificiality of firearms; hawking should appeal so much more to the primitive hunting instinct which alone excuses inhumanity.

I used to be astonished at the callousness of people watching a fox dug out to meet his very ugly end without even a run. Even as to fishing, the writings of Williamson might well evoke as much sympathy with the salmon as to remove the pleasure of playing him.

I think the best hunting we did was from London in the days when Connie rode Lobengula. She was a lovely rider and free from nervousness to a dangerous extent. She never bothered to see whether she was jumping into a bog. As to myself, most of my hunting was done on Essex, another horse bred by Father and a grand jumper, but he hardly gave me the best chance because he would never jump without bolting at the fence. After him I had three horses which I bought in succession, but the best horse I ever enjoyed was Tor's chestnut mare, Dorothy. The most break-neck run I ever knew was on Dorothy with the Surrey Staghounds, when staying at Rowfant.

When C.R.B. and I took to humane ideas we encouraged the local drag hunt, and arranged a splendid course all round Father's land. The hunting people were disgusted.

MONEY.

Father thought fit to give me more than my younger brothers, and much more than I required at the time, so the disposal of income was a problem while still in my twenties; in fact as soon as I had paid off the debt which Father imposed on the shares in Truman's which he transferred to me.

The Christian Social Union gave me a view to work upon; the view that we are trustees; that we of the well-to-do cost immensely more than the average; that the solution is to work hard. One cannot reconcile the glaring contrast of wealth with any ideal. My salary was absurdly high by any rational standard. I felt urged to hand over capital to a Trust, regarding unearned income as an endowment for unpaid work. Friends dissuaded me, urging caution in view of marriage, etc., and I am glad that I formed a Trust for public purposes, though at times it has led to anxious situations. It has done a great deal of good through more deliberate choice of objects, and to giving larger sums than I should otherwise have given. No doubt if the income had remained my own I might have been more open-handed in personal ways, and enjoyed the pleasure of being so, but the general advantage was great.

Perhaps I have been too much influenced by Father's

insistence on detailed accounts. I was amazed to find an account book of exact detail which I kept at Cambridge, but if I became over pernickety I did also enjoy large gifts.

Compared with the rich people who seem to get no pleasure from generosity, I did get a kick from forming the Trust, saving life in the Balkans, promoting freedom in Armenia, giving large sums to the Labour cause, financing elections, and presenting cigarettes to the entire Bulgarian Army (over 400,000 men) during the Balkan War.

The only opportunity of doing something for the family which seemed available in former days was when Mother was so fond of being on the water. When she was on the Riviera I arranged to charter a yacht and have always deplored that she was not well enough to rise to the plan.

NOTABLES.

It is interesting if one is connected with people who have met historic figures; so I may as well mention some of the notable people I have met.

Naturally I had contact with several Prime Ministers. I never saw Disraeli, but I saw Gladstone and heard him speak. He was very old and sat speaking with a low voice, but very impressive. It was a meeting for a memorial to a famous doctor,who had attended him. Salisbury I shook hands with several times when we went to parties at the Foreign Office. Balfour was the Premier I knew best, because I stayed at his house, being a friends of his relations who spent their holidays with him. I won't repeat what the books say about him, but I should like to praise him as a host. He was charming and good-natured, and quite free and easy at a picnic. Campbell-Bannerman was a dear old fellow.

Owing to my friendship with Balfour relations, I once did a very unusual thing. There were always great official evening parties on the eve of the session. Having attended the Liberal party to meet C-B. in Belgrave Square, I went on to the Tory party in Downing Street to meet Balfour.

Taking Prime Ministers I have known in their order, Salisbury was the first, but he hardly counts because I only shook hands with him at Foreign Office parties to which I was invited as the son of a Unionist. Rosebery I met later. I need not say more than appears in a former chapter, except that my view of him was confirmed during the Great War when I had been seeing L.G. at Downing Street on Balkan policy. As I came out I passed a deputation waiting to see L.G. next,and noticed Lord Rosebery. I asked the door-keeper what the deputation was about, and was sorry to learn that its object was to ask permission for more horse racing. Campbell-Bannerman is the next, and I am glad that I admired him, as already described, because I seem too apt to criticize when I come on to Asquith. I had better say no more, because he had great merits, but it was rather characteristic, when a friend of mine went to him about pushing the Home Rule Bill, and Asquith replied "the gas is gone out of that balloon".

Lloyd George, whom I have told you about, was at one time my hero, but fell from his pedestal after the Versailles Conference.

Bonar Law was a strange, dry personality. On the Irish question he seemed quite inhuman, but when he dined with me at the Balkan dinner I thought him simple and straightforward. Also he gave me a perfectly magnificent cigar. About

Macdonald I have said enough, and then we come to Baldwin. He was so attractive to me, with his air of philosophy combined with his unintellectualness, that I cannot believe that he was not as honest and keen on the League of Nations as he professed, but I don't know how to excuse his taking the country in about preparation for war. Neville Chamberlain was a dry personality. I hardly knew him, but after Munich I told him of a letter received from a German about him, and he wrote me saying that he thought Hitler meant well. I liked him better when I sat by him at a lunch, and he told me about his father's orchids which, he said, were all known by pet names. I have never cultivated Churchill and I have only one personal contact to report. He said to me when we were talking in the House of Commons waiting room that he was the only candidate who had ever induced a Buxton to vote Conservative.

A more famous figure than some Prime Ministers was Chamberlain's father, Joe. I was in the House with him and heard him speak, but he was past his prime. This may interest you, just as it interests to know that my father was in the House with Lord Palmerston.

Other great figures you may read of and whom I may have met included Archbishops Benson, Davidson, Lang and Temple; Sir Oliver Lodge; the poet Henry Newbolt and

Robert Louis Stevenson who was passing through Auckland, New Zealand, on his way to Samoa in 1893 and called on Sir George Grey when I was with him at the Auckland Club; also, perhaps the greatest of all these great men, Robert Browning. It was at a party of Dr. Butler's at the Master's Lodge, but I was not old enough to appreciate the great man fully, but I have a very nice impression of him as a short, rather fat, bearded, comfortable man, very kind to a speechless undergraduate.

Another class of notables is that of Royalties. My descendants may be interested to hear of some whom I have met. Even if individual kings may be dull personalities, they are so important that most people are interested in them.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was the first whom I ran up against. In the Balkans it was customary for the very few travellers who went there forty years ago to get interviews with the leaders of these little states, and also with their prime ministers, and these dignitaries were so out of the world that they were apparently glad to see anyone from the West. After we had done service to the Bulgarians by the relief work of 1903, Ferdinand singled me out at a great Government party at the Palace at Sofia and we talked a long time, while he seldom gave other people more than a word. This wily man had an ingratiating manner and cultivated a very friendly impression. Not long afterwards he came to London and called at Rutland Gate. I was not in, but he let me know that he wished to confer a Bulgarian Order on me. A good many people accepted these foreign orders, and enjoyed wearing them at functions in London. I offended Ferdinand by not accepting the Order. I thought that one might need to criticize a state, even if one was on its side in a main controversy, and that if one

had accepted a favour one would be handicapped in expressing impartial opinion. Years afterwards the King's Chef de Cabinet told me that he had never forgiven me. I saw him several times at Sofia, and the last occasion was one of extreme interest. It was when I went for Lloyd George during the War. Both sides were angling for Bulgaria, and the King was looking to see which one would suit him best. He had refused to see any foreign representatives, but he thought that he had better see C.R.B. and me. He began by saying that he was a confirmed neutral, and was keeping out of the contest. He said, "Je suis comme dans un petit cocon, mais vous avez force le consigne". He was fond of money and might have been bought by the Allies. It would have been interesting if Lloyd George's commission to me to spend any money that I named in the Balkan States had not been suppressed by Sir Edward Grey.

Another king whom I saw in the ordinary course of travels was King Peter of Serbia. One felt that he keenly enjoyed his grandeur, his near ancestor having been a swineherd, and his accession having resulted from the murder of the rival dynasty, represented by King Alexander. I liked better his son Alexander, with whom C.R.B. and I had a talk when he was with the Serbian army, at that time driving the Austrian troops out of

North Serbia. This was the man who was assassinated in France years later.

When the Macedonian question was at its height, King George of Greece came to London. He was a nice man and a brother of Queen Alexandra. He sent me word to come and see him at the Greek Legation, where a party was to be given. To the disgust of the Greek guests, I was ushered into his private room, and he gave me most of the time. He wanted to denounce Bulgarian claims in Macedonia, and gave me quite a lecture on the error of my ways in favouring that claim.

During the Balkan Mission, I had to see the next Greek King, Constantine; this was with C.R.B. on our way home. The interesting thing about this was that he made it an occasion to belittle his Prime Minister, Venizelos. We had not then met the latter, and as we entered the Palace we saw a man sitting in the entrance hall, who had come to keep an appointment. When we left the King, a long time later, this man was still sitting there, and it proved to be Venizelos himself.

Queen Marie of Roumania, a friend of my brother Harold in later years, sent for C.R.B. and me when we came out of hospital at Bucharest. She was very frank about the old King and Queen, whom she evidently disliked. She was well-known as a gifted and beautiful creature, with a personality, and a great gift for publicity, but

what we learnt at the interview was that she was also very amusing. This was chiefly at the expense of King Ferdinand, who of course was very important to us. She improved my impression of him by describing how good he was at making fun of himself, especially on the subject of what he called his elephantine nose. The Roumanians did not like the Committee; but the notorious Marie was very friendly to me, when she came to London and Lady Astor gave a party for her.

Among agreeable recollections are those of King Boris, who was the only royalty to behave quite like a friend. We had a nice afternoon with him at his palace on the Black Sea, in 1923, and lunched with him and his sisters and liked him much better than his father. When he came to London, he asked me to see him at the Ritz, and I took Rufus, who stayed with the secretary outside the King's room during our talk. He was charming to R. when we emerged, and I hoped that he would have proved to have liked the King, as it would make an incident for him to remember. He, being then about eight years old, told me that he had had a splendid time, and the reason was that,while I was with the King, the secretary had been sick. I think that Boris' father, Foxy Ferdinand, had perhaps more humour than his son. When Leland and I saw him in 1904, Leland apologized for his clothes, and Ferdinand consoled him

with the words, "You are exquis."

I don't remember anything else about royalties until the Labour Government came into power. Then each Minister had an interview at the Palace with George V. He was very friendly on the Norfolk neighbour lines. Dick Buxton had been shooting with him. He got on to the Farm Labourers' Union,and George Edwards, the farm labourers' leader, whom he had met. He spoke against legislating on farm wages, which was most unconstitutional on his part, and rather awkward, as it was my job to do this very thing. But, after I had committed the offence by getting the Bill through the House, the subject happily did not arise again when we next met. I think that this was when he was at the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, and it was my business to attend him. We talked together in the middle of the arena, while some trial was going on, and had a leisurely chat. I was concerned about wholemeal flour, and thought of bringing it to public attention by sending a loaf to the King and Queen. I found that he was quite keen about it, except that it did not make good toast. Then we talked about humane killing, and he was enthusiastic about it. He said that the opponents of humane killing were absurd to use the argument of the danger of flying

bullets, which were said to have once killed a boy. He broke out in his vehement way with the exclamation, "only one boy !" The tone of voice was as if it had been one rat. The King was in good form at the competition of moving a heavily loaded van from a stationary position. He was to have a private demonstration, I forget how many tons it was. We watched the tremendous efforts made by the horse for perhaps twenty seconds. Then the King's humane instincts got the better of him, and he hastily ordered "stop it".

I had two very nice talks with Edward VIII. One was at the Agricultural Hall, when we lunched together, and the other was on Armistice Day, when the Cabinet was asked by Queen Mary to meet her in the room which she occupied to watch the service just below. After I had talked with her, Edward chatted about his father, who was ill, and I expressed the hope that he would soon be well enough to shoot. Some paper had said that he used a twelve bore hammer gun, now long out of fashion, and I told him that I had my father's gun of the same type still in use. He said that the papers were correct, but that his father used a sixteen bore since his illness.

At another agricultural function the Duke of York, now George VI, was present; not easy to talk to, but the Duchess, now Queen, was very agreeable and we got on to Herbert Ogilvie, I remember, they having been neighbours

in Scotland. In 1941, the Duke having become George VI, had me summoned to a Privy Council meeting, which means four or five Privy Counsellors. I was the senior, and therefore went into the room first. Knowing his reticence, I was quite surprised when he greeted me very warmly with "It is a long time since I have seen you." But certainly the most interesting personal relation I can record was with Queen Mary. She and George V. proved to be interested in the connection of my grandmother with Queen Victoria. When I first became a Minister, Queen Mary, at a Buckingham Palace garden party, as we spoke to her in the queue of hundreds who were brought to her, said that Lucy and I must go to Windsor to see my grannie's portraits, one of which the Prince Consort had had copied and given to her. We neglected to follow this up, and when I was again in Office, five years later, Queen Mary said at once when we met that we ought to have been. She really had an extraordinary power of memory. It seemed a miracle that she should connect people whom she saw at long intervals with particular associations. We went to Windsor and found there were several of the pictures, notably in a group showing Queen Victoria meeting King Louis Philippe

but oddly enough there was a larger scale

but oddly enough there was a larger scale portrait of my grannie alone in the King's private study. I could not think why. The Queen sent me a photograph of this picture.

ACHIEVEMENTS.

C.R.B. and I once discussed the question whether one could hope to have done any good. I said I liked to credit myself with two definite things; one was the Agricultural Wages Bill of 1924, and the other was the preservation of Paycocks. I might add my Charity Trust. He said that he would think rather of having stirred other people to new force and interests, and certainly he could credit himself with a great deal in that way, if he had cared to think of his own credit at all. As to me, he thought I could add to my list the preservation of many lives of Balkan inhabitants. I would indulge my vanity by confessing that I think of other things which would not have been equally done by anyone else. I am quite proud of the garden planting, especially the miniature landscape making which I have done at the Pightle, Colne Cottage, and landscape gardening at the Bury. Also the planting in Warlies Park which my father did at my suggestion. Much more important than this I count the republication of the Liberator's Memoir, and if I am lucky I shall be able to add the new Memoir which I now hope to bring about.

FOREBEARS

I think that we ought to pay tribute to forebears, who make it easier for us to do something with our lives. Praise of ancestry is usually snobbish, but in our case pride goes with gratitude for congenital health of body and mind.

We are all familiar with the boon which we have in being descended from Thomas Fowell Buxton, the Liberator. I ought to add the Gurneys, who produced Elizabeth Fry, and T.F.B's. wife, Hannah. Also on my father's side I feel indebted to the long line of puritanical Buxtons who lived at Coggleshall in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Several other ancestors have done us a good turn, showing great spirit, and what some would vulgarly call guts. My mother's grandfather,Roden, was head of the Orangemen and got into trouble for his faith. Her great-grandfather, Sir Charles Middleton, who became Lord Barham, was made Minister for the Navy by Pitt,when already over eighty years old. He had been head of the Admiralty and, as Minister, he planned the Battle of Trafalgar. Another ancestor of hers was Sir Baptist Hicks, the prosperous Cotswold clothmaker, who built the great house at Campden and shortly afterwards, when Cromwell's troops were approaching, burnt it down to prevent it becoming their headquarters.

ENTERPRISE.

On the title page of the Liberator's Life is one of his sayings, exhorting to energy. I wish I had followed his advice, especially in regard to enterprise. I have no excuse because Edie was always reminding us to be enterprizing. I regret now that I did not think more of enterprise,as opposed to reason and caution, in many things: e.g. travelling with Ramsay Macdonald, who invited me several times; travelling with Bryce in Macedonia; and with Sir John Harris in Africa; going as Chairman to the Pacific Countries Institute when it met in China; and, perhaps most, declining the Governorship of New Zealand. This occurred six months after the formation of the Labour Government in 1929. It seemed at the time more important to remain in the Cabinet, but difficulties there proved very great, and I soon afterwards accepted the Governorship of Australia. But in the end the Labour Government there decided to appoint the Chief Justice, so nobody was sent out, and Ramsay expressed his regret that his offer had come to nothing.

In all these things I was deterred, I suppose, by love of order and routine, and by a certain amount of laziness, but I think that some unreasoning enterprise would have been better. Let my descendants be warned by my mistake.

Chapter ~~XIII~~

CHAPTER ~~XII~~ SUNDRY

Paycocks ~~es House~~	Family
Regrets	Regrets
Health	Health
Strokes of Luck	Strokes of Luck
Animals	Animals
Family	Paycockes
Sport	Sport
Money	Money
Notables	Notables
Achievements	Achievements
Forebears	Forebears.
Enterprise	Enterprise.
	War time in London

Put first of Sunday

 Sunday

Chapter XIII

FAMILY. Sunday

Of course I realize my great good fortune in family life, and I have been extra lucky to have it combined with such perfect places as the Bury and Colne Cottage.

The children have had the advantage of an extremely gifted mother. She always possessed extraordinary charm, and she grew to display amazing energy. I might never have heard of her if she had not made a marked impression on an old friend of mine, Miss Anne Richardson, and on ~~Minnie~~ Hermione Buxton. Some of her powers seem super-human. She can go for months without any exercise at all, and then suddenly display athletic endurance which others would find needed long training. She can do a difficult thing without any practice. Miss Brickdale started to teach her to paint, beginning with a rose. The painting was so good that Miss Brickdale found it useless to attempt any further teaching, + said her amazing facility would handicap her life.

When she took to public speaking she seemed not even conscious of any qualm, such as even Mrs. Pankhurst must have felt, and she had all the arts of the repartee and the purple patch which in everyone else requires prolonged practice.

During the war, in the autumn of 1941, ~~Having~~ having ~~never~~ seldom travelled except in her own large car, she suddenly took to office life in London while living at Woking, + she took kindly to ~~the life of a daily breader in its hardest~~ form, starting in the dark, + constantly standing

in the train all the way to London, for want of a seat; though shortly before it was a trial even to travel by train at all in a first-class carriage. She seems to enjoy a longer day than people in business, or the Civil Service, not seeing her place of abode in daylight either morning or evening.

Happily her children seem to inherit a good share of these powers. They have the immense merit of knowing what they like, of not imitating other people's likes, and of not being hampered by shyness. Rufus inherited another of his mother's gifts, namely, that of a poet, and he also won the Shakespeare medal at Harrow.

It would be invidious to specify details connected with one of the family or another. I think my most vivid sense of happy recollections includes wheeling Rufus in Hyde Park in his pram, seeing him get prizes at Speech Day at Harrow; Chris playing cricket, and going about with a jackdaw on his shoulder; and hearing of his taking a dog to his rooms at Trinity, evading the rules by concealing the dog in a suitcase; Mick charging through the plantations at Bury on a bicycle and trying to get off going back to school by charging through wire netting in order to hurt himself badly; Lol running the dog shows at Cromer; Jane threatening to disappear for ever if I did not buy for her a pony whose name she spelt "Pickols"; and Sally doing action songs.

Sunday

REGRETS.

JUDGING.

I should have been much happier & more useful if I had been less inclined to criticise. I do not mean a ~~fondness for~~ I was fond of detraction, which is such an unpleasant quality in many people, but I ~~think I should have been more useful~~ fervently wish that if I had acted on the Bible precept not to "judge", without Christian I can be followed swinging to the opposite defect of being gullible. I sometimes thought C.R.B. too uncritical, but I see that this quality made the best possible impression on people who knew him well, ~~in the Labour Movement.~~ His great moral influence in the Labour Party ~~is~~ was largely due to this trait.

TIMIDITY.

I suppose one is born with such tendencies, and ~~one~~ I recall ~~cannot forget~~ Mother's account of her father's habit of flying from the house by the back door when he heard the visitors' bell, but I wish I had trained myself more energetically. I should have gained vastly in regard to speeches, interviews, speaking at committees, and so on. There is nothing I have desired more in regard to the children than to help them to escape this scourge. ~~Of~~ I flatter myself that I did so by the ~~fear~~ Custom of Speeches at birthday parties ~~have been employed~~ from

their earliest years, and I am thankful beyond measure that they seem to have escaped the disease.

It is of no use to dwell on regrets except to get progress, but I ought to be a warning against lack of enterprise. I am distressed when I think of the invitations to travel which I declined, notably from Ramsay MacDonald, Bryce, and Brailsford, and the ~~Specific~~ Relations Institute.

I also regret a lack of concentration. I should certainly advise my children to keep a hold on their inclination to follow too many interests. Let them remember the maxim of the Liberator: "A purpose once fixed, then death or victory".

Sunday

HEALTH.

A doctor tells me mankind is in two classes - high pressure, which means a short life and merry, and low pressure, which means a long life and sad. My pressure is extremely low, so I prove the aphorism wrong.

I have some interesting experience to record about health. I have been extremely fortunate, and probably far above the average, in freedom from illness or pain, ~~since~~ since my trouble with rheumatism in early life. I put this down to two special causes; osteopathy, and Christian teaching.

I should like to pass on to others the help that I got from coming in contact with osteopathy.

~~OSTEOPATHY.~~

~~I had a painful experience between the age of twenty-five and forty.~~ In 1904 (when I was 35) I was vainly occupied in trying to get rid of rheumatics, (which includes neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, etc.), at Harrogate, Woodhall Spa, and finally (was carried at) Wildbad, where Leland kept me company.

In 1909 it was most urgent to be busy with the approaching vacancy in the North Norfolk Division, but in the summer I was seized with a very bad attack - one of those which suddenly make you rigid with pain, perhaps

while crossing the street. I made for Droitwich, and was hardly able to get out of the train on arrival. Next day I could just get to the baths which the doctor ordered, but became unable to move, and when C.R.B. kindly came down to me I was stuck in bed, groaning at intervals with sciatica.

~~By chance~~ Mother's friend, Lady Isabel Margesson, ~~heard of me, as~~ who she lived nearby, came to see me and she begged me to see the Birmingham osteopath, Dr. Pheils. I ~~feared~~ disliked quacks, and begged her to leave me alone, but she sent him down, and he burst in, looking ultra-American in a top hat, accompanied by the hotel porter, whom he at once adjured "Now, porter, pin him down". In a minute I could see that he was getting at the spot. He came over ~~every~~ day, working at me for an hour, and finally had me moved to ~~the~~ a hotel at Birmingham for further treatment.

While there, by the way, Gore, who was Bishop of Birmingham, came to see me. The battle with the Lords over the budget was on, and he told me how he prayed that the Lords would throw it out and so bring democracy to a crisis. I was cured enough to go to Cromer exactly in time for the meeting of the Selection Committee.

The theory of osteopathy appealed to as much as the practice, and I did something afterwards for the

status of its professors by speeches in Parliament. I have never again had serious rheumatic trouble, and many people have benefitted as the result of my information.

A further interesting experience was the intense antagonism I found to osteopathy which among doctors. Here I heartily agree with Bernard Shaw. Enough to speak of a case where a doctor had said that the life of a child closely related to me was in danger, if the child was not left in his charge with a special nurse. This doctor, on hearing that I had consulted osteopaths, threw up the case at an hour's notice.

Now for a word on health through thought.

~~HEALTH THROUGH THOUGHT.~~

I use this description because I do not mean Christian Science, or "Higher Thought", or Christian "faith healing" in the conventional sense. I was driven to think a lot about these things by the rheumatic trouble, and had much experience of treatment and lectures. I could not wholly agree with any school, but a big residual remained. I got most help through Dorothy, who kept me company at Bath in 1908, I was a penetrating thinker on the subject.

My need was met by the 'Guild of Health' formerly

I have been a loyal member of the Guild of Health for nearly forty years. It appealed to my sense of balance. It is a useful reminder, though unexciting. I owe it much, though I have been half-hearted. I should have been more drawn to mystical views, but I could not deny the value of surgery, drugs, etc., and above all osteopathy, but most people ignore the other side. When we are ill we can think only of the physical.

I am convinced of the great influence of mind, and that some meaning must be attached to the view of health displayed in the Gospels and the Epistles. Undoubtedly in other ages Christian faith has had great influence on health. This age of science makes its influence difficult. We tend to forget this, and membership of a body like the Guild of Health keeps me from forgetting entirely. We should cultivate health through thought when well, all the more, because when ill it is too difficult. Thought is a preventive, and I owe it a deep debt, though I do no more than bring it into daily prayers.

STROKES OF LUCK.

I am often thankful that I was not the eldest son. I should never have been able to follow my taste in houses or furniture; to make gardens, or choose pictures.

We all have another piece of luck in the good stuff we inherit from ancestors. On Father's side a very long line of steady rather puritanical people, while anyone descended from a family which was rich before about 1820 has to contend with the result of excessive drinking of port and of over-eating. Lord North, when eating a "small" dinner before making his farewell speech in the Lords, is known to have had thirteen courses, eight of them meat.

We also have some forebears who should have bequeathed to us a good share of "guts"; particularly the Liberator, and Barham, and Great-Grandfather Roden.

Another stroke of luck for me was in having my attention called to the view of Uncle Charles upon the way to be happy. So many people live on grievances and envies. His advice was, when tempted to think about those better off, to think about those worse off. That should be a consolation in all grievances, which are none of them intolerable unless they include physical pain.

I feel it lucky for me that I have property which connects with the parents. Upshire is full of associations with them, and Colne Cottage, which was specially beloved

by both of them, and which also keeps us in touch with other generations as far back as the Liberator.

Sunday

ANIMALS.

Father seems to have brought his older children up on animals more than the younger. Probably he was naturally less interested in dogs and horses when he grew older. I remember his excitement when he first went to Humbie and brought back a retriever puppy. This dog, whom he named Humbie, became the animal of which I have been most fond in my whole life. He was the pup of a Russian retriever, which had a long grey coat. But Humbie was red and smooth coated. This was the only time when I ever did some work at training a retriever (with a rabbit skin on a string), and it can only have been in school holidays, so naturally the result was decidedly imperfect. He was the successor of Father's dog, Rome, ~~who was famous for his love of gooseberries~~, a red curly retriever who was notorious for picking off gooseberries from the bushes, which he picked off the ~~bushes~~ regardless of the thorns. Humbie had tremendous spirit and was famous at Cromer for pugnacity. Old Richard Hoare said he enquired why all the dogs in Cromer had one ear longer than the other, and was told that my dog was responsible for stretching them out. He inspired me with great affection, and I confess that in times of depression I have found my chief consolation in sitting with my arms round his neck, which was easy when I sat in the gun-room at Warlies, on a low armchair, as he was a tall upstanding dog. He was as fast as a greyhound, and could catch a rabbit in the furrow of a field of roots.

Other notable dogs have been Mother's favourite pug, Sambo, and a mongrel terrier, Jack, which had belonged to Fred Searle. In later times, of all the dogs we have had at the Bury, ~~Rufus's~~ our red cocker, Watcher, was the most perfect.

Sundry

PAYCOCKES HOUSE

Paycocks, and the taste for old houses which it created in me, has been a distinct factor in my life. It has added greatly to my pleasure and, I hope, to my education. It used up a good deal of money, but there is hardly any expenditure to which I look back with more satisfaction, and if I had to claim that anything in my life had been of definite public use, I should quote my saving of Paycocks as the only quite certain piece of evidence. One may have taken part in many useful efforts, but generally they would have been made by someone else if one had not been on the scene. But Paycocks is a national asset, which would not have been saved by anybody else, so I had a stroke of luck.

It came to pass through the appearance of a book on Coggeshall by Mr. Beaumont, the local solicitor and a keen archaeologist, in 1894. This, combined with my interest in the Liberator, roused a desire to see his country, + a house which had been Buxton property till 1746, and I got up a riding party of three days duration, when we slept at Coggeshall and visited also Earls Colne, where 7FB was brought up, and Headingham Castle, where he was born.

Some years afterwards Mr. Beaumont wrote to my father that Paycocks, which was the Buxton house for many generations, was threatened with destruction.

A millionaire was in the market in order to secure the carving for his new mansion; would my father save it ? He took no special interest, having quite enough land and houses to look after, and passed the suggestion on to me. Not having married, I could afford the luxury of buying what had become tumbledown cottages and was going for £500 ~~fairly cheap~~. My uncle, Louis Buxton, who was the family genealogist, encouraged me, having already discovered family records about the old house which may be read in his volume "The Buxtons of Coggeshall".

The next question was what to do to the house, and who should live in it. Happily Conrad Noel was at the time needing somewhere to live, and write books, so that by great good fortune he and Miriam were there to enjoy the house and put it in order.

As to the building, endless ~~countless~~ accounts of it have appeared in architectural books and magazines, and I will not compete with the descriptions of the architect. ~~expert.~~ I was ill qualified to handle such an important aesthetic problem, but Conrad+Miriam were artistic and I called in various experts ~~architects,~~ including those of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Some of them held the orthodox view that not a finger should be lifted to alter an old building, however mutilated it had been. Others, including Sir Edwin ~~Edward~~ Lutyens, were, I could see,

doubtful whether a Gothic timber front, which had been outrageously Georgeanized, while still retaining the carved plate of the Gothic overhang, ought to be left, or whether the Georgian should be removed and the original perfection, which was so easily within reach, should be again displayed. If I did the latter I had to face the charge of perpetrating restoration. I decided to do so, and incurred some severe attacks, e.g. those of Lawrence Weaver, whose book contained at the same time such a delightful account and pictures of the house as it became, showing how valuable the restoration had been.

Of course experts would feel bound to show themselves orthodox about the wickedness of restoration, while at the same time feeling delighted that I had perpetrated it, because of the pleasure which the restored front gave them.

We began by taking off the paint from the richly carved beams and joists of the ceiling of the hall. Then we pulled out the cottage fireplaces which had been built into the old open hearths. I came in for the fun of some of this excavation and exposure of the old work, but could not be there much, and the Noels had most of the sport. The most thrilling letter I ever had from Conrad was his description of the discoveries in the great fireplace in the panelled room. After this we all felt we must face the problem

of the ~~defaced~~ disfigured front. As the house was entirely of timber and plaster it was possible to strip the plaster (to see what old work remained) and, if necessary, put it back. The plaster ~~had been~~ was, in any case, a temporary affair. When this was done, the front presented an extraordinary mixture; The old windows (frames were seen at the) each side of the tall narrower Georgian windows which had replaced them. A very lovely carved pattern along the plate under the projection was also exposed, and one could estimate exactly what the restored front would look like. (insert A p 172)

In various parts of the house we had found pieces of the mullions etc. of the original two projecting windows, ~~which had projected like oriel windows~~, notably the great windows under the projection of the upper floor. Some of the original moulded jambs at the side of the windows were also intact under the plaster. It would have been distressing to hide all this by replacing the plaster as it had been. It had also hidden the massive studs, with lovely herring bone brick between them. But still I would have followed the advice of the Ancient Building Society if it had not been for some overwhelming considerations. Firstly, while respecting the experts, we felt that the artistic and historic education afforded by the Gothic front was more important than mere archaeology. Secondly, there

happened to be in Coggleshall a noted wood worker named Beckwith - a man of great taste and craftsmanship - who was ready and eager to do the work at the most moderate cost, and who had large stacks of old oak suited to the purpose. He alone was entitled to much more authority than I had myself. We knew, from pieces used as patchwork in the house and from what remains in the wall, the exact form of every detail, down to the shape of the slender columns which stood against the main posts facing the street.

If anyone holds that restoration can never be excused, let him go and look at Paycocks, and assert that such a lovely display of Gothic timber-work is of no value to the world.

Soon after I acquired the house the National Trust asked if I would give it to them, and probably they would have left it unrestored, but it would never have had the public notoriety which it has received, and I was not inclined to part with it. In 1924, when no particular friends could live there, and we ourselves had to live in London, I was very glad that the National Trust accepted it, and their possession of it has made it better known, which is most gratifying. Meanwhile my possession of it had led to its being occupied by the historian, Eileen Power, for summer holidays, and this led to her book "The Paycocks of Coggleshall" and to her

various works on the mediaeval weavers, Raycocks having built the house out of his profits in the great days of the weaving industry.

My enjoyment of Raycocks naturally led me to a keen interest in old houses, and especially in early timber building, and I have been lucky enough to indulge this pleasure in some other cases, two of course unimportant compared with Raycocks, but I can never find myself under heavy beams and joists without a peculiar sense of contentment, which I cannot quite explain, but which arises, I suppose, from the feeling of the simplicity, honesty and solidarity of the work, and there is also the indefinable attraction of antiquity, of the feeling that these things have witnessed the great events of many centuries of history.

I remember inviting Conrad to choose the word which best gave the essence of the merit of such work, and he chose the term "integrity". I would add the quality of generosity, because these old beams are generally far more massive and strong than was necessary for their purpose, and you often find very beautiful carving in positions where it could hardly be seen or enjoyed by the human eye, just as you so often find on the roofs of churches.

SPORT.

Father wanted us to grow up sporting, and would, I think, have liked us to go into business, combining it with public work, on lines of family tradition; but we all broke away in course of time except Tor, who remained sporting to the last. I was extremely keen till about twenty-five, and then he was very sad that I no longer joined him in his beloved Norfolk partridge shooting. He tried in vain to point out that we had a duty to partridges. He paid tribute to the idea of humanity, though he did not doubt that the cruelty involved in sport was justified. For instance, we were always to stun the worms before we put them on the hook; always to kill the fish; carefully to kill wounded game, and work hard with the dog till a running partridge was recovered. We learnt a lot socially from shooting and hunting. We also cultivated management and knowledge of animals; the care of guns and tackle. Fishing roused us to get up early, and we were keen to study sporting books.

I think as an education hunting has the most value. Nothing else calls out so much quickness of choice, or so much independence. You are left to your own resources in a peculiar degree, quite apart from the need of

courage and guts, which would equally be learnt from drag hunting, or steeple-chasing.

And I wonder now that sporting men are not put off by the artificiality of firearms; hawking should appeal so much more to the primitive hunting instinct which alone outweighs ~~excuses~~ inhumanity.

But I am ~~I used to be~~ astonished at the callousness of people watching a fox dug out to meet his very ugly end without even a run. Shooting is in practice more cruel than hunting. Even as to fishing, the writings of Williamson might well evoke as much sympathy with the salmon as to remove the pleasure of playing him.

I think the best hunting we did was from London in the days when Connie rode Lobengula. She was a lovely rider and free from nervousness to a dangerous extent. She never bothered to think see whether she was jumping into a bog. As to myself, most of my hunting was done on "Essex," another a horse bred by Father and a grand jumper; but he hardly gave me the best chance because he would never jump without bolting at the fence. After him I had three horses ~~which I bought~~ I myself in succession, but the best horse I ever enjoyed was Tor's chestnut mare, Dorothy. The most break-neck run I ever knew was on Dorothy with the Surrey Staghounds, when staying at Rowfant.

When C.R.B. and I took to humane ideas we encouraged the local drag hunt, and arranged a splendid course all round Father's land. ~~The~~ fox-hunting people ~~were disgusted.~~ of course scoffed at this humble sport.

MONEY.

Father thought fit to give me more than my younger brothers, and much more than I required at the time, so the disposal of income was a problem while still in my twenties; in fact as soon as I had paid off the debt which Father imposed on the shares in Truman's which he transferred to me.

The Christian Social Union gave me a view to work upon; the view that we are trustees; that ~~we of the well-to-do cost immensely more than the average~~; that the solution is to work hard. One cannot reconcile the glaring contrast of wealth with any ideal. My salary was absurdly high by any rational standard. I felt urged to hand over capital to a Trust, ~~regarding~~ unearned income ~~as an endowment~~ for unpaid work. ~~Friends dissuaded me, urging~~ caution in view of marriage, etc., ~~and~~ I am glad that I formed a Trust for public purposes, though at times it has led to anxious situations. It has ~~done a great deal of good~~ through more deliberate choice of objects, and to giving larger sums than I should otherwise have ~~given~~. No doubt if the income had remained my own I might have been more open-handed in personal ways, and enjoyed the pleasure of being so, but the general advantage was great.

Perhaps I have been too much influenced by Father's

insistence on detailed accounts. I was amazed to find an account book of exact detail which I kept at Cambridge, but if I became over pernickety I did also enjoy large gifts.

Compared with the rich people who seem to get no pleasure from generosity, I ~~did get a kick from forming~~ got pleasure from the Trust, especially from helping individuals, saving life in the Balkans, ~~promoting freedom~~ promoting child welfare in Armenia, giving large sums to the Labour cause, financing elections, and presenting cigarettes to the entire Bulgarian Army (over 400,000 men) during the Balkan War.

The only opportunity of doing something for the family which seemed available in former days was when Mother was so fond of being on the water. When she was on the Riviera I arranged to charter a yacht and have always deplored that she was not well enough to rise to the plan.

NOTABLES.

It is interesting if one is connected with people who have met historic figures; so I may as well mention some of the notable people I have met.

Naturally I had contact with several Prime Ministers. I never saw Disraeli, but I saw Gladstone and heard him speak. He was very old and sat speaking with a low voice, but very impressive. It was a meeting for a memorial to a famous doctor, who had attended him. Salisbury I shook hands with several times when we went to parties at the Foreign Office. Balfour was the Premier I knew best, because I stayed at his house, being a friends of his relations who spent their holidays with him. I won't repeat what the books say about him, but I should like to praise him as a host. He was charming and good-natured, and quite free and easy at a picnic. Campbell-Bannerman was a dear old fellow.

Owing to my friendship with Balfours relations, I once did a very unusual thing. There were always great official evening parties on the eve of the session. Having attended the Liberal party to meet C-B. in Belgrave Square, I went on to the Tory party in Downing Street to meet Balfour.

I once sought to gain the signatures of 70 MP's, nearly all Liberals, to a memorial urging that relations with Germany should be a special concern of the Government, & his comment was "Any Tories?"

Robert Louis Stevenson who was passing through Auckland, New Zealand, on his way to Samoa in 1893 and called on Sir George Grey when I was with ~~him~~ the latter at the Auckland Club; also, perhaps the greatest of all these great men, Robert Browning. It was at a party of Dr. Butler's at the Master's Lodge, at Trinity, but I was not old enough to appreciate the great man fully, but I have a very nice impression of him as a short, rather fat, bearded, comfortable man, very kind to me, a speechless undergraduate, as we stood talking in the great bow window.

Taking Prime Ministers I have known in their order, Salisbury was the first, but he hardly counts because I only shook hands with him at Foreign Office parties to which I was invited as the son of a Unionist. Rosebery I met later. I need not say more than appears in a former chapter, except that my view of him was confirmed during the Great War when I had been seeing L.G. at Downing Street on Balkan policy. As I came out I passed a deputation waiting to see L.G. next, and noticed Lord Rosebery. I asked the door-keeper what the deputation was about, and was sorry to learn that its object was to ask permission for more horse racing! Campbell-Bannerman is the next, and I am glad that I admired him, as already described, because I seem too apt to criticize when I come on to Asquith. I had better say no more, because he had great merits, but it was rather characteristic, when a friend of mine went to him about pushing the Home Rule Bill, and Asquith replied "the gas is gone out of that balloon".

Lloyd George, whom I have told you about, was at one time my hero, but fell from his pedestal after the Versailles Conference.

Bonar Law was a strange, dry personality. On the Irish question he seemed quite inhuman, but when he dined with me at the Balkan dinner, I thought him simple and straightforward. Also he gave me a perfectly magnificent cigar. About

Macdonald I have said enough, and then we come to Baldwin. He was so attractive to me, with his air of philosophy combined with his unintellectualness, that I cannot believe that he was not as honest and keen on the League of Nations as he professed, but I don't know how to excuse his taking the country in about preparation for war. Neville Chamberlain was a dry personality. I hardly knew him, but after Munich I told him of a letter received from a German about him, and he wrote me saying that he thought Hitler meant well. I liked him better when I sat by him at a lunch, and he told me about his father's orchids, which, he said, were all known by pet names. I have never cultivated Churchill, and I have only one personal contact to report. He said to me when we were talking in the House of Commons waiting room, that he was the only candidate who had ever induced a Buxton to vote Conservative.

A more famous figure than some Prime Ministers was Chamberlain's father, Joe. I was in the House with him and heard him speak, but he was past his prime. This may interest you, just as it interests to know that my father was in the House with Lord Palmerston.

Other great figures you may read of and whom I have met included Archbishops Benson, Davidson, Lang and Temple; Sir Oliver Lodge; the poet Henry Newbolt and

Another class of notables is that of Royalties. My descendants may be interested to hear of some whom I have met. Even if individual kings may be dull personalities, they are so important & cannot be ignored ~~that most people are interested in them.~~

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was the first whom I ran up against. ~~in the Balkans~~ It was customary for the very few travellers who went to the Balkans forty years ago to get interviews with the Kings leaders of these little states, and also with their prime ministers, and these dignitaries were so out of the world that they were apparently glad to see anyone from the West. After some of us we had done service to the Bulgarians by the relief work of 1903, Ferdinand singled me out at a great Government party at the Palace at Sofia and we talked a long time, while he seldom gave other people more than a word. This wily man had an ingratiating manner and ~~cultivated~~ made a very friendly impression. Not long afterwards he came to London and called at ~~Rutland~~ Princes Gate. I was not in, but he let me know that he wished to confer a Bulgarian Order on me. A good many people accepted these foreign orders, and enjoyed wearing them at functions in London. I offended Ferdinand by not accepting the Order. I thought that one might need to criticize a state, even if one was on its side in a public main controversy, and that if one

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had accepted a favour one would be handicapped in expressing impartial opinion. Years afterwards the King's Chef de Cabinet told me that Ferdinand had never forgiven me. I saw him several times at Sofia, and the last occasion was one of extreme interest. It was when I went for Lloyd George during the War. Both sides were angling for Bulgaria, and the King was looking to see which one would suit him best. He had refused to see any foreign representatives, but he thought that presumably because we were friendly with the Bulgarians, he had better see C.R.B. and me. He began by saying that he was a confirmed neutral, and was keeping out of the contest. He said, "Je suis comme dans un petit cocon, mais vous avez forcé le consigne".

He was fond of money and might have been bought by the Allies. It would have been interesting if Lloyd George's commission to me to spend any public money that I liked on the Balkan States had not been suppressed by Sir Edward Grey.

Another king whom I saw in the ordinary course of travels was King Peter of Serbia. One felt that he keenly enjoyed his grandeur, his near ancestor having been a swineherd, and his accession having resulted from the murder of the rival dynasty, represented by King Alexander. I liked better his son Alexander, with whom C.R.B. and I had a talk when he was with the Serbian army, at that time driving the Austrian troops out of

North Serbia. This was the man who was assassinated in France years later.

When the Macedonian question was at its height, King George of Greece came to London. He was a nice man and a brother of Queen Alexandra. He sent me word to come and see him at the Greek Legation, where a party was to be given. To the disgust of the Greek guests, I was ushered into his private room, and he gave me most of the time. He wanted to denounce Bulgarian claims in Macedonia, and gave me quite a lecture on the error of my ways in favouring that claim.

During the Balkan Mission, I saw the Greek King, Constantine; this was with C.R.B. on our way home. The interesting thing about this was that he made it an occasion to belittle his Prime Minister, Venizelos. We had not then met, and as we entered the Palace we saw a man sitting in the entrance hall, who had come to keep an appointment. When we left the King, a long time later, this man was still waiting there, and it proved to be Venizelos himself. (It was not long before he got even with his royal master.)

Queen Marie of Roumania, a friend of my brother Harold in later years, sent for C.R.B. and me when we came out of hospital at Bucharest. She was very frank about the old King and Queen (Carol & Elizabeth), whom she evidently disliked. She was well-known as a gifted and beautiful creature, with a personality, and a great gift for publicity, but

what we learnt at the interview was that she was also very amusing. This was chiefly at the expense of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, ~~who of course was very important to us.~~ She improved my impression of him by describing how good he was at making fun of himself, especially on the subject of what he called his elephantine nose, + how he hated William of Germany for sporting when he was looking out of the window. ~~The Roumanians did not like the Committee; but~~ the notorious Marie was very friendly to me, when she came to London later on and Lady Astor gave a party for ~~her.~~

Among agreeable recollections are those of King Boris, who was the only royalty to behave quite like a friend. We had a nice afternoon with him + his sisters at his palace on the Black Sea, in 1923, when we lunched with ~~him~~ them and his sisters and liked him much better than his father. When he came to London, he asked me to see him at the Ritz, and I took Rufus, who stayed with the secretary outside the King's room during our talk. He was charming to R. when we emerged, and I ~~hoped that he would have proved to have liked the King, as~~ asked Rufus if he had enjoying it would make an incident for him to remember. He, being then about eight years old, told me that he had had a splendid time, and the reason was that, while I was with the King, the secretary had been sick! I think that Boris' father, Foxy Ferdinand, had perhaps more humour than his son. When Leland and I saw him in 1904, Leland apologized for his shabby clothes, and Ferdinand consoled him

with the words, "You are exquis." He loved mixing English & French.

I don't remember anything else about royalties until the Labour Government came into power. Then each Minister had an interview at the Palace with George V. He was very friendly on the Norfolk neighbour lines. Dick Buxton had been shooting with him. He got on to the Farm Labourers' Union, and George Edwards, the farm labourers' leader, whom he had met. He spoke against legislating on farm wages, which was most unconstitutional on his part, and rather awkward, as it was my job to do this very thing. But, after I had committed the offence by getting the Bill through the House, the subject happily did not arise again when we next met. I think that this was when he was at the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, and it was my business to attend him. We talked together in the middle of the arena, while some trial was going on, and had a leisurely chat. I was concerned about wholemeal flour, and thought of bringing it to public attention by sending a loaf to the King and Queen. I found that he was quite keen about it, except that it did not make good toast. Then we talked about humane killing, and he was enthusiastic about it. He said that the opponents of humane killing were absurd to use the argument of the danger of flying

bullets, which were said to have once killed a boy. He broke out in his vehement way with the exclamation, "Only one boy !" The tone of voice was as if it had been one rat. The King was in good form at the competition of moving a heavily loaded van from a stationary position. He was to have a private demonstration, ~~I forget how many tons it was~~. We watched the tremendous efforts made by ~~the horse~~ a big Shire horse for perhaps twenty seconds. Then the King's humane instincts got the better of him, and he ~~hastily ordered~~ called out "stop it".

I had two very nice talks with Edward VIII. One was at the Agricultural Hall, when we lunched together, and the other was on Armistice Day, when the Cabinet was asked by Queen Mary to meet her in the room of the Home Office which she occupied to watch the service just below. After I had talked with her, Edward chatted about his father, who was ill, and I expressed the hope that he would soon be well enough to shoot. Some paper had said that he used a twelve-bore hammer gun, now long out of fashion, and I told him that I had my father's gun of the same type still in use. He said that the papers were correct, but that his father used a sixteen bore since his illness.

At another agricultural function the Duke of York, now George VI, was present; not easy to talk to; but the Duchess, now the Queen, was very agreeable and we got on to Herbert Ogilvie, ~~I remember~~, they having been neighbours

in Scotland. In 1941, the Duke having become George VI, had me summoned to a Privy Council meeting, which means four or five Privy Counsellors. I was the senior, and therefore went into the room first. Knowing his reticence, I was quite surprised when he greeted me very warmly with "It is a long time since I have seen you."

After "I have seen you".

" Omission (George VI.) It is a stroke of public luck ti have such a seriously minded King; and (very special luck, from the Christian point of view, to have a King and Queen who are keenly religious.

had had copied and given to her. We neglected to follow this up, and when I was again in office, five years later, Queen Mary said at once when we met that we ought to have been. She really had an extraordinary power of memory. It seemed a miracle that she should connect people whom she saw at long intervals with particular associations. We went to Windsor and found there were several of the pictures, notably in a group showing Queen Victoria meeting King Louis Philippe

in Scotland. In 1941, the Duke having become George VI, had me summoned to a Privy Council meeting, which means four or five Privy Counsellors. I was the senior, and therefore went into the room first. Knowing his reticence, I was quite surprised when he greeted me very warmly with "It is a long time since I have seen you." But certainly most interesting personal relation I can record was h Queen Mary. She and George V. proved to be erested in the connection of my grandmother with en Victoria. When I first became a Minister, Queen y, at a Buckingham Palace garden party, as we spoke her in the queue of hundreds who were brought to her, id that Lucy and I must go to Windsor to see my annie's portraits, one of which the Prince Consort had had copied and given to her. We neglected to follow this up, and when I was again in office, five years later, Queen Mary said at once when we met that we ought to have been. She really had an extraordinary power of memory. It seemed a miracle that she should connect people whom she saw at long intervals with particular associations. We went to Windsor and found there were several of the pictures, notably in a group showing Queen Victoria meeting King Louis Philippe

but oddly enough there was a larger scale

Sunday

but oddly enough there was a larger scale portrait of my grannie alone, in the King's private study. I ~~could~~ can not think why. The Queen sent me a photograph of this picture.

Sunday

ACHIEVEMENTS.

C.R.B. and I once discussed the question whether one could hope to have done any good. I said I liked to credit myself with two definite things; one was the Agricultural Wages Bill of 1924, and the other was the preservation of Paycocke's. I might add my Charity Trust. Charlie He said that he ~~would think~~ thought rather of having stirred other people to new force and new interests; and certainly he could credit himself with a great deal in that way, if he had cared to think of his own credit at all. As to me, he thought I could add to my list the preservation of many lives of Balkan inhabitants. I would indulge my vanity by confessing that I think of other things which would not have been equally done by anyone else. I am quite proud of the garden planting, especially the miniature landscape making, which I have done at the Pightle, Colne Cottage, and the full-scale landscape gardening at the Bury. Also the planting in Warlies Park which my father did at my suggestion. Much more important than this I count the republication of the Liberator's Memoir, and if I am lucky I shall be able to add the new Memoir which I now hope to bring about.

> 202 x

Qy in achievements (Sunday)

I have long had an urge to keep working, because it seems to me unfair that we shd use the fruits of other peoples' labour (as we do on a large scale) & not do our bit. St Paul said those who wont work will not have food. But they do. I should rather say they ~~ought not~~ will not have food if they get what they ought.

(Qy first in "Achievements") [to p 202 ×]
(Sunday)

Considering my very mediocre abilities I have been most fortunate ~~in [illegible]~~ that my experiences have been so interesting. I have had to make bricks without straw, (which was not pleasant) ~~but~~ & a clever man wd have made much more of my opportunities, but I have had my chances & am thankful. When I read Gooch's preface to Evans' book I am still more so.

FOREBEARS

I think that we ought to pay tribute to forebears, who make it easier for us to do something with our lives. Praise of ancestry is usually snobbish, but in our case pride goes with gratitude for congenital health of body and mind.

We are all familiar with the boon which we have in being descended from Thomas Fowell Buxton, the Liberator. I ought to add the Gurneys, who produced Elizabeth Fry, and T.F.B's. wife, Hannah. Also on my father's side I feel indebted to the long line of ~~puritanical~~ plain-living Buxtons who lived at Coggleshall in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Several other ancestors have done us a good turn, showing great spirit, and what some would vulgarly call "guts". My mother's grandfather, Lord Roden, was head of the Orangemen and got into trouble for his faith. Her great-grandfather, Sir Charles Middleton, who became Lord Barham, was made Minister for the Navy by Pitt, when already over eighty years old. He had been head of the Admiralty and, as Minister, he planned the Battle of Trafalgar. Another ancestor of hers was Sir Baptist Hicks, the prosperous Cotswold clothmaker, who built the great house at Campden and shortly afterwards, when Cromwell's troops were approaching, burnt it down to prevent it becoming their headquarters.

But above all we are indebted to the Liberator. We may have been philanthropist, politician, reformer, few if any have been at the same time sportsman & ardent fisherman.

Sunday

ENTERPRISE.

On the title page of the Liberator's Life is one of his sayings, exhorting to energy. I wish I had followed his advice, especially in regard to enterprise. I have no excuse, because Edie was always reminding us to be enterprizing. I regret now that I did not think more of enterprise, as opposed to reason and caution, in many things: e.g. travelling with Ramsay Macdonald, who invited me several times; travelling with Bryce in Macedonia; and with Sir John Harris in Africa; going as Chairman to the Pacific Countries Institute when it met in China; and, perhaps most, declining the Governorship of New Zealand. This occurred six months after the formation of the Labour Government in 1929. It seemed at the time more important to remain in the Cabinet, but difficulties there proved very great, and I soon afterwards accepted the Governorship of Australia. But in the end the Labour Government there decided to appoint the Australian Chief Justice, so nobody was sent out, and Ramsay expressed his regret that his offer had come to nothing.

In all these things I was deterred, I suppose, by love of order and routine, and by a certain amount of laziness, but I think that some unreasoning enterprise would have been better. Let my descendants be warned by my mistake.

Duplicate Copy

FUN

I was criticised by my sisters for being so fond of joking that I gave no impression of being (to strangers) of holding serious views. Perhaos this defect arose from being in my own opinion extremely dull and from wishing to be less so. To redeem myself I sometimes indulged in the humble art of parody. Here is a sample, whoch serves also to record the verbiage of early life at Warlies. I al also pleased with some of my limericks, and submit the following:

MARLY'S BIRTHDAY

Stern daughter of a sterner sire,
O Marly, if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a fire
To rouse the Warlies family and reprove;
Thou who art Victory and Law,
When empty terrors overawe,
From strong depressions dost set free
And calmest frenzied nights of foul anxiety.

I, cataleptic and half blind,
A sport of every random gust,
And, being to myself unkind,
Too little have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in mine ear I heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task of pickier walks to stray,
But now I fain would serve more stumly if I may.

By no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought;
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the trembly ags of thought
Me this ragassing carcase tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires,
My corpse no more must change its name,
I long for livid bliss which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver ! Yet thou dost wear
Our mother's most benignant grace;
Nor is there anything more fair
Than is the smile upon thy face.
Bozzoos spring before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost redeem even ags from wrong,
And the most ancient picks by thee are fresh andstrong.

To humbler functions, awful Power,
I call thee; I myself commend
Into thy keeping from this hour;
O let my stumness have an end.
Give unto me more birthday teas,
And frenzied talk of old Warlies.
The spirit of our parents give
And in thy saintly flat thy Bozzoo let me live.

Sundries

Social Progress

I have been lucky in seeing enormous advance in the standard of life and comfort of the poorer classes, and especially fortunate in the privilege of taking part in the legislation concerned. When I began work in 1890 there seemed hardly a possibility of altering the appalling slum condition, the high death rate, the drunkenness, total want of provision for treatment of sickness, or removal of the dismal prospect of the workhouse for the years when people are past earning their living. Reform was brought about by the rise of trade unionism and the sagacious altruism of pioneers led by Canon Barnett, who influenced the difficult leaders. I think it was due as much to the idea of social settlements as of anything else which led the country out of the abyss. The idea of knowing the facts and people by living among them ~~w~~ had much greater weight than the rather patronizing theory of the public spirit led by Shaftesbury. Such a thing as the Old Age Pension seemed so remote that even Barnett himself was opposed to it. But by the time I myself voted for it, he had adopted the more optimistic view of its value. Beveridge, who now leads opinion so far further, was Barnett's pupil at Toynbee, and I remember going round the East End

with him when he was a young Civil servant who wanted to enquire into the possibility of Employment Exchanges. The Labour Party is quite right to want more progress, but we ought not to forget what we owe to Liberalism in its best days, and I am glad that Attlee expresses our indebtedness.

Principles

Life is especially difficult for anyone who has not a regular job regulated by some authority, and leaving no freedom to stay away from it when inclined. It then ought to become a guiding principle to work at least as much as would justify the cost of one's life in regard to national resources. That is difficult to estimate, and the safest rule is to aim at contributing as much work as you can.

Mussolini

He sent me a message through Villari that he would welcome a visit from me. I felt it wrong to accept his hospitality without speaking for my fellow Socialists who were his victims. But I might have seen him and brought this in. I dreaded, however, that my seeing him would damage me in the eyes of the Labour Party, as Sidney Webb had been blamed for a similar visit. I think I ought to have been more enterprising.

PAYCOCKS.

Paycocks and the taste for old houses which it created in me has been a distinct factor in my life. It has added greatly to my pleasure and, I hope, to my education. It used up a good deal of money, but there is hardly any expenditure to which I look back with more satisfaction, and if I had to claim that anything in my life had been of definite public use, I should quote my saving of Paycocks as the only quite certain piece of evidence. One may have taken part in useful actions, but generally they would have the problem of someone else if one had not been on the scene. But Paycocks is a national asset, which would not have been saved by anybody else, so I had a stroke of luck.

It came to pass through the appearance of a book on Coggleshall by Mr. Beaumont, the local solicitor and a keen archaeologist, in the 80nineties. This, combined with my interest in the Liberator, roused a desire to see his country, and I got up a riding party of three days duration, in which we slept at Coggleshall and visited also Earls Colne,and Headingham Castle where the Liberator was born.

Some years afterwards Mr. Beaumont wrote to my father that Paycocks, which was the Buxton house for many generations, was threatened with destruction.

A millionaire was in the market in order to secure the carving for his new mansion; would my father save it ? He took no special interest, having quite enough land and houses to look after, and passed the suggestion on to me. Not having married, I could afford the luxury of buying what had become tumbledown cottages and was going fairly cheap. My uncle, Louis Buxton, who was the family genealogist, encouraged me, having already discovered family records about the old house which may be read in his volume "The Buxtons of Coggleshall".

The next question was what to do to the house, and who should live in it. Happily Conrad Noel was at the time needing somewhere to live, and write books, so that by great good fortune he and Miriam were there to enjoy the house and put it in order.

As to the building, countless accounts of it have appeared in architectural books and magazines, and I will not compete with the descriptions of the expert. I was ill qualified to handle such an important aesthetic problem, and I called in various architects, including those of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Some of them held the orthodox view that not a finger should be lifted to alter an old building, however mutilated it had been. Others, including Sir Edward Lutyens, were, I could see,

doubtful whether a Gothic timber front, which had been outrageously georgeanized, while still retaining the carved plate of the Gothic overhang, ought to be left, or the Georgian removed and the original perfection, which was so easily within reach, should be again displayed. If I did the latter I had to face the charge of perpetrating restoration. I decided to do so, and incurred some severe attacks, e.g. those of Lawrence Weaver, whose works contained such a delightful account and pictures of the house.

Of course experts would feel bound to show themselves orthodox about the wickedness of restoration, while at the same time feeling delighted that I had perpetrated it, because of the pleasure which the restored front gave them.

We began by taking off the paint from the richly carved beams and joists of the ceiling of the hall. Then we pulled out the cottage fireplaces which had been built into the old open hearths. I came in for the fun of some of this excavation and exposure of the old work, but could not be there much, and the Noels had most of the fun. The most thrilling letter I ever had from Conrad was his description of the discoveries in the great fireplace in the panelled room. After this we all felt we must face the problem

of the defaced front. As the house was entirely timber and plaster it was possible to strip the plaster and, if necessary, put it back. The plaster had been, in any case, a temporary affair. When this was done, the front presented an extraordinary mixture; the old windows each side of the tall narrower Georgian windows which had replaced them. A very lovely carved pattern along the plate under the projection was also exposed, and one could estimate exactly what the restored front would look like.

In various parts of the house we had found pieces of the mullions etc. of the original windows, which had projected like oriel windows, expecially the great windows under the projection of the upper floor. Some of the original moulded jambs at the side of the windows were also intact under the plaster. It would have been distressing to hide all this by replacing the plaster as it had been. It had also hidden the massive studs with lovely herring bone brick between them, but still I would have followed the advice of the Ancient Building Society if it had not been for some overwhelming considerations. Firstly, while respecting the experts, we felt that the artistic and historic education afforded by the Gothic front was more important than mere archaeology. Secondly, there

happened to be in Coggleshall a noted wood worker named Beckwith - a man of great taste and craftsmanship - who was ready and eager to do the work at the most moderate cost, and who had large stacks of old oak suited to the purpose. He alone was entitled to much more authority than I had myself. We knew, from pieces used as patchwork in the house and from what remains in the wall, the exact form of every detail down to the shape of the slender columns which stood against the main posts facing the street.

If anyone holds that restoration can never be excused, let him go and look at Paycocks, and assert that such a lovely display of Gothic timber-work is of no value to the world.

Soon after I acquired the house the National Trust asked if I would give it to them, and probably they would have left it unrestored, but it would never have had the public notoriety which it has received, and I was not inclined to part with it. In 1924, when no particular friends could live there, and we ourselves had to live in London, I was very glad that the National Trust accepted it, and their possession of it has made it better known, which is most gratifying. Meanwhile my possession of it had led to its being occupied by the historian, Eileen Power, for summer holidays, and this led to her book "The Paycocks of Coggleshall" and to her

various works on the mediaeval weavers, Paycocks having built the house out of his profits in the great days of the weaving industry.

My enjoyment of Paycocks naturally led me to a keen interest in old houses, and especially early timber building, and I have been lucky enough to indulge this pleasure in some other cases, of course unimportant compared with Paycocks, but I can never find myself under heavy beams and joists without a peculiar sense of contentment, which I cannot quite explain, but which arises either from the feeling of the simplicity, honesty and solidarity of the work, and there is also the indefinable attraction of antiquity, of the feeling that these things have witnessed the great events of many centuries of history.

I remember inviting Conrad to choose the word which best gave the essence of the merit of such work, and he chose the term "integrity". I would add the quality of generosity, because these old beams are generally far more massive and strong than was necessary for their purpose, and you often find very beautiful carving in positions where it could hardly be seen or enjoyed by the human eye, just as you so often find on the roofs of churches.

HEALTH.

A doctor tells me mankind is in two classes - high pressure, which means a short life and merry, and low pressure, which means a long life and sad. My pressure is extremely low, so I prove the aphorism wrong.

I have some interesting experience to record about health. I have been extremely fortunate, and probably far above the average, in freedom from illness or pain since my trouble with rheumatism in early life. I put this down to two special causes; osteopathy, and Christian teaching.

OSTEOPATHY.

I had a painful experience between the age of twenty-five and forty. In 1904 I was vainly occupied in trying to get rid of rheumatics, which includes neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, etc., at Harrogate, Woodhall Spa, and finally Wildbad, where Leland kept me company.

In 1909 it was most urgent to be busy with the approaching vacancy in the North Norfolk Division, but in the summer I was seized with a very bad attack - one of those which suddenly make you rigid with pain, perhaps

while crossing the street. I made for Droitwich, and was hardly able to get out of the train on arrival. Next day I could just get to the baths which the doctor ordered, but became unable to move, and when C.R.B. kindly came down to me I was stuck in bed, groaning at intervals with sciatica.

By chance Mother's friend, Lady Isabel Margesson, heard of me as she lived nearby, and she begged me to see the Birmingham osteopath, Dr. Pheils. I feared quacks, and begged her to leave me alone, but she sent him down, and he burst in, looking ultra-American in a top hat, accompanied by the hotel porter, whom he at once adjured "Now, porter, pin him down". In a minute I could see that he was getting at the spot. He came over daily working at me for an hour, and finally had me moved to the hotel at Birmingham for further treatment.

While there, by the way, Gore, who was Bishop of Birmingham, came to see me. The battle with the Lords over the budget was on, and he told me he prayed that they would throw it out and bring the issue to a crisis. I was cured enough to go to Cromer exactly in time for the meeting of the Selection Committee.

The theory of osteopathy appealed to as much as the practice, and I did something afterwards for the

status of its professors by speeches in Parliament. I have never again had serious rheumatic trouble, and many people have benefitted as the result of my information.

A further interesting experience was the intense antagonism I found in doctors. Here I heartily agree with Bernard Shaw. Enough to speak of a case where a doctor had said that the life of a child closely related to me was in danger, if not left in his charge with a special nurse. This doctor, on hearing that I had consulted osteopaths, threw up the case at an hour's notice.

HEALTH THROUGH THOUGHT.

I use this description because I do not mean Christian Science, or Higher Thought, or Christian Faith Healing in a conventional sense. I was driven to think a lot about these things by the rheumatic trouble, and had much experience of treatment and lectures. I could not wholly agree with any school, but a big residual remained. I got most help through Dorothy, who kept me company at Bath in 1908.

I have been a loyal member of the Guild of Health for nearly forty years. It appealed to my sense of balance. It is a useful reminder though unexciting. I owe it much, though I have been half-hearted. I should have been more drawn to mystical views, but I could not deny the value of surgery, drugs, etc., and above all osteopathy, but most people ignore the other side. When we are ill we can think only of the physical.

I am convinced of the great influence of mind, and that some meaning must be attached to the view of health displayed in the Gospels and the Epistles. Undoubtedly in other ages Christian Faith has had great influence on health. This age of science makes its influence difficult. We tend to forget this, and membership of a body like the Guild of Health keeps me from forgetting entirely. We should cultivate health through thought when well all the more, because when ill it is too difficult. Thought is a preventive, and I owe it a deep debt, though I do no more than bring it into daily prayers.

STROKES OF LUCK.

I am often thankful that I was not the eldest son. I should never have been able to follow my taste in houses or furniture; to make gardens, or choose pictures.

We all have another piece of luck in the good stuff we inherit from ancestors. On Father's side a very long line of steady rather puritanical people, while anyone descended from a family which was rich before about 1820 has to contend with the result of excessive drinking of port and of over-eating. Lord North, when eating a small dinner before making his farewell speech in the Lords, is known to have had thirteen courses, eight of them meat.

We also have some forebears who should have bequeathed to us a good share of guts; particularly the Liberator, and Barham, and Great-Grandfather Roden.

Another stroke of luck for me was in having my attention called to the view of Uncle Charles upon the way to be happy. So many people live on grievances and envies. His advice was, when tempted to think about those better off, to think about those worse off. That should be a consolation in all grievances, which are none of them intolerable unless they include physical pain.

I feel it lucky for me that I have property which connects with the parents. Upshire is full of associations with them, and Colne Cottage, which was specially beloved

by both of them, and also keeps us in touch with other generations back to the Liberator.

ANIMALS.

Father seems to have brought his older children up on animals more than the younger. Probably he was naturally less interested in dogs and horses when he grew older. I remember his excitement when he first went to Humbie and brought back a retriever puppy. This dog, whom he named Humbie, became the animal of which I have been most fond in my whole life. He was the pup of a Russian retriever, which had a long grey coat. But Humbie was red and smooth coated. This was the only time when I ever did some work at training a retriever, and it can only have been in school holidays, so naturally the result was decidedly imperfect. He was the successor of Father's dog, Rome, who was famous for his love of gooseberries, which he picked off the bushes regardless of the thorns. Humbie had tremendous spirit and was famous at Cromer for pugnacity. Old Richard Hoare said he enquired why all the dogs in Cromer had one ear longer than the other, and was told that my dog was responsible for stretching them out. He inspired great affection, and I confess that in time of depression I have found my chief consolation in sitting with my arms round his neck, which was easy on a low armchair, as he was a tall upstanding dog. He was as fast as a greyhound, and could catch a rabbit in a furrow of a field of roots.

Other notable dogs have been Mother's favourite pug, Sambo, and a mongrel terrier, Jack, which had belonged to Fred Searle. In later times, of all the dogs we have had at the Bury, Rufus's red cocker, Watcher, was the most perfect.

FAMILY.

Of course I realize my great good fortune in family life, and I have been extra lucky to have it combined with such perfect places as the Bury and Colne Cottage.

The children have had the advantage of an extremely gifted mother. She always possessed extraordinary charm, and she grew to display amazing energy. I might never have heard of her if she had not made a marked impression on an old friend of mine, Miss Anne Richardson, and on Minnie Buxton. Some of her powers seem super-human. She can go for months without any exercise at all, and then suddenly display athletic endurance which others would find needed long training. She can do a difficult thing without any practice. Miss Brickdale started to teach her to paint, beginning with a rose. The painting was so good that Miss Brickdale found it useless to attempt any further teaching.

When she took to public speaking she seemed not even conscious of any qualm, such as even Mrs. Pankhurst must have felt, and she had all the arts of the repartee and the purple patch which in everyone else requires prolonged practice.

Having never travelled except in her own large car, she suddenly took to the life of a daily breader in its hardest form, starting in the dark, constantly standing

in the train all the way to London, for want of a seat; though shortly before it was a trial even to travel by train at all in a first-class carriage. She seems to enjoy a longer day than people in business, or the Civil Service, not seeing her place of abode in daylight either morning or evening.

Happily her children seem to inherit a good share of these powers. They have the immense merit of knowing what they like, of not imitating other people's likes, and of not being hampered by shyness. Rufus inherited another of his mother's gifts, namely, that of a poet, and he also won the Shakespeare medal at Harrow.

It would be invidious to specify details connected with one of the family or another. I think my most vivid sense of happy recollections includes wheeling Rufus in Hyde Park in his pram, seeing him get prizes at Speech Day at Harrow; Chris playing cricket, and going about with a jackdaw on his shoulder, and hearing of his taking a dog to his rooms at Trinity, evading the rules by concealing the dog in a suitcase; Mick charging through the plantations at Bury on a bicycle and trying to get off going back to school by charging through wire netting in order to hurt himself badly; Lol running the dog shows at Cromer; Jane threatening to disappear for ever if I did not buy for her a pony whose name she spelt "Pickols"; and Sally doing action songs.

SPORT.

Father wanted us to grow up sporting, and would, I think, have liked us to go into business, combining it with public work, on lines of family tradition; but we all broke away in course of time except Tor, who remained sporting to the last. I was extremely keen till about twenty-five, and then he was very sad that I no longer joined him in his beloved Norfolk partridge shooting. He tried in vain to point out that we had a duty to partridges. He paid tribute to the idea of humanity, though he did not doubt that the cruelty involved in sport was justified. For instance, we were always to stun the worms before we put them on the hook; always to kill the fish; carefully to kill wounded game, and work hard with the dog till a running partridge was recovered. We learnt a lot socially from shooting and hunting. We also cultivated management and knowledge of animals; the care of guns and tackle. Fishing roused us to get up early, and we were keen to study sporting books.

I think as education hunting has the most value. Nothing else calls out so much quickness of choice, or so much independence. You are left to your own resources in a peculiar degree, quite apart from the need of

courage and guts, which would equally be learnt from drag hunting, or steeple chasing.

I wonder now that sporting men are not put off by the artificiality of firearms; hawking should appeal so much more to the primitive hunting instinct which alone excuses inhumanity.

I used to be astonished at the callousness of people watching a fox dug out to meet his very ugly end without even a run. Even as to fishing, the writings of Williamson might well evoke as much sympathy with the salmon as to remove the pleasure of playing him.

I think the best hunting we did was from London in the days when Connie rode Lobengula. She was a lovely rider and free from nervousness to a dangerous extent. She never bothered to see whether she was jumping into a bog. As to myself, most of my hunting was done on Essex, another horse bred by Father and a grand jumper, but he hardly gave me the best chance because he would never jump without bolting at the fence. After him I had three horses which I bought in succession, but the best horse I ever enjoyed was Tor's chestnut mare, Dorothy. The most break-neck run I ever knew was on Dorothy with the Surrey Staghounds, when staying at Rowfant.

When C.R.B. and I took to humane ideas we encouraged the local drag hunt, and arranged a splendid course all round Father's land. The hunting people were disgusted.

F.

MONEY.

Father thought fit to give me more than my younger brothers, and much more than I required at the time, so the disposal of income was a problem while still in my twenties; in fact as soon as I had paid off the debt which Father imposed on the shares in Truman's which he transferred to me.

The Christian Social Union gave me a view to work upon; the view that we are trustees; that we of the well-to-do cost immensely more than the average; that the solution is to work hard. One cannot reconcile the glaring contrast of wealth with any ideal. My salary was absurdly high by any rational standard. I felt urged to hand over capital to a Trust, regarding unearned income as an endowment for unpaid work. Friends dissuaded me, urging caution in view of marriage, etc., and I am glad that I formed a Trust for public purposes, though at times it has led to anxious situations. It has done a great deal of good through more deliberate choice of objects, and to giving larger sums than I should otherwise have given. No doubt if the income had remained my own I might have been more open-handed in personal ways, and enjoyed the pleasure of being so, but the general advantage was great.

Perhaps I have been too much influenced by Father's

insistence on detailed accounts. I was amazed to find an account book of exact detail which I kept at Cambridge, but if I became over pernickety I did also enjoy large gifts.

Compared with the rich people who seem to get no pleasure from generosity, I did get a kick from forming the Trust, saving life in the Balkans, promoting freedom in Armenia, giving large sums to the Labour cause, financing elections, and presenting cigarettes to the entire Bulgarian Army (over 400,000 men) during the Balkan War.

The only opportunity of doing something for the family which seemed available in former days was when mother was so fond of being on the water. When she was on the Riviera I arranged to charter a yacht and have always deplored that she was not well enough to rise to the plan.

NOTABLES.

It is interesting if one is connected with people who have met historic figures; so I may as well mention some of the notable people I have met.

Naturally I had contact with several Prime Ministers. I never saw Disraeli, but I saw Gladstone and heard him speak. He was very old and sat speaking with a low voice, but very impressive. It was a meeting for a memorial to a famous doctor, who had attended him. Salisbury I shook hands with several times when we went to parties at the Foreign Office. Balfour was the Premier I knew best, because I stayed at his house, being a friends of his relations who spent their holidays with him. I won't repeat what the books say about him, but I should like to praise him as a host. He was charming and good-natured, and quite free and easy at a picnic. Campbell-Bannerman was a dear old fellow.

Owing to my friendship with Balfour relations, I once did a very unusual thing. There were always great official evening parties on the eve of the session. Having attended the Liberal party to meet C-B. in Belgrave Square, I went on to the Tory party in Downing Street to meet Balfour.

Taking Prime Ministers I have known in their order, Salisbury was the first, but he hardly counts because I only shook hands with him at Foreign Office parties to which I was invited as the son of a Unionist. Rosebery I met later. I need not say more than appears in a former chapter, except that my view of him was confirmed during the Great War when I had been seeing L.G. at Downing Street on Balkan policy. As I came out I passed a deputation waiting to see L.G. next, and noticed Lord Rosebery. I asked the door-keeper what the deputation was about, and was sorry to learn that its object was to ask permission for more horse racing. Campbell-Bannerman is the next, and I am glad that I admired him, as already described, because I seem too apt to criticize when I come on to Asquith. I had better say no more, because he had great merits, but it was rather characteristic, when a friend of mine went to him about pushing the Home Rule Bill, and Asquith replied "the gas is gone out of that balloon".

Lloyd George, whom I have told you about, was at one time my hero, but fell from his pedestal after the Versailles Conference.

Bonar Law was a strange, dry personality. On the Irish question he seemed quite inhuman, but when he dined with me at the Balkan dinner I thought him simple and straightforward. Also he gave me a perfectly magnificent cigar. About

Macdonald I have said enough, and then we come to Baldwin. He was so attractive to me, with his air of philosophy combined with his unintellectualness, that I cannot believe that he was not as honest and keen on the League of Nations as he professed, but I don't know how to excuse his taking the country in about preparation for war. Neville Chamberlain was a dry personality. I hardly knew him, but after Munich I told him of a letter received from a German about him, and he wrote me saying that he thought Hitler meant well. I liked him better when I sat by him at a lunch, and he told me about his father's orchids which, he said, were all known by pet names. I have never cultivated Churchill and I have only one personal contact to report. He said to me when we were talking in the House of Commons waiting room that he was the only candidate who had ever induced a Buxton to vote Conservative.

A more famous figure than some Prime Ministers was Chamberlain's father, Joe. I was in the House with him and heard him speak, but he was past his prime. This may interest you, just as it interests to know that my father was in the House with Lord Palmerston.

Other great figures you may read of and whom I may have met included Archbishops Benson, Davidson, Lang and Temple; Sir Oliver Lodge; the poet Henry Newbolt and

Robert Louis Stevenson who was passing through Auckland, New Zealand, on his way to Samoa in 1893 and called on Sir George Grey when I was with him at the Auckland Club; also, perhaps the greatest of all these great men, Robert Browning. It was at a party of Dr. Butler's at the Master's Lodge, but I was not old enough to appreciate the great man fully, but I have a very nice impression of him as a short, rather fat, bearded, comfortable man, very kind to a speechless undergraduate.

Another class of notables is that of Royalties. My descendants may be interested to hear of some whom I have not. Even if individual kings may be dull personalities, they are so important that most people are interested in them.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was the first whom I ran up against. In the Balkans it was customary for the very few travellers who went there forty years ago to get interviews with the leaders of these little states, and also with their prime ministers, and these dignitaries were so out of the world that they were apparently glad to see anyone from the West. After we had done service to the Bulgarians by the relief work of 1903, Ferdinand singled me out at a great Government party at the Palace at Sofia and we talked a long time, while he seldom gave other people more than a word. This wily man had an ingratiating manner and cultivated a very friendly impression. Not long afterwards he came to London and called at Rutland Gate. I was not in, but he let me know that he wished to confer a Bulgarian Order on me. A good many people accepted these foreign orders, and enjoyed wearing them at functions in London. I offended Ferdinand by not accepting the Order. I thought that one might need to criticize a state, even if one was on its side in a main controversy, and that if one

had accepted a favour one would be handicapped in expressing impartial opinion. Years afterwards the King's Chef de Cabinet told me that he had never forgiven me. I saw him several times at Sofia, and the last occasion was one of extreme interest. It was when I went for Lloyd George during the War. Both sides were angling for Bulgaria, and the King was looking to see which one would suit him best. He had refused to see any foreign representatives, but he thought that he had better see C.R.B. and me. He began by saying that he was a confirmed neutral, and was keeping out of the contest. He said, "Je suis comme dans un petit cocon, mais vous avez forcé le consigne". He was fond of money and might have been bought by the Allies. It would have been interesting if Lloyd George's commission to me to spend any money that I named in the Balkan States had not been suppressed by Sir Edward Grey.

Another king whom I saw in the ordinary course of travels was King Peter of Serbia. One felt that he keenly enjoyed his grandeur, his near ancestor having been a swineherd, and his accession having resulted from the murder of the rival dynasty, represented by King Alexander. I liked better his son Alexander, with whom C.R.B. and I had a talk when he was with the Serbian army, at that time driving the Austrian troops out of

North Serbia. This was the man who was assassinated in France years later.

When the Macedonian question was at its height, King George of Greece came to London. He was a nice man and a brother of Queen Alexandra. He sent me word to come and see him at the Greek Legation, where a party was to be given. To the disgust of the Greek guests, I was ushered into his private room, and he gave me most of the time. He wanted to denounce Bulgarian claims in Macedonia, and gave me quite a lecture on the error of my ways in favouring that claim.

During the Balkan Mission, I had to see the next Greek King, Constantine; this was with C.R.B. on our way home. The interesting thing about this was that he made it an occasion to belittle his Prime Minister, Venizelos. We had not then met the latter, and as we entered the Palace we saw a man sitting in the entrance hall, who had come to keep an appointment. When we left the King, a long time later, this man was still sitting there, and it proved to be Venizelos himself.

Queen Marie of Roumania, a friend of my brother Harold in later years, sent for C.R.B. and me when we came out of hospital at Bucharest. She was very frank about the old King and Queen, whom she evidently disliked. She was well-known as a gifted and beautiful creature, with a personality, and a great gift for publicity, but

what we learnt at the interview was that she was also very amusing. This was chiefly at the expense of King Ferdinand, who of course was very important to us. She improved my impression of him by describing how good he was at making fun of himself, expecially on the subject of what he called his elephantine nose. The Roumanians did not like the Committee; but, the notorious Marie was very friendly to me, when she came to London and Lady Astor gave a party for her.

Among agreeable recollections are those of King Boris, who was the only royalty to behave quite like a friend. We had a nice afternoon with him at his palace on the Black Sea, in 1923, and lunched with him and his sisters and liked him much better than his father. When he came to London, he asked me to see him at the Ritz, and I took Rufus, who stayed with the secretary outside the King's room during our talk. He was charming to R. when we emerged, and I hoped that he would have proved to have liked the King, as it would make an incident for him to remember. He, being then about eight years old, told me that he had had a splendid time, and the reason was that,while I was with the King, the secretary had been sick. I think that Boris' father, Foxy Ferdinand, had perhaps more humour than his son. When Leland and I saw him in 1904, Leland apologized for his clothes, and Ferdinand consoled him

with the words, "You are exquis."

I don't remember anything else about royalties until the Labour Government came into power. Then each Minister had an interview at the Palace with George V. He was very friendly on the Norfolk neighbour lines. Dick Buxton had been shooting with him. He got on to the Farm Labourers' Union, and George Edwards, the farm labourers' leader, whom he had met. He spoke against legislating on farm wages, which was most unconstitutional on his part, and rather awkward, as it was my job to do this very thing. But, after I had committed the offence by getting the Bill through the House, the subject happily did not arise again when we next met. I think that this was when he was at the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, and it was my business to attend him. We talked together in the middle of the arena, while some trial was going on, and had a leisurely chat. I was concerned about wholemeal flour, and thought of bringing it to public attention by sending a loaf to the King and Queen. I found that he was quite keen about it, except that it did not make good toast. Then we talked about humane killing, and he was enthusiastic about it. He said that the opponents of humane killing were absurd to use the argument of the danger of flying

bullets, which were said to have once killed a boy. He broke out in his vehement way with the exclamation, "only one boy !" The tone of voice was as if it had been one rat. The King was in good form at the competition of moving a heavily loaded van from a stationary position. He was to have a private demonstration, I forget how many tons it was. We watched the tremendous efforts made by the horse for perhaps twenty seconds. Then the King's humane instincts got the better of him, and he hastily ordered "stop it".

I had two very nice talks with Edward VIII. One was at the Agricultural Hall, when we lunched together, and the other was on Armistice Day, when the Cabinet was asked by Queen Mary to meet her in the room which she occupied to watch the service just below. After I had talked with her, Edward chatted about his father, who was ill, and I expressed the hope that he would soon be well enough to shoot. Some paper had said that he used a twelve bore hammer gun, now long out of fashion, and I told him that I had my father's gun of the same type still in use. He said that the papers were correct, but that his father used a sixteen bore since his illness.

At another agricultural function the Duke of York, now George VI, was present; not easy to talk to, but the Duchess, now queen, was very agreeable and we got on to Herbert Ogilvie, I remember, they having been neighbours

in Scotland. In 1941, the Duke having become George VI, had me summoned to a Privy Council meeting, which means four or five Privy Counsellors. I was the senior, and therefore went into the room first. Knowing his reticence, I was quite surprised when he greeted me very warmly with "It is a long time since I have seen you." But certainly the most interesting personal relation I can record was with Queen Mary. She and George V. proved to be interested in the connection of my grandmother with Queen Victoria. When I first became a Minister, Queen Mary, at a Buckingham Palace garden party, as we spoke to her in the queue of hundreds who were brought to her, said that Lucy and I must go to Windsor to see my grannie's portraits, one of which the Prince Consort had had copied and given to her. We neglected to follow this up, and when I was again in office, five years later, Queen Mary said at once when we met that we ought to have been. She really had an extraordinary power of memory. It seemed a miracle that she should connect people whom she saw at long intervals with particular associations. We went to Windsor and found there were several of the pictures, notably in a group showing Queen Victoria meeting King Louis Philippe

but oddly enough there was a larger scale portrait of my grannie alone in the King's private study. I could not think why. The Queen sent me a photograph of this picture.

ACHIEVEMENTS.

C.R.B. and I once discussed the question whether one could hope to have done any good. I said I liked to credit myself with two definite things; one was the Agricultural Wages Bill of 1924, and the other was the preservation of Paycocks. I might add my Charity Trust. He said that he would think rather of having stirred other people to new force and interests, and certainly he could credit himself with a great deal in that way, if he had cared to think of his own credit at all. As to me, he thought I could add to my list the preservation of many lives of Balkan inhabitants. I would indulge my vanity by confessing that I think of other things which would not have been equally done by anyone else. I am quite proud of the garden planting, especially the miniature landscape making which I have done at the Pightle, Colne Cottage, and landscape gardening at the Bury. Also the planting in Warlies Park which my father did at my suggestion. Much more important than this I count the republication of the Liberator's Memoir, and if I am lucky I shall be able to add the new Memoir which I now hope to bring about.

FOREBEARS

I think that we ought to pay tribute to forebears, who make it easier for us to do something with our lives. Praise of ancestry is usually snobbish, but in our case pride goes with gratitude for congenital health of body and mind.

We are all familiar with the boon which we have in being descended from Thomas Fowell Buxton, the Liberator. I ought to add the Gurneys, who produced Elizabeth Fry, and T.F.B's. wife, Hannah. Also on my father's side I feel indebted to the long line of puritanical Buxtons who lived at Coggleshall in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Several other ancestors have done us a good turn, showing great spirit, and what some would vulgarly call guts. My mother's grandfather,Roden, was head of the Orangemen and got into trouble for his faith. Her great-grandfather, Sir Charles Middleton, who became Lord Barham, was made Minister for the Navy by Pitt,when already over eighty years old. He had been head of the Admiralty and, as Minister, he planned the Battle of Trafalgar. Another ancestor of hers was Sir Baptist Hicks, the prosperous Cotswold clothmaker, who built the great house at Campden and shortly afterwards, when Cromwell's troops were approaching, burnt it down to prevent it becoming their headquarters.

ENTERPRISE.

On the title page of the Liberator's Life is one of his sayings, exhorting to energy. I wish I had followed his advice, especially in regard to enterprise. I have no excuse because Edie was always reminding us to be enterprizing. I regret now that I did not think more of enterprise,as opposed to reason and caution, in many things: e.g. travelling with Ramsay Macdonald, who invited me several times; travelling with Bryce in Macedonia; and with Sir John Harris in Africa; going as Chairman to the Pacific Countries Institute when it met in China; and, perhaps most, declining the Governorship of New Zealand. This occurred six months after the formation of the Labour Government in 1929. It seemed at the time more important to remain in the Cabinet, but difficulties there proved very great, and I soon afterwards accepted the Governorship of Australia. But in the end the Labour Government there decided to appoint the Chief Justice, so nobody was sent out, and Ramsay expressed his regret that his offer had come to nothing.

In all these things I was deterred, I suppose, by love of order and routine, and by a certain amount of laziness, but I think that some unreasoning enterprise would have been better. Let my descendants be warned by my mistake.