

Among Prime Ministers (5a) Whole (not auto)  
Knew Ramsey J. R. M. hardly as best as they could  
Dignitary under the banner, as his Chief in 1914

I should like to give my impressions of J. R. M by speaking of his qualities, but I am met with the puzzling mystery of his character, and feel beaten in the attempt to describe him as I would describe others whom I have known. Failing the usual approach, I can do no more than put down some recollections of miscellaneous events.

I saw him first in 1900 when Charles Masterman, who induced some of us to join him in writing a book called The Heart of the Empire, invited J. R. M to meet us at dinner. I was a budding Liberal candidate at the time, and I remember keenly the shock which it gave me to find him launch into bitter criticism of my particular Liberal heroes - men whom I thought distinguished among Liberals by a special concern for the workers' welfare. The apparent unawareness of his hearers' sympathies seemed to me something exceptional. I wondered if it was indifference to their feelings.

In another very long paragraph about Ramsey Mac Donald. Buxton writes: -  
~~A few years later we were in Parliament together, in January 1910~~

and "It was thrilling to feel that in him we younger radicals of the very left Liberal wing had a model to our taste. Then it was that his personality impressed me deeply. Was it largely his appearance? Certainly his looks and his style in general made me earnestly desire his friendship, and I felt that the influence he might wield might be superb. Something romantic attached to his being. - - -"

Somewhere during the period between that date and the war, I invited a number of friends to meet at dinner at the House the well-known American religious leader, Mr. Mott. Mott gave an address, and it seemed to me one to rouse a religious interest. As my guests said goodnight,

Done

to Japan, and did another record in climbing Fuji earlier than any recorded climb.

The Japanese never ascended the mountain until the priests had made arrangements for pilgrims when the snow had gone in July. Therefore when we went up in April, our coolies refused to come further than a hut where we sheltered during a typhoon.

There were still many thousand feet of snow, and from the top we glissaded down the other side of the mountain, so that we never returned to the village from which we had started. Soon afterwards Japanese papers had an account of the <sup>foreigners</sup> ~~Britishers~~ who had ignored the warnings and dared the spirits of the mountain. They had perished in the typhoon and it served them right. They were presumed to be British because that people had a taste for foolishly running into danger.

I count Japan as having influenced me in two important respects. Firstly, aesthetic appreciation, and secondly, humanitarian views. Japan was not then modernized. The buildings harmonized amazingly with the very lovely landscape, and this made a background for the universal practice of ornamenting every house by some flower or flowering shrub placed with extreme care in the right place. Even the humblest houses also ornamented a room with one scroll picture; never more than one to each room,

*Balkans  
or formative influences*

Look up

JAMES BRYCE

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

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

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

## NORFOLK ELECTIONS

I had seven elections <sup>campaigns</sup> in North Norfolk ~~election~~ campaigns, and Lucy afterwards had two. In the earlier elections a good deal of rowdyism still survived, much more so than in other parts of the country. It is curious that the feeling against Liberals in the early days was even hotter than against Labour in the period after the war. At Holt the toughs used to scatter pepper which was an excellent way of destroying the dignity of the <sup>sneering</sup> speaker. Once driving through Holt one <sup>a</sup> winter's night a sudden crash and fall of the broken window into the car witnessed the good shot made by a Tory youth with a brick.

After the victory in December 1910 when the car was dragged into Cromer by supporters as we approached from Sheringham, the Tory mob, which was the largest element in Cromer, kept up a magnificent bombardment with stones and lumps of turf from the roadside. These were aimed at the car on the principle of a mortar gun, passing over the heads of supporters and falling on the open car. Rotten eggs were deftly dropped on to us in this manner, and Connie's fur coat remained yellow for a long period afterwards. I rather suspect that this bombardment was instigated by Lucy, <sup>as I heard that</sup> ~~and carried out by the agency of her brother~~, she being <sup>her</sup> ~~then~~ a leader of a movement called N.N.N.N. signifying "No Noels for North Norfolk."

Afterwards in married days Lucy and I had an exciting time in Holt moving from the car to the meeting when a menacing crowd surrounded us in spite of two policemen in close escort, and showered

Worfolk Elections cont.

us with gravel.

Perhaps the climax was reached after the declaration of the poll when I was first elected for Labour. We had returned from Aylsham and were to go to some celebration meetings after a high tea. Gradually a curious noise penetrated from the front door, and Mrs. Kirby shortly entered with all the appearance of alarm, telling us that the crowd were breaking the windows. Sure enough the draught was blowing through the glass of the front door as we made for the car. We could not yield to the various entreaties not to emerge, and made a dash for the car which was all in darkness, the crowd being hidden behind it. As I seated myself the door of the far side was suddenly opened, and the hob-nailed boot of a political opponent struck me violently on the shin. We then felt the car being tipped up in the attempt to turn it over, and in the light of the head lamps we saw the faithful Mitchell rolling on the ground entwined with a tough from Chapel Street.

At last we got off amid showers of stones, and the second car containing the agent and others was also attacked as we all charged through the crowd. The stone going through the back window <sup>was</sup> ~~being~~ picked up by our well-known Mr. Gee <sup>and</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>^</sup> was subsequently produced in triumph by him. We expected more fun, but all was quiet on our return from Aylsham, and the Police came round to offer apologies for permitting these doings to occur.

Norfolk Elections contd.

Lucy's pungent speeches in later elections drew the fire of the enemy's ~~venom~~ <sup>fury</sup> from me to her, and we were followed from meeting to meeting by a well-known squiress whose thirst for Lucy's blood led her to take the ~~best~~ opportunity afforded by ~~questions aimed at myself.~~ <sup>her making</sup> made a speech.

Perhaps it was my support of the labourers which made the feeling when I first stood, more violent than in other divisions. I was the favourite of the labourers because I had from the first felt that the Norfolk wage of 12/- a week, (and less when wet prevented work) could not be overlooked by public men, whether the Liberalism of the day liked it or not. This was the reason given by a certain landowner for his efforts to get me blackballed when I came up for election to the Norfolk Club; efforts which were successful.

## LABOUR

Until the Great War it never crossed my mind that I might join the Labour Party. For one thing there was no place in the Party for the non-manual worker, and we Liberals regarded Labour as only for the horny-handed. During the war two aspects changed my mind. On the one hand the Liberals who under Asquith's leadership tended to pursue respectability and drop the Radical idealism of Campbell-Bannerman, seemed to conform more and more to the Conservative outlook. The activities of wartime brought Parties together. For the first time Liberals found themselves free from Hostility, and on war questions they displayed no difference of view. There were admirable exceptions.

Buckmaster in particular, who had been a Law Officer, held views like those of Lansdowne on the settlement which should be pursued. I urged him to give a lead in that direction, and he felt strongly drawn to this but said he could not break loose from Asquith to whom he owed so much. Indeed Asquith himself would have made a better peace than Lloyd George, but until his overthrow he showed no public sign of disapproving the purely "knock out" policy which L.G. definitely pursued, thereby winning public favour, and justifying his expulsion of Asquith.

The result of this attitude of the Liberals was to make us who took a special interest in war and peace questions feel keen to support candidates of our view, even if they were Labour. I myself

Labour contd.

took the plunge by supporting the Labour candidate at a bye-election at Keighley. I was lectured by the chief Whip, and indeed it was an act of revolt.

At the election of 1918 I stood as Liberal-Labour, and a year later I joined the Labour Party. C.R.B. and Charlie Trevelyn gave a lead to malcontent Liberals like myself. Without Charlie's example I doubt if I should have brought myself to such extreme action, being a convinced compromiser and not by nature a whole-hogger.

I put off joining the Party in the hopes that I could carry my Liberal supporters with me if they were given time. Other Liberals moved to new Divisions, while I invited my old supporters to come over to a new tabernacle. The strain was too great for many of them, and the fury of some local leaders was bitter.

My Tory opponent was confident of success, and at the last moment a Liberal candidate was also run against me, but I got in easily in 1922, and still more easily at subsequent elections. In all I was elected for North Norfolk twice as a Liberal, and four times as a Labourite.

I do not think I should have joined the Party if I had not seen that one should judge Parties by their deeds more than by their words. Socialists are fond of talking in general abstract terms which, I think, has largely hampered their success. In practice when in office they are bound to promote measures which are not more



Labour contd.

startling than the best Radical measures of a Liberal Government. For instance, in the first Labour Government we did nothing of consequence except a Housing Bill and my own Wages Bill, both of which would have been normal to a Liberal regime.

I was convinced that the Labour Party represented a far greater interest in the question of peace and war than did the Liberal Party. The question was so little spoken of by Liberal politicians that one could be attacked as I was for talking of foreign politics and denounced to the electors as the friend of every country but one's own.

It was the Labour Party which changed that, and it is essentially committed to international order because it is an international movement and organisation. More than that it was recognised by the best Christian leaders, e.g., Gore and Temple, as embodying Christian ideals.

I feel that the Labour Party was the true successor of the Radical school of Liberals. It is a question of the degree of reforming energy. It is quite easy to take the view that things have moved in recent times quicker than before, and that there is no need to hurry. I can sympathise with the Conservative outlook, but by conviction I think it is mistaken. The vast improvements we have seen in social schemes would never have come about without the work of those who pushed hard.

Labour contd.

There was a wonderfully good illustration of the two schools when I stayed with the Venerable Bishop Westcott at Bishop Auckland. His son was arguing that the workers were well satisfied with their life, and there was no need to encourage them to complain, because they were quite as happy as ourselves.

The reply of his famous father, expressed in his tiny low voice, was the simple question; "In one room?" It was a good answer because I think that the most complacent person would find his views upset if he visited, as I have done, homes which consisted of a very small room mostly filled by the two beds in which parents, boys and girls huddled at night, and in which also members of the family were born and died. All meals were cooked and eaten in this room, and all the family goods including coal were stored.

# 1st Labour Govt.

First Labour Govt. It was a historical event when the Labour Party, which had been so dreaded by respectable people, actually, took office. Old ladies nearly died of funk. I had never seen myself as a possible Minister, and it gave me a shock when Lucy and I went out to lunch with the Webbs and he broached the idea. I thought he might be speaking without his book. Soon afterwards, Ramsay proposed himself to lunch at Rutland Gate, and asked me to take him by road to Oxfordshire to see his daughter. It looked as if he had something unusual to say. C.R.B. was at lunch, and when the car drove up to the door, he remarked "This is the car of destiny" and so it proved. The situation was thrilling but extremely alarming. I had always thought that ministers represented first class brains. However I was fortified by the statement that strength is made perfect in weakness. Apart from the general alarm, I felt rather like a fish out of water in being regarded as an expert on agriculture, as I had long reserved myself for foreign questions.

We were duly martialled at Buckingham Palace to be commissioned by the King, and to kneel in front of him to kiss his hand. Wheatly, the Minister of Health, who had always posed as a sort of crude saboteur, was apparently unable to get up again from the cushion, and it looked as if he had been overcome with loyalty to the throne.

We had no majority in the House without the Liberals,

and ought to have worked with them to carry out what they would support, but R.M. hated them more than he hated the Tories, and we were never on good terms. In that situation we had chiefly an opportunity for propaganda. I might have used the unrivalled platform which we all had to make the country more acquainted with our policy for agriculture, through State control of the land, but Ramsay gave no lead, and the practical job was to get through my bill on wage regulations by avoiding antagonising people as much as possible.

The second Labour Government came after an interval of five years. Part of the time had been occupied by illness and convalescence, and afterwards I had felt that the job of opposition was so insignificant that I had better give Parliament up. As I stayed on, however, I ought to have tried to qualify myself for some other office. We did not know whom Ramsay would put into office the second time, and in fact Olivier, Wedgewood and others were dropped. However Ramsay wanted me when the time came, and insisted that I and Charlie Trevelyan must resume our offices.

This second Labour Government was less happy than the first. Ramsay, for some reason, was unfriendly, and, as Sydney Webb wrote in an article after the Government fell, he disliked his colleagues more and more. He would not let me introduce the marketing bill, which was the only measure that I saw a chance of passing, and then he insisted on my

holding a series of conferences with leading landowners and farmers, who at the end naturally wished to see the P.M. He refused to see them. I was gagged in replying to the enquirers in the House about our policy, and I did not enjoy being described as an oyster. I also found myself after a time exhausted, and began to show alarming symptoms, so that I could not face all night sittings, and in June 1930 I resigned.

## AGRICULTURAL WAGES BILL

This bill was a heavy task, and my nose was only kept to the grindstone by the urgent plight of the farm labourer. His wage which had been adequate for the first time during the war had rapidly fallen to the old scandalous level when L.G. recklessly repealed the Agriculture Act in 1921. The Ministry reported to me cases where labourers were only getting £1 a week.

We had not a majority in the 1924 Parliament for any measures which did not carry the support of the Liberal Party, and this limited the measures on which the Government could embark. Bills affecting the workers interests were therefore generally speaking limited to two, namely, housing and farm wages. Wheatley's Housing Bill encountered great opposition and occupied much time. The other Bill fell to me and we knew that it was doubtful how far the Liberals would support us in it. I introduced the Bill with a provision for restoring the National Wages Board, and the chances of the Bill on second reading looked fairly good, but in Grand Committee we found the Liberals luke warm and a National Wages authority was defeated.

Finding this I adjourned the Committee disregarding the advice of my officials, because I did not wish to be compromised without consulting the Prime Minister. The next step was to discuss with him whether to go on, and we did this at lunch at Downing Street with Ramsay and Jimmy Thomas. We decided to proceed and called the Grand Committee again. Friction developed with the Liberals, and I despaired of passing any Bill till one evening in the Lobby a

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go in his place. I saw several leading men and was more than ever amazed at the French want of logic. They admitted that their policy of pinpricks ensured the hostility of Germany, and that Germany would eventually be stronger than France. In fact, they agreed that their policy was suicidal, but they seemed blind to reason and replied, "Yes, it is fatal, but we will bully them as long as we can".

One year I went with Ben Riley to Danzig. The Poles naturally held by their right to the "Corridor" to the sea, but they made no attempt to diminish German resentment, which was the only possible way of avoiding conflict; one German territory had been cut in two. Germany could also claim that we betrayed conditions of peace in the "Fourteen Points. Throughout these years, the League of Nations Union was insisting that unless we and the Allies were loyal to the League in regard to armaments and so on, Germany would be free to arm. I often spoke for the Union, and I think that if their advice had been followed, Hitler would have remained obscure.

Our second term of government gave Henderson a chance, as Foreign Secretary, to improve matters by withdrawing British troops from the Rhine. Unfortunately he decided not to approve of the German proposal to make a customs union with Austria, but to refer it as a legal question to the International Court at the Hague. The Court decided that it was technically illegal.

It was an exciting time, and very thrilling that Charlie and I had got in together. We were both definitely Radicals, and keen supporters of the small group led by Sir Charles Dilke which had a weekly meeting. We were all sympathetic with Ramsay Macdonald, who had just become Labour Leader, and we were naturally disapproved of by the mass of Liberal members, many of whom appeared to us little distinguishable from the Tories.

The Marconi incident was a feature of the times, and might have brought the Government down. Naturally we Radicals were displeased with leaders who gave rise to the charge of putting private interests before public rectitude, and this view was keen among the men who attended the weekly lunch of the writers of the "Nation". I was one of those, being a friend of Massingham, the famous editor. In the talk at lunch I made some drastic comments, and I remember my alarm when these appeared in the next number of the "Nation"; happily nobody learned who was their author.

As the papers kept announcing the formation of new groups formed to ginger the Government on one point or another, the names of us two Buxtons constantly appeared, and I remember Sydney, who had become



by sending the ultimatum to Serbia which began the war. I asked one who had been a minister then if he had realized at the time that the ultimatum would mean war. He said certainly he did, and that they had hoped for it.

We could not return to Vienna by train, because the Roumanians wanted to be cut off from the west, and had announced that any train crossing the bridge would be bombed.

Getting back to Paris, I wrote to Balfour about the distress, as he could give orders. He asked me to lunch, and we had a very interesting talk, Philip Kerr (afterwards Lothian) being with us. I learnt later that ample stores were quickly sent to the hospitals in Vienna and Budapest. I attempted to give Balfour an accurate view of the Roumanians by telling him of the inadequacy of their civilization. I mentioned a particular minister in the lounge of the chief hotel, holding the hand of a demi-monde while talking to a foreign diplomat. I ought to have remembered that A.J.B. hated earnestness. To pull me up he interjected "I wish I could have held one too!"

In 1920 I went to Berlin with Ramsay and Joe King. We stayed in the magnificent Kaiserhof Hotel, and it was strange to be in such a princely place with hardly any food. The substitute for jam was unspeakable. We

were amazed at the apparent absence of any hostile feeling. People seemed cowed, and many were going about with little on except an overcoat. The quakers and americans were still doing relief work on a great scale. Ramsay did not like being taken to see these things, but when we went on to Geneva for the International Labour Conference, we persuaded him to address a meeting about it. It was characterisite of him that he then made a most moving speech, and showed that he had observed every little detail.

In the subsequent years I went often to Germany. The French policy of pin-pricks was the main feature, and the most alarming side that I saw was west African soldiers of the most pronounced negro type, swaggering in their position of rulers over the Germans, at Mainz. When the Ruhr had been invaded, the responsible man, Poincare, was invited to London, in the hopes of showing him reason, but he was found absolutely intractable, as members of the Government told me, and the conference was broken off.

After we had been in office in 1924, I had an interesting experience when Ramsay was invited to address the French Institute about the Labour Party. He was nervous of going himself and got me to go in his place. I saw several leading men and was more

of American relief work, gave us lunch at a restaurant in the Elysee, and I remember the floods of cream which were in evidence. As Central Europe was then largely starving, and the German babies were without milk, the cream with which Paris abounded made an impression on us. The great space at the foot of the Elysee held a great pile of captured cannons, and everything was in harmony with the spirit of punitive triumph.

One day the Bulgarian delegates were brought to Paris, and placed in a house like prisoners, not being allowed contact with anyone. Stamboliski, their Premier, had opposed the war, and risked his life in doing so, but he had been addressed by the French general who signed the Armistice with Bulgaria as "sal cochon". With him as secretary was Miss Stancioff, whom Charlie and I had seen in Paris on the way back from the Balkans in 1915, when she was nursing the French wounded, and who came afterwards to London, when her father was appointed minister there.

Arthur and I went on to Vienna, and there visited hospitals and saw the distress which prevailed. All the men seemed to be carrying knapsacks in which to place any food they might obtain by going out to farms in the country. As we entered Vienna in a luxury train, we were dining in the restaurant, and the starving

### ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

In 1910, when I first felt the extreme urgency of the subject, very few people regarded war as unavoidable, and I was encouraged by the views of important British ambassadors to see that relations with Germany could be affected for the better.

The logical course was either to aim at avoiding a clash or to ensure security by superior force. As we could not be sure of the latter, it was reasonable to urge the former. <sup>as well</sup> German politicians are of course difficult to deal with, and there were men like Tirpitz who wanted war.

~~Military~~ factors always need restraining, and on the German side they were less restrained than in other countries, because pride in war is widespread in Germany. On our side it was natural to feel Germany to be a <sup>parvenu;</sup> on their side it was natural to be jealous of the British Empire.

We were inclined to deny them equal status. Friction arose from the time of the Jameson Raid, and it increased in the days of Algeiras. However, the prospect of peace was hopeful until 1908, when Grey decided to quarrel with Austria about the annexation of Bosnia. It was a technical point, since she had governed Bosnia since 1878, and everyone who travelled there, as I did in 1902, knew it to be the only decent government in the Balkans. Grey reversed the British tradition of friendliness to Austria, which had

been so marked that I remember Dilke, speaking in the House, quoting the saying that if the Austro-Hungarian Empire did not exist, it would be necessary for us to create it. Lord Courtenay and others condemned Grey's action. It led to the crisis in which Germany backed Austria, as, in the Kaiser's words, "her ally in shining armour", and Russia was humiliated. War was brought definitely nearer.

~~"I was <sup>during</sup> ~~not~~ seeing at the Agadir crisis the intense feeling in Berlin on the question of colonies. Shop windows showed maps colouring the world largely red, which succeeded in rousing patriotic German pride at <sup>the</sup> comparative total denial to German colonial claims. <sup>The German</sup> The ambition <sup>felt</sup> was exactly what our own would have been, if in their shoes, and with their military power, most of us would have favoured an attempt to right the injustice by force, supposing that it could not be done otherwise. National pride may be foolish, but we have not regarded it so, anyhow since the days of Kipling.~~

We had annoyed the Germans by deterring France from concessions after Agadir. Maurice de Bunsen, then ambassador at Madrid, wrote me that we were more French than the French.

Then came the war. Many historians hold that we were responsible for encouraging Russia to mobilise and back Serbia, whose Government is now known to be

Ramsay and Snowden, who were definitely anti-war, but thought it better to attack the different aims on which the policy of the knock-out was based, e.g. the plan of carving up Austria and depriving Germany of colonies. Walter Long, in debate, while attacking Ramsay and the *Union* of Democratic Control, distinguished between them and me, saying that I was sound on the prosecution of the war, and should therefore be listened to, so that he would treat my arguments seriously. I was therefore apparently successful in my tactics. I pursued them by getting Lloyd George to breakfast at Rutland Gate, and putting before him maps showing how devolution of power in Austria-Hungary would satisfy real national claims, and would also keep Austro-Hungary from Germany. I invited Willie Buckler of the American Embassy to breakfast, in order to remind L.G. of the United States in connection with their policy. L.G. was very charming and admired the carrots which we were growing in our back garden, and told us stories of breakfasts at the Palace; once one of the princes, then a young boy, had refused to eat his porridge, and on being pressed by the queen, exclaimed "got lumps in it!" L.G. took care not to seem hostile, but he was really committed to the knock-

out policy which justified his seizing the premiership. In the early days of the L.G. Government, that is December 1916, a speech by Balfour seemed to say that the Government was intending to negotiate with Austria; about this time Smuts met the Austrian representative. However, before the House met again after the Christmas recess, they had become committed to the "delenda Austria" policy, and when I raised the question in the House, Balfour made this plain. Mazaryk, who contended with me in the columns of the "Statesman", had made an impression on ministers, and enabled them to use Czechoslovakia as an argument for destroying Austria. We only knew after the war that Balfour had said, in a memorandum to the Cabinet, that to destroy Austria would mean a stronger Germany, because all the German land would become united. When we had obtained the knock-out, we went further than breaking up Austria; we cut Germany in two by creating the Polish Corridor. To this day I do not understand how ministers thought that a Germany cut in half by the Corridor would settle down to contented peace.

The deplorable election, immediately following the war, produced what was called a "Parliament of hard-faced men". 1919 was the critical time, and the knock-

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~~A sidelight on this episode is thrown by Mr. B's diary.~~

~~"Finding that both parties refused to make advances to each other, I suggested to "L.G." that he should meet the Bulgarian Minister privately.~~

"I arranged a sumptuous private room and recherche dinner remembering Kitchener's plan with the Boer delegates. I regarded oysters and champagne as de rigueur. They were so successful that L.G. plunged into talk and became impatient to get to real business. The waiters kept interrupting this, so he said "Let's cut the dinner short and get rid of the waiters". So we cut off the savoury and got cigars. Then to my surprise and delight he committed himself to offering Monastir and Ochrida to Bulgaria. He used "we" quite definitely, implying the Entente. This was an immense step, but Mishoff said Bulgaria would need Kavala. L.G. frankly said this was impossible."

*The following day Buxton saw Lloyd George in*  
~~I saw L.G. next day in his room at the House. "He was indig-~~  
*nant" that <sup>with Buxton, Grey</sup> H.C. would not move and said in a hoarse whisper "There*

*is not a man in this country who knows his own mind". Soon after this the Western front in Greece collapsed, partly because because Venizelos, its protagonist had not been offered by the Allies the territorial concessions which thus Grey was proved wrong. I assumed that everyone saw the logic of events, and that even Grey would now at once approach Bulgaria should have Kassel. Buxton expected that Grey, having failed to win over as he could not get Greece. I thought our work was superseded and Greece would now approach Bulgaria. However, to make sure that*  
~~"I began to arrange for another job. I asked Sir Ian Hamilton to~~

~~take me as a liaison officer etc. But before going away for~~  
*all was well, to Crown*

*he*  
Easter ~~he~~ sought a final talk with A. G. Clark at the Foreign Office and Hankey at the Defence Committee. ~~Hankey~~ He found that the Foreign Office had not moved. Hankey urged him to see Lloyd George and, on his doing so, another dinner was arranged.



and ~~H.~~ Hankey at the Defence Committee. From A. G. Clark I found that the F.O. had not advanced an inch. But ~~H.~~ Hankey at once said "What you say about France and Kavala is vital. You must come and tell L.G. instantly". <sup>They went together to</sup> ~~We went and found him at~~ Downing Street, <sup>He said when Lloyd George told them that</sup> he had been urging the right view on Grey in ~~vain~~. ~~In desperate hope I proposed his seeing Misheff again.~~ He agreed. E. Montagu was there and said "You ought to see Grey first" L.G. said "Oh I've seen Grey" and persisted. On Sunday night he came up from Walton Heath and dined as before. I wrote him that C.R.B. ought to come too. It was momentous to note what was said.

While M. talked to C.R.B. I hand L.G. a note as follows:-  
 "Our guest volunteered the information that in his opinion Monastir and Kavala would be enough to secure Bulgaria's action. (The head of the Admiralty Intelligence Department holds that Bulgaria is urgently needed and he doubts whether Greece would help much.) As to Grey's arguments, facts have proved his judgment to be wrong." As the "Excellency" was not listening (talking to C.R.B.) L.G. said he quite agreed and cheerily ran down E.G. and the F.O. He said a man avoids danger for himself by doing nothing, while the public interest suffers. As soon as the waiter had left the room, he said to M. "You may take Kavala when you like" Two and a half hours were spent on this and when he left I felt that our six months efforts were not in vain. This is all that Bulgaria should need and the Entente should offer. Oddly enough. it seems that but for us amateurs helping the

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--- Many historians hold that we were responsible for ~~1914~~ encouraging Russia to mobilize and back Serbia, whose Government is now known to have been responsible for the murder of the Archduke at Sarajevo.

However that may be, there was nothing to do for the prevention of war in the future, except to win the war, and arrange a durable settlement. I had something to do in the former direction when I was asked by Lloyd George and Churchill to go to Bulgaria, and use what influence I had there to keep her neutral or even to bring her to our side. I have told elsewhere what I have to say about this business.

For a time I worked in the Admiralty, but soon I saw that there was much to do in the cause of a durable settlement after the war. Those of us who foresaw that a knockout victory would mean a peace humiliating to Germany, and would further lead to a war of revenge, in fact more sacrifice for a worse result, had a hard job. Even the reasonable Cecil thought that a knockout could be followed by a durable settlement. Lord Lansdowne in 1917 argued for such a settlement by negotiation but even he was rejected, and the result was the humiliation of Germany, the German thirst for revenge, and the war of '39.

It was difficult to believe that men so much cleverer than myself could be in the wrong. How often have I had to regret that we of the minority proved right. In the House of Commons, I did not work with men like

## FRIENDS. (contd)

There are others to whom I am deeply indebted and to whom I like to show a grateful tribute. Some of them are alive so I cannot say very much. Rollo Meyer has been a wonderful friend from Cambridge days; I owe to him all the pleasure I have derived from plants and flowers, and from gardening and planting which have been for a long time my main recreation.

Another interest which I owe to Rollo Meyer was that of the movement for encouraging gardening by the workers in towns, and especially in slum districts. "It began" <sup>he writes</sup> in Spitalfields, where he showed how much might be done even in dense mean streets, and in the Brewery yard itself. This grew finally into the London Gardens Guild, and the National Gardens Guild. Lucy <sup>(his wife)</sup> became chairman later on, and we bought a house in Walworth as a social settlement, with the secretary of the Guild as warden. In the Great War an extraordinary amount of vegetables was grown, but I was most of all concerned for window box gardening which must have made all the difference to the thousands of humble people who enjoyed seeing plants grow. ~~Various Ministers of Agriculture took part in judging for the final championship for all London.~~

*Personal (crossed out)* *Royal Family* *(not anti)*  
*In a letter to the family about King George V & the funeral at Windsor*

THE ROYAL FUNERAL, 28/1/36.

he writes ~~The family would wish to hear about our going to the funeral at Windsor.~~

On Monday night we found that M.P.s could take people in to the lying-in-state, and so save waiting in the queue. I thought these people were wonderful to sacrifice so much time, and walked along to look at them when coming home. I was hailed by <sup>blank</sup> Patrick, who was in the queue, and said he had been there already four hours. We took Miss <sup>Blank</sup> Steppford in by the Cloister at 7 p.m., and saw the guard of yeomen changed. The roof looked even finer than when the body arrived, because of the darkness showing up the lighting.

We heard from Lord Marley, the Labour whip in the Lords, that two Labour peers were invited to Windsor, and our leader, Snell, wanted me, as Ponsonby would not go. In the end we were four, because Snell went as Chairman of the L.C.C., and ~~Strabolgi~~ also got in. We had to be early at Paddington, and got the first of the special trains. Sir Maurice Hankey was waiting, and I asked him if the new king was really all right, as people say he looks ill. Hankey said he was in very good form when he coaxed him for the Privy Council meeting, and very quick at the uptake. Hankey found he was not yet dressed for the occasion shortly before the meeting. But he was so rapid that he had time to look round the rooms, and after we had assembled, to go and have a look at us through a secret peep-hole, before he met us in the other room.

At Windsor we met lots of people, and walked up in procession, with crowds each side, to the Chapel. We had very good seats in the

front of the south side, so that the sun was behind us, and we could admire that marvellous building. ~~I had not seen it since Noel was in the choir.~~ The roof is now studded with painted shields at the intersection of the ribs, and is very lovely. <sup>(where the burial was)</sup> The choir beyond the organ looked dark, with candles, but one could not see far into it. We had to sit still for two-and-a-half hours before the procession came, but people kept continually arriving and afforded distraction. Lucy found it difficult to see through her veil, and said she required to be led as we walked. In the Chapel several women removed their veils till the service. ~~Maidie Clive was opposite us, and forgot ever to put hers down.~~ ~~Some had bigger ones, and in the group facing us I saw one woman apparently prostrated under the veil.~~ She appeared to be either fainting or praying, but I then saw <sup>under the veil</sup> ~~that she was reading her programme, as she could not read through it.~~

Opposite us, in the front row, were the foreign ministers, three of whom, the Ethiopian, Bulgarian and Yugo-Slav~~o~~, I know well.

~~I was interested to think of Grannie frequenting the place so much.~~

Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors went in the choir. We had minor ministers with us, and I was close to More Belisha. It is rather nice seeing men one has not seen for ages, and can hardly recognise. One was a magnificent person called Ulster King at Arms, who is very handsome and tall, Sir N. Wilkinson. He reminded me that we were at Hoddesdon School together.

One must suffer, to conform to ceremonials, and I had my share

in frozen ankles, being compelled to wear shoes.

The procession passed rather quickly, when at last it came. One could only just observe the faces to see whom one recognised. Boris looked tired, and no wonder, after such a long crawling walk. Edward VIII looked all right, but he ~~is never ostentatious,~~ *always looks retiring.* Litvinoff, representing the biggest European state, was rather far behind, and afterwards I commented on this to the Russian ambassador, when we were waiting for the departing train. He said it was natural, "as we have only just become respectable! "

The music was lovely, but <sup>it</sup> often sounds better on the wireless. The Queen looked more vigorous than the King.

I recognised Neurath and a few others. ~~Sidney Clive was busy marshalling diplomats.~~

I am going to lunch with Boris at the Bulgarian Legation on Saturday. I said to Lucy, "Shall I invite him (King Boris) to lunch?" Sally commented, with great contempt, "You're not grand enough to have a king to lunch." Lucy ~~was~~ most unwilling, so the poor man will not see the Bury, which he would much like to do!

We travelled back with the Bulgarian  
9 + the Vancittants. I hoped for lunch.  
but got none. so we returned  
starving - at 4.30.

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 <sup>but</sup> ~~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 ~~one~~ 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. <sup>11</sup> ~~This may interest my descendants, just as it interests me to know that my father was in the House with Lord Palmerston.~~

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"~~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~~



re family  
earl life

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style of Cyrano de Bergerac ( which I saw in Paris on the  
eve of my first Parliamentary campaign, and which served  
to help me through it) I felt a keener admiration for the  
Scarlet Pimpernel doing his dangerous works of liberation  
by stealth. I think that the latter kind of mind is  
more given to enterprise in a serious form. Energy and enter-  
prise have madewhat people call the family tradition.

I can never be grateful enough to Edie for her well-  
known inculcation of enterprise. I deeply regret the  
times when I ignored it.

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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. <sup>(1914)</sup> 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 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 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.

## THE LORDS.

Although I felt I should have a break-down if I went on in the Commons, I hoped I might carry on in the Lords where Arthur Ponsonby had already gone. I told Ramsay this, but he wanted Addison, who had been my under-secretary, to be Minister. Whether to go to the Lords was very debatable indeed. I felt strongly that I did not wish to drop out of public life, and that I might use the position to help causes for which I could do nothing if I ceased to be a member of Parliament altogether. On the other hand, I see no merit in hereditary political power, and had thought it hardly consistent even with the principles I believed in as a Liberal. For a Labour man to accept the position needed a very strong reason. It was taking part in an institution of which he disapproved, in its present form, and if he had a son he was still more deeply involved. The position of a peer was artificial, and the social prestige connected with it was regrettable. I consulted several people, including G.R.B. and V., I thought that such good democrats would be for sticking to ideal democratic principles, but to my surprise I found them strongly in favour of accepting. If they had not, I should have refused. Now, after twelve years, I often wonder if I was right. Anyhow they thought I was, and at all events I made a great many speeches on subjects which I thought

important, and perhaps some of them at least had the utility which Lord Pentland told me was the value of a speech in the Lords, namely an article in a monthly review.

If only peerages could be for life, I should strongly approve of them, because a senate is an excellent institution, and speaking in the Upper House is far better than the Commons, the speakers being unaffected by thought of constituents, and most of them people of great experience. Lately a good deal of the false social snobbery has been diminished by the increasing practice of keeping to one's family name, instead of taking a territorial title. A false prestige is given by turning a Mr. Smith into a Lord Broadacres. A difficulty arose in sticking to the surname in my case, because Sydney Buxton strongly objected to there being another Lord Buxton. As there are many cases of such duplications, S.G. Greys, Howards, etc., I did not sympathize, but I did not like to hurt his feelings, especially as he had lost his son. I met the dilemma by changing my surname, which involved a double name. I hate double names, but there was no other way. It was a considerable sacrifice, and I told Rufus that I should strongly approve if he chose to revert to Buxton.

Has the pudding of peerage been proved by the eating ?  
That depends on whether speeches for many good causes  
have formed any contribution. Anyhow my position led  
me to be invited to be president of various movements,  
and if I had been out of Parliament, I should not have  
been offered such interesting work.

the first. Ramsay for some reason was unfriendly, and, as Sydney Webb wrote in an article after the Government fell, he disliked his colleagues more and more. He would not let me introduce the Marketing Bill, which was the only measure that I saw a chance of passing, and then he insisted on my holding a series of conferences with leading landowners and farmers, who at the end naturally wished to see the P.M. He refused to see them. I was gagged in replying to the enquirers in the House about our policy, and I did not enjoy being described as an oyster. I also found myself, after a time, exhausted and began to show alarming symptoms, so that I could not face all-night sittings, and in June 1930 I resigned.

## THE BROOK

*After  
this  
insert in  
Fishing*

I think that great importance really attached to the use we made of the Cobbin brook. Considering that most boys of our sort are introduced to trout fishing early in life, and know hardly anything about catching roach with dough, or perch with worms, it was a feat on my father's part to get his boys to find complete satisfaction in the fishing provided by a small brook - in fact, so small that it stopped running in Summer.

We got exciting sport out of sticklebacks and minnows. It was thrilling to get a gudgeon or a loach; a chub or a carp was big sport. We never caught a pike on a line, but they became an exciting feature when Tor had somehow secured a minute drag

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~~17~~

net that it held sticklebacks. Dragging the brook with this net remained an exciting sport long after we had gone to Harrow, and it came to be combined with cooking the catch for a picnic lunch. We discovered that minnows wrapped in wet paper and roasted in the ashes of a wood fire made excellent eating; or at least, good enough when flavoured by the romantic excitement which the brook offered.

The net was only about 8 or 10 feet long, and less than 3 feet deep. The pools had to be cleared of sticks and stones to begin with, because, if left in the pool, they entangled the net in these diminutive pools, and sometimes, when the brook had ceased to run for a time, the pike had eaten every other fish in the pool.

Perhaps the most memorable catch was when we took to setting night lines. In the pool above the dam where the water was deep, the eels had been fattening on a sheep which had fallen in and been drowned. Charlie, in the neighbourhood of the sheep, had an eel of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lb., which was really remarkable for such a tiny stream.

Lo Long after this, Charles de Bunsen and I, when tired of pike fishing in Cobbin Pond, tried our hand at spearing gudgeon with a penknife tied to the end of a stiff rod. It was a sport that might well have developed if we had thought of it sooner. But, anyhow, we got out of this brook an amazing amount of education, and we learnt the attraction of small and simple things.

I learnt to swim in the Temple pond, but it was in the brook that I had already learnt to float, and I remember the exciting sensation when I was just able to keep clear of the bottom, and

*and floating was barely possible.*



wrath, we suggested that Leube looked rather tired.

I was connected with the English movement for the relief of distress in Germany, and we took him to see the distribution of food. He seemed terribly bored, but this was an illustration of his mysterious quality. When we had moved on to Geneva to attend the Socialist International, some leaders of the relief in Germany asked me to get him to report on what he had seen at Berlin. He refused with coldness, but was finally persuaded. We had some fear of a frost, but to our surprise he delivered an intensely sympathetic speech, showing that he had noticed the smallest details, and recounting them with deep emotion. - - -

~~Not long after this I have a recollection of the part he played at the Labour Conference at Edinburgh. I moved some resolution in favour of what were then known as Labour Embassies, and he in command of the Conference would normally have crushed such a resolution in a moment. I felt it was a personal kindness that in stead of doing so, he said nice things about myself, and indeed I recall with great gratitude many such evidences of a regard which flattered me.~~

Another side of his character was in evidence when he would dine with my wife and myself at Rutland Gate. It was then that we learnt the peculiarities of his aesthetic side, and his fondness for rings and for scents, his strong attachment to well-cooked wild duck and his profound knowledge of the way to produce old brandy.

I got him once to come to a play while the House was sitting and we were in opposition. It was a Noel Coward play, portraying the frivolous world. Discussing it afterwards, he remarked: "It is not a world that I believe in." "

2000  
Charlie  
Skellern

81 ~~32~~

CHARLIE MASTERMAN

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

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

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

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

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

*newer*

*Politics*

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*msct*

~~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'.~~

*Noel Barth continues with his reminiscences.*

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

and one could only marvel at the apparently genuine love of beauty. It must have been felt by the vast majority, because otherwise this custom could not have become universal. Another sign was, and apparently still is, the celebration of each notable tree by the devotion of a day to the admiration of it. The resort of the whole population of Tokio to see the cherries in flower in the park is only one incident.

I bought some good embroidered screens which were honoured by conspicuous places at Warlies. I think I had very little aesthetic appreciation before I went to Japan. I certainly remember strong distaste for mediaeval pictures, and feeling glad that some important writer had described them as 'squint-eyed saints' so that my philistine views had his sanction. My debt to the Japanese was such that my next holiday was devoted to a visit to Florence with Connie.

It seems odd that one should learn humanity from the Japanese, but I certainly did so. The Buddhists object to the taking of life, and we came across a case where some Japs, who objected to foreigners shooting pigeons, were <sup>crudely</sup> ~~crudely~~ lectured by certain missionaries on the absurdity of their objection to killing. I may have had occasional qualms previously about shooting, but they had not interfered with my intense interest in it or other sports; and it was certainly the Japs who made me decide

last page extracted

Character - states

(VdeB)

Prime - Ministers

not all to be dictated again

Done

used to be very alarming to me, and I abhorred it, but  
 later at Whittinghame I perceived its merits. Arthur  
 Balfour made it a crime to utter a single word to one's  
 neighbour; as there was always an immense party, this led  
 to total silence on the part of all but three or four. It  
 was interesting to listen to the great guns, such as Oliver  
 Lodge and the Balfour <sup>brothers</sup> ~~brothers~~; and I have felt since  
 that there is a great deal gained in the way of stimulation  
 if one can rise to general conversation, ~~and~~ all the more  
 because I find it impossible in a <sup>Conversation à deux</sup> ~~small party~~ to avoid  
 being distracted by ~~other talk.~~ <sup>overhearing other couples.</sup>

Being a social outcast as Liberal candidate in North  
 Norfolk, I appreciated the friendship of Lady Battersea, who  
 certainly was the embodiment of good nature, and must have  
 converted any anti-Semite whom she met, being Jewish  
 (Rothschild) and very charming. She had been a friend long  
 before I was a candidate in Norfolk, and it was nice that

~~Political~~ <sup>Prime Ministers</sup> ~~are scrappy~~ <sup>Hoar's recollections of Prime Ministers</sup> ~~NOTABLES~~ <sup>204</sup> ~~Hoar had known many Prime Ministers~~ <sup>but perhaps of human interest</sup>

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 <sup>he</sup> 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

only saw



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

Jane had to choose between Botany and Latin, and was very pleased to be let off Latin. The only objection is that it may be more difficult if she wants to go to the Varsity. ....

Leland has lost all his furniture, and we are anxious about ours. The only thing I specially care about is Mother's portrait., which I brought up from the Bury. Do you advise me to take it back again? The Bury things seem cared for, and destruction is less likely than in London.....

I was asked to attend a Meeting of the Privy Council, which means a collection of three Privy Councillors to enable the King to sign Order<sup>s</sup>-in-Council. I thought it would be interesting to see how he looked at close quarters. The chief P.C. was Duff-Cooper, but though he is in the Cabinet, I had to go in first to the King's room, which is interesting, because it records the time when the Privy Council was the authority, and the Cabinet had not come into existence. There was another Minister, Sir John Anderson, who is President of the Council, and he had a talk with the King before.

The King had to say 'I approve' when the Clerk reads out Orders, and at first there was a painful pause from his stammer, but he improved. When the business was over, he conversed with us successfully, and there was talk about shelters, which he was going to visit that morning, and I talked about the Tubes which I had seen crowded with people leaning against the wall. Anderson said they were very comfortable - he being responsible for the policy. We also talked about the ventilation of the Tubes, and the electricity supply."

utilize <sup>and</sup> working on this basis  
TDE

## Apologia book (First Draft)

### Chapter I.

A plea of justification - primarily to Constitutents -  
maligned - lost seat - charges - unpatriotic etc -  
content to give a plain record - amply documented by  
speeches in Parliament before and during War - and  
by writing in Press - lapse of time furnish vindication-  
in events and in fresh evidence from highest quarters

### Chapter 2. PRE-WAR

Short analysis of policy - pp a.b. - followed by  
pre-war speeches- or extracts from same

War comes - sum up Grey's failures, while not forgetting  
to blame Germany

### Chapter 3. WAR

- (DEEDS) a. Successful issue throughout worked for-  
loyal supporter - quote Ministerial utterances  
to this effect & voted for conscription
- b. Effective diplomacy for more efficient prosecution  
of the War
- c. My Balkan Mission - bring out differences between  
Ll.G, Churchill and Grey- publish lively account  
of correspondence- show Grey refused to give mandate  
to your visit to Bulgaria & bring out Ll.G attack  
on Grey later based on your talk in Sir James' Park.  
Lord Grey lost us Bulgaria

### Chapter 4. WAR (Continued)

Settlement

(WORDS)  
POLICY

A lasting peace desired  
Short analysis of policy advocated in Parliament  
War Speeches

### Chapter 5. VINDICATION

Recapitulate points of your war settlement-  
America refuses to sign Versailles Treaty- refuses to j  
League - a ruined Europe - Washington - Genoa - Ll.G  
of with ~~my~~ policy. -o-o-o-o-o-o-

which record the attempted scheme as do the gates opposite St. James's Palace. This time the Prime Minister intervened, and said nothing would alter the determination of the Government.

However, Whitehouse beat him, and the end was most satisfactory - two parks of priceless value were saved, and the East End acquired a park (at Shadwell) which otherwise would never have existed. I shared in the exploit which really showed the greatest daring, certainly greater than I would have displayed if not led to battle by my diminutive leader.

Of my eighteen years in the House of Commons, four were occupied by the Great war, and eight by the post-war period which included many elections, two Labour Governments, and the unsuccessful attempt to establish collective peace. The first four were enlivened by the crises of democracy represented by the Lloyd George budget, and the Parliament Act. Secondly, by the Irish Home Rule struggle, and thirdly by the Suffrage Campaign.

All this ended with the war which perhaps resulted from them, because it looked to the German war mongers as if England would be handicapped by internal division. One now sees that it was a period of a peculiar kind, in which Liberalism passed through its phase of decay. I will not attempt to describe it because everyone should

The King's death III

8th February 1936

~~The family may like to see the enclosed.~~ I am not clear as to the principle on which people were invited. It says "We, the Lords," but all lords were not invited, as I find ~~Walter~~ was not. <sup>But some</sup> ~~There are,~~ <sup>lords were invited</sup> ~~however, some~~ <sup>+ some who are neither lords nor P.C.s</sup> who are not Privy Councillors. (Nearly all Privy Councillors are ex-Cabinet Ministers). The Lord Mayor comes because in former times it was vital to get the City to support the new king against rival claimants.

*Phil*

~~I don't remember anything else about royalties~~  
When the Labour Gov came into power,  
~~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

SPORT

Father wanted us to grow up sporting, and ~~preferably in~~ <sup>would I think have liked us to go into</sup> ~~business,~~ <sup>combining it with public work</sup> and public minded 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 25, 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 <sup>socially</sup> from shooting and hunting ~~socially~~. We also cultivated <sup>culit</sup> ~~managing~~ 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 <sup>has</sup> ~~is~~ the most value; nothing else called <sup>s</sup> ~~out~~ so much quickness of choice, or so much independence. You ~~were~~ <sup>are</sup> 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.

Woking, in a big villa, near our house, from which we were ejected by the Army. It has become very noisy there since we left, but bombs are not frequent, and it would do very well except for the journey. Going up to Town was like this. We crawled along till Surbiton, then turned out, waited ages on platform - no train - so got exasperated, and looked for a car - finally got a bus, and reached Kingston, on District Railway. Still no train, but found taxi - road blocked, so went round by Putney - bombed houses thick along the route - got up at cost of 14/- (plus rail-ticket) just late for Lords debate at 12. Time from Woking, 3 hours.

Another day, the return journey was like this. Enquire by phone if trains running: No. Try bus to Wimbledon. Every bus full. Move to Whitehall, hoping buses not yet full there. Bus after bus all full. Move to Strand - ditto, ditto. Tried District Railway on the chance. Got to Wimbledon. Platform packed with thousands awaiting train. Finally got one, and reached Woking after 3 hours' travel. Rather a tiring regime, but better than London.

Now I am trying (3), which means having my secretary (Miss Murray) at Adstock. It is luxurious, but one misses London things, even if one goes up two days a week (each day means 8 hours' travel) - also Miss Murray her A.R.P. job; she is a Warden. Well, I thought you'd like to hear these details.

There are lots of things I would like to tell you. The girls go to dancing at one school, and other lessons at another - at least Jane does, biking for 6 miles three times a week.



give it up.

It was an inopportune moment for doing so, because I had shortly before my travels induced my father to start breeding pheasants at warlies, and had nearly deferred my travels in order to be at the November shoot in 1892. I had also persuaded him to plant the Brook Wood and the Fernhall wood for the sole purpose of pheasant shooting. Having given him all this trouble, I came home and was afterwards unwilling to take any part in the subsequent shooting which could justify the planting. It was especially hard because he disliked planting out the view across the park towards Scatterbushes.

I was certainly spoiled by his excessive good nature. However, he enjoyed the shooting himself, and happily Tor became even keener than before; subsequently working up to a pheasant shoot day of over 300, and entertaining the neighbouring squires to a shooting lunch in a marquee.

I think it is extraordinary that the inhumanity of leaving birds and animals to a painful time with broken legs or perforations of bits of lead in their organs should strike so few people who have been brought up to ignore it. The odd thing is that when one takes the ordinary view one feels no compunction in watching the eye of a hare, or perhaps a deer, losing its brilliance as it slowly dies. It is also a paradox that sporting

*anxious* ✱

men are far more developed ~~in the way of~~ care for animals,  
(dogs and horses) than other ~~people~~. I wonder that such  
people as Uncle Charles and the Liberator, who were very  
reflective, did not see things as I do, but I do realize  
that I lost a great deal in giving up sport, and I have  
hesitated to urge my view strongly on my own boys, because  
~~I see what, e.g., Mick might lose if he gave up sport.~~  
My point is that my revolutionary change to anti-blood  
sport views were due to the Japs.

I say nothing here of the travels of later years,  
because they are dealt with in my "Travels and Reflections".  
(published by Allen & Unwin in 1930)

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~~6-234~~

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 Windsor 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.

Postmaster General, and was soon to get the Board of Trade, saying half playfully and half reproachfully that whenever he heard of a rebellion, he knew without looking that C. and I were in it.

It was very jolly to find oneself in the House with old friends in other causes, such as Arthur Ponsonby, and Percy Alden, and Masterman, and there were new friends who became close allies. One was Phillip Morrell, who loved a fight for its own sake, and who led the crusade against the Russian Government when it imprisoned a Polish girl, for her socialism. In this case we attacked the Government for lethargy, and I remember raising the question on the adjournment, and using the expression, "Oh for an hour of Palmerston!" The case would never have been heard of if the girl had not been a friend of Fanny Noel, owing to which Morrell got to hear of it through us. Anyhow, the Russian Government gave way, so we got the girl out of gaol.

My closest collaborator in those years was Howard Whitehouse. He had been secretary at Toybee Hall, and had made his way by the aid of intense enthusiasm, a passion for reform, a sympathetic personality and a formidable wit.

We two bachelors were able to indulge our common

Insert in before school  
after P. 10

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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 Humble and brought back a retriever puppy. This dog, whom he named Humble, 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 Humble 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. Humble 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.

Father's horses were a great feature of our earlier time. When I was still small I remember his fury when he lost his favourite "Zanzibar". This horse was being ridden as his second horse by a groom, and was jumped on to a stake by Obelisk Wood. He bred one or two foals every year, and very good they were. The most lovely hackneys I ever saw were his chestnuts "Danube" and Cyprus", names recording events in the year of birth or acquisition, as did <sup>all the horses in the Stakes</sup> also "Congo", "High Sheriff", Zanzibar" and "Essex". <sup>and Lotengula, called after the King, defeated in the Zulu War. M. 10/1</sup>

Insects  
Shooting  
Buds

see P. 10  
Hatter's code

Father rode with us several times a week, and I seem to  
recollect constant walks <sup>with him</sup> to the home farm. Every Tuesday we  
rode to Waltham, and very Friday to Epping, as he was chairman  
of the Bendh at both <sup>places.</sup> I myself, when I came to have children  
and we had a schoolroom at the Bury, never dared to interrupt  
lessons, but he did so constantly; and we owe him ever so much  
for defying the governess in order to take us to shows and public  
events. I remember visits to the London Fire Brigade, the  
Buckingham Palace stables, the Bible Society House, and he was

When it  
came to  
P.B.  
P.H.  
"He took  
me - -

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to see how we fared. Jumping fences in cold blood was an unusual form of education for children. I remember such an occasion when riding to a meet at Nazing. We had got past Fern Hall, and he wanted to explore a new line north of the brook. He charged at a stiff hedge out of the road, and I in terror was compelled to follow. I very nearly came off and didn't find it at all an agreeable preliminary to the day's hunting.

Antony at  
Shooting  
P.M. 12.



The chief influences on me, apart from parents, came from visits and from animals. Marly and I were engrossed in lizards, pigeons, rabbits, snakes and guinea-pigs. Of other animals, I think I was most fond of the dormouse which I found in the forest hibernating in a ball of leaves, and <sup>took</sup> ~~kept~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~secretly~~ at Harrow. Secondly, of a family of kestrels which I brought up, when kept from school one summer by ringworm, and tried to train for hawking.

We lived a very isolated life, seeing hardly any children except the Noels. Our governess was not social, and not young or athletic. It might have been better for our natural shyness ~~more~~ people.

most  
in animals  
of  
Insect  
in  
after  
sport

for hawk

# Memor

## 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.

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 hurting himself through charging wire netting; 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.

I decided to work with the utmost energy for an  
orderly solution of the question - the most dangerous problem  
of all. I would not spare myself any effort whatever which  
seemed possibly useful, and I would put up with the rebuffs  
that one has to incur in trying to influence important  
persons. If war came, I would not reproach myself with  
having omitted a single effort.

In March, the annexation of Austria increased the  
urgency of the Czech question. It aroused excitement among  
the British, because Czechoslovakia was now almost surrounded by German  
land, unhelped in Germany, and almost helpless. On March 10th  
I made a verbal speech on the subject in the Lords, arguing the  
danger of a disorder which would lead to German violence, and  
arguing that this might be forestalled by testing the wishes  
of the people as to staying in Czechoslovakia or joining Germany.  
The fear was a good one. Then the German excuse for  
violence would be removed. It would be a superb service to  
peace if England offered such a supervised test of opinion.  
If it was refused, German aggression would be clear.

On March 10th I wrote in "The Times" on the same lines.  
At the same time I circulated a Memo. giving details of  
the plebiscite, and another showing how the figures of German  
population made it comparatively simple to draw a  
line between German and Czech. -2-

On getting home I sought an interview with Halifax, and I took the first opportunity of raising the question in the Lords. On November 18th, in a debate on a Motion by Allen, I dealt with the Czech and the Colonial question, saying that the Czechs had not fulfilled the minority Treaty, and that the Germans might ask for a system on the Swiss model, and if they did, we could not oppose self-determination.

In March, the annexation of Austria increased the urgency of the Czech question. It aroused excitement among the Sudets, because Czecho was now almost surrounded by German land, embedded in Germany, and almost helpless. On March 16th I made a whole speech on the subject in the Lords, urging the danger of a disorder which would lead to German violence, and urging that this might be forestalled by testing the wishes of the people as to staying in Czecho or joining Germany. The Saar was a good model. Then the German excuse for violence would be removed. It would be a superb service to peace if England offered such a supervised test of opinion. If it was refused, <sup>by Germany</sup> German aggression would be clear.

On March 19th I wrote th "The Times" on the same lines. At the same time I circulated a Memo. giving details of the plebiscite, and another showing how the figures of German population made it comparatively simple to draw a frontier between German and Czech.

In June I went to Paris to inform myself and, if possible, influence people. I saw ambassadors, journalists, politicians and the Foreign Minister, and I wrote from there to Halifax telling him I was deeply concerned at the fatalism prevailing - the feeling that a fight must come and had better come now when, owing to May 21st, they had England with them. There was also Russia and probably America. All very visionary. I told them English opinion would be divided, and Bonnet said, on my pressing him about influencing the Czechs to reform, that he quite agreed we must dictate to the Czechs. One knew, however, that they would not.

On my return I saw Halifax, and after a good talk, in which he discussed what to do in the event of a deadlock, he asked me to see the Head of the Department concerned. *I saw him & others many times* I also saw Cadogan, the permanent Head, and Vansittart, the diplomatic adviser, also private friends in the office.

On July 4th I circulated a third Memo. to various *members of the* people, including Labour *Parties*. I hoped I might influence their views, as they seemed to me to be encouraging Benes to resist reform. They sent a deputation to Prague which was sure to give an impression that England would back them. Snell was invited, and told me about it. I urged him not to go. He decided to go, but spoke useful words at Prague. In the Memo. I drew a comparison with the position in Ireland as

it would be if the Germans had won the war. The Ulster men would want to rejoin England and England would help them when strong enough: so would Germany help the <sup>Sudetes</sup> ~~Czechs~~.

In July I felt it important to know what really happened in May and to get information, so I went to Berlin and saw the Ambassador several times. It seemed that the only way to prevent France being drawn in was to convince the Czechs that they would not be supported, and I then wrote to Halifax urging that France should be got to agree to this plan. Beneš, who was delaying reform proposals in such a way as to risk invasion and general war, would then see that he must settle with Germany or run the risk of being overrun. Perhaps if this plan had been followed the dangerous crisis would have been avoided, and also the terrible sufferings which have resulted in the sudden annexation.

On July 15th I wrote to "The Times" urging that delay was dangerous and the question was being too much ignored, and giving the Irish parallel, and I also suggested that we must remember 1914, when the world was dragged into ruin because injustice to a small nation was resisted by a great protector. I think it right that people should reflect on the price paid. It is natural to feel that injustice must be resisted, and an individual may rightly decide that he should give his life in

the cause; but when it means <sup>largely women & children</sup> countless other lives, the loss and gain should be coldly weighed.

On July 16th, wishing to impress my proposal on Halifax, I invited several peers who were sympathetic to join in going to see him. They strongly agreed with my opinions, but thought a deputation was unnecessary.

On July 25th I wrote to the "Manchester Guardian" answering the points of the other side, such as the Labour party and Cecil, in hopes of converting some. This letter provoked <sup>a letter to me</sup> one from the Executive of the Labour Party, protesting against my propaganda, and a similar letter to the "Guardian" saying that my view was not held by the party. I was glad of this, because I had never wished to be thought to represent the party view. Nobody thought I did.

On July 26th we had a debate in the Lords, following the appointment of Runciman as an adviser. I dwelt on the urgency of the matter, and approved of Runciman rather than League action. My chief point was that, if we fought, the public would not understand our aim, and if we won, we should give autonomy, which was what the Germans wanted themselves. I hoped that Runciman would get the Czechs to concede, and I wrote him urging that he should get the views of Henderson. I think he tried to move the Czechs by degrees, calculation of losses and gains ought to be the deciding factor.

Next day Chamberlain found the Munich meeting

## FAMILY

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 Mionie 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 <sup>took</sup> ~~takes~~ to the life of a daily breader in its hardest form, starting in the dark and <sup>constantly standing in the train all the way to London for want of</sup> ~~going without~~ 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 peoples 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.

*Next day*  
 arrival. 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 ~~to~~  
 "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 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  
 I found in doctors. Here I heartily agree with Bernard Shaw.

enough to ~~say that~~ <sup>Speak of</sup> in a case where a doctor had said that a ~~child's~~

*the life of a child closely related to me*

~~life~~ was in danger if not left in his charge with a special nurse,  
*This doctor*  
 but 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 40 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 only think of the physical.

I am convinced of <sup>the</sup> 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.

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 been the problem of someone else if one had not been on the scene. But Paycocks, which is a national asset, 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 the 90's. This, combined with my interest in the Liberator to rouse a desire to see his country, and I got up a riding party of three days duration in which we slept at Coggeshall 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 ~~in the market~~ 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 tumble-down cottages and was going fairly cheap. My uncle, Luis 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".

Paycocks (Contd.)

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 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~~<sup>WAS</sup> 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 Bldgs. 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 Lutyens, were I could see doubtful whether a gothic timber front which had been outrageously Georgianised 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

Peacocks (Contd.)

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 fireplaces 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 <sup>if necessary</sup> put it back. When this was done the front presented The plaster had been in any case a temporary affair.

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, especially 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 Coggeshall a noted wood worker named Beckwith - a man of great taste and craftsmanship - who was ready and eager to do the work at most

Paycocks (Cont'd)

moderate cost, and who had large stocks 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 them, and probably they would have left it un-restored, 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 Coggeshall" and to her various works on the medieval 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



PAYCOCKS (Contd.)

the simplicity, strength, honesty and solidity 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 in the roofs of Churches.

Miss Power discussing in one of her books the quality of old houses says that they give her a feeling of having the merit which atises from being well seasoned.

REGRETS

Sundry

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 G.R.B. too uncritical, but I see that his 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 <sup>at</sup> ~~on~~ 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 25 and 40. 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

*Sundry*

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, ~~with a long grey coat, which belonged to Rutherford, the noted Humbie gamekeeper.~~ *which had 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.

It so happened that my name was the one connected with the supposed activities in the Balkan world itself. I was regarded as a pro-Bulgarian and consequently held in horror by the neighbouring nations who competed for the possession of Macedonia.

In Greece, the Times correspondent, Bouchier, was also held in execration, and burnt in effigy. The name Buxton spelt by the Greeks "ΜΠΟΥΚΑΣΤΟΝΟΥ" became a genuine title for all those who sympathised with the obvious claim of the Bulgars. Subsequently when Bryce went to Macedonia, the Greek public denounced this famous man as being a Buxton. It was all because after the population of Macedonia had been thrust back under the Turks in 1878, nobody had taken notice of their cruel fate until the Balkan Committee was formed. Naturally when there was a revolt against the Turks in 1903, we organised relief, so admirably carried out by Brailsford, Nevinson, Lady Thompson and others. There was keen gratitude, and I was always moved by this feeling on the part of the Bulgars in whom it went with an attractive reserve as compared with the spluttering effusion of some neighbouring peoples.

A quite false impression of my importance was created by that sort of chance. In 1903 the "Times" was much on our line owing to its famous correspondent, Bouchier, being so keen. It gave me a shock when, being not yet in Parliament, and in the stage of aspiring to get my letter about the insurrection printed at all, the "Times" leading article spoke of the two schools of thought, one represented by the Prime Minister, Balfour, and the other by me.

My letter about the insurrection and massacres had another valuable effect. It encouraged Phillip Howell, who wrote for the "Times" on the Balkans, to write in the same strain, and led to his acquisition as a great friend.

Lord Lansdowne, the Foreign Secretary, was very friendly to our agitation, and his influence on the other members of the Concert of Europe was partly based on the fact that British public opinion was deeply roused. The result of his efforts was the system of International gendarmerie with districts allotted to the officers of different states.

A climax arrived when war began in 1914. The cabinet, instigated by Masterman, debated whether to send me out, and C.R.B. and I started just as Paris was expected to fall, getting into the Gare de Lyon when it was barricaded against the expected rush of refugees.

The record of this journey is provided by the black book of notes which Mother compiled from our records; and a good survey of my Balkan events appears in Evans' book: "Foreign Policy from a Back Bench."

*"betrayal."*

WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE?

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It has appeared for many months that there would be no solution without war, and that we should be fighting to preserve the Czechs as masters of three million Germans. Cession without war is a great gain. I do not think it an injustice to Czech national rights, but it involves great suffering to the anti-Nazi Germans, which is increased by the rapidity of the settlement. This could only have been avoided by long views and firm action, which seems too difficult for diplomacy.

We must be thankful that we were not drawn into a war which would have been without a good cause. I felt I could probably do nothing, but thought any of us who knew the question ought to help create public opinion which would enable Halifax to take the right line if he wished to. This may have happened: we cannot tell. It was worth the utmost effort if only to contribute one single iota. One might also help a little to counteract other people who were pressing contrary views on Halifax.



PARLIAMENT  
POLITICS

Barnet and Gore led to politics, but it was V. and C.R.B. who pushed me into standing for Parliament. The C.S.U. had not made me political in the Parliamentary or Liberal sense, and I had a strong distaste for public appearance.

In 1892 I had got up a meeting at Copthall Green in support of Colonel Lockwood, the Tory candidate, and had had no connection with Liberals since I was at Harrow when, having been brought up a Gladstonian until Father joined the Unionists in 1886, I spoke in a House debate at ~~Harrow~~ denouncing Lord Salisbury's name as being a byword for prevarication.

Father had become practically Conservative, and my position in the Brewery was at variance with Liberal policy. It required the Boer War to give me much contact with the Liberal Party view, and even so, it was only with the Campbell-Bannerman section of the Liberals. My uncle E.M.B. who was chairman of Truman's encouraged me to stand and introduced me to Herbert Gladstone who was in ~~the Liberal office~~ <sup>the Liberal chief whip</sup>. The result was my selection as candidate at Ipswich, and the preliminaries were made easy.

When it came to public life and visits to leading supporters, I found the strain very severe, especially as I was all the time carrying on my work at Truman's etc. The election was alleviated by the presence of Masterman, C.R.B. and others, but it was a painful time to me, and when it was over I felt very unlike

standing again. However, I was very kindly treated by new people, especially Lord Spencer who had been in the Liberal Cabinet, and was gratified by the support of my uncle Francis Buxton and many others. *I was only beaten by about 200 votes.*

Two years later I was asked to stand for the North West Division of Essex, which was a Liberal seat, but I was still deterred by previous experience. Then in 1904 I found my position at Truman's inconsistent with standing, and I resigned after many qualms about cutting adrift from a regular job. Greater freedom made me keen to stand, and in 1905 I offered to put up for the vacancy which occurred in the Whitby Division. *To everybody's surprise I won the seat which had never been anything but Tory*  
~~In the summer of 1905 after getting in for the first time, I found the strain of Parliament very~~  
~~I remember feeling the burden too great.~~ I was very young and I was still younger for my age. I got sustenance from recollections of the Liberator. More than once I remember going to the statue in the Abbey to remind myself of the inscription which I like so much: ["Endowed with a vigorous and capacious mind, [O]f undaunted courage and untiring energy." [He was early led by the love of God [to devote his talent to the good of man."]

There were some thrilling things in that Parliament. It was an event to be in the House with Joe Chamberlain, and I heard him speak. But he was already failing and his end was not far off. Another notable figure was Lecky, whom I revered most of all the historians *whom I* studied at Cambridge.

The Liberator has always been a great inspirer as he was to very many of a former generation. People I have met in electioneering told me that their fathers had brought them up on the Memoir as if it was the Bible. I said what I thought about him in the preamble to my "Public Purposes Trust."

It was jolly to be in the House with my Father's old friend Sir John Kennaway, and I liked some of the Members very much. Jebb, the classic authority, I remember congratulating me on studying the rules of procedure. Sir Wilfred Lawson was also a delightful patron. He never lost a chance of some fun, and I remember sitting by him below the gangway when he began a sort of greeting to me by adapting Scott's poetry with the words: "Oh Macedonia, stern and wild, fit muse for a poetic child."

One of the features of that summer when the Tory Government was dying, was the attempt to get them out by a snap division. The chief Whip organised a secret gathering of Liberal members in a house in Dean's Yard, when there was an all-night sitting and the Government's men had slipped past their Whips. The Liberal Whips were to telephone when the moment came for us thirty or forty stalwarts to rush across for the division. It never came off, but the intense boredom of spending most of the night dawdling sometimes in ~~Dean's Yard~~ <sup>the open air</sup> until long after daylight, remained an <sup>painful</sup> ~~unforgettable~~ memory.

I found the House an irksome strain. I was too little developed and found the Party very little associated with my C.S.U. outlook. However, Bryce was there, so that my Balkan Liberationism had good support, and I liked the local Yorkshire Liberals.

The keen Nonconformists, when roused to fury by Balfour's education policy were an inspiring, vigorous Christian type. The North Yorkshire moors and Whitby were grand, and I felt confident of winning in the general election which everyone knew would end the ten years domination of the Tories. I had won a seat which had never been previously anything but Conservative, and gained something of a name for doing so., C.B. himself making a speech about the crowning mercy of Whitby.

However, the great landowners of that feudal district put out tremendous efforts to retrieve their power in the dales, sending their gamekeepers round to the little farmers with the demand that they should promise their support to Beckett, the Tory candidate, in writing, and I was beaten by 70 votes. I had roused enthusiasm in Whitby, and on the announcement of defeat I was carried through the old streets like a triumphant victor; the old houses seemed to rock with the tumult and every house appeared to be hung with my colours. In London I was commiserated as one of the few who failed, especially by those whom I had introduced to politics; Masterman was conspicuous among these, and he was to get Office within a few months.

"New Order" for Europe, we need, first, to create a new order in Britain. This must give our people - and through them the peoples of Europe - a new vision. And a new hope. To beat the doctrine that the individual exists for the state it must be shown that we can evolve a scheme of national life in which the state of every individual is better than it could ever become in a totalitarian system. The new "free state" must secure its citizens all the benefits that the National-Socialist state promises them, together with the advantages that the latter, of its very nature, cannot even offer. In other words, our new order should combine a guarantee of economic security, including the free provision to all of the basic necessities of life, with the largest possible measure of individual freedom outside the economic sphere.

In this conception lies the most effective means for carrying out a psychological offensive against the Nazi Order. But for its realisation we need an interval of respite from war - and could profit by it more than Hitler.

Now that a new current of energy has been generated in our people, and bureaucratic resistance to change is cracking, conditions are favourable for great social developments - if that energy is not dissipated in fruitless military operations nor exhausted under the strain of aerial interruption of work and sleep. With proper planning, the effort devoted to these internal developments could be combined with the continued increase of our strength to meet a possible renewal of war - all the more because many of the measures that would make this a better country to live in would also make it less vulnerable to attack. And the fact of such dual progress in the state of Britain would constitute the most effective kind of propaganda abroad. The more it became known - through the restoration of normal communications - the less likely any renewal of war by Germany would become.

Those who rhetorically declare that we must "persevere in this war, whatever may happen, until decisive victory is gained", only show their failure to realise the meaning of the term. For victory in the true sense implies that the state of our people after the war is better than before. Real statesmanship should look further ahead than the question of winning a war - to the purpose of winning the peace that is bound to follow.

Religion

6

73

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

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

to his/

family when, only a few months after returning unscathed from Dunkirk, his second son, Christopher, who was in the 12th Lancers, was killed, in a riding accident while serving with his regiment. Christopher Buxton, though only 22 years old, had already shown great capacities and gifts and striking qualities of character.

A passage by that lover of the country-side, Wentworth Day, in his book "Harvest Adventure" (Harrap) reflects a personality of rare distinction and charm. Describing men he knew to whom "the cold and exposure, wind and tide, loneliness and wide skies" of the Essex marshes and tideways, are "an uplift of the soul, a challenge to the heart" Day numbers among them Christopher Buxton, together with General de Crespigny, C.W.A. Scott, Augustine Courtauld and others.

"Chris Buxton," he writes, "was tall, red-headed, shy and idealistic, a beautiful painter, with eighteenth-century manners and the hands of a master on a horse. He lived for painting and steeplechasing, wildfowl and racing, poetry and the sea, and he feared nothing. A rare combination of the virtues of that excellent and unmatched product of these isles, the cultured English gentleman."



29. Preference for Bolshevism.

In German eyes there is government by strong leadership in the interests of the nation, or (in the alternative) government by committees, soviets, parliaments, conferences, debates, and quarrelling vested interests. The latter method is called Democracy in its internal aspect, and Internationalism in its external manifestation. Bolshevism represents sovietism in practice, arising out of chaos, confiscation, and the denial of order; and in its international aspect, a missionary zeal to spread this chaos and rule of base appetites to happier and more ordered countries. This is a distorted view, but it is natural in a movement which in its early days had to combat Communism. Thus, Democracy and International Co-operation seem to Germany to be the weak forms of what, in its extreme form, is Communism. It is a matter of faith that Fascism-Nazism is Good, Bolshevism Bad. It seems to Germany that Bolshevism is a disease natural in backward Russia, but that civilised communities should know better --- and would, if they were not Jew-ridden. Thus, they resent British preference for "Reds" in Spain and Democrats in Czech-Slovakia. This appears to them as disloyalty to our class! The conflict is ideological, and hardly superable.

*lya*

SECTION IV. AUTONOMY AND EQUALITY.

1 German grievances:

- A Germans treated as minority, not partners in State
- B Czech the only official language
- C Czech officials in German areas
- D These officials are rude and offensive
- E Civil Service appointments in hands of Czech Ministries and political parties
- F Powers of local Government restricted in favour of Central Govt; as local gov't is German and Central Gov't Czech, ~~this~~ to remedy this would be autonomy.
- G 40,000 Germans in Prague do not get the privileges extended to a minority forming 20% of local population.

2. Remedies re status and language. (For ALL Germans)

Make it a Czechoslovakogerman Republic

German language equal and of the same validity as Czech

Central officials to be bilingual

Local officials to know and use the predominant local language, and in mixed areas, both languages.

Notices and communications (e.g. income-tax forms) to be in the language requested by the taxpayer, or in 2 languages

3. Cultural autonomy.

(This is mainly a matter of language, as above.)

Also German sections in ALL Ministries (share of budget etc)

German Boards for German institutions.

*Cadasthal*

Autonomy extended to the whole of the Germans, both in German and Czech districts; on a personal basis, like Church of England

(Section IV continued)

4.  
4.

Local autonomy.

This is the problem of the management of the predominantly German districts. Consider in the background of:-----

- A. Germans are citizens on an equality with Czechs
- B. German an official language, equally valid with Czech
- C. Cultural autonomy, and participation in State <sup>grants</sup> ~~services~~ ~~budget~~  
(on basis of German language and German sections in Ministries)  
for all Germans in the Republic, whether in big masses or not
- D. German officials in German districts.
- E. In mixed districts, German and Czech officials, but both bi-lingual, and no excessive proportion of Czechs.
- F. Fair share of Government contracts to German firms.
- G. No discrimination ~~exist~~ in choice of workers on ground of political Party or language, and no importation of men into a district.

5.

Autonomous institutions.

- A. Districts to be arranged (not gerrymandered) for homogeneity  
~~Germanis~~ The "Lands" system to be altered, so as to constitute several large provinces out of the German areas (e.g. N-W round Cheb and Karlsbad; N, round Reichenberg; Moravian-Silesian; South and West.)

Empt 7  
shd offer  
of deliv  
+ man.

- B. Police under local control; but charges against them of terrorising minorities (e.g. Social Democrats) could be heard outside the districts by mixed Courts.

26. Hostile attitude.

It may reasonably have seemed to Germany that the former Allies opposed every German ambition simply because it was German, without reference to its rightness or wrongness, and justified their attitude by reference to the alleged superiority of their method of governing themselves and conducting their relations with each other. Germany cannot be expected to regard democracy and international conferences as good in themselves, seeing that she has unpleasant experiences of both.

Our answer to differences of governmental system and world outlook is that each side should tolerate the other; but since the German creed is of its nature intolerant, that is tantamount to requiring Germany to adopt our own philosophy of tolerance. It is not "give and take" to expect one's opponent to judge things from one's own angle.

27. The Sudeten Question.

The German case is that we and the French failed to make Czechoslovakia enact reasonable reforms while there was yet time, so that Germany was forced to take drastic action in order to get anything done at all. (This argument has quite another side, namely that Germany fomented the Sudeten Question for her own ends, stalled the reasonable "Fourth Plan" so as to demand and get more, and not merely rescued her Sudetens, but turned the remaining Czecho-Slovakia into a vassal State.)

## CAUSES

### TEMPERANCE REFORM

The parents taught us fundamental principles like avoiding injury to others, but if I am to report ~~to my sisters~~ on the motives which have led to any efforts in my life I should say that I am indebted to a certain capacity for keen desires of an altruistic kind. The first of these which seized me arose from my being in the brewing trade. I was conscious of course even before going into the business of the debatable question whether it was a business that one should enter at all. Having largely by Father's advice decided that it was a trade like many others only undesirable in the comparatively small section of it which represented laxity, I still felt that the problem of Licencing Reform was the proper business of the members of the trade. I was particularly stirred through being constantly in the least orderly quarter of London where in the 1890's drunkenness was common, and degraded specimens of both sexes could sometimes be seen in certain streets hopelessly boozed and attacking each other with broken bottles.

I was very much taken with the idea of disinterested management of the public house, and naturally deplored the regrettable character of a large class of English pubs compared with the corresponding houses of the continent. There was much talk at that time of the Swedish system under which the manager of the licenced house had no interest in the sale of intoxicants.

An opportunity of studying this system came when the family went to Australia, and C.R.B. and I went abroad. We made for Stockholm and Gottenburg on the day after their departure.

I afterwards induced the Board of the Brewery to let me experiment with certain public houses in which a commission was given to the manager on the sale of non-alcoholics and food. I wrote an article on the results, and in order to secure attention and avoid the appearance of bias I persuaded Mr. Charles Booth, whose fame as the author of "Life and Labour in London" was then at its height, to publish the article with a preface by himself and without my name.

I took part afterwards in two movements for experimenting in disinterested management on a large scale and originally promoted by the Bishop of Chester, and afterwards by Lord Lytton. The first was the Peoples Refreshment House Association; the second the Public House Trust ~~Movement~~ Association.

POOR LAW REFORM

Another keen aspiration arose from my becoming a Poor Law guardian for Whitechapel. This was to introduce a system for dealing with vagrancy which would both provide a decent opportunity for those who wanted work, and squeeze out those who did not. A great deal had been done in this direction in Germany, and in 1897 I went to study the system there, afterwards pushing the plan at Poor Law conferences.

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION

Another aspiration was followed up after I left business in 1904 and had lost my seat in Parliament in 1905. It was the cause of Co-operation in Agriculture ~~which appealed strongly to me,~~  
In this I was prompted - as in the cause of Gardening for Urban Workers - by Rollo Meyer, who in the neighbourhood of his parish in bedfordshire had seen the urgent need, both social and economic, of co-operation for the small growers in buying supplies and also in selling their products, and had conferred benefits on them by organising <sup>co-operative</sup> societies on the continental model. I was a keen member of the Committee of the Agricultural Organisation Society, and in our own neighbourhood I founded the Epping Society, holding a meeting in the dining room at Warlies at which the Copt Hall agent, Mr. Ormond, was elected chairman.

HUMANE SLAUGHTER

Among other aspirations I ought to record two which followed the Great War. One was the cause of Humane Slaughter of Animals. I introduced a bill in the House, and visited the slaughter houses both reformed and unreformed. I also went to Rotterdam to see the system in vogue there. My bill made no concession to the Jews whose system I consider very much too cruel, and I was naturally the object of a violent campaign in the Jewish press. I was specially unpopular with a Jewish M.P. who had to sit up every night at the end of Parliamentary proceedings to block my bill by saying "I object" when the titles of the bills were read out. I was ruthless to the poor man having seen the Jewish method of slaughter. Afterwards when another Bill was passed the Jews obtained exemption.

Odious as Hitler's anti-Jewish policy is I cannot shed tears over his prohibition of Jewish ritual slaughter.

HOUSING

The other reform which moved me in recent times was that of housing. I made several speeches in the Lords on the subject, and I have found nothing more compelling than the one-room dwellings which I have seen in such large numbers. I wish I could have done more in the matter, but it naturally belongs ~~properly~~ to members of the L.C.C. and other great municipal bodies. There is nothing that a Christian who knows the intolerable limitations of life due to crowded housing can feel more flatly contrary to any idea of the Will of God.



BALKANS (A)

People have often enquired of me why I was known in connection with the Balkans. The answer is partly given in what I have said in my "Travels", and a fuller reply is provided by my books, "Travels and Reflections" and "With the Bulgarian Staff." Also the book which C.R.B. and I published during the war.

I took to going to the Balkans as my normal annual holiday, partly because I felt intensely the responsibility of our country for the atrocious fact that European populations were still misgoverned by the unspeakable Turk; but perhaps I should not have done so if I had not given up shooting. I am afraid my love of that sport would have kept me at home, but the Balkans furnished a field for real rough travel with the chance of adventure within three days of London; and I consider that in those days Balkan travel was far superior to ordinary tame sport, and deserved the name of "sport" more fully.

The fact that I became publicly connected with the Balkans was due to the chance that in forming the Balkan Committee we happened on a problem which roused intense interest in the politicians of all Europe because of the prospect of European war arising from the rival ambitions of Austria-Hungary and Russia. The diplomats of those countries and of Germany could not imagine that any Britisher could be active about Balkan affairs unless he were the agent of his Government, and as Lord Grey said: "It was much easier in diplomacy to tell the truth than to get people to believe it."

Chapter V VINDICATION

Politics contd.

Of my eighteen years in the House of Commons, four were occupied by the Great War, and eight by the post-war period which included many elections, two Labour Governments, and the unsuccessful attempt to establish collective peace. The first four were enlivened by the crises of democracy represented by the Lloyd George budget, and the Parliament Act. Secondly, by the Irish Home Rule struggle, and thirdly by the Suffrage Campaign.

All this ended with the war which perhaps resulted from them, <sup>because it looked to the German war-makers as if the English would be handicapped by internal division.</sup> One now sees that it was a period of a peculiar kind in which

Liberalism passed through its phase of decay. I will not attempt to describe it because everyone should read the brilliant book of Mr. Dangerfield on the sad tale of Liberalism. It describes those years with fascinating irony.

The summer holidays of those years were interesting. In 1910 we went, quite a family party, to the Inter-parliamentary Conference at Brussels. Belgians were annoyed with England because of the Congo atrocities campaign, and when time came to leave, the hotel refused to take a cheque. We then called a taxi, but found that our luggage had been locked up. Charlie nobly offered to stay behind and raise money from the Consul.

In 1911 came the Agadir crisis, and in August I went with Whitehouse to Berlin. We found that Lloyd George's reckless words had created despair even among the keenest Anglophils, and Sir George Goschen, our ambassador said to me: "His speech has destroyed all my work."

Lords cont.

taking a territorial title. A false prestige is given by turning a Mr Smith into a Lord Broadacres. A difficulty arose in sticking to the surname in my case, because Sydney Buxton strongly objected to there being another Lord Buxton. As there are many cases of such duplications, e.g. Greys, Howards etc., I did not sympathise, but I did not like to hurt his feelings, especially as he had lost his son. I met the dilemma by changing my name, which involved a double name. I hate double names, but there was no other way. It was a considerable sacrifice, and I told Rufus that I should strongly approve if he chose to revert to Buxton.

Has the pudding of peerage been proved by the eating? That depends on whether speeches for many good causes have formed any contribution. Anyhow my position led me to be invited to be presidents of various movements, and if I had been out of Parliament, I should not have been offered such interesting work.

THE LORDS.

though I felt that I should have a break-down if I went on in the  
, I hoped I might carry on in the Lords where Arthur Ponsonby had  
already gone. I told Ramsey this, but he wanted Addison who had been my  
under-secretary, to be Minister. Whether to go to the Lords was very  
debatable indeed. I felt strongly that I did not wish to drop out of  
public life, and that I might use the position to help causes for which  
I could do nothing if I ceased to be a member of Parliament altogether.  
On the other hand, I could see no merit in hereditary political power,  
and had thought it hardly consistent even with the principles I be-  
lieved in as a liberal. For a labour man to accept the position needed  
a very strong reason. It was taking part in an institution of which he  
disapproved in its present form, and if he had a son he was still more  
deeply involved. The position of a peer was artificial, and the social  
prestige associated with it regrettable. I consulted several people inclu-  
ding C.R.B. and V. I thought that such good democrats would be for stick-  
ing to ideal democratic principles, but to my surprise I found them  
strongly in favour of accepting. If they had not, I should have refused.  
Now after twelve years I often wonder if I was right. Any how they thought  
I was, and at all events I made a great many speeches on subjects which  
I thought important, and perhaps some of them at least had the utility  
which Lord Pentland told me was the value of a speech in the Lords,  
namely an article in a monthly review.

If only peerages could be for life, I should strongly approve  
of them, because a senate is an excellent institution, and speaking in  
the Upper House is far better than in the Commons, the speakers being  
unaffected by thoughts of constituents, and most of them people of great  
experience. Lately a good deal of the false <sup>social</sup> snobbery has been diminished  
by the increasing practise of keeping to ones family name, instead of

# Documents

## MEMOIR.

Documents (Go with it).

- 1) My view of T.F.B. Preamble to my Charity Trust Deed.
- 2) Religion and Morals. My tract of 1910 "by a politician".
- 3) Speeches in Parliament. (Hansards in case.)
- 4) Review articles (at Adstock) (Contemporary, 19th Century etc)
- 5) Article on Trust System. (Contemporary Review.)
- 6) Notes at Bury and in attaché case and small suit case.
- 7) Letters to Times, Manchester Guardian etc.

Memoir.

Various Records of N.B.

Articles in ~~mo~~nthly reviews. Stock copies are in one of the large boxes at Adstock rectory.

Old Bury magazines.

Books which mention N.B. e.g. Life of Barnet. Life of Bouchier.

Life of Snowden etc. Fuller list among my papers. ( Probably at the Bury, or in box of papers with my luggage.

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PREAMBLE

I am often urged to record recollections of my past, but I think autobiographies of people without public greatness are not worth anybody's time to read. And in these busy days, even things of personal interest to relatives are probably not used. However, as I have to spend some days in hospital without being able to see, I may as well respond to the kindly interest of my sisters and dictate a few points.

What I feel least disinclined to do is to say something about people who have had an influence on me, and I will also amuse myself by recalling a few odd recollections which may interest those who shared them. And it is also possible that one or two of my children may <sup>some day</sup> waste their time on ~~genialities~~ and ancient records which have no <sup>public</sup> particular interest.



A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.

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To escape the heat of Paris was impossible except by going to the coast and getting into the sea, or by motoring continuously so as to live in a cooling wind. The coast being far off and the devastated areas near at hand, I chose the latter. Two days were thus filled with a series of spectacles whose painful aspect was sufficiently dimmed by time to permit the enjoyment of rushing through fine country bathed in sunshine, made interesting by tragic events while not associated with immediate distress. Town after town reduced to the condition of Pompeii; village after village nearly, and sometimes entirely, obliterated; wood after wood of dead trees; mile after mile of rolling downs where sheep and corn have been replaced by thistles and white scabious. Already, after a summer's growth of weeds, the countryside has an air of far-off interest, of battles long ago. The smoking village or the deserted hamlet where starving dogs are still skulking

carcasses of animals and men, as I have seen them elsewhere, make far more impression of tragedy, and this though one remembers that the loss of life and happiness in those smoking villages was but a drop in the bucket to that which belongs to the Chemin des Dames or the Mametz ridge. These areas are the altars on which mankind has established a quantitative record in human sacrifice. Here in inverted form, the congested soul-traffic of 'The Blue Bird' comes to the mind. . . .

The rolling downs are now like a gigantic rabbit warren, where woods, fields, farms, villages have been reduced to one dead level of colour, save where a wavering band of poppies, appropriately red, marks the fresh soil of a recently levelled trench. The peasants have not returned because there is nowhere to live within many miles, and the only signs of human life are found in the Labour Companies - British, French, Chinese, Indian, or Turco - which are engaged in searching for graves and collecting remains at the new cemeteries. In some cases this melancholy task is facilitated by the fact that corpses were never buried. By the side of a deep trench, still

filled with the remains of gas-masks, food tins and weapons, attention was drawn by an upright boot to the outline of the recumbent figure to which it belonged. The soil had covered it with a shallow coating of earth, perhaps thrown up by a shell or possibly gathered by the working of the innumerable mice which now swarm upon the battlefields. Half hidden by this year's weeds, a jaw protruded from the soil, shewing a magnificent set of teeth. A single molar lying by itself was the only indication of the wound which caused death. The skull was still hidden, the clothes perished; and the tooth seemed to stand for the whole episode of violence in which this embodiment of human spirit was suddenly brought to an end.

Its prominence brought to mind another spectacle which I had seen in the previous week at Vienna. In the hospitals there lie a great number of small children, who through the famine conditions of war and armistice have ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~bravely~~ <sup>bravely</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~entry~~ <sup>entry</sup> into life.

Among other indications of stunted growth, there was pointed out to me a child of a year and a half possessing only two teeth. The incident may serve to excuse the title which heads these remarks. It is not so crudely far-fetched as would appear, for the state of these children is largely due to that policy of revenge which is identical with the maxim of those of old: 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' The little child deprived of teeth is just a fortuitously literal expression of the timehonoured principle of vengeance.

What are we doing as the sequel of the gigantic battles of the War? When we are reminded of them, either by thought or by ocular observation, our sanest instinct is to register a vow that, if it be possible to prevent the recurrence of such things, we shall not be lacking in efforts to that end, if only that we may preserve such poignant losses from being wasted and thus do honour to the dead.

When we visit ruined towns, and see families creeping back to learn whether the tottering walls of their homes are safe to live in, we cast about for plans of reparation, and feel that no generosity would be too great to compensate for the loss of cherished associations and the wasted years of a family existence intended to be happy.

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 <sup>still</sup> in my 20's; 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 a endowment for unpaid work. Friends dissuaded me, urging caution in view of marriage, etc., <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ I am glad that I formed a Trust, <sup>for public</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>purposes</sup> though at times it has led to anxious situations. It has done a great deal of good through more deliberate choice of objects, and <sup>to giving</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>if the means</sup> larger sums than I should have otherwise given. No doubt ~~I might~~ <sup>had remained my own I might have been more open-handed in</sup> ~~have appeared more open handed,~~ and enjoyed the pleasure of being <sup>personal work</sup> so, ~~if the income had remained my own,~~ 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~~ <sup>exact</sup> ~~many~~ detail which I kept at Cambridge, but if I became over <sup>also</sup> ~~pernickety~~ I did <sup>also</sup> enjoy large gifts.

~~It is tragic that the richest people seem to get the least~~ <sup>compared with rich people who seem to get no</sup> pleasure from generosity, I did anyhow get a kick from forming the Trust; saving life in the Balkans; promoting freedom in

Armenia; giving large sums to the Labour Cause; financing <sup>(over 400,000)</sup> and presenting cigarettes to the entire Bulgarian Army during 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.

done

Another class of ~~ROYALTIES.~~ notables is that of ~~filchery~~ ~~royalties~~  
My descendants may be interested to hear of some royalties whom I

have met. Even if individual kings may be dull personalities, they are so important that most people are interested in them.

K. 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 those 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 wiley 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 criticise 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 coran, mais vous le consigne!" He was fond of money and might have been

desolated and profaned." At a mass gathering at Blackheath, he said to imaginary Ottomans:- "Never again, as the years roll on, so far as it is in our power to determine, never again shall the hand of violence be raised by you, never again shall the flood-gates of lust be open to you, never again shall the dire refinements of cruelty be devised by you for the sake of making mankind miserable." All this recalled to men's mind the spirit of Milton's sonnet on the massacre in Piedmont, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," the spirit that made Cromwell say that the slaughter came as near to his heart as if his own nearest and dearest had been concerned.

Mr. Gladstone's weakness was that his view was opposed by the Conservative classes, and it may be interesting to recall what he said in this connection. "The rally on behalf of Turkey represents, in the main, the ideas of the upper ten thousand. From this body, there has never on one occasion within my memory proceeded the impulse that has prompted any of the great measures which, in the last half-century, have contributed to the fame of England. They did not emancipate the dissenters, Catholics and Jews. They did not reform the Parliament. They did not liberate the negro slave. They did not cheer on the work of Italian freedom. These things have been done despite their opposition."

When Disraeli's policy was debated in Parliament, Gladstone's peroration was memorable. "Sir," he said, "there were other days, when England was the hope of freedom. Never in the world a high aspiration was entertained, or a blow was struck, it was

six or a hundred no Western party could compete with it for vigour and mirth. In Bulgaria, you might meet the school children led by the schoolmaster, who <sup>obeying the statutory order</sup> ~~was compelled by law~~ to take his pupils on Sunday afternoon for a natural history ramble. For the politician, too, there were cheering sights. If he reflected on the puzzles of religious education in England, he would be cheered by the splendid achievement of the Austrian Government in Bosnia. Thirty years before, Moslem, Roman Catholic, and Greek Catholic lived in perpetual and blood-stained feud; now their children sat together in the school, the rival clerics collected their followers in different rooms during the hour for religious teaching (~~sent that the atmosphere should at other times be merely patriotic~~), and then the rival sectarians, so lately at war, gathered again for playtime in the school-yard. ~~Or again,~~

In these liberated countries the tourist could travel with perfect safety; the Government would indeed offer him a gendarme for escort, and he would be well advised to take him; <sup>but not so much</sup> ~~not indeed~~ to ward off brigands, <sup>as to shoot</sup> ~~there was much more~~ ~~danger~~ from fierce dogs (such as killed, in this very land, Euripides), ~~and these the escort was instructed to shoot,~~ or if the traveller was benighted at some village where the appearance of the inn suggested that the vermin would be beyond endurance, the gendarme would justify his pay by demanding the hospitality of the best house in the village.

*had almost disappeared, but*  
 Brigandage need ~~not~~ alarm the traveller, though I plead guilty to fear on one occasion in Bulgaria; it was just after the capture of an American lady by Bulgarian rebels (in Turkish Macedonia) who were holding her to ransom. The lady was reported to be concealed in the very monastery to which we were travelling; and a Bulgarian paper of the district had reported that my friend and I were setting out to ransom her, carrying £25,000 in our pockets. Considering the temptation, it did indeed speak <sup>well</sup> ~~volumes~~ for the Bulgarian Government that no violent hands were laid upon us.

The dominions of the Sultan had their charms also for holiday-making; the mountains were beautiful, the tattered escort was picturesque, and barbarism was often <sup>amusing</sup> ~~funny~~. Before setting out for the Balkans I told the Turkish Ambassador in London that I was going in search of health, and in particular for a weak throat; the ambassador quaintly replied, "It is not a very good place for throats." That was no doubt the case for the subjects of the Sultan, but for the European traveller it was safe enough; and whether it be from the open-air life, or from the total absence of luxury, ~~I must say that~~ I found it most exhilarating.

*To cross* The Turkish frontier was always <sup>amusing</sup> ~~alarming~~. It was not like most frontiers, an unreal and shadowy existence. The passage of <sup>from</sup> one world to another was immediately signalled by the mouldering Custom House and the tattered uniform.



one entered a world of Squalor & <sup>one</sup> ~~the~~  
saw the Turk contained in the proverb

~~Usually as civilisation increases the picturesque dis-~~  
~~appears, but there it was not so.~~ "Where the Turkish foot  
treads the grass never grows" ~~but~~ <sup>had disappeared</sup> when the Turk is gone,  
houses are rebuilt and roads are made, yet nothing beautiful  
is destroyed, for there was none to destroy, except the  
minarets, which usually remain. <sup>ed</sup> The new eaves were wider  
and the roads shadier, and orchards relieved the brown  
monotony of the Turkish waste. Entering Turkey you leave  
both prosperity and beauty at once. The poverty of some  
parts was so great that, when I entered <sup>Kosovo</sup> Turkey from <sup>S</sup>ervia,  
the governor sent a message begging me to bring carriages  
from <sup>S</sup>ervia if I wanted them, as there were none available  
in his country.

But to return to the frontier. There was a glorious  
uncertainty about what would happen; one man <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ turned  
back and has his journey nipped in the bud; another is  
arrested on the suspicion of being an agitator. Every  
item of our luggage was strewn on the floor, and our books,  
when the official has pretended to read them, usually  
holding them upside down, would be taken from us. On  
one occasion, by way of experiment, we took with us a copy  
of the Koran and an anti-Turkish pamphlet; the Turk returned  
to us the pamphlet, but declined to pass the Koran - his own  
national Bible. After this we became friendly, and he ex-  
pressed regret that he could not allow us to take the Koran;

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One entered a world of squalor & one  
saw the truth contained in the proverb

Usually as civilisation increases the picturesque dis-  
appears, but there it was not so. "Where the Turkish foot  
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pressed regret that he could not allow us to take the Koran;

compatriots attended with their rifles. The feasting lasted for a week, and we were invited to one of the banquets. <sup>An Albanian</sup> ~~A Turkish~~ dinner, where you have to sit on the floor, tear up roast ducks with your hands, and consume innumerable courses without intermission, is always a painful trial. If you stop for an instant your host will avenge himself by forcing upon you an even larger portion. Your sufferings are vastly increased by having to sit cramped upon the floor. Besides, at <sup>such a</sup> ~~a Turkish~~ meal only one glass is provided, and a servant who carries it with the jug of water brings it to the guest who wishes to drink; the terrible choice has, therefore, to be made, between eating ten large courses without any drink and the unspeakable qualms of sharing the vessel with your greasy companions.

The solemnity of calling on a Turk, with its inevitable programme of coffee, cigarette, and jam with water, its slow repetition of hypocritical compliments and renewed cigarette, was amusing to a beginner. It was especially so at that extraordinary spot <sup>the Sanjak of Novibazar</sup> where the Austrians then had a garrison in Turkish territory. The Austrian general took us to the Pasha and discoursed on the excellent roads and bridges which his Excellency the Pasha had built. I supposed that, as usual, there were no roads; but I had not realised the pungency of Austrian wit. We learnt afterwards that there was a road and even a bridge, but both had been

built by the Austrians. The sting lay in the fact that no bridge in the district was ever maintained by the Turks. The only other bridge that I saw was not Turkish but Roman; it would have been, however, none the less welcome, but that the river had changed its course, and no longer ran under the bridge.

Austrian humour went to even greater lengths, ~~of savagery~~; on the bare limestone hills surrounding the town they had written in huge letters formed of white stones the monogram of the Austrian Kaiser side by side with the Crescent, and they discoursed to the Turks of the charming effect produced when these emblems <sup>were</sup> illuminated on the Kaiser's birthday.

If the company of a <sup>Mahomedan</sup> ~~Mohammedan~~ became oppressive, you could generally remove him by producing some article condemned by Mahomet, such as ham or bacon, but the old piety was breaking down and the decay of fanaticism had its bad side in the growing popularity of the bottle. My friend and I engaged a <sup>Mahomedan</sup> ~~Mohammedan~~ dragoman and started out one day with a modest lunch, chiefly of ham and whisky, with some suitable viands for the true believer; we produced the ham bashfully out of regard for his feelings, but to our disgust he displayed a liking for ham equalling our own, with an appetite twice as voracious. He explained that though a Turk he was a Liberal. We afterwards crossed the boundary into a Christian State (where a Turk might be unpopular), and found to our

astonishment that our friend had hidden his fez, produced an English cap from his pocket and become a Christian. After this he changed his religion no less than three times, avoiding awkward consequences with great skill, except once, when he found it convenient to join with us in declaring himself a Protestant, with the result that he was completely cornered by an inquisitive Greek monk, who demanded to know the Protestant view of the Virgin Mary.

A Turkish inn was frequently little more than a range of rotten shanties surrounding a manure heap, so that the traveller would probably choose a room looking on to the open street, and get as near to the open window as he ~~can~~ <sup>could</sup>. At one place, however, we were not allowed even this luxury; the officer of the escort politely requested us to keep <sup>to</sup> at the other end of the room, and proceeded to ~~draw some~~ <sup>put</sup> ~~curtains~~ <sup>screens</sup> across the windows, explaining that the Albanians resented the presence of foreign travellers, and might take the opportunity of shooting them from the street through the window. At the same place on leaving the room I fell over the prostrate form of one of the escort; they had had orders not to let us leave their sight, and being sleepy he had stretched himself across the door. At another place we were very anxious to learn the opinions of a Christian merchant; <sup>on whom we were sure</sup> the problem was how to shake off the escort. It was impossible to do so ourselves, so we <sup>proposed</sup> ~~agreed~~ to go for a walk in the town (which would compel the escort to go with us), and to leave

our interpreter for a talk with the merchant, which he might afterwards report to us. But the Christians implored us to desist; it was as much as their liberty was worth even to be ~~seen talking~~ to the interpreter. Their fears were not baseless; two days after we had left the place, and were staying with the Servian consul elsewhere, a message reached him that a schoolmaster who had been speaking to our servant (albeit in the presence only of the escort) had been arrested and thrown into prison. Only on one occasion did we rid ourselves of our escort; we were spending the night at a small mountain farm, and the farmer had shown his appreciation by killing one of his herd of swine, which was roasted whole for our benefit over a wood fire. The captain of the escort was fortunately a pious Moslem, <sup>so that</sup> and when the pig was brought in he fled, and we found ourselves for the first time left alone with the Christians. The Servian consul, who was with us, and who would have means of verifying statements, seized the opportunity of asking the farmer how things were going on; he replied that the Albanians had demanded from him a ransom of £30, and that as he could not possibly pay he would be obliged to fly across the frontier into Servia, <sup>and</sup> abandoning all his property. He asked advice from the consul as to how he was to provide for his wife, his mother and his children. He added that his father and his uncle had been murdered by the Albanians. The consul then inquired, by

way of verification, where the murder had taken place; the farmer immediately answered: "It was in this room," and he then pointed out two bullet marks in the wall.

In Uskub the Serbian bishop was very anxious to hear about the English stage, and added: "Here we have no theatre, but we are noted for our tragedies." The statement was confirmed by an incident which took place a few days afterwards. A Bulgarian girl had been stolen by a Turk, and her brother begged the Russian consul to give her refuge if she was rescued. The consul was so far satisfied of the facts that he did so, and sent the girl with his wife to Bulgaria. Soon afterwards the brother was found with his throat cut close to the Turk's house. Several Christians (but not the Turk) were thereupon arrested, and there as usual things ended. A friend of ours was appealed to by a Christian woman in our presence for advice, because the village gendarme had expelled her husband and taken her into his house, but had now gone away leaving her in trouble and unprovided for. At another village it was significant that the schoolmaster replied to our inquiries that all was quiet, they were very happy; but when asked for details he said that the Turkish sergeant had closed the inn every evening because the innkeeper's wife had refused his advances; but he had not thought such things worth mentioning. He added that he had also been beaten himself, but he did not know why. This



reminds<sup>ed</sup> me of an Armenian guide at Constantinople, who said that he had not suffered by the massacres; and when I asked him if none of his relations had been killed, he replied: "Yes,<sup>ch</sup> one of my brothers was killed, but only one."

The most tragic situation exists<sup>ed</sup> in parts of Albania, where the Albanian population was mixed with the Serbian. Here, in addition to the hardships of Turkish government, the defenceless Christians were at the mercy of a savage race, more brutal and more active than the Turks, forming in practice a class of licensed brigands, respecting no authority, and compared with whom even the Turk was a friend. The governor of this district, though strongly anti-Christian, made some attempt to keep up the semblance of Turkish law and order; but the Sultan had an Albanian guard, and his personal safety demanded that the Albanians should be humoured, so the unhappy governor was transferred to Tripoli, whither his secretary had preceded him, having made himself suspected of treasonable Radicalism by importing a bicycle. (In the same part of Albania I was breakfasting one day with one of the consuls, when a dishevelled and miserable Ser<sup>v</sup>gian monk arrived; he had been in charge of a monastery; some Albanians had arrived, plundered the monastery, and

promised him a bullet if he did not go. The great monastery of Detchane, one of the historic and sacred memorials of the Ser<sup>v</sup>ian Empire, had often been plundered by tribes over whom Turkish Authority was absolutely nil. I met, also, an aged priest who was driven to carry a revolver and a Martini rifle himself, so often had he been attacked; he was anxious to explain that for this irregularity he had a licence from the Bishop of Prisrend. (During the previous summer there had been open war between the Turkish authority and an Albanian chief, who objected to the establishment of a Russian consulate, and <sup>raised his tribesmen in rebellion</sup> ~~compelled the Turks to refuse the Russian demand~~. Three years before I had visited this gentleman's castle; it was a lofty stone building with stone walls three feet thick, an iron door, windows with stone shutters, and loopholes for rifles. The strangest part of this establishment was a small monastery, which, though a <sup>Mahomedan</sup> Mohammedan, he had founded close to the castle, and <sup>in which</sup> ~~where~~ he kept an unfortunate monk of the Greek church ~~a prisoner~~, compelling him to do his bidding on a starvation wage.

space

It was a rare opportunity which those days afforded, to visit a relic of the Moslem flood which two centuries before had overwhelmed Europe, till stemmed at the walls of Vienna. <sup>Though</sup> While brought to our doors by the Orient Express, it was as picturesque and unexplored as Afghanistan. Yet those Englishmen who seized the fleeting privilege, could be counted on the fingers. Never again will such remoteness be within the compass of a month's holiday. The Balkan War and the Great War brought it to a final end.

Yet while the street red with fezes will be seen no more, the clash between East and West becomes in some respects more marked, as Western methods impose themselves.

Lawless habits still remain, a relic of life as it was under the Turk. Even the floor of Parliament does not provide a sanctuary. <sup>Premier Ministers are</sup> ~~Prime Ministers and Leaders of the~~ ~~Opposition are put to death by their political opponents~~ <sup>and Parliamentary leaders</sup> ~~and leaders of the Opposition are shot down in the Council Chamber.~~ Where the Balkan peoples attempt to leap unprepared into the twentieth century, the resulting incongruities are sometimes very diverting. A General Election, difficult to work even in a country where democracy has reached a high level of competence, in some Balkan states is a sujet pour rire. Yet progress, which was unknown for

hunted to death

W  
resuscitation  
this  
four centuries, is now continuous. The advance of the  
liberated peoples is far more remarkable than the marks  
of their long slavery. ~~The future is full of hope.~~

Industry & education advance  
daily. Deeds of violence  
may attract attention but  
the capacity to receive is the  
really notable fact.

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~~For P. 16, near bottom.~~

The chief sufferers from British intervention were the Armenians and the Macedonians, both of whom would otherwise have become free. The fate of the Macedonians was peculiarly hard because they are of European stock; they belong to the Bulgarian Church, which taught an intense desire for education, and they had actually for a time experienced the liberation which was allowed to become permanent for their brethren in the new state of Bulgaria, from which they were arbitrarily cut off. They are of a vigorous type, and their leading men immediately began to migrate to free Bulgaria, so that at the present day the population of Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, is to a great extent Macedonian. Although it had become a European maxim that peoples once liberated from the Turks should never be returned, these virile people saw themselves put back under the yoke, and it is small wonder if this <sup>peculiar</sup> ~~peculiar~~ fate produced abnormal reactions. In our own day the reaction <sup>tendency of the Macedonian revolutionaries to</sup> ~~of violence~~, (which has continued because, when the Turks had gone, Macedonia received a Government which it resented,) has produced the ill repute of the Macedonian <sup>organisation</sup> ~~revolutionists~~. They <sup>may have</sup> ~~have undoubtedly~~ degenerated, but we ought to remember the cause. The fact that these people, of European mind, had to live in their villages under <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ crude tyranny ~~of barbarians~~ led them to feel a hatred for the tyrant which is difficult for us to imagine. It is well pictured in the novels of Vasoff, <sup>& in</sup> ~~or of our own~~ E.F. Benson's ~~in~~ "The Vintage". It helps us to understand the outlook of the captive Jews, when, in their psalms, they called a blessing on him who "taketh their children and dasheth them against the stones."

~~consisting of as many as twelve mounted gendarmes, partly because, if one was caught by brigands, it would give the government trouble, and partly to prevent the villagers from telling one of their grievances. But one sometimes had an opportunity of talking with a Christian, for instance, if one was eating the flesh of pigs, and the Moslem, obeying Mahomed's prohibition of pigs as food, left the room. On one such occasion we were told how a girl had been stolen by a Turk. Her brother had reported it to the Russian consul. As a result he was found with his throat cut. Our informant added that he himself had been beaten, but he did not know why. I was reminded of an Armenian at Constanti-  
-nople who said that he had not suffered by the massacres. When I asked him if any of his family had suffered, he replied, "Yes, ~~one of my brothers was killed, but only one!~~"~~

The Macedonians who had tasted liberty were the last people to follow the maxim of oppressed peoples: "Bow the head and the sword will not strike." Insurgent movements elsewhere incited them.

~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> of those whose respect one values would be rather disgusted by those 'indiscretions' — and publication without 'indiscretions' would not be a success. Since N.B. is still in public life, there would be some risk of putting weapons in the hands of enemies. All things considered, there seems more chance of loss of reputation than of gain by publication. Letter adds: If reprinted Burns or Binell, published, but now wd sacrifice personal dignity.

PRO (3) The above answer is inadequate, because no account is taken of the fact that the War and <sup>its</sup> controversies are not living issues today. That is to say, there would be no possibility of loss of reputation and every likelihood of gain: in which case ~~PRO~~ above.

CON (3) On the other hand, the Diaries are in a sense a confession of — and apology for — failure. Is it worth while reviving the ancient controversies, or better to let sleeping dogs lie? — especially in view of the fact that publication might involve breaches of confidence, and would be in questionable taste (reference 'indiscretions')?

Hassan, saying, "Shoot me now if you wish".

Hassan recoiled with a gesture of repugnance. Human contact brings natural instincts into play. Our sense of one another had become too vivid; we were no longer abstractions to each other, the assassin on one side, the anti-Turk on the other. If every man's imagination penetrated the murky barriers of emotion, killing in war or in crime would become impossible.

(no space)

Hassan expressed a special interest in literature, so we searched the shops next day and sent him the best we could find - Edmund Gosse's English Literature, the Koran, and the New Testament, all in French. We also sent him a rug, and the warder must have told the Rumanian press for next day the papers said we 'admired his patriotism' and sent a rug 'because he was too thin'.

space → Hassan was ably defended at his trial but was sentenced to 5 years labour in the salt mines - which was regarded as fairly certain death.

A year later the Germans took Bucarest. I thought of Hassan's stroke of luck. He would surely get released and would be feted on reaching home. But it seemed unlikely that



I should ever learn the facts. Strangely enough, news of his end reached me years afterwards through a British naval officer who was present when the Greeks took Smyrna. This officer enquired the reason why particular Turks were selected for slaughter and their bodies laid out on the quay. One of them, he learnt, had been ~~something~~ of a hero in the Turkish quarter, through his exploit in attempting to assassinate the Englishman at Bucarest in 1914.

The officer took photos of the row of corpses, and sent me a copy, and there, sure enough, only looking a trifle older, lay Hassan Taxim.

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a. (Sofia)  
- 2 -

It so happened that, just after the visit of King Alexander, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bulgarian Independence was celebrated by a great service in the new Cathedral. The King and Queen attended, and afterwards mixed with the congregation in the Cathedral. It was evident that an unusually serious feeling was prevalent, and this was due to the relief experienced at the successful visit of King Alexander. There had been keen anxiety lest untoward events should occur, and, naturally, when the assassination took place, the sense of relief at Sofia was extreme.

The recent visit might be thought to be in line with previous attempts to improve the relations of the two countries, but in fact it was of far greater importance. A sense of unreality attached even to the visit of King Boris to Belgrade in the recent past, because Bulgaria had not dealt with the Macedonian domination of the south-western provinces. So long as that domination remained, Yugo-Slavia could very easily excuse a régime of severity on her side of the frontier. The elimination of that excuse gives an entirely new character to efforts towards better relations, and it will clearly be a first-class catastrophe if the Macedonian movement once more interfered with friendship.

For the present there is confidence at Sofia that conciliation on the Serbian side will come sufficiently soon to anticipate the danger. There is unanimity of opinion in favour of unqualified courting of good relations. Even in Macedonian quarters, though there is naturally a scepticism regarding Yugo-Slav intentions,

The suppression of the revolutionary organisation is approved. It struck me as remarkable that even the meagre promises of the declaration made when the two kings parted were regarded as not excessively disappointing. The announcement of internal reforms was seen to be a matter which would impinge on Yugo-Slav patriotic pride, and more properly belonging to announcements of internal policy at Belgrade somewhat later. Public opinion accepts the position that the policy of pin pricks is an undeniable failure, and even those who have advocated it most keenly in the past reluctantly admit that the policy of friendship should receive a trial.

It is true that in opposition quarters the policy of the present Government is described as merely a continuation of that of M. Moushanoff. But in fact there is a difference, for, although the late government opposed the revolutionary organisation up to a point, it did not prevent the activity of the bands. They were active even after the visit of King Boris to Belgrade in the autumn of 1933.

A

# The rescue of Europe from the Turkish invasion.

Noel Burton

The words of the Harrow song, "Byron lay dying for freedom far away", left me, when I used to sing them at Harrow, with a hazy idea of their significance. In ~~fact~~<sup>reality</sup>, they refer to an event of first class importance in the history of the world.

The freedom for which Byron died, was freedom from a domination which threatened to obliterate the civilised world as we know it. ~~The domination of the Turkish empire.~~  
The struggle of the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke, was one phase of this great historical struggle. [Everyone who thinks that the culture of the Christian nations is an asset which it would be disastrous to lose; everyone who aspires, even if not an admirer of Christianity, to be what John Morley called "a good European", must recognise his obligation to those who saved from destruction the Christian States. ~~They~~<sup>These states</sup> form a group, which, whatever we may think of the merits of ~~known~~<sup>non</sup> Christian and ~~known~~<sup>non</sup> European nations, is ~~a~~<sup>the</sup> most ~~powerful~~<sup>developed</sup> section of mankind, and in fact, ~~is~~<sup>is also the most powerful</sup>, ~~is~~<sup>is</sup> virtually dominating ~~the future of~~ the world.

(2).  
bought by the Allies. It would have been interesting if Lloyd George's commission to me to spend any sum that I named, in the Balkan States, had not been surpressed 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 he having resulted from the murder of the rival dynasty, represented by K. Alexander. I liked better his son Alexander, with whom C.R.B. and I had a talk, when he was with the Serbáan army, at that time driving the Austráan troops out of N. Serbia. This was the man who was assasinated in France years later.

When the Macedonian question was at its height, K. George of Greece came to London. He was a nice amn and brother of Q. 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 to 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 mission was that he made it an occasion to belittle his Prime Minister, Venezueloz. 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 Venezueloz himself.

(3).

Q. 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 K. 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 Balkan Committee, but the notorious Marie was very friendly to me, when she came to London, and Lady Astor gave a party for her.

(4).

Among agreeable recollections are those of K. 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's father, Foxy Ferdinand, had perhaps more humour than his son. When Leland and I saw him in 1904, Leland apologised for his clothes, and Ferdinand consoled him with the words, "you are exquis".

The chief obstacle to the detachment of Bulgaria is still our sense of duty to Greece.

The Memorandum prudently ignores the question whether the same obligation should be felt towards Greece. The Greek government registered M. Venizelo's proposal for the cession of Kavala in exchange for large acquisitions in Asia Minor, and also incited Serbia, as her Ally, to refuse concessions as to Serbian territory. Having thus jeopardised Serbia's safety to Greece, when Serbia was attacked, repudiated the Treaty by which she was bound to aid Serbia by force.

The Memorandum urges that the concessions to Bulgaria might have been reasonable in 1915, they are unthinkable now. It may be more fairly urged that if the of Greece were an inadequate ground for risking the destruction of Serbia last year, still less is it necessary to forego a military advantage in order to protect Greece in her Macedonian provinces. If we withdraw this protection, which Greece has done nothing to earn, since she registered the advice of M. Venizelos ( now denounced in Greece as a paid agent of England), and support the national claims of Bulgaria in Serbian Macedonia, we may be in a position to establish Serbia in her true "Great Serbian" frontiers.



A R M E N I A  
- - - - -

Persistent rumours as to a separate peace with Turkey have recently appeared in the Press. Great Britain in virtue of the Cyprus Convention and the leading role she played in insisting that the adequate Guarantees for reforms in Armenia stipulated by the Treaty of San Stephano should be converted into the less adequate guarantees of the Treaty of Berlin, assumed a great responsibility for the systematic oppression and massacres of which the Armenians have been the victims during the last 38 years.

The undersigned consequently feel it a duty most strongly to urge that, apart from considerations of allied policy in the matter of the Straits, the status of Egypt, Cyprus etc., no peace with Turkey is possible which does not connote an absolute cessation of Turkish misrule in the Eastern Anatolian provinces referred to in the 61 Art. of the Treaty of Berlin and the Reform Scheme of 1895.

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would furnish supplementary bases in addition to the main base, Salonika, which should be retained not only as a maritime base but as an impediment to Austro-German contact with the Aegean and as a menace to Macedonia, necessitating the retention of considerable Bulgarian forces in that country.

Constantinople being the objective of the Eastern Balkan campaign all strategical combinations would be designed for its isolation in the first instance and for its eventual capture. These are for military experts. The advance would be along the shore of the Aegean, the railway line Drama - Dedeagatch - Demotika being utilised as far as possible. The seizure of a certain amount of the rolling stock might be effected by sudden descents from the sea, but the construction of a loop line north of Dedeagatch has rendered the railway less vulnerable than formerly in that neighbourhood.

It is certain that Bulgaria is not now in a position to oppose an effective resistance to a landing or series of landings on her southern coast; the troops now assembled north of Salonika might be brought up via Serres in a short time, but for this Greek permission would be required. The army is <sup>in</sup> occupation of Macedonia will not be drawn upon to any serious extent in view of the Italian menace from the west and the possibility of co-operation from Salonika. It must be remembered that union with Macedonia has been the dream of the Bulgarian race for more

than half a century; now that that dream has been realised after a series of insurrections and wars, the nation will cling to Macedonia at any sacrifice and the withdrawal of any considerable portion of the force in occupation of that country is not to be expected.

Furthermore it seems doubtful whether Bulgaria will consent to make any serious effort to defend Eastern Thrace for the Turks and Germans, who can promise her nothing but will probably demand large sacrifices from her in this region should they win the War. The national psychology counts for much in this connection; the Bulgarians are a self-centred and egoistical race and have long memories. They have not forgotten how the Turks filched from them the portion of Thrace conceded to them by Europe, and, having won Macedonia with the aid of the Central Powers, they may even calculate on the possibility of regaining Thrace with the aid of the Entente. Even at the beginning of the war, many Bulgarians stated positively that they would never fight in Thrace for the Turks. Whether Bulgaria's resistance will go beyond the defence of her own territory seems doubtful.

A landing at Enos simultaneous with descents on the Bulgarian coast would compel the Turkish army now assembled at Keshan to defend its own territory and prevent it from co-operating with the Bulgarians. After its defeat the first

objective of the invading army would probably be Dimotika, where the line ~~to~~ Constantinople would be seized.

With or without the aid of the Bulgarians the Austro-German army would probably make a stand here. Whether Russia despite the presence of German submarines at Varna would venture to cooperate by landing troops at Midia or even behind the Tchataadja lines, and whether means could not be found for intercepting the communications of the city with the Asiatic side of the straits from which the supplies for its populations of 1,200,000 are almost exclusively derived, are questions, to which naval and military experts may have ready replies; could a blockade be established from this side a rapid surrender would follow.

The idea of a simultaneous attack from the Asiatic side must of course be dismissed as chimerical if it be admitted that the difficulties are really such as to baffle the resources of human ingenuity.

In any case a campaign in the Balkans cannot be inaugurated with any prospect of success except with forces fully equal to those which the enemy can put into the field. There ought to be no real difficulty in fulfilling this condition while our command of the sea should enable us to meet the enemy in superior strength in each encounter. The circumstance that both Bulgaria and Turkey depend on Germany alone for money and

munitions must tell in the end. The process of exhaustion continues.

The present attitude of Rumania is due to the following causes: (1) Her supply of munitions is only sufficient for a three months campaign and cannot be replenished owing to the difficulty of communication with the West. The only existing means of communication are the long and tedious routes via Archangelsk and Vladivostok which cannot be depended upon to maintain a constant and sufficient supply. This difficulty can only be removed by the opening of the Dardanelles and Bosphoros.

(2) Her army cannot undertake the invasion of Transylvania - the only course demanded by popular sentiment - while her southern frontier is exposed to attack by Bulgaria and her allies. This difficulty will largely disappear with the diversion of the Bulgarian forces in occupying Macedonia in opposing an Italian advance in Albania, in masking Salonika and in defending the southern provinces against the action of the Entente suggested above.

(3) Owing to the recent betrayal of the plans of a portion of the Carpathian fortifications to the Germans, costly alterations will be necessitated and war must, if possible be avoided for at least three months.

The last-named difficulty is, of course, temporary;

the two former will best be combated by a strong offensive in the eastern part of the Peninsula. Should Russia demand a passage for an advance against Bulgaria, Rumania - in present circumstances - would probably renew her declaration of neutrality, plead force majeure and offer no resistance. To associate herself with the Russian advance would be dangerous for the foregoing reasons, especially in view of the Austrian command of the Carpathian passes. Nothing but an overwhelming Russian success in Bukovina and Galicia could induce her to change her policy.

Greece for the moment is an imponderable factor in view of her precarious internal situation.. There can be no question as to the sympathies of the people, and competent Greek authorities believe that, once Rumania throws the die, King Constantine would take heart of grace and follow her example.

The above considerations point to the conclusion that a campaign in the Eastern portion of the Peninsula with Constantinople as its objective would be best calculated to effect the two-fold object of cutting the German communications and securing the adhesion of the neutral states. An advance on the West should be avoided except as a minor and subsidiary movement designed to create a diversion in favour of the main offensive in the East. The danger of undertaking such an offensive with insufficient forces need hardly be emphasized.

J.D. Bouchier.



ible. An advance by the railway Salonika - Uskub - Kumanovo is open to the foregoing objections. The only other route is that by the Struma valley, taken by King Constantine in 1913, whose army narrowly escaped destruction in the Kresna Pass. The natural defence of Sofia, which is surrounded by mountain chains, are very strong, and even after the occupation of the city, the German route via the Danube Rustchuk - Trnovo - Stara - Zagora would remain unmolested.

These considerations seem to exclude a campaign on the Western side of the Peninsula. The Eastern side remains to be dealt with. Here the opportunity seems more favourable for profiting by the naval supremacy of the Entente Powers and by the numerical superiority of the forces which presumably they will bring upon the scene while depriving the Austro-Germans of the advantages of their inner position and compelling them to fight at a great distance from their base. Their easy access to the Balkans, which will be greatly in their favour should the western region of the Peninsula become the main theatre of operations, will no longer profit them, and the difficulties of maintaining a long line of communications will be shifted on their side. Possessing the command of the sea the Entente Powers will always be able to disembark troops rapidly and unexpectedly at points where the enemy would find it difficult if not impossible to concentrate any considerable forces to oppose them and the islands of Samothraee and Thasos

BALKAN AFFAIRS became prominent in 1903. Turkish misrule had goaded the Macedonian Christians into insurrection. The Bulgars especially were foremost in forming themselves into guerilla "Bands", and the insurgents who led the rebellion from the mountains provoked the Turks into most terrible reprisals. War between Turkey and Bulgaria seemed probable, although Noel writes "Diplomats refuse to believe in the Revolution". Europe at last was really stirred - was it perhaps the first rumblings of the storm that broke ten years later? Each of the big Powers took the opportunity of accusing the other of fostering the unrest. Russia threatened Turkey. "If the Sultan cannot keep order, Austria Hungary and Russia must taken them in hand." England was accused of supplying the insurgents with "money, dynamite and arms", Russia of fostering the insurrection in order to seize the heritage of the "Sick Man", Austria Hungary of inciting the Albanians to revolt, while Austria accused France of starting the whole revolution for her own ends!

The Press of Eastern Europe indulged in parables of what J.D. Bouchier describes as "phantasmagorical nonsense". It is only by understanding the general distrust of the Powers that we can realise what Noel was up against, and how formidable was our Government's fear of being involved. Mr. Balfour was led to make his famous pronouncement that "the balance of criminality lay with the Christian Races", a statement which of course was treated with delight in Constantinople; and also by the young "Special Correspondent" of The Times, who seized upon it to attack

attack/

Mr. Balfour in a letter which was used by Noel and several Bishops at meetings of the newly formed Balkan Committee. Noel himself has traced the history of that movement in his book, but he does not relate how his indefatigable zest forced the Public to become interested - how he instituted and largely financed the Macedonian Relief Fund - how he persuaded a varied assortment of persons some suitable and some not, to go out to Macedonian Relief. I have all his articles and newspaper cuttings of the Reports but Noel's name hardly appears in them. At the meetings of the Balkan Committee Noel's speeches usually came at the end and contrasted forcibly, by their calm unemotional statements of the awfulness he had actually seen with his own eyes, with the oratory of the speakers who had gone before. Noel knew the Rising was coming for he had made three journeys before. In a letter unsigned to The Times he writes "It was my fourth visit to the Balkan peoples. Your Macedonian Correspondent (Philip Howell) is entirely correct in the serious view he takes of the situation. The Rising was already planned when I was out there and I was told when it would take place." So things hung on. Instead of the control of Macedonian affairs under a Christian Governor as advocated by Lord Lansdowne and supported by Noel, there was substituted only ineffective "supervision" by European officers placed over Turkish gendarmerie, and having little or no real authority. "Things have improved but only slightly" and a crisis was near when Edward

Edward VII/

met the Czar at Reva in the Spring of 1908 and spoke of "a new and more active policy in the Near East" and this precipitated the "Young Turk" Revolution. There were only about six young army officers and a sprinkling of the more educated Turks who had for some time been secretly working to overthrow Sultan Aboul Hamid and declare a Constitution. It came with surprising suddenness. Correspondents, reliable spectators and consuls in Macedonia described scenes of brotherly love between Christian Priest *and* Moslem Hodga; liberal reformers apparently already in action - and Noel and his Balkan Committee decided to back them up, or at least not to hinder them by undue diffidence, and accepted the invitation of the Committee of Union Progress to go to Constantinople. As I was starting on a visit to a sister in *Beluchistan* Noel urged me to join the party and go round by Constantinople. Mabel <sup>(his sister)</sup> and I and Noel and Dr. Arthur Evans of Cretan fame (afterwards Sir Arthur) started in advance in December 1908. It was all fearfully exciting to me, and even Dr. Evans' disapproval of the companionship of two young females disappeared when I was arrested as a spy in Belgrade. "It was a relief" he said, "to have a caged linnet instead of himself". The Sofia Press was equally delighted ~~and~~ to have a chance of ridiculing the Serbs and declared that Mr. Buxton had left his Serbian capital in great indignation"! As we had all thoroughly enjoyed the incident it was hardly

Those who only saw Noel at home could not realise the difference in him when travelling in the Near East. Abroad,

I asked when at Skoplie, to see Bulgarians loyal to the Government, the only class who would be wise to see a foreigner associated with politics. One of these was a flourishing merchant, representing a type which is always to be found in minorities and is regarded by them as renegade. His view <sup>was</sup> that the Bulgarian movement of former days was anti-Turk and not ~~anti-~~ <sup>pro-Bulgarian</sup> any other government. <sup>It</sup> is of convenient theory, no doubt held by considerable numbers, <sup>as it is</sup> and sure to make business easy.

The Macedonians in Bulgaria admit that the bands have for some time ceased to cross the frontier at all. The organisation governed the country in South West Bulgaria, while it imposed taxation on Macedonians even in Sofia. Bulgarian coolness towards the movement had for some time turned to disgust.

Yet we must not conclude that this change of Bulgarian feeling indicates a ~~complete change~~ <sup>milder régime</sup> for the better on the Yugo-Slav side.

The claim that books and newspapers and names are permitted in the language led me to ask, <sup>when in Skoplie,</sup> if I could buy <sup>such</sup> a book, or see <sup>such</sup> a

one. The question remained unanswered. The treatment of churches is a test of freedom. Out of the churches formerly operating, there appear now to be

<sup>Belgrade</sup>  
that ~~the~~ special régime <sup>of discipline is applied</sup> ~~which the Bulgarians~~  
<sup>oma</sup> ~~is~~ applied. But, of course, a system of persecu-  
tion is possible without a special law. Discrimination can take  
many forms. The police may victimize in their own interest, or  
to please their superiors. The bank may be told to refuse credit  
to a suspected individual. The nature of such discrimination has  
been described in <sup>several</sup> Parliaments <sup>even</sup> by deputies <sup>(because they</sup> sympathize ~~ex~~ with the minority -  
~~minority, though~~ belonging to the governing race. Thus, in  
Bucharest, the peasant leader who afterwards came to power defined  
<sup>Rumanian rule in the Dobruja</sup> the ~~system~~ as one involving searches, "victimization of entire  
villages by the gendarmes, the army and the police agents", perquisi-  
tions, cruel maltreatments, forced labour, pretexts for submitting  
whole villages to maltreatment, arrests and assassinations.

When the agents of government have become involved in such an  
attitude, their relation to the people is very difficult to change.  
Even if the will is there, pride prevents their becoming friends,  
while, to replace them naturally arouses formidable obstruction.  
A harsh tradition dies hard. It conflicts ~~even comically~~ with a  
new movement, such as the Bulgar-Yugo-Slav entente. The new Yugoslav  
society for promoting friendship with Bulgaria held a meeting in Macedonia  
recently, which led some rash Bulgarians to think they might sing  
Bulgar songs, with the result that several were arrested.

To those who have suffered from hostile administration, recent  
changes, such as passports and a new railway, must appear trivial.

of great interest for us whether assimilation  
No doubt, material interest is strongly on the side  
It is pro-e, and to a certain number the Macedonian ideal is not  
of eye, because it would involve detachment of large areas from  
attr  
Bul  
ria, which is not a realisable proposition.

It is certain that the policy hitherto pursued has been unwisely  
harsh, even in the Yugo-Slav interest. A more liberal policy would  
pay, as in other regions it would have paid many governments with  
more experience than the Yugo-Slav.