

Vol. 8

(fols. 237-244)

1925

See vol. 28.a, fo. 164-173 for a letter of G.L.
dated 22 January 1925; and fo. 174 for one
from Arthur Henderson of February 1925

THE AIR

the Air Service and employing 36,000 men, but that was only the beginning.

It was sheer hypocrisy when Ministers of Air or others talked about a "home defence" Air Force. That phrase was a snare and a delusion.

When you talk to the ordinary people in the East-end about home defence, they think their hovels are going to be protected from hostile aircraft and from explosive or poison gas bombs, and other horrors.

"The so-called 'Home Defence' Force could not possibly prevent hostile craft coming over London and raining down death and destruction on innocent people.

"It will not comfort the poor mother in the East End of London, looking at her mangled children, to think that over in Paris there is a French mother looking at her mangled children as well. That's what it comes down to!

"If this House decides to vote for a big air force, and if there was any poetic justice in the world, the first great bomb from the first great Super-Dreadnaught that comes over London with hostile intention, would crash right down on the floor of this House!"

But it would be, not the guilty, but the innocent who would suffer.

Europe had to choose between two risks: being unprotected, or heading for another appalling war. Mr. Thurtle took the first, and lesser, risk, and refused to have part or lot with the other.

WHAT WAR MEANS

Mr. J. Hudson (Lab., Huddersfield) said he had been told by officers who were in France during the war that there had been a thousand air raids on the Rhine territory by Allied airmen, and these, with the Air Force so little developed, compared to what it was now, had driven the greater part of the population underground.

He quoted from Lord Birkenhead a statement that in the next war London could be wrecked by aircraft attack in 12 hours.

Mr. Scrymgeour: "Not if they build steel houses." (Loud laughter.)

"War has grown to such a point," said Mr. Hudson, "that weapons cannot any longer be controlled in the interests of defence. We should therefore, resolve that weapons should be given up, as Denmark has decided to do, in order ultimately to effect the security that is desired."

General Warner, in a maiden speech, urged that aviation should become a sport in this country, as cricket and football were, and that light aero clubs should be formed in connection with schools and universities, where we should find our reserve of flying officers.

THE PARTY'S POLICY

Mr. Olynnes, who said the effect of the amendment would be to wipe out completely the Air Force, declared that members of the Labour Party viewed the building of a great Air Force for military purposes as a most horrifying development of modern methods of war. The Party was not, however, in favour of the complete abandonment and cancellation of Army and Navy and Air Force.

They should travel along the lines declared plainly in recent Labour Party conferences, and seek a settlement of these questions by international agreement. He set that policy against an amendment which would mean the isolation and enfeeblement of this nation in face of the problems with which the world at this moment was confronted.

Along that road the Labour Party had already made a substantial contribution, and along that road they must proceed.

Horrible as it might be to add to these instruments of war, he was convinced that they could not by isolation, by complete disarmament, assist the great cause of world peace.

Mr. Lansbury, in contesting the idea that peace could be secured by

building up armaments, said we were told that a great navy would prevent war. The Germans were told that a great army would prevent war. Both theories had been proved wrong. Every war produced a more terrible weapon than had hitherto been known.

When the French read that debate they would have the idea that one day we should be...

It is no use saying "No!" There is no other enemy in the world to think of except across the water," answered Mr. Lansbury.

"I am as certain as I stand here that in the days to come this business of air forces, organised by people like the Japanese, China and India will put up a problem for the white races that they will not be able to face and overcome. (Cheers.) You are a dwindling quantity in Europe!" (Labour cheers.)

A Tory member. You get out! There were at once indignant protests from Labour members, Mr. David Kirkwood taking the lead.

Mr. Buchanan shouted out "damned fool that you are." There were immediately Ministerial cries of "Withdraw."

Mr. Buchanan renewed his protest against a member interrupting an older member who was making a good speech, and the incident closed by Mr. Hope, who was in the chair, remarking: "I must ask hon. members on all sides to allow the hon. member for Bow and Bromley to proceed with his speech." M449

BIG THINGS AND

Mr. Lansbury, proceeding, said he thought his Party was wrong on this subject.

"If I thought armaments were good, I should want the Army definitely against the Capitalist system." (Labour cheers.)

Mr. Erskine: You want to destroy the capitalist system! (Cheers.)

Mr. Lansbury: I am sure that if standing at the Bar there were Napoleon, Wellington, Caesar, and the greatest conquerors of the world; and side by side with them stood the Buddha, Christ, Father Damien, Tolstoi and Elizabeth Fry, and all the people we know not as great persons ruling by force of arms, the ones we should instinctively rise to would be the Christ and the Buddha. Deep down in the human heart is a feeling that it is a big thing to give oneself to the service of one's fellow men!" (Loud Labour cheers.)

It was said that the Communists were out to destroy Christianity, but, said Mr. Saklatvala, the truth was that while Christianity said "Thou shalt not kill," and the State prepared for slaughter, one or the other must be wound up, and he would say, "Wind up the State as it is."

Mr. Thomas said he intended to vote against the amendment, while recognising the sincerity of those who supported it. If the hon. member for Battersea, he added, suggested that the Labour Government used the Air Force merely to murder natives in Irak, he gave the lie direct to the statement. (Cheers.)

Mr. Maxton asserted that war between nations achieved nothing.

The amendment was defeated by 260 votes to 25.

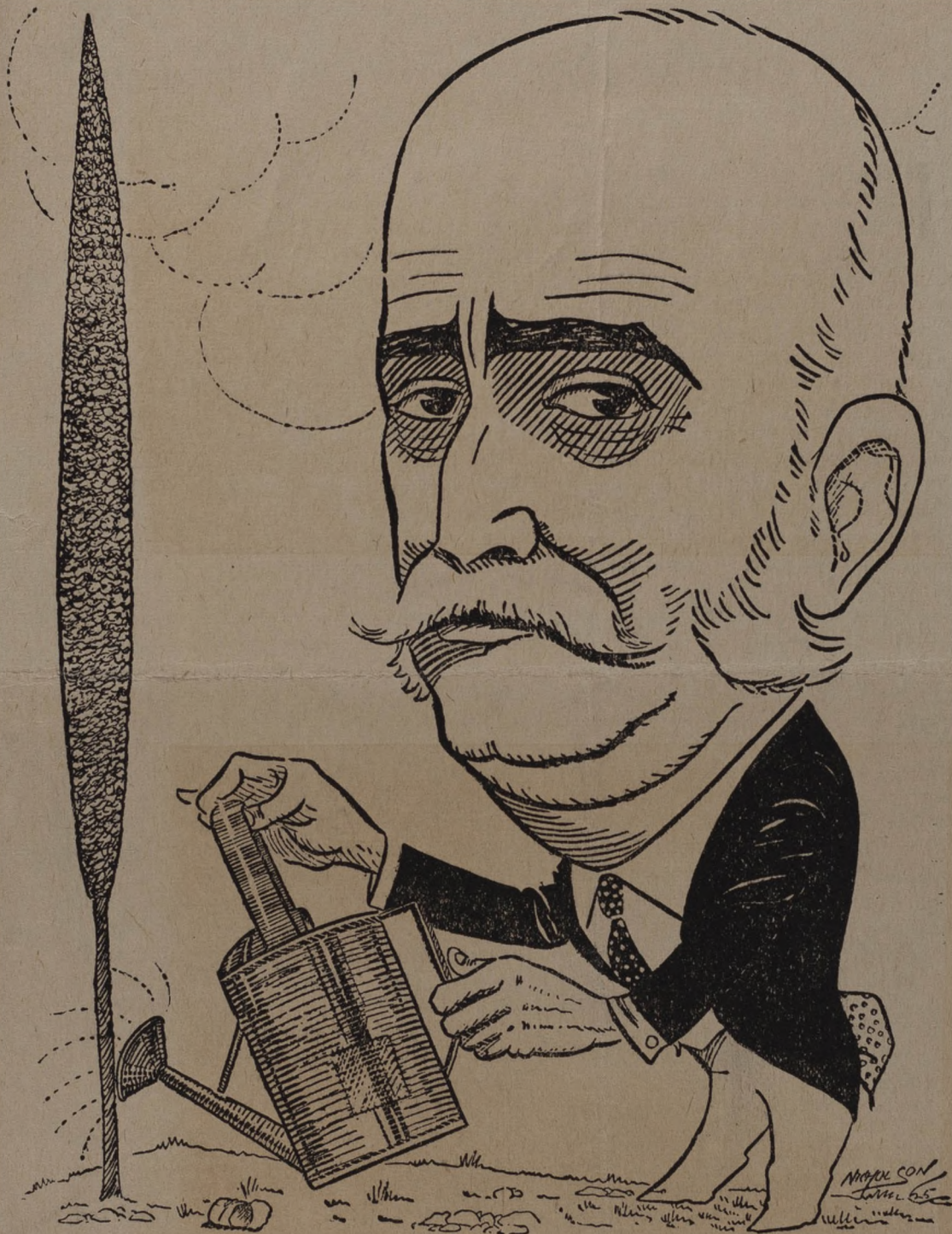
SCOTS M.P.s IN A SCENE

Objection to an Englishman acting as chairman of a Parliamentary Committee dealing with Scottish Bills led to a prolonged scene yesterday, ending in the adjournment of the Committee, in order that the question might be brought before the Chairmen's Panel of the House of Commons.

The Chairmen's Panel met in the afternoon to consider the objection. It was decided to continue Sir Cyril Cobb as chairman of the Standing Committee.

See vol. 28.a, fo. 176 for a letter of
Ben Turner dated 6 February 1925

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Drawn by Nicholson.

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

Telephone: Gerrard 2181.

Frank Smith

(239)

14 Buckingham Street,

Strand, London, W.C.2.

Aug 7th. 25

My Dear George

I have just been reading "Hansard" containing your speech on "Unemployment" on Wednesday.

It was a great, grand & glorious pronouncement.

I wish it could be broadcast throughout the County. Put into the hands of every worker. What a pity we hav'nt in

this County the same arrangements they have in the States, the power of getting reprints of such things.

How exasperating it all is - and "three solid months" shut down!

I know how you feel, because I know how I feel about it. It is real agony at times.

To know, & meet with, the suffering all
around us & yet "nothing doing" to relieve
it.

I'm fairly eating myself up over
the whole damned business.

Good luck old man. I know
too how tired physically you must
be. What can we do?

Ever yours

Frank

Geo Haunsby M.P.

PS Is it possible, failing any other way
to reprint the speech in "L.H.W."?



M449

Henry Woodd Newinson
(1856 — 1941)

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Oct. 11/25 4 Downside Crescent, N.W. 3

Dear George,

I cannot thank you enough for your lovely notice of my book in your own paper. It is really beautiful to read, and coming from you most cheering to myself. For there is no one's good opinion that I value more highly.

All reviewers so far have been generous, but my personal admiration and affection for you ~~makes~~ make me welcome your notice more than the rest. Such appreciation is the writer's best or only reward, and it has given me the sincerest pleasure.

We do not often meet now, and I am sorry for it, but it is a comfort to know that you are still there.

With all best wishes ,

Yours ~~as~~ most truly,

Henry W. Newinson

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Not dead to those who loved him,
Not lost, but gone before ;
He lives with us in memory,
And shall for evermore.

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IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
Charles Edwin Sumner,

WHO DIED 8th DECEMBER, 1925,

Aged 58 Years.

INTERRED IN FAMILY GRAVE AT WOODGRANGE PARK CEMETERY.

(1867? - 1925)

NOT WANTED! The Tragedy of Our Boys and Girls

By GEORGE LANSBURY

A friend has sent the Editor a letter, pointing out that the greatest and most calamitous evil connected with present-day unemployment is the almost total neglect, and consequent degradation, of youth.

All those who have but the smallest acquaintance with life in our industrial centres will agree that is so. Look where we will in any main street of a great city, and we shall see boys and girls, young men and women, walking idly hither and thither because no employer has need of them.

This has been the case ever since November, 1918. The years immediately preceding that date were indeed golden days for young and old. Our workhouses, casual wards, and streets were empty. Labour Exchanges had no difficulty in finding places even for those deemed physically or mentally unfit.

War Surplus

This state of affairs, so tragically different from that prevailing to-day, was entirely due to the War. The mind, the energy, and the will of the nation were all in one direction. The word had gone forth that we must do all toil and labour, organise and kill or be killed, in the sacred cause of laughter.

To this end the youth and early manhood of our land from August, 1914, to November, 1918, were drilled and trained. When the Armistice was signed and peace declared, a change came over the scene. No longer was it necessary to teach or train the young, for, as our statesmen told us, the War was won.

Young men who were taken from their apprenticeship, or who threw up appointments at home or abroad, found themselves, for the most part, thrown on one side as so much scrap, for which there was no further use. No effort was made to deal with a fraction of the problem which confronted all social workers.

In the main, neither money nor personal care was available for scores of thousands of these neglected ones, who, to-day—six years older—are embittered and disillusioned, still walking to and from Labour Exchange and relief office, seeking the means to keep body and soul together. There has been no greater social tragedy in my lifetime than this.

There is no reason at all why this should have happened. The nation which was organised for war could just as easily have been mobilised for peace.

I remember deputations going to Lloyd George, Mond, and Dr. Macnamara, asking that the centres in the country which had been used to teach men how to kill should now be used to teach men, and also women, how to live by their own labour. But we were always told the cost would be too prohibitive.

Those who talk thus always forget that the real loss which comes from unemployment, especially where young people are concerned, cannot be measured in terms of money, because money cannot make, mar, or preserve character, and the thing we call "morale."

We might have spent a couple of hundred millions in training young men to till the soil of their own native land. The return would have come to us in the fact that waste places had been made to flourish. But, best of all, we should have spared our young men the horror and degradation which inevitably must come to those whom society, for months and years, treat as the unwanted.

There is another tragic side to this question of youth, and that is the nation's total neglect of the boys and girls who, in their tens of thousands, have left school since November, 1918. These, in their most impressionable years, have been forced to understand that in this land, for which some of their fathers died, there is for them no room. I wonder how many people there are who have tried to estimate the loss the nation has sustained, and will yet sustain, because of this terrible wastage of youth?

I speak what I know when I say the loss in every respect is quite incalculable. The money spent on the education of these children is a sheer waste. The schools set up by Education Authorities under the schemes drafted by the Ministry of Labour are, to a very large extent, quite useless; though nobody would deny that in some places a little good has been done. In the main, though, very little regular work has been discovered.

Cant About Work

The fact of the matter is that the War, with all its horrors, has so accentuated the ordinary unemployed problem, that only very large and drastic schemes of social reform on Socialist lines can effectively deal with the situation. I do not expect the present Minister of Labour to be able to do much more than palliate the evils with which we are confronted. More organisation, more education, alone will not save us.

The fact is, our productive capacity is so great because of increased machine power that a capitalist society does not know how to handle its terrific output.

Our whole conception of life needs to be changed if we are to save ourselves. The idea that we were born

simply to work must give place to the better doctrine that we work to live.

Do not let any of us be blind to the fact that most men and women simply hate the ordinary forms of labour, and flee from manual labour as from the plague so soon as opportunity offers. The cant which we politicians, parsons, and others, are always preaching, that manual labour is a blessed thing, is a lie. God and Nature gave man brains for the purpose of easing life, and making our sojourn on this earth not a time of worry and discontent, but of peace and happiness.

Therefore, I urge my comrades who wish to solve the unemployed problem to demand first that our children shall be treated as children. Let us assert for them the right to the very best and fullest education possible of attainment, by raising the school age to 16, and then from 16 to 18, give vocational or other training suitable to the capacity of each individual child, and accompany this with full grants for maintenance.

Things to be Done

Let us also take out of the labour market the aged and infirm, the disabled or partially disabled. Let us who are able-bodied maintain those who are not able-bodied.

The one way effectively to secure for the workers their full share in the productivity of labour-saving machines will be secured when we establish a maximum working week, together with a minimum wage. The Labour Government intends to press a 48-hour working week Bill through Parliament. This is excellent, but we must go much further, if we are to touch the fringe of the question.

It is over 40 years ago since the demand for 48 hours was first made. It is time we went out wholeheartedly for a 36-hour working week, and a minimum wage of £4 a week for all adult workers. In all Government and Municipal Departments this should be the rule.

Such reforms as these would do two things: absorb men and women into the ranks of labour and increase the spending power of the workers.

I conclude by urging all who read to give thought and time to this subject, especially to the terrible plight of our boys and girls. They are the capital of our nation; they are also the innocent victims of a social order, for which none of them has any responsibility.

It is our bounden duty to do what we can to palliate and make more bearable the evils which beset them through life; but it is equally imperative that we should unite to discover a real remedy, so that those who come after us will be spared the horrors of our time. I am certain that the proposals put forward above are the first steps that must be taken towards the accomplishment of this end.

Our series of Labour M.P.s will be resumed on Monday with Mr. E. T. Palmer, Member for Greenwich.

Brightening Our Street

To the casual observer, our street presents the same appearance as many others of its kind. It has the same ugly houses and ugly surroundings as slum streets have in every town. But our street has one attraction: a spot of beauty which raises it above the level of its meaner neighbours; it is like a flower-box.

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EXTRAVAGANCE ADMITTED.

between 1925 and 1935

MR. EDGAR LANSBURY ON HIS FAILURE.

The public examination was concluded at the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday of Edgar Isaac Lansbury and William Arthur Lansbury, who, with Louis Coleman, had carried on the business in Curtain-road, Old Ford, E., of the Anglo-Russian Three-Ply and Veneer Company. Coleman was unable to appear owing to illness, and his examination was adjourned.

The liabilities were returned at £42,178 (ranking £26,143), and assets at £11,889, the causes of insolvency pleaded being lack of working capital and cut prices.

Examined by the Official Receiver, Edgar Lansbury said the firm had always been in financial difficulties, because it possessed no capital. He admitted that the total drawings of the partners in many years had exceeded the profits. His wife was an actress and earned £2,000 per annum.

HIS WIFE'S POSITION.

The Official Receiver: Added to your drawings, you had £2,000 a year to spend?—No, I did not have it to spend. My wife had a position to keep up.

The Registrar (sternly): You had the advantage of sharing that position.

The debtor said he supposed the reason for the increase of drawings during the past five years was merely extravagance.

RUSSIAN JEWELS.

Questioned regarding two amounts of £510 and £676 respectively credited to the capital and drawings accounts of the firm in January, 1924, and January, 1925, the debtor explained that they related to repayments of money borrowed from his first wife and transactions which he had entered into with Mr. Francis Meynell. The whole story with regard to the source of that money was told by Mr. Lloyd George to a Press representative and became public property. It was to the effect that Mr. Meynell brought some diamonds from the Continent and converted them into cash, which he wished to go to a Labour newspaper. That paper, however, refused to take it.

The Registrar: Russian stolen jewels
Asked by the Official Receiver how much of that money he held, the debtor replied: "At one time £10,000."

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1926

See vol. 28-a, fo. 177 for notice of surcharge
from the District Auditor of the Ministry
of Health, dated 20 January 1926

Eleanor Farjeon

137 Fellows Rd.
N.W. 3.

Feb. 25th 1926.

(245)

Dear Mr. Lansbury,

And I want to send you a special personal note to tell you what pleasure yours gave me, & to say how very glad I am to have done anything that was of any help to you; especially as I enjoyed so much the feeling I got of live feelings, desires, & the sense of beauty in so many of the competing poems. I told Mr. Postgate over the telephone how much I should like to repeat this in some months' time, if you would too. It was nice of you to write.

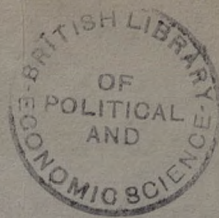
Yours always, Tomford.

Mrs. Joseph Fels

THE JOSEPH FELS FOUNDATION INC.

1 WEST 81ST STREET

NEW YORK CITY



M449

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Apr. 26 - 26.

Dear George, -

Your last letter brought me much happiness. It made me feel at home with you and gave such sense of the old days. What dear days those were - and are. They are a possession forever.

This letter from you was written in my room at Southernwood. I liked the thought of your being there. I could see, with delightful vividness, you and get in it, and indeed as part of all of Southernwood.

You write of Walter's firm belief in the need, on the part of all of us, of doing some manual work. I think he is right; that our integrity calls for it. But we must guard against over-doing, as in good Bessie's case, and against extraterritorialness in it. By that big word I mean that bodily

activity should not be sport, running to professionalism, but should come in the course of the daily life. Household work, gardening, going errands on foot, etc. should be in our daily doings. Those who, like Walter, have special aptitudes for manual work, would rightly make it the main part of their work. The rest of us would intersperse it; as I do by taking care of my apartment, preparing a simple meal in my rooms, walking instead of motoring, etc. The body must have normal expression for its force, as the mind, the heart, the spirit must enact themselves. Failing this, there is atrophy and consequent decay; and then the microbes get us. The latter are always about, ready to take root in favorable soil. They are thrown off from disease and decay and the law is that they must get back to whence they came. The spirit within us, subject to the same law, must get back to God, whence it came. Hence it is restless and unhappy to the degree that it is

Mrs. Joseph Fels

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THE JOSEPH FELS FOUNDATION INC.

1 WEST 81ST STREET

NEW YORK CITY

26 Ap. 1926

not turned toward God. When we dedicate
all that we are and all we do, to God,
what steadiness sets in, what light shines
everywhere, what serenity is ours! I
am reminded of the following: "When you
sail a great sea and the sun is shining
there, the face of the waters will be all
aglow with the light from the sun. So
with ourselves when we face God as those
waters face the sun: we grow luminous
in spirit with the light from God. And
as that light is constantly active in
the waters of the sea, so the God light
in us makes us active in the service

of humanity."

And here I have to leave you, dear
George. Do write soon again to
yours lovingly - and Berries
Mary

F. W.

Pethick Lawrence

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To Paris by Air.

Somewhere above France.
June 5. 1926.

During the first week in June there has been held in Paris an international congress of women on behalf of woman suffrage. Some months ago I was invited by the president to come to Paris to speak at it, as one meeting would be given up to men speakers from countries where women already have the vote. I was told that Benes was expected to come to represent Checkoslovakia. I gladly accepted subject to Parliamentary work.

To save time I decided to go by the air route and booked my passage with Imperial Airways. Having stayed in the House of Commons and voted until its rising after midnight Wednesday June 2, I duly presented myself at 10.45 at the Hotel Victoria Northumberland Avenue next morning and was given a seat in the autobus which soon carried me away to the Croydon Aerodrome.

There my tickets was examined and both I and my suitcase were weighed. I bought a map of the route. A few minutes sufficed to scrutinise my fellow passengers, a dozen in all of whom half were women, two of them being quite elderly. I rather think that none of the party had flown before though I had once been up in the air for a few minutes.

We were timed to start at twelve noon but a few minutes before that we were told that the plane was not quite ready and there would be a delay of half an hour. This gradually extended to an hour and it was close on one o'clock when we were told that all was ready for us to embark. We were marched out of the waiting room across the

space intervening to the aeroplane. It was raining slightly and the sky was overcast with a fairly strong wind blowing from the North East.

Up a little pair of steps one found oneself in the saloon - about 25 feet long and 5 feet wide with just room for two chairs abreast with a tiny gangway between, and little luggage racks above on the wall sides. A row of glass windows gave one a complete view out on both sides and through these one saw the great wings and the two powerful engines. At the front end of the saloon was a small door leading to the pilots' seats and above was a still smaller window. I took my place in the second chair on the right in full view of the clock and two indicators one of which showed altitude and the other miles per hour.

Almost exactly at one o'clock we began to move going about as fast as a slow motor car along the field till we got to the other end, then turning quickly round the engines started racing and we began to travel rapidly over the ground. In another minute we were rising into the air and were soon several hundred feet up. The dial registered 1000 feet with a velocity of 85 miles per hour but neither had the appearance of being nearly as great. The houses and roads and trees all seemed quite close and in spite of the deafening noise and throb of the engines, the ground below moved so slowly away that one had the sensation of slow motion instead of great speed.

It was a very cold day and I had provided myself with plenty of warm clothes but I found myself unbuttoning them as all the windows were shut and it was quite cosy and warm in the saloon. In spite of the wind the aeroplane seemed to me wonderfully steady and shortly after starting I proceeded to unfasten the packet of sandwiches I had brought with me and to eat my lunch with as much unconcern as if I were sitting in a compartment of a well-running train.

The plane passed over the high ground near Sevenoaks and remained at about 1,500 feet over the weald. After about half an hour we sighted the sea and the sand near Hythe - a very pretty sight - and travelling diagonally towards it were soon passing over Sandgate and in a few minutes more had the sea below us with Folkestone on our left and the cliffs of Dover in sight.

Pethica Lawrence

5 June 1926

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The sun was out by now and the sea looked very calm though no doubt this was largely due to the fact that we were looking down upon it from above. Twenty minutes or a little less brought us over Grisnez where we swooped downwards passing over Boulogne harbour at little more than 250 feet up. I thought perhaps that there was some trouble with the engine and that we were going to land but we soon went up again soaring again to 1,000 or 1,500 over the sand dunes of Etaples. A curious effect of the wind was the drift as a result of which we made headway not only along the line of the machine being propelled by the engines, but also to the right drifting with the wind, so that the plane did not point in the direction in which it was going.

My principal sensation was one of wonder - wonder at the audacity of man who had dared to mount into the air on mechanical wings and to ride the storm. Of course if one had chosen to think about it it would have been possible to feel very much afraid. But after all one knew that one was in very skilled hands, that many passengers had been carried before, that the risk was small, and that all life is a risk at all times. No there was no cause to feel fear only to marvel at the ability of the pilot who was controlling the plane and to marvel still more at the man who first dared!

The actual country of Northern France is not very exciting. After some time we left the sea away on our right and there was nothing to view except little forests, tiny houses and cities, toy railway lines (as it seemed) little blue threads (which were rivers) and white tapes (which were roads). We soared to 2000 and then to 3000 feet and then away in the distance I spied through my field glasses the Eiffel Tower. It was now 3.15 and in a few minutes we were over the aerodrome. After a whole ~~turn~~ turn and a half in a beautiful spiral we were down close to the ground and without the slightest sense of bump we were on it trundling along toward the office. After Customs and other formalities, a half hour's motor bus ride brought us to the Hotel Edward VII whence a short taxi ride took me to the quiet little hotel in the Latin quarter where my wife was waiting with a happy welcome to receive me.

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Thus ended a memorable and thrilling but an altogether pleasant and comfortable experience. I had now to carry through the programmes of my visit. My wife and I first went to dinner with the President of the Congress Mrs. Corbett Ashby where we met the men from other countries who had come to participate (though Benes whom I knew before was unfortunately prevented at the last moment from coming), and also some of the women delegates to whom my wife introduced me. When dinner was just over Miss Ellen Wilkinson M.P. turned up. She had also come by air but by another line and had been delayed 5 hours by a forced descent on the way. She was famished having had nothing to eat since breakfast and my wife ~~stayed~~ a little with her, while the president and I were driven by a very charming French woman barrister in her car to the Sorbonne. There we found the great hall holding about 2500 packed with people some 200 or 300 being delegates and the rest Parisian public.

Most of the speakers spoke in French, but I spoke for the most part in English with a couple of sentences at the beginning and end in French. I think a considerable number understood the English; at any rate most of the delegates did. I reminded the audience that in Britain no women under 30 could vote suggesting that perhaps the old men were afraid of the young women or that they had erroneously thought that no woman would admit to being over that age. Nevertheless the unforgettable struggle for the vote in Britain had made the victory a great one.

I spoke of the many reforms that women had secured both during the agitation for the suffrage and as a result of its successful issue. But I said that to my mind the greatest change of all was to be seen in the faces of women, comparing those of to-day with those of 30 or 40 years ago. To-day they were alert because they were in the main stream of life. The portraits of women of the eighties and nineties of last century showed them dreamy and half asleep because the stream of life was passing them by.

I then dealt with the fears expressed as to the effects that women's suffrage would have and showed how they had been falsified by the result. I reminded them that in Britain the rate of infant mortality had fallen from

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130 to 70 since the great final agitation for the vote began. I called the young men of to-day to witness that the modern girl is not less attractive than the girl of 30 and 40 years ago. I wound up by pointing out in French that in Britain women were now recognised as an equal sovereign half of the human race and challenged anyone to deny that this had worked well for women, for children, for men, and for the race as a whole. Four other men also spoke as it was the man's night. Miss Wilkinson's speech was reserved for the following evening.

The Congress appointed a deputation to wait on M Briand the French Premier next morning and invited the foreign M.Ps including Ellen Wilkinson and myself to go with it. We were taken accordingly to the Foreign Office at the Quai d'Orsay a little before noon and after M Briand had shaken hands with us all an informal conversation took place. The object of the deputation was to ask M Briand to come himself to speak to the Congress. He replied that it would have given him the very greatest pleasure but he had so many engagements. He would promise however that one of the other Ministers should come to represent him - any one whichever they liked! The women wisely decided to leave the choice to him. He also said that woman suffrage had made great progress in France and he thought it would not be very long before the opposition of the Senate was overcome (the lower house is already favourable) and the victory was won.

He also as far as I understood him spoke of the great value of the work done for peace by the International Womens Movement at Geneva, and of the part the American women were playing in friendliness to the League of Nations. He is certainly a very attractive man and making all allowances for the arts of the politician has I believe a very good record in the matter of woman suffrage.

I went to lunch with the Egyptian delegates and also met those from Syria and Palestine who all interested me very much. After a visit to one of the great picture galleries I went to the Senate where I listened in the gallery to a very eloquent speech by M Briand. He was dealing with Locarno but I heard too indistinctly to follow well what he had to say. The

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arrangement of the Chamber is quite different from ours, being semicircular, the orator speaking from the rostrum at the centre while the Chairman sits behind him on a raised dais. In the evening my wife and I went to the theatre.

This morning we meant to visit the Rodin sculptures but found the museum did not open till the afternoon so instead we went to Notre Dame and also to another church Notre Dame des Victoires which interested us very much.

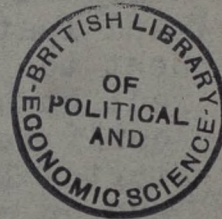
Then after an early lunch we took the bus to the aerodrome and with no delay mounted in to the air on the return journey - my wife's first distance flight. There is little to tell of the return journey during which I am now writing having by this time passed over the channel and come half way back to Croydon. The description of the outward trip is also that of the homeward except that it has seemed much shorter as I having been penning this letter, the receipt of which will I hope be the announcement of my safe arrival.

F.W.PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

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G.L. [? for Horoscope]

24. vi. 26.



M449

Dear Miss Leo:

Thanks for your note. I cannot give you the actual time of birth as both my parents died years ago. My chief events are:

Death of my father	Dec. 27	1875
Married	May 29	1880
Left my brother's partnership	October	1882
Went to Queensland	April	1884
Returned from ..	June	1885
Took part <u>officially</u> in elections as a Liberal	July	1886
Hon. Sec. Liberal Association		1887
Helped Dock strike and formation of Trade Unions with Annie Besant, Herbert Burrows and others		1887-1889
Took chair for Annie Besant's first public lecture on Theosophy in East London about		1892-4
May have been earlier, perhaps		1889
Left Liberals, joined Socialists		1892
First elected Guardian of Poor		1892
Been Guardian ever since		
Elected to Parliament	Dec.	1910
First met Dr. Besant, Lady De La Warr during these days		
Took part in Home Rule and House of Lords agitation and		

p.t.a.

leading part in Suffrage	
Was suspended in H/C owing to protest against suspension imprisonment of women	- June 25th 1912
Resigned seat during October same year and lost in consequent election	
Sent to prison	July 1913
Went on hunger strike and was released early days of August	
Started Daily Herald	April 15 1911
Gave up editorship & managership	Feb 21 1924
Re-elected to H/C	Nov. 1922
Been there ever since.	
Mayor of Poplar	Nov. 1919 - 20
Went to Prison with 30 others for six months during August & Sept	1921
Elected member of the Executive Labour Party	June 1919
Still hold position	
Served on Royal Commission on Poor Law	1905-1908
Member of Central Unemployed Body	1904 - 1912
.. .. London Diocesan Conference	
.. .. House of Laymen	

There is a lot more, but I think this is the main catalogue.

My father died December 1895, my mother the Thursday before
Good Friday 1881. I had pleurisy in 1877, an operation May 29th
1917 - otherwise fairly good health.

I enclose a photograph.

Yours very truly,

Dollis Lodge,
Dollis Avenue,
Finchley, N..3.

Leonid B. Krassin
(1870-1926)

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30 Sept. 1926

My dear Mr Laushury,

I am greatly touched by
your friendly telegram of welcome.

My wife and myself will be
very pleased to see you and your
wife in the nearest future at
Chesham House

Yours sincerely

L. Krassin

30 Sept. 1926

See vol. 28. a, fols. 178-180 for letter of G.L.
to his grandchildren dated 5 August 1926

WAIHINGA 90 Box 1500

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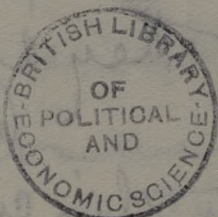
Evelyn Mellon

G. P. O.

Wellington

New Zealand

21/11/26



M449

Dear Mr. Lambury -
I suppose I introduced
to you by "introducing myself."
But do you, I wonder, ever see
New Zealand's chief Lab. paper
- (N.Z. Worker formerly "Mainland
Worker") - If you happen to
do so, then we're already well
"Waihingā" - "Quizz" and "Outsides"
of that paper - at your service.
And because of this fact, I have
been in almost constant touch
with you for the past 4 or nearly
5 years.

My editor, (Mr. James Thoms) pass-
ing on all the English, American
and other Labor Exchanges -
Daily Herald, New Leader, Am. Worker
& Louis Labor - they all come into
my hands. And I

always follow any discussion
or controversy in which "P.L."
appears, with great interest.
For somehow I usually find
myself in general agreement
with "P.L." and very much
out-of-agreement - occasionally
with many of the so-called leaders
of the movement. (with J. H. Thomas

as an instance - just by the way)
As "Vindicator" writing the Women's
Page - having I am afraid, a
decided "wobble" to "Leftism" and
a strong anti-war bias.

I have taken the liberty of quoting
very frequently from your speeches
and writings (I'm sure you
won't mind) - because they
were so much in line with my
own ideas and thoughts on the
particular subjects under discussion.
For 4 years I have devoted much
space to the subject of War and
Militarism - giving all the
Real Truth I could gather about
the "Last War", and all the truth
(God knows how needed) about the
determined preparations that
are being made to day for the
"Next War". I know as
well as if I were personally acquainted
with you - that we are of one mind
on this subject. And your brave
determined stand has been of
great help to me - In return

25
For the help I have drawn from
you, will you accept this little
story - and reprint it in your
own paper ("Lansbury's Weekly")
There is no copyright about it you know.
It is one of a number of war stories
that I hope to have published in
book form
Some day in the near future -

(Does your house do any publishing
by the way?). I hope you
will do this for me - I feel
that something like this will happen
unless "a miracle" comes along.
I've often had an idea that it
would be rather fine if Lab. Paper
would take contributions from
our Overseas paper writers
sometimes - I believe that
often we who are far off see better
than you who are near.
You're all so near to the
stage, that the scenery is

21 Nov. 1926

Mellon

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all blurred and
shapeliness.

And while on this subject,
when to Lab. going to
write up to the "Film
Menace" - Oh no -
I don't mean the "Menace
of American films, and
get each of that phrase.
What I mean ^{is} the real
Menace that all the
films are to Labour.

In connection with
war - look at 4 pres.
& Cabridge, Morris and
all the rest: what sheer
"glorifications of war"
they are (and are intended to be)

259
Somebody ought to make
a few Scenarios
showing the other side
of the medal - and
I can't see who is going
to do this work unless
it is some lection of
the Labor Movement.

Swish I was a millionaire
& could help to smash
the War Finance with some
big "Anti" "mes" -
As a poor devil of a free
Lance journalist, I do my
best. - But alas, the pen
may be mighty - but its much
mightier if its backed
with solid cash! Did it?
Sincerely yours
Follyn Mellon.

P.S. If you use
the story just keep
the name I have
used (Vailuna)

W.

papers and things
with the rest of his
papers and things

N/O Mge Mee

I have

Of course



M449

"As Man Wills"

THE VISION OF JOHN ROTHSLEY, M.P.

BY VAILIMA

"Man's destiny can be mutual extermination if he so wills."—Sir Oliver Lodge.

John Rothsley had just come in from the House. He flung himself into an easy chair and crumpled up—a sagging heap, tired out, mentally and physically. He had been taking part in a big fight, a stormy debate that was going on in the House over the Defence Bill. It was a monstrous thing, said those opposed to it; a thing out of all proportion to the need, and making for offence rather than for defence. And moreover, the scheme involved the spending of millions that they considered should be spent for other and more humane purposes such as education, housing, and pensions.

So they were fighting it, literally, inch by inch.

John Rothsley, great Imperialist, had thrown all his not inconsiderable weight on the side of the Bill—"for one must take no risks with the safety of the Empire," he said. "We must be prepared to the very last detail, and if the preparedness were not needed, well and good—but if the call came to defend the Empire, we would be ready."

"Man's destiny can be mutual extermination if he so wills."

His eye, roving over the pages of a magazine he picked up, lighted on these words. He read them over twice, and their inner meaning did not penetrate into his tired, confused brain.

"Afraid you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, Sir Oliver," he said half aloud. "You may be a great scientist, but there are some things you don't understand. It's not mutual extermination that we're 'willing,' but mutual preservation. You ought to keep to the Sprites, old man—more in your line. This destiny business touches on politics—a game that no Spirit-stuok scientist can ever understand. Ha, ha, not a bad joke that of mine about the Sprites! Now, how about having one yourself, J.M.R.—and then to bed!"

Rising heavily, he went to the side-board and mixed himself a drink. But instead of going upstairs, he sank back in the chair with the magazine in his hand. "May as well finish reading the thing while I am at it," he said.

The years had passed. The Defence Bill had been put through, and the country had "come into line," as they called it, with the rest of the world in the gigantic "preparedness business." Every country was living at fever-heat—working at double tides to "make itself safe." From "whom" or "what," nobody seemed to know—and nobody cared!

Humanitarian schemes were all pushed into the background. There was no money to spare. "Preparedness" absorbed it all. So the poor went on getting poorer, and those who made money either directly or indirectly, out of armaments and war preparedness schemes, went on getting richer. And the widows, the sick, the old, the blind dragged themselves through the dreary days, till release came to them.

And meanwhile the day for which all the preparations were being made drew nearer and nearer. But no one saw it coming.

Then all at once, without any warning, the thing happened! Some mad devil, impatient of slow moving fate, put the clock on! Gleelessly anxious to try his new toys, he dropped an incendiary bomb on the Russian oil fields, and fired the wells!

That was the signal that the whole world had been waiting for. Hell was let loose. At once "reprisals" began. Bombs, lighting fires that could never more be quenched, were rained on all the oil-bearing countries of the world. Oil wells and coal mines were alike set on fire, and the general conflagration started.

For a day of two the cables were loaded with messages—confused, jumbled, incoherent.

"The enemy" became a phrase of no importance, devoid of any significance, since in the mad mix-up no one knew who was the enemy in a world where all were enemies.

It was just a general melee, in which nothing but bare facts counted, and the "facts" as cabled, told the horrified world that was as yet out of the centre of the whirlwind, that the Caspian Sea, in which the oil runs underneath, was on fire—the oil wells of Mosul were blazing—the huge oil tanks at Bombay and Singapore had blown up. Almost simultaneously came the news that bombs electrically controlled from a coun-

try thousands of miles away had set fire to the American oil fields, and that from the States to Mexico the whole country was one immense sheet of fire sweeping up and devouring everything in its path.

Messages by wireless told how the flying fiends of all the nations were at deadly grips with each other in the blue—grappling, ripping, tearing, slashing, burning and bombing each other. The air was choked with strange, twisted wreckage that dropped in blazing, tangled masses, of men and machinery, over the various countries. Unimaginable horrors were set forth in a few bald words—tales of explosive fires that no human endeavour could extinguish, of whole populations incinerated in the ruins of their cities and villages.

Then suddenly communications slackened off, almost ceased. For there were few left to send messages, and all means of doing so were being gradually destroyed in the universal ruin.

Then the wireless began to fail. But shortly before the great silence fell upon the rest of the world, an interrupted S.O.S. came through from New York. Some dire and dreadful catastrophe had happened to the great financial centre of the world. It was impossible to make out quite what the calamity was, for the message broke off abruptly.

Perhaps the city's foundations had been undermined, had shifted in some unexplainable manner; perhaps the very rocks themselves had melted with the fervent heat. But New York simply "was not"—it had disappeared, collapsed, toppled over, with all its towering sky-scrapers, and fallen into some monstrous abyss! And the sea was flowing over its site!

A few hours later, London suffered the same fate, sinking into the sea out of sight, with all its "storied past," all its millions of inhabitants!

What happened to the other great cities no one ever knew. Perhaps they shared a like doom, or were burnt up in the path of the great, devouring world-fire that even licked up the seas in its trail.

After the third day there was silence—awful and deadly.

Three-quarters of the world and its people were dead and destroyed. And in the lonely, isolated spots, the few remaining people waited in tense horror for the fate that was closing in upon them too.

Thousands went raving mad, unable to bear the strain of waiting. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, were burning up—without any "pitched battles," without any prolonged trench warfare, with just a few incendiary bombs and a few tons of deadly poison gas, the demonic deed had been done.

Millions of the world's people had been exterminated—literally obliterated, shrivelled up, and turned back into the dust by the disintegrating acids of the poison gases.

And the world's fairest cities with their centuries of learning and culture were no more—just burnt out shells that would go on burning for evermore, even beneath the bed of the oceans.

Man had indeed at last, WILLED MUTUAL EXTERMINATION.

When the house assembled next day to go on with the debate on the Defence Bill, it was noticed that Rothsley was not at his usual place, inquiries were made but no one seemed to have seen him since late on the previous evening. The Minister of Defence mentioned that he had parted with Rothsley at the big entrance gates where a taxi was waiting for him. There has been some joking over the lateness of the hour. Oh, yes, Rothsley was all right—quite in his usual health and spirits, barring a slight touch of a very old heart trouble.

Then the rustling of papers suddenly ceased as a whisper ran round the benches. A message had just reached the House. Rothsley was dead!

He had been found cold and stiff in his arm-chair by the woman who came in daily to "do" for him!

On the table beside him they found a package, and on top of it an "Open Letter" to his colleagues.

"Like Dante, I have been in Hell. And I have seen things which no man can see—and yet live!

"What I have seen is set down for your enlightenment in the sealed package. Make what use you think best of it; but for God's sake do not ignore it! I have been given a glimpse of what "preparedness" means—in the end. It means, and can mean NOTHING ELSE but MUTUAL EXTERMINATION! Lodge is right. And we are all on the wrong road, the road that leads to annihilation. At last—too late—I see where the road leads to.

"Three years more of such preparedness business as the whole world is engaged in to-day will inevitably bring about the catastrophe

I have seen... faithfully... need for your guidance.

"I tell you for a certainty word of a dying man—the continue to go on with this business of preparedness, will be dragged down to ruin. You, my colleagues, men I have loved and worked for so many years, will be to destroy it! Dare you responsibility? There opportunity for you to policy if you can really really means.

"As for me—it is too go out into the great blood on my soul, face to the awful knowledge that work has been to give the biggest push I was capable of—but along the wrong road. For humanity's sake let the road ends, and pull it. Marcus Rothsley."

The verdict of course was failure.

"Poor old Roth," said of Defence, as he died across his eyes, "it was always unwell years he has been has known it. And such a nightmare of horrors, ghastly 'vision' as he calls have been, on top of last night's fate—well, it just finishes."

"A 'vision'—poor beggarly he took it so seriously that was Roth's way, as you know; he always took seriously!"

M449 (250)

Edgar Isaac Lansbury

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THE STUDIO,
64⁷ HAMILTON TERRACE,
ST JOHN'S WOOD, N.W. 8.
MAIDA VALE 4715.

Dec. 11. 26

Dear Dad & Mum,

I thank you so much for both of us
for the lovely book & the much lovelier
message which Dad wrote. We are
quite a family now with Isobel & Angela
both here & happy.

We have nothing to
complain of at all, & much, very much, to
be thankful for - not least for you &
mother.

The New Year I am sure holds
much happiness for us all, though it may
only be in striving & trying

Our love to you both

Edgar & Angela

Will you please have
the enclosed sent to the
Convent opposite you?
Morning.

[See within]

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Funeral

OF THE LATE

Mr. LEONID BORISOVICH KRASSIN

(Charge d'Affaires of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics)

GOLDERS GREEN CREMATORIUM

LONDON

November 27th, 1926, at 3 p.m.

Order of the Ceremony.

1. ADDRESS BY Mr. A. P. ROSENGOLZ, Acting Chargé d'Affaires of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
2. ORGAN SOLO—"Marche Funèbre," *Tchaikovsky*.
3. The Rt. Hon. Mr. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., Vice-Chairman Parliamentary Labour Party.
4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO AND ORGAN—"Chant d'Automne," *Tchaikovsky*.
5. Mr. GEORGE HICKS, Chairman Trade Union Congress General Council.
6. VIOLIN AND ORGAN—"Serenade Melancholique," *Tchaikovsky*.
7. Mr. KHINCHUK, Chairman Trade Delegation of the U.S.S.R.
8. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO AND ORGAN—"The Death of the Asa," *Grieg*.
9. Mr. J. R. CAMPBELL, Communist Party of Great Britain.
10. ORGAN SOLO.
11. Mr. A. FENNER BROCKWAY, Secretary Independent Labour Party.
12. Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P., Vice-Chairman, Labour Party.
13. RUSSIAN CHOIR—"Funeral Marche"
14. Mr. BEN TILLET, Transport and General Workers Union, Member of the General Council of the T.U.C.
15. ORGAN SOLO—"Marche Funèbre," *Chopin*.
16. CONCLUDING ADDRESS BY Mr. ROSENGOLZ.

G.L.

They cannot die
whose lives are part
of that great life
that is to be whose
heart beats with the
world's great heart
& throbs with that high
destiny

M449





M449

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FINAL EDITION

Sunday Worker

Slaves of the Slums

Page 5

UR'S SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1926

[Registered at The G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Twopence

TURN GREAT LEADER

LAST SALUTE FOR KRASSIN

Thousands Attend Funeral of Soviet Leader

MINERS' WREATH

"In Revered Memory and Deep Gratitude"

(By a "Sunday Worker" Reporter)
"In revered memory and deep gratitude."

This inscription on the British Miners' wreath to Krassin sums up the feelings of the thousands of Workers who assembled at Golders Green, London, yesterday, to salute the Bolshevik leader for the last time. Conspicuous among the crowd were the Soviet employees and their mourning arm-bands of black and red.

Hundreds of wreaths, most of them with red as their predominant colour, were sent, and the coffin itself was covered with a brilliant red pall.

As the scarlet coffin was carried in solemn procession to the crematorium every head was bowed in that silent mass of people. It was a noble tribute to the dead leader, who had fought with selfless devotion for the Workers of all countries.

ALL COUNTRIES REPRESENTED

All the foreign embassies in London sent representatives, and Mr. J. D. Gregory represented the British foreign office. Mr. Clynes represented the parliamentary Labour Party, Mr. G. Lansbury the Labour Party, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Tillett the Trades Union Congress, Mr. Fenner-Brookway the I.L.P., and J. R. Campbell the Communist Party. Among those specially invited was W. Paul, editor of the SUNDAY WORKER.

Albert Inkpin, Secretary of the Communist Party, was also present. He had previously visited the Russian embassy and expressed the deep regret of the C.P. at the death of their comrade. The C.P. dispatched a cable to Moscow to their Russian comrades, paying a high tribute to the memory of Krassin.

COOK REPRESENTS MINERS

A. J. Cook, representing the Miners' Federation, was also present. At the meeting of the miners' E.C. the members stood in silence as a tribute to Krassin, and Herbert Smith afterwards remarked that they would never forget the magnificent help they had received from the Russian Workers.

At Golders Green the small chapel was packed with Krassin's personal friends. Mr. Rosengoltz, acting Chargé d'Affaires at the Russian Embassy, and Mr. Kinchuk, chairman of the Soviet Trade Delegation, spoke on behalf of the U.S.S.R. J. R. Campbell, in a moving speech, expressed the deep sense of loss felt by the Communist Party of Great Britain, and paid a tribute to the splendid record of a life devoted to the cause of the Workers.

HUNDREDS OF TRIBUTES

During the morning the body of Krassin lay in state for the last time.

One after another the members of the diplomatic corps came to the Russian Embassy to pay their last respect to the dead Soviet leader.

Wreaths came to Chesham House in a continual stream; the reception room where Krassin's body lay was a blaze of red, black, and white.

Lovely wreaths were piled up round the bier.

Perhaps the tribute which best symbolised the whole were those from the Kuomintang and the Miners' Federation.

CHINESE WREATH

The Kuomintang sent a cushion of white flowers with a red Chinese lettering, "In memory of a great fighter for the oppressed peoples." The M.F.G.B. was a simple red wreath with a yellow collier's pick and shovel crossed in the centre.

Red was the note of the wreaths from the Soviet Government, Russian Communist Party, Russian Trade Unions, the French C.P., the Labour Party, the T.U.C., the C.P.G.B., and the Minority Movement.

The Soviet and Communist tributes bore the sickle and hammer and the five-pointed Soviet Star.

(Krassin's life story on p. 2)

ALFONSO SMITH "NOT GUILTY"

Fashionable Women Applaud Verdict

12 MONTHS' HARD LABOUR

Alfonso Austin Smith was found "not guilty" at the Kent assizes yesterday of the murder or manslaughter of John Derham.

When the acquittal of the prisoner on both charges was announced, the court shook with applause, which came from the fashionably dressed women and girls who occupied the public benches.

Smith received the verdict with unusual calm, and was then told he was charged with carrying firearms with intent to "endanger life."

Sir Edward Marshall Hall immediately submitted that the act under which the charge was brought "did not apply to a person whose intention it was to endanger his own life."

This plea was ruled out by justice Avory.

Smith was then sentenced to 12 months' hard labour.

Before he went to the cells he was allowed to see his father.

Smith's Wife

In his summing up justice Avory drew attention to the fact that Mrs. Smith, wife of the accused, had not been called by the defence.

He told the jury they must consider whether any other explanation could be given excepting that she could not have supported the story told by her husband.

The story told by Smith was that Derham sprang on him as he was about to place the revolver in a place of safety. Derham himself caused the firing of the shot that killed him.

If Smith had accidentally shot Derham while trying to shoot himself, said justice Avory, he was guilty of murder, because at the time, he intended to commit a felony—suicide.

The crucial question, he added, was: Why, if prisoner intended no harm to anyone, was there such a desperate struggle for the revolver?

Inherited Fortune

Alfonso Austin Smith is said to have inherited the fortune of his grandfather, sir Frank Smith, a Canadian millionaire. He and Derham had been lifelong friends until Derham became over-intimate with Mrs. Smith.

A legal separation was under consideration between Smith and his wife, and on the night of August 12 the three were together at Mrs. Smith's house, "Stella Maris."

At about midnight Derham was found lying shot outside the house. He died the following night.

"REDS" REFUSED HEARING

L.L.P. Decreased Membership Due to Disaffiliations

Great excitement marked the opening of the fourteenth annual conference of the London Labour Party, held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, yesterday afternoon.

The trouble arose over the action of Herbert Morrison, M.P., secretary of the London Labour Party, in refusing credentials to two delegates sent by the London Trades Council, Wal Handington and Sadie Span, on the ground that they were Communists.

When they presented themselves at the conference they received a rough handling from the stewards. Although they eventually pushed their way in, they were not given seats, and were not allowed to speak, although they were energetically supported by many of the delegates.

A letter was read from the London Trades Council, claiming the right as an industrial body to elect delegates as they thought fit.

Some 250 delegates were present, and the chair was taken by Mr. T. E. Naylor, J.P., M.P.

Arising out of the report of the Executive Committee, in which it was stated that there had been a decrease in membership of the party, Alex Gossip, general secretary of the National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades Association, pointed out that this was no doubt due to the number of disaffiliations of local parties.

QUEEN MARIE CAUGHT IN ORGY

Rolling on Rugs with Naked Officers

"COTZOFANESTI!"

Soldiers Burn Building Over Heads of Revellers

"Romany Marie," the Hohenzollern queen of Rumania and member of the bloodiest royal family in Europe, is exposed in the remarkable dispatch below as a libertine who was caught in a semi-naked condition in the midst of an orgy when she was supposed to be serving as a red cross nurse.

The soldiers who discovered this orgy were so enraged that they burned down the building in which it was taking place.

(From a Special Correspondent) Berlin, Saturday.

Cotzofanesti! This word has a peculiar significance in blood-soaked Rumania, where a court junta exercises a brutal dictatorship over the Workers.

What does it mean? On the surface it is merely the name of a village in Moldavia—but there are events associated with this village in which members of the Rumanian royal family played a part, and which they would prefer to have forgotten. The tale has just leaked out. It shows the depravity of the ruling clique of Rumania, and queen Marie, who was recently feted in the U.S.A. by millionaires and politicians, including the president of the States himself, is shown up in her true colours—and those colours are glaring enough.

"Red Cross" Work

In 1917 when Von Mackensen had overrun a parts of Rumania queen Marie, her two daughters, Elizabeth and Maria, together with a number of "ladies" of the court, volunteered for "red cross work."

The village of Cotzofanesti was being used as the Rumanian headquarters staff, and it was here that these "ladies" were stationed. Here also were a number of French staff officers.

One night a wounded soldier arrived at the red cross headquarters to seek aid.

As the sergeant-major could not find the doctor the soldier himself looked for him. His search led him to a building where some entertainment was in full swing.

What Soldier Saw

All the doors were barred and the windows heavily curtained.

However, through a chink in a blind the soldier was able to peep into a large room, and what he saw amazed and disgusted him.

A buchananean feast was in progress, and French officers in a semi-naked condition were rolling about on costly rugs with the "nurses" who were just as scantily attired.

Among the revellers were queen Marie, the princess Maria, present consort of the king of Yugo-Slavia, princess Elizabeth, present consort of George, the ex-king of Greece, and other members of the royal circle.

There was an orchestra, and the revellers were performing their contortions to music.

So infuriated was the soldier, who, with his comrades, was risking his life for "king and country," that he called upon some of his mates and they set fire to the building in which the orgy was being held.

SMETHWICK DISCLAIMER

At an emergency meeting of the National Executive of the Labour Party held yesterday it was resolved that the Party emphatically repudiates the statements made in the capitalist press and elsewhere that the National Executive has been in any way actuated in its attitude towards the impending by-election in Smethwick by any personal feeling respecting the claims of Mr. Oswald Mosley.

V. S. Srinivasa Sastri
(1869 - 1946)

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B. I. No. $\frac{191}{17}$

British India Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.

(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND).

S. S. Karapara

29 November 1926.

My dear Sandbury,

May your cause flourish
during the New Year! and
may it bring you & your family
every blessing!

You have the biggest
heart of any I know - it
won't be allowed to suffer
long.

Yours lovingly
V. Srinivasa Sastri

W., A.

(266)
23rd Dec. 1926.

Mr. Geo. Lansbury.

Dear Mr. Lansbury,

I cannot
let Christmas pass without
sending my very best wishes
for all the special joy of Christmas
to Mr. Lansbury, yourself and
all the members of your family.
I know God's blessing, which
maketh rich and addeth no
sorrow, will be yours in no small
measure - Mr. J. L. Paton
(late) of the Manchester Grammar
School voiced my feelings

to me

(267)

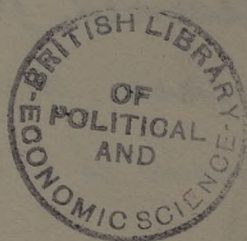
when he said, during the
Russian famine, you were
"the finest Christian in the House"
(Westminster). I know you will
repudiate this, but I know
Mrs Lanbury will be glad to
hear it, because it shows what
a spirit you are creating amongst
your fellow creatures by your
unselfish labours in the cause
of humanity. Personally I
am deeply grateful for all the
help and inspiration I have
received from you these many
years, and would like you to
know it, so again I say.

Thank you. I have a
subscription to send for the
Prince's Fund, but am too
late for registered post, so will
forward it tomorrow.

Yours sincerely

A. W.

"A Woman Worker"
Stretport



M449

(268)

FROM

REV. JAMES WHITTLE,
PEACHEHAVEN.

Christmas 1926

[sent 24 Dec.]

My dear Comrade

Please accept my sincere good
wishes for a Happy Christmas.

Even in this "backwater" you have
a friend who never forgets you.

God Bless our work.

With our united love (Mrs. Whittle & our
three little children)

Yours fraternally
James Whittle

David Graham Pole

(269)

THE BRITISH COMMITTEE ON INDIAN AFFAIRS

OBJECT

To furnish Members of Parliament and the British public with information concerning the development of public opinion in India in relation to the desire for the further extension of self-government until such time as India finally secures Dominion Status.

Chairman—Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

Vice-Chairman—Lt.-Col. H. M. MEYLER, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., ~~M.P.~~

Hon. Secretary—Major D. GRAHAM POLE.

Telephone No.: VICTORIA 2111

Telegrams: "DAGRAMPOL, PHONE, LONDON"

Cables: "DAGRAMPOL, LONDON"

Asst. Secretary—Mr. JOHN SCURR, M.P.

Treasurers—

MURIEL, COUNTESS DE LA WARR

Sir ALI IMAM, K.C.S.I.

172 PALACE CHAMBERS,

BRIDGE STREET,

WESTMINSTER,

LONDON, S.W.1

(Opposite the House of Commons)

28th
December
1926

My dear G.H.

I have been worrying about your Jan. £200 for the paper — but am now told by Gardner that it was sent you direct, so that's all right.

I am so sorry to hear about Mrs. Lansbury. Please give her our love. There is a small cake of Scotch shortbread lying here for you. The first one that calls can get it. It is the Lumby's my Xmas card to you & your wife.

I want to thank you specially for your letter. It was quite the nicest & most appreciated Xmas gift I got — & I do appreciate it.

The Doris offer £35 for the fittings upstairs & we've accepted it. Is that all right? They take over from Xmas. Miss Vickers asks me to send her love yours always
David

end of 1926

Vol. 8

(fols. 270 - 292)

1927

William Graham
(1887-1932)

270

105 Sunny Gardens

Merdon, W. W. L.

215 Feb. 1927

My dear Hansbuey, I greatly
regret to read of your sorrow.
Please accept this message
of warm sympathy with you
and your family circle. With
kind regards

Mrs. J. C. C. C.
Murray Kohlen

Read 'The War Cry'



BRAMWELL, BOOTH,
GENERAL

Telegraphic Address:
'SALVATION, LONDON'

Any communication respecting
his letter should be addressed to
the International Social Secretary.

David C. Lamb
(1866)

The Salvation Army

(WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder)

271

The International Social Secretary's Office:

101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,

LONDON, E.C. 4

Private

2/2/27

Dear Fred Lausbury.

Just to say the wife & I

are thinking of you & praying for you & yours

at this time. I am sorry for you —

Your brother has gone to where things are
understood fully.

Here — at the balance let's be mute
we never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute
But know not what's resisted.

God bless you.

Don't trouble to ack. Shall hope to see you

one day.

Yours v. truly
D. C. Lamb

Edith Mansell-Moullin

272

POST OFFICE



TELEGRAPHS.

This Form must accompany any inquiry respecting this Telegram.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions

11-15 14 Roma

Charges } s. d.
to pay }

Handed }
in at }

.M. Received }
here at }

TO {

George Lansbury
39 Gos Road London
Love success ginger Edith ma

Moullin

[The Ginger Club]

Hotel Vittoria - Sorrento

Italy

Feb. 16. 27.

Edith Mansell-Moullin

273



I hope you received the
wire I sent you from
Rome on 14th with
best wishes for success
of G. Club. As you can
understand I could
not say much, nor
can I on a p.c. but
I want to send you
my hearty good wishes
for your birth day on
21st good health &
every blessing for
you & yours & the great Cause.

NAPOLI

Vesuvio - tramonto con barche peschereccie

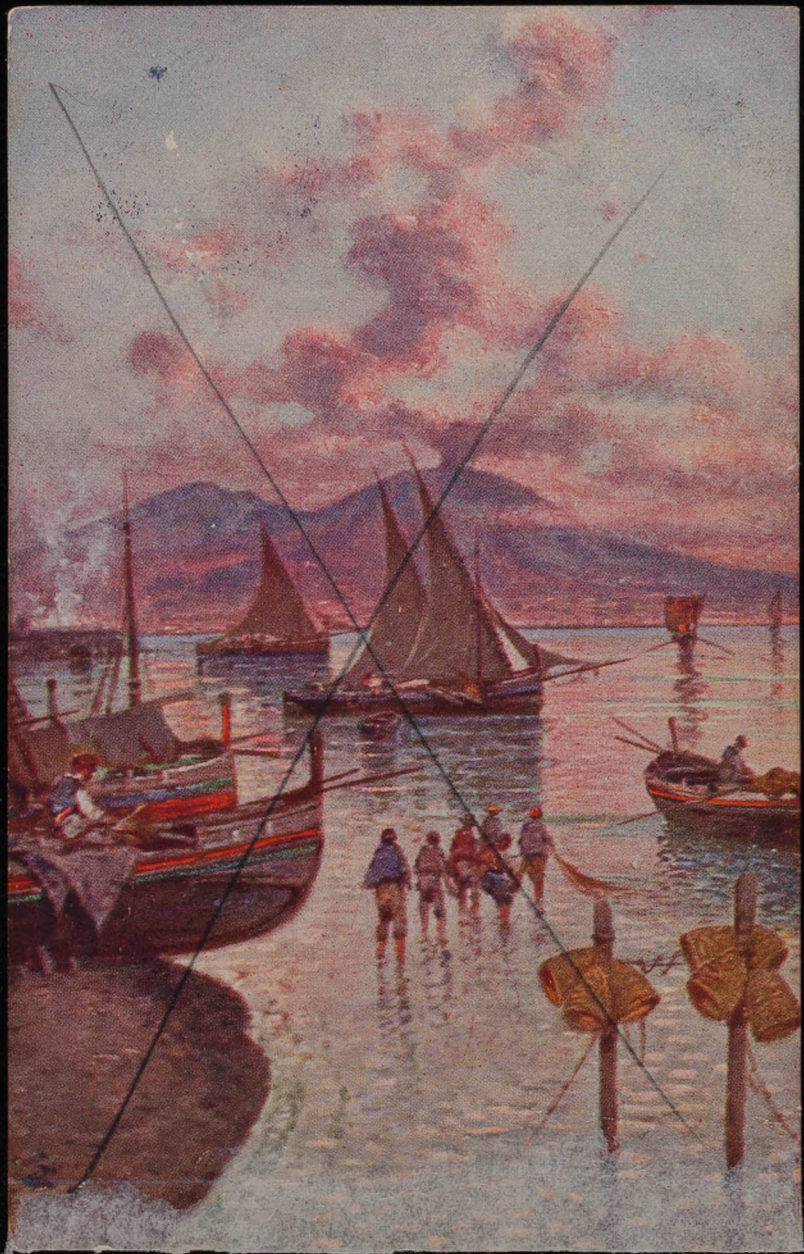
Edith Mansell-Moullin

Yours sincerely Edith Mansell-Moullin.

M449

George Lausbury Esq
39. Bow Road
London. E. 3
Inghilterra

Visto - Ufficio Revisione Stampa
Milano, N. 7107, il 12-2-1919.





A. Rosengolz (of U.S.S.R.)

19th February 1927.

Dear Comrade Lansbury,

I hear that you are celebrating your 68th birthday on Monday, February 21st, and Mrs. Rosengolz and I would like to join with your other numerous friends in wishing you many happy returns of the day.

With regard to the U.S.S.R. I cannot but be grateful for the important part you have played in promoting friendly relations between the two countries in general and between the British and Soviet working class movements in particular.

At the same time, Mrs. Rosengolz and I greet in you a good personal friend for whom we take this opportunity of expressing our love and esteem.

I hope, and indeed have no doubt, that in the future as in the past, you will remain a well-wisher of the U.S.S.R. and my own good personal friend.

With kind regards to Mrs. Lansbury.

Yours very sincerely,

A. Rosengolz

P.S. Will you be so good as to accept these few articles of Soviet handicraft as a small token of remembrance.

Bow and Bromley Local Labour Party

275

(Mr. G. LANSBURY, M.P.)

Affiliated to the NATIONAL LABOUR PARTY, LONDON LABOUR PARTY, and
BOROUGH OF POPLAR TRADES COUNCIL and CENTRAL LABOUR PARTY.

Secretary :

Telephone : EAST 1575

Councillor T. J. BLACKETER,
38 Campbell Road,
Bow, E. 3.

Headquarters : 141 BOW ROAD,
LONDON, E. 3.

.....20. 2. 27.....192.....

Mr G. Lansbury,
39, Bow Rd
Bow, E. 3.

Dear George,

This is to wish both you & Mrs Lansbury,
a very happy birthday. I cannot express in words
what I feel but I am sure that in the Life to come
you will enjoy the fruits of your labours here on
this earth. Very few Men can say what you can, because
you have not allowed prosperity or popularity to
move you. I must not say more only to trust that
you and Mrs Lansbury, are spared for many years
to live and work for the people.

I enclose 10/ Shillings for your birthday which I
know you will put into the Ginger club.

Please do not in any way advertise this.

Yours Sincerely.

T. J. Blacketer

Louis Coleman

POST OFFICE



TELEGRAPHS.

276

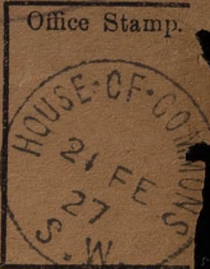
This Form must accompany any inquiry respecting this Telegram.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions

London 2.

Charges } s. d.
to pay }

Handed } 7.41 P.M., Received }
in at } 7.51 P.M. here at }



TO

George Lansbury House of Commons

Please accept my heartiest congratulations

may you continue to grow younger

every year Louis Coleman

Thomas Power O'Connor
(1848 - 1929)

(277)

Telegram over Dehone. [Say, 22 Feb. 1927]

Lambury.

Hearty though belated
congratulations to my dear young
friend.

T. P. O'Connor.

Arabella Susan Lawrence
(1871-1947)

(278)

TEL: VICTORIA 7413

41 GROSVENOR ROAD,

WESTMINSTER EMBANKMENT.

S.W.1.

[? Feb. 1927]

Dear G. L.

I feel I must write
one word to say how much I feel
for you in this grief & trouble which
has come upon you. I know how
unpleasant words are - but I did want
you to know that you have all
my thoughts & all my sympathy

Kindly yours

G. Susan Lawrence

Thomas Woods of Rockdale

279

TELEPHONE
DUBLIN 414.

14, HERBERT STREET,
DUBLIN.

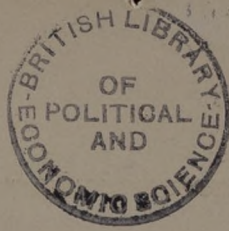
12 Mar '27.

My dear Brother.

I feel I should write
a personal word of
gratitude and thanks
for all you did at
Rockdale last week.

Our Bazaar has
been a success,
financially and in
every other way.

Arthur Frith has
been the Pioneer in
the Roxton desert.



M449

To the reality and intensity of his enthusiasm the Boston party owes its initiation & existence. He was overjoyed at your presence. and our people were inspired by your message and spirit.

Our Bazaar touched Roxdale as well as Roxton, but I found in the Hall. people who had come from all corners of Lqueashin

to drink of the life of your simple great humanity.

All evening they remained under the spell. Our Boston people had never met before in one Hall. or in such numbers.

As your words of Life to all Humanity sank into their hearts. they realized the greatness of our cause. a people that in darkness sat had seen a great Light.

280

I heard it said - There is
an aphorism - "all great
"thoughts come from the
"heart": well. Geo. Lawbury
must have a heart as
big as a Hemisphere.

May you live long to
inspire many with the
courage to live the Truth
that all men are Brothers.
The Truth that shall make
men free.

Born in England of an
English Father, as I grow
older kinship claims me
the great traditions of your
race haunt me. and I
live to try and do some
simple good. Thanks indeed
for your kindly act. your
simple purpose. and noble
cause. Always paternally

Edward George Villiers Stanley
(17th Earl of Derby; 1865 - 1948)

TELEPHONE
HUYTON 147.

(281)

KNOWSLEY,
PRESCOT,
LANCASHIRE.

28. 11. 27

Dear Mr. Langtry.

I wish I could tell you how
deeply touched I am by your letter.
but I can't find the words. My
tears are in my heart. As I think
of a father I have lost one who was
all I ask to him - & from the day
of his death had thought nothing but
of his kind sea love. all yours.

only a. woman for whom there is no
cure. but death.

I dare say you don't remember a talk
we once had in my room at the
Embassy in Paris - I don't allude
for sake to me. You come back to me.

Thank you very much for the letter
of my heart

Yours sincerely

W. H. D.



M449

Lady Petrick Lawrence

(282)

Dec 26. 1927.

TELEPHONE: 1314 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "PETHLAWRO-HOLB. LONDON."

11, OLD SQUARE,

LINCOLN'S INN, W.C. 2.

Dear Mr. Lambury.

Many thanks indeed for
your kind readiness to help us
in the "impasse" - we shall
come to you with all the particulars
if necessary & claim the very
welcome promise of help. At the
moment Sylvia is consulting an
architect who was an official
in Greece, & has great experience

in dealing with these problems
& she thinks it will be all
right.

Yes. I am sure you ^{felt} sad
at the surprising result of

the debate last Thursday.

It's a strange world & very
pervasive. I know you are
often sad, as you come in
touch with the suffering which
we all bring upon ourselves &
others, because of the strange
perversity of thought & action which

prevails. It will take years yet
to work out the aches & the tises -
but we have seen some changes
towards the goal, even in our
short lives. And to these changes
your life has been a driving force.

Blessings on you. I know

you have family anxieties
just now, but in spite of all
these cares & worries, may you
have the joy of Christmas.

Ever yours.

Elizabeth Petlich Lawrence

Rev. Henry J. Kitcat,

284

HILLINGDON VICARAGE,
UXBRIDGE.

Dec 22. 27

My dear friend

Ever so many
thanks for your memory
of us, your card
good wishes.

Jack & Beence are
home with us for
Lunch & Sunday ^{comes}
on Saturday. He is
so busy with the
work of the U. B. C. A.

Our love & best
wishes to you both.
May God find
& bless you ever

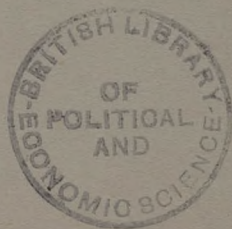
HILLINGDON VICARAGE

LEICESTER

efforts for the uplift
of men & the country
of the Kingdom

Ever yours

Henry J. Kiteat



M449

Rev. T. C. Gobak

285

S. JAMES'S VICARAGE,
DARLINGTON,
Co. DURHAM.

Dec. 23. 427

My Dear Friend,

Just a line to wish you a
very happy Christmas. In spite of
wivery all around us, and many
disappointments, it is good to rejoice
in the Christmas message that love is
hope for the world and that the Power
of Love will prevail. Without this
hope, could we go on? The Star
shines all the brighter because of the
darkness of the night.

So adieu, good comrades

Yours affectionately

T. C. Gobak

P. T. O

Very many thanks for your letter ^{a home}
as the £1. for Jean, I will
give it to her on Christmas Day



M449