

representative of the Socialist party. Wild horses will not drag from me a public expression of opinion as to which party took the first step to make two candidates inevitable. This much, however, must be recorded. Royle had been Mayor for four years—*anxious and difficult years of office ending in 1922.* He had been an excellent Mayor, showing throughout a painstaking self-denial and warmhearted sympathy which aroused well-merited public approval. It was only natural that the more Radical section of the Liberal party, to whom the very word coalition had become anathema, should look to Royle as their standard-bearer. Greenwood and Royle were returned. As Fildes said, when returning thanks to the Mayor at the return of the poll: “Men may come and men may go, but Greenwood goes on for ever.”

That half-jesting, half-serious remark is a key to Greenwood's character. He was indomitable. Sitting over the fire late one night, after an exhausting meeting, Dr. Murray and I were discussing the blows of adversity which threatened to overwhelm Greenwood. Always he came up smiling. We spoke of him admiringly. “Like a lighthouse,” said Dr. Murray. He was.

The Parliament of 1923, like that of 1922, did not last long. In 1924 there was another General Election. The two sitting Members contested the seats, as did Townend and myself. Greenwood and I were returned.

I sat with Greenwood in Parliament until the time of his death. We got to know each other well. I do not remember a single disagreement with him on any political question, though in matters commercial we frequently did not see eye to eye. Our friendship was a source of great pleasure to me and I think it was to him. I wrote of him at the time of his death: “He was loyal to his friends, loyal to his colleagues, lion-hearted. In the days of disaster, courageous to a fault. No man could have had a better political colleague.” Much water has flown under the bridges since that time, but in the full light of greater knowledge I would not alter a word of that appreciation.

A sketch of the political life of Stockport during the past ten years would be like Hamlet without the Ghost, if it did not refer to that genial, human and likeable personality—Harry Fildes. Though he lost his seat in 1923 and has not since been returned, it would be a misuse of language to say that Fildes is not in Parliament. He is always about its precincts. I see him chatting in the lobbies, lunching in the Strangers' Room, dining in the Harcourt Room—in fact, one might say he lives the life of an M.P. without the drudgery. He keeps in the closest touch with current political thought and for over a decade has been of the greatest value to Liberalism in Stockport.

He takes politics as a branch of human nature—a reflection of the manifold activities of mankind, and imparts to what is frequently a monotonous and extremely onerous business (no one who has not represented an industrial constituency can understand the volume of work that has to be got through) an atmosphere of good fellowship which is rare and refreshing.

At the Bye-election caused by Greenwood's sudden death in 1925, Townend was elected. Townend and I were re-elected in 1929, so that from