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FUNERAL OF ERNEST BEVIN

At Golders Green a long journey ends that began 70 years ago in a labourer's cottage; and those in high places gather to pay tribute to the last of the old fighters who lifted labour out of the dark and unmoored past. The rigour of his struggle some of these were too young to know; to others it was an inspiration; and in their hour of power, Premiership was his for the asking. Instead, uncomplaining, he abided by their choice and in his forthright way, gave unwavering loyalty to the man now too ill to honour him. Perhaps more than others, Mrs. Attlee knows how grievous a loss lies in the passing of the great man who rose unaided to speak for Britain and to guide the world. He fought hard to make the poverty he had known a thing forgotten and to the wife whose comfort strengthened his purpose, goes the sympathy of all.

A valiant spirit has passed from us, said the man who called him to share the burdens of the war. Let that be his epitaph.