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**A TRAITOR PARSON  
AND ANOTHER RENAGADE WHO  
SEEKS TO POLLUTE THE HOMELAND.**

Once again, I ask, has the government any settled policy in regard to the renegades who, having done their work abroad—in America and in the land of the Hun—are returning hot foot to the country they have denounced, and to the people whom they have defiled? The list is growing. Frank Harris, who has prostituted his undoubted talents to traduce the country of his birth; Aubrey Stanhope, who used his poisonous pen in the *Continental Times* when Belgium was in the hands of the enemy—Aubrey Stanhope, the son of a British peer; and **that dirty degenerate, Alister [sic] Crowley.**

These scoundrels who, throughout the war, lived and thrived in Germany or in the States, and foreswore their country, have declared their intention of returning to England. Some may have already arrived. What is the Government doing? I would rather see in our midst a hated German who, at least, did no greater offence to patriotism than to spy and intrigue for the Fatherland, than give asylum to any one of the detestable crew who used brains and pen to hearten the enemy and to blacken the fair fame of Britain in the darkest hours of the war. But there are others. And it is my public duty, at this moment, to proclaim two more as traitors and renegades. I name them so that there can be no question of their identity, and I call upon the Home Office to do its duty and see to it that they are, never again permitted to tread the sacred soil of our beloved country. The pity of it is that one is a clergyman, the Rev. Richard Lee, M.A., and the other, the wealthy son of a titan who in his lifetime was a worthy member of the House of Commons—Mr. Philips Price.

To deal with the clergyman first: Lee, like the craven he is, has written a book, published in Amsterdam and Rotterdam—Holland, the happy neutral, has much to answer for. It is entitled, "Britain's Guilt in the War," and is an attempt to throw mud at us, to prove that we are the despoilers of Europe, and

the arch-betrayers of the cause of Humanity and Civilisation. Yet it has been distributed in this country through the post. "Surely," says the reverend renegade, "we ought to consider whether there is anything more inherently unjust in Germany ruling the land than in Britain ruling the sea." Thank God, the world has given the answer. Germany's military power—the power for oppression and lust of conquest—has been broken, and the British Navy still rules the sea for the benefit of humanity and to the lasting good of mankind. What do you think of this from the reverend pen:

During the war, the Napoleonic tradition has been used to prolong the war and make impossible a reasonable peace. The vogue of "Holy Redeemer" suited our caste once more. Just as our mood of blind congratulation led to the baleful Peace of Vienna, the mood of glory may lead to a worse Peace of Paris.

And this man, who boasts of Holy Orders, and places after his name the *imprimatur* of a British University sees fit to provoke the applause of our quondam enemies by sneering at the glorious patriotism which stood between Civilisation and Damnation. Even the splendid spirit which inspires women of Britain does not escape the sarcasm of this pacifist traitor:—

The women, who have been such a great support to the nation and ministered to us by shell-making and gentle nursing, are pluming themselves on their indispensability. They never seem to think that the shells they have made so beautifully have shattered out the brains of thousands of fathers, and as the result of their handiwork many are orphans in Europe today. The Churches are holding their Services of thanksgiving and re-dedication, and cooing over the dear boys in khaki who have escaped from the great slaughter.

But enough of this black-coated traitor, who insults the Church of which, I suppose, he is still a member. What of Phillips Price, who has gone over to the Soviet Government, in Russia—the personification of all that is debased and debauched, the Government which is founded on tyranny and batters on murder? This creature has dared to address a letter to the Independent Labour Party, in which he reveals the true colour of his renegade soul. He is the type of man who is a danger to the peace of the Commonwealth, and it is the duty of the Government to see to it that such men are never again permitted to seek the hospitality of the land they have traduced.

But Price, who has inherited a large fortune in British land and money, is preaching in Russia the gospel of destruction. He says that "not until the Churchill—Lloyd George oligarchy has been driven out, *will it be possible for me to return to England under a guarantee of personal safety.*" What does this mean? That so long as the King's Government, constitutionally elected, remains in power, this pernicious renegade dare not set foot in England. I hope it is true. But is it? The Prime Minister knows—he has publicly said so in the House of Commons—that dark forces in our midst are working for our undoing. Yet all the time, the disciples of the bloody Lenin are working underground, and the Government are taking no effective steps to counteract their pernicious and deadly propaganda.

I am all for relaxing the vexatious restrictions of D.O.R.A. In my opinion, the shackles upon our liberty, rivetted under the exigencies of war, should be struck off. But let us have, in place of them, a Renegades Act which shall proclaim to all the world the names of the men who have denied their country, and given comfort to the enemy. What a mockery it will be to arraign the Germans who were guilty of cruel ferocities in the name of the Fatherland, if we let go scot free—and, what is worse—permit to live among us—men of British blood, bearing once-honoured names, who have been false to family, and traitors to the King. In the name of patriotism, let the Government proclaim these renegades, and sentence of Outlawry be passed upon them.