

Chapter 1 : Michael Morris Obituary - Nokesville, Virginia - calendrierdelascience.com

*'The Account of William Morris as I knew him' was contributed by Shaw to the second and political volume, which explains why the text brings in so much detail of the early history of the Socialist movement in London.*

Going to miss his smile and he was always happy. We have been friends for so many years and our memories will forever be cherished. May God bless his family at this difficult time. Morris was one of my favorites to care for he will be missed. Jayna Watson Spearfish Morris. His generosity knew no bounds. Fortunate me that I did spend hundreds of hours in that house on Fulton Street as Morris and Miriam doted on me and others like we were their own. Would you like a drink? Love and prayers Hallocks Morris and Miriam gave me my first paying job delivering papers. It was a great start to my earning life. I also have many great memories of spending time and overnights with the Hallocks, and your collie. Over the years he has met my two children and visited with us when we were in the area. He was a strong, caring and loving man who was very proud of his daughters. He will be missed by many. I know you are celebrating in heaven. Thank you for all of your services. You made the world a better place. He gave me my first job as a grease monkey on the presses. On my first day, I scrunched the side of the company car at the Sturgis car wash-Morris quickly realized he better put a pen and notebook in my hand before I hurt myself or someone else! He lit a fire under me! Made me sports editor while still in high school and hired me as an editor right out of college. He influenced my career and my life in so many ways and I have so many fond professional and personal memories of Morris, Miriam, the family and all the great times at the papers. He was devoted to community, family, life and people RIP to a great patriot! He was loved by many and will be missed by all! It was my pleasure to work with Morris on many projects and promotions over the years. I have always felt great admiration for him. There never was a more staunch supporter of Sturgis and South Dakota than Morris. He was absolutely passionate in his loyalty to our area or SD and the people therein. It was great to visit with Morris as he had an amazing memory and it was always a treat to have a conversation with him. My last visit with him lasted two and a half hours. Morris enjoyed a martini after work as did I and I can still hear his hearty laugh. What a loss to his family and the community at large. He certainly made a huge contribution to his country, his state, and his community. Hallock noteworthy optimist and risk-taker. I knew him best as a publisher of weekly newspapers - my boss from work as a junior high-age carrier, through college-summer internships and finally as editor of the always financially fragile Rapid City Guide. To his family he was a loving son, spouse, father and uncle. To close friends he was a fishing buddy and guy who liked to laugh and tell stories - and pick up the check. To many he was a tireless booster of the Sturgis-area business community, Basin League Baseball and generator of ideas, projects and campaigns to keep the area alive and prosperous. They also benefitted from his second career as a real estate agent. Others in the Black Hills and across South Dakota knew him as a classic and loyal Republican politician. Now Morris is gone. Rest in peace, Morris. Your energy on this earth is spent. Patti Nequette-Goff My thoughts and prayers are with you all. I always enjoyed visiting with him when he came into First Interstate Bank while I was still working. He was always soft spoken and a gentleman. My prayers are with you all, remember the good times you all shared with him. Joseph Bryant Sturgis,SD Morris, was such a knowledgeable gentleman and was one of the first contributors to my mayoral campaign in He will be missed. They both meant a great deal to me Rest in peace Morris!!! Pat Mehegan Sioux Falls S. Memories are flooding my heart. What a guy you were Morris!!! Too many beautiful, positive adjectives to list here. Julie glover nielsen Flagstaff,az He will truly be missed. Morris was such an amazing person. He knew the value of so many good things and lived life teaching us to value them too. Always loving, kind and thoughtful. He touched so many lives. Morris and Miriam gave so many people good jobs and great memories. Diane Johnson I always enjoyed working real estate with Morris. Never a negative word. Sending our love to you now. They shared so many memories: Morris was, yes, larger than life: You have lost a special person. He was a great man. Always stopped and talked to you, had good advice and was glad to see you. Prayers to you all. Gordon would smile when he spoke of Morris. Their love of the Black Hills was shared by both and they loved a good story. He was a remarkable man.

Chapter 2 : Formats and Editions of Morris as I knew him [calendrierdelascience.com]

*information about William Morris Vol 1 Morris As A Socialist William Morris As I Knew Him we also provide articles about the good way of researching experiential studying and discuss about the sociology.*

Rapidly the family accumulated wealth, and in moved to Woodford Hall in Essex, an imposing Georgian mansion on the edge of Epping Forest. William was a delicate child, cosseted by his mother and his older sisters Emma and Henrietta. Already he was highly receptive to medievalism and romance. From Woodford Hall, Morris would set out on his pony, sometimes dressed in a miniature suit of armour given to him by his parents, to explore the countryside and riverbank, seeking out small remote churches, early examples of the purist English architecture Morris was to champion all through his adult life. His visual memory was peculiarly retentive. He quickly learned to write, but was always to regard spelling as superfluous. In he was sent to Marlborough College, then a new school, badly organized and prone to violence. A serious school riot broke out in Morris argued that children should acquire practical skills as well as intellectual knowledge, and that education should be lifelong. At Marlborough, Morris made his own escape routes, reading antiquarian history in the new Adderley Library and exploring Savernake Forest and the prehistoric landscapes of Avebury and Silbury Hill. He was already developing the manual skills that were to become almost an addiction, weaving strings attached to his classroom desk to make fishing nets and traps for birds. He was also discovering his talents as a storyteller, transfixing his schoolfellows with rambling Gothic stories and establishing the persona of the oddball or outcast that clung to him in later life. The bishop of Salisbury confirmed him in Marlborough College chapel in March In William Morris senior had died suddenly, leaving the family finances in turmoil. His widow moved to a smaller although still substantial home, Water House in Walthamstow later the William Morris Gallery. The year was spent partly at home and partly as a pupil with the Revd Frederick Guy, a young high-church clergyman and an assistant master at the Forest School in Walthamstow. Although he later became strongly anti-clerical Morris was at this stage intended for the church. But he lacked direction and was prey to moodiness. At Oxford he began to orientate himself. For the first time he found friends who shared his interests. They were to be lifelong friends and artistic collaborators. Through Burne-Jones, Morris was introduced into the Set, a remarkable group of young men, most of whom had been at school with Burne-Jones in Birmingham. Such self-contained male groupings, with their robust humour and their private language of camaraderie, were always to be important to Morris, a socially awkward man who longed to be gregarious. The Set were literary men, worshippers of Tennyson. They read, recited, wrote. In fact it seems probable he started writing earlier, perhaps even at Marlborough. But at Oxford, Morris began to write with a new obsessiveness. He later destroyed many of the poems of this period, but the surviving lyrics, though obviously influenced by Keats and by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, show that Morris was already finding his own poetic voice. He now had his indoctrination into reformist politics, reading the polemical novels of Charles Kingsley and attuning himself to Ruskin and Carlyle. In the summer vacation of Morris, Fulford, and Burne-Jones made a journey around the great Gothic cathedrals of northern France, and from then on he defended the Gothic as the only morally viable architectural style. In the course of those travels Morris and Burne-Jones came to a joint decision. They would not, after all, be entering the church. Instead Morris would train as an architect and Burne-Jones as a painter. They were dismayed by the condition of England, its social complacency, and its visual squalor. Morris reluctantly returned to Exeter to take his pass degree before articling himself, on 25 January , to G. Street, one of the leading English Gothicist architects, then diocesan architect for Oxford. Ruskin had first explored the social dangers of separating intellectual and manual activity, arguing that class divisions were exacerbated by the traditional definitions of work for gentlemen and work for artisans. Ruskin himself was not a maker. It was Morris, in the next generation, who developed these perceptions in his own exuberant creative terms. His principle was to be that no work should be carried out in his workshops before he had mastered the technique of it himself. In Oxford he had an embroidery frame made to an old design, and found a retired French dyer to dye worsteds for him. From a smith with a forge near Oxford Castle he ordered a mail surcoat and a bassinet an Arthurian type of

helmet , which closed on him when he first tried it on and trapped him. Later, when his daughter Jenny developed epilepsy in her mid-teens, this was a bitter grief, since Morris felt himself to blame. Red Lion Square was the first of a long sequence of Victorian interiors that Morris imbued with his highly personal decorative style. In his serious attentiveness to domestic detail, and in particular his sensitivity to the colour, sheen, and tactility of textiles, Morris can be seen as entering what, in his class and culture, was the traditional female domain. He was later to become an accomplished cook. In London, Morris was absorbed into Pre-Raphaelite circles. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, one of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite brothers and already established as a painter and a poet, was influential on the two less sophisticated young men. He persuaded William Morris he too ought to be a painter. He had already started taking life classes. Although he was never to feel confident in drawing from life, he was always insistent that drawing skills were the basis of design. Simultaneously Morris continued with his writing. Through his main outlet was the short-lived but intellectually ambitious publication he financed, the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. The chief contributors were former members of the Oxford Set, later reconstituted as the Brotherhood. It suffered from association with the notorious Pre-Raphaelite paintings of that time. But these small, spare, violent poems have always had admirers, from Gerard Manley Hopkins to the imagists. He argued that without dignified, creative human occupation people became disconnected from life. Rossetti had negotiated the commission for the decoration of the walls of the debating hall. Morris decorated the ceiling and was responsible for one of the ten bays, on which he painted in tempera the tragic triangle of Sir Tristram, Sir Palomydes, and La Belle Iseult. Originally she modelled for Rossetti. Morris then used her as his model for La Belle Iseult, the painting now in the Tate collection, his only surviving work in oils. The honeymoon was spent in Bruges. Philip Webb designed Red House, in close collaboration with Morris, for his marriage. This famous red-brick building, at Upton, near Bexleyheath, in Kent, was a creative reworking of the architectural style of the thirteenth century, with a steep red-tiled roof and a well in the courtyard. During construction Morris and his bride lived temporarily at Aberley Lodge, close to the site, and they moved into Red House in June. Red House was the first tangible expression of the reductionist principles for which Morris became famous: In its time Red House was seen as startling in its fluidity of planning and its brilliant clashing colour. This quasi-medieval building was to become the paradigm of all arts and crafts houses and a potent influence on twentieth-century modernist architecture. Unofficially, it was referred to as the Firm. The Firm, as originally constituted, was an artistic brotherhood with seven partners. At a period of widespread ritualist revival, work for new and restored churches was the basis of their early success. The Firm first exhibited at the International Exhibition at South Kensington in , winning two gold medals and a special jury mention for the colour and design of its stained glass. By the exhaustion of daily commuting and his own financial problems, caused by decrease in value of his family shares, forced Morris to sell Red House. Morris moved his home and workshop to 26 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, now living literally above the shop. The Earthly Paradise and Iceland, " Since The Defence of Guinevere Morris had written little, partly out of depression at its critical reception, mainly because he was preoccupied with decorating Red House and establishing the Firm. In he was offered nomination to the Oxford professorship of poetry. Both honours Morris rejected scornfully. It was originally envisaged as an illustrated poem with woodcuts by Burne-Jones published in a folio volume. A foretaste, in the form of The Life and Death of Jason, a 13-line poem too long to be included in the major enterprise, was published on its own in . This time the reviews were unanimously good. Critics judged that in comparison Tennyson sounded orotund. The first volume of The Earthly Paradise was published in , and the final two volumes in . The twenty-four tales, exchanged by the wanderers and their hosts, draw on a variety of sources: Intertwined with the tales is a more personal poetic narrative, in which Morris hints at the stresses in his own emotional life. The first years of his marriage were apparently contented. At Red House, Janey gave birth to two daughters: But soon after the family removal to Queen Square, Janey began showing signs of a debilitating illness, possibly gynaecological in origin. In Morris accompanied her to the German spa town of Bad Ems. All her life she remained a semi-invalid. She appears in memoirs and cartoons of the period as the archetypal Victorian femme souffrante, supine on a couch. Morris responded with stoic generosity. Grieving for the loss of love he threw himself more avidly into the manual disciplines of craftwork. He returned with

new intentness to illumination and calligraphy, reviving techniques that had been neglected since the fifteenth-century development of printing. The first of his manuscripts was *A Book of Verse*, written out in for Georgiana Burne-Jones, to whom he was now increasingly attached. Simultaneously Morris was immersed in the Icelandic. This was another aspect of his fortitude. Morris travelled very little outside Britain. His two voyages to Iceland, in and , must rank with his undergraduate tour of the Gothic cathedrals of France as the most influential journeys of his life. Edward Burne-Jones drew a delicious series of cartoons of his rotund friend Morris in the land of raw fish.

**Chapter 3 : Morris Ray Gibbs Obituary - Gurnee, IL**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Dianne Lauer August 9, at 7: I am sorry to see that he has passed away. I know he has had a very fulfilling life. It was a pleasure knowing him. The family will be in my thoughts and prayers. Dianne Lauer Andrew A. Zellers-Frederick August 9, at 9: I had the pleasure of only a few weeks ago of accompanying Morris to a gathering of his comrades from the Battle of the Bulge. He was looking forward to conducting a program with his friends at the SIGal Museum on the Battle of the Bulge near its anniversary in December. He will be greatly missed by all. Sue Schardt August 9, at His departure leaves a void that can not be filled. While we only knew him a short while, it seems like he was always there! Morris had a good run. He was steadfast in the face of adversity and devoted to any cause that passed his way. He wholeheartedly stepped in to offer succor wherever he perceived the need. He would lead the charge unflinchingly! He stood tall among all! John Breidinget August 10, at 6: As you know I had met him at a few of his Battle of the Bulge presentations. He was a true hero. John Breidinger August 11, at 1: He was such a kind and wonderful man. You are in my prayers. Georgine Washburn Jim Tiernan August 11, at 2: His presentations, along with other WW II veterans that he organized and led, always had a powerful and meaningful impact on my 19 year old students. He will be sorely missed and remembered by thousand of students with whom he shared his WW II experiences. I will greatly miss the courageous American hero Peg Spafford August 11, at 2: Morris was highly respected and did a lot to help others. As a Veteran he was so well liked. Blessings to you all! He and your Mom were great neighbors to my parents and I have wonderful memories of them as well as both of you as kids riding our bikes in and out of the driveway! I also think of your Mom often and hope that God helps you deal with the future. May God bless you and your families. Sending you our love and prayers. Simonetta August 13, at 9: I am just so glad and very blessed to have had the opportunity to meet, know, and love him. His life was a gift to everyone he encountered, and his kindness, compassion, and wisdom will continue to inspire me as I journey through life. I and so many others will miss him dearly, my deepest condolences to his family. May the God of Grace and Peace provide you with comfort during your time of grief. All my love and prayers, Pat Simonetta August 15, at 2: I had great admiration for Morris not only for his service to our great country but especially for his dedication to the education of our youth on the history of World War II. He and his colleagues brought history to life in the classroom. May he rest in eternal peace. Dian Taylor August 22, at 5: I will miss him and the great conversations we had in the 4 years I knew him. He was such a sweet man. My condolences to his family on their extraordinary loss. He was so very proud of you all and his love for Dottie was neverending. God bless you all. Carolyn Lange August 26, at 5: Though we spoke only once, he left a strong and positive impression on me. We got to talking, and I found out that he was a Veteran of the Battle of the Bulge as was my Father. I still have these, and an unforgettable memory of someone who I could tell was an exceptional person.

**Chapter 4 : William Morris: The Man and The Myth by R Page Arnot**

4. *Morris as I knew him, by Bernard Shaw. With a foreword by Stanley Morison and an introd. by Basil Blackwell.* 4. *Morris as I knew him, by Bernard Shaw. With a foreword by Stanley Morison and an introd. by Basil Blackwell.* London: Morris Society. 5. *Morris as I knew him: With a forew. by Stanley.*

Please come out to honor Morris. The Warren Class of is the sponsor of this event but anyone who loved Morris is welcome. Hope to see you Sunday. After I left home, he would help my parents the Forsters with the yard work and cutting the grass. You will be missed by all who knew you. My condolences to your family at this difficult time. My condolences to his family. You are missed terribly. My condolences to the family. Alan Manthei February 24, I have learned my lesson! I just found out.. O M G , I will never let that happen again.. He used to call me Gar-Man. Very nice man, and sorry to hear about his passing. I remember him as a kind and considerate person who never had a bad word to say about others. Rest in peace Morris. Mike Brennan November 14, I was truly saddened to hear that Mo was gone far too soon. Dartmouth prided itself on being a rugged and masculine place, as did the football team, yet Mo always had the kindest and sweetest spirit about him. It was remarkable how many facets there were to Mo and how he could be a bridge to so many different types of people. Knowing Mo was a privilege and a blessing. I worked with Morris for the past 15 years and can truly say he was a dear friend, always there to help or talk to. I always looked forward to my next occasion to work with him. In all the time I knew him, he never had a bad word to say about anyone or anything. He had a kind heart for everyone. I will miss him terribly! At the time he was spending his free time staffing a suicide hotline. Later he volunteered at a No Kill animal shelter. He did that because he cared for animals. He cared for animals so much that he took in 6 or was it 8 rescue cats. These were not kittens, but full grown cats. Some of the cats he took in were almost feral in nature when he took them in. When last I visited Mo at his home he had 5 left and had nursed the ones that died. All of his cats were well behaved and loving and I would never have known their background, had he not shared that with me. One of his cats was named Holyfield. When he got the cat, it had been in some sort of fight with another animal and had lost most of one ear. I think Holyfield was the most feral cat he acquired. After a couple of years, he had taught Holyfield to walk on a leash and they walked around the block that Mo lived on regularly. That cat was also one of the most, if not the most loving cat he owned. Mo was generous to a fault and I remember him sharing with me some of the situations in which he helped out. For a long time I have considered Mo one of my best friends and I will consider him so for the rest of time. Mo was a giant of a man and that has nothing to do with his stature. He is the type of person that I aspire to be. I will miss you greatly Mo. Matthew Rains November 9, I am truly saddened by his passing. Morris was one of our HP Support persons and I looked forward to our meetings. I only knew him through work, but he seemed to be a person that enjoyed life and would be a great friend. Reading through this guest book has confirmed that. Rob Slotten November 9, Morris was my account exec before I retired. He was always helpful and I looked forward and enjoyed working with him. I know he will be missed. Kristen Andersen November 7, Morris we light this candle for you and know your light will continue to shine bright in heaven. We have all seen humility, kindness and compassion in the life of Morris Ray Gibbs. You laid open your heart to so many and we know you will continue to do so in heaven. You will truly be missed on earth Morris. God bless you, Kristen E. He was such a solid person, I will miss him much. God speed CJ November 6, I had the privilege of attending a dinner with Mo during one of his trips to the west coast. He had a warm heart, sharp wit and an easy nature; someone worthy of admiration. Thanks for the laughs, the stories and the wisdom. You will be missed, Mo. November 6, Piper Ahlswede November 6, You are going to be missed my friend. My aunt fondly remembers you coming into her book store. Until we meet again. Jackie Warner November 5, Morris was a dear friend to our family, always there to share in our most special occasions. We loved hearing Scott and him reminisce about their crazy times at Dartmouth. His smile, cigars and sweet spirit will never be forgotten. I never new anyone who had so many friends or who deserved them more. We all held him in the greatest affection and respect. My heart is broken. Morris, you are the best and I will miss you. Mo,thanks for coming out west to visit. You will be missed by all the Origel and Torres

family members. We Love You Mo! Grace Origel November 5, I am saddened to hear the news about Mo. I looked forward to his visits to the west coast, planning where we would take him. He was always ready for anything, easy-going, the perfect guest. He was a class act; intelligent, funny, selfless. The last time I saw him, he said he was listening to classical music, and recommended I listen to Rachmaninoff. I will miss you, and I am grateful I had the opportunity to know you. Tom Gibson November 4, Morris will surely be missed. I had known him through work for about 6 years. He was one of a kind! Always willing to lend a hand, and he was the kindest person Ive ever known. Im sure he is looking over us from his place in heaven. I always looked forward to working with Morris. He always had a smile and great conversation I will always remember him. Thanks for so much fun. Watch over us all now, boss. Gregory DeTogne November 3, Like his own DNA, which seamlessly brought harmony to divergent codes born of American and Asian cultures, Morris was the catalyst of his generation that drew all people together. Through their friendships with him, stoners and jocks in his high school years found common ground. Ivy league strivers, computer nerds, family, business types, and countless others from all walks of life did the same as he continued to weave his way through the world, always forging new connections, bringing people together, fanning the flames of brotherhood and love. Morris, there may be great sadness surrounding your passing, but at least you left us on a truly high note. November 3, Julie Schwert November 3, My heart is broken. Morris was my best friend at Hewlett Packard. Dave and I will miss you terribly, Mo-Man. We cherish all the good times spent with you. Thanks for always being such a good, supportive friend. You are a legend.

**Chapter 5 : Morris Nanton Condolences | The Star-Ledger**

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Morris, a retired social worker who lives in Melbourne, Australia, was having coffee with a friend one day in His ability to communicate made the long lines of doomed prisoners move more quickly. One day a beautiful woman barely out of her teens approached the tattooing table. Morris, a non-Jew, knew nothing of Jewish studies or culture at the time. I never tried to drag the details out of him. It was a matter of patience. She gradually introduced him to her family in Melbourne, and became friendly with his son Gary as well. As her own grief subsided, Morris began to write the book. As Sokolov told stories about what he endured and witnessed in Auschwitz, the conversations often became painful. Morris was sensitive to his state of mind while they talked, and went to great lengths to make sure to protect him. We always had sport or family to come back to, so when I did leave him he was having a good time –” talking to his dogs, watching something on TV, he was in a good mental state. It was not mine. I would empathize with it, and then center myself back into my own life. It was a matter of self-protection. Sokolov remembered the scores of the bizarre soccer game the bored Auschwitz guards played against the men in his block, and vividly described watching dozens of naked male prisoners forced onto a bus that, once its doors were locked shut, became a converted gas chamber from which Sokolov heard the men screaming as they died. He described the rag-tag coats Gita wore, salvaged from a warehouse filled with the clothing of dead Jews; every conversation he had with his guards; the hidden rooms where he and Gita made love; and the horrible sensation of ash from the crematoriums falling on him. Sadly, his death prevented that. After *The Tattooist* was published in the U. She is a frequent speaker at Holocaust conferences. They all hugged Morris and gave her gifts from Krompachy. And now my family and I try to live by these words.

**Chapter 6 : Robert T. Morris Obituary - Staten Island, NY**

*Volume 2 addresses William Morris' political aims and ideals. Opening with the essay 'Morris as I Knew Him' by George Bernard Shaw, it includes May's substantial assessment of her father's socialism, along with many previously unpublished examples of his output of lectures, articles and letters on the subject.*

The Man and The Myth. R Page Arnot Chapter Three: The Socialist League Sometime in these first years of public agitation Morris became a convinced socialist " while as yet there was in Britain no declared socialist organisation. As soon as there was one, Morris was now sure to be in; for as early as August he writes in a letter: Hyndman began his plunge in the socialist direction badly, with a sort of plagiarism of Marx. Karl Marx in the last letter to his friend FA Sorge wrote: In the beginning of June, there was published by a certain Hyndman who had before intruded himself into my house a little book: The chapters on Labour and Capital are only literal extracts from, or circumlocutions of, the Capital, but the fellow does neither quote the book, nor its author, but to shield himself from exposure remarks at the end of his preface: All those amiable middle-class writers " if not specialists " have an itching to make money or name or political capital immediately out of any new thoughts they may have got at by any favourable windfall. Many evenings this fellow has pilfered from me, in order " to take me out and to learn in the easiest way. Do not on any account whatever let yourself be deluded into thinking there is a real proletarian movement going on here. I know Liebknecht tries to delude himself and all the world about this, but it is not the case. The elements at present active may become important since they have accepted our theoretical programme and so acquired a basis, but only if a spontaneous movement breaks out here among the workers and they succeed in getting control of it. Till then they will remain individual minds, with a hotch-potch of confused sects, remnants of the great movement of the s, standing behind them and nothing more. Participation in the domination of the world market was and is the basis of the political nullity of the English workers. So we find him writing to Algernon Swinburne and others, but without success. The upper and middle classes as a body will by the very nature of their existence resist the abolition of classes. I have never underrated the power of the middle classes, whom, in spite of their individual good nature and banality, I look upon as a most terrible and implacable force. The seceders then formed the Socialist League on 30 December Within two months they had brought out a new paper, the famous Commonweal. Engels, who had helped to organise the secession, was nevertheless not over-sanguine as to the prospects, as may be seen from his letter to Eduard Bernstein: Those who resigned [he wrote at the time] were Aveling, Bax and Morris, the only honest men among the intellectuals but were as unpractical two poets and one philosopher as you could possibly find. In addition, the better of the known workers. They want to act in the London branches; they hope to win the majority and then let Hyndman carry on with his non-existent provincial branches. Their organ will be a little monthly journal. Finally they will work on a modest scale, in proportion to their forces, and no longer act as though the English proletariat were bound to follow as soon as a few intellectuals became converted to socialism and sounded the call. But the quality of the new organisation, its fearless outlook at its first beginnings, was of a very high order. This quality can be far better shown by a single extensive quotation than by a series of shorter extracts: It may be taken as the first anti-imperialist manifesto of the socialist movement in Britain, written when the tide was setting in strongly for annexations and protectorates in Asia and Africa. On The Sudan War 2 March Fellow Citizens A wicked and unjust war is now being waged by the ruling and propertied classes of this country, with all the resources of civilisation at their back, against an ill-armed and semi-barbarous people whose only crime is that they have risen against a foreign oppression which those classes themselves admit to have been infamous. Tens of millions wrung from the labour of workmen of this country are being squandered on Arab slaughtering; and for what: All these ends determine the dominant classes, though in different proportions, to the course they are pursuing. Citizens, you are the dupes of a plot. Be not deceived by the flimsy pretences that have been, and are, alleged as reasons for the cowardly brigandage perpetrated on weak and uncivilised peoples by these classes in the name of the community. After the British conquest of Egypt, General Hicks is allowed to attempt the reconquest of the Sudan in the interest of Egyptian usury. This attempt failing, General

Baker is authorised to subdue at least the seaboard. A second failure demonstrating the utter futility of Egyptian arms against the desert spearmen, a fluttering in the dovescotes of the military and the Stock Exchange worlds ensues. But there is balm in Gilead yet. Happy thought, the garrisons " yes, they must be rescued! General Gordon, the successful subduer of rebels in China, and ex-Governor-General at Khartoum, is he not the man to deal with Sudanese malcontents? Cabinet ministers, unable to resist the mandates of the classes these powerful organs represent, bow their heads and submit. Gordon, after duly consulting with his friends, is despatched, bearing in his hands the instructions of the Government, but " as events have proved " in his pocket those of the distinguished newspapers in question. The play after this move was easy. This pious intention, fortunately for the Berberese, remained unrealised. Meanwhile, garrisons are forgotten. The Jingoese know a cry worth two of that. Cabinet ministers faintly remonstrate and at length again bow their heads. Who are ministers to dispute the orders of influential newspapers representing important interests? Theirs not to reason why, Theirs not to make reply; Theirs but to do and " die, and dying they are, to all appearances, as Cabinet ministers " of Pall Mall Gazette. That, however, is no concern of ours. The expedition is despatched. British cut-throats slaughter a few thousand Arabs amid the jubilation of the press, when " oh horror! In Fleet Street is there a cry heard; lamentation and weeping and great mourning. Never was the dust of a hero so watered by the gush of newspaper before. Nowadays, however, we produce emotion like other things " primarily for profit " and only secondarily for use. Time was when men poured forth each his own grief in his own manner when they sorrowed for some great departed. Under the rule of the great industry we have changed all this. Now the factory system and the division of labour superseded individual emotion: The result is that the public sometimes have emotion forced upon them when it suits the purveyor, for other reasons than the greatness of the departed. Perhaps it is so in this case. Anyway, from the well-watered dust of Gordon rises up for The Times, Pall Mall and their clients, the fair prospect of British Protectorate at Khartoum, railway from Suakim to Berber, new markets, fresh colonial posts, etc. Mehemet Achmet the Mahdi , the brave man who, in Oriental fashion, is undertaking the deliverance of his country, has repeatedly declared through his agents his willingness to release the Bashi-Bazouk garrison and give guarantees to refrain from aggression in Egypt. And, finally, we ask you to consider who it is that have to do the fighting on this and similar occasions. Is it the market-hunting classes themselves? Is it they who form the rank and file of the army? They it is who for a miserable pittance are compelled to serve in these commercial wars.

**Chapter 7 : Morris D. Metz @ Ashton Funeral Home**

*"Morris will be terribly missed by all who knew him. I met him many years ago and recently he joked about the picture of us after the AAPM foot.*

September 3, Deputy Taylor, Thank you Sir. Thank you for your courage, bravery and for making the ultimate sacrifice. Your work here on Earth made this world a better place. I never met you but thought I would share my great appreciation for you as a human being and as a law enforcement professional. Henshaw Bell Gardens Police Dept. October 3, and Anthony Cogdill E. We all grieve over the lives lost in the line of duty. I hope you can find some comfort knowing that there are countless prayers that go out for your family. These are senseless tragedies that never seem to stop. God Bless the men and women who continue to serve their communities in our great Nation. Gone, but never Forgotten Morris was already a veteran in law enforcement, while I was just starting my career. I considered Morris a friend though we worked for different departments, and saw each other infrequently. I found Morris and Mrs. Taylor to be two of the most genuine people I have ever met. Morris was my role model from the start, and I knew that as a rookie, I wanted to be as good as he was. Morris is with the Lord now, and continues his work through all of us. Its Christmas and I am sitting here lonely. I know my husband would not want it this way. Morris used to pray Lord come quickly because of this imperfect world we live in. The bad guy that killed Morris would of wanted me to suffer too but I will make it through because of my saviour Jesus and you dear friends, family and law enforcement officers. The support you have showed me was a gift from God. Thank you all so much. If you are an unbeliever I pray that you will ask Jesus into your heart so you will not be seperated from Him when your time on earth is up. I love all you guys. There is none greater than He. Thank you for your fine example to those that worked with you and knew you. There is now a huge void that cannot be filled, but as you are remembered, thoughts will turn to your exemplary life and we will be filled with pride and respect and love for the man you became. You were a wonderful testimony to the Lord you served. God be with all those who mourn and may His promises lift all those with heavy hearts for many years to come. Each time he came in to S. D Motay would drop in to say hello. We miss his smiles and humer. I did not know Morris had been killed untile I saw the memoral in the S. I did nor know his wife but our prayers go out to her and his father and mother. It worked for me. I did not have a father that I knew. Moris talked of his church and his his love of God. This man has made a difference in many lives. I thank God for knowing this man and the friendship we had. We will see motay again because I know the same Jesus he talked about. God loved us so much he gave his Son so we will have eternal life with him. He caused me to take another look at my life. Morris we will see again soon and I will tell him Thank You for sharing with me about Christ. Each of us is moving on, but he has not been forgotten. Every day I remember the example that Morris was The fine example of an officer, a friend, and a Christian. Morris lived his life with a purpose, and I know his death had a purpose also. Thank you for giving the ultimate sacrifice. I will never forget the day that you were taken from us and the horror and disbelief I felt when I was told of what had happened. I gathered with fellow brothers and friends yesterday at the motel where you were slain. I talked to my brothers that were there with you at the call, and the pain was still fresh with them, as it still is with me. Thank you Morris for always finding the time to talk to me. You were and inspiration to me to see a man of the Lord in our profession. You will always be and inspiration to me and I miss you deeply. You truly are a hero Morris, and I will always look up to you. Rest in peace my friend, and thank you. His name was Morris Lyn Taylor. His Love of Life and of The Lord is something anyone who met him had to know. His smile, his laughter, his since of humor. He was just a Warm and Gentle Soul. We know that Morris is now up in Heaven with Our Lord. He is watching over all of us, just as he did when he was here on Earth. We miss You This has been a long and sad year for most of us who are a part of the law enforcement family, as well as the residents of Douglas County, who knew and loved Morris Taylor. He was such a gentle, sweet soul. He is and always will be missed. I know that Morris watches down over all of us from Heaven, just like he did when he was here. We Miss You Morris! For those who never knew Morris may it be known that he was one of the finest men, a man of Christian faith, I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. May God continue to bless and

protect his wife and family who were left behind. See you soon enough, my brother. Today, September 14, we dedicated the shift to the memory of Deputy Morris Taylor who died on this date one year ago. When one law enforcement officer falls, we all stumble for a while, but we will carry on.

**Chapter 8 : Kinkade Funeral Chapel :: Morris Gene Hallock**

*Father Michael Morris. For as long as I knew him, and that was a very long time, Father Michael always wanted - and often acquired - the very best that this world.*

Your memories live on with us and countless others. The Family of Ed Siever Posted by: Sandi Anthony Roberts - Meadville, Pa. May 07, I am deeply saddened to hear of the death of Capt. He left alot of good memories for people who had the honor of knowing him, regardless of age. I know there is I know there is a huge, empty void in your lives now. I pray for the smiles his memories bring to you be a healing. God Bless you all. May 07, Debbie, My thoughts and prayers are with you and your family. God Bless, Jeanne Yawberg Posted by: He was so much like my own dad - easy to get along with and sweet. I am so glad that he moved his beautiful family to McLean, so that I could grow up with and become best friends with his daughter, Debbie. You will be missed, but we know that you are happy where you are. Until we see you again, Mr. Charlotte Leonard - McLean, Va. May 03, I did not have the honor of knowing Mr. Morris, however I feel as though I knew him through Debby. Your family has been so strong. Tears are not weakness but power, they are proof of and unbearable grief and eternal love. I will bow my head in sadness and tears, but will look up to heaven to know Mr. Morris has been sent there to heal. With much love and condolences, Jeannie Posted by: It appears your father led a very distinguished and active life. Do not grieve for if he was like his daughter Debbie then he will be in heaven and at peace. I am so sorry for your loss. God bless you and your family as you make this difficult transition. May God be with you in your time of need and hold you tight!!! Morris was a kind man, that was adored by many. He will be missed, and remembered, and his spirit will live on through his wonderful family: May your hearts find peace and comfort in his wonderful memories and in each other.

**Chapter 9 : Heather Morris Unearths a Love Story from Auschwitz**

*While we only knew him a short while, it seems like he was always there! Morris had a good run. He was steadfast in the face of adversity and devoted to any cause that passed his way.*

July 20, Dear Morris Family, Please accept our sincere and deepest sympathy on the passing of your Father. We met him through our friendship with your aunt and uncle, Fran and Jim. We later met Bob during our visits to Fanwood and at weddings. He loved to hear me say "Wal-Mart" in my southern accent!!! We always heard great things about your Dad from Fran and Jim, and we found him to be a true gentleman and great person to have a conversation with. We know his memory will live on in his children and grandchildren, family and all who knew him. It was a great pleasure to have gotten to know him and hear of all his many accomplishments. May he rest in peace. Bernadette Gonzalez July 20, To my friend, My heart and prayers go out to you and your family. You are a reflection of what a wonderful man he was. Like we always said, the mold of a perfect gentleman, father and grandfather was broken when GOD created him. GOD bless you all. What a wonderful man with a wonderful life. You are fortunate to have him close to your hearts forever. Morris was the guiding light for many of us at New Dorp High School. It is the hope his knowledge and good humor rubbed off on many of his students. That would lead to a better world. Morris for being in my life. Morris as a teacher but I did have him as the G. Let me share my memory of Mr. In four girls won their respective offices. It was the first time that had happened and he was there to guide us. Things were very different than they are now. Morris invited us to go to the shore to spend the day with his wife and family. It was a wonderful time. He wanted to get to know us better. I last saw Mr. It was so good to see him. My deepest condolences go out to his family. The Class of was especially close to his heart, and he happily attended our 40th reunion 11 years ago. May his memory be a blessing for everyone! Willie Jamison July 20, Jack, Please accept my sincere condolences on the loss of your father. As you may recall, I met him several time when he visited you and Debbie. I enjoyed very much talking with him and found him to be a gentle, kind and caring man. My thoughts are with you and your family. God bless you all. Both he and your Mom are in my prayers. A true educator who made history come alive. He was a special man. Rosemary Bitetti July 20, Dear Kristin and family, I hope all your happy memories will get you through this sad time. Bob was the best husband, father and friend With love and my deepest sympathy. John Patwell I am so sorry for your loss. Thinking of you during this difficult time. Kelly Morris July 19, Our deepest condolences for a wonderful man we met through our neighbor. It was good to meet. He will be missed but not forgotten.