

The President writes

BECAUSE I was the only survivor of William Morris's intimate circle of friends, Mr R. C. H. Briggs asked me to be President of this Society. It was a nominal appointment, involving no duties. The Society has survived to the present day only by reason of the constant labour and enterprise of its honorary secretary. All credit is due to him for its steady expansion and development, of which this *Journal* is the latest evidence.

I first set eyes on William Morris in 1885. A year later he came, with Emery Walker, to a meal at my mother's house in Bedford Park before delivering a lecture in the club-house. Thus our friendship started and was continued in 1890 when I was elected to the Committee of the S.P.A.B. After its meetings some of the members adjourned to Gatti's in the Strand (then a modest eating house) for a simple meal. My diaries show that I shared this meal with William Morris on one hundred and twenty-five occasions. I remember these gatherings as among the happiest and the merriest in my long life, during each year of which his greatness has appeared to me to be steadily on the increase.

Sydney Cockerell