



AUTHOR OF REMEMBER

Barbara Taylor Bradford

A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE

27790-1 ★ A BANTAM BOOK



IN U.S. \$6.99 (IN CANADA \$7.99)

A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE



Barbara Taylor Bradford



BANTAM BOOKS

NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND

*This edition contains the complete text
of the original hardcover edition.
NOT ONE WORD HAS BEEN OMITTED.*

A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE
*A Bantam Book / published by arrangement with
Doubleday*

PRINTING HISTORY
Doubleday edition published April 1979

A selection of Doubleday Book Club and Literary Guild, May 1979

*From "The Poems of Yurii Zhivago," Hamlet, from Doctor Zhivago, by
Boris Pasternak, translated by Max Hayward and Manya Harari. Copyright
© 1958. Reprinted by permission of Pantheon Books, a Division of Random
House, Inc.*

Bantam edition / June 1987

*All rights reserved.
Copyright © 1979 by Barbara Taylor Bradford.
Cover art copyright © 1987 by Bantam Books.
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 77-9231.
No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted
in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical,
including photocopying, recording, or by any information
storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from
the publisher.
For information address: Doubleday, 666 Fifth Avenue,
New York, NY 10103.*

*If you purchased this book without a cover you should be aware that
this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed"
to the publisher and neither the author nor the publisher has received
any payment for this "stripped book."*

ISBN 0-553-27790-1

Published simultaneously in the United States and Canada

*Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Bantam
Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc. Its trademark, consisting of the
words "Bantam Books" and the portrayal of a rooster, is Registered in U.S.
Patent and Trademark Office and in other countries. Marca Registrada.
Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10103.*

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

RAD 14 13 12

THE PHENOMENON OF A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE

Leaving a career in journalism, Barbara Taylor Bradford gained international fame with the publication of her first novel, *A Woman of Substance*. Immediately, it was a publishing landmark. A hardcover bestseller (three months on *The New York Times* bestseller list), it has sold to-date more than three million copies in paperback, logging a record-breaking 45 weeks on *The New York Times* mass market bestseller list. Also a bestseller in England, France, Italy, Holland, Spain, Germany and Portugal, as well as 22 other countries, *A Woman of Substance* has been translated into 11 languages and was produced as a major television mini-series. When the acclaimed sequel, *Hold the Dream*, was published, it too became a worldwide bestseller and mini-series. Mrs. Bradford's heroine, Emma Harte, is one of popular literature's most enduring and captivating characters.

"A LONG, SATISFYING NOVEL OF MONEY AND POWER, PASSION AND REVENGE . . . IT TELLS THE DRAMATIC AND OFTEN MOVING STORY OF EMMA HARTE, WHO RISES FROM SERVANT GIRL TO BECOME AN INTERNATIONAL CORPORATE POWER AND ONE OF THE RICHEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD. INTERWOVEN ARE THEMES OF HIGH FINANCE, ROMANCE, AND REVENGE, SET AGAINST THE SWEEP OF 20TH-CENTURY HISTORY."

—Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Bantam Books by Barbara Taylor Bradford

Ask your bookseller for the books you have missed

ACT OF WILL

HOLD THE DREAM

TO BE THE BEST

VOICE OF THE HEART

A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE

For Bob and my parents—
who knew the reasons why

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Many people gave assistance to me during the writing of this book, but it is to Miss Carolyn Blakemore, senior editor of Doubleday & Company, New York, that I am most deeply indebted and whom I must thank first. For three years she gave unstintingly of her valuable advice and time, and her encouragement and belief sustained me at all times. But apart from her moral support, I am grateful to her for her technical skills as an editor, her good taste and sense of style.

I would also like to gratefully acknowledge invaluable help from the staff of the Reading Room of the British Museum, as well as the staffs of the following: Leeds Public Library; Bradford Public Library; Armley Public Library; the Newspaper Microfilm Division of Leeds Public Library; Bankfield Museum, Halifax; Kirkstall Abbey House Museum, Leeds; Fountains Hall, Studley Royal, Yorkshire; Temple Newsam House, Leeds; the Imperial War Museum, London; the New York Public Library. In particular I must thank Mr. Ernest Hall of Leigh Mills, Stanningley Bottom, Leeds, for devoting hours to showing me around old portions of the mills and supplying pertinent information regarding conditions in the Yorkshire woolen mills at the turn of the century; my thanks also to Mr. Ronald Jacobson, Export Liaison Manager of Marks and Spencers, Ltd., London, for providing old photographs of the original Marks and Spencers' Penny Bazaars in Leeds, and for information regarding the founding and development of that company.

I owe special thanks to Mrs. Susan Watt, formerly London editor of Doubleday & Company, whose research was always meticulous and efficiently and promptly supplied, often on very short notice. I would also like to thank all of those friends who helped in a variety of ways: Mr. Ronald M. Sumrie, chairman of Sumrie Clothes of Leeds, for introductions to woolen mills in Yorkshire; Mrs. Frances Lyons Barish of New York, for giving me access to her father's World War I

diaries, for generously typing and duplicating relevant parts; Miss Pauline V. Delli Carpini of New York, for general assistance with the preparation of the final manuscript which saved me untold hours; Mr. Eugene H. Winick of Ernst, Cane, Berner & Gitlin, New York, for legal advice regarding wills, trusts, and estates; Mr. Morton J. Mitosky of New York, for advice about the same; Mr. and Mrs. Eric Clarke of Ripon, who drove me across Yorkshire on numerous occasions and reacquainted me with old childhood haunts; Mr. and Mrs. Eric Fielding, my gracious hosts on my various research trips to London; Mr. Peter W. McGill, chairman of AP Publishing, Sydney, who supplied me with detailed maps and vital research material about Australia; Mrs. Joan Feeley of New York, for typing a long manuscript most meticulously; Mrs. Charlotte Wendel, who helped to keep me physically fit; Mrs. Janet Shiff of Chicago, who diligently proofread major portions of the finished manuscript. I would like to express my gratitude to Mrs. Joy Klein of New York, not only for her friendship but also for her extraordinary understanding of my obsession with this book, which was expressed in countless ways. Also, my most sincere thanks to Mr. Paul Gitlin of Ernst, Cane, Berner & Gitlin, New York, and to Mr. George Greenfield of John Farquharson Ltd., London, my literary representatives for many years and both dear friends whose confidence and support I deeply appreciate.

Finally, I owe a special debt to my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Taylor of Leeds, for their encouragement and dedication to my project. They also spent many months seeking out old books and newspapers and their vivid recollections of Yorkshire in the early 1900s provides much of the background for this novel. And my gratitude to my husband for his understanding and belief.

New York, 1978

CONTENTS

PART ONE	<i>The Valley 1968</i>	1
PART TWO	<i>The Abyss 1904–1905</i>	83
PART THREE	<i>The Slope 1905–1910</i>	375
PART FOUR	<i>The Plateau 1914–1917</i>	527
PART FIVE	<i>The Pinnacle 1918–1950</i>	603
PART SIX	<i>The Valley 1968</i>	783

The value of life lies not in the length of days, but in the use we make of them: a man may live long, yet get little from life. Whether you find satisfaction in life depends not on your tale of years, but on your will.

—MONTAIGNE, *Essays*

I have the heart of a man, not of a woman, and I am not afraid of anything . . .

—ELIZABETH I Queen of England

PART ONE

The Valley 1968

He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength:
he goeth on to meet the armed men.

—JOB

ONE

Emma Harte leaned forward and looked out of the window. The private Lear jet, property of the Sitex Oil Corporation of America, had been climbing steadily up through a vaporous haze of cumulus clouds and was now streaking through a sky so penetratingly blue its shimmering clarity hurt the eyes. Momentarily dazzled by this early-morning brightness, Emma turned away from the window, rested her head against the seat, and closed her eyes. For a brief instant the vivid blueness was trapped beneath her lids and, in that instant, such a strong and unexpected feeling of bittersweet nostalgia was evoked within her, she caught her breath in surprise. It's the sky from the Turner painting above the upstairs parlor fireplace at Pennistone Royal, she thought, a Yorkshire sky on a spring day when the wind has driven the fog from the moors.

A faint smile played around her implacable mouth, curving the resolute line of the lips with unfamiliar softness, as she thought with some pleasure of Pennistone Royal. That great house that grew up out of the stark and harsh landscape of the moors and which always appeared to her to be a force of nature engineered by some Almighty architect rather than a mere edifice erected by mortal man. The one place on this violent planet where she had found peace, limitless peace that soothed and refreshed her. Her home. She had been away far too long this time, almost six weeks, which was a prolonged absence indeed for her. But within the coming week she would be returning to London, and by the end of the month she would travel north to Pennistone. To peace, tranquillity, her gardens, and her grandchildren.

This thought cheered her immeasurably and she relaxed in her seat, the tension that had built up over the last few days diminishing until it had evaporated. A sigh escaped her lips, one of mingled weariness and relief. She was bone tired from the raging battles that had punctuated these last few days of board meetings at the Sitex corporate headquarters in Odessa; she was supremely relieved to be leaving Texas and returning

to the relative calmness of her own corporate offices in New York. It was not that she did not like Texas; in point of fact, she had always had a penchant for that great state, seeing in its rough sprawling power something akin to her native Yorkshire. But this last trip had exhausted her. I'm getting too old for galavanting around on planes, she thought ruefully, and then dismissed that thought as unworthy. It was dishonest and she was never dishonest with herself. It saved so much time in the long run. And, in all truthfulness, she did not feel old. Only a trifle tired on occasion and especially when she became exasperated with fools, and Harry Marriott, president of Sitex, was a fool and inherently dangerous, like all fools.

Emma opened her eyes and sat up impatiently, her mind turning again to business, for she was tireless, sleepless, obsessive, and expedient when it came to her vast business enterprises, which rarely left her thoughts. She straightened her back and crossed her legs, adopting her usual posture, a posture that was contained and regal. There was also an imperiousness in the way she held her head and in her general demeanor, and her green eyes, as cold as steel, were full of enormous power. She lifted one of her small, strong hands and automatically smoothed her stylishly cut silver hair, which did not need it, since it was as impeccable as always. As indeed she was herself, in her simple yet elegant dark gray worsted dress, its severeness softened by the milky whiteness of the matchless pearls around her neck and the fine emerald pin on her shoulder.

She glanced at her granddaughter sitting opposite, diligently making notes for the coming week's business in New York. She looks drawn this morning, Emma thought, I push her too hard. She felt an unaccustomed twinge of guilt but impatiently shrugged it off. She's young, she can take it, and it's the best training she could ever have, Emma reassured herself and said, "Would you ask that nice young steward—John, isn't it?—to make some coffee please, Paula? I'm badly in need of it this morning."

The girl looked up. Although she was not beautiful in the accepted sense of that word, she was so vital and arresting she gave the impression of beauty. Her vividness of coloring contributed to this effect. Her glossy hair was an ink-black coif around her head, coming to a striking widow's peak above a face so clear and luminous it might have been carved

from pale polished marble. The rather elongated face, with its prominent cheekbones and wide brow, was alert and expressive and there was a hint of Emma's resoluteness in her chin, but her eyes were her most spectacular feature, being large and intelligent and of a cornflower blue so deep they were almost violet.

She smiled at her grandmother with eager brightness and said, "Of course, Grandy. I'd like some myself." She left her seat, her tall slender body moving with a facile grace. She's so thin, Emma commented to herself, too thin for my liking. But she always has been. I suppose it's the way she's made. A leggy colt as a child, a racehorse now. A mixture of love and pride illuminated Emma's stern face and her eyes were full of sudden warmth as she gazed after the girl, who was her favorite, the daughter of Emma's favorite daughter, Daisy.

Many of Emma's dreams and hopes were centered in Paula. Even when she had been only a little girl she had gravitated to her grandmother and had also been curiously attracted to the family business. Her biggest thrill had been to go with Emma to the office and sit with her as she worked. While she was still in her teens she had shown such an uncanny understanding of complex machinations that Emma had been truly amazed, for none of her own children had ever displayed quite the same aptitude for her business affairs. Emma had secretly been delighted, but she had watched and waited with a degree of trepidation, fearful that the youthful enthusiasm would dissipate. But it had not waned; rather, it had grown. At sixteen Paula scorned the suggestion of a finishing school in Switzerland and had gone immediately to work for her grandmother. Over the years Emma drove Paula relentlessly, being more harsh and exacting with her than with any of her other employees, as she assiduously educated her in all aspects of Harte Enterprises. Paula was now twenty-three years old and she was so clever, so capable, and so much more mature than most girls of her age that Emma had recently moved her into a position of significance in the Harte organization. She had made Paula her personal assistant, much to the stupefaction and irritation of Emma's oldest son, Kit, who worked for the Harte organization. As Emma's right hand, Paula was privy to most of her corporate and private business and, when Emma deemed fit, she was her

confidante in matters pertaining to the family, a situation Kit found intolerable.

The girl returned from the galley kitchen laughing. As she slid into her seat she said, "He was already making tea for you, Grandy. I suppose, like everyone else, he thinks that's all the English drink. But I said we preferred coffee. You do, don't you?"

Emma nodded absently, preoccupied with her affairs. "I certainly do, darling." She turned to her briefcase on the seat next to her and took out her glasses and a sheaf of folders. She handed one to Paula and said, "Please look at these figures for the New York store. I would be interested in what you think. I believe we are about to take a major step forward. Into the black."

Paula looked at her alertly. "That's sooner than you thought, isn't it? But then your reorganization has been very drastic. It should be paying off by now." Paula opened the folder with interest, her concentration focused on the figures. She had Emma's talent for reading a balance sheet with rapidity and detecting, almost at a glance, its strengths and its weaknesses and, like her grandmother, her business acumen was formidable.

Emma slipped on her horn-rimmed glasses and took up the large blue folder that pertained to Sitex Oil. As she quickly ran through the papers a grim smile settled on her face and there was a gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. She had won. At last, after three years of the most despicable and manipulative fighting she had ever witnessed, Harry Marriott had been removed as president of Sitex and kicked upstairs to become chairman of the board.

Emma had recognized Marriott's shortcomings years ago. She knew that if he was not entirely venal he was undoubtedly exigent and specious, and dissimulation had become second nature to him. Over the years, success and the accumulation of great wealth had only served to reinforce these traits, so that now it was impossible to deal with him on any level of reason. As far as Emma was concerned, his judgment was crippled, he had lost the little foresight he had once had, and he certainly had no comprehension of the rapidly shifting inner worlds of international business.

As she made notations on the documents for future reference, she hoped there would be no more vicious confronta-

tions at Sitex. Yesterday she had been mesmerized by the foolhardiness of Harry's actions, had watched in horrified fascination as he had so skillfully maneuvered himself into a corner from which Emma knew there was no conceivable retreat. He had appealed to her friendship of some forty-odd years only once, floundering, helpless, lost; a babbling idiot in the face of his adversaries, of whom she was the most formidable. Emma had answered his pleas with total silence, the basilisk, an inexorable look in her pitiless eyes. *And she had won.* With the full support of the board. Harry was out. The new man, her man, was in and Sitex Oil was safe. But there was no joy in her victory, for to Emma there was nothing joyful in a man's downfall, nor was she vindictive.

Satisfied that the papers were in order, Emma put the folder and her glasses in her briefcase, settled back in her seat, and sipped the cup of coffee. After a few seconds she addressed Paula. "Now that you have been to several Sitex meetings, do you think you can cope alone soon?"

Paula glanced up from the balance sheets, a look of astonishment crossing her face. "You wouldn't send me in there alone!" she exclaimed. "It would be like sending a lamb to the slaughter. You wouldn't do that to me yet." As she regarded her grandmother she recognized that familiar inscrutable expression for what it truly was, a mask to hide Emma's ruthless determination. My God, she does mean it, Paula thought with a sinking feeling, but nevertheless she asked somewhat tremulously, "You're not really serious, are you, Grandmother?"

"Of course I'm serious!" A flicker of annoyance crossed Emma's face. She was surprised at the girl's unexpected but unequivocal nervousness, for Paula was accustomed to high-powered negotiations and had always displayed nerve and shrewdness. "Do I ever say anything I don't mean? You know better than that, Paula," she said sternly.

Paula was silent and, in that split second of silence, Emma became conscious of her tenseness, the startled expression that lingered on her face. Is she afraid? Emma wondered. Surely not. She had never displayed fear before. Paula was not weak. She was not going to turn out like the others. Or was she? This chilling possibility penetrated Emma's cold and brilliant mind like a steel blade and it was so unacceptable she refused to contemplate it. She decided then that Paula