Gardiner MSS. 41.13

Over a period of six weeks in 1962 a little book entitled MY WORKING YEARS was written. It was subsequently printed and in the following year some eighty copies were distributed to relatives, friends and colleagues.

The book started with a reference to four little booklets which have disappeared. Fortunately a copy of them was made and is now reproduced in the form in which they were written.

MY EARLY YEARS

by

SIR ALAN GARDINER

AVIS AU LECTEUR

This booklet - or book as it threatens to become - is not intended for publication, though if duly edited extracts from it were used for any memoir that might chance to be written I should have no objection. The genesis of these pages is as described in the first of them. They were written in odd hours as my inclination dictated and set down so fast, almost without thought, that the style might appear careless. As I proceed - thus far I am only at the beginning of a second booklet - I shall become more autobiographical, contradicting my opening words. The change of front is due to the pleasures and cares - yes, there have been cares and sorrows too - of every day as it came. I have seldom allowed myself to dwell on the past. The writing of the small portion already written has taught me an unexpected lesson - that the memories of a mainly happy life are the enjoyment of long hoarded and hardly realized wealth. Henceforth I will not deny myself this enjoyment and I will be more free in my descriptions of others than I at first intended. Let me say, however, how well aware I am that harsh judgements are usually more a condemnation of the judge than of the judged. If nevertheless I write freely, it is because such is my nature and my wish.

One matter needs emphasizing: these jottings deal with externals only. I have no desire to reveal either my greatest joys or my most poignant griefs; still less to lay bare my weaknesses and my departure from the rule I would fain have followed. On this head I allow myself one word of apologia. A great dramatist made one of his characters say: 'We are all in the mire, but some of us are looking at the stars.' I believe that to be true of myself.

February 18th, 1945

YE FIRST BOKE

I shall never write an autobiography. Too many Egyptologists have done it, not always to the advantage of their reputations. If, however, I have decided to write down a few of my memories, it is partly because I have certainly had some experiences out of the common and may be able to record things that will interest my grandchildren or some colleague. But the causa causans in the matter has been the acquisition of this notebook which my niece Friedl gave me for Xmas. It is far too elegant for philological notes or hieroglyphic jottings and I think she would like me to put it to the use I have chosen.

An interest in philology was thrust upon me at an early age. My mother having died when I was an infant, my brother Balfour and I were brought up by a dear old lady named Miss Sophie Hopkins, who combined this function with that of housekeeper to our Father. Notwithstanding her sixty or fifty years, Balfour and I were deeply in love with her. One day, when Balfour had exclaimed with exceptional ferocity that he was going to marry her, nothing was left to me but to rejoin: 'Then I'll be the daughter.' There were no daughters in our family and all I knew about them was that every family ought to have one. I was deeply hurt by the merriment that my remark produced. Thus early did I learn how important it is to know the meaning of words.

I have not enough pages at my disposal to indulge in more childish recollections, so I will hurry on to give, to the best of my ability, an answer to the question that so often has been put to me: how I came to be an Egyptologist. My musician brother was of a silent and reserved nature and as a boy I was much thrown upon my own resources. I read voraciously every novel I could lay my hands upon; there was hardly one of Walter Scott's that I did not early devour.

My dear Father (never was there a better!) did all in his power to develop my interests in various directions. I cannot have been more than ten years of age when he engaged a Miss Forster to take me for walks and point out to me the wild flowers and weeds we might encounter, the newts and tadpoles and sticklebacks in the Eltham ponds. Miss Forster was succeeded by a mineralogist whose name I forget, for my Father was an enthusiastic member of the Geologists' Association. Under his guidance my walks received the more imposing name of 'excursions.' I remember one excursion to Lewisham to look for selenite in a quarry there. I was presented

with specimens of iron pyrites, echini and belemnites, and I laid the foundation of a collection of fossils and minerals, to which were later added birds' eggs and butterflies, and lastly coins and postage stamps. All these were abandoned one by one except for the least valuable of them - postage stamps. My mineralogist - strange that I should not recollect the name of this kindly and conscientious instructor * - initiated me also into the rudiments of chemistry and I became acquainted with the use of litmus paper, the properties of sodium, potassium and phospherous, the constituent elements of water and so forth. Ah me that I have never carried further these absorbing studies and have forgotten the best part of this lore so early inculcated! But it was these youthful lessons, no doubt, which engendered in me the love of learning. To you, dear Father, it is that I owe the bent which has shaped all my career. I am grateful to this notebook which has made me even more conscious than I normally am of this my Father's constant encouragement and loving forethought.

My two years at a small boarding school at Margate gave me little that I remember with pleasure, though the headmaster (he had but one usher) was an honest and good teacher, particularly in mathematics. Doubtless he could not afford assistants of much ability, for I remember full well how easy it was to correct one of them in his attempts to construe Caesar's DE BELLO GALLICO. That selfsame usher, however, was an enthusiastic entomologist and under his tuition we bred Goat Moth caterpillars and dreamt in vain of capturing a Purple Emperor or Camberwell Beauty.

My transfer to that famous preparatory school Temple Grove, East Sheen, was a joy and a revelation. Under its splendid and understanding head Dr Edgar it was a great scholarship-winning institution, and this doubtless it was that attracted to it many boys of exceptional intellectual calibre. The pupils numbered more than a hundred and one could pick one's own companions freely. I was at the age of awakening and many were the subjects - religion not least of all - upon which I carried on earnest discussions wih my friends. The chief of these was one Codrington, an ardent collector of coins and stamps and a grandson of W.H.Smith; and, somewhat later, the boy who later became the famous Father Martindale and a brilliant scholar. Among Martindale's accomplishments was a great aptitude for drawing and vividly do I remember how I used to sit by his side whilst his pencil evoked some ancient city perched on a hilltop with stately temples overlooking the sea. Athens must have been in his mind although I do not think he had ever been there. It must have been Codrington, I think, who first stimulated our interest in the wonders of Egypt. One of the earliest books I read on the subject was Sir Erasmus Wilson's EGYPT OF THE PAST. All three of us conceived an enthusiasm for the land of the Pharoahs but I was the only one destined to become an Egyptologist. The other two were entranced by the glamour of the Roman Catholic ritual and they early embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

I have but little sense of chronology as far as my own life is concerned nor have I any notes or documents by which I can date its

* March 1945. I am glad now to have remembered: his name was Mr Slade.

landmarks. It may have been a year or two after my entrance to the Charterhouse, where I was fifth Junior Scholar, Will Beveridge being second, that our Father took Balfour and me to Paris prior to a stay at Rouen with the Barrons, friends of his and connexions of Pierre Lacau. Now our old nurse Lizzie Coleman, on leaving us, had gone to a Madame de Ricci, née Montefiore. An unhappy marriage ended in her divorcing her husband and Lizzie, the truest and most loyal of friends, accompanied her to Paris and remained her companion until the end of her life, bringing up her four children. Of these by far the most remarkable was Seymour, scholar, antiquarian and bibliophile, with possibly the most amazing memory I have ever known. Seymour was fully two years younger than myself, perhaps accordingly thirteen when my Father took me to Madame de Ricci's appartemennt to visit my old nurse. Seymour accompanied us to the Louvre, where he astounnded me with his knowledge of the Egyptian collection. Thus I obtained a new impulse towards my ultimate branch of research.

My life at Charterhouse, where I was in Hodgsonites, the house of that eminent and picturesque scholar T.E.Page, was not happy. There are some boys whom a Public School suits but I was not among them, being far too sensitive, highly-strung and shy. Also there was not the same choice of companionship as at Temple Grove. It was forbidden to consort with boys in other houses and considered bad form to have any friendship - nay, it was impossible to do so - with any not belonging to one's own year. Consequently my choice of companions was about ten and there was no scholar among them nor indeed even one with any intellectual interest. Again I was thrown back upon myself and again I read voraciously, borrowing books from the admirable school library. My lighter reading was done mainly in French lessons where I became well acquainted with Lytton's novels. For more serious hours, I turned chiefly to English literature, particularly the poets; Blake was a favourite and (heaven knows why!) Milton's AREOPAGITICA. But I was also true to what was rapidly becoming an old love; Perrot and Chipiez's ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT fascinated me and so did Amelia Edwards's A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE.

My Father had moved from Eltham, my birthplace, to London and from his house in Tavistock Square it was but ten minutes walk to the British Museum. Little wonder that I often found my way there. My passion for stamp-collecting had remained with me and among my earliest literary ventures was an article on the Stamps of Baden, which was published in a philatelic journal printed at Salisbury. One day I was taking notes from the Tapling Collection in the King's Library when a kind-faced old gentleman asked me whether I was very keenly interested. I told him that I was and asked him earnestly whether he considered postage stamps a worthy object of study because my Father answered that question emphatically in the negative. My old gentleman hummed and hawed a bit - he was far too kind to discourage me - and elicited that I loved reading and was also keenly interested in Roman coins. How happy I should be (I told him) if I could get a ticket for the British Museum Library. On this point Dr Richard Garnett, for it was none other than the Chief Librarian himself, was a little doubtful, considering my age. Finally he decided in my favour, and a place was allotted to me in the Large Room where I was by far the youngest reader.

It was a wonderful experience to be able to order to be brought

to me the standard works on Roman coins, so as to seek to identify the specimens bought by me at Bloomsbury curiosity shops; or else to be permitted to browse over some great Egyptological folio. It was about this time, probably in 1894, that occurred the incident which finally determined my occupation in life. I have already noted that my Father, so ready to encourage me in all else, had very little sympathy for my philatelic craze. It bored him to listen to my tale how I had come by such and such a rare speciment, and it positively displeased him when I expatiated, as I fear I was very wont to do, on the current market values. At last he determined to press me to discontinue my stamp collection. If the truth be told, it was beginning to pall upon myself. One evening my Father said: 'You are an intelligent boy - far too intelligent to be devoting so much time and thought to stamp collecting. It is really time you gave it up.' I doubt if six months earlier I should have fallen in with this suggestion so readily, but the time was ripe, and I now replied: 'Very well, Father, I will if you wish it.' 'That's good,' answered my Father, but of course you will want some other hobby in its place. What are you particularly interested in at the moment?'. I told him that I was reading on all sorts of subjects, but that among them all, Ancient Egypt perhaps occupied the first place. 'Very well,' said my Father, 'if I were you, I should take to that.' The selling of my stamps was less of a pious duty performed than a wildly exciting adventure. I realized something over £50, and it has been a mystery to me to know what became of that vast fortune. I have a vague recollection of very expensive seats at a theatre matinee with my cousin Warrie Hopkins. Books I undoubtedly did acquire with some of the proceeds, and among them Renouf's EGYPTIAN GRAMMAR. The Egypt Exploration Fund had its office at that time in Great Russell Street, over the premises of the Society of Biblical Archaeology. Miss Emily Paterson was secretary of the one, and Mr Rylands that of the other. I made the acquaintance of both, and one of my early purchases from the Fund was Newberry's Survey volume BENI HASAM I. Here were some good Middle Egyptian texts transliterated and translated. From these I gained my earliest knowledge of the Egyptian language, making a vocabulary of all the words I there encountered. In the E.E.F. office Miss Paterson introduced me to the strikingly handsome and attractive Coptic scholar W.E.Crum, who showed me great kindness, lending me his notebook of British Museum hieroglyphic stelae. This I copied for myself from beginning to end in a notebook which I still possess.

Such were the events of my school holidays. At Charterhouse I had secured second place among the Senior scholars of my year, beating Will Beveridge in Classics, though far outstripped by him in Mathematics. At Oxford, of course, where our friendship continued, he excelled me in every respect, obtaining brilliant Firsts in every school he took. In Classical Moderations I had to content myself - 'content' is, I fear, not the right word - with a Second class. It was as good a Second class as one can obtain without being ranked in the First class, but a Second it was, and how keenly do I remember the humiliation I felt!

For my last three terms at school I was in the Lower Sixth, which shared its lessons with the Upper Sixth. Our form master was T.E.Page, who made us poignantly aware of his ennuie at having to instil the Classics into pupils imbued with so small a modicum of interest therein. As a teacher Mr Page was more inspiring, at all

events, than our aged and wheezy old headmaster Dr Haig Brown, good scholar though I believe the latter to have been. Only on rare occasions did Tommy Page stir us to any real enthusiasm. With the face and manner of a poet, he was a superb reader and reciter. Once he recited 'Crossing the Bar' while we listened electrified. 'And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea' - his voice moans in my ear still! But equally resonant in my memory are the tones with which he would mildly chide us of evenings in the hall of Hodgsonites: 'Boys, please, I cannot have all this noise, please. I am so we-e-e-ary, please.'

My hieroglyphic studies were not entirely laid aside during term-time. In the School Library I borrowed and read Maspero's small, earlier History of Egypt, and I conceived an enthusiasm for that great man. To him, I planned, would I go to learn when I could shake myself free of school, as I ardently longed to do. Meawhile, the holidays had brought me into touch with more Egyptologists. Among them was Wilhelm Spiegelberg, whom I think I met in the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum. I have little recollection of this meeting, but I must have poured forth to him some premature theory of my own with more volubility than discretion, for years after, at the end of a very happy visit to him at Strassburg, he said to me: 'I'am so glad we have met again and become friends, for I remember when I saw you at the British Museum long ago, I thought you were the most conceited boy I had ever met!' This amused me hugely, but I kept my counsel and he never learned of my amusement. The fact is that I had been told that, when Spiegelberg came to Berlin as a very young man, Erman took a great dislike to him, saying he could not abide his conceit! Well, when I met Spiegelberg in Strassburg, he was as modest and diffident about his own ability and achievements as a man could be. Sethe and others were always grumbling at the Flüchtigkeit and Ungenauigkeit of his work, and Spiegelberg most humbly - too humbly - acknowledged these defects. Recalling Spiegelberg today [1945] more than fifteen years after his death, I have a warmer and more appreciative memory of him than of any other German Egyptologist. Among them he was far the best-mannered and the most cultivated. Also the friendliest - though I have very kindly recollections, though in no case wholly unmixed, of many others. Also I take the liberty to place Spiegelberg's attainments much higher than did his eminent contemporaries. His productivity was enormous, and out of his wonderful collection of slips (necessitated, he maintained, though I doubt it, by a poor memory) he could throw precious light on almost any topic. In the reading of cursive hieratic and demotic he had, in his day, no equal. No doubt he put forth quite a considerable number of trashy theories, no doubt he was often guilty of inaccuracy. But a man should be judged, not by his defects, but by his merits. Egyptology owes to Spiegelberg an immense debt, and I venture to believe that what can be learned from his out-of-the-way knowledge will outlive many of the achievements of the colleagues so prone to look down on him. He was a Jew - and this was perhaps one of the reasons of his relative unpopularity. That reason never, however, stood in the way of the genial, hearty Georg Steindorff.

In the British Museum I collated with the originals Crum's copies of the Twelfth Dynasty stelae, starting at the far end of the Egyptian Gallery and working my way down it systematically. Now in front of one stela, when I came to it, stood a ladder, so that I could not make my revision. Six weeks afterwards the ladder was

still there and I determined to ask the Keeper of the Department for its removal. (I find I have jumped too far ahead, for this must have taken place in 1896, after my prolonged stay in Paris.) At all events I have some recollection of pleasure at being able to send in to Dr E.A.Wallis Budge a visiting card, on which proudly stood beside my name the address: 30 Avenue Henri Martin, Paris. Clearly a young Englishman who could sport a Paris address was a person of considerable importance! After waiting some ten minutes I was ushered into Dr Budge's room and to that corpulent, somewhat mouldy-looking great man I preferred my request. I have no wish to malign his memory, my own being very defective, and I will not assert that the following were his ipsissima verba, but I believe my account of them to be not far wide of the mark. 'I wonder how you dare,' I seem to hear him saying, 'to come and ask such a thing of me. It must be plain to you that I cannnot undertake to move ladders for every boy who comes to play about with the hieroglyphics.' Even if this be a little cruder than was the reality the following account of my reaction is at all events authentic. Putting my hands in my pockets and puffing out my chest, I spoke loudly: 'As a member of the British public, I DEMAND that you remove that ladder.' Whatever the Doctor's failings, lack of humour was not one of them. Shortly afterwards the ladder was removed, and I doubt not that it was on the very same day when I gave vent to the said memorable utterance that the episode was recounted to Budge's assistants Leonard King and H.R.Hall. It subsequently became one of Hall's best stories - and really I am not surprised!

As already noted, I have jumped too far ahead, and I must now go back to 1894 and to my school holidays in that year. My first Egyptological publication appeared in March 1895. It was entitled 'The Reign of Amen-em-hat I' and was accepted by Biblia, the American organ of the E.E.F. and P.E.F. Since the manuscript had to be posted to America and will hardly have been sent to Press on the day it arrived, presumably it was written in 1894 when I was only fifteen. The mode of construction was simple. I had the first volume of Petrie's HISTORY and I had Maspero's DAWN OF CIVILIZATION, then quite new. I found that each contained information not afforded by the other. Should I not be producing the best account of this Pharaoh ever written by combining the data obtainable from these eminent authorities? So I argued with myself. This morning I have read the effusion again, and I am glad to see that I have religiously quoted my sources. The other point I notice is my abundant use of the words 'perhaps' and 'probably'. This is a trait that has clung to me throughout life, and emphasizes the dislike I have ever felt for over-dogmatic assertion. How often have I thought that every young German should be compelled to use the word 'vielleicht' twenty times every day!

In what manner did my introduction to F.Ll.Griffith come about? I do not remember, but I think it must have been Crum who brought us together. Griffith, still an assistant in the ethnographical and medieval department of the British Museum, was living with his sister at Ridgmount Gardens, not many hundred yards from Tavistock Square and at about the same distance from University College, Gower Street. At the Edwards Library belonging to this College Griffith assisted Flinders Petrie by teaching hieroglyphics. Soon I found my way thither, though not to attend more than one or two of the lessons. Griffith was a halting and mediocre teacher, albeit

one of the greatest of scholars. He had caused to be reproduced for the purpose of his lessons a number of hieroglyphic texts with interlinear transliterations and translations - among them, I remember, was the inscription on the Turin statue of Haremhab. This written tuition afforded me the help which Griffith's oral efforts failed to give.

My dear Father, always anxious to bestow upon me every advantage, invited Griffith to dinner and, I fear, may have found that taciturn and absent-minded scholar none too entertaining a guest. None the less he arranged with him to give me some private lessons. Griffith was, I fancy, none too ready to receive remuneration, but consented to do so. My school holidays did not admit of more than one or two lessons at Ridgmount Gardens, and they were not a success. Griffith sat sphinx-like and silent without replying to the questions I put about the text we were supposed to be reading. Suddenly he exploded: 'I SAY, I'VE GOT IT!' And then he gave me the explanation of a passage of the Story of Sinuhe - Sanehat was the name it went by then. It was not the text we were studying! From Charterhouse I sent Griffith translations I had attempted of several of the Leyden Stelae - for Crum had followed up his kindness in lending me his British Museum notebook, by doing the like with one giving his copies made in the Leyden Museum. Griffith's written answers were as valuable as his oral responses were valueless. I regret that the lessons given in this wise were so few. Other Egyptian teacher at this time I had none. Renouf gave occasional informal lectures at the Society of Biblical Archaeology. One of these I attended, and all I remember about it is my disappointment. I never exchanged a word with this scholar of some distinction.

In the Edwards Library I received much kindness from the Professor - Wm Flinders Petrie. What a vivid personality he had, this man of genius, this strange mixture of great man and utter crank! He possessed very great charm, and his manner was different from that of anyone I have ever known. His striking appearance is best conveyed by de Laszlo's portrait, though when this was painted, Petrie was an old man. Even when speaking to a boy as I then was, his manner was almost deferential. His voice had never found itself, combining gutteral sounds with remarkable squeaks. As he listened to you, he would lean slightly forward, his eyes regarding you intently, and the tips of his fingers just touching one another as he made the comment: 'Oh, indeed!' He was unstinting in his willingness to explain the collection even to the youngest visitor. Sometimes he would launch out into some preposterous theory, after enouncing which he would break into a gorilla-like laugh, which shook his shoulders. But when all is said and done, he was a true genius and an inspired explorer - a pioneer if ever there was one. And I repeat, he was kindness itself to me as a youngster.

In these days I devoted considerable time to the curiosity shops round the High Holborn and New Oxford Street, and acquired some degree of skill in the art of bargaining - a skill that has completely abandoned me since reaching manhood. The memory of one coup I brought off still affords me satisfaction, though any material evidence of its reality has long since vanished. One day as I was peering in at the side window of the Carston Head - Tregaskis - the well-known secondhand book shop, I was amazed to

see four or five small Tanagra figures priced at 7s.6d. On enquiry within I learned that they had been bought together with a library - the shop did not deal ordinarily with antiquities. Naturally I wanted to buy, but not nearly that amount of money had I in my pocket. The shop assistant knew me, however, and was willing to let me take away the figures on giving a promise to bring payment before the day ended. Laden with my prizes I entered Fenton's shop not much more than a hundred yards away, and after much haggling disposed of all the figures except the best of them - a standing woman - for 30/- or thereabouts. Within the hour my 7s.6d. was paid and I returned home with my prize and some very welcome cash jingling in my trouser pocket. I think I later gave my Tanagra lady to my cousin Warrie, but am not sure.

I have dwelt solely upon the doings of my holidays because I frankly hated my public school. My companions in the house were mostly uncongenial to me, as doubtless I was to them. Their interest, so far as they had any, was in games (except one Sullivan, who was also an enthusiast for music and accompanied my violin on occasion.) At games , without being positively bad, I did not greatly excel. I disliked football, the great school game, and preferred squash racquets to real racquets; the latter game was always much too fast for me. In the summer I played cricket with enthusiasm, though I was hopeless as a batsman. I had an intense ambition to become a first-class bowler, and in my last summer term (1895) my perseverance did meet with some measure of success. In ordinary games and subsequently in house matches I took a large number of wickets at very small cost, and enjoyed my triumph vastly. Still I obtained no colours, and put it down to my unpopularity - I daresay I seemed to my schoolfellows a miserably sensitive bookworm. On the very last of my school days (I had got permission to leave some days before the end of term) I remember standing in the Long Room of Hodgsonites all alone and saying to myself: 'Thank heavens, I shall never see this room again!' Nor have I seen it!

My wise, kind Father had assented to my urgent request that I might be allowed to go to Paris to study hieroglyphics under Maspero, and had taken much trouble to arrange for my life there. No special advice was given me except to keep accounts and to be careful with my money. At the age of sixteen and a half I was to be quite independent, subject to one not too onerous condition. I was to learn French thoroughly, and not to abandon my ordinary studies altogether. Through my Father's friends at Rouen, who took counsel with l'abbé Pauel - the abbé of the famous church Saint Ouen - one M. Henri Dupré was engaged as my tutor for two hours every morning. M. Dupré was preparing his AGREGATION EN ANGLAIS - in spite of his good general intelligence he failed several times before achieving success. For a family in which I could live my Father had appealed to Lizzie Coleman, and she and Mme de Ricci between them made arrangements with some people called Desvarennes, whose flat was at the back of the court of a large block of flats at the front of which Mme de Ricci had her own comfortable appartement. Here, at 30 Avenue Henri Martin, within two minutes of the Trocadero and ten minutes of the Bois de Boulogne, I should be in almost the best residential part of Paris.

The great moment at last arrived - September 1895 - and considering how momentous an occasion in my life this journey to

Paris was, it is strange that I remember so little about the actual day. Did my Father take me across the Channel and see me installed in my new surroundings? I think he must have done, since otherwise negotiating the three or four miles from the Gare du Nord to Avenue Henri Martin must surely have been an unforgettable experience for a lad of my age. At all events I have clear memories of the first days in the home of the Desvarennes family, father, mother, two more or less grown-up daughters, and a very miserable little schoolboy paying guest. The father was very much the petit bourgeois. I never learnt more about his avocations than that he was dans le commerce. The mother was, it was agreed, une femme supérieure; she had some diplômes as a teacher, and was friendly and considerate. Unhappily she was fated to die from a malady of the throat after I had been there only a couple of months.

My large room, bed and sitting room combined, was gloomy, and in point of fact I was very little in it. I was always welcome at the de Ricci's just across the court, and dear ugly Mme de Ricci laid herself out to make my sojourn both profitable and pleasant, introducing me for example to her wealthy and hospitable parents the Montefiores, who lived only four or five doors away. With Mme Montefiore, an admirable pianist, I was sometimes permitted to play my violin, and with her as well as with Mme Hertz, of whom I shall speak further anon, I became well acquainted with the Mozart and Beethoven sonatas, though my execution of them (understand the word as you will!) left almost everything to be desired.

Paris was a revelation to me! How thrilled I was to make my way along the Avenue d'Iena to the Seine, then to take a bateau mouche to the Louvre, to linger on the Pont des Arts, to bouquiner on the Quai de Voltaire, and then to make arrangements for my studies at the Sorbonne. It can well be imagined how soon I made my call upon M. Maspero, to whom Griffith had given me a letter. His flat lay beyond the Jardin du Luxembourg. How excited I was to meet the great man! The door opened and in came the tubby, short man with the alert and kindly face. He bade me wait until he had read Griffith's letter, and then questioned me. 'You write hieroglyphs very well,' he said, after inspecting my notebooks. And then he arranged a programme for my studies at the École des hautes études and attendance at his lectures at the Collège de France. At the classes we read the d'Orbiney papyrus in the hieratic; at the lectures the Professor gave us elaborate explanations of the Pyramid Texts. I confess the teaching was a great disappointment to me. Great littérateur and savant as Maspero undoubtedly was, as a philologist he did not impress me at all well. His sense of grammar was quite primitive, and I cannot believe that I learnt from him anything of value. But encouragement he gave me in plenty, and that was an enormous asset. At the lectures I made friends above all with Alexandre Moret, a deeply cultured and most friendly man. G.Foucart made himself very agreeable to me as did Isidore Lévy. On the other hand Chassinat was standoffish, and never deigned to speak to a boy like myself, who was English to boot! Such were Maspero's pupils at this time. The explanations of the Pyramid Texts taxed my knowledge of French to the utmost, but fearing to lose any of the priceless words of the great scholar, I got them down in a notebook as best I could, and hoped against hope that I should understand them later.

So I continued for a matter of a couple of months, when an

incident occurred which made a difference. After the lectures we were in the habit of walking a few paces with our teacher who regaled us with friendly conversation. One day, when he had been expounding to us a particularly obscure spell in the Pyramids of Unas, 'Moi,' said the Professor,'j'ai beaucoup d'imagination, vous savez! Je crois que l'explication que je vous ai donnée tout a l'heure était bien bonne, mais je vous assure que j'en aurais pu vous donner vingt explications toutes aussi bonnes!' This set the practical Englishman in me a-thinking. Was it really worth attending these lectures, which I only half-understood after all, if the elucidations they contained were no more than one possibility among twenty? So henceforth I was conspicuous by my absence. Later Moret intimated to me in the most tactful way that Maspero was deeply hurt by my defection, so that I had to make what amends I could by some rather lame excuses. None the less, Maspero never swerved from his kindness and friendship towards me, though never at any time was I invited to his flat. I doubt if he ever dispensed hospitality to any of his pupils. A particular encouragement he gave me was to invite me to write an article for the RECUEIL DES TRAVAUX, and so appeared the edition of some stelae I had found among the squeezes of Déveria at the Louvre. When I was suing for a scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford a year or so later, Maspero wrote to the Provost a highly complimentary letter about me, saying that, in spite of my youth, I was well able to edit Egyptian texts. This, I should now say, was little more than the strict truth; still, Maspero's favourable verdict had at least the good affect of giving me some faith in my own powers, since, however I may have appeared to some (supra p.5), a real diffidence was at that time part of my mental make-up.

Even today, nearly fifty years later, I cannot recall those early months in Paris without something of the thrill of them reviving in my mind. What a change from the abhorred routine of school, and from the somewhat drab holidays in London! I was too young and timid for the less desirable sides of Paris to get a hold upon me, and what the city represented to me was beauty, life, dreams and the search for knowledge. It was a great privilege to come into intimate contact with French people young and old, and here I encountered for the first time a genuine love of the arts and sciences. Henri Dupré vied with my Jewish friends in striving to make me acquainted with all the best that Paris had to offer. He taught me the joy of listening to music, and not only did I become a fairly regular attendant at the Concerts Lamoureux, but also an abonnement at the Conservatoire was obtained for me. I became a no less ardent rotary of the theatre, and learned to admire the art of Réjane, the two Coquelins, and Monnet Sully. A half-year that contained among its experiences Oedipe Roi, Madame Sans-Gêne, Cyrano de Bergerac! Then there was the opera, where I heard Tannhauser and Lohengrin for the first time, and became a great enthusiast for Gluck's Orpheus. It irked me a little at first to have to wear a chapeau haut de forme and gloves on these occasions, formalities upon which Madame de Ricci, who occasionally took me with her to the theatre, was sternly insistent. I was also introduced dans le monde, Henri Dupré taking me to lunches and soirées at the houses of his relatives and friends, mostly people of some standing and distinction, one a dramatic critic, another a well-known pianist, a third an eminent doctor. Dear Henri Dupré, how tireless you were in your efforts to amuse and instruct me. A few years later I became neglectful in writing to you, and did not

show that gratitude you so amply deserved. It is one of the sins of omission which I most deeply and bitterly regret. Was it not an exceptional privilege to be taken to the atelier of Puvis de Chavannes, to be found a seat at the Chambre des Deputés to hear a speech by Jean Jaures, and to attend the funeral of Verlaine? All these experiences were the gift of Henri Dupré's friendship, and I wish he could know how much, at this distance of time, I still warm at the thought of that friendship.

My tutor's lessons were equally carefully planned, and together we read many a play by Corneille, Racine and Molière; novel-reading was left to my own spare time, and I became pretty well acquainted with the best writers of fiction both past and contemporary. Nor was poetry neglected, La Fontaine, La Pléiade, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset. If only I possessed one quarter of my Father's marvellous memory, what knowledge would be stored in me! But memory is not everything. All these early experiences may have left some mark, have conferred some lasting benefit. However, their intrinsic importance in my life was the fleeting, but intense pleasure which I derived at a most impressionable age. What a wonder and a joy those months in Paris were!

From my lessons at dear Madame Larnaudie's pension 13 rue de Mezières, near Place S. Sulpice, where Henri Dupré lodged, I would often go out to lunch near by. It was Moret who first took me to the Café Voltaire, Place de l'Odéon, where I became an habitué. On days when I had no lessons my déjeuner was more often in the neighbourhood of the Louvre, at the large Restaurant Duval or at the Dîner français on the Boulevard des Italiens. I have never been averse from good living, and my taste for this arose from humble and inexpensive beginnings at this period. Not seldom would I indulge in a half-bottle of St Estèphe, enough to imbue the strangers whom I watched with a strange romance.

After lunch I would usually go to the Louvre, climbing up the stone winding staircase in a corner of the Carrousel to the Salles des Conservatours. Maspero it was, I think, who had introduced me to M. Pierret, who beamed upon me with a kindly face, but saying little before he curled up for an afternoon nap in his armchair. To the goodness of this benevolent little man I owe it that I was able to copy many of the admirable squeezes that had been the possession of Deveria, that sound scholar who, had he been more productive, would have occupied a place in our science at least equal to de Rougé and to Chabas.

From the Louvre more often than not I would walk homewards, through the Jardin des Tuileries, up the Champs Elysées. In the late afternoon began the enjoyment of a companionship which has been one of the best things of my life, though it came to a tragic and irreparable end in 1915. Robert Hertz! That name evokes in me the memory of the noblest and most lovable man I have ever known. Perhaps he was barely fifteen when I met him first among the schoolfellows of Seymour de Ricci. Robert and I soon became fast friends, and few were the afternoons when I did not meet him as he left the Lycée Janson de Sailly, and walked with him to his home in the Avenue de l'Alma. Thanks to the warm heart of Mme Hertz, I soon became an adopted child in that charming family of three daughters and two sons, besides father and mother. Fanny and Cécile, older than Robert, were fashionable young ladies, but when opportunity

offered, treated me like a brother of their own. Dora the younger daughter I knew much less - pretty girls of my own age at that time frightened me not a little. The youngest of the family Jacques struck me as a rather spoilt child whom I was not called upon to notice.

How shall I describe Robert? Well, he was a Jew, but such a Jew as will always serve me as a reminder that from that race comes no less the highest type of human beings than also that other type which, not without cause, we are apt to turn from with repulsion and dislike. Robert, not markedly Jewish in appearance, already in those days had a man's maturity, a profound intelligence, and an even more profound humanity. Nothing of the over-refinement and excessive sensibility of other well-bred Jews I have known - I cannot help thinking of A.P.Oppé or of Will Rothenstein. Robert was strongly built, bluff even, subject to great roars of laughter when anything appealed to his sense of humour - and what a sense of humour that was! The broadest charity was his, he loved his fellow-men, he used to tell me that never was he so happy as when he was laughing or feeling with a crowd - nothing could have prevented him from becoming a Socialist, to use that term in the emotional sense. He was susceptible to all human weaknesses, and invariably resisted them. Though he never possessed a sound philosophy of the mind, at least I think not, yet if we may call philosophy the keen instinct for right living, never was there a better philosopher than he.

Which reminds me that he and I invented a moral philosophy of our own. This was argued out on our walks after tea - la théorie des inclinations. Every human being, we taught, is the owner of discordant inclinations. Some inclinations made for health, for a good conscience, for mental equilibrium. These were knowable and fundamental. The whole of morality consisted in bringing all our other inclinations into harmony with, and subjection to, these. We took our theory very seriously. Robert had just been moved up into the class called Philosophie. One day he explained to me Kant's Categorical Imperative. We talked it over and came to the conclusion that it was a less satisfactory Ethic than our own.

This boyish friendship, which ended before my Parisian half-year was up in our confiding in one another the most intimate secrets of our hearts - both to end after many years in marriage - what a precious thing that friendship was!

YE SECUND BOKE

(June-July 1945)

The scene of our philosophizing was mostly the Champs Elysées or the Avenue de la Grand Armée, places not usually associated with that activity. On wet days Robert and I would read Homer or Plato, so far as our imperfect knowledge of Greek permitted. Speaking of Homer, I must not forget one very memorable event of my stay in Paris, when I attended a lecture by Maurice Croiset on that book of the Iliad entitled Εκτορος ἀναίρεδις. Never before had I heard a great classical work treated in that spirit of literary understanding and appreciation. First the lecturer showed us the scene in heaven where the fate of Achilles and Hector are weighed in the balance, and the doom of Hector is decided. Then we were transported to the savage battle-field, and to the blood and dust of the mighty duel. Thence to the quiet chamber of Andromache bathing her children and anxiously awaiting her lord's return. It is many, many years since I read this noble work, and maybe I have misquoted; I have not verified.

After our walk in the beautiful streets in the intoxicating atmosphere of Paris, absorbed in our intimacy but never quite dead to the elegance and entrain of the fashionable life around us, back we would go to the Avenue de l'Alma. Robert had his homework to prepare for the morrow. At least once a week I would return for dinner, bringing my violin. Robert would retire early, and then in the darkened drawing-room lit only by the candles at the piano and a lamp that enabled me to read my music, Mme Hertz and I would play sonatas until after ten. Enchanting evenings in the company of this adorable woman of the world, who was a mother to the motherless me, with the added charm of someone who was not a mother either. Then out into the starlit night, with music in my ears and the fever of youth in my heart. I will not be so ungrateful as to forget the other great moments of my life - they have not been few. But perhaps nothing quite has reached the level of those early days, when the present was so sweet, and all the sweeter because of the promise it held out of the life that still lay before me.

None too willingly did I return home for Xmas. Why did my Father insist on my coming home? He seldom did things without good reason. Perhaps he wanted to see how I was shaping in that foreign milieu. I was very French at this time. I could not conceal from myself how much more intellectually alive our neighbours across the Channel were; in comparison my countrymen seemed turgid and prosaic. Many years later Robert used to reproach me mildly: 'Toi, tu n'as pas de racines!' And yet I had. Now in early old age [66] I know how intensely English I am in spite of much juvenile whoring after strange gods.

On my return to Paris I took up my abode at Mme Larnaudie's pension aforementioned. I had not liked M. Desvarennes, and was glad to make the change. In other respects my life went on as before. I was on the spot for my French lessons, to which M. Dupré now added lessons on the violin. He arranged for me to play in the orchestra at a solemn festival in the Church of St Pierre et St Paul, rue de Rivoli, when a new mass by M. de Bréval was performed, and the eminent composer Vincent d'Judy was at the organ. This could have been recorded with the greater pride had not a very courteous and apologetic message come from M. de Bréval himself: Would M. Gardiner be so very kind and refrain from playing the top notes!

As before, I was invited to many lunches and soirées. M. Dupré tried to persuade me, on taking my leave, to bend over my hostess's hand and to pronounce the words: 'Madame, j'ai bien l'honneur de vous saluer.' Pro-French as I was at that time, this little item of Frenchiness always defeated me. Shyness stood in the way as much as anything else. One Sunday I was taken out to lunch at the house of one of M. Dupré's cousins, a very beautiful woman. She reserved for me the place to her left, and quickly put me at my ease. Soon I found myself talking to her with the utmost freedom, and began to think myself a highly accomplished social success! Alas, my illusion was fated to be smashed to smithereens when M. Dupré said to me across the table: 'Alain, pourquoi est-ce que tu appelles Madame toujours "Monsieur"?' Cruel!

One soirée at Mme Hertz's was memorable, because among the distinguished guests, including M. Eugène Muntz and M. Derenbourg, was M. Oppert, the famous Assyriologist. He was an eccentric and treated as such. He consumed innumerable cups of tea as he talked. Well I remember the shaggy-haired little man and how he recounted a visit to the Vatican, where he was saluted by one of the Cardinals with the words: 'Incantatus, Incantatus! Enchanté de faire votre connaissance, Monsieur!'

Another great experience I owed to the friendship of Seymour de Ricci. Already at the age of 15 he had won a deserved reputation for his discovery of a number of new Latin inscriptions in the provinces, and Salamon Reinach took him up. Every Friday morning - I think it was Friday - was S.R's jour de réception, and usually we were present, listening to the great man's oracular responses to the enquiries of his visitors, often Academicians of world-wide celebrity. S.R. was lavish in counsels and encouragement. He told me that I talked French well and fluently, but that my accent was abominable and always would be. He advised me not to bother about it - I had better things to do. Just to flatter my vanity, he got me to write a short note for the REVUE ARCHEOLOGIQUE, I think it was on the recently discovered Israel Stela. One Friday I had a strange experience - it was, though I did not know it, after the end of the season. Arriving at S.R's house, I rang at the door. No answer. I rang a second time. Still no answer. I rang a third time, and when the door was opened, I saw in the ante-chamber a man with a revolver in his hand. At that moment Salamon Reinach came out and perceiving me bade me enter. In the salle de travail were three or four Russians displaying some magnificent objects of gold, among them a finely engraved sword. There was much talk and finally the men withdrew with their wares. S.R. asked me if I recognized what the objects were. I was not quite sure. 'They are supposed to be

from Olbia in the Crimea,' he said,'but they are forgeries. However, the tiara of Saitaphernes is really genuine!'

The spring advanced, and among the visitors who came to the Pension Larnaudie was the well-known Finlandish Romance philologist, Axel Wallensköld with his beautiful wife. With them was a young lady from Austria, Hedwig Rosen. Shyly I eyed this pretty and vivacious brunette, whom I would never have dared to address. But one day as I came in to lunch, my young lady called out: 'Ah, voila le petit Gardiner!' The ice was broken, and from that day forth we associated on terms of badinage. I fell deeply in love - I the seventeen-year old. Mme Larnaudie saw quickly how the land lay, and in her kindness of heart shepherded us on many outings. First to the Jardin du Luxembourg, where with incredible courage I bought my inamorata a toy windmill. Another day we were conducted to the Jardin d'Acclimatation and on a third to Sèvres. Henri Dupré was none too content at these goings on, for he too had cast an eye upon the maiden, but only to be spurned. She really was ravishingly fascinating with her lively ways, her wonderful eyes and teeth and velvety skin, one would have said a little ray of sunshine. But what pleased me most was the vein of seriousness underlying this seeming frivolity, a consciousness that so often would reveal itself in her that, if she was spoilt and flattered, others were poor and neglected and unhappy; she could never just accept her butterfly existence without a qualm. In Finland, whence came her mother Adèle, she taught French in the co-educational school of her aunt Augusta Pipping. At Helsingfors, no less than in Vienna, she was courted and admired in a way that falls to the lot of but few.

The time that I should leave Paris approached, and the weather was hot. One of our last excursions was to Versailles. Before visiting the palaces we had lunch, and in the course of the proceedings drank a bottle of good white wine. Result: when we got to the palace the fascinating Pips (as she was always called in Vienna) was overcome with the desire for slumber. But where to sleep? No spot seemed available. Pips was a girl of resource. Slipping behind a roped-off staircase she ascended out of sight, and telling us to return for her in an hour, extinguished the sunshine for me and left me sick at heart with disappointment. I had promised myself so much from that excursion. Later there arose in Finland the legend that I had discovered my fairy princess sleeping on a staircase of the Grand Palais, and had fallen for her incontinent.

Soon afterwards came the day of parting, and I exacted a promise that she would write to me and an address in Finland was given to me. I was well aware that for Pips I was merely un petit gosse, but that petit gosse was captured for good and all. He was to cling to this first great love, until it passed into the keeping of a lifetime. Whatever my faults, and they are not few, I have never been lacking in tenacity.

My Father loved travel, a taste that I have inherited. He also believed in its educational value. I have already mentioned a visit to France, when we stayed with the Barrons at Rouen, and I subsequently made the acquaintance of Seymour de Ricci in Paris. On an earlier occasion my Father took Balfour and myself to Scotland, first spending several days at Edinburgh, where we greatly admired

Princes Street, and wondered at the so deeply contrasting High Street; we did not fail to visit Holyrood or to climb Arthur's seat. My Father was an admirable cicerone and I don't think we missed much. After Edinburgh we stayed a fortnight at Dunblane Hydropathic, nearly losing ourselves on Sheriff Muir, visiting Stirling, etc. We attended the Crieff games, drove along Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and from Oban we made the wonderful excursion to Staffa and Iona, and I gained my first premonition of what an unpleasant thing sea-sickness can be!

Another tour was when my brother Balfour, after leaving school, went to study music at Frankfurt am Main, where his friends and companions were to be Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, Norman O'Neill and Clemens von Frankenstein. This new phase in my brother's life afforded an opportunity for a journey to Brussels, Aix la Chapelle, along the Rhine to Wiesbaden, ending up at Frankfurt itself. My memories, as those of the Scottish holiday, are vague and blurred; but I have recollections of the gilded Place Royale at Brussels, of the great Cathedral at Cologne, of the Opera MARTHA, of vineyards and open-air restaurants and of picturesque medieval castles perched on high hills overlooking the great German river.

At the end of my half-year in Paris another memorable journey was in store for me, though it came upon me most unexpectedly. Monsieur Hertz invited me to accompany himself and Robert on a cruise to Norway. I did not for a moment believe that my Father, who had indulged me so greatly over my past six months, would consent to this, but I was now to learn the wisdom of the adage that 'there's no harm in asking'. The first stage in our journey took me to Cologne for the second time; here M. Hertz wished to visit some sisters, whose dullness and drabness, by a strange contradiction, made a vivid impression upon me. Thence to Hamburg, where I recall one glorious evening spent at a restaurant beside the Alsterbassin. What lovely things Germany had to give, what lessons to teach us in the laying out of its towns and the romance of its mode of life! All frittered away and spoilt by the insensate lust for power! The loss to Germany itself is complete, but to the rest of the world also very great. We face a new era, and possibly - though this is a great question-mark - a better one. But let us never forget that the coming of new conditions always means the obliteration of old ones. There is no gain without loss and no one whose experiences date back into the eighties and nineties of last century will ever - if he is at all sensitive and has been lucky - free himself from the nostalgia for things lost and never to return.

The superb beauty of the Norwegian scenery is, however, one thing which War and 'civilization' probably never can destroy. What a revelation was the Hardanger fjord, into which we slowly steamed in the Hamburg-Amerika liner 'Columbia'; the intense blue haze enwrapping the mountain sides, the dreamy peace of this northern atmosphere, have I ever seen its equal anywhere? And the thrill of this experience was enhanced by the happiness of having my beloved Robert wih me every day and all day. I will not detail our visits to Stalheim, to Molde, to red-roofed Bergen, to Trondheim, to Tromso, to the North Cape, and finally to Advent Bay on Spitzbergen - the last very bare and impressive. We had seen many whales on the way there, but on Spitzbergen itself the only sights were sparse vegetation, distant glaciers, and one dead seal. The company on

board was mainly German and American. By a curious chance there was among them, though I never spoke to him, John D. Rockefeller Junr, with his sister, his fiancée and other companions; thus I caught my first glimpse of a man to whose generous kindness and genuine friendliness I was later to owe so much. Perhaps my happiest day in Norway was the visit to Tromso, a superb July day on which Robert and I tramped for many miles; from the upper window of one picturesque house two lovely Norwegian girls threw down roses upon our heads. The midnight sun! This recalls an incident which caused Robert and myself great amusement, if a shocked amusement. The hero was an American, a Mr Hull - and his mode of enjoying foreign travel was singular enough to justify my saving him from an unmerited anonymity. He was quite a friendly soul, who mainly inhabited the smoking room, where he imbibed a never-ending sequence of whiskies and sodas. On that particular night this pastime was as engrossing as ever, and when his wife sent in begging him to view the midnight sun, he only exclaimed: 'Damn the midnight sun!' Twice and thrice she sent in, only to meet with the response: 'Damn my wife, damn the midnight sun!'

All good things come to an end, and apart from our happy weeks in Chamonix in 1914, this was the last time in which I was to have a prolonged holiday with Robert.

For the closing part of the summer [1896] my Father had rented the Vicarage at Eltham, my birthplace. My thoughts now centred ardently on my inamorata. She had been joined in France by her aunt Aline Pipping, and the two went off to Normandy. Thence I received a letter saying that they were coming to England a little later, and hoped to see me; the names of two London hotels were given at one or other of which they expected to stay. I replied at once, but by some accident my letter never arrived. Time wore on, but no news came of my visitors to London. In an agony I rushed up to Town, and enquired first at the hotel in Portland Street and then at that in Trafalgar Square. No one of the name of Miss Rosen had been there. At Portland Street the manageress eyed me with suspicion, which covered me with bashful confusion. I was in despair - thinking I had lost for ever the jewel of my life! It was only after months that I learned that the two ladies had been in London, but that Pips, backed by her aunt's sense of les convenances, had not ventured to apprise me of their presence. The next letter from Pips came from Finland after their return.

My Father was deeply imbued with the belief in the value of a classical education; he himself had never enjoyed one, having left school at the age of fifteen. He was determined that both Balfour and I should go to Oxford; neither of us viewed the prospect with enthusiasm. First-rate tutors were engaged to furbish up our evanescent knowledge of Latin and Greek. We applied ourselves to the task only half-heartedly. Our first tutor Morrison was kind and conscientious and skilful, but did not inspire us. On my my return to London - Balfour went to New College at Michaelmas [1896] and a new tutor was found for me, the very charming and poetically minded W.F.Lofthouse, later to become a shining light of the Wesleyans.

Lofthouse found me weak in English and in General Knowledge, and set to work to remedy these defects. He introduced me to Main's ANCIENT LAW, made me read Bagot's PHYSICS AND POLITICS, Mill's essay ON LIBERTY and so forth. Tylor's PRIMITIVE CULTURE led on to

McLennan's book on Polyandry (I forget the exact title) and this essay in support of an original promiscuity to the refutation thereof in Westermarck's HISTORY OF HUMAN MARRIAGE. The topic, it will be realized, was not wholly alien to my mind, and I read with deep interest. In so doing, I made an observation that is most regrettably exact. Nothing is more difficult than for writers embracing a very wide field to obtain the best information on specialized topics. Conversely - and here arises the dilemma - the out-and-out specialist suffers greatly from not possessing a sufficiently broad knowledge and outlook. I found that Westermarck, though most careful and critical within the bounds of possibility, was very ill-informed as regards marriage in Ancient Egypt, and I felt it a duty to write to him. For his address I turned to the title-page, and learned that Westermarck was Professor of Philosophy in Helsingfors. To Finland, accordingly, my letter went. For two months or more, no reply, but then came, addressed from London, a very kind letter thanking me, commenting on my remarks, and asking me to call on him at a boarding-house behind the British Museum. So thither I went on the appointed day. After a few minutes' wait the ungainly figure of the great man appeared, almost his first words being: 'But of course I know all about you, Miss Rosen has talked so much about you!' My life has been marked by a series of the most astonishing coincidences, some of which I shall narrate on future occasions. Here was the first of them, and was it not in truth most astonishing? A course of diverse reading had led up to my letter to Westermarck, and consequently to a meeting with one who was a close connexion by marriage of my inamorata. Edward Westermarck's sister Anna was the wife of the Germanic philologist Hugo Pipping, and he was the brother of Tante Aline (Aline Pipping). Edward (for by this name I came ultimately to know him) had himself not been wholly insensitive to the charms of my Pips, and had invited her that summer for a yachting tour to the Öland Islands. It was on that tour that she had talked to him about the studiously-minded English boy she had met in Paris.

My Egyptological interests took me often to University College, Gower Street, and here, in the Edwards Library, I was introduced to the scholars Grenfell and Hunt, then already on the road to fame, and later to be described by Wilamowitz von Moellendorf as the Dioscuri of Papyrology. I doubt if I exchanged more than a few words with Grenfell at this time, but a few months later he sent me a letter which ought to serve as a model of wise and thoughtful kindness to all who have themselves achieved celebrity in a given field. All Science is a handing on of the torch, and it behoves us to help and encourage the young, and so to plant a good seed for the future. But how few could do so with the tact and the kindness shown by Bernard Grenfell! He wrote how much he had admired my enthusiasm and industry, how he heard I was aspiring to a scholarship at Oxford, and how gladly he - if my Classics were not up to the mark - would advocate my claims with his colleagues at Queen's. I am sad that I ever mislaid or destroyed this letter, the best encouragement (apart from my Father's) that I have ever received.

I wish I had put my heart into the study of the Classics as assiduously as I did into the study of Egyptology. I think that the many years of school lessons had tarnished for me the bright attractiveness of Greek and Latin. How I admire the Classics now! I still read Greek with comparative ease, Latin much less well. But I

could never have become an outstanding scholar in this field. My sensitiveness to words and to style is insufficient - my prose compositions were poor, my verses worse. I wish my ear for languages had been equal to my ear for music - though in the latter respect I cannot claim to be more than 'above the average.' When at last I tried for a scholarship at Oxford, I gained one at Queen's less on my knowledge of Greek and Latin than on my general paper, which, as Dr McGrath (the Provost) wrote to my Father, 'showed a quite remarkable maturity'. Of course! I was no raw schoolboy; had I not six months as a Parisian behind me? Had not the great Maspero declared me competent to edit hieroglyphic texts? Was I not a friend of the great Edward Westermarck? And was I not, since the age of seventeen, deeply IN LOVE? Yes, my dear Alan, assuredly you were very mature, and if you were also very conceited and very full of yourself, had you not some really valid excuses?

Perhaps it was Grenfell's advocacy that helped me into a scholarship. Also perhaps the recommendations from Griffith and Maspero. At all events a paper on Egyptology was set for me by Cowley - a quite unusual step for a College examination. I do not think I distinguished myself in answering the questions of this paper.

Whilst in Oxford for the scholarship examination, Grenfell had introduced me to W.H.Grose, the Queen's philosophy tutor, a well-known character noted as much for his friendship to young undergraduates as for his personal idiosyncracies. Grose at once invited me to join him and other friends of his for a fortnight at the Lakes. We stayed at an inn at Wastdale Head, and hence made many enjoyable excursions, climbing Scawfell Pike, etc. B.H.Streeter was of the party. This gave me an enjoyable foretaste of the Oxford life which was to be mine for the next four years.

At last the memorable day came and on my arrival at Queen's I found I had been allotted admirable rooms in the Front Quad, rooms which were to be occupied by me throughout the whole term of my undergraduate days. I was surprised to find a large number of letters awaiting me. Most of them proved to be circulars from Oxford tradesmen soliciting the favour of my custom. But there was also one from a Miss Weld, which ran somewhat as follows:

> 'Dear Mr Gardiner,
> I am a niece of Lord Tennyson's and I have heard of your great interest in Egyptology, and should like to make your acquaintance. One of my earliest recollections is of lying on our drawing-room hearth rug, turning the pages of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's WAYS AND MANNER OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. Will you therefore come to tea with me next Tuesday, the -th.
> Yours sincerely,
> Agnes Weld'

Though the nexus between my interest in Egyptology, Miss Weld's early activities on the hearth rug, and the tea that was to unite those things seemed a little obscure, I accepted the invitation. On the Tuesday in question I edged my way into an overcrowded room with Prof. Sayce and an Armenian Patriarch as the chief lions of the party. An overheated and flushed lady wrung me cordially by the hand and vanished. That was all I ever saw of Miss Weld.

Grose had bidden me come to him on my arrival in Oxford, as he wished to give me some advice. I went across to his rooms promptly, and reminded him of his request. He was evidently taken aback, and after a few seconds hesitation he fired out the words: 'Don't play cards; you play too badly!' Prompted by my Father, I suppose - though often in my memory I have taken credit to myself for this wisdom - I had made up my mind to turn my back on Egyptology for the next few years, and to concentrate on the orthodox Oxford studies. As a classical scholar I was under a virtual obligation to work for Classical Honours Moderations. Unhappily my interest in Greek and Latin did not do justice to this good resolution, and my lack of zeal prevented me from obtaining the advantage I should have obtained from the admirable lectures I attended. During my first two terms I was greatly hampered by neuralgia, and then by an attack of mumps. The latter complaint led to bulletins being fixed to the door of my rooms daily culminating in the notice: 'WE REGRET TO STATE THAT THE PATIENT PASSED AWAY PEACEFULLY AT 7.30 A.M. (Signed) - - - M.D.'

The lecture which I enjoyed most of all was that of the Rev. E.M.Walker, later to succeed McGrath as Provost, on Formal Logic. I conceived a deep admiration for the incisive lucidity of Walker's exposition and criticisms. One detail of these was forty years after to be utilized by me in my essay on the Theory of Proper Names. At this time I had but little personal acquaintance with Walker, in spite of occasional teas at his house in Oxford or at his parsonage at Besselsleigh. But later I got to know him better, and when I had achieved some success with my researches he showed me the greatest consideration, seemed always eager to question me on the latest researches in the Egyptological or Biblical field - in no one perhaps have I ever observed a greater thirst for knowledge, or a greater aptitude for acquiring it rapidly and accurately. It is a pity that Walker never cared to publish more of his own researches.

I have not much to say about my fellow-scholars. Bernard Grinold the first scholar (I was second) was of admirable character, good ability, but with no genuine interest at all in intellectual or aesthetic matters. We had in fact next to nothing in common, but he showed me great kindness, and in the following Eights Week, when his attractive cousin Edie MacMichael and her still more attractive friend Lilian Arrol came up to adorn the festivities, it was me whom B.G. chose to help to entertain them. Picnics on the Cherwell where I punted my fair friend Lilian for long dreamy afternoons, dinners and lunches - a midsummer idyll for my susceptible self. Lilian and I were similarly situated, she recently engaged (by parental pressure) to the local curate and I writing daily (though affianced only in my heart) to the beloved Pips. A week of sunshine, of the foliage-shaded Char, of the gentle movement over its waters, of Lilian's shy smiles and charming laughter, produced their inevitable result. Then the heartbreak of parting, two passionate letters - then one from Lilian bidding me destroy these, she confessing to having done me wrong in showing her liking for me - and it was all over. But not quite. I was invited next Xmas to Lilian's home at Riding Mill, Northumberland, where I got to know her delightful mother, her kindly though puritanical father, her two young sisters, Violet and Iris. From this summer episode of 1898 there remains still a little besides memories. Lilian died before she was forty, but Alfred Milner, her

husband, is still my friend, though but rarely seen. Iris grew up into a most charming and gifted woman; she is now Lady Davidson and she and her husband Nigel and her children are still my friends. Music and lawn tennis are the main interests I have shared with these two lovable women, and at long intervals we have indulged these tastes together. But whither, O my pen? Is this record to degenerate into a memorial of my sentimental moments? And yet why not? Is it not in these that the most memorable parts of personal life lie? But once embarked on this track, facilis descensus Averni! I will desist! From these first innocent flutterings there have developed, or succeeded rather - whoa, whoa, my good steed, whoa!

Another scholar of my year was Symonds, also a most amiable character, but colourless and a predestined parson. Less to my liking was Scott Moncrieff, with a real literary gift, but essentially flabby. Our antipathy for one another eventuated in gibes mutually administered whenever we met in Hall and whenever there was an audience to listen. One evening I put in a good one! 'What celebrated animal of antiquity do you resemble?' I asked. S.M. did not know. 'Why,' I said, 'the Caledonian Boar, of course!'

Most of my undergraduate friends were out of Queen's - either at Balliol or at New College. At Balliol I had Beveridge, Kenneth Swan, and Robin Hodgkin - the last-named to become, as third successor of McGrath, the Provost of my own College. At New College various friends of Balfour's also became friends of mine, including Robert Rait, the Scotch historian. At Queen's itself my friends were mainly seniors. Of Grenfell, Hunt, Grose and Walker I have already spoken. Albert Curtis Clark, the famous Ciceronian scholar, took me up with assiduity, and we often went for walks together. What interested him about me was the fact of my having lived for some months in Paris. Clark was mad about Paris, and above all mad about the Dreyfus Case. We both collected all the literature we could obtain about this, and followed the stages of the drama with ardour. I will not guarantee the factual correctness of the following statement, though I aver that my reproduction of what I was later told and of what remains in my memory is literally exact. According to my memory Clark actually did manage to get himself involved in the Dreyfus Case, a great triumph. Going to Paris he got himself invited to dinner with the Italian Military Attache General Pannizardi. The dinner was opulent, the wine flowed freely. The host partook freely of the wine, and becoming communicative divulged some detail concerning the case which Clark subsequently brought to the notice of some journalist. Thus Clark contrived for his name to be quoted in conexion wih the Dreyfus Case.

No one who knew Clark will forget either his affectations or his brilliant wit. It was whispered that when he first came up to Oxford he had a strong provincial accent, which of course had to be discarded. In its place he developed a highly artificial mode of speech, interlaced with a most effective little stammer. His utterances were apt to end throatily after a marked crescendo. I will not dare to claim that the three following were addressed to me and to me only - probably they were served up to others as well. But here they are, and who will deny that they were worth immortalizing? Early in my first term I appeared in his room with a Latin prose but without a gown. This evoked the comment: 'Are you not aware, Gardiner - are you not aware - that you are appearing

before me in a state of [crescendo] academic nudity?!'

Many years later I enquired from Clark what had become of our common friend B. 'The last I heard of him' said Clark, 'was that his engagement had been broken off.' 'Indeed,' said I, 'and which of the two broke it off?' 'He did,' replied Clark. 'Why?' asked I. 'Because' answered Clark with twinkling eyes,'because, Gardiner - because - I suppose because - he thought it was better to give than to receive - ah, ah, ah, - the CHUCK!'

As the maître d'hôtel at Foyot once said to me, speaking of his crêpes Suzette, 'la première est bonne, la deuxième est meilleure, et la troisième est la meilleure de toutes.' Professor Love had become a member of our Common Room at Queen's. Shortly afterwards, Clark related to me the following incident. 'A very singular thing, my dear Gardiner, happened to me about a fortnight ago. I - ah - I was sitting in my room, in my room, reading the letters - the letters of Cicero, when there came a knock at the door. "Come in!" I said, "Come in!" And the door opened - the door - and in came - came - a little man with a moustache. He came up to my chair, this little man with a moustache, and he said: "My name is Love!" "Indeed!" I said, "indeed!" I did not know what to say, I was so taken aback. "Indeed!" I said, "indeed! - EROS or AGAPE?"'

Another friend of my first term, though no longer resident in Oxford, was David MacIver, later to take the name of David Randall MacIver. He was six years older than myself and had had the most successful academic career. A great enthusiast, a regular Don Quixote, a loyal friend, he was an archaeologist and anthropologist of great enterprise and drive. I will not conceal that he was also intemperate of judgement and expression, quick to anger, and decidedly lacking in humour. But take it all round he was a splendid fellow. To his encouragement and help the British Museum owed T.A.Joyce, later head of the ethnographical department. Woolley worked with MacIver in Nubia, and Peet owed a great deal to his generous assistance. How many others owed a debt to this warm-hearted and generous man (his step-father was very wealthy) I do not know, but they must have been numerous. I was able at last to pay some of my own personal debt by getting MacIver elected to the British Academy. Living abroad in Italy and America, he had been overlooked somewhat. In my first or second Oxford vacation, MacIver invited me to Clifton, and walked with me to the Wye Valley, discoursing on archaeology and kindred subjects. At that time he was deeply absorbed in the study of the Mayan antiquities, an interest Joyce inherited from him, just as Peet inherited his interest in the earliest ages of Italy. I am not competent to assess the value of MacIver's own scientific output, but I have no doubt whatever that he was the source and fountainhead of much very valuable research undertaken by those inspired by his example. Requiescat in pace! A truly good man.

It was MacIver who introduced me to E.B.Tylor, whom I still reverence in my memory as perhaps the greatest man I have ever had the privilege of meeting. In recording this judgement I must admit that I no longer remember exactly on what it was based. Did I inherit it from Westermarck, a very great admirer, or derive it from my own reading of PRIMITIVE CULTURE? Probably many factors went towards my awed respect for this great researcher and thinker, not least of all his Jove-like appearance and the profound

simplicity of his character and attitude to th world. To me he was kindness itself. Alas, already at this time his memory was failing, though he lived on for many years more, his recollection of things growing progressively worse. The last time I saw him was after I had been elected Laycock Student at Worcester College. We took a walk together, in which he talked with the same impressive breadth of outlook that so commanded my respect. But when he came to my room at Worcester, I caught him looking furtively at the name over the door - the poor old gentleman no longer knew to whom he had been talking.

I seldom saw Sayce, he always being abroad in the winter-time. I think he invited me once or twice to be his guest in Common Room. He was urbanity itself, and his conversation was always witty and cultured. Hence the great reputation which he had at Queen's and has grown into a tradition at the College. For my part I could never rid myself of a certain sense of antagonism. Sayce and Naville and Maspero belonged to the old school of Egyptian philology, from which the Berlin school represented by Erman, Steindorff and Sethe was departing ever more widely. Breasted had translated Erman's small Egyptian Grammar as early as 1894, and Griffith saw its great merit, though remaining somewhat hesitant, as was his wont. To myself the book appealed from the start. The conflicting views of the two schools seemed to me not the contrasting of two different systems, but the substitution of a system for a haphazard view of the Egyptian language in which there was an almost complete lack of order and rules were almost entirely absent. The greatest merit of the Berlin school was that it drew a rigid distinction between the classical language and Late Egyptian. As the leaders of the opposed schools Maspero and Erman were recognized on all hands; Renouf was dead by this time, and Budge, though he never ceased to belong to the anti-German faction, habitually and on principle played a lone hand, so that he was not regarded as a leader in any sense. The relations of Maspero and Erman always remained courteous, but they were anything but cordial, and Maspero never failed to wing his shaft against the Berlin professor when occasion arose.

Once Erman asked Maspero to get collated for him a passage in the Pyramid Texts, of which a set of squeezes existed in Paris. On reception of the collation Erman wrote to Maspero: 'What a pity it is that even at this early period the Egyptians could not write correctly!' on which Maspero's caustic comment - not communicated to Erman, needless to say - was: 'What a pity that the Egyptians of the old Kingdom had not read M.Erman's grammar!' Looking back, I am inclined to think that the intense irritation caused by the Berlin school was less any arrogance or self-assertion on their part than their habit of disregarding the work of any except those of their own persuasion. Sayce certainly was not lacking in animus against the Berliners, but among their critics Naville and his henchman Legge were the most vitriolic. Naville I only got to know at a later date, and I disliked him thoroughly. Of great height and not undistinguished appearance, he always reminded me of a bad-tempered and supercilious camel; he was conceited and inefficient, and could not brook contradiction, as he showed me very clearly at Grenoble during the Fêtes Champollion in 1922. I had written articles against his views of the Exodus, and he came up to me in a fury and said: 'What do you mean by always contradicting me?' Yet let me recall that when once - I forget in which year - I visited him in

his home in the country not far from Geneva, he showed me great cordiality and kindness.

Lest I forget it later, let me now also say that in the end my relations to Budge, for many years very bitter, became very nearly cordial. I was calling on dear Lady Burghclere one Sunday afternoon when Budge, a close friend of hers, was announced. She very well knew my feeling about Budge, so with the instinctive tact of a real aristocrat, she at once said: 'How lucky for me to have two Egyptologists on the same day. Now let's all have a nice talk!' And so we did. Some time after Budge wrote me a line asking me where he could obtain a copy of my edition of "The Contendings of Horus and Seth", which had just appeared. I sent down our odd-job man with a copy the same morning. After that Budge always sent me copies of every book he wrote. How good it is at long last to smooth out all antipathies, and to be on good terms with all the world. Alas, in this year of grace 1945 that particular ideal of mine has not quite been reached, at all events in the case of him who now reigns in Budge's stead at the British Museum!

To return to my life at Oxford. I enjoyed it greatly on the whole, though sometimes it irked me in the bleak winter weeks, and of course those months of radiant happiness in Paris had revealed to me a standard of pleasurable life that was hardly ever to be reached by me again. The hiatus between school and university had set me back so far as games were concerned. I was not athletic enough for the river, and football I had never liked. My schoolboy passion for cricket had died on my discovery that I had lost my cunning as a bowler. Sometimes I played fives with Grose and that admirable athlete Hunt, but bruised my hand so badly that I had to give it up. Among ball-games there remained to me only lawn tennis, and that, all through my life, has been one of my major enthusiasms. As I write at the present moment, at the age of 65, I am staying at the Winchester Lawn Tennis CLub for the week-end, splendidly looked after by my good friends the Simons, the groundsman and his wife. Yesterday I played four sets of strenuous doubles, and hope to play five today.

YE THIRD BOKE

(July 1945)

During the winter time at Oxford my main exercise was walking, and I had great conversations on all sorts of topics with a variety of fellow-walkers, mostly from other colleges. There were plenty of wide problems to interest me in those days, and I read omnivorously, though novels, mainly French, formed my principal mental patulum outside study hours. One of my most stimulating companions was A.P.Oppé, then a scholar of New College, and now high up in the Board of Education. Oppé was brilliantly gifted, and a most stimulatiing talker, but unhappily gangrened as the result of a very delicate digestion. We had been at Charterhouse together, and he was Balfour's friend as well as mine. Our friendship has lapsed, mainly on account of some unforgiveable words he addressed to me at the beginning of the first world war. I admit I am the poorer for this loss; on very rare occasions we now meet and are on passable terms, but the basis for the old friendship has gone, and will never be renewed. In my memory, however, I am here conscious of a great and lasting debt.

The summer term at Oxford was pure delight. The beauty of the gardens, the lure of the Cherwell where I punted and bathed with ardour, the variation afforded by lawn tennis - unhappily throughout my four years our College had no tennis six and played no matches - all these things put study in the background, and I neglected my Latin and Greek. To these I applied myself more in the vacations, but with scanty interest until the last months before Mods, when I developed a real enthusiasm, alas too late. I missed my First Class by a mark, no paper under a B+ and six As of one sort and another. It was hard luck, and a sore blow to my self-conceit. All the more persistently did I devote myself to the learning of Hebrew and Arabic, which I chose as my subjects for the Final School. The teaching of Stenning of Wadham in Hebrew, and of Thatcher of Mansfield in Arabic (Margolion was absent in the East about this time) was very competent in both cases. Later Driver, that very great scholar, taught me Rabbinic Hebrew, a subject imposed by the utterly inadequate and over-rigid syllabus, which demanded it from all those who took Hebrew as their main subject. These were mainly Jews or budding theologians, and the theory was that they had learned the elements of Hebrew at school, and had read the easier books of the Old Testament. Of course an exception ought to have been made in my case, who never learnt the Hebrew alphabet until the term after the Mods exam. For me to have to take Job and the Minor Prophets as set books in my final examination was an absurdity, and if I had mastered the Pentateuch and the Psalms I should have profited more.

When the decisive moment arrived, I was in despair, and by the time I finished writing my last paper I had a desperate fear lest I should be ploughed, or given a very low class. Instead of that I received a First Class, achieving that honour perhaps in shorter time than anyone previously. I cannot help thinking that Driver and Stenning, my examiners, conspired to encourage me on account, not of my achievement, but of my promise. I trust I have justified their faith in me in the event.

But I have hurried on too fast, and the details of 1897-1901 must now be filled in. Perhaps my studies would have profited had not correspondence with Pips absorbed at least one hour in every day. We had not met since the Paris days, but writing to one another had grown into a regular habit. We could put into our letters all the things we could not have uttered in conversation. For her, no doubt I had ceased to be the "petit gosse" and had become the trusted friend, the recipient of her confidences. I wonder what I myself wrote about! Books, no doubt, and ideas that I formed on aesthetics and ethics. In the earliest days my letters cannot have been real love-letters. I should not have dared. That development came only after we had met again after an interval of two years.

Grose was the unwitting cause of this momentous re-union. He had included me in his invitation to a tour in the Tyrolese Alps [summer, 1898]. I did not know it then, but what a distinguished party we were! Besides Grose himself, there was Streeter, later to become Canon and Provost of Queen's, Alfred Zimmern, Edward Grigg (now Lord Altrincham) and Cuthbert Baines, of whose subsequent career I know nothing. Did Grenfell accompany us? I have an idea he did, but I am not quite sure. By easy stages we reached Innsbruck, and thence to the Oetztal where most of us confined ourselves to very easy climbing, though Grigg and Zimmern were somewhat more adventurous.

I had contrived to arrange that I should leave the others and rejoin them later in Vienna. And so with beating heart I took my way to the Pustertal, where Pips and I were to meet at St Lorenzen. There, as the train drew up, was she at the station - my deeply, deeply longed for Pips, at last recovered as though by a miracle. I wonder how she felt, but I guess it was somewhat as I felt. With the joy of meeting there was mingled just a tinge of disillusionment. She was as pretty as ever, but not quite the same as two years of dreaming had created her in my fancy. Absence breeds differences in the minds as many soldiers returning to their wives and sweethearts must now be feeling, and it needs faith and faithfulness to tide over the moment of re-union.

I think I can reconstruct Pip's reaction. Was this mere boy the trusted friend to whom she had poured out her heart in her letters? Still a day or two went far to put us back on the old footing. First I had to be introduced to the Rosen family, living very simply but for that reason all the more idyllically in this picturesque Tyrolese village. Pip's father, Alexander Rosen, won my heart at once. A small but very good-looking man, one could not but feel his delicacy of mind and soul at a glance. A journalist in the service of the Austrian Foreign Office, his work brought him into frequent contact with the Emperor, to whom he had - tricky task! - to present the Hungarian news in German and in palatable form. He

treated me with great kindness from the start, though I don't think I was a very welcome guest. He wished Pips to make a distinguished marriage and had served up more than one eligible suitor. As such I was not viewed, nor indeed at this moment as a suitor at all. Still it was a little annoying that their Hedwig shoulld be devoting so much thought to a raw boy from England.

Pips' mother Adèle liked me at once, and is perhaps the only person I have ever met who really considered me handsome. 'Er ist gerade zu schön, sage ich Euch', she is reported to me as having said. Certainly my wife has never flattered me in this way! Frau Rosen, half-sister to Aline Pipping, was accordingly a Finlander by birth. She had met her husband on the stage, and now both were living in Vienna. Like her husband, Adèle was very good-looking; but while he was forthright and excitable, she was reserved, proud and outwardly calm. Both were clearly attached to one another; but being of different nationalities, nay also of different race, and lacking the material means that their distinction of mind and heart deserved, I can well imagine, though of this I have no certain knowledge, that their domestic life was not without its difficulties. In one respect Frau Rosen seems to me to have done both her husband and her children a real wrong, though I am sure she never realized it. She deeply resented the fact that her husband was a Jew, and by her decree this fact was sedulously kept from the knowledge of all three children. They were grown up when they learnt it, and it came as a shock.

The days that followed my arrival at St Lorenzen were dream-like and full of happiness. The weather was sunny and warm. We went up one mountain, visited the little town of Brünneck hard by, and on our walks had ample time to talk and gather up anew the threads. How very young I was! How very naive we both were! I remember in particular one day when we lay on the grass under the trees. I see Pips now, chewing a piece of grass as we poured out our intimate thoughts. 'What a pity it is', I said, 'that we can never marry.' 'Yes', said Pips, 'what a pity it is!' This sharing of a common "pity" brought us very close together, and some sort of engagement grew up rather than was consciously entered into. Anyhow, our correspondence increased, and became more intimate. When Pips came to Oxford in the following summer [1899] we were definitely engaged.

After my examination in Honour Mods, my Father took me to Rome, where I studied the antiquities with the keenest interest. It was fascinating to wander round the Forum or the Palatine with Lanciani's handbook in my hand. At table d'hôte in the Quirinale Hotel my neighbours were Dr Murray, the Keeper of the Greek antiquities at the British Museum and Mr Bramston, a Winchester house-master. Both treated me very kindly. Of the other guests I remember only an exceedingly ugly German woman, whom Father dubbed the Quirinale Venus. It was during this Italian tour that Father asked me who was this young lady to whom I was constantly writing. When I told him, he asked: 'And do you consider yourself engaged?' He took my affirmative answer very calmly, but with his dear conscientiousness made it clear to me that, unless I was truly serious about it, to keep on writing to a girl was not at all fair to her. I thus had the relief of knowing that in this matter no obstacle would be put in my way.

The summer term after one's intermediate examination is perhaps the most carefree time in an Oxford undergraduate's life. To me this end of May [1899] was made memorable by the visit of my dear Pips and her delightful aunt Aline Pipping from Finland. It can be imagined with what pride I introduced my fiancée to my friends, and there were many picnics on the Cher (with Streeter, Beveridge, etc.) and lunches in my room. Thereafter my splendid scout Steele (later the Queen's College porter and much remembered as a "character") never wearied of inquiring after the young lady, whom he obviously greatly admired. She was in high spirits all the time and we were consoled for the brevity of that fortnight by the thought that in the vacation I was to meet her once again.

But first, as I had long realized, some steps would have to be taken for me to learn German. We had found out somehow that a place could be found for me at a parsonage in Rhineland, and in the supposition that all had been satisfactorily arranged I arrived at Viersen one morning in July only to find that I was totally unexpected. Such was my ignorance of the language that it was by no means easy to explain matters to the good Pfarrer and his wife. Somehow the position was straightened out, a comfortable room was allotted to me, and urged by dire necessity, my acquisition of the German tongue proceeded apace. The parson and his Hausfrau were too busy to devote much time to me, but happily the pretty daughter Maria was rather less busy, and she, having taken a slightly embarrassing fancy to me, taught me a good deal, reading Schiller and other of her favourite poets aloud. At the end of three weeks I had a pretty shrewd idea what the Sunday sermon was about. From this place I made some excursions, but not many, the most notable being to Düsseldorf.

This interlude at an end, the train carried me off to Berlin, where I met my inamorata. Together we travelled to Stettin, only to find that the steamer in which we were to have travelled to Finland had sailed a few hours earlier. Great consternation! What were we to do? On enquiry we discovered that a German steamer, the "Oberbürgermeister", was sailing at once for Reval. But now arose the difficulty that I had no Russian visa. The kindly captain solved the problem by signing me on as a member of the crew, a proceeding which gave me forty-eight hours grace to get out of Esthonia without showing a passport.

At length we reached Helsingfors to receive a warm welcome from the delightful Wallenskölds , of whom I have spoken already. But here I stayed only a night, and on the morrow started with Pips for her beloved island of Änglholm in the Ekenäs Skärgården. Nobody who has not been in Finland can picture its incomparable charm. This land of pines and lakes and granite boulders, with its villages and towns of wooden houses, its freshlooking and hospitable inhabitants, its long summer days and short nights - no wonder that both Finns and Finlanders are the most rabid patriots that I have ever encountered.

The train brought us to Ekenäs and soon we were in a rowing-boat (as yet there were no motor-boats) making our way over the fjord to the enchanted isle. In and out between pine-clad islands we moved, over the sparkling water, always without a glimpse of the open sea until after a couple of hours Pips cried exultantly: 'There's Ängholm!'.

This belonged at that time to her three old great-aunts, Tante Lilli, Tant' Augusta and Tante Sophie, the youngest of them then not far short of seventy years of age. Tante Lilli was the real hostess, and what a delightful hostess she was. She had planned to become a pianist, and had studied with Liszt, though she never aimed at becoming a concert performer. Of Tante Sophie I will say no more than that she was the eldest, and full of humour, and a real old dear. Tant' Augusta requires longer description. She was a woman of great tenacity of purpose, and had achieved distinction by founding the first mixed school in Helsingfors. Here Pips had taught German and French, and if Tant' Augusta had a weakness, that weakness was for Pips. I cannot imagine that for anyone else would this stern great-aunt's rules and regulations have been relaxed, but she was encouraged to return from Balls in the early hours, and certain irregularities and unpunctualities were condoned and more than condoned. In her youth Tant' Augusta had been a painter, but her old-fashioned conventional work, though not altogether without talent, was the reverse of marketable. In developing her ideal schemes Tant' Augusta was wildly extravagant, and when taken to task for her debts would always reply: 'It doesn't matter; after my death they will sell my pictures, and that will suffice to settle my creditors.' My last recollection of Tant' Augusta is amusing. Some years later, when we were living in Berlin, a certain Fraülein Friedeberg had pestered my wife to be permitted to paint her. The picture was not bad, but far from sweet, and the emphasis lay on a large hat so that Rolf referred to it as "a portrait of Mummy's hat". It hung for a year or two in our drawing-room, whilst we grew more and more tired of it. One day I had a brain-wave: 'Let's send it as a present to Tant' Augusta!' My wife joyfully agreed, and off it went. A year later, or it may be two, on our arrival in Helsingfors, we went to see Tant' Augusta. Tears stood in the old lady's eyes. 'How dear of you,' she said, 'to give me that lovely portrait of Hedwig. But,' she continued, 'I am not going to rob you of it for ever; I have left it to you in my Will!' And so we have the portrait now - I don't know exactly where* - but it has come home to roost!

I haven't the faintest idea what the old aunts may have thought of this English boy who planned to rob them of their beloved great-niece. If they resented it, they certainly did not show it, and during this first four-day visit they treated me with the utmost kindness. Tant' Augusta alone I found difficult. She got me to explain to her something about Ancient Egypt, and at the end of my discourse she said: 'Ich glaube nicht!'

From Ängholm back to Helsingfors and to the Wallenskölds, kindest and most hospitable of people. By a happy accident I was able, by no merit of mine, to repay a little of their kindness. At the beginning of the 1914 war they were caught in England, as we were in Sweden. On consulting my Father, he allowed them to occupy our house at Lansdowne Road, and procured a job for their son as lift-boy in Holborn. Dagmar Wallenskjöld, the beauiful wife of the Professor, was full of romance, and entered fully into my youthful dreams. The week spent in their charming apartment was one of great happiness.

* Rolf has it at Springhead [his home at Fontmell Magna, Dorset]!

From Helsingfors Pips - henceforth I shall call her Heddie, by the name I now have long used - and I went to Carlberg, near Tavastehus, to be presented to her great-uncle Colonel Hugo Standertskjöld. He was one of the richest men in Finland, a manufacturer of wood-pulp products, who is said to have laid the foundation of his great fortune after this wise. He had been a Colonel in the Russian Army, and together with some companions had created a small-arms factory at Nijni Novgorod. Came a moment of crisis when Russia stood in immediate need of weapons, and Onkel Hugo (for so we always called him) was summoned to the War Office and asked at what price he would sell the vast quantity of guns which, with characteristic foresight, he had made. Onkel Hugo named his price, only to be offered a tiny fraction of it by the War Minister, who said he could easily obtain them at that amount from abroad. 'Very well,' said Onkel Hugo, and turned on his heel. Just as he reached the door he was summoned back and his price accepted. Onkel Hugo was a man of great height and enormously fat, the result, it is said, of excessive good living. He was full of gout, and always, so long as I knew him, full of regrets that he could not partake of all the good food and drink that he pressed upon his guests. He was a thoroughgoing materialist without an intellectual or aesthetic interest, so unlike Heddie's relations the Pippings, all of them University professors of the highest attainments. But one splendid quality redeemed, and more than redeemed, the aforesaid defects. Never was there a kinder, a more hospitable man. One had only to look at his dear old wrinkled face and benevolent eyes to know that here was the personification of charity and goodness. He was a bachelor - he had been deeply in love with Adèle, Heddie's mother, and had never got over her refusal to marry him. And here in the large wooden house with an only slightly smaller guest-house beside it he dispensed hospitality to his family - cousins, second cousins, heaven knows what distant relatives. It was like a large country house in a Chekov play, a number of people sitting about and doing nothing - a little needle-work, a good deal of gossip, and some games of cards in the corners of the large drawing-room. There people, so different from the other highly intellectual Finlanders I knew - never was there so gifted and eminent a race - seemed to me, as an unsympathetic outsider, to be agreeably waiting for death, gorged with good food. There were greenhouses with the rarest fruits, and trout-pools with the fattest fish. We sat about, listening to Italian opera from the great gramophone. As an afternoon diversion, to which Onkel Hugo summoned us by a loud clapping of hands followed by an announcement in his stentorian voice, we were packed into seven or eight carriages drawn by magnificent horses conducted by wild-looking bearded Russian coachmen, and driven round the far-flung estate. This extended for miles amid parkland and beside a lake, the main objective being a high outlook tower with a magnificent view over forest and water.

After so many exciting new experiences it was a great contrast to return to the monotonous life at Moody's Down, my Father's small country house at Barton Stacey, Hants. My brother Balfour would probably be there, but he would not be much company, as he was morose, silent and absorbed in his music. We might perhaps play some sets of tennis together, but that was not particularly exhilarating, as I always beat him. Then there might be a tennis party somewhere in the neighbourhood, at the Judds', our nearest neighbours, at the Henry Nicolls' or at the parson's at Bullington.

Otherwise study or a solitary walk were my only occupations, apart from the daily letter to Heddie. But it is necessity that forms useful habits, and I cannot be too thankful for the necessity which imposed upon me daily exercise in the early afternoon, and intensive application to my books at other times. These habits have shaped my whole career, and given me the health to pursue it. My Father would come down at the weekends and would possibly have a friend to stay. In those days we did not play cards, or very little and very badly. So that in this respect we afforded our Father as little companionship as he afforded us.

In these circumstances I was not sorry when Michaelmas term arrived and I returned to Oxford. My Semitic studies were very exacting and kept me strenuously absorbed. I must now say something about my friends at Queen's. The scholars of my year were a very amiable, but intensely dull lot - hardworking and respectable are the epithets that best describe them. I fear that my tastes were less refined. My boon companion was clever George Preston, a year junior to myself and living on the same stair. He had a great talent for comic song-writing, and performed his own compositions admirably. George was full of good spirits, ribbald of speech and rather fond of low society, but absolutely free from vice of any kind. He was extremely good company, and the best relaxation I had in the dismal winter months was up in his rooms with him at the piano, or else - shall I confess it? - at some pub. Never in my life have I been able to remember all the words of any song, but little snatches of some of his dwell in my memory. In particular there was one which in after years I used to sing to Heddie and the children, and which greatly delighted them. It told of two ladies who came and sat on the sea-shore and after a time they heard a male voice - and this song they heard:

> 'Oh to be far'away, r'away, I am not happy here.
> I've been in now for seven hours, and I feel - so queer.
> I can't come out, my bathing clothes are lost
> beneath the main,
> So, ladies, ladies, turn away your heads, and let
> me out again!'

You see the style? Well, the others were like it, or more so! Poor George Preston, I loved him well. He died of racing consumption at the age of twenty-six or thereabouts, after having married a rather flashy widow from Johannesburg. Exuberant good humour, and an excellent friend. Above all, the best of antidotes to boredom.

I think I must here recall a friend of Preston's who acquired great notoriety and came to a sensational end. This was Harold Davidson, later the vicar of Stiffkey. He had been Penley's understudy in the famous play Charley's Aunt, but wanted to become a parson and came up to Exeter [College]. I remember him as quite a good-humoured little man, living in digs with a very decadent poet of the name of Masterman, and he used to recite to us a sermon to the text of Old Mother Hubbard. George liked him mainly, I think, for his connexion with the stage. He was brainless in the intellectual sense, but one of the best chess players in the University. My sole objection to him at this time was that he was something of a bore, impossible to get rid of if once he gained admittance to your rooms. In after years I met him once or twice at

some theatre, each occasion being followed by visits which ended in some appeal for financial aid. He came into the limelight subsequently in an unpleasant way, for consorting with ladies of easy virtue, and there were sensational police court proceedings at which he displayed himself as a thoroughgoing exhibitionist. And so too he ended, having become a lion-tamer and mauled by one of his lions at Blackpool. I have never been able to form a decided opinion about his character. It seems to me likely that he was really in some degree quixotic and anxious to convert, but that these virtues were combined with an over-sexed temperament. Who knows? In any case I want to put it on record that I am sure he was not wholly bad - perhaps not really bad at all, only very foolish!

With the spring of 1900 and the Easter vacation came the greatest of all my youthful experiences, the visit to Morocco as the guest of the great Edward Westermarck. He had always kept in touch with me since our first meeting, and I most deeply admired his constructively sceptical turn of mind, his dislike of pure sophistics, his love and understanding of simple folk, and his fearless pursuit of knowledge in what was then a very wild and dangerous country. And now he had invited me to make a tour up-country in his company, after a brief sojourn in the house occupied by him on the outskirts of Tangier. Full of excited anticipation I started out on an Orient liner from Tilbury Docks. During the stay at Portsmouth I bought a Kodak, and read up the book of instructions with the greatest care. As a result my snapshots were a great success, and were subsequently used, I think, for all the illustrations of Edward Westermarck's "Sex år i Marokko". The half-day stay at Gibraltar was, needless to say, of deep interest to me. But far more interesting were the first days in an Oriental country. Oriental, say I? Yes, for Morocco is, in fact, far the most Oriental country I have seen, far more so, as regards its sights and its customs, than Egypt and Palestine. And this holds even at the present day, long after its opening up by the French. When I first knew it, Europeans travelled there in peril of their lives. We, however, were rendered relatively safe through the presence of Edward's faithful servant and friend Sidi Abd s'salam el-Bakkâle. He was the grandson of the greatest modern Moorish saint, and derived from his grandfather a sanctity which gave protection to all who dwelt within its shelter. The natives would throw themselves on the ground to kiss the hem of his garment, at which he would cry out in English: 'Look what a hypocrite I am!' He adored Edward, and had eagerly lapped up his hostility to religion. All three of us considered ourselves to be quite exceptionally enlightened.

On my first night in Tangier we made our way up through the narrow paved streets to a little café near the Kasbah frequented only by natives. A handsome grey-bearded old gentleman sat cross-legged on a ledge, and spoke to no-one. After about an hour spent in drinking sugary green tea in a novel atmosphere bewilderingly fascinating to my unaccustomed eyes, we betook ourselves homewards in the silvery moonlight. Our way to Edward's house on the outskirts of the town led through lanes already silent for the night except at one point where, in the lighted doorway to a shop, two Spaniards or Jews were singing lustily to the accompaniment of the mandolin. From the Oriental scene we had just left we were transported back into the western world. My first night in Morocco was the revelation of undreamt of things. But more exciting experiences were soon to follow.

(March 7th, 1955)

Nearly ten years have passed since I penned the last of these reminiscences. I am now far on in my seventies, and my memory is dimmer and less accurate. Nevertheless the recollection of that Moorish holiday is still vivid in my mind. I still possess the photographs which I took at the time, and there are also nearly obliterated pencil notes recorded in a notebook which I shall utilize in the following pages. I was never an acute observer, nor do I imagine that anything I have to record would be of any use to an anthropologist. Probably Edward himself has made known in far greater detail and more correctly the things that I have to relate. But perhaps the personal impressions of an inexperienced boy may have some interest to the grandchildren whom he is addressing.

The next few days were spent in Tangier. For our up-country journey Edward had given me a choice. One possibility was to visit Fez the mysterious. But that would involve strenuous travelling and but few stays en route. The alternative was to linger about in the countryside not far distant, stopping in villages at that time almost a terra incognita for Europeans. I plumped for the latter plan. Shereef would afford us ample protection. The few days needed for procuring animals, equipment, food and servants were fully occupied. Without Shereef Sidi Abd-s-Salam this could not well have been accomplished, for Edward was utterly careless of creature comforts, though at home he could be a perfect gourmet. As it turned out, we were often hungry, and the rock-hard bread and rancid butter of the countryside revolted me, though as necessary accompaniments of a voyage of adventure they had their own paradoxical charm. During this brief period of preparation Tangier itself offered endless attractions. The Sok or market-place was a kaleidoscope of wonders: the snake-charmer, the barbers, the merchants and merchandise of all sorts. At last we were ready to start, six mules and a horse, if I remember rightly. Five retainers, all armed with guns. There was the cook always drowsy or even helpless from the smoking of hashish. Two youths to look after tents, baggage and animals. Shereef the wise, our great stand-by. Finally 'Abd-el-Krem, a bearded giant of great amiability and equally great stupidity. He had passed some months in prison as a murderer. Edward told me that he had discreetly questioned 'Abd-el-Krem on this delicate matter. The somewhat embarrassed answer came that he and a friend had been out in the country when a richly furnished merchant passed their way. 'He would not hand over when we called upon him to do so. So what else could we do?'

The first day's ride was long and tiring. It brought us to the little village of 'Ain bin 'Umar, where an uncle of Shereef's was the Sheikh. Here we encamped for a couple of days. We were as much an object of curiosity to the villagers as they were to us. Only few had seen Europeans before, probably not a single one of the women had done so. My pince-nez was a source of great amusement. We had many visitors to our tents, and to the human ones (there were others) Edward talked at great length, seeking folk-lore and proverbs. Of course I could understand nothing, but my own conversations with Edward and Shereef amply sufficed for the time I was not engaged in viewing the people, their thatched cottages and their lean dogs and scraggy poultry.

Shereef's aunt here was a Sudanese woman of portly build. I was given to understand that by Moslem or Moorish custom a black lady following three white wives cancelled the latter, and one could start again! My notebook records that as the Feast was near at hand the entire village wished for a purge. Whether they got it I do not know. The Great Feast ('Ed-el-Kebir) was celebrated by means of the sacrifice of a goat. One of my snap-shots shows this being performed in the courtyard of a cottage, the family standing over the slaughtered animal. Every man had to give 4 centimos to the Imam before being allowed to make the sheep sacrifice, which could, if he wished, be of more than one. At least one boy of the village wore a long thin lock hanging from the back of the head. It was explained to me that when a man died, it was repugnant to take him by the beard or nose or chin, so that the lock came in handy for the purpose. Edward was persuaded to send for the father of a boy who had been fighting. Since the boy was too small to be put in prison, the father would be put there instead and would have to pay a fine for his release unless he gave the son a good flogging. In Shereef's uncle's absence the black wife exercised authority, at all events over the women of the village.

On the morning after our arrival, our retainers amused themselves with shooting at prickly pears, which they called Nazrani, "Christians". I too took part in this sport, though with a bad conscience.

My notes give various details about the rites and customs of the Great Feast and of the fast-day ('Arafa) on its eve. Since most of this is common Islamic practice I do not reproduce it here, and indeed as regards 'Ain Bin 'Umar will only add what we learned there on the spot. We were told that no European had ever pitched his tent there before. The reason for our visit to that particular village was that the great saint Sidi Abd-s-Salam, Shareef's grandfather, had acquired it from the Sultan in the following wise. Once he had travelled to the Court, and when the Sultan touched the holy man with his hand, the hand became that of a lion. 'Ask a boon,' said the Sultan, to which the saint rejoined: 'Give me three villages.' And so 'Ain Bin 'Umar became the property of the family of Sidi Abd-s-Salam. A document is preserved whereby these villages are freed from taxes and from the avarice of the Pashas.

The neighbourhood of 'Ain Bin 'Umar and other villages that we visited present features insignificant to the uninformed eye, but of great significance to the natives. From a simple hedge or tree dirty scraps of cloth might be seen hanging, later to be recovered by their owners when impregnated with the "blessing" (baraka) attaching to so sacred a spot. And then one might come across circles of stones where some saint had once sat, leaving behind him some of the potency of his holiness.

YE FOURTH BOKE

(March 12th, 1955)

On Friday, April 13th [1900] we left our camping-place at El-Hawalwen on our way to Azila, which we reached in a couple of hours. We passed along a river bank on a hillside path. The river once crossed we soon came to the seashore, and then it was but a short distance to Azila. This is a small Moorish town forbidden to Christians as a port. It is surrounded by strong fortifications dating from the time of the Portuguese occupation. It being the Mohammedan Sabbath the mosques were all full. Outside a saint-house two men were beating tambours and one was blowing a trumpet. They make the round of all the holy places of the town.

Here Shereef introduced us to the Pasha, who received us with the utmost courtesy. He sat cross-legged to administer justice in the office at the gate of what Shereef called "the Legation". Whilst we were being treated to green tea he talked incessantly about the affairs of his own town (of course all had to be translated to me). At a particular moment he seemed to realize that he ought to interest himself a little in our concerns, so he elicited the fact that we came from Europe. To which he said: 'I suppose from Moscova - but as I was saying......!' My only other recollections of Azila was that of small boys pursuing tall, ancient and unkempt Jews and whacking them on their backsides, they not daring to resist. My only personal experience of persecuting of the Jews.

From Azila a long ride led through somewhat monotonous country to a height well in view of the sea. Thence the descent was arduous and complicated by many turns. One of the contretemps of our journeyings was Shereef's desire to display his equestrian talent, which would sometimes result in the fall of his horse and the precipitation of His Holiness to the ground. Then would follow a long weary series of efforts to capture the frightened animal. Once in crossing a half-dry river bed a mule fell and much delay was caused by the recovery of our baggage. Most of the day was spent on the sea-shore, where the weather turned from dull to a fierce heat. I had a happy bathe, the only serious contact with water that was possible until we returned to Tangier some ten days later. I remember our meeting a solitary middle-aged missionary Englishwoman riding alone through the midday heat. Poor brave old dear! What chance had she of converting any of these Moroccans, so convinced of the efficacy of their superstitious rites and so suspicious of aught that was new to them and inculcated from without? At one point we passed through a long straggling village that had an air of prosperity differing not a little from some of the hamlets we

had seen. Here there were goats, cows and sheep in large numbers. Here we were invited to stay by a cousin of Shereef's, but he thought it unwise to accept. So on we went to a saint-house on the shore where we pitched our tents. This place had previously the reputation of being dangerous, robbers descending from the hills or passing through the vale with the intent of despoiling or even killing any unprotected wayfarer. But with the ample protection afforded by our five men we had little cause for fear. When we arrived, the moon, now at its full, shone out high in the heavens, infusing the clear outlines of hill, coast and trees with a fantastic charm. The saint-house, white and holy amidst its grove, reflected an eerie gleam from its cupola.

On the Saturday we continued our sweltering journey along the seashore, finally arriving at a village on the hillside just opposite a moderate-sized river at the mouth of which the picturesque town of Laraiche lies. Tired as we were we could not forego the lure of a festival to be celebrated in the immediate neighbourhood. About half past eleven, under escort of Shereef Sidi Abd-s-Salam and 'Abd el-Krēm, we set out from our encampment through a long allee of prickly pears, until suddenly a most striking scene met our eyes. In an open space where the bright sheen of the moon fell unimpeded, we came upon a concourse of villagers, perhaps some two hundred in number, seated in a vast circle. We took our places in a gap left by the assembled men, women and children, and thence we watched the proceedings. First we saw the Bujlud (who was the centre of the entire performance), the Bujladah and another man dancing upon the soft sand to the strident tones of a pipe and the deep boom of a drum. Utterly obscene were the dances, with movements of stomach, genitals and hinder parts. Yet the scene was uniquely fascinating, though it could evidently not exert upon us the sexual appeal which it clearly exerted upon the native spectators. Sometimes a little boy or girl would fly across the circle only to be pursued by the Bujlud who would smite the child with the stick he carried in his hand. The dance ended, a group of men sang a song to the accompaniment of the gimba and tambourine. At the close of this entr'acte the dancers reappeared. Now the Bujlud was absent, his place being taken by a bare-legged little boy, fez on head, and with a plant in his hand, beside the sticks, and another plant tied to his behind. To him we gave halfpence.

This strange ceremony may or may not have been described by Edward Westermarck in one of his articles or books. It is clear from my fairly detailed, but unsystematic notebook that we were privileged to see it twice more, again on the next night (Easter Day) and then on the Monday. In view of its interest, and of the strange analogy that it presents to the beginnings of Greek tragedy (particularly in the wearing of goatskins - see below) I transcribe what we saw in the terms I used at the time, changing only a word or two:

> "The impressiveness of the scene on Saturday night was mainly due to the presence of a company of wandering scribes, such as usually travel with or without a dancing boy, from village to village, begging their way. On their account the dances were grander than ordinarily. On Sunday night we witnessed the more normal spectacle. The women began the performance, singing and dancing round the Bujlud.

This done, the pipe and drum struck up, and the Bujlud, the Sheikh Shiokh (the Sheikh of Sheiks), the two Yehudis (Jews) and two Yisumas began to dance. In the entr'acte a sort of pantomime ensued,in which the personalities of the actors revealed themselves more plainly. The Bujlud was the "skin-man", dressed in a goatskin. Now he was a pig hunted by the Sheikh Shiokh and even by the Jews; now he was a man forced by the Sheikh Shiokh to labour with the plough. The Sheikh Shiokh is the "old, old man" as his beard was designed to show, his main function was to tyrannize over the Bujlud. The Bujlud was hit by the more courageous of the boys - those that did not fear his stick. The Yehudis are small boys, dressed with big posteriors and green leaves, with bare legs and wearing fezes. They were taught to sing by the Bujlud and then went off to buy eggs! The Yisumas (the form of the word shows that these were women) were said by Mkeddem to be fought for by the Bujlud and the Sheikh Shiokh; they played no part in the entr'acte, but reappeared for the dance. This is intensely sexual, consisting chiefly in a waggling of the stomach and the lower parts. The supposed women are really schoolboys, not professional dancing boys. The whole performance had an air of improvisation.'

Here is my account of what we did and saw on the Monday:

'Late in the morning we were received in Khamis by Sid Ahmed ben Muhammed, a young scribe. In his garden we drank tea and spent a large part of the day. In the afternoon we visited a holy place belonging to a female saint, and near here we came across the tents of Baron de Forest, who was attended by a whole retinue of servants. I called upon him.' (Edward was very scornful of his wearing a dinner jacket in this wild place.) 'In the evening we saw an even grander and more imposing performance of the Bujlud. In the background behind the Musicians a house described a picturesque silhouette against the sky. By the time we entered the open space reserved for the dancing, many people were already seated. We had heard the sound of the singing even before. Perhaps the women were inaugurating the festival, as in Bakada. From three to four hundred persons assembled. The women entering with their children recalled to my mind the similar, yet so different march in Tannhauser. One of the three Bujluds would pursue stragglers and hit them with his stick. The performance began with various dances executed by these three. This was followed by an interlude in which the Sheikh Shiokh, here a decrepit, fat old man with a long pole in each hand, and an especially full behind and a pumpkin mask, forced the Bujlud to plough. When the pipes sounded forth afresh, the woman, here called Halima and represented as the wife of the Sheikh Shiokh made her appearance. Various

dances were then performed, the drummer rising from his place and taking part in them, though not in costume. Now and again a tune with a definite meaning for European ears would interrupt the usually meaningless drone. A second interlude followed, in which the sole actors were Halima and the old man. A rather obscene dialogue was engaged in, gestures to fit the words not being excluded. The conversation ran upon the following lines:

HALIMA. I am ill. I am going away.
SHEIKH SHIOKH. You must not go. I have not slept with you for three months.
HALIMA. I am not yet your wife. You give me no food.
SHEIKH SHIOKH. I am going to fetch wheat for you.
HALIMA. I am not well-dressed.
SHEIKH SHIOKH. We will go to the Khadi; he will tell you if you are well-dressed.
HALIMA. Where is the wheat?
SHEIKH SHIOKH. I have got it in my backside.
HALIMA. I am not good enough for you.
SHEIKH SHIOKH. Yes, you are still good; I am not going to leave you.
HALIMA. Go and beg in an Arab tribe!
SHEIKH SHIOKH. I am not a beggar.
HALIMA. May God curse your empty purse!

(Sheikh Shiokh takes her to the Khadi and leaves her there).'

It was well past midnight when we bade farewell to these primitive revels. On leaving Khamis we lost our way among the dwarf pines. Three long hours - all the longer on account of our fatigue - brought our wanderings to an end. Very glad we were to reach camp, where the faithful Wali Kazim awaited us.

The Tuesday was spent at Laraiche. Little was done. It was pleasant to have the rest. At night we were watched over by numerous guards and boys. Our own company seems to have spent a merry evening. Although we made an early start the next morning, we were not far on our way before the heat became overpowering. First we had to pass through a sparse, but extensive cork forest, a new feature for me in the Moorish landscape. Thence we proceeded over dusty tracks as far as a little nomad settlement in the plain, where I photographed one of the huts. The men mostly wore the sidelock and were almost naked. The women, from the few specimens that I saw, wore more complete attire, and were exceedingly beautiful. We ascertained that Bujlud was practised here, as among the Jebals ("mountain-folk"), who are true Arabs. The burning heat compelled us to make a halt here under a welcome fig tree. As we lunched a remarkable atmospheric change occurred, the wind shifting and transforming a day of tropical heat into one of damp coolness. Our clothes soon became completely wet, although there was no rain. At three o'clock we started again, quickly finding ourselves amid entirely different scenery. Now we were in woods where many traces of wild boar were to be seen. At last we entered the plain, and a saint-house could be discerned on the horizon which Shereef said was only half-an-hour's distance from Alcazar. However, we made a great detour along the hills bordering the plain, this possibly

being too wet. Towards 5 p.m. Alcazar could be seen in the distance lying amidst gardens. A quite distinct type of scenery had to be traversed. On smiling, flowery hillsides clung prosperous villages, so that one had the feeling of having returned to wealth and civilization. The road to Alcazar passed over several deep pools or lakes, but at one place there was a fairly satisfactory bridge, probably of great age. About 7 p.m. we reached the broad and swift river running between high reddish cliffs. Our animals were unable to cross, so that we had to camp on the side away from the town. The place was a notoriously dangerous one, so that we were unwilling to let any of our men leave us, and they themselves preferred to forego their food. Happily two country-people (Rifars) passed along, carrying splendid oranges. Them we commissioned to buy us bread, sugar and cigarettes. After a very scratch supper we retired to bed, soon after which the Rifars returned bringing our provisions with characteristic kindness.

Thursday, April 19th. We rose at 5 a.m. and the baggage was speedily packed. By six o'clock the banks of the river were crowded with men, women, children and cattle who had made an early start from the city. The scene of this great concourse crossing the river is one which I have never forgotten, the glitter of the merchants' attire, and the beauty of the women whom necessity here forced to reveal more of their charms than they were else to do. Unhappily photography was out of the question, the sun resolutely hiding behind the clouds. It was not long before we ourselves crossed the river, after finding that the knowledge of the right spot was all that was needed to make it easily fordable. Fertile gardens led to the edge of the town, this very different from the other towns that we had seen. Many of the buildings showed brick from which the plaster had fallen, like those of ancient Rome. We pitched a tent for breakfast on a big green whence the mosque towers and the roofs of the houses were very conspicuous. After the very welcome breakfast we strolled forth to visit the streets. As the predominant colours of Azila are yellow and white, of Laraiche blue, white and yellow, so those of Alcazar are reddish-brown. Alcazar is the most characteristically Moorish of the towns I have seen, though at the same time the dirtiest and probably the most unhealthy. I noticed many cases of disease, once or twice loathly sights of suffering. There are but few Europeans in the town, but many Jews, these of Spanish descent. Alcazar is remarkable for the number of its mosques. At every turn of the narrow streets one is visible, with its school adjoining. But if Alcazar is a city of mosques, still more is it a city of storks, these everywhere to be seen on the housetops and minarets. The streets differ greatly from those of Tangier. There, where the shops are most numerous, there is a roofing of reeds and thatch, not thick enough, however, to exclude the light. Here the labours of the Moorish manufacturers were particularly well to be seen. At eleven o'clock we left Alcazar, but after four hours we learned we were on the wrong road for Tangier, one of those annoying mistakes that render all travellers irritable.

Here my notes end. We probably reached Tangier on the Sunday, just a fortnight after we had set forth thence. If I have dwelt at such length upon the experiences of those days, it is on account of the thrill that they gave me at that early stage of my life. Moreover, travel in Morocco at the very beginning of the Twentieth Century was a real adventure, even fraught with some danger. How

different from these days of motor cars, luxury hotels, and so forth! Tired but happy, and full of gratitude to Edward Westermarck for giving me this first experience of the Orient, I immediately started on my homeward journey. At Gibraltar I found that the Orient liner on which I was to have returned had arrived and left ahead of the scheduled time, so that I had to make my way across Spain by the cheapest and quickest route. In no case could I reach Oxford by the beginning of term. The journey was not an agreeable one, a large part of the time wedged in next an extremely fat and perspiring priest. None the less I caught a glimpse of Ronda and had a few hours in Madrid, and on arriving in Oxford was not too badly scolded.

And now I had to settle down to the intensive work for my Final School, nor did I let up in this until my exam in June 1901. I have previously described how I secured a First Class, and how little it seemed to me that I deserved it. But I think I did wisely in not working down to the last moment. Some days of the week preceding the nerve-wracking exam I spent in punting from Windsor to Maidenhead, staying for a night or two at Bray. And during the exam itself I ensured my having good nights' rest by drinking a half-bottle of champagne every evening. I recommend the same course of action to my descendants, if they are able to afford it!

My vacations had not been over happy. A large part of the time I was cooped up at Moody's Down, Barton Stacey (my Father's shooting box) and good as was the opportunity this gave me of applying myself to my studies, I was often alone and for one miserable fortnight or month or more full of suspense to learn the result of my sweetheart's operation for appendicitis. Happily this went well, but I shall never forget my anxiety or my craving for news that took so long in coming.

With Oxford behind me, I had only some months before my marriage. That summer Heddie's mother came to England and stayed with us at Moody's Down, unfortunately spraining her ankle as she jumped down from the pony-trap which landed her at our garden gate. Then I had to put in three months of work in Father's office in the City. He thought that the experience of business methods would be a good lesson for life. And so it should have been, if I had had the right temperament. My brother Balfour also had to undergo the same penance - not at the same time as myself - and I think profited from it better than I did. Still, in obedience to my Father I have kept careful accounts (quarterly at least) all through my life.

At last, however, I was free to devote myself to my beloved Egyptology and my first efforts were not without some success. When I met Erman in London it was arranged that I should write some slips for the Berlin hieroglyphic dictionary, and as samples I took some of the Middle Egyptian stelae in the British Museum. Happily both my copies and my translations met with approval, and it was then arranged that I should settle in Berlin about a year after my marriage. I should become a "Mitarbeiter" in that greatest of Egyptological undertakings. Perhaps it was about this time that I started on a pioneer translation of the famous "Installation of a Vizier" inscription in the tomb of Rekhmerec at Thebes. This work, when completed and furnished with a full commentary, formed my first longer contribution to our science, and was published in Maspero's RECUEIL DE TRAVAUX. Many years later Sethe republished

this very difficult text, but I cannot feel that he greatly improved upon the work of his predecessor, most of his risky restorations of the broken passages being disproved by Davies's readings of duplicate texts in two other tombs. I need hardly say that I entirely concur in Grenfell's verdict on emendations in general: except where well-known formulae are in question nine-tenths of editors' conjectures are likely to be wrong; that is the conclusion drawn by Grenfell on the strength of the Greek papyri discovered by Hunt and himself.

All the above pages were written in March 1955 during that stay at the enchanting Hotel Bendinat, Majorca, which Heddie declared to have been the happiest holiday of her life. The presence of John [our younger son], who had looked after us most devotedly, certainly contributed very largely to her happiness, and also to mine. How much we enjoyed our wanderings through the old streets of Palma, our visits to the wonderful cathedral, and our shopping in the alluring shops of basket-makers, jewellers and purveyors of glass-work. The most unforgettable day was that which took us to Valdemosa with the glorious views from the terrace of the three-room apartment where Georges Sand and Chopin had lived; and thence to Soller along perhaps the finest strip of all Mediterranean coasts. What a splendid Finale this would have been for Heddie if Fate had so decreed. Little thought we of the great sorrow which was so near at hand. Only a fortnight had elapsed after our return to Court Place when she was stricken down with the blow that has reduced her mind to the level of a child's, though she seems peaceful and painless, and enjoys the beauties of our lovely garden in this warmest and sunniest of summers.*

But I must not forget that these little booklets were meant as a record of my early life, and to have skipped lightly over fifty-four years seems somewhat inconsequent. So back to the summer of 1901.

Our wedding was near at hand, and those (how many they are) who have passed through such a period of pleasurable anticipation not unmingled with some measure of anxiety will have no difficulty in mentally reconstructing the feelings of those weeks. In my case the anxiety was enhanced by the knowledge that I was going to a foreign land to snatch thence a much spoilt and dearly loved damsel. How would her friends, among whom was a sprinkling of rejected lovers, receive me? At last the moment of departure arrived, Father and Balfour escorting me to the Austrian capital. Of the train-journey no memory remains to me except the arrival at our hotel in Munich, where the luggage was carried up to our sitting-room by an exceptionally burly and sweating porter. As he left the room, Father rushed to the window and flung it open crying: 'Das ist ja ein Hochdeutscher!' Of such stuff are my memories made! In Vienna we stayed at the famous Hotel Sacher, so important and exceptional an occasion demanding no saving of expense. On the next day there was a tea-party or rather, I suppose, a coffee-party at my parents-

* Heddie had her stroke in April 1955 but survived, helpless, until August 1964, thanks to the devoted round-the-clock ministrations of three nurses. Thus she outlived Sir Alan by nearly eight months. They both ended their lives in their own beds at Court Place, Iffley.

in-law's little house in the Anton-Frankgasse to meet some of Pips' best friends. The chief of these was Mimsch, the daughter of the famous Burgtheater pair the Hartmanns, and the wife of the great coal and iron owner Max von Gutmann. Mimsch was a good-looking though not beautiful woman, a little awe-inspiring and rather Olympian in manner. Still, she quickly put me at my ease with the remark: 'Sein Haar ist doch nicht zu kurz!' The explanation of this cryptic remark lies in the fact that my Braut had always (and it has stuck!) an unreasonable liking for long hair in men, whilst my own preference lay in the opposite direction. In one of her letters to me she had strictly enjoined great moderation on the part of the hair-cutter, and when I replied that alas, the deed was already a fait accompli, she went round among her friends loudly lamenting the fact. But Mimsch's verdict consoled her.

It was probably on the following day that a great dinner-party was given in our, or rather in Heddie's honour, by the von Gutmanns. With my very limited experience such splendour and luxury was an undreamt of experience. Perhaps some forty or fifty guests, among them many beautiful women with wonderful jewellery. Flunkeys galore and the most wonderful food. The walls were adorned with pictures elsewhere hardly to be seen outside great national collections. It was for me a very nerve-racking experience when the moment for speech-making arrived. Speaker after speaker arose to acclaim Pips' beauty and charm, Edgar von Spiegel dilating upon the international importance of our union. My own stammering reply filled me wih shame, the more so that I was too young to know that an awkward timidity won more sympathy in female bosoms than brazen self-confidence. But then my dear Father arose, and the gist of what he had to say still fills my eyes with tears. 'We have heard,' he said, 'a great deal about the charm and goodness of Alan's future wife, but I feel that I, in my turn, must say something on behalf of my son. He has been a truly good son to me, and a good son makes a good husband, and you may entrust your friend to my son with the utmost confidence.' That memorable evening closed with magnificently sung songs by one of the best-known opera singers.

I wonder whether most wedding-days are other than dreamlike to the majority of the protagonists. My most vivid memory is kneeling beside my bride in the Protestant Church in the Dorotheengasse, and the honest and touching voice of the Pastor adjuring us to let our motto be: 'Je länger, je lieber!' Looking back over half a century, how bitterly I have to regret that for long spaces of that time our attitude towards one another fell far short of that ideal. But on the other hand, how proud and happy I am to record that for the last ten years that injunction has been obeyed and felt and realized with a fulness that has wiped out any shortcomings that may have intervened.

The nuptials were of course succeeded by a wedding-breakfast given at an excellent restaurant by my parents-in-law. Here the main guests were Alexander Rosen's friends and colleagues, and I was assured that the guest of honour was a very important man, and I can well believe it from the many decorations which adorned his person and from a certain pomposity and breadth in the toast he proposed. I have not the faintest idea who he was. The Hartmanns and von Gutmanns were there of course and the aged and celebrated actor Sonnental. In mentioning these names I recollect that I have omitted to mention Pips' delightful bridesmaids, chief among whom

was our lifelong friend Lilli Janota, a strikingly beautiful woman, witty and with an outstanding literary gift, though this, so far as I know, never realized itself in book form. And here too I must pay tribute to the memory of Max von Gutmann, one of our witnesses. It was the second time in my life when I had the privilege of learning the great goodness, generosity and heartful kindness of the best sort of Jew. Max von Gutmann, a great millionaire, was a small man and, not to put a fine point on it, ugly. But his courtesy, unpretentiousness and forthright friendliness won my heart at once. He died many years before his wife, and was no longer there when we were Mimsch's guests at their great country house Jaidhof near Linz. I was then writing my book on "The Theory of Speech and Language", and the great honour was done me of having at my disposal Max's own study, which I believe had been opened to no other since his death.

The climax of the wedding breakfast came for me when my brother Balfour, who had chafed visibly under the necessity of wearing conventional wedding attire, solemnly presented his Top Hat to a waiter. This was a signal that it was time for the party to break up and soon my bride and I were on our way to the station en route to the Semmering, the mountain resort chosen to be the first stopping place on our long honeymoon journey. It is not intended here to dwell at length on the first stages of that journey. Suffice it to say that from Semmering the train took us to Abbazia and Fiume, and thence to lovely Corfu by steamer. Thence again by steamer to Patras, which we reached in driving rain. I remember vividly how eight or ten boys there came on board, each wearing a cap with the name of a different hotel; having no success in this way they all disappeared out of sight, only to return with changed caps, these proving equally ineffective. On the steamer we had made friends with a kind if grumpy old German who compared us to the Babes in the Wood, rather an insult to a young married pair. This Herr Iken we met again in Luxor, where he introduced us to the famous traveller Schweinfurth.

Our first impressions of Greece were depressing, the torrential rain, the scowling faces, and an English sailor shivering with malaria who offered himself as our guide. After waiting for an hour or more at the railway station for the train which was to take us to Olympia, we inquired from him when it was likely to start. To which he replied: 'Perhaps in an hour, perhaps in two hours, perhaps not at all today.' However, at last we reached Olympia to be surrounded there in the pitch darkness by some villainous looking peasants who conducted us to the hotel, fearing all the time that we should be robbed and pushed into the stream which we heard rushing by. After a troubled night in an unlocked room where we could hear the landlord loudly quarrelling with his wife, we awoke to the most brilliant sunshine. Ah, the glory of that day amid the fascinating temple ruins in the most picturesque of landscapes! What was our surprise on entering one of the rooms of the Museum to behold there the original Hermes of Praxiteles. And so on to Athens, amid the marvels of which we passed the best part of a week. Our goal, of course, was Egypt, which we reached in a Greek ship loaded from prow to stern with Mecca pilgrims, a motley crew whose dubious health occasioned us some days of quarantine at Alexandria.

Cairo at the end of 1901 was a very different place from

Egypt's capital some ten years later. It seems almost incredible that we could then ride about the streets on donkeys. We took up our abode at the now long-since destroyed Hotel du Nil within a few hundred yards of the Muski. Here we met Percy Newberry, who had promised to look after us at Kurna. And here too we became first acquainted with Norman de Garis Davies, who with the wife he later married was destined to become one of our closest friends. He was a dear little man, bursting with energy and courage; his sense of humour made him the most welcome of companions, despite his cussedness in argument and his bulldog ferocity in defending impossible views on every sort of subject. At that time he was living a devoted solitary life copying the rock tombs of El Amarna. Our Xmas was spent at Shepherd's Hotel, where there was a Xmas tree which to my Pips did not seem at all the genuine kind of article. The voyage up the Nile by Cook's tourist steamer was a dream of delight. Here I was in the land of all my aspirations, and even if I viewed it with eyes different from those of my un-Egyptological spouse at least we were one in our enjoyment of it.

At Luxor and Karnak there were sights enough to be seen to thrill even the least archaeologically minded, but this was for us only a halting-place on our way to Karnak on the left bank. There at the top of a hill called Dra'-el-Naga Newberry had hired a house which was to be our home for the next six weeks. No better centre from which to visit the mortuary temples of the New Kingdom Pharaohs and the tombs of the nobles dotted so profusely along the hillside. Nor was it any great distance to El-Malkata, the site of the great palace of Amenophis III, which Newberry was then excavating at the cost of the wealthy young American de Robb Tylus, a pleasant fellow to perish, alas, all too early as the result of his intemperate habits. Moored to the west bank of the Nile was the yacht belonging to the American lawyer Theodore Davis, whose wealth was to uncover several royal tombs, and to enrich Egyptology with some splendid volumes which he presented to us students with admirable generosity.

Unhappily Heddie had a bad attack of dysentery and had to be moved to the Luxor Hotel, where she had a nurse and was confined to bed for several weeks. Part of this time, I spent in visits to different exploring camps, to Reisner at Naga-ed-Der, to Petrie at Abydos (where I particularly made friends with Weigall) and to Garstang at Mahasne. At last came the moment for starting homeward, and we took a not too comfortable steamer down the Nile. The water was very low, and more than once we stuck on a sandbank and remained there all night while the sailors, working hard to get us off, wearied us with their never ceasing 'Hêli, hêli-yehâliminu!' It was now my turn to be ill, but not for long. I imagined it may have been a touch of typhoid, but it may have been something less pernicious.

Our return journey took us to Naples, where I am now writing 54 years later. In Capri I made my first acquaintance with a German Bruststimme ("Jawohl, fff!") and in the little pension at Castelammare with the typical German Hausfrau ("Wenn ich fragen darf, wieviel hat Ihre hübsche Bluse ge ostet?"). Strange that these trivialities should persist in my mind more vividly than the wonders of Pompeii. But of course we were returning from Egypt, and had a mild contempt for things so modern.

I have no memory how the summer was spent, but probably we were at my Father's country house, Moody's Down, Barton Stacey. In the autumn, however, impending events led us to take up our abode in a little flat at Fitzgeorge Mansions, near Olympia in Kensington, and here on November 5th 1902 (Guy Fawkes' day) our elder son Rolf was born. He was a lovely baby and smelt fragrantly, more so than any other of his kind that I have encountered. He was helped into this world by a most splendid nurse from New Zealand, Miss Gertrude Fletcher. She was a lifelong friend of Elliot Smith and became one of ours, visiting us in Berlin later to assist in the advent of Margaret [who was born on April 22nd 1904]. In 1908 she accompanied us to Lower Nubia, where we were aiding D. Randall MacIver in his excavations. She was over 90 years of age when she died.

It must have been in that September, (six weeks before our firstborn was born) that I attended the Oriental Congress in Hamburg, where of course Heddie was unable to accompany me. The arrangements were superb, and the entertainment magnificent. There for the first time I met Frau Professor Erman, a very attractive and charming woman, who was later to become a close friend and devoted admirer of my wife. Erman himself, and Sethe and Steindorff I had met before in London. They were very encouraging, and assured me that I should be welcome as a Mitarbeiter to the great Berlin hieroglyphic Dictionary, at that time the goal of my ambition.

A fresh friend, or should I rather say acquaintance, was Heinrich Schäfer, not only a very able scholar and certainly the best judge of Ancient Egyptian Art, but also a man of truly kindly and generous disposition, though these fine qualities were later to be obscured by his intense nationalism, which turned in time to become real hatred of the British. He was a close friend of the great historian E.Meyer, whose pre-eminence was likewise after and in the first World War to be stultified by his barefaced assertions that Germany never attacked Belgium and his participation in the infamous professorial manifesto "Es ist nicht wahr". Nationalism (as opposed to a moderate patriotism) is a religion of the kind described in the line of Lucretius: "Tantum religio potiret suadere malorum". How distressing it is that men of outstanding merit such as these should have had the fine traits of their characters marred and poisoned by the bitterness engendered by war. I will, however, end this account of Schäfer in a happier key. When I arrived in Berlin later in 1902 he showed me round the Museum, and concluded this first inspection by saying to me: 'Well, that is what we possess. If there is anything you wish to study and write about, it is at your disposal.' Finally, after the first war, Schäfer wrote round to a number of his foreign friends, saying that if they would not admit etc.,etc., his friendship with them was at an end. I am afraid that I took this absurd missive seriously. Much more wise was N. de G. Davies, whose relations with Schäfer had been particularly intimate. Davies was an admirable draughtsman with a lovely sense of humour, and he merely replied to Schäfer with a picture of himself sitting on the ground and tearing the pages from a diary one by one, saying at the same time: 'Er liebt mich, er liebt mich nicht!' This Schäfer found irresistible, and their friendship persisted, even if slightly diluted.

From my schooldays, and my first infection with the bacillus of Egyptology, my life had been planned, though Oxford was an

interlude dictated (and wisely dictated) by my Father. After study in France were years of study in Berlin, for the grammatical achievements of whose scholars I had conceived the deepest admiration from the very start. After the birth of Rolf this final stage was to be initiated. As soon as it seemed safe for Heddie and our baby to travel, we set forth to Berlin, settling down at first in the Hotel Bellevue in the Potsdamerplatz. Thence every morning I walked to the Neues Museum where the materials for the Wörtebuch were installed. These as yet [in 1909] not being of the vast proportions that they later assumed were installed on the ground floor in the charge of Max Bollacker. He was a pleasant man and an able scholar, but some irregularities on his part led to his dismissal. Various pupils of Erman's were engaged in writing Zettel, the chief being Junker Roeder and Weerzinski, while other pupils like Pieper and Vogelsang, if I remember rightly, played quite a minor part.

I will only describe quite briefly the task allotted to each one of us. The model was to be the great Latin Dictionary of the combined German Academies. Every text was to be written out in full on a slip (Zettel) admitting some 30 words. This slip was then reproduced photographically in 40 copies. Then a Mitarbeiter underlined each word in red in turn, and then entered the slip into its alphabetically arranged slip-box (Zettelkasten). My part in the business could be done away from the Musueum, and I soon found that I could write four Zettel an hour, or some twenty a day. That was my main occupation for the next five or six years, and the results of my industry can still be seen in the vast collections still stored in Berlin. Of course at first I had to submit all my efforts to Erman, going to his house in Steglitz for the purpose. Never once did I attend a lecture or a Seminar of his, but these private sessions with him were of course immensely instructive, and if I have obtained real proficiency in Egyptian philology, this is largely due to the afternoons so spent. For each Zettel that we Mitarbeiter wrote we received a very small payment - I forget how much - but I know that it took years before I accumulated the £70 which enabled me to buy a diamond pendant for Heddie. Money-making has not been my greatest talent, but fortunately my beloved Father's generosity saved me from that necessity. I was proud, however, of this first "crystallization" of my labours, which I suppose will someday adorn my grand-daughter's neck.

My next task was to find a flat where we could live, and I visited several in the neighbourhood of the Potsdamerbrücke. One belonged to a Prussian officer, a Major Hahn, who showed me round most courteously. His flat did not seem suitable, however, and I quickly forgot both it and him. Some weeks later, however, while I was dining at the Hotel Bellevue with Heddie, I saw him again in the company of some brother officers. He came across to our table and I presented him to my wife. As they talked, he remarked upon her Austrian accent, and soon the conversation came around to holiday resorts in the Tyrol and other provinces. Major Hahn then said how he had spent some weeks recently at Tweng, whereupon Heddie said: 'Well, then, perhaps you met my parents there.' Wonderful to relate, it appeared that this Major Hahn had made various excursions not only with them, but also with Lilli Janote. What a strange coincidence! Who could have expected any incident which would have associated me, an Englishman, with a Prussian officer? But, as I have remarked before, my life has been full of such improbable coincidences.

At last we heard of a flat vacant at 11 Matthäskirchstrasse, a pleasant street running from the Potsdamerufer to the Tiergarten. Just the right distance to enable me to have some air and exercise before going to work at the Museum - as I did until I had my own library to work in. The landlord was a Dr Eisenmann, the Portuguese consul, and nothing could have been more pleasant or easy than the negociations with him. I record as a matter of interest that in order to clinch the lease he produced two small printed forms each of which specified conditions to be agreed or disagreed. The arrangement was made in ten minutes without recourse to lawyers. How different from the long drawn-out preliminaries that seem to be de rigeur in England! But of course I don't know whether in Germany real difficulties might have arisen in case of a dispute.

The flat which we had decided upon was at the top of the house, this a corner one. The entrance hall led to a fine dining-room on the left, and an equally fine drawing-room straight in front. The latter had a good balcony where we could sit in fine weather. The drawing-room led on the right to the excellent room which was appointed to be my library and study, and on the left to a small square corner-room which was Heddie's boudoir. This led to the spare-room where we often later had guests, and beyond the spare-room to our bedroom and dressing-room. Lastly the day- and night-nurseries. I need not describe the kitchen arrangements etc., but they were commodious. In fact, the flat was ideal for our needs, and we loved it dearly, and it was a great wrench when we left it in 1911 to return to England.

The arrangements about the lease, as I have said, were ideally easy. Not so the re-decoration and furnishing. I will not weary my readers with an account of the difficulties we here encountered. For one of these my inexperience was to blame. I had foolishly paid down the money before receiving all our furniture, and the wretched firm which had undertaken to supply this let us wait for months! Let my grandchildren take warning from this trouble of my own making: always pay promptly, but not before receiving the quid pro quo. Then there was the difficulty with the supplies of curtains and the like. At last we could bear the delay no longer, and we entered into possession. It was a miserable, gloomy evening, that of our first arrival in our new home. Still we slept soundly, and I shall never forget the exhilaration and the gladness of our awakening to the sound of music and to find the sun streaming in at our uncurtained windows. To these we rushed, and there were the Uhlanen (lancers) approaching in their glittering uniforms, with the splendid brass band at their head playing "The Dollar Princess". Perhaps not the acme of good music, but thrilling when thus played by masses of sonorous brass instruments.

It was not long before we began to enjoy a social life of our own. We were soon invited to the British Embassy, where Sir Frank Lascelles was the Ambassador. Here we made the acquaintance of the charming but unfortunately very deaf Count de Salis, who conceived a great admiration for my vivacious wife. But it was not in the English colony that we picked our friends. These came to us from various sides. From Finland came the Fabricius sisters, Esther married to a well-known impresario, Leonarot, and Anita the younger who sang delightfully, but was destined, alas, to come to a tragic end as the result of an unhappy love-affair. [Heddie's sister] Irma had a friend whose mother Frau Herma Parizot and brother Günther

both lived in Berlin; Günther became a close acquaintance. He was a most amusing talker, and the bond between him and me was his love of tennis. He subsequently visited us in England, whence at a few hours' notice I took him over to Paris for a week-end. From this source came various acquaintances. Through my brother Balfour came other close friendships. Above all Cyril Scott whose compositions delighted us at that time no less than his piano-playing. He stayed with us for a fortnight or so every year, and through him we became acquainted with the painter Melchior Lechter. The tendencies to mysticism of this man and the celebrated Stefan Georg were too much for me, though they appealed to Heddie.

Another frequent visitor from England was Evelyn Suart , whose concerts were really a great success, and who remained through life one of our dearest friends. She was twice married, first to Gerald Gould, whose two daughters Diana and Griselda married Yehudi Menuhin and Louis Kentner respectively. Evelyn's second husband was the dear and distinguished Cecil Harcourt, later to become Second Lord of the Admiralty.

If I were to recount all the persons who visited us, stayed with us or invited us out, the string of names would be tedious, even though there were many distinguished men among them, including the composers Delius and [Ferruccio] Busoni. Suffice it to say, ours was a very cosmopolitan milieu, by no means either a purely British or a purely German one. My Egyptological colleagues were of course often with us, and they in particular often invited us back. Had my wife been less attractive, our life would have been infinitely duller. What undoubtedly cast something of a shadow over my poor Heddie's existence was my devotion to my work, my punctuality and regular hours, and my desire to go to bed while the night was still young. And so developed a certain antinomy in our two existences; she was essentially sociable, I very much less so. It was by no means a rare thing that she would go out to parties or concerts without me. Yet there were many happy evenings when we sat by the fireside, and she read to me German or English books with her charming voice and expressive mode of utterance. It is a moot question whether it is better for a husband and wife to have similar tastes and occupations, or whether a dissimilarity is preferable. Certainly the latter was my case, but looking back I realize how much I have owed to just that difference between us. I do not envy the confirmed Egyptological pairs whom I have known! Certainly my wife had little taste for or understanding of Egyptology. I state the fact without regret!

The Ermans were very hospitable, and particularly on Sundays liked to be joined by his pupils and ourselves in excursions to Wannsee or Grünewald. Or else we would be invited to their home in Steglitz - later it was Dahlem - where there would usually be their charming children, the elder girl Lotti and the young Anne-Marie (later Schaal) being particular favourites of mine. At these social gatherings there was never a word of Egyptology. I must confess that for the purposes of my private studies Erman was unsatisfactory. I have told how much I learned from reading over my Zettel with him. But if I had some minor discovery of my own on which I should have liked his opinion, he was definitely unhelpful. And so one of my early articles (on the title haty̑-ŝ) which was really excellent never got printed. If he did condescend to listen to some new point, he did so with the words: 'Aber machen Sie es schnell!' How different from Sethe, who would give one hours of his

time, and was always of the greatest assistance to younger colleagues, even if he was at the same time violently combative. I am sorry to say that I could never regard Erman as a very fine character. He was definitely more cultured than most German professors whom I met, having been educated in a French school. He had also streaks of fairmindedness, as when he refused in the first World War to consent to any steps being taken to the disadvantage of former foreign assistants, like Breasted and myself. But in his work he was self-centred and unwilling to consult even so eminent a pupil or colleague as Sethe. Would "envy" be the right word to use of him, or is it too harsh? A favourite motto of his was:

ἡμεις μεν πατερων μεγ' ἀμεινονες ἐσχομεν εἶναι

and another: ἀιεν ἀριστεοτειν, καὶ ὑπειροχον ἐμμέναι ἄλλων

On the other hand, he was capable of self-blame if he found he had overlooked something obvious. I can hear him saying: 'Ich Esel!' Another saying of his from which I have at times derived comfort was: 'Ultra posse nemo obligatur.'

Sethe was a great scholar of quite a different type, lawyerlike, as Erman liked to say jeeringly, but if less human than Erman with a much more powerful logical brain. We became close friends, and I remember with affection the days I spent with him at Göttingen, his visit to me in London just before the first World War and the week we had together in Rothenburg not long after his wife's death. We collaborated together in our book EGYPTIAN LETTERS TO THE DEAD, the result of our readings together in London. I mention wih a pang that after the War our relations, though always good, became less cordial. The shadow of the German defeat and the Teutonic claim that the peace had been an unfair one embittered all relations between German and English friends - at least so I found. This and the solitude engendered by the death of his charming wife seemed to lead to a greater obstinacy, a greater dogmatism and proneness to anger. Still, I continued to feel warmly towards him and am thankful that I was able to pay for his great posthumous commentary on the Pyramid Texts.

ALAN HENDERSON GARDINER

March 29, 1879 - December 19, 1963

CURSUS HONORUM

25 Oct 1909	Doctor of Literature, Oxford
11 Apr 1924	Corresponding Member of the Royal Danish Academy of Science
1924 - 1934	Research Professor, University of Chicago
23 Feb 1929	Corresponding Member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences
3 Jul 1929	Fellow, British Academy
15 Nov 1930	Corresponding Member of the Oriental Institute, Prague
1930 - 1963	Honorary Fellow, The Queen's College, Oxford
28 Mar 1935	Corresponding Member of the Prussian Academy of Science
23 Apr 1943	Member of the Philosophical Society of America
12 Apr 1946	Membre de l'Institut de France (Associe étranger de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres)
19 Jul 1946	Honorary Member of the Societé Asiatique de Paris
5 Apr 1947	Membre associe de l'Institut d'Egypte
20 Jul 1948	Knight Bachelor
3 Apr 1950	Foreign Member of the Royal Netherlands Academy (Section for Letters)
27 Jun 1952	Hon. D. Litt. Durham (at Newcastle)
7 Jun 1956	Hon. D. Litt. Cambridge

HENRY JOHN GARDINER

October 30, 1843 - February 2, 1940

A VERY FEW REMINISCENCES BY HIS YOUNGER SON

The question of biography finds me in two minds. Is it good that biographies should be written - except of those, of course, whose path has lain amid exceptional circumstances or of those who have become landmarks in history? An institution to which I belong suggests a negative answer. It wastes much valuable paper and print upon the memoirs of men who cannot conceivably be described as great. Yet the said memoirs are seldom content with recalling these men's attainments, scientific, literary, philosophic or scholarly, but usually present them as models of virtue and heroes in their mode of life. Were they that really? I doubt it. If the practice survives the present war, such a memoir will some day be written about me. If so, I cannot but hope it will paint me in the bright colours to which I have alluded, but conscience and love of truth alike whisper, it would be better were it never written at all.

On the other hand I have often resented the thought of complete oblivion, and regretted that my forbears have left so little beyond their names, often not even as much as that. Surely there must have been among them some in whose lives or words or deeds one could take legitimate pride. In spite of which their memory has perished as though, to quote my Ancient Egyptians, they had never been.

Strictly speaking, these reflections are irrelevant to my present theme, for I intend no biography of my beloved Father, not possessing the necessary material, nor the habit of observation, nor yet the evocative talent. But he was a man of exceptional character, some of whose utterances, qualities, and counsels are eminently deserving of record. I would wish my grandchildren to know about a few of them and to hand them on to their own offspring.

He was a truly good man, and it would not be the ugly world it is at present if one in every fifty were as good as he. Much of my own outlook has been derived from his teaching and example, whether or no I have lived up to his principles. I loved and admired him passionately, though in some ways we had little in common. I shall not hesitate to mention some of his weaker sides, or what seemed such to me. His portrayal can well bear such criticism. Not yet has he been a fortnight dead, and the recollections of him are fresh in my memory. So many of them have come back to me during these past days, and I must set them down now or never, since to dwell upon the past is alien to my turn of mind.

My mother died shortly after I was born and had left him broken-hearted. Fine vital human being that he was, he often thought of marrying again, but when the moment came to take a decision, he could not face the prospect of replacing that deeply loved being, and so for sixty years he remained a widower, returning almost to bachelor ways. Less than thirty years ago he broke down and wept at the mere mention of his wife, but later he confessed: 'Time is a marvellous healer. When I think of your dear mother, I no longer feel regret - she is now a mere distant precious memory.' All the more wholeheartedly did he devote himself to his sons, with an earnestness and a solicitude which sometimes even overstepped the mark. He was fond of recounting how, when we were boys, he had read up subjects so as to instruct us on our Sunday walks. Dear Father, had he only known how such incessant teaching sometimes irked us!

None the less, I at all events realized and was grateful for his devotion, and the influence over me of his powerful personality endured to the very end. As a child I had a wonderful trust in him. He often alluded to the way in which, at the age of four or five, I used to stand erect on his outstretched hand, confident that he would not let me drop. That is among my earliest memories. It used to happen after tea in the drawing-room at Eltham, in the twilight as we sat beside the fire. There at other times he used to read to us Grimm's FAIRY TALES or the stories of Hans Andersen. Later on, when I had gone to bed, perhaps I might hear the faint sound of trios by Haydn or Beethoven, and these laid the foundation of my love of music. He played the 'cello - very badly, as he himself was well aware. He often told how at a party a friend had said: 'Gardiner, I see you have brought your violin-cello; are you going to play?' And when he said that he was, the friend had said: 'Be a good fellow, and wait till I have gone!' This amused my Father immensely.

He was, however, determined that we should acquire proficiencies denied to himself, and he insisted on our learning music. To Balfour, with his innate musical genius, such learning came very easily, but I often fretted at having to practise. I shirked playing my violin whenever I could, but later I began to enjoy it, and in middle age after giving it up for twenty years or more, it had been, down to the outbreak of this war, one of my greatest pleasures. That is one of my debts to him.

When I was nine or ten, he noted in me a leaning towards natural science, and hired at one time a fellow-member of the Geologists' Association to take me on excursions outside my school-hours, and at another time a lady who walked with me over the fields, and told me the names of flowers, insects and butterflies. Alas that so little of this teaching has remained with me, but perhaps it inculcated in me the scientific turn of mind, which was certainly also helped by the collections to which he encouraged me, of minerals, birds-eggs, stamps and coins. To such a zeal for these did he stir me that in one instance it went too far for him. I carried my enthusiasm for stamp-collecting with me to both my private and public schools, and became an inveterate and none too scrupulous "swopper" of stamps. I read stamp-catalogues, and knew the exact price of the rarest specimens. Not only did I know the prices, but I talked about them incessantly. So incessantly that my poor Father was bored beyond all measure. What

he could not bear was that the money-aspect of stamp-collecting was so much to the fore in my thoughts. Is it not splendid that he, whose life was centred in commerce, should have attached, in a certain sense, so little importance to money? But that hangs together with his whole conception of commerce, of which I shall have more to say later.

My Father's impatience with my stamp-collecting was destined to be a factor, perhaps the decisive one, in my choice of a career. I am often asked how I came to be an Egyptologist, and so far as I can diagnose the truth it came about in this manner. An old nurse of mine, Lizzie Coleman, had on leaving us gone to a certain Madamae Ricci, née Montefiore, who after the termination of an unhappy married life, went to settle in Paris. On a visit thither with my Father I called on Lizzie, and through her became acquainted with Seymour de Ricci, later to become one of the most learned of men. Seymour was then only twelve or thereabouts and I a couple of years older. He had interested himself greatly in Egyptian antiquaries, as I too had done to some extent whilst at Dr Edgar's school at Temple Grove, East Sheen. In the course of my visit to Paris Seymour and I visited the Louvre together, and this visit certainly contributed a little to this unusual interest. Still I am inclined to think it was my Father who really settled my future for me. At Charterhouse I was a fairly omnivorous reader and my energies might have gone in a variety of different directions, had not a brief talk with him turned the scale in favour of Egyptology. Perhaps I had been even more eloquent than usual on the subject of stamps, or was it as the climax of a long process of mild irritation that my Father said to me - I was then fifteen: 'Really it is time you should give up stamp-collecting and take to something more intelligent.' He spoke at the right moment, for secretly I was myself growing tired of my hobby. For that reason I take no priggish pride for my filial obedience in replying: 'Very well, Father.' He, acute and practical as ever, followed up this momentary advantage by saying: 'But of course you must find something to take its place. What else can you suggest?' To which I replied: 'Well, I'm reading about a lot of different things, but perhaps my chief interest at present is Ancient Egypt.' 'Well then,' said he, 'I should advise you to take up that.' The result was that I bought Renouf's EGYPTIAN GRAMMAR, and scribbled hieroglyphs while supposed to be studying Greek and Latin.

I was not happy at Charterhouse, and wished to leave it, as I felt I fairly might, having been in the Lower Sixth for some time. It was characteristic of my Father's desire to foster my tastes that he allowed me to take lessons in hieroglyphics from F.Ll.Griffith, then living at Ridgemount Gardens quite close to my home at 25 Tavistock Square. These lessons were few and did not help me much, for Griffith was as mediocre as a teacher as he was great as a scholar. Still, he took an interest in me, and helped me to the extent of his power. My Father invited him to dinner and sought his advice and not long after consented to let me go to Paris to study under Gaston Maspero. He made it a condition, however, that I should acquire at the same time a sound knowledge of the French language, and gave himself much trouble to find me a suitable tutor (Henri Dupré, of Rouen, uncle of the famous organist Marcel Dupré) to whom I went for tuition several hours a day whilst in Paris.

What a revelation they were, those five or six months in Paris! How they opened up the world to me, what friends they brought me - it was at the Pension where Henri Dupré lodged that I met my wife. Here I must pause to render homage to that Father who had encouraged and helped me in so wonderful a way. It must have been a deep disappointment to him that neither my brother nor myself showed the slightest penchant for a business career - a career to which he was himself devoted heart and soul. But no, he wished us to choose our own professions, and he would help us to the uttermost. I think that deep down in his heart, mingled with a real admiration for art and science and with regret not to have been to a University, there was a certain contempt for those rather abstract occupations. He was a practical man through and through, contemptuous of theory, but he resolutely refused to impose his preferences upon us.

As I have just said, my Father regretted he had not been to a University. Above all he regretted his ignorance of the Classics. His desire to learn Latin was even pathetic. With his astounding memory he had long been able to quote stanzas of Horace without really knowing the language. He must have been ninety-three years of age when he got me to buy him an elementary Latin grammar. It was too late; after some weeks he abandoned the idea. But if he was no classical scholar, he was none the less, I will not say the most learned, but certainly the best informed man I have ever met. There was hardly a subject except ancient languages upon which he did not know many times as much as I do or ever shall. Early travel made him a good linguist, and he spoke French, German and Italian fluently. With Shakespeare and the Bible he was familiar as are few men nowadays. In spite of weak eyesight due to a gouty tendency he was a great reader, and had read Gibbon from beginning to end more than once. He knew his Boswell well, and was well versed in such lives as those of John Evelyn and Benvenuto Cellini. About geography, commerce and the distribution of the world's riches there was little he did not know. I have already hinted at his interest in geology, but in other branches of science he was no adept. He was deeply impressed in later life by the works of Jeans and Elliott Smith. He had a vast fund of historical knowledge, and liked specially to recall the events and achievements of the Italian Renaissance. But everywhere his interest was in particulars rather than in generalities. Not that he did not ponder upon what he read, but his judgments and conclusions were those of worldly wisdom rather than of scientific discernment. He was a practical philosopher, none more so, but was not good at argument and positively weak in anything at all speculative, whether in the political or metaphysical Sphere.

Yet he was keenly religious. His tenets were of no church, though he was brought up in the Church of England and later professed to be a Unitarian. He detested what he considered ecclesiastical humbug, and would occasionally write and put posers to a Bishop, or would deride sillinesses he had heard from the pulpit. In belief and practice, however, he was a true disciple of Christ. Fervently he believed in the ethics of Christianity, and his profound knowledge of the sayings of Our Lord provided his actions with a guiding principle.

It is strange that with his wide reading and his memory for poetry (particularly humorous, of which he quoted long passages to

within a week or two of his death) he had absolutely no literary gift. He used to say he had modelled his style upon Macaulay, and what was already ponderous he made more so. On the other hand he was an admirable speaker, and claimed that you have only to know what to say and then to say it. In practising that art he often made memorable remarks. One in particular clings to my mind and gives me hope that I have not too completely failed in my duty. It was at the brilliant party in Vienna which Max and Minsch von Gutmann gave for my wife and myself just before our wedding. Speaker after speaker arose and rightly extolled my bride's charm and attractiveness, for she was very pretty and the greatest of favourites. Last of all my Father stood up and made a short speech of which the gist was: 'I have heard a number of nice things about my future daughter-in-law and I have been happy to hear them. But I must say something too about my son. You may safely entrust your friend to my son Alan. A good son makes a good husband, and he has been a truly good son to me.'

In retrospect I clutch at this prophesy and hope, oh so earnestly, that it has not been wholly falsified. Dear Grandchildren, your parents will not be able to tell you that I was as good a husband or father as was my own Father. But my Father's words sustain me in the trust that at least I have not wholly failed though I well know that what made me a good son was but the natural return for my Father's wonderful goodness to me.

Care for his sons was indeed among the foremost aims of his life. The thought that in this respect he might ever have been wanting was intolerable to him. One of the only times at which I ever hurt him, was after my examination in Honour Moderations. He had insisted on both Balfour and myself going to Oxford, holding that Classics were the mainspring of a liberal education. For my part, after the freedom of my life in Paris and my intensive study of Egyptology, I was none too pleased at being sent back to something not widely different from school. The dull teaching of the Classics that I had undergone at Charterhouse had left me without a zest for Latin and Greek. And though I dutifully fell in with my Father's wishes, my first year at Oxford was not as strenuously devoted to the Classics as it needed to be if I were to make good the gap between school and university and to secure a First Class. For the few months before my exam, however, I worked furiously, and when the test was over, believed that I had done well. In the vacation, however, before the results were declared, I pretended I did not mind whether I got a First or not. Poor Father, he did not see through the pretence, and when I was put in the Second Class (it was as good a Second Class as anybody had ever secured, but still the label "second-class" branded itself into my soul) he wrote me a letter barely alluding to the fact. In my vexation and disappointment - for at that time I had a very good opinion of myself - I roundly accused him of lack of sympathy. Perhaps nothing in our relations ever hurt him as much. Years afterwards he would allude to this matter, saying that with his own poor eyesight he had never wanted me to work too hard and that he had believed me when I said beforehand that my class was of little importance to me.

The incident illustrates my Father's lack of psychological penetration. He never really knew me, though I think I knew him pretty well. But within the limits of his comprehension there was

never such a Father, never one more completely wrapt up in desire for his sons' welfare. Without hesitation or murmur he sanctioned my early marriage to a foreigner (I know he would have preferred an English daughter-in-law), and year by year he increased my income, gradually transferring to me capital until I became a wealthy man. And not the least difference did he make in this respect between my brother and myself. It was a matter of principle with him to treat us equally, though I was certainly closer to him, both in sympathy and in actual fact. From the observance of this equal treatment he never swerved except in bequeathing to me Upton House, and for that, as he set forth in his Will, he both sought and obtained Balfour's generous consent.

Upton House! The thought of that bequest fills me with uneasiness. He loved it so dearly, and the stiff fir trees which he had himself planted he declared 'the finest trees I have ever seen.' It demanded remarkable faith and vitality to build a house which he entered only just after his eightieth birthday. Thank heaven that he lived to enjoy it no less than sixteen years. It is splendidly built, but dear me, how ugly it is! Of that defect he was totally unaware. How little he was aware of it is illustrated by the following. He had gone to fetch from the railway station a niece whose artistic taste was greater than her perception and tact. As they approached Upton House he pointed to it without saying whose it was. 'What an eyesore!' said my cousin. My Father related the incident to me as an example of Sylvia's lack of commonsense. 'Stupid girl,' he said, 'she never thinks before she speaks.'

For years I was very careful not to let my Father know that Upton House was not to my taste. But he cannot have failed to detect some lukewarmness in my replies when he pointed out his latest improvements. It must have been eight or nine years after his first occupation of it that he put to me the direct question: 'Do you think you will want to live at Upton House when I am gone?' I tried to temporize: 'Well, Father, I really cannot tell what I may feel then, for that will not be for many years to come.' But Father was not to be put off by an indirect answer, and he bade me say just what I felt. 'Well, then,' said I, 'at the present time I do not think I should want it.' Thoroughly as I knew him, I was surprised how calmly he took my reply. I do not remember his exact words, but they were, I think, to the effect that if that were the fact, it was right that I should have said so, and he now knew what he wanted to know. Never afterwards did he put any further question on this subject, but still he persisted in his determination to leave me the property. Once or twice he told me that it would all be mine one day, and once or twice he said that, if I decided to sell it, it would probably be more profitable to sell the two cottages separately. I have long made up my mind that it would be misguided filial piety to dwell in a house and neighbourhood uncongenial to me. But at least I will give it a short trial. Not this spring or summer, for I cannot give up the prospect of enjoying the unfolding of the leaves and flowers of Tichborne Park. So his faithful servant Frances will occupy Upton House together with his old cook Sarah Brocks until the autumn comes, when, more especially since the house is so well built and heated, we shall live in it for the duration of the war. Such at least is my present plan.

For several consecutive summers the dear old man had paid for me the rent of far finer country houses in the neighbourhood of Wonston, where my wife and I could entertain for six or seven weeks, and where he could visit us on Saturday or Sunday. Thus for several years [1934, 1935, 1937 & 1938] we spent our holidays at Brambridge Park, near Bishopstoke, for one year [1936] at the lovely Jacobean Shawford Park, and last summer and this winter [1939-1940] at the celebrated Tichborne Park. How he loved to drive over to lunch with us or to sit in the garden telling the amusing stories and experiences of which he had so large a store! One could read in his face his happiness to see us enjoying an ampler and more luxurious setting than he had ever allowed himself. For though the very reverse of mean, he personally eschewed all grandeur. I could never be quite sure whether he realized how superior these great houses were to his own. Superior in style at all events, though in some ways Upton House possesses greater comfort. It is curious that in all these three summer holiday resorts we had the river Itchen flowing through our garden. All three properties had their charm, but for me Tichborne excels all on account of its lovely village and church, the beautiful woods with grassy paths between the trees, and the gracefully undulating ploughlands and pastures.

But here in Tichborne it is that I have suffered the anguish of his death and have written these lines. The past months had witnessed his rapid decline. Not a year ago he decided to relinquish the Chairmanship of Bradbury, Greatorex and Company, the wholesale textile warehouse of which he had been a Director for seventy years and the Chairman for forty-seven. His right leg had perished and the labour of getting him to the office had become too troublesome. He was very deeply beloved in that firm, which proudly offered him the Memorial Service at St Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, on Monday last (February 12, 1940). What a tribute to his personality and his loveable nature was that Memorial Service! The church was crowded with friends and colleagues, past employees and secretaries all eager to do him honour. The Atlas Assurance Company, the Holborn Viaduct Company, the Debenture Corporation [of which he had been respectively the Deputy Chairman, the Chairman and the Founder] were all represented, and if ever I saw a body of men whose regret and admiration were genuine it was on that occasion. How seldom does it happen that a man not many years short of a century still retains a host of friends. No question with him of having outlived himself!

I had thought he would pass away at the New Year, when I was summoned hastily to his side. But he picked up wonderfully again, and not a month ago he played bridge with something of his old skill, and pleased he was, and pleased we were, when he proved the winner. But a week afterwards, whilst I was at Oxford I received from him a copy of a dictated letter he had sent his accountants in London. This contained the deeply moving words:

> 'Until two or three weeks ago my intellect was clear, but I find it rapidly deteriorating and I have neither understanding or capacity to deal with my private accounts......With fading memory and nothing to refer to I do not remember what document I sent to Messrs Critchley, Pigott & Knowles, but I want you to make on my behalf definite arrangements for the conduct of my affairs with them or with Mr Shuttle for the protection

of which I am becoming rapidly incapable and must be treated as if I was mentally deficient, which is a probable and much dreaded calamity which is now impending.'

Nine days later he died.

I could not refrain from quoting this touching letter, as it seems to me to reflect his true greatness of character. Throughout his long life he was always so confident in his strength, in his power to cope with any situation however difficult, that it must have cost him a terrible effort to dictate such an abdication. But he did not shrink at this late hour from looking facts in the face, and such respect for the truth is surely the mark of a truly great mind. It is not, dear Grandchildren, always in success that greatness is proved, and in these poignant sentences of his I discern an example which I would fain follow myself and see followed by all who belong to me.

His old age was, in fact, of an ever increasing glory. In his notebook I have found, written in his own handwriting, the following lines from a poem that evidently appealed to him:

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth tho' in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

It may be ten or twelve years ago that he said to me: 'I so often regret my poor old friend Henry Nicoll. I learned a lot from him, and should not be the man I am but for his wise counsels.' To which I rashly replied: 'That I cannot believe, dear Father. You were well on in middle-age when first you met Henry Nicoll and your character was long since formed.' 'You are wrong, my son,' he answered, 'he did much to develop my character, and I trust I am developing it still and shall do so unto the end.' Retrospectively I can see how well he fulfilled that hope. Growing infirmity led to greater contemplativeness, and he meditated lovingly on the beauty of flowers, the wondrous complexity of a leaf. I cannot divine all the thoughts that passed through his dear old head as he sat pondering in his garden, but I know they were good and beautiful and worthy of the best man I have ever known.

'He was a great man, beloved and respected by all who came into contact with him, and as a business man, he had few equals.' So wrote Mr A.O.Miles, one of the foremost accountants in the City. It is only one tribute out of many that my brother and I have received, and I believe it to be literally true. No one I have ever met had better judgment, more wisdom or greater kindness. In business he was strong and unflinching, and if an employee needed to be dismissed or reprimanded severely, he never failed to do his duty. But the step was not taken without sober and careful reflection, and the most honest attempt to put himself in the other man's place. I believe I am right in what I have said more than once, that he was not a good psychologist. He befriended men who were not, in my opinion, always worthy of his friendship. But he achieved the same results as a more understanding man would have achieved by 'putting himself in the other man's place.' Not for nothing had he so often uttered the Lord's Prayer. Many times he said to me: a kindly word costs nothing and goes such a long way.'

I remember how he once received a letter which much upset him. It was from the farmer whose shoot he had hired for a number of years, and gave him notice, accusing him, on some trivial pretext connected with hedges and cover, of 'unsportsmanlike behaviour'. The fact is that the farmer had received a better offer from a very rich man. I asked my Father how he was going to reply. He told me he did not intend to reply until the day when he was obliged to acknowledge acceptance of the notice, and then he would accept it without comment. He pointed out that to give an angry answer would be to place himself on the same level as the farmer. No, his plan was to leave the farmer in the wrong and to give him plenty of time to reflect upon the meanness of his action.

Some things I learned from my Father which I could wish to become fixed rules in our family, especially the immediate payment of bills and the immediate answering of letters. The former he declared to be not only considerate, but also patriotic. It is only if the little man gets his money quickly that he can develop his trade with confidence. The speedy answering of letters is mere commonsense, and saves the answerer much unnecessary cerebration. If you leave a letter unanswered, how often will the thought recur: 'Oh, I ought to have answered so-and-so; I really will do so tomorrow.' Tomorrow comes and the letter is unanswered. Then returns the same tiresome thought. To answer a letter immediately, or if it is a difficult letter, as soon as one has 'slept over it', is simply economy of effort and spares both the writer and recipient a great deal of trouble.

Commerce was my Father's business in life, but to his universally acknowledged genius for this I can unfortunately testify only at second hand. However, I would wish my Grandchildren to read and meditate the speech which he made to the employees of Bradbury, Greatorex & Company Limited when he introduced his bonus scheme on February 26, 1914. Slight though is my competence to judge, I believe this reaches the highest peak of commercial wisdom and morality. 'Trade,' he used to say to me, 'if rightly understood is a noble thing.' He interpreted it as the rendering of necessary services to the community, and only secondarily as the means of personal gain. His principle was to make the people who dealt with him feel it was they, not he, who were getting the best of the bargain. He disliked speculation intensely, and condemned it on the ground that if he profited by such a transaction, the other party lost by it. 'That,' he said, 'is not legitimate commerce. In speculation you render no service.'

In the days to come many other sayings and reflexions of his will doubtless occur to my mind, and I shall regret not having set them down for the benefit of my descendants. But in the City of London, in the memory of others, and in the inmperceptible, but none the less real, influence which his life will continue to eradiate, there is much of him that is immortal. He left no books behind to commemorate his memory, he will find no place in the Dictionary of National Biography, but how questionable a thing is what people deem greatness! Celebrity results so largely from having pandered to the public fancy, or to the accident of having been cast to play a prominent part in history. But there are more subtle, more secret kinds of greatness than this, and I am surely convinced that my Father well deserved the epithet of 'great'. He was Victorian through and through, but in the very best sense of

the word. He was conventional and respectable, but his conventionality was merely adherence to the best traditional conduct, and his respectability was dictated by his sense of what was intrinsically right and honourable, not by deference to the opinion of others. In late life he had some bitter blows to face from the behaviour of members of the family with which he could not agree, but he never condemned and tried hard to understand. He was emotional, even sentimental if you will, but not swayed unduly by emotion and sentiment, which merely went to make up the balance of a many-sided character in the finest equilibrium. He had a keen sense of humour, but the foundation of his nature was intense seriousness. He had a passion for helping others, and an unforgettable kindness.

Oh proud, proud am I to have had such a Father!

THE TUT'ANKHAMUN TOMB

by MARGARET GARDINER

'On November 6th, 1922 Carnarvon telephoned to me at Lansdowne Road saying he had just received a cable from Carter, in Luxor, saying he had made a wonderful discovery in the Valley, a magnificent tomb with seals intact, and Carnarvon asked me whether it could possibly be the tomb of Tut'ankhamun.' My father, Sir Alan Gardiner, was 83 when he wrote these words in the summer of 1962. With the publication the previous year of EGYPT OF THE PHAROAHS - his only popular book, reluctantly undertaken - he believed that he had nothing more of value to contribute to Egyptology. His wife, my mother, after a stroke seven years earlier, now lay speechless and bedridden in her room upstairs. Without her companionship and deprived of his long habit of regular work, he felt at a loss till it occurred to him that it would be "amusing" and of use to the obituarist who, he believed, would soon be clamouring for such information, to attempt to write an account of his work - despite a 'rapidly decaying memory' and the fact that he had kept no diaries. It took him little more than two months to write this account, and my brothers and I had it privately printed as a small book called MY WORKING YEARS and were able to put it into his hands soon after he, too, had had a stroke and was drifting into his long, final illness. He turned the pages and smiled with pleasure.

'On November 23rd Carnarvon arrived at Luxor with his daughter Evelyn,' continued my father, recalling the discovery of Tut'ankhamun's tomb. 'It is not my intention to tell once again the often told story of the next few weeks and months, but I shall set down here some facts which only I know of and which led to Carnarvon being much maligned by the journalistic world. After his rapid survey of the tomb this was covered up afresh and Carnarvon returned to England to pass Christmas with his tenants. But the exciting news had quickly got abroad and reporters were constantly on his doorstep or telephoning to him when he had gone to bed. The position was intolerable. I was lunching with him one day when a footman came in and announced a call from Dawson, the Editor of THE TIMES. Carnarvon was annnoyed at being interrupted in his lunch, and turned to me saying: "Do be kind and see him on my behalf." Dawson explained to me that the find was "news" of the highest importance and worth quite a lot of money; did I think that Carnarvon would be ready to give exclusive rights to THE TIMES? At that moment Carnarvon came in. Dawson repeated his question and added as a very persuasive argument that the Everest expedition had given THE TIMES a monopoly to the complete satisfaction and advantage of all concerned. Dawson then departed to allow Carnarvon to think it over.'

My father had arranged to go to Cairo towards the end of December to make a start with his friend and colleague, Professor J.H.Breasted of Chicago University on their joint project of copying the so-called coffin texts. But the discovery of the tomb interrupted this work and throughout that season they made constant journeys to Luxor to copy and decipher inscriptions among the finds. It was in Luxor, early in the New Year, that my father again saw Carnarvon, who told him that he had accepted THE TIMES' arrangement and so had been relieved of the importunate interviewers. But, added Carnarvon, he had been told by a newspaper lord that he would repent the monopoly. 'And so it was;' wrote my father, 'three representatives of leading newspapers were sent out to sneak whatever news they could and one even went so far as to say that Carnarvon had "prostituted archaeology" by making a lucrative bargain. It was entirely forgotten that the long drawn out excavations in the Valley had been extremely costly, and that if Carnarvon had tried to recoup his expenditure to some extent it was only natural and right. This was only the beginning of the troubles connected with the discovery. Would-be visitors arrived in their hundreds, tempers became badly frayed and great unwisdom was shown by Carter......'

This theme recurred constantly in my father's letters written at the time. On February 9th, in a letter to my mother: 'Carnarvon has been down in Cairo for a day or two. He wishes he had never found the tomb, so troublesome are the journalists proving. I think the papers have behaved scandalously......I sincerely hope he will defeat the Daily Mail, Daily Express and the whole crowd of them. I could tell you a pretty story of their doings.' And a week later, in a letter to me: 'But the unfortunate mistake - it was no crime, but it was a mistake - which C. made in giving the sole rights to THE TIMES has led to dire results, and all the workers connected with the tomb are strung up to the last degree, and one feels on the verge of a volcano the whole time. I was quite glad to get back to Cairo.'

Nevertheless, the visits to Luxor were exciting. 'Darling Heddie,' wrote my father on January 5th in a letter headed "Tombs of the Kings" and marked "Strictly private". My mother, Hedwig, was vaguely Austrian - her father a Hungarian Jew, her mother a Swedish Finn while she herself had been born and brought up in Vienna. Quick, spontaneous, vivid and illogical, she was also intensely serious. In her eager and unabashed way she would make lifelong friends in railway carriages and teashops - whereas my father was shy and correct with strangers. Towards his work she was capricious, mocking at what she called his "old chopchology" and declaring superbly that she didn't believe in "dabbling in obsolete sciences." But then again she would reproach him for not telling her more and was always enormously proud of his achievements and any public acclaim that he received. To the end, he was puzzled, infuriated and fascinated by her. When they were apart they wrote to each other constantly.

'Darling Heddie,

I have climbed over the hill and am now waiting for Carter and his staff to arrive. I was up here already on Wednesday but then it was impossible to see the tomb itself, so I went up to see the objects thus far removed from it. One painted box is a simple marvel, on the lid the king hunting lions on the one half and the

animals of the desert on the other half; the sides of the box show battles with the Syrians and the Nubians. The walking sticks are too marvellous. One which I saw very closely today, since it has a long inscription in little gold inlaid hieroglyphs, has a pattern of cloisons from top to bottom. The cloisons are not threads of gold but are of bark, and the inlays are - what do you think? - made of the backs of different coloured beetles, alternately red, yellow and blue! The patience and skill which it must have demanded!

Yesterday morning I had about twenty minutes in the tomb itself, and saw all kinds of wonderful things. At first I was a little disappointed. The chamber is smaller than I had expected. But the objects are packed so closely that one soon sees what an amazing treasury it is. The famous throne is not really a throne but a very large chair, amazingly ornamented with inlays of precious stones. At the back, the king lolling on a seat with the queen in front of him. The workmanship is perfect and the condition wonderful.

But I must not go on describing, and above all I must impress upon you the great importance of not disclosing this information ...... I would even be careful about the children. The journalists are so keen on getting information that some seemingly harmless questions from people might possibly be inspired by the press. Best say nothing.

'Luxor 8 Jan 23

Darling Heddie,

My sixth day at Luxor is nearing its end and this time tomorrow I shall be hurrying off down to Cairo so as to start work with Breasted on Wednesday. This morning again I went over to Bibân-el-Mulûk [Valley of the Kings], or rather drove there by motor! Carter needs to be travelling so much up that valley that now there is a Ford to take him there; it arrived yesterday and thus I was one of the first passengers. I spent quarter of an hour more in the tomb; yes, it is wonderful, but I think that probably the importance of the find has been exaggerated. At least, so far as the chambers as yet opened go; what there may be be in the sealed chamber is still "wropt in mystery". The queen's sandals, which promised to be so marvellous, are rather disappointing; the leather has turned to a glue-like mass, and it will be difficult to reconstitute them ...... '

Back in Cairo, with a heavy cold and involved in difficult negociations with the Service des Antiquités, he wrote despondently: 'I hate Cairo and the work is very exacting. I feel like a galley slave. Ma'alesh! The cause is worth one's making some sacrifices for.' A few days later, however, things looked less dismal. 'Busy the days are, but monotonous. The Museum from 9 to 1.30, then half an hour for lunch and the Museum again till 4 o'clock. Then home for tea. Possibly Breasted comes for some more reading or I go to him. Then dinner at 8 o'clock, and talk with the Lythgoes, or other archaeologists. That is the pretty invariable round ..... The new element of importance is Bull - Mr Ludlow Bull, of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, a pupil of Breasted's and a volunteer helper in our task. A most charming young man of thirty-six. We dine and lunch together and play tennis together ...... Last Saturday Bull took me across to Shepheards and introduced me to some American girls; perfectly charming, brainless

creatures - so I spent a delightful evening dancing ..... By the by, I have received such kindness and seen so much that is nice in Americans lately that I am changing round. I am really glad, for I dislike disliking whole peoples and generalizing in an absurd way ..... I saw Carnarvon a good deal. He has endless difficulties and sometimes wishes he had never found the tomb. The papers are behaving swinishly - except THE TIMES, which is decent. Did I give the impression that the tomb is not wonderful? It is, and there are more wonderful things to come. I shall be summoned up to Thebes by telegram in ten days' or a fortnight's time, I expect.'

On February 6th he wrote again: 'The work in the Museum continues to be interesting but the conditions are very unpleasant. We are cooped up in an airless, ugly gallery ..... I have the feeling of a schoolboy let out of school when I quit work for the day; but by that time I am pretty tired. Bull and I have emancipated ourselves, however, to the extent that we play tennis three times a week; and that is sheer glory ..... I hear that the Winter Palace at Luxor is seething with envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness - all over the wretched tomb. Tut'ankhamun is avenging himself!'

By February 17th my father was back in Gurna and writing a mammoth letter to my mother.

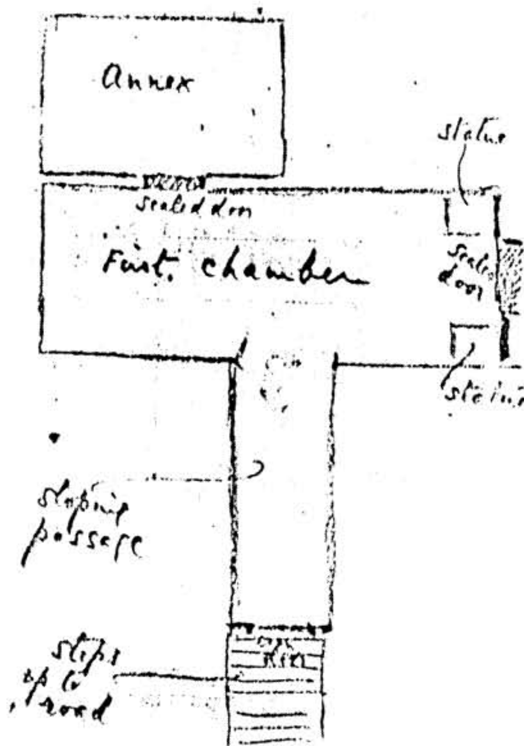
'My darling Heddie,

All this afternoon I stood outside the tomb of Sety II, where the precious objects from the great tomb are gathered, and copied the inscriptions from a delighfully carved ebony chair, one of the most charming (though unpretentious) objects from the find. The inscription was easy, and as I wrote there came over me the most terrible "Heimweh". How I wished I could have my own dear girl with me to enjoy the sensations and sights of these days! ..... But on the great opening day yesterday - the informal opening, for the OFFICIAL OPENING is tomorrow - no ladies were present except Evelyn and we were already far too numerous, seventeen or more in all ..... But look what you may still enjoy if you are patient ..... when this week is over, the inner chambers will be walled up and buried deep in hundreds of tons of sand. If we could come back in November you could see all that I saw yesterday .....

Probably before this reaches you, you will have read of the great wonder which we witnessed yesterday ..... Early in the morning I had climbed over the hill, and soon was at work with Breasted on the seals of the closed door. Behind all that sealed plaster lay - who knew what? Perhaps nothing, perhaps Tut'ankhamun himself. The countless seals which covered the plaster had indeed been photographed and re-photographed and Breasted had spent two days on them. But in three hours they were to be hacked away, and it would be possible only to preserve a few fragments intact. So the historical evidence which the seals might contain had to be studied now or never.

Let me depict for you the tomb. Here is a ground-plan. [See overleaf].

It was the first chamber which had contained all the marvellous furniture and treasures. Nothing now remains of these but the two vast black statues of the king standing on each side of the famous closed door as though to guard it from intruders. The little room called the annex is still full of marvels, but in poor condition mostly and at all events demanding years of restoring work. The

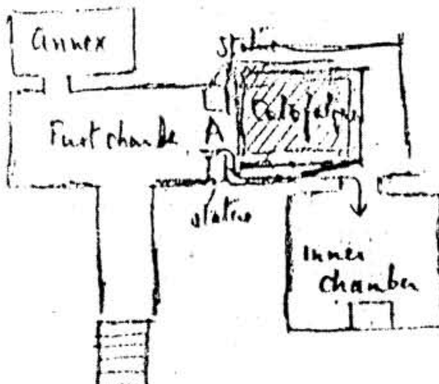


door to it originally bore seals and many are still left for us to study. The small hole which had been made and which enabled us to peep into the annex has now been closed up and will not be reopened for study perhaps for several years to come.

Yesterday it was the sealed door to the right of the first chamber which commanded our interest, and here, as I have said, we were working all morning. Carter had built a wooden frame all round the statues and a small platform on which he could stand to cut down the wall.

At two o'clock precisely we were all assembled for the great event ..... The scene was a little theatrical, for chairs had been placed almost down the entire length of the room. Breasted and I were not far from the front. First Carter got up and said a few words; he was terribly excited and there was a quiver in his voice. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'in a few minutes we are going to find Tut'ankhamun buried in all his glory.' Before he opened the sealed door he wished to thank all those who had helped him and quite particularly the Staff of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. He was also grateful to the Service des Antiquités for help in often very trying conditions and he hoped most earnestly - looking at the Minister - that opportunity would be given to the staff to carry on the work in a dignified and worthy manner. Carnarvon said a few words to the same effect, and then Carter set to work with crowbar and chisel, to cut away the plaster.

It was quite half an hour, full of tense excitement, before a hole large enough was made to reveal anything of the content of the chamber. Then Carter took an electric torch and threw in a ray of light. 'I see a great golden shrine,' he said, and called to M.Lacau [Director of the Service des Antiquités]. Then Carnarvon had a look and the work was resumed. Soon we could all see the shrine if we stood at the back of the room, but we had to wait an hour or more before it was fully revealed in all its magnificence. All the sides were of gold plate, the interstices between the ornamental symbols being of deep blue faience. The side - for it was the side, not the front which was turned to us as we looked - was hardly more than a couple of feet behind the plastered door, and the whole catafalque or shrine nearly filled the room enclosing it. I can now complete my plan ..... At



last my turn came to be allowed to pass into the new rooms and with a little difficulty I squeezed along the front side of the golden catafalque in the direction shown by the arrow. The great heavy door of the catafalque had been forced open by Carter, and we could just peep into it. Inside was yet another shrine of just the same kind, and only a little smaller. The inner shrine is sealed and intact. How many more similar catafalques will be found before the sarcophagus of the king (and queen) are found? It looks as though the mummies had been cased in as by a series of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the last. We shall not know the answer to this riddle for another year at least.

In the tiny space between the inner and outer shrine we could just discern marvellous things. Most delightful alabasters, one with a marvellous carved cat upon it, and another with a charming Nile-god. Over the inner shrine hung a pall of leather, tattered and torn. Had the robbers ceased their plundering just at this point, dismayed by the obstacle of a series of inner shrines?

But we had more yet to see, so Breasted and I pushed on to the inner room. Here the sight was still more miraculous. Boxes everywhere, boxes of inlaid ivory, of ebony, of white wood - all deliciously carved. At the back of the room was a large golden shrine, doubtless including the Canopic jars - the jars holding the viscera of the dead king. But the strangest and most novel feature of the Canopic chest was that all around it were carved golden statues of goddesses, holding their arms out in the most gracious attitudes and coquettishly looking over their shoulders.

Carter lifted the lid of one of the boxes, and there lay the Pharoah's ivory fan, with marvellous ostrich feathers in perfect preservation. Beside it stood a beautiful box with golden "ankhs" [the symbol of life] all over it. There may be twenty-five boxes in all, and only two or three have been opened. The doors of a shrinelike box stood open, and within it we saw two statuettes, about 20 inches high, of Tut'ankhamun standing upon a puma ..... Everywhere in this inner room there are boats, model boats with elaborately painted cabins, boats with sails up, boats with sails down. In a corner I espied a box with two strangely swatched figures. Were they "ushabtis" [magical statuettes, deceased's deputies for certain tasks] or were they the mummies of tiny babies? No one has been able to step across to them and that is one of the twenty mysteries yet to be solved.

..... Poor Carter is on the verge of a nervous breakdown from the intense strain of the whole business. Indeed the influx of visitors and the influence of the journalists has been the most terrible ordeal imaginable.

These last days have been almost too exciting and I feel now that I shall be almost glad to get back to Cairo and to regular work .....'

On the same day that my father wrote this letter, the greater part of the picture page of THE TIMES was headed "THE SECRET OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB REVEALED" and included photographs of Carnarvon, Carter, Evelyn Herbert, my father and one or two others. Below, between pictures of Eton College sports and a splendid advertisement for "Monte-Carlo, the rendezvous of Aristocracy" which ended reassuringly with the information that two through trains left daily from Calais, was a photograph of Queen Mary visitng the Froebel Educational Institute at Roehampton, and beside her my mother, at that time one of the Governors of the Institute. This coincidence greatly pleased my father. 'Imagine my surprise,'

he wrote, 'when, on turning the page, I saw my own Heddie standing next the Queen. Very smart you look, and it is just your own dear self, so full of animation and life! I am delighted that this honour should have fallen to your lot, darling; you deserve it for your ever fresh enthusiasm, quickness of resource and power of giving inspiration.'

Life in Cairo continued much as before. 'The Museum is stuffy and I am not keen on the work [i.e. on the coffin texts]. But it is undoubtedly of great importance and I feel I am doing my duty in undertaking this rather troublesome task. Here and there the texts give us valuable new information about the nature of the Egyptian gods, their views of the creation of the world and so forth. But oh, the troublesome invocations of demons, lists of sacred names - theology at its worst, and even so deformed by the carelessness of the scribes.' Still, it was not all slog and slave. 'About once a fortnight Bull introduces me to compatriots of the other sex who come down river and sail in the morning. They come, play tennis and dance with me, break my heart and leave next morning! This has happened three times. Happily my heart is of the mendable variety! Did I tell you of a magnificent performance of Aida we went to a week ago?'

'Cairo 20 Jan 23

..... Our great sorrow during the last few days has been Carnarvon's serious illness. He was stung by a mosquito in the cheek and blood poison has developed and really during the last day or two he has been at death's door, and is not yet out of danger. It is difficult to think that only last Friday he and I dined and spent the evening together. It would be terrible if - but I just won't think of it. Evelyn has been splendid, really a magnificent little girl, full of pluck and common sense and devoted to her father. I really am extremely fond of her.'

'Cairo 1 Apr 23

My darling Heddie,

I have wanted to write, but many things have kept me from doing so. Above all, poor Carnarvon's illness. I saw him on Tuesday for five minutes, and on Wednesday came his relapse. I have just come back from seeing Evelyn, it has been a bad day and he had a terrible crisis just before six o'clock this evening. I was quite miserable about it ..... why am I so fond of him? And that poor little girl nearly breaks my heart with her devotion. There she sits, day and night, tired out and waits, ready to run to him. And in just an agony of apprehension and anxiety. The crisis must come in a short time now. If he gets through that, he ought to recover altogether. Somehow I am optimistic. He wanted to see me last night, but of course they wouldn't let me. I do so want him to pull through.'

'Cairo 4 Apr 23

I have had a few ghastly days, worried to death with old Carnarvon's illness. I have been up with them quite a lot ..... Yesterday he was given up for hopeless, at least, by one of the nurses, but Evelyn and Lady Carnarvon insisted that he would pull

through. I have been convinced that he would from the start. He called for me yesterday and seemed to recognise me quite well. This morning he took a turn for the better; became quite conscious and absolutely insisted on being shaved. And was! And he has been much better since, though very far from out of danger .....'

Two days later, on April 6th, Lord Carnarvon died.

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