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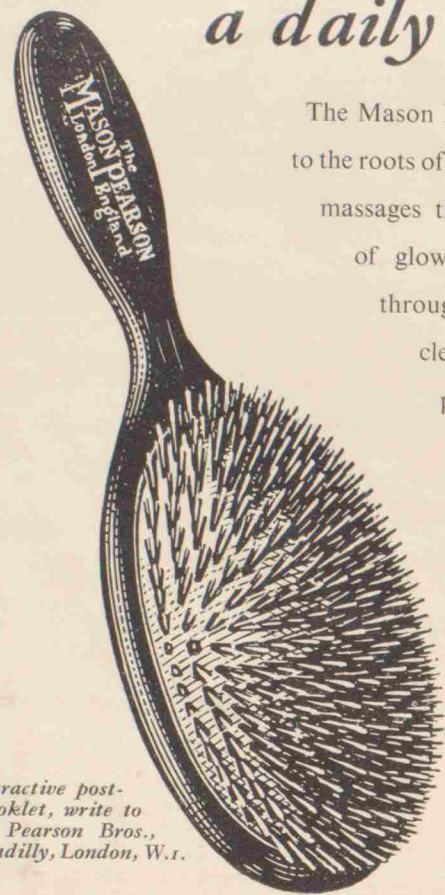
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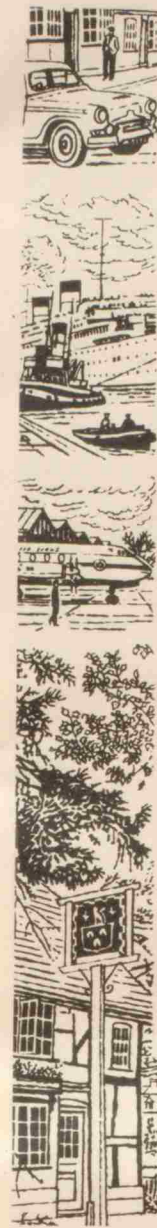
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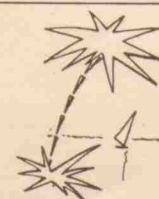
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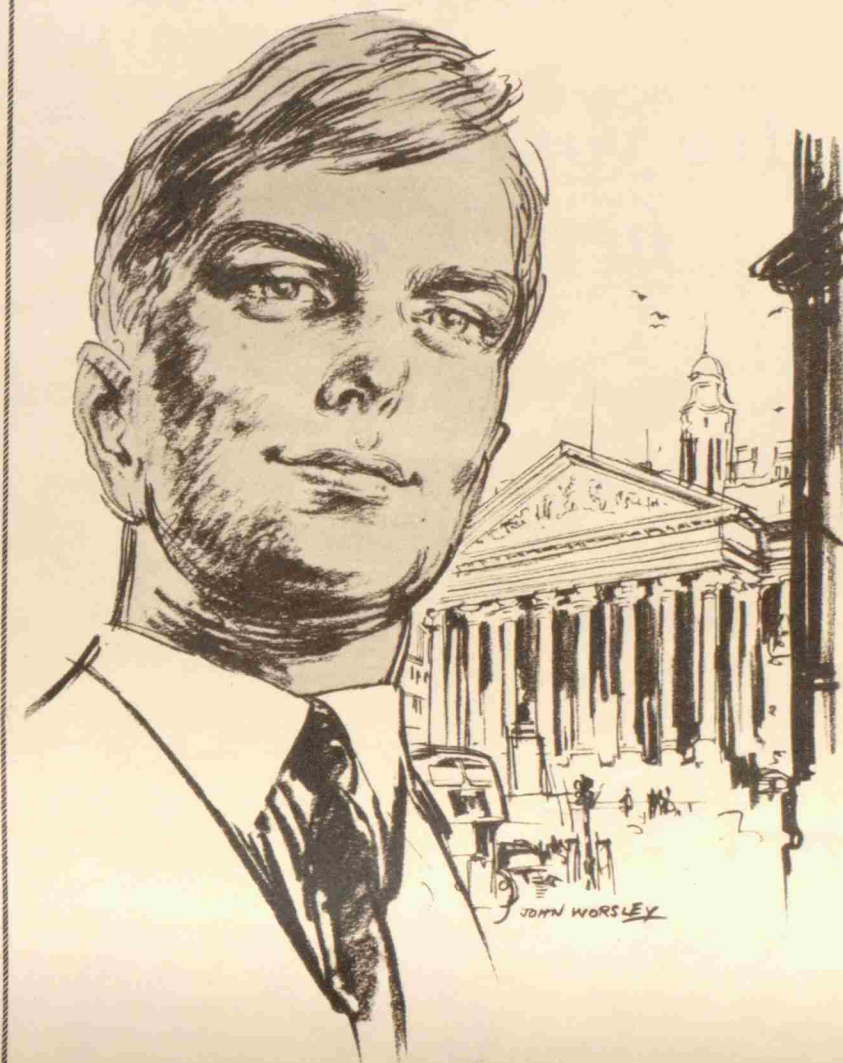
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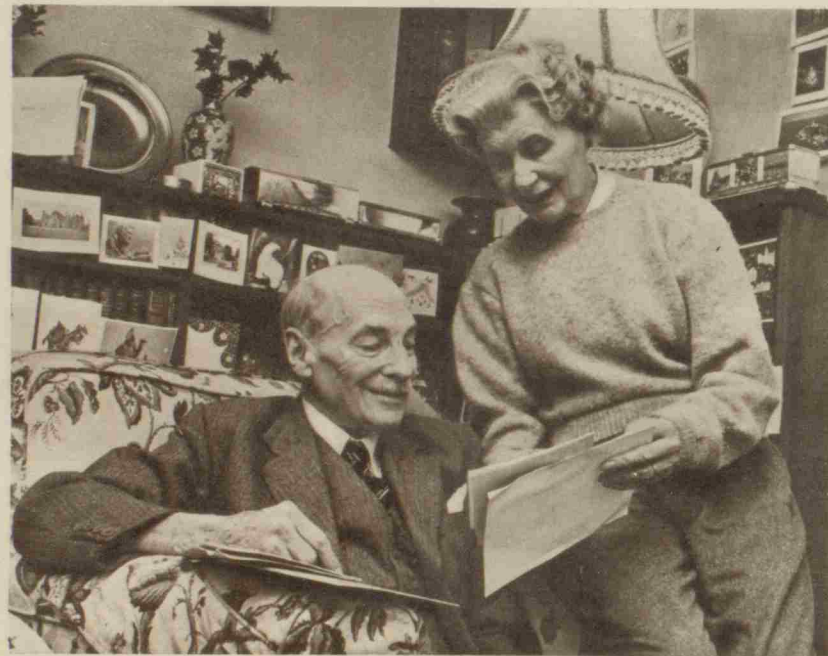
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I SEE that, according to the President of the Soviet Academy of Arts, the West suffers from "acute aesthetic hunger." It is not very clear from the context of the report of his address what precisely the speaker meant, but if he was under the impression that the people of the West, or at any rate of this country, were conscious of aesthetic starvation he is almost certainly wrong, as he could discover for himself if he were to spend a few evenings listening to a popular gramophone request programme on the radio or watching the kind of fare with which the B.B.C. and the Independent Television Companies normally regale their enormous and eager publics. And I am told—though this scarcely seems possible!—that the standard of popular taste in the United States is far lower. Yet, for all that, there may still be something in what the President said. For I am told that at those health-restoring institutions at which the more enlightened members of the business and financial community repair the ravages of too many duty luncheons and dinners by living for a time on nothing at all except an occasional glass of orange or lemon juice, after the first day or two the patient ceases to feel any hunger at all. I can only suppose that something of the same kind has happened to the British public's aesthetic appetite. They have been starved of beauty for so long that they are not any longer aware that any such thing exists, except for municipal flower-beds, flowering fruit-trees and Christmas street illuminations, or that they or anyone else can stand in any need of it. A century and a half of capitalist "exploitation" has not made the proletariat poorer, as the Communist classics maintained it would; on the contrary, it has made the proletariat far richer. But it does at least seem to have blunted the nation's aesthetic taste; some cynics might contend that it has destroyed it altogether. One has only to compare the outskirts of any ancient English city with its historic centre to see what has happened. Mankind may have made itself a great deal more comfortable but it has lost something of value it once possessed. One cannot retain a sense of beauty if one never sees anything beautiful. This, of course, is an exaggeration, for even in the ugliest industrial and urban environment one can still see the sky. Yet how many men ever trouble to look at it?

Goering is reported to have said that when he heard anyone speaking of culture he reached for his revolver. We have plenty of Goerings with us—though fortunately without revolvers—and long have had. The notorious vehemence of the public ostracism of Oscar Wilde was due less, I suspect, to his deplorable private habits than to the ostentatious way in which he was always reminding his countrymen of the poverty of their taste and aesthetic appreciation. His older contemporary, Matthew Arnold, in a rather quieter way, was for ever pointing out the same thing, and he too suffered a good deal of unpopularity. He used to refer, it will be remembered, to the great commercial British middle class as Philistines. We are all Philistines now!

To most people in this country all this may seem a matter of small importance, if of any at all. After all, there is Mr. Wesker's Centre; the wireless highbrow critics talking at one another, with their habitual barbed brilliance, on the Home programme of the B.B.C. just when everyone else

is thinking about their Sunday dinner; the peculiarly shaped objects of advanced statuary in our less frequented parks and squares; and the plentiful modern music which is provided on the Third Programme for those who like that kind of thing and which, to those who don't, probably conveys an uneasy impression of a backyard by night full of very low-spirited cats. What more, it will be asked, can anyone in this free country want in the way of culture and aesthetics? There is plenty of "Coronation Street" and similar wholesome fare for Mr. and Mrs. Average, and what's good enough for them is surely good enough for anyone. Yet an endless fare of self-contemplation, however flattering to one's ego, gets one nowhere, and the fact remains that, Goering and the critics of the Pilking-



EIGHTY YEARS OLD ON JANUARY 8: EARL ATTLEE, LOOKING AT SOME OF HIS BIRTHDAY CARDS WITH LADY ATTLEE AT THEIR HOME AT PRESTWOOD, GREAT MISSENDEN. Earl Attlee, who was Labour Prime Minister from 1945 to 1951 and Deputy Prime Minister in the wartime Coalition Government from 1942 to 1945 and Leader of the Opposition from 1951 to 1955, celebrated his eightieth birthday on January 3 with a family dinner party at the House of Lords. Close friends of his Parliamentary days were invited. Labour peers and members of the Parliamentary Labour Party were to make separate presentations to him later in the month.

ton Report notwithstanding, culture in the last resort matters more to mankind than either guns or butter or even—except for those who can manage to make a corner in the stuff—than margarine. For culture, in its broadest sense, is not a mere cult or fashion, but comprises everything that can enlarge the understanding, perception and capacity of man. And in most of us today understanding, perception and capacity are only about five per cent. developed, and as a result we go through life missing about 95 per cent. of all we should be enjoying and achieving both for ourselves and others. One doesn't have to be an exceptionally talented person to enjoy and learn from, say, the Brandenburg Concertos or the painting of Van Dyck or Goya, by the poetry of Keats or the historical genius and understanding of a Maitland or a Powicke. One merely needs to have an average intelligence and to develop and exercise that intelligence. And that is just what, in our "never had it so good" democracy, by and large we are failing to do and which those who purvey to us, to their own immense financial profit, our unreflecting amusements and anodynes are encouraging us to refuse to do. We may be making ourselves more comfortable, but for the rest we are merely twiddling our thumbs. And I cannot believe that man was put into the world merely to twiddle his thumbs. For if that is all he does, he will go out of it, as by the inexorable laws of mortality he soon must, without having made full use of the talents and

capacities he was given at birth. We are not finished products at 15 or 15-plus; education is a process which was meant to continue as long as life itself, and, when we are incapable of learning any more, we are ready, in my belief, for death. Yet the vast majority of us seem to assume that we have acquired all the knowledge we need to possess when we leave school and that, provided we can earn a living, we have already become all that we can or should be.

In modern Russia, I am told, notwithstanding their official disbelief in a future life, they do not think in this way. Russians to-day seem to be positive gluttons for culture and are going all out to educate themselves, not only in the learning and art of their own country, of which they are inordinately and perhaps unduly proud, but of the best of that of other countries. They purchase and read, for instance, astronomical quantities of books by Shakespeare, Dickens and Mr. J. B. Priestley, and what is still more remarkable, considering the ideological differences between the viewpoint of such authors and themselves, by Rudyard Kipling and Galsworthy. And all this would be immensely encouraging for the future of Anglo-Russian relations if only the British people would bestir themselves and show a similar enthusiasm for their own literary heritage. It is all there for their taking; the most important perhaps, of all the meanings of democracy is that the whole field of human achievement, the accumulation of successive generations, should be open to everyone who wants to enjoy it. Today, so far as literature is concerned, it is; the poorest he or she in Britain can obtain free from the nearest public library any book required. The entire resources of our literature and learning are available, all that is required is the will to use them. We vaunt ourselves on our freedom, and rightly, but it is pertinent to ask, "Freedom for what?"

A rather charming illustration of the way in which a study of mankind's common heritage of culture can break down the barriers between nations appeared in *The Times* on New Year's Eve. It was the reprint of some verses which were beamed to Britain by Moscow Radio in the latter's closing "Mailbag" request programme for 1962. They read as follows:

On New Year's Night, on New Year's Night, who doesn't raise his glass,  
Who doesn't think of Auld Lang Syne and what will come to pass?  
A health to friends around the board, to those in distant lands,  
To auld acquaintance and to new, a song with linking hands.  
Two thousand millions live on earth—why not, there's room to spare,  
And though our views on this and that may differ here and there,  
We share the joys of honest work, we love the same blue sky  
In London, Moscow, and New York, so raise your glasses high,  
And though we're thousands miles apart, you'll hear our loud hurrah,  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet and drink it down, do dna (to the bottom)  
To new acquaintance let us drink, and we may safely boast  
Our auld acquaintance Rabbie Burns would join us in the toast.\*

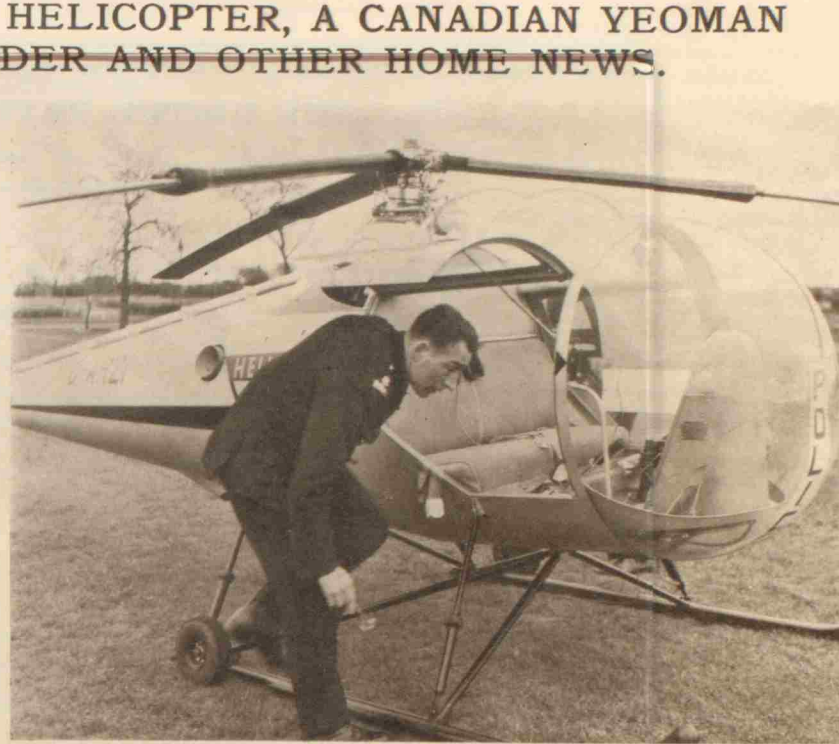
How true and how wise!

\*The Times, Dec. 31, 1962.

### A POLICE HELICOPTER, A CANADIAN YEOMAN WARDER AND OTHER HOME NEWS.

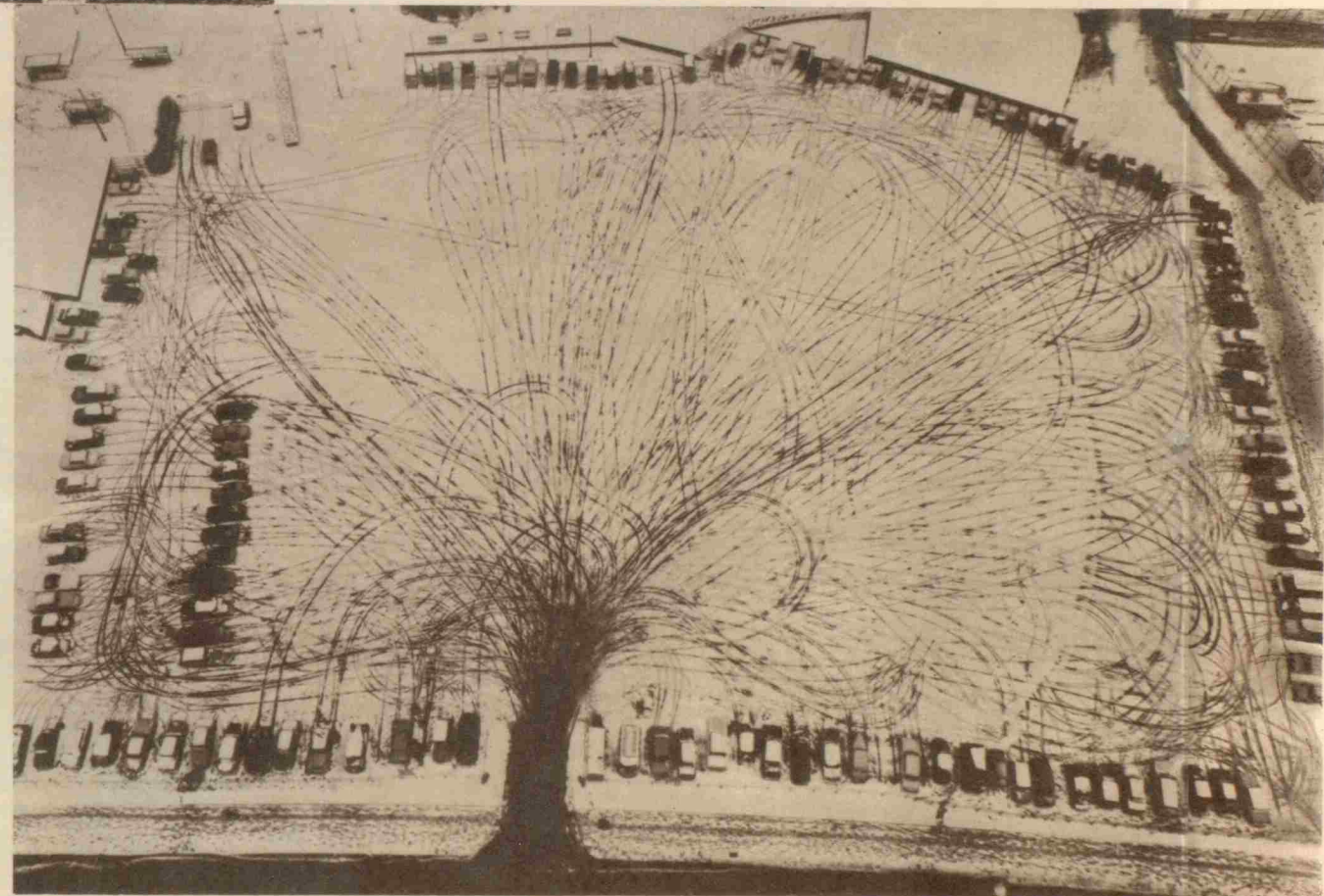


(Left.) A NEW DE-ICING LUBRICANT, MADE WITH ANTI-FREEZE CONTAINING GREASE AND CHEMICALS IS USED BY ITS CREATOR, MR. DOUGLAS AYRES (LEFT) OF BRITISH RAILWAYS WESTERN REGION RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT SECTION, TO KEEP RAILWAY POINTS FREE OF ICE. TWENTY SETS OF POINTS WERE PASTED WITH THE COMPOUND D.E.J, WHICH LOOKS LIKE MAYONNAISE, AND THE RESULT WAS CONSIDERED A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH.



(Right.) SERGEANT J. G. BLAIR, BRITAIN'S FIRST POLICEMAN PATROL FROM THE AIR, MAKES LAST-MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS TO HIS HELICOPTER. SGT. BLAIR'S "HELI-COP" WILL PATROL THE DURHAM MOORS.

(Right.) A NEW TYPE OF BEAUTY TO BE FOUND IN THE SNOW IS THIS TREE-LIKE PATTERN MADE BY THE WHEELS OF PARKING CARS. The picture was taken 350 feet from the ground on the 26th floor of the Shell building on the South Bank in London. Following the different courses of the cars might make an interesting children's game. Indeed in some cases the indecision of the motorist when faced with an empty car park seems quite remarkable. In London main roads were no worse than on a rainy day, but conditions on minor roads were difficult.

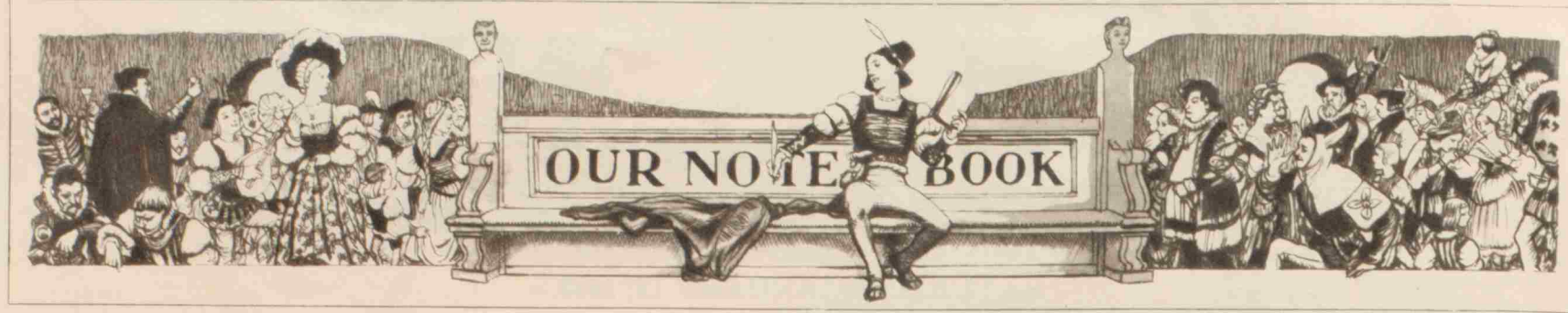


(Below.) THE QUEEN, WEARING A CHERRY-RED SUIT AND MATCHING HAT IN THE ROYAL TRAIN AT LIVERPOOL STREET STATION ON JANUARY 3. The Queen left London in the Royal Train to continue her holiday at Sandringham in Norfolk. She had returned to London for one day in order to make arrangements for the forthcoming Royal Tour of Australia. Travelling with the Queen as her guests were Sir Harold and Lady Wernher, and the Queen's cousin Lord Elphinstone.



MR. BRUCE KNAPP, BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST CANADIAN YEOMAN WARDER WITH YEOMAN WARDER A. C. GRIFFIN AT THE TOWER OF LONDON ON JANUARY 1, THE DAY HE WAS SWORN IN FOR DUTY. MR. KNAPP CAME TO ENGLAND IN 1988 AND JOINED THE ARMY. MR. KNAPP IS MARRIED AND HAS CHILDREN. THE FIRST YEOMAN WARDER WAS APPOINTED IN THE TOWER IN 1078.





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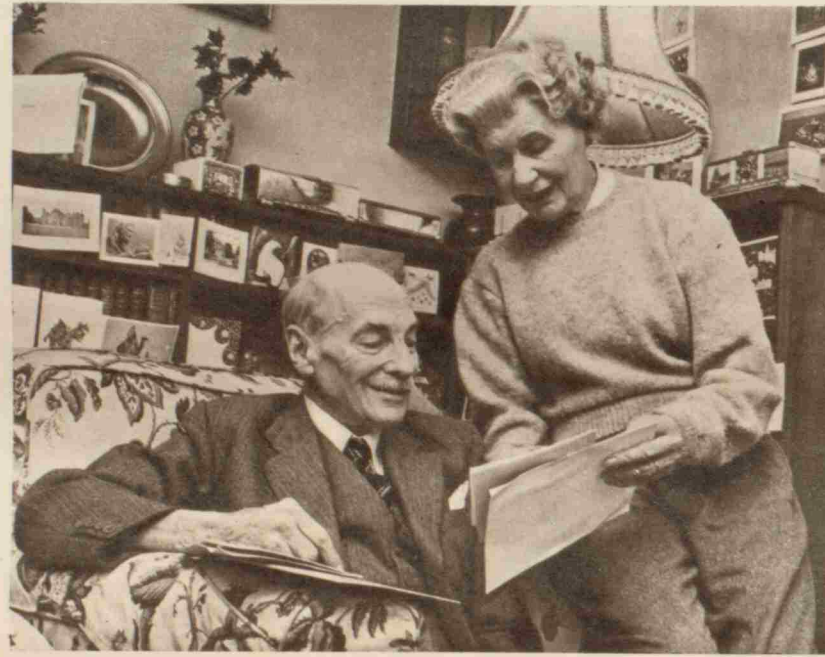
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\*The Times, Dec. 31, 1962.

### A POLICE HELICOPTER, A CANADIAN YEOMAN WARDER AND OTHER HOME NEWS.

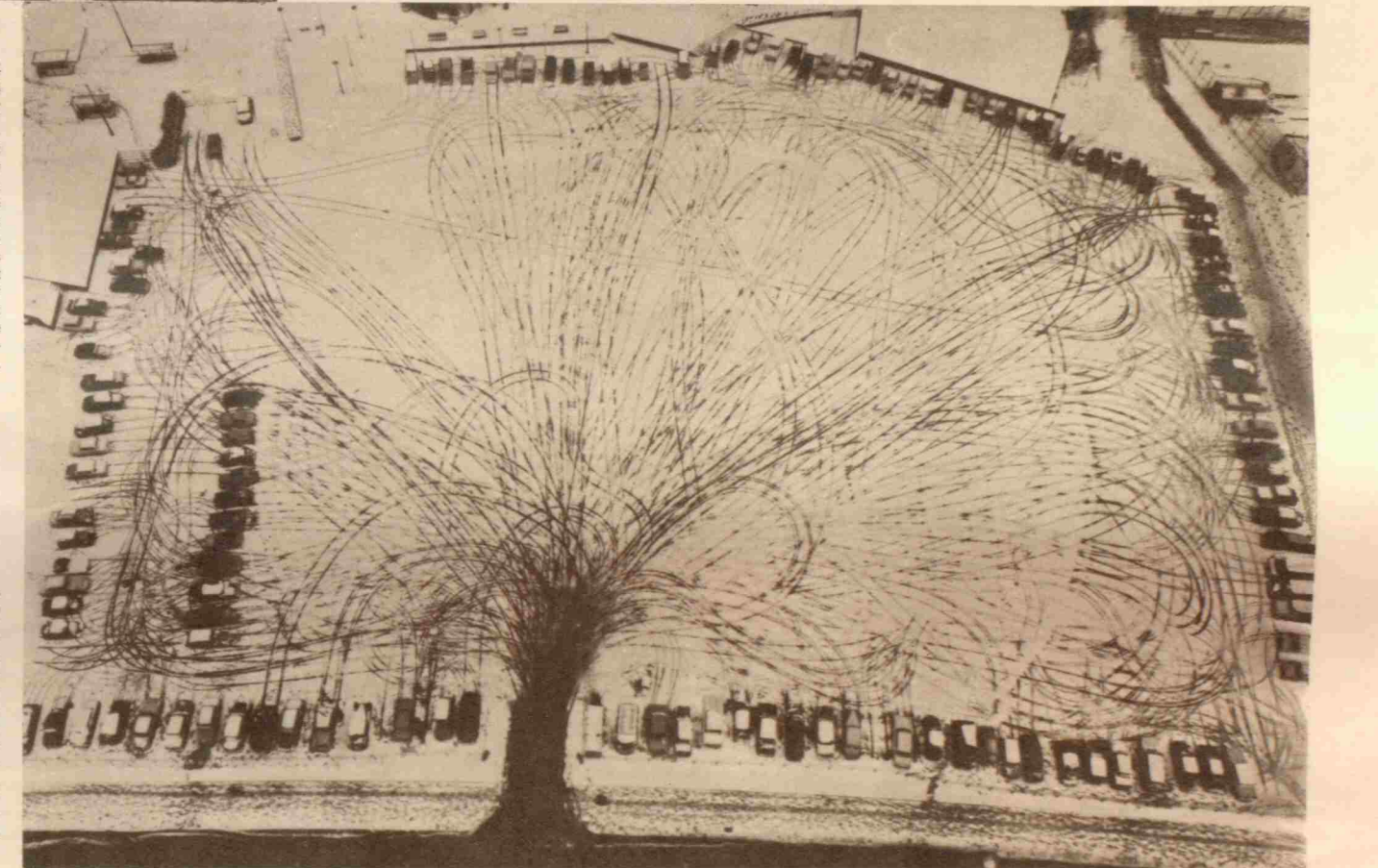


(Left.) A NEW DE-ICING LUBRICANT, MADE WITH ANTI-FREEZE CONTAINING GREASE AND CHEMICALS IS USED BY ITS CREATOR, MR. DOUGLAS AYRES (LEFT) OF BRITISH RAILWAYS WESTERN REGION RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT SECTION TO KEEP RAILWAY POINTS FREE OF ICE. TWENTY SETS OF POINTS WERE PASTED WITH THE COMPOUND D.E.J.3, WHICH LOOKS LIKE MAYONNAISE, AND THE RESULT WAS CONSIDERED A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH.

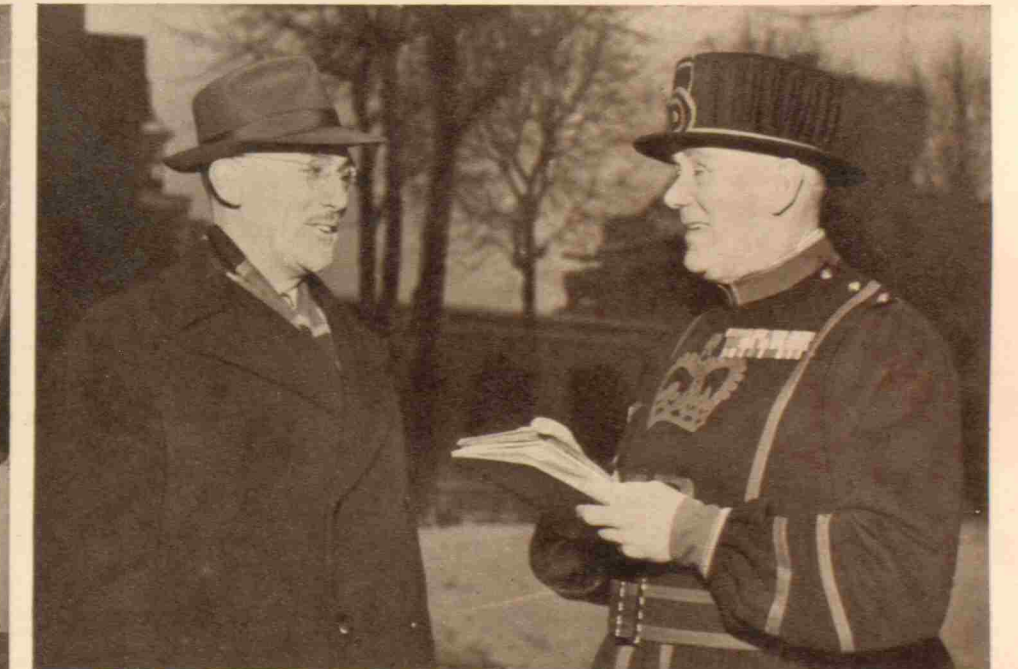


(Right.) SERGEANT J. G. BLAIR, BRITAIN'S FIRST POLICEMAN PATROL FROM THE AIR, MAKES LAST-MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS TO HIS HELICOPTER. SGT. BLAIR'S "HELICOPTER" WILL PATROL THE DURHAM MOORS.

(Right.) A NEW TYPE OF BEAUTY TO BE FOUND IN THE SNOW IS THIS TREE-LIKE PATTERN MADE BY THE WHEELS OF PARKING CARS. The picture was taken 350 feet from the ground on the 26th floor of the Shell building on the South Bank in London. Following the different courses of the cars might make an interesting children's game. Indeed in some cases the indecision of the motorist when faced with an empty car park seems quite remarkable. In London main roads were no worse than on a rainy day, but conditions on minor roads were difficult.



(Below.) THE QUEEN, WEARING A CHERRY-RED SUIT AND MATCHING HAT IN THE ROYAL TRAIN AT LIVERPOOL STREET STATION ON JANUARY 3. The Queen left London in the Royal Train to continue her holiday at Sandringham in Norfolk. She had returned to London for one day in order to make arrangements for the forthcoming Royal Tour of Australia. Travelling with the Queen as her guests were Sir Harold and Lady Wernher, and the Queen's cousin Lord Elphinstone.



MR. BRUCE KNAPP, BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST CANADIAN YEOMAN WARDER WITH YEOMAN WARDER A. C. GRIFFIN AT THE TOWER OF LONDON ON JANUARY 1, THE DAY HE WAS SWORN IN FOR DUTY. MR. KNAPP CAME TO ENGLAND IN 1958 AND JOINED THE ARMY. MR. KNAPP IS MARRIED AND HAS CHILDREN. THE FIRST YEOMAN WARDER WAS APPOINTED IN THE TOWER IN 1078.



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE UNITED NATIONS GOES TO WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS.

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

I HAVE been contributing these articles for over twenty-three years and I can think of no other occasion, at all events since the end of the Second World War, when I have sat down to write one in a mood of such angry indignation. I am prepared to admit that my judgment may not be correct in all the details and I certainly do not claim that one side in the Congo has been entirely in the right and the other wholly in the wrong. In some cases reports have been conflicting, and, though the affair has been well covered by the Press, it has not always been easy to arrive at the precise truth. As I have written before now, President Tshombe of Katanga is no paragon of virtue and by no means an easy man to deal with. I can see the difficulties with which the United Nations has been faced; I can own that some impatience on its part is to be expected; and I can realise that it may well have found itself in a state of perplexity as to how it should act. What I cannot stomach is the brutal manner in which it has used its overwhelming preponderance of strength. The fact that Indian troops constitute its most numerous contingent and that Mr. Nehru wants to bring them home earlier than had originally been expected is a reason for early action, but not an excuse for the form which this has taken.

In the last days of the old year the heaviest fighting—according to U.N. reports—since 1961 began at Elisabethville, the capital of Katanga. According to these reports it was begun by the Katanga gendarmerie, who got out of hand and refused to obey the President's orders to cease fire. However this may be, the fighting must have been one-sided, since the losses on the U.N. side were very small. Those of the Katangan forces were undoubtedly much heavier, but cannot at the time of writing be estimated, even roughly. (I shall say something about civilian casualties later.) At first it was not known whether Tshombe had remained in his house, but he has since stated that he had a lucky escape, driving out in a little car and hearing a U.N. officer shout to a man who was about to fire on him: "No, it's not Tshombe."

The reaction of the British Foreign Office to the United Nations was as sharp and succinct as it well could have been, but I think justified by the news, which I have of course abridged. It ran: "Her Majesty's Government have repeatedly impressed upon U Thant the futility of trying to impose a political settlement on the Congo by force. This could only lead to a prolonged and expensive occupation of the country by the United Nations. Sir Patrick Dean has been instructed to urge U Thant to take advantage of Mr. Tshombe's offer to send representatives to Leopoldville to arrange a fair division of revenues between Katanga and the Central Government. The first necessity is an immediate cease-fire." Such words could mean only that the Foreign Office considered the U.N. report to be untrue. The comment of the *Sunday Times* ran: "By its past actions in Katanga the United Nations has forfeited its right to be automatically trusted either in what it does or in what it says." On behalf of the Labour Opposition Mr. Harold Wilson condemned the wording of the message. On the Tory side Sir Tufton Beamish, a stout back-bencher, obtained the backing of about ninety M.P.s for a motion which described the action of the United Nations as a violation of the Charter.

President Tshombe had actually flown to Southern Rhodesia, not as a refugee but to afford himself an opportunity to put his case to the world and to obtain the advice of Sir Roy Welensky in

Salisbury. He alleged that Mr. Mathu, the chief representative of U.N., had admitted to him that he had been instructed to act without negotiation. He said that he had declared Elisabethville an open city in order to avoid its destruction, that casualties—presumably military and civil combined—



AN IRISH UNITED NATIONS MORTAR TEAM MOVES INTO POSITION NEAR THE KATANGESE VILLAGE OF KIPUSHI DURING THE FIGHTING AGAINST PRESIDENT TSHOMBE'S POLICE FORCE. In their effort to end the two year secession of Katanga from the central Congolese Government, United Nations forces increasingly strengthened their position. Shortly after this U Thant was able to take a strong line with President Tshombe and refused to enter upon negotiations.



KATANGESE REFUGEES FROM ELISABETHVILLE CARRY THEIR PERSONAL BELONGINGS WITH THEM AS THEY LEAVE THE CITY AFTER THE UNITED NATIONS HAD TAKEN IT OVER FROM PRESIDENT TSHOMBE'S FORCES ON DECEMBER 30. REFUGEES STREAMED TOWARDS THE NORTHERN RHODESIAN BORDER.

amounted to about seventy-five killed and five hundred wounded, that "tens of thousands" had fled, and that he was determined to fight it out. The advice he got from Sir Roy was to resume negotiations. Meanwhile the centre of fighting shifted to Kamina, where Swedes, with a Ghanaian battalion under command and covered by their own jet fighters, advanced from Kamina, and to other points. The Swedish Conservative Press has understandably expressed distaste for this employment of its country's forces. Eventually the three principal towns, Elisabethville, Kipushi, and Kamina, fell into the hands of the United Nations. Meanwhile Tshombe fled back in a Royal Rhodesia Air Force aircraft and eventually arrived

in Kolwezi, 220 miles west of Elisabethville. There I must leave his story, with the hope that negotiations with an honourable background may become possible.

The United Nations' forces have used mortars, not the most precise of weapons, as well as aircraft. In these circumstances it is sheer effrontery to announce that there have been no civilian casualties as a result of their operations. Correspondents have reported that over fifty civilians, all African, killed by mortar fire were in mortuaries in Elisabethville. Are they lying? And, if they are, is the Red Cross lying? Is it its custom to do so? Its representatives have stated that they expected many more dead would be found. If you take military action there is nothing wicked in making use of these weapons, but it is surely nauseous hypocrisy to assert that they have hit none but military objectives when you cannot possibly know whether this is or is not the case. As Sir Roy Welensky put it: (people had been) "killed by agents of an international organisation which has peace as its objective and justification."

One last quotation demands a place. U Thant's statement runs: "We do not use the force we have for political ends and we do not intend to intervene in the political affairs of the Congo, of the province of Katanga, or of any other province." There seems to be no necessity to comment on this version of what has happened and that it will suffice to allow readers to make their own interpretations. It is worth while to add, however, whether, if they decide that the action of U.N. has amounted to interference in internal affairs, they should also consider whether such action comes within its mandate.

I had hoped to avoid reference to the attitude of the United States until the situation had further clarified, but in face of the latest news it would be absurd for any commentator to do so. It is now clear that the President not only backs the past action of U Thant but is prepared to put at his disposal means to carry out military operations on a much larger scale if Mr. Tshombe does not accept his terms. It is said that, if he does not knuckle under, the United States will fly out considerable numbers of transport aircraft and road vehicles, and all such equipment as it considers the United Nations troops are likely to require. One cannot help speculating on what the final effect on Africa will be. At the moment the majority of the left-wing communities has no objection to violent action because they consider Mr. Tshombe to be a tool of capitalists, but it is by no means certain that this mood will continue. The next note to be struck may be that of race, and we already know how extreme and dangerous race can be in this continent. To end by a less gloomy reflection, the United States and United Kingdom are at one in the opinion that, if he gets assurances of safety, Mr. Tshombe ought to return to Elisabethville and resume negotiations.

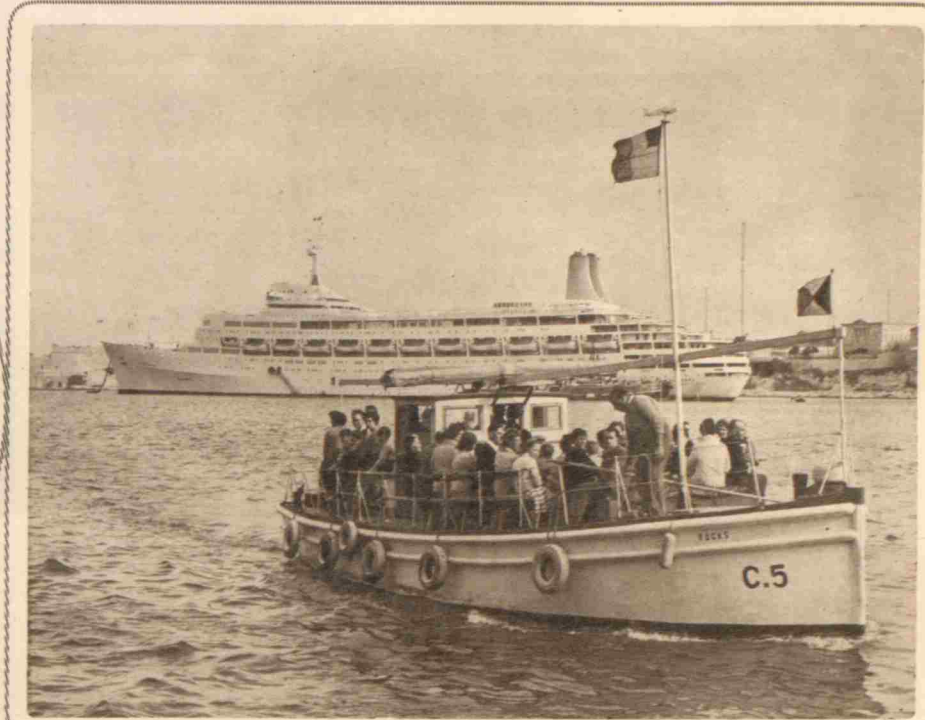
On January 2, U Thant issued a statement that it was now too late for negotiations. In London this decision was greatly regretted, as was indeed to be expected.

On page 1067 of the issue of December 29, we referred to the 40-seat *Aquastroll* class hydrofoil vessel as being manufactured by International Aviation (G.B.) Ltd. This should have read International Aquavion (G.B.) Ltd. We apologise for any inconvenience this may have caused readers.

# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.



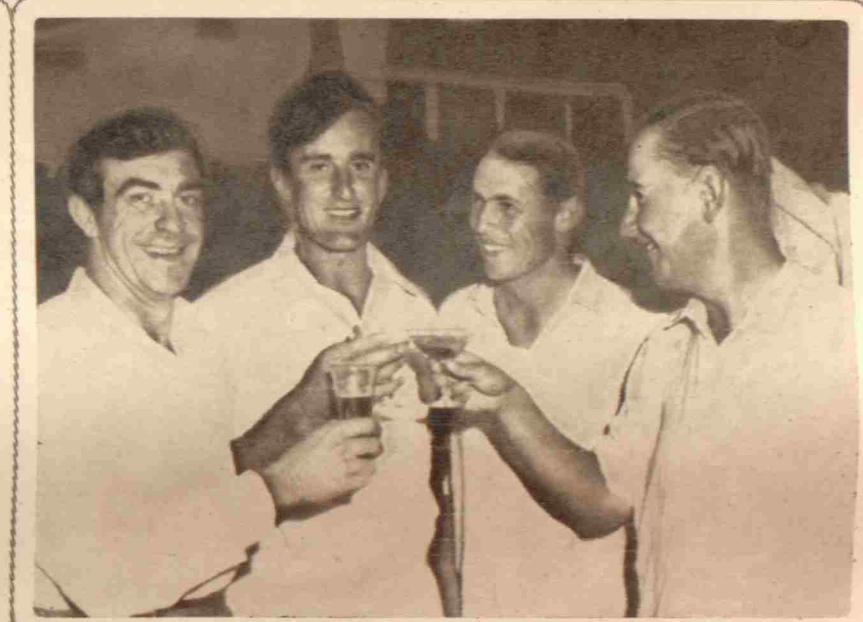
YUGOSLAVIA. UNUSUAL LIGHT ON A HEAD OF STATE: PRESIDENT TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA, ADDING THE CREAM TO A CUP OF COFFEE HE HAD MADE FOR A GUEST. A COFFEE GRINDER AND AN ESPRESSO MACHINE EQUIP HIS PRIVATE COFFEE-BAR—ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT IF YOU WANT A THING DONE PROPERLY . . .



MALTA. PASSENGERS COMING ASHORE FROM THE FIRE-CRIPPLED P. & O. LINER CANBERRA. MOST OF THE PASSENGERS ARE BEING FLOWN TO AUSTRALIA. On January 4, fire in the main engine-room switchboard brought the liner *Canberra* to a standstill off the southern tip of Italy. She limped into Malta on her own steam and arrangements were being made to fly her passengers on to Australia and New Zealand.



MELBOURNE. ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN, E. DEXTER, RUN OUT, AFTER SCORING 66 IN THE SECOND INNINGS OF THE SECOND TEST, WHICH ENGLAND WON BY SEVEN WICKETS.



MELBOURNE. THE ARCHITECTS OF ENGLAND'S VICTORY IN THE SECOND TEST: (L. TO R.) F. TRUEMAN, E. DEXTER, THE REV. D. SHEPPARD AND M. C. COWDRAY. (Radio photograph.) Against expectation, England soundly beat Australia in the second Test and so became one up in the series. Trueman took 3 for 87 and 5 for 62, Dexter made 93 and 52, Sheppard 0 and 113 and Cowdray 113 and 58 n.o. Benaud had a bad match, his one wicket costing 151 runs. The MCC's good form was maintained in Tasmania.

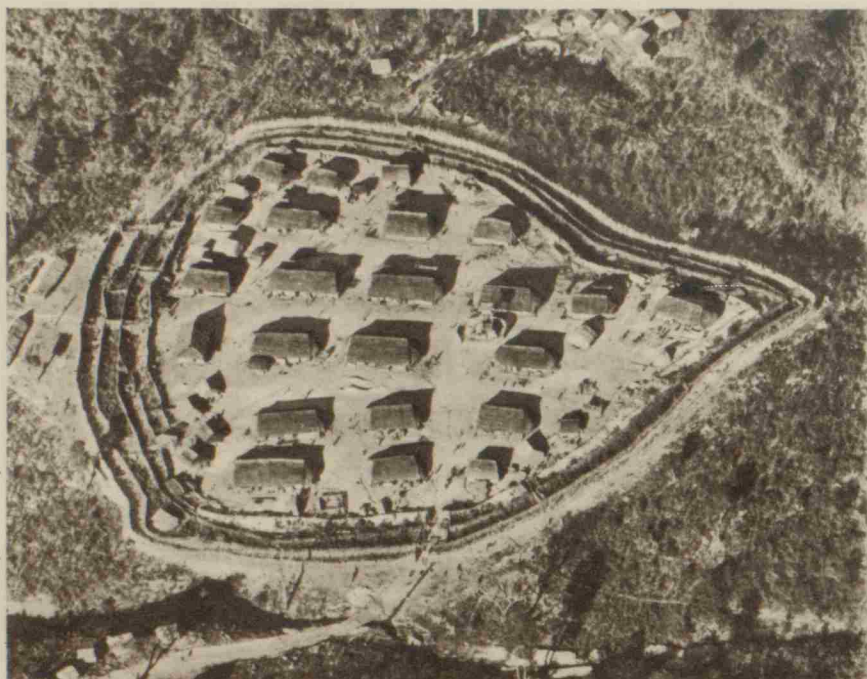


SOUTHERN RHODESIA. MR. WINSTON FIELD, THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA INSPECTING TOBACCO PLANTS ON HIS FARM. The new Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia is a practical farmer and with his family farms about 8000 acres in the Marandellas area. As well as growing tobacco he has a herd of about 800 head of pure-bred Mashona native cattle, carefully culled and selected.

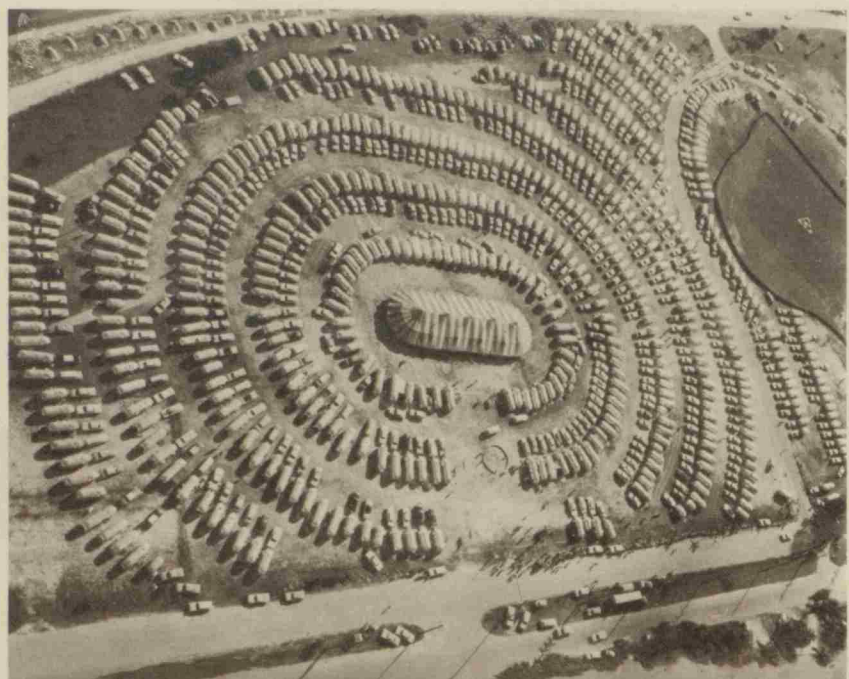


NAIROBI. MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD (CENTRE) BEING SWORN IN AS GOVERNOR BY THE CHIEF JUSTICE, SIR JOHN AINLEY (RIGHT) ON JANUARY 4. After being sworn in at Nairobi's Law Courts, Mr. MacDonald was played back to Government House by pipers of the 2nd Bn., Scots Guards with the tune "MacDonald's Awa'ae the Wars." He said, "There may be great and difficult problems here, but I think they are all soluble."

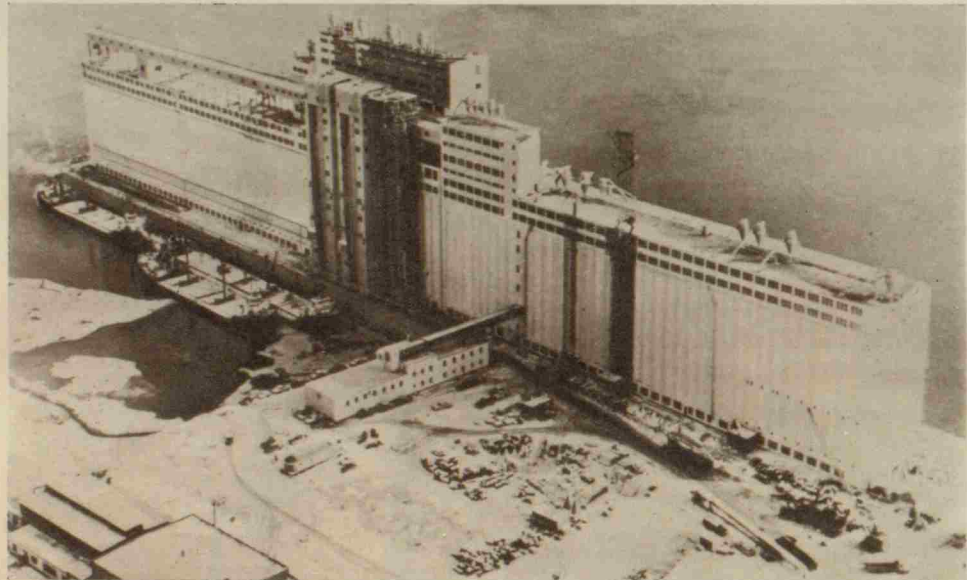




**VIETNAM.** AN ANTI-COMMUNISTS' "SELF DEFENCE VILLAGE" IN THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS OF SOUTHERN VIETNAM—SEEN IN AN AERIAL VIEW. Villages like these have been developed in a resettlement programme of the U.S. and Vietnamese authorities—the purpose being to group previously scattered mountain families and so make them more resistant to the influence of the Vietcong guerillas.



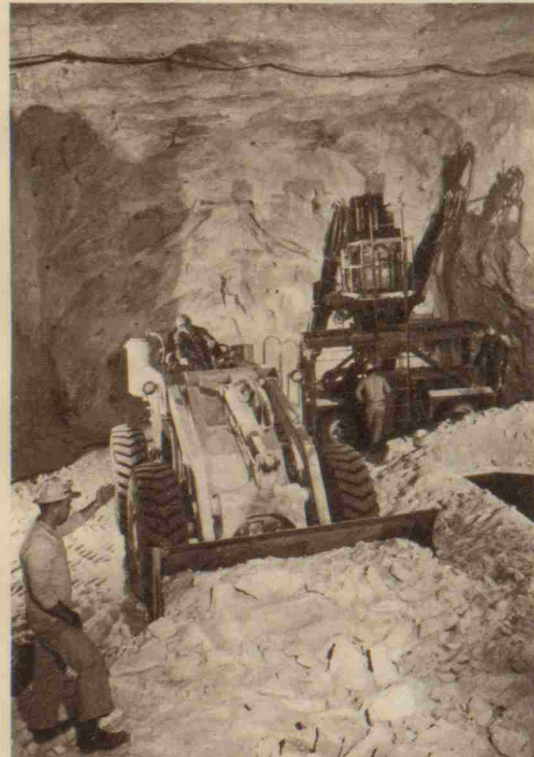
**MIAMI, FLORIDA.** NOT ANOTHER "SELF DEFENCE VILLAGE": BUT A CARAVAN CONVENTION, WITH CARS AND TRAILERS PARKED AROUND A CENTRAL MARQUEE. Conventions are a common feature of the American way of life—but one like this in which the delegates, like snails, carry their accommodation around with them is unusual—not only in effect but also in the pattern which it presents to the helicopter's eye.



**MONTREAL.** SCHEDULED FOR OPENING THIS SPRING: THE NEW PORT OF MONTREAL GRAIN ELEVATOR, WHICH HAS COST MORE THAN \$5,000,000. This elevator, 440 yards long and 232 ft. high, can hold 5,500,000 bushels of grain and it will be able simultaneously to unload 1,000,000 bushels from a lake steamer while loading an ocean-going cargo freighter and it is believed to be the world's fastest grain handler.



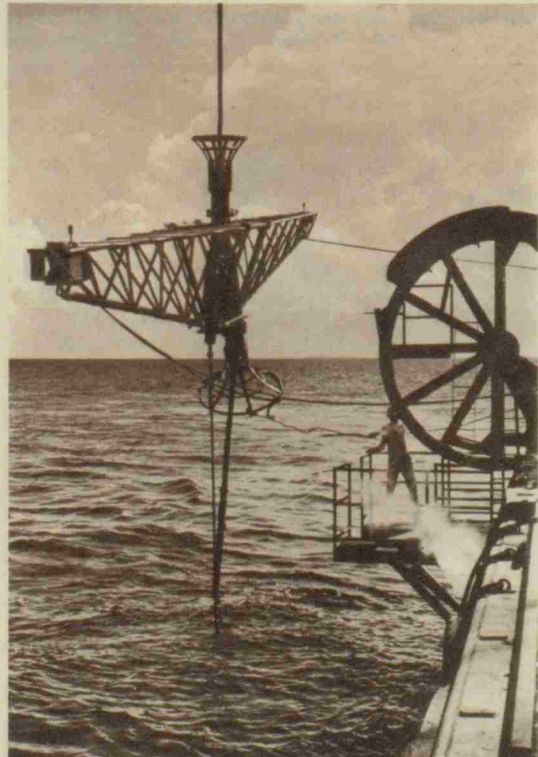
**NAPLES.** LAUNCHED BY SIGNORA SEGNI, WIFE OF THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT: ITALY'S NEW GUIDED MISSILE CRUISER *CAIO DULIO* (6,000 TONS) ENTERING THE WATER RECENTLY. SHE IS ONE OF THREE OF THE "DORIA" CLASS, THE OTHERS BEING *ANDREA DORIA* AND *VITTORIO VENETO*.



**LOUISIANA.** INSIDE THE NEWLY OPENED DOME OF SALT, LYING SOME 1250 FT. BELOW SWAMPLAND NEAR MORGAN CITY—WHICH IS ESTIMATED TO CONTAIN ENOUGH SALT FOR THE WORLD'S REQUIREMENTS FOR SEVERAL CENTURIES.



**VIETNAM.** HELICOPTER LIFTS SHOT-DOWN HELICOPTER—AN INCIDENT DURING RECENT FIGHTING IN THE DINH TUONG PROVINCE. During extensive operations against Vietcong guerillas at the beginning of the year, six American helicopters were shot down by Communists guerillas, who are believed to have trained small groups especially to attack this type of aircraft—apparently with considerable success. Three U.S. soldiers were killed.



**THE ATLANTIC.** AN "UNDERWATER EAR" BEING LOWERED FOR TEST. CALLED "AUTE" (ATLANTIC UNDERSEA TEST AND EVALUATION CENTRE) IT IS DESIGNED TO "PROBE THE SOUNDS OF THE SEA" FROM A PERMANENT POSITION IN A SUBMARINE CANYON.



(Above.) **PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.** THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF A NINE-STOREY FACTORY BUILDING AND NEIGHBOURING RESIDENTIAL BUILDINGS WHICH WERE CONSUMED BY FIRE ON JANUARY 2. The fire started in the factory and quickly spread to the surrounding houses, where it devastated the homes of some 250 persons. Twelve companies of firemen were called in to fight the blaze which caused extensive damage estimated to run into millions of dollars.

(Right.) **MOSCOW.** AT THE KREMLIN NEW YEAR'S PARTY: GUESTS OF MR. KHRUSHCHEV JOIN HIM IN A TOAST DURING WHICH HE TAKES AN OPPORTUNITY TO JOKE WITH COSMONAUT YURI GAGARIN. (L. TO R.) MR. MIKOYAN, MR. BREZHNEV, MAJ. GAGARIN, MR. ROSSINSKY, MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MR. KOSLOV AND MR. SHVERNIK.



**MELBOURNE.** CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF INTERNATIONAL CRICKET AT MELBOURNE: PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS IN APPROPRIATE COSTUME ON DECEMBER 29. Before the start of the Second Test at Melbourne, a re-enactment was staged of the 1862 match between Stephenson's All England XI and a Victorian XVIII. Stimulated by this the M.C.C. went on to win the Second Test by seven wickets.



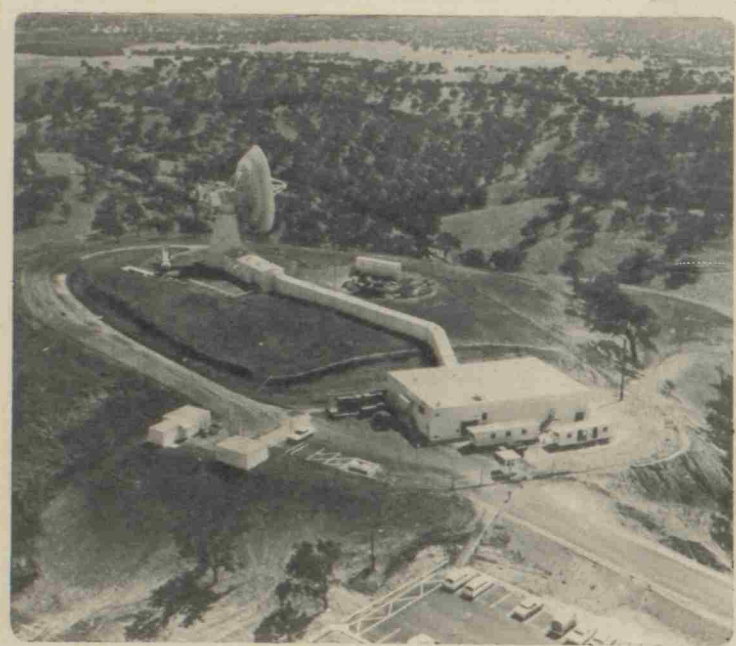
**YOKOSURA, JAPAN.** PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE RECENTLY RETURNED HONSHONI TEMPLE BELL: ABBOT SHOSEKI YOSHIDA AND CMDR. ROBERT WESTDAHL, U.S.N. The bell was donated to the Japanese war effort during World War II, and was found on a scrap heap at the end of the war and taken to the U.S. where it was kept by the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps Unit at Iowa State University.



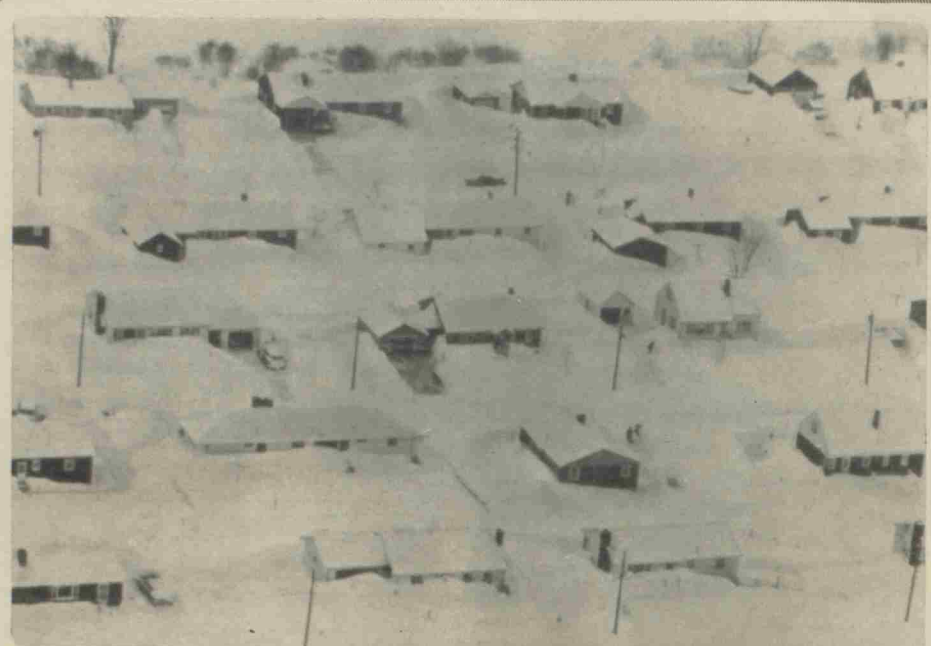
**PARIS.** GENERAL LAURIS NORSTAD, U.S.A.F. (LEFT), SHAKES HANDS WITH HIS SUCCESSOR, U.S. ARMY GENERAL LYMAN LEMNITZER, THE NEW NATO COMMANDER. At SHAPE Headquarters near Versailles on January 2, the change of command ceremonies officially terminated the career of Gen. Lauris Norstad, the popular and outspoken Supreme Allied Commander. The retirement had been postponed for two months.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.



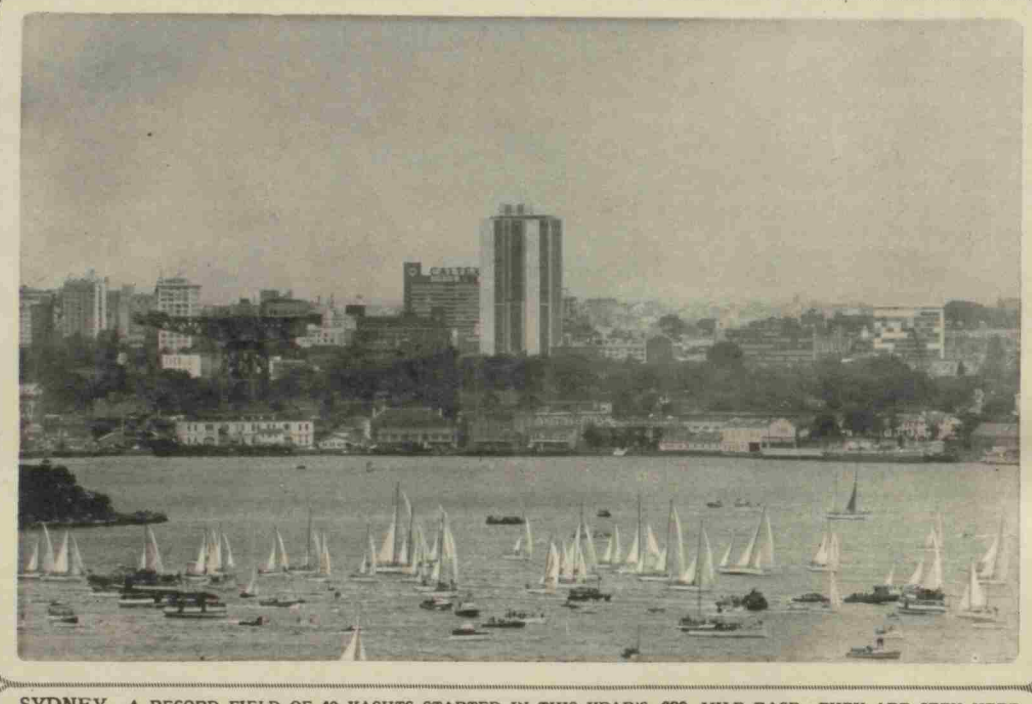
CAMP ROBERTS, CALIFORNIA. AT THE ARMY SATELLITE COMMUNICATIONS AGENCY SURFACE TERMINAL INITIAL EXPERIMENTS WERE CARRIED OUT WITH THE 60 FOOT PARABOLIC DISH ANTENNA REFLECTOR RECENTLY.



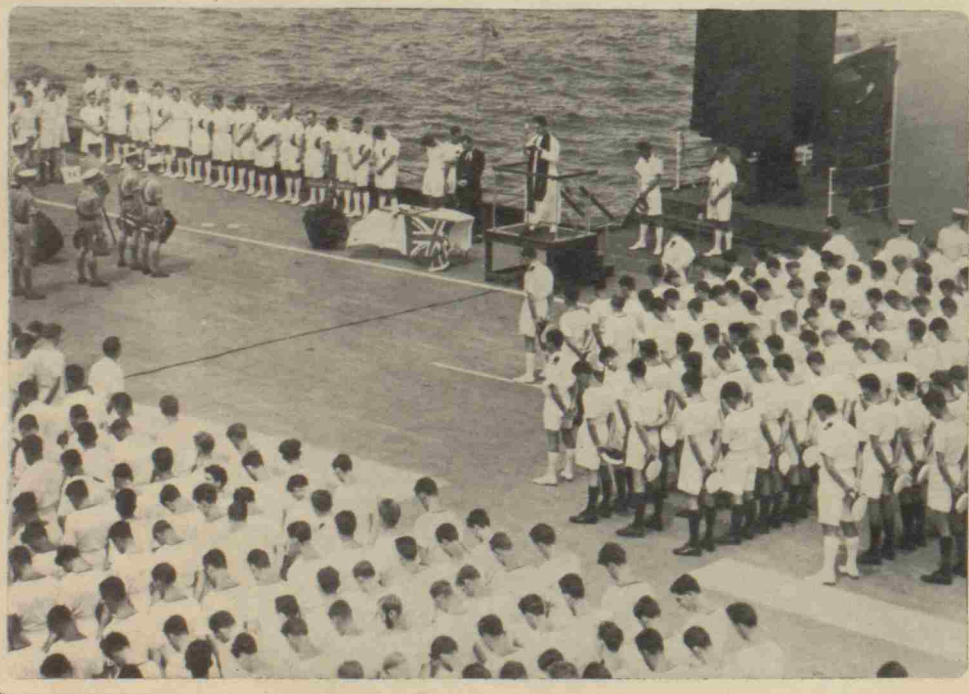
BANGOR, MAINE. A HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IS SHOWN BURIED IN SNOW AFTER A VIOLENT STORM WHICH PARALYSED THE STATE'S THIRD LARGEST CITY. MOST OF THE POPULATION OF 50,000 FACED SIMILAR PROBLEMS, AND THERE WERE DRIFTS UP TO 20 FEET HIGH.



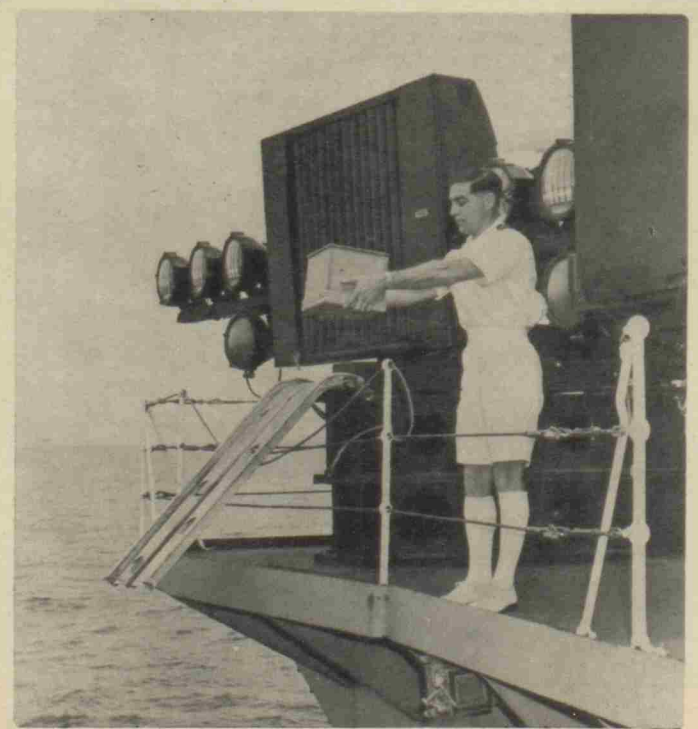
SYDNEY. THE AMERICAN YAWL ONDINE CUTS INTO A WAVE WHILE LEADING THE FIELD IN THE SYDNEY TO HOBART OCEAN YACHT RACE ON DECEMBER 26.



SYDNEY. A RECORD FIELD OF 42 YACHTS STARTED IN THIS YEAR'S 680 MILE RACE. THEY ARE SEEN HERE IN SYDNEY HARBOUR AT THE START OF THE FIVE DAY RACE. The provisional winner of the Sydney to Hobart race was Solo. The yacht which crossed the finishing line first was Ondine, the American yacht and the only foreign entry. Astor, which had led throughout the race, arrived one minute later. The race was described as the best ever.



OFF CEYLON. COMMEMORATING THE LOSS OF THEIR PREDECESSOR OF THE SAME NAME: A SERVICE ON THE FLIGHT DECK OF H.M.S. HERMES, EN ROUTE FOR THE FAR EAST. In April 1942, the carrier H.M.S. Hermes was sunk by Japanese aircraft off Ceylon. In a recent service on the same approximate spot, the present-day Hermes commemorated the occasion with a service, burying at sea the ashes of a survivor of the wartime disaster.



OFF CEYLON. THE ASHES OF A SURVIVOR OF H.M.S. HERMES, SUNK OFF CEYLON IN 1942, WERE COMMITTED TO THE SEA IN THE SAME PLACE BY THE CREW OF THE NEW AND TENTH H.M.S. HERMES.

A MIDDLE KINGDOM.

"THE GOLDEN AGE OF BURGUNDY." By Joseph Calmette.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE

KING ALBERT of the Belgians once remarked that one of the greatest tragedies of history was the disappearance of the Duchy of Burgundy which might otherwise have developed into a much-needed buffer-state between France and Germany. Another monarch, Louis XV, expressed the same view when, standing by the tomb of Mary of Burgundy, he observed, "Voilà l'origine de toutes nos guerres," for Mary had been the sole heir of the Burgundian Dukes, and her marriage to Maximilian of Austria started the long struggle between the Valois and the Bourbons on the one hand and the Habsburgs on the other, of which the ultimate repercussions have been felt down to our own time.

The Burgundy of the Valois Dukes had its roots deep in the past as Professor Calmette stresses in some detail, but as a factor in the balance of power in Western Europe it came into being with Philip the Bold, a younger son of John II of France, known as the "Good." Why this monarch should have been so termed is one of the mysteries of history, for his chief claim to distinction is that he allowed himself to be defeated and captured by the English at the battle of Poitiers, after which his wretched subjects had to raise a very large sum of money by way of ransom to get him back again. The present author, indeed, goes so far as to say that "attempts to rehabilitate the second Valois king have proved fruitless: all through his unfortunate reign his lack of responsibility and of political acumen were too well known." In any event goodness would seem to have been a somewhat relative term in the later Middle Ages for one of the Dukes of Burgundy was also called the "Good." Yet we are told that he had thirty known mistresses and seventeen officially recognised illegitimate children.

What John II did by recreating the Duchy of Burgundy was to establish a threat to the security of his own kingdom, for its rulers during four generations behaved to all intents and purposes as if they were autonomous princes. Their frontier came to the Somme, and when Charles the Bold succeeded as Duke in 1467 it was his avowed intention to unite his dominions to the north and east of France into one continuous whole, and to form them into an independent kingdom. Had he not been killed ten years later fighting against the Swiss the immediate danger to France would have become acute, whatever advantage might ultimately have accrued to Europe as a whole.

Professor Calmette, during the course of a narrative in which it is not always easy to see the wood for the trees, does his best for the four Valois Dukes of Burgundy, though even on his showing they were not very attractive figures. Perhaps the best was the first, Philip the Bold, who had earned a great reputation at Poitiers when he was not yet fifteen by assisting his father on the battlefield. "Defend yourself, father," he shouted, "to the right—now to the left," and his action on this occasion covered a multitude of sins in later life.

Even the author is somewhat sparing of his praise where the second Duke, John the Fearless, is concerned:

He was, we are told, "a small dark man, with blue

eyes, a full face, an unflinching glance, an uncompromising jaw," and "a massive squashed head"; he was coarse and devoid of charm, he had no fluency of speech, cared little about his appearance, neglected his clothes, except on those occasions when he went to the other extreme, and appeared ostentatiously in heavily ornamented garments. He was "a Fleming with Hainault blood in his veins." He took after his father, but was even more like his mother. He was brave, daring, wily, and his ambition knew no bounds. His slovenly appearance and his somewhat crude manners appealed especially to the common people.

He was an accessory before the fact to the murder of the Duke of Orleans, his rival for the control of the mad King of France, Charles VI, and he was in due course himself murdered after a discussion with the Dauphin on the Yonne bridge

a part he played in affairs of State is another matter, but it can be said without fear of contradiction that he presided over them majestically and with an easy grace. Finally, there was the fourth Duke, Charles the Bold—"an ambitious man, proud, and headstrong," who in ten short years brought crashing to the ground the edifice which his forbears had erected with such care.

The rise of the Duchy of Burgundy occasioned almost as many international complications as did its fall. The basic factor was the antagonism between England and France due to the aggressive policy of Edward III in the middle of the fourteenth century. The earlier Dukes of Burgundy were torn between their loyalty to the King of France as head of the House of Valois and the advantages which might accrue to the Duchy as a result of supporting England: with the passage of time, and the consequent increasing remoteness of the family connection with the occupant of the French throne, the interests of Burgundy came uppermost, not least because of the dependence of the Low Countries upon English wool. So Charles the Bold married Margaret of York, the sister of Edward IV, and henceforth Burgundy supported the white rose and France the red, which was a further cause of friction between them.

Could the Duchy have survived, and perhaps played the part envisaged by King Albert? Professor Calmette thinks it possible:

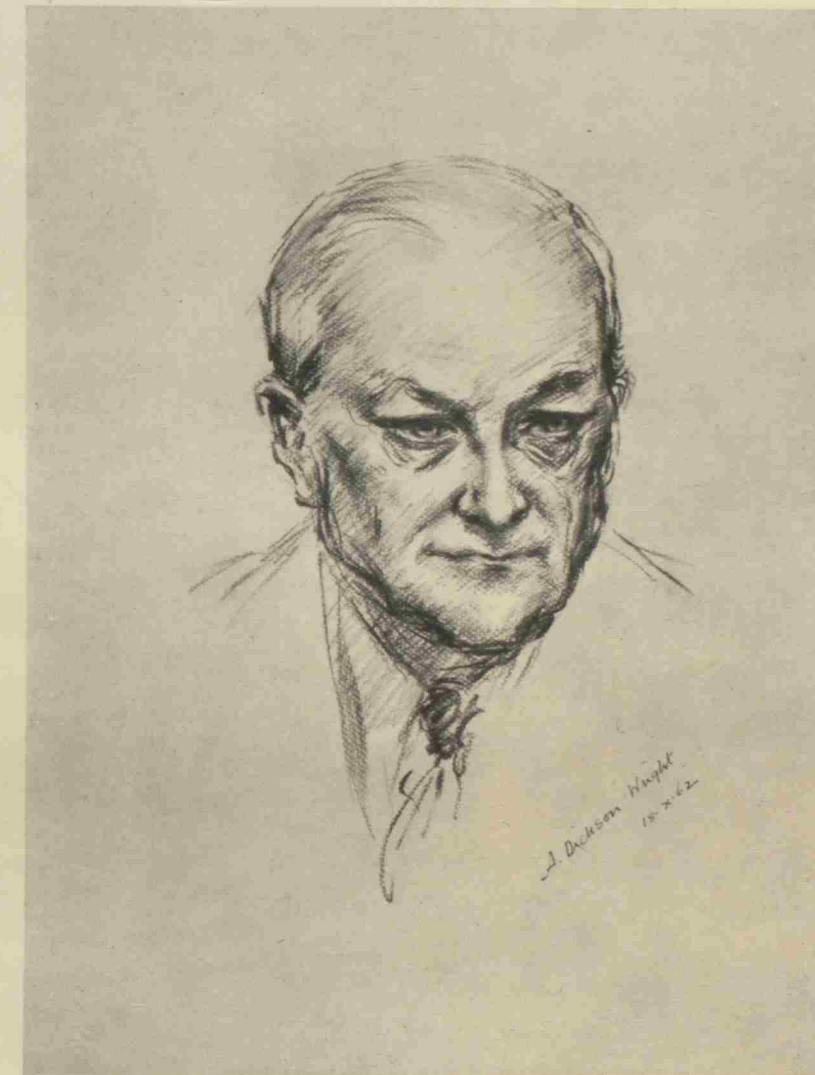
It may be argued that the lack of any racial or linguistic unity, and the absence of any community of interest, prevented these domains from ever being united by bonds of fellowship, and that consequently the failure of the venture was a foregone conclusion. But to make a pronouncement of this kind implies gratuitous acceptance of the dangerous dogma of historical determinism. It would also be to overlook the fact that similar historical groupings, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, for instance, have found adequate reason for coming into existence and for continuing to exist, by linking up their interdependent economic systems, and grouping themselves around a single dynasty.

The magnificence of the Burgundian Court did not die with the Duchy, for it was passed on to, and practised by, Charles V. In his turn he urged its adoption on his son, Philip II. Hitherto the Court life of Spain, save for a brief period in the reign of Philip I, had been bluff and simple, almost austere, but now the pomp and circumstance of the House of Burgundy was introduced, and the younger nobles, instead of hunting the wild boar in their mountain homes, were kept hanging about at Court. This change was by no means to Philip's liking, for his personal tastes were of the simplest, and he hated ostentation, but he was also a slave to duty, and he followed his father's instructions.

A good deal of the ground covered by this book will be unfamiliar to the English reader, and he will not be helped by several anachronisms in the text.

There was, for example, no Parliamentary government in England under the rule of the House of York, and the term British, which several times appears in these pages when English is meant, cannot correctly be applied until after the union of the Crowns in 1603.

\* "The Golden Age of Burgundy." By Joseph Calmette, translated by Doreen Weightman. Illustrated. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 50s.)



A FAMOUS SURGEON AND HONORARY TREASURER OF THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND: MR. ARTHUR DICKSON WRIGHT, M.S., M.B., F.R.C.S. The son of a Dublin doctor, Mr. A. Dickson Wright was born in Dublin in 1897 and came to London to enter Medical School at St. Mary's Hospital in 1914. He has retained his early association with the famous London Teaching Hospital throughout his brilliant career, only recently retiring from the Staff of the Medical School there. During his life he has held various posts on the Staffs of some of the most famous hospitals, and for some time he lived and worked in Singapore where he was Professor of Clinical Surgery at the School of Medicine, Acting Senior Surgeon, Singapore; and Honorary Surgeon, St. Andrew's Hospital, Singapore. Although much of his time is taken up with surgery and medicine, he still finds time to write for the medical press and play golf.

at Montreaux. All they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.

In spite of his morals the third Duke, Philip the Good, seems to have been an improvement on his predecessors. We are told by Professor Calmette that he was fundamentally good-natured; that he was gay, lively, and a keen sportsman; and that he was also extremely fond of reading. How active

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### ARCHAEOLOGICAL SECTION NO. 2119.

## UNCOVERED BY A MECHANICAL EXCAVATOR: THE CELTIC GOLD TREASURE OF ERSTFELD IN SWITZERLAND — A DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE.

By Professor Dr. E. Vogt, Hon. F.S.A.

The Erstfeld Treasure is at present exhibited in the Swiss National Museum, Zurich. An interesting parallel can be found in the Reinheim Treasure (now in the museum at Saarbrücken) which was found in the Saar in 1954 and illustrated, with an article by Dr. Josef Keller, in *The Illustrated London News* of December 3, 1955.

LAST August a Celtic gold treasure of the fourth century B.C., one of the most important of this period so far known was discovered in the Canton of Uri where such a thing was least expected. The discovery is an event of the first importance for the study of prehistoric archaeology.

This year a revetment wall against avalanches is being built on the lower slopes of the right side of the valley near Erstfeld and considerable clearance work was necessary for the purpose. Not far from a prominent ledge of rock, a big lump of rock (about 91½ cu. yds. (70 cubic metres)) was stuck in the rubble which in course of time had accumulated over a moraine. The driver of the excavator hauled out from beneath this rock a small piece of stone and with it, under the eyes of the foreman, a gold treasure, which was obviously lying in a niche between the stones, 29½ ft. (nine metres) down in the debris (Fig. 1). The two men rinsed the shining yellow objects in water without hurting them in any way and shortly afterwards had them taken to the Swiss National Museum to obtain reliable information on the meaning of this remarkable find of unknown date. The Director of the National Museum then informed the authorities of the Canton of Uri in their capacity as court to decide the legal claims on the find and so set in motion the normal procedure in such cases. It is due to the remarkably sensible behaviour of the discoverers that this exceptional discovery can be published and scientifically studied.

The treasure consists entirely of gold objects: four torcs and three bracelets (Figs. 2-8). The fact that the find was certainly recovered complete is a most important one for scholars. All the objects are richly decorated with reliefs. Three of the torcs (Figs. 5, 6 and 8) belong to the same type, and two of them (Figs. 5 and 6) are almost identical; to the plain, hollow hoop is joined a section with openwork decoration, worked on both sides so that it has no real front and back. The fourth torc (Fig. 7) is a good deal different; although it is divided in the same way into a plain hoop and a decorated portion, the ornament of the latter is quite different. Of the three bracelets two (Figs. 3 and 4) are a pair, as may be seen from the exactly identical ornament; the third bracelet (Fig. 2) is a singleton. A brief description of the pieces may be of interest.

The decorated parts of the two identical torcs (Figs. 5 and 6) are divided into two symmetrical halves, the centre being marked by a highly stylised bird between two club-shaped objects. On either side there extends a strange mass of human and animal forms in openwork relief. Nearest the centre is the upper part of a human

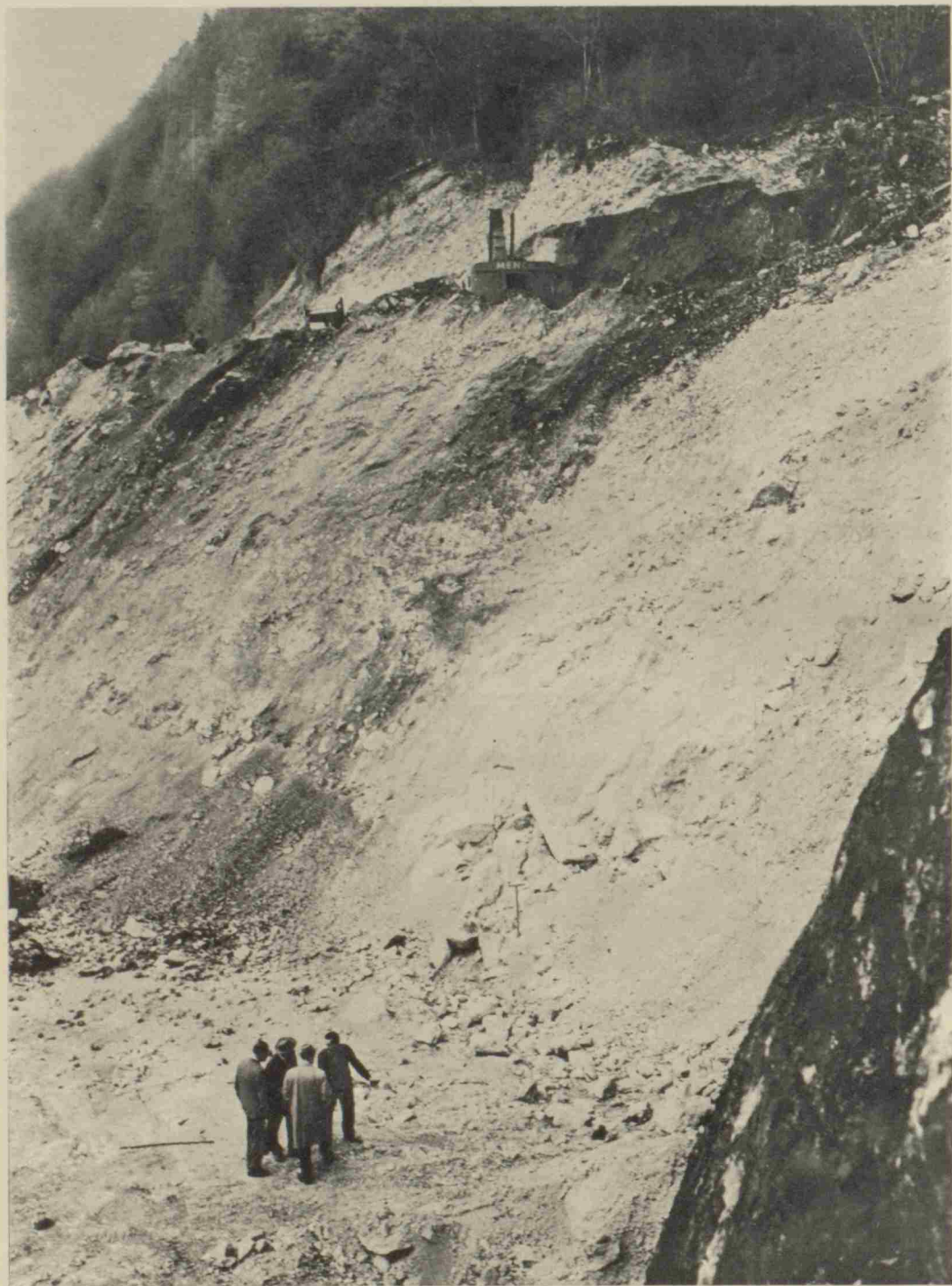


FIG. 1. THE FIND-SITE OF THE ERSTFELD GOLD TREASURE. THE FOUR MEN ARE SEEN STANDING ON THE SPOT WHERE THE GOLD WAS FOUND UNDER A HUGE BOULDER, AMIDST THE DEBRIS OF A MORAIN. THE TREASURE WAS ABOUT 29½ FT. BELOW THE SURFACE, BEFORE CLEARING BEGAN.

figure looking inwards and with its arm twisted backwards, and next to this the upper part of another human figure looking outwards and with a half-animal head with horns. It is impossible to decide to which of these figures the human leg belongs on the inner edge of the decorated zone. There follows on either side a very stylised bird with half-animal, half-human head looking backwards and the end of the decorated part consists of two animal heads which bite on the ends of the hoop.

The third torc (Fig. 8) is very similar; the whole central motif except for the bird in the

middle differs only in details. After this, however, there comes a fully developed, strongly styled, bird which a man is seizing by its neck and leg. The terminals in this case, instead of being two heads, consist of two animals with their bodies, which are very difficult to make out, lying on their backs along the inside edge of the decorated zone. Their heads, which apparently have long twisted horns, are back to front on the bodies and bite on the ends of the plain hoop.

The most beautiful of all is certainly the fourth torc (Fig. 7) on which the detail is so much clearer and better-defined than the other two. In the middle is a simple knot-motif; the decorated portion on either side begins with a superb stylised animal head with pointed ears while on the remain-

ing part appear a number of palmette-like motifs. But a closer analysis shows that the head is sitting on the body of a bird. If we look at the left half, after the feathered neck comes the wing at right angles to it in the form of a half-palmette. There follows on the outer edge the divided tail and on the inner edge the leg with one long and one short claw. Finally comes a half-palmette which, together with another on the side not visible, makes up a complete palmette.

The larger bracelet (Fig. 2) has two identical motifs. On either side of a decorated knot are two human masks with coiled rams' horns and a palmette forms the end of the decoration. The two bracelets which make a pair (Figs. 3 and 4) both have relief ornament consisting of a continuous scrolling stem with little feathered leaves in its coils and little tendrils rather like those of a climbing plant.

All the hoops are made hollow out of rather thick gold sheet either bent over so that the seam is on the inside or, in the case of the more elaborate parts, in two halves joined together. They are masterpieces of Celtic gold work.

Among the Celtic gold jewellery already known there are parallels only for the large bracelet. All the others are completely new with only a few of the decorative details occurring here and there. It will need a thoroughgoing study to establish the origins and stylistic elements of the various motifs represented. It has long been known that Celtic goldsmiths took many ideas from other centres of culture, both from the Greco-Etruscan world and from the Scytho-Iranian. But the Celts very rarely copied; instead, by the manner in which they combined various elements, by their choice of motifs, and also by their very important adaptation of them, they created that rich and characteristic Celtic style which the scholar, as in this case, can recognise immediately. It is a strange style averse to naturalism, always tending towards schematisation, yet full of life and movement. Some details, like the eyes, are exaggerated and the hair is shown in long tresses; curved lines dominate the picture while the strong relief produces many highlights. A comparison has often been made between this Celtic art and certain Romanesque works of art.

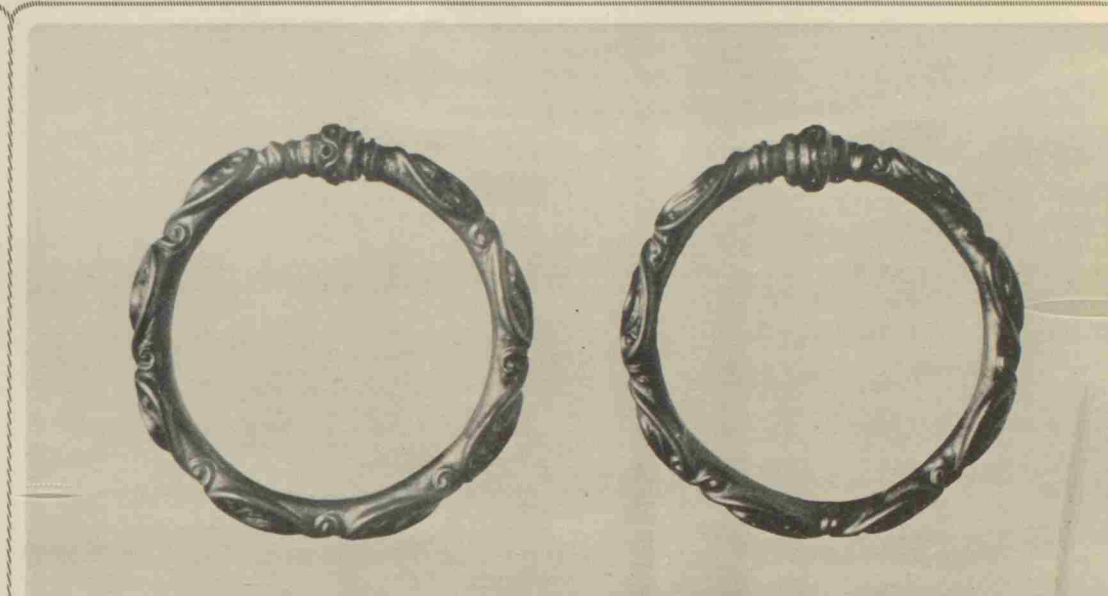
The ornaments were certainly intended for women, especially such richly decorated pieces, although it has long been known that, in the late Celtic period of the last centuries B.C. men also wore gold necklets. If we imagine the torc on the wearer we realise a rather surprising fact. The ornament is not arranged so as to be seen by a person facing the wearer because it would be upside down; it is designed to be looked at by the wearer and this, no doubt, is characteristic of the Celtic attitude of mind.

In the Celtic area of central Europe, gold jewellery, with a few exceptions has only been found in the graves of the highest social classes. The practice of burying the dead with expensive gold jewellery was not general among all branches of the Celtic race. Finds of this kind are concentrated in the areas of west and south-west Germany; it is certain, however, that gold jewellery was worn in other Celtic areas though it was not buried with the dead and it is therefore very difficult to locate the workshops where such jewellery was produced. It can be shown that the Erstfeld pieces are similar in many [Continued opposite.

## THE GOLD TREASURE OF ERSTFELD: FANTASTIC TORCS AND BRACELETS.



FIG. 2. THE ODD-MAN-OUT OF THE BRACELETS: WITH HORNED HUMAN MASKS AND PALMETTES IN RELIEF (DIAM. 3¼ IN. (8 CM.)).



FIGS. 3 AND 4. THE TWO IDENTICAL GOLD BRACELETS. THEY ARE OF HOLLOW GOLD DECORATED IN RELIEF WITH A SCROLL ORNAMENT COMBINING LEAVES AND TENDRILS. (DIAMETER 3½ IN. (7.7 CM.)).

[Continued.] respects to examples from western Germany but that is no proof that they were made there. It is also certain that they were not made in the Canton of Uri which played a very minor role as an area of settlement in prehistoric times; the workshops must have been in some more heavily populated area. But the comparisons with the finds from west German graves do give some indication of the date of the Erstfeld treasure; the former are largely of the 5th and 4th centuries B.C. as we know from imported Greek objects found with them. The baroque forms of the Erstfeld rings indicate that they belong to a late phase of this period and more detailed study will probably provide us with a more precise date.

What is the explanation of the Erstfeld find? The composition and circumstance of burial show that it was not a grave-offering. The pieces were, no doubt, stored in a container of some perishable material and the owner was probably a merchant to judge from the fact that two of the torcs are identical. How the pieces came to be buried, whether because of some dangerous situation or simply because the merchant did not wish, or was not able, to take these expensive objects with him, cannot at present be decided. However, most of the Treasures which we know already can be explained by the fact that the owner never had the opportunity to recover his property from its hiding place and in this case it may be that an avalanche or landslide prevented the objects from being recovered—until the age of the mechanical excavator.

The place of discovery is on a well-known Alpine route. The mediaeval way passed on the other side of the valley. In prehistoric times the trade over the Alps was served by simple mule tracks of which there must already have been a large number in the Bronze Age as is shown from the distribution of finds and occupation sites. Apart from the Reusstal-Tessin route there must have been a large number of other thoroughfares serving trade; in the present state of knowledge it seems likely that the gold treasure of Erstfeld was on the north-south route, but this is a question that has yet to be investigated.



FIGS. 5 AND 6. THE TWO ALMOST IDENTICAL GOLD TORCS, WITH A COMPLEX OF HUMAN, ANIMAL AND BIRD MOTIFS ON EITHER SIDE OF TWO CLUB-SHAPED OBJECTS FRAMING A BIRD FIGURE, MORE FULLY DESCRIBED IN THE TEXT. (DIAMETER OF FIG. 6, 5½ IN. (14.5 CM.)).

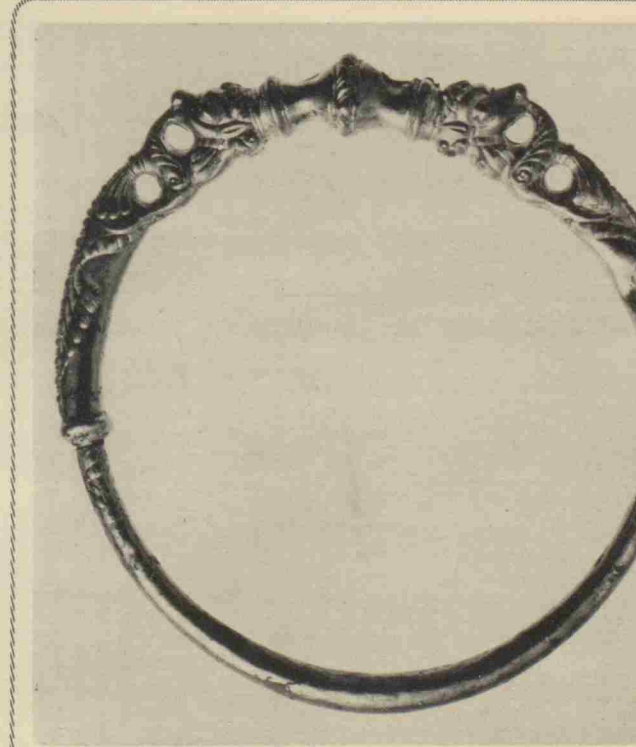


FIG. 7. ONE OF THE LARGER GOLD TORCS. ON EITHER SIDE OF A CENTRAL KNOT ARE TWO STYLISED BIRD FIGURES WITH REVERSED ANIMAL HEADS. AS IN ALL, THE DESIGN IS RIGHT WAY UP TO THE WEARER (DIAM. 6½ IN. (15.5 CM.)).

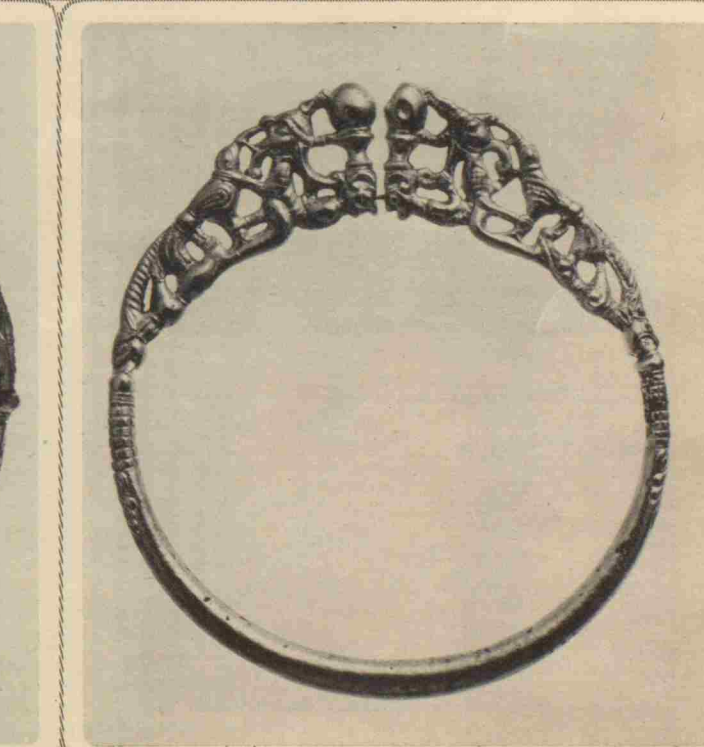


FIG. 8. THIS TORC, THE SAME SIZE AS FIG. 7, IS NOT DISSIMILAR TO FIGS. 5 AND 6, BUT THE ORNAMENT INCLUDES, ON EITHER SIDE, A MAN SEIZING A BIRD BY THE LEG AND NECK.



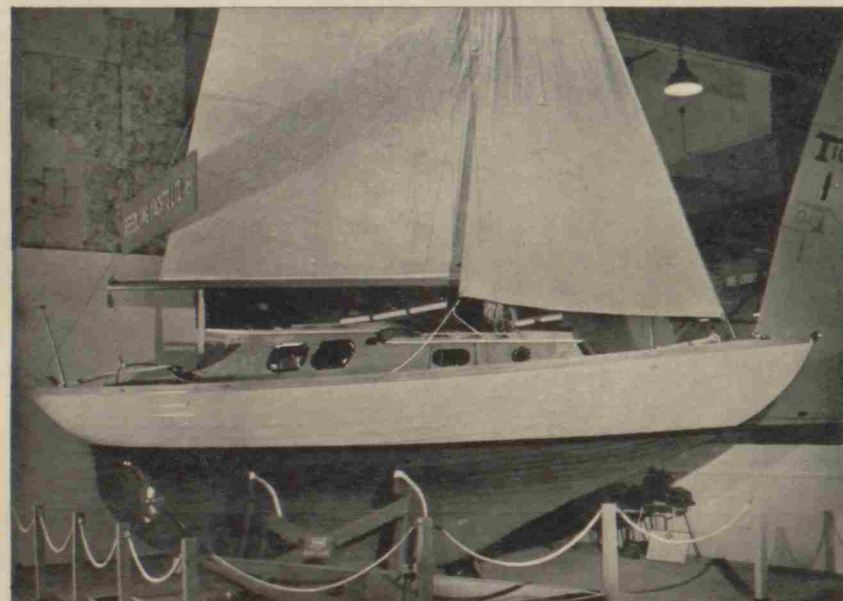
### THE NINTH INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW AT EARLS COURT, LONDON: SOME EXHIBITS.



EARL MOUNTBATTEN, WHO OPENED THE SHOW ON JANUARY 2, TALKS TO A DECKHAND IN COMET, A REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL STEAMSHIP.



AN OVERALL VIEW OF THE DEEP LAGOON AT THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT SHOW. IT IS PART OF THE MAIN FEATURE, TWO LAGOONS, AND HAS A DISTINCTLY SOUTH SEAS FLAVOUR.



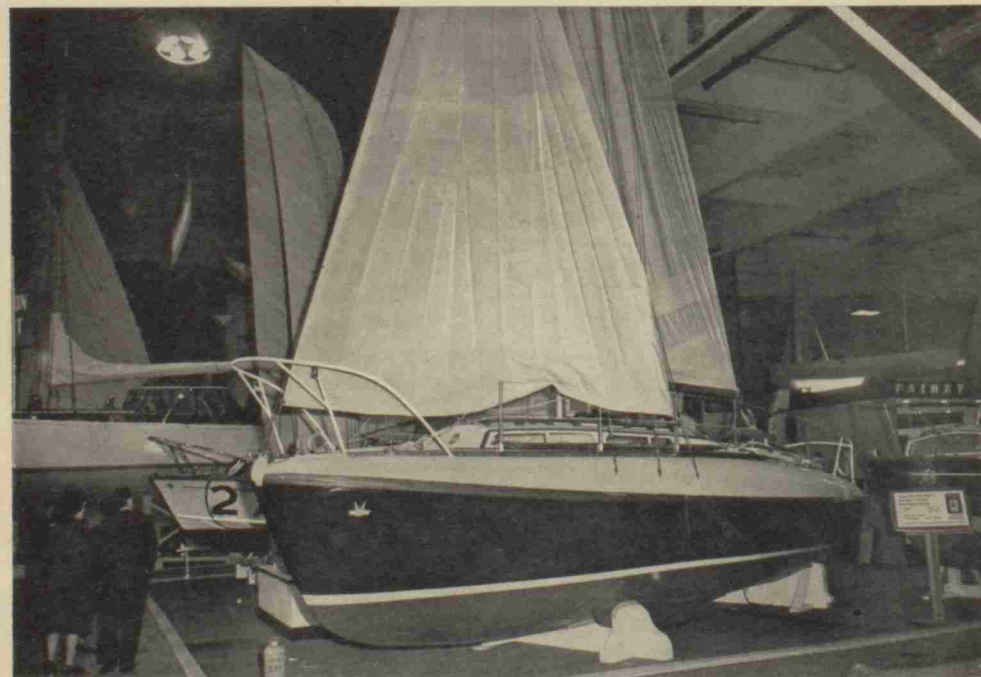
BEAUTIFULLY CRAFTED OUT OF RUSSIAN REDWOOD LAID CLINKER ON OAK TIMBERS, IS THIS BRITISH FOLKBOAT MADE BY REEDLING YACHTS LTD.



A SUPERB FAST LUXURY CRUISER BUILT BY PORT HAMBLE LTD., THE PACEMAKER 29: THE SEA-GOING CRAFT BERTHS UP TO FIVE PERSONS AND IS CAPABLE OF HIGH SPEEDS.



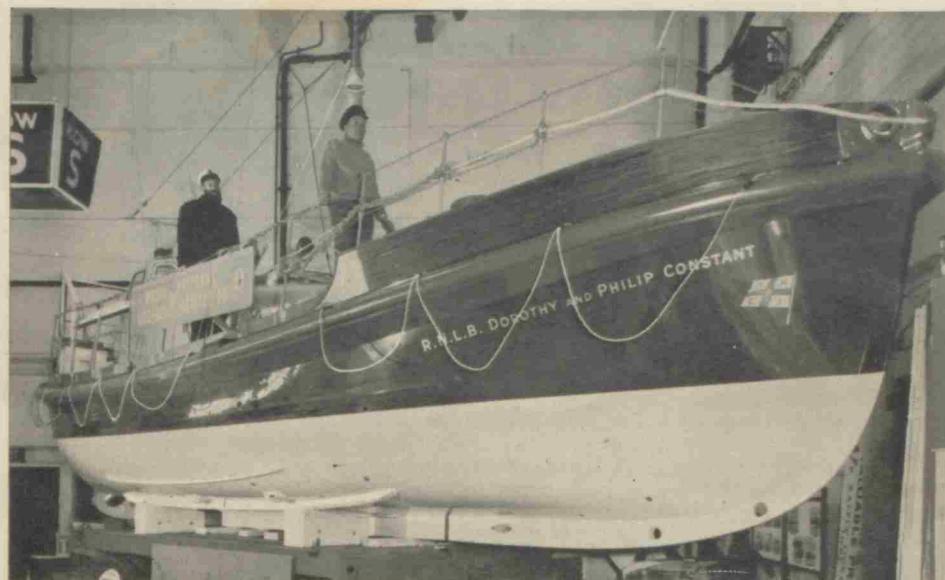
UN-MAORI-LIKE MAIDENS SAILING A MAORI CANOE FOR THE BENEFIT OF PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS DURING THE PREVIEW OF THE SHOW ON JANUARY 1.



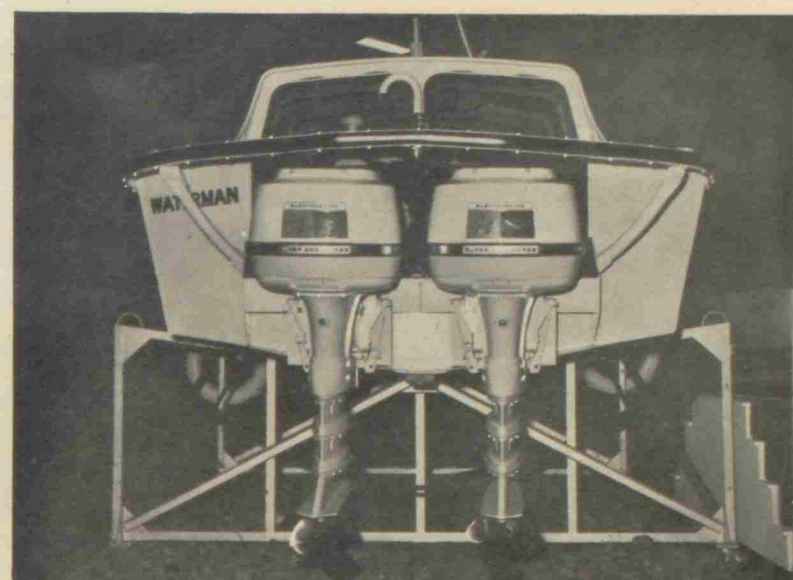
A FAIREY MARINE LTD. VESSEL: THE NEWLY INTRODUCED 31-FOOT VERSION OF THE WELL KNOWN ATLANTA CRUISER. THIS LUXURY VERSION OF THE 28-FOOT BOAT CAN COPE WITH HIGH SEAS OR SHALLOW SHOALS.

It could be said that this year's International Boat Show opened with a splash: in a witty speech, Earl Mountbatten of Burma officially opened the Show on January 2. He talked about the increased interest in boating (caused by the other eight Shows) which has resulted in crowded anchorages, and he supported the Duke of Edinburgh who stressed the need for more marinas to solve the

problem; and called for support for the Sail Training Association's project—the building of a sail training ship for the youth of the country. This year's show has everything the boating enthusiast requires to sate his nautical appetite: an immensely popular Fashion Show put on by British Nylon Spinners, Ltd., a Darlington family showing "how to do it" by actually building a boat at the

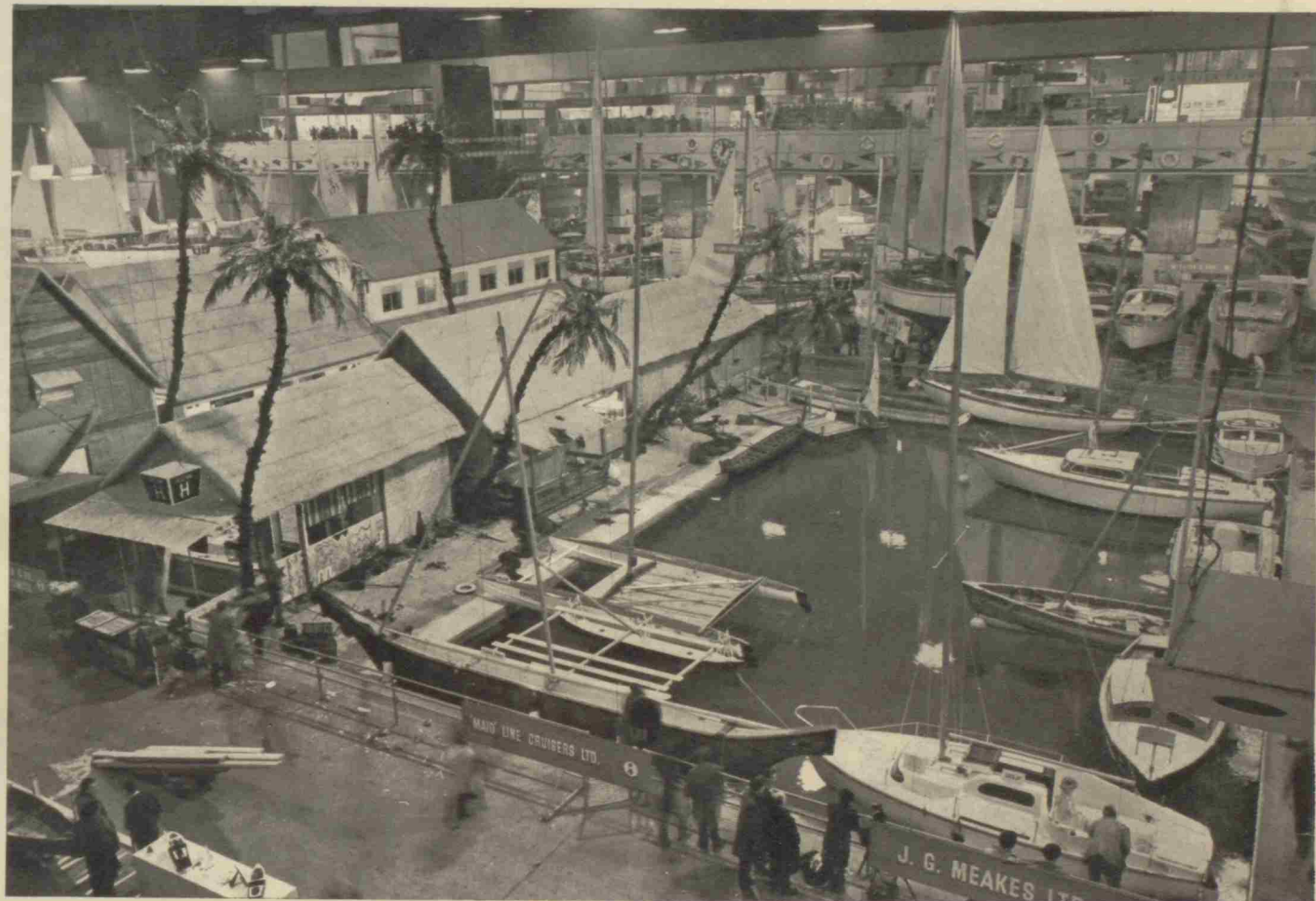


THE NEW LIFEBOAT WHICH WILL ENTER SERVICE AT SHOREHAM HARBOUR SOON: THE DOROTHY AND PHILIP CONSTANT, NAMED AFTER THE DONORS WHO LIVE AT BEXHILL-ON-SEA.



INTERNATIONAL AQUAVION'S HYDROFOIL CRAFT WITH ITS TWIN 75 H.P. ENGINES: THE DRYLAND ASPECT THAT MOST PEOPLE WILL BE SEEING ON THE WATER.

Show, lifesaving demonstrations, and some of the least and most expensive small craft ever to float—from a £10 converted wardrobe to a £40,000 fifty-foot yacht. A stroll round the great hall is interesting not only to the boating enthusiast—there is much to be seen by the student of human nature also. The ubiquitous small boys loaded to the gunwales with brochures and eating ice cream, and the quick-talking demonstrators of the smaller, ancillary products with their well-rehearsed patter, are all part of what makes a Show or exhibition fun, and this one is certainly that. The balcony at Earls Court, which provides a vantage-point from which to view the lower floor with its fashion show and lagoons, also houses the engines and auxiliary equipment stands. Huge marine engines and petrol companies compete for attention with electrical equipment and paint manufacturers. For the hungry there is "Galley Alley," and a Lager stand for those in whom the tropical atmosphere of the lagoons causes thirst; for the lost and losers there is a haven called "Children Adrift," and for all there is endless fascination, pleasure and interest in this, the biggest and best Boat Show in the World.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH SEAS LAGOON WITH ITS REED HUTS AND TROPICAL TYPE CRAFT—WHICH SAIL ADMIRABLY ALSO IN OUR CLIMATE—AND THE SLEEK MOTOR CRUISERS WHICH ONE ASSOCIATES WITH THE MAUGHAM-LIKE SOUTH SEAS SCENE.



ON BOARD A DUTCH MOTOR CRUISER, MODELS DISPLAY SOME OF THE LATEST SWIMSUIT AND BEACHWEAR DESIGNS OF BRI-NYLON WHICH ARE NOW AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC.



TWO 12-VOLT BATTERIES POWERED THIS "WET" SUBMARINE CALLED THE AQUAMOBILE SUBMARINE.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

I HAVE just paid a respectful visit to a plant which, although it may once have been not uncommon on the walls of conservatories and may indeed still survive in some old green-

houses, is a rare shrub out of doors in this country: *Ficus stipulata*. The plant in question is referred to by W. J. Bean as growing on the wall of St. Matthew's Church, Chelston, "near" Torquay, Chelston is, in fact, more or less in Torquay, or at least connected with it by residential streets. I was pleased to find that the plant is still flourishing; obviously, it must have survived the savage winter of 1947, which is encouraging since it is regarded as very doubtfully hardy even in the milder counties: but I have more to say about that. This fig is a woody shrub at the base, with the very smooth, elephant-grey bark characteristic of

the genus, a genus which has, incidentally, no fewer than 600 species including such interesting ones as the india-rubber tree, *F. elastica*, the Bo-tree, *F. religiosa*, and the Banyan. But the branches and lateral shoots which grow densely from the trunk are self-clinging to trees or walls: a careful examination, indeed, convinced me that this is one of the all too rare plants which cling really tight and close, like ivy or *Hydrangea petiolaris*. I saw how the young growth was closely following the anfractuosités of the stone work and I should imagine that once established on its wall *F. stipulata* is as hard to remove as ivy. Not that anyone in their senses would want to remove it; it is a most attractive shrub: the leaves, elongated heart-shaped, or rather like those of a small-leaved camellia, are a bright, clean, glossy green, and being evergreen, they are like that all winter. I did not actually measure the Chelston plant, but I should say that it had covered about ten feet laterally and was rather more than seven feet tall. Quite possibly it has been bigger and has been cut down by hard weather and recovered. Or it may be fairly slow-growing. I have not been able to find this fig in any nursery catalogue, only a variety of it of which more anon; but I do hope that one of the nurseries will try and get some stock, for clearly, near the south coast at least, and in the west, and elsewhere where a protected wall is available, this pleasing evergreen would be valuable.

Does it bear fruit? As far as I can discover it has done so occasionally, in the past, in conservatories. Whether it has ever borne any at Chelston, I do not know but I shall certainly enquire: for the fruit as described by Bean must be spectacular even if not edible, another thing I do not know. Here is Bean's description:

"Fruit of the ordinary fig shape although more tapered at the end than in the common fig; 2½ inches long and 1½ inches wide at the terminal part, tapering thence to a stalk which is half an inch long; in colour it is at first green, then bright orange, ultimately tinged with reddish purple and decorative."

These fruits are not borne on the lower part of the shrub, the part I have described. This part of the plant is what botanists call the "juvenile state" of the plant. But after the fig has grown to a certain height (Bean says after it has reached ten or twelve feet and over-topped its support), it starts to produce growth of quite a different kind: stout shoots which are more or less at right-angles to the direction of growth which is erect, appear, and the leaves which they bear differ from those of the juvenile state: these adult leaves are described (I have not seen them) as being ovate, leathery and at least twice the size of the juvenile leaves.

### FIGS LIKE IVY.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

It is among these bigger, thicker leaves that the fruit is borne.

On the subject of hardiness, Bean has this to say:

"... I did not realise how hardy it really is until the late Mr. W. Robinson of Gravetye told me that he had seen it growing on the walls of Knapp Castle near Horsham, covering up much of the front to forty feet high. It has been growing there for over thirty years."

Now, this means that the plant had survived, at a place where the winters can be severe although less so than in the Midlands and the North, no fewer than five, and probably more, really harsh winters. On a wall, then, the species is not so hopelessly tender.

I mentioned that the only *F. stipulata* I can find in the catalogues is a variety, not the type. Messrs. Hillier of Winchester, the nursery with by far the widest range of species and especially of

that this wonderful Iranian tree is much hardier if properly treated, than any of the authorities admit in print. Some years ago, when looking for really fine specimens in fruit in order to photograph them in colour for the illustrations in a book I was editing, the finest I saw were in the county of Norfolk, and anyone who is familiar with a Norfolk winter, and with the east wind of spring, which is a speciality of that beautiful and distinguished county, will know what I mean when I say that fruit trees which flourish there are not tender ones. Moreover, Mr. Justin Brooke's astonishing success with this fruit, planted in an open orchard, in Suffolk, is yet more evidence that figs can be grown and fruited without any kind of wall protection. I fruited five different varieties in East Kent,

where the winters were sometimes savage and the early spring very cold and dry: it is true that two varieties are, in these hard conditions, very much more fruitful than the others, which are often shy, producing little fruit. But the varieties "Brunswick," "Brown Turkey" and "White Marseilles" were all fruitful; and the figs from the first-named of these were enormous and very luscious. We used to leave them on the tree until the shiny, brown skin had cracked open and revealed the scarlet interior, and then hasten to pick the fruit before the wasps got them all. The best I have tasted were the ones which fell off the tree and were picked up from the ground.

What is the secret? There isn't one: if you look at fig trees in the south of Europe you will notice that they grow among rocks and often produce enormous crops out of a soil which any other plant, with the exceptions of the grape vine and the olive, would perish in. The two plants which made the greatness of ancient Attica, forcing the Athenians to become exporters of oil and figs to get wheat which their wretched soil would not grow, were the olive and the fig.

The miserable Attic soil, by compelling the Athenians to become traders, and therefore sailors, and therefore free men, enquiring, bold, risk-loving men, accounts for the whole splendid history of Athens. However, the point is that fig trees should be planted either in very poor, stony, dry soils in an exposed place where the sun is on them all day long; or in a calcareous clay so dense and heavy that root action is naturally restricted by it; or, where none of these conditions exist, in a site which has been prepared by digging out a large hole, stamping and pounding chalk, old mortar, and broken bricks all over the bottom, and filling up with lumps of rock and a little top soil. If you can restrict the growth of the trees, they will grow hard and they will bear fruit. One other very important point: from May to July they need an occasional flooding of water—not just a sprinkle, but ten gallons a day if you like, and provided that the drainage is really sharp. It is usual to advise gardeners to plant figs to a wall, and if you have time to attend to wall fruit and the skill, then I dare say that this may be a very good plan. But it is foolish to imagine that the care of figs on walls is easy: it is, on the contrary, very difficult and very time-consuming and, I repeat, it is not necessary.

What we really want is some gifted plant breeder to cross *F. carica* and *F. stipulata* for us, to give us a plant which will cling like the latter and bear fruit like the former. That really would be something.

What of the common fig as an English garden plant? I have discussed it in the past—in fact, it is one of my plant manias. I have no doubt at all



FIGS ON A WALL. "THE CARE OF FIGS ON WALLS ... IS ... VERY DIFFICULT AND VERY TIME-CONSUMING AND, I REPEAT, IT IS NOT NECESSARY." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

rare plants in their stock, have *F. stipulata minima*. Of this they say, in the rather terse and business-like style which distinguishes their extraordinary list:

"This pleasing miniature creeper will cling like a limpet to the flat surface of a rock or wall. In a sheltered position it has survived twenty-five years out of doors at Winchester."

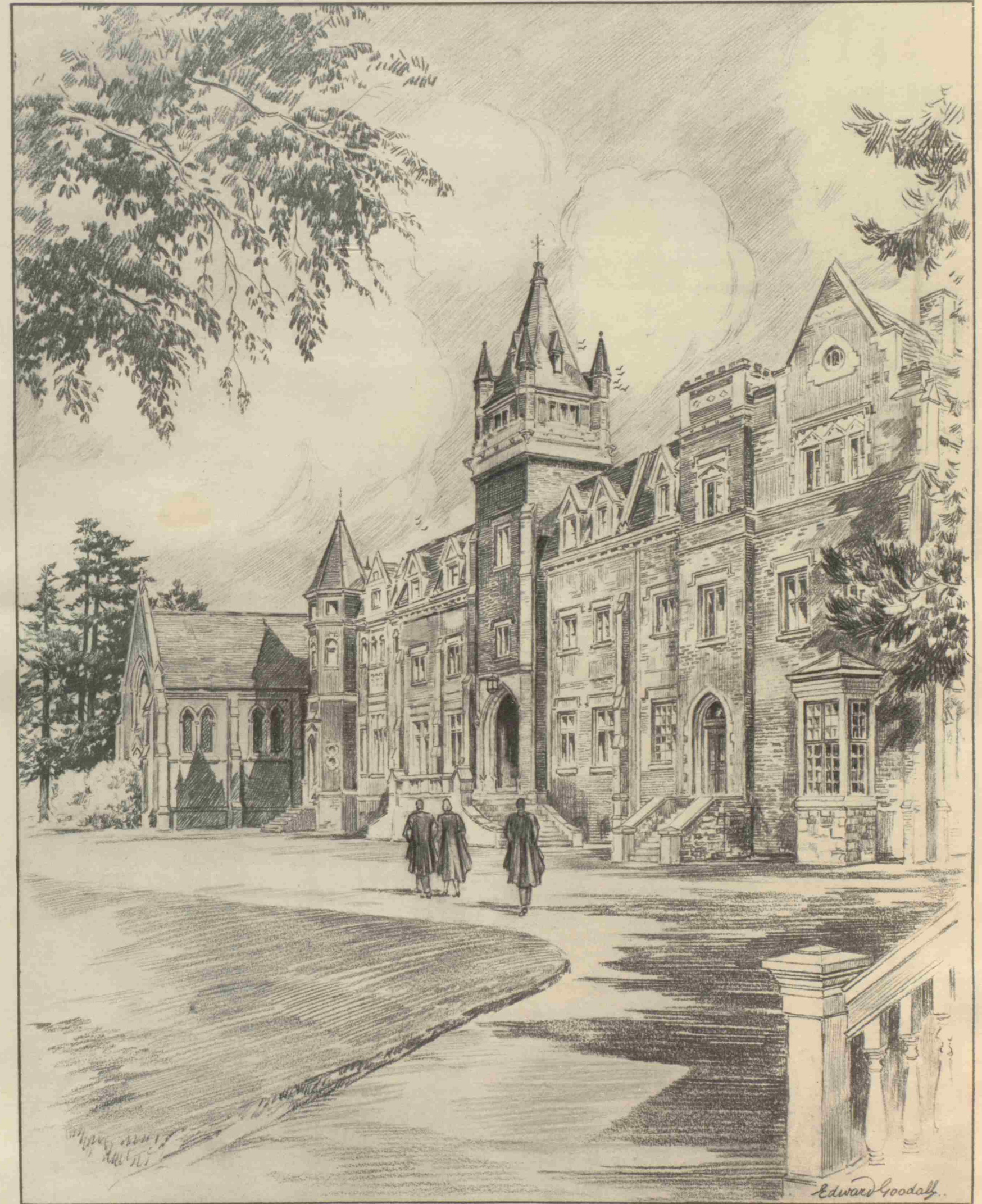
Now, Winchester is not a particularly warm spot: I saw for myself some of the damage done by the not particularly harsh winter of 1961-2 in Hillier's nursery, although it is amazing how plants which look as if they had "had it" do, in fact, make a recovery. This miniature of the climbing fig is described as "a form which has very small leaves in the juvenile state." They are under half an inch long, in fact, and this evergreen should make a pretty rock-garden plant and perhaps an interesting cover for old tree stumps.

*F. stipulata* is the only climbing fig which Bean includes as hardy in favoured parts of the country, but it is not the only one in the genus and it might be worth trying to discover whether one or two of the others are as tender as they are supposed, and by their habitat ought to be. There is a Malayan species, *F. villosa*, occasionally met with as a hot-house creeper which has the same climbing habits as *F. stipulata*, which, by the way, is more commonly and for all I know correctly known as *F. pumila*. And there is *F. radicans*, apparently a ground-covering evergreen trailer of unknown provenance.

What of the common fig as an English garden plant? I have discussed it in the past—in fact, it is one of my plant manias. I have no doubt at all



## THE EDUCATION OF COMMONWEALTH YOUTH—XCVI. BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY, LENNOXVILLE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



NAMED AFTER A FORMER PRINCIPAL: MCGREER HALL, ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS ON THE SITE. IN THE BACKGROUND, PART OF THE CHAPEL.

One of Canada's few primarily residential universities in a rural setting is Bishop's University at Lennoxville, Quebec, about 100 miles from Montreal. With its emphasis on a humanistic curriculum, the University was founded by the Right Reverend G. J. Mountain, third Bishop of Quebec, in 1843. The five central bays of McGreer Hall made up the first building erected on the site chosen for the University in 1846. After an arduous campaign by the first Principal, the Rev. Jasper Nicolls, and Bishop Mountain, Bishop's College was

constituted a University by royal charter, and was then in a position to grant degrees. From that time building and expansion have continued. The first chapel was completed in 1857, the first building on the site of the New Arts Building in 1861, and the Divinity House in 1892. Under the Principalship of the Rev. Dr. A. H. McCreer, there was a great period of achievement. In twenty-five years the staff was much increased and registration quadrupled. In 1949-50 there was an extensive building programme. [Continued overleaf.]

Drawn by our Special Artist, Edward Goodall.



BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY, LENNOXVILLE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC: THE SITE AND BUILDINGS AT A LEADING CANADIAN UNIVERSITY.



A PANORAMIC DRAWING FROM THE NEW ARTS BUILDING : SHOWING (L. TO R.) NORTON

*Continued.*] This included the construction of new residences for both men and women, a gymnasium, a central-heating plant and important alterations to older buildings. The John Bassett Memorial Library, a new women's residence and several staff houses were added during 1958-59. A new ice-hockey rink

with an artificial ice plant was built in 1961. Work has started on another extension programme which will include a new lecture room building, administration quarters, a student centre, a theatre-auditorium and more residences. The University now has 500 undergraduates and is co-educational. The teaching

*Drawn by our Special*

HALL, THE MEN'S DINING-HALL, POLLACK HALL AND THE BASSETT MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

staff numbers thirty-five and there is an administrative staff of fifteen, including librarians. The students are given a well-rounded, liberal training in arts, science, divinity and education. Courses lead to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Arts in Business Administration, Bachelor of Science,

*Artist, Edward Goodall.*

Bachelor of Sacred Theology, Master of Arts and Master of Education, to the title of Licentiate in Sacred Theology, and to the Class I Certificate of the Quebec Department of Education. The degrees of Bachelor of Divinity and Doctor of Divinity are also awarded. Athletic activities

*[Continued overleaf.]*



BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY, LENNOXVILLE, IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL OF ST. MARK, WITH PART OF THE CLOISTERS LEADING TO THE NEW ARTS BUILDING.

Continued.] include football, soccer, basketball, ice-hockey and golf (which are played against other colleges), as well as tennis and badminton. There are many groups and societies, whose activities cover a wide range. Amongst these is the Literary and Debating Society, which has a debating programme both intramural and inter-collegiate. The Dramatic Society presents a programme of one-act plays in the Michaelmas term and a major play in the Trinity Term. The Film Society shows a full-length film and selected documentaries and other short films each week. There are many other student

organisations, including, especially, a Board of Publications which is responsible for producing three student publications: the "Mitre," a literary magazine; the "Campus," a weekly newspaper; and "The Year Book." Bishop's University has contributed materially to the life of the Province of Quebec, and to Canada as a whole, in the large number of its graduates who have assumed positions of responsibility as leaders of the professions, the Church and the State. The present Principal is Dr. C. L. O. Glass, the first alumnus of the University to occupy this position.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Edward Goodall.

THE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND HER FIANCE.



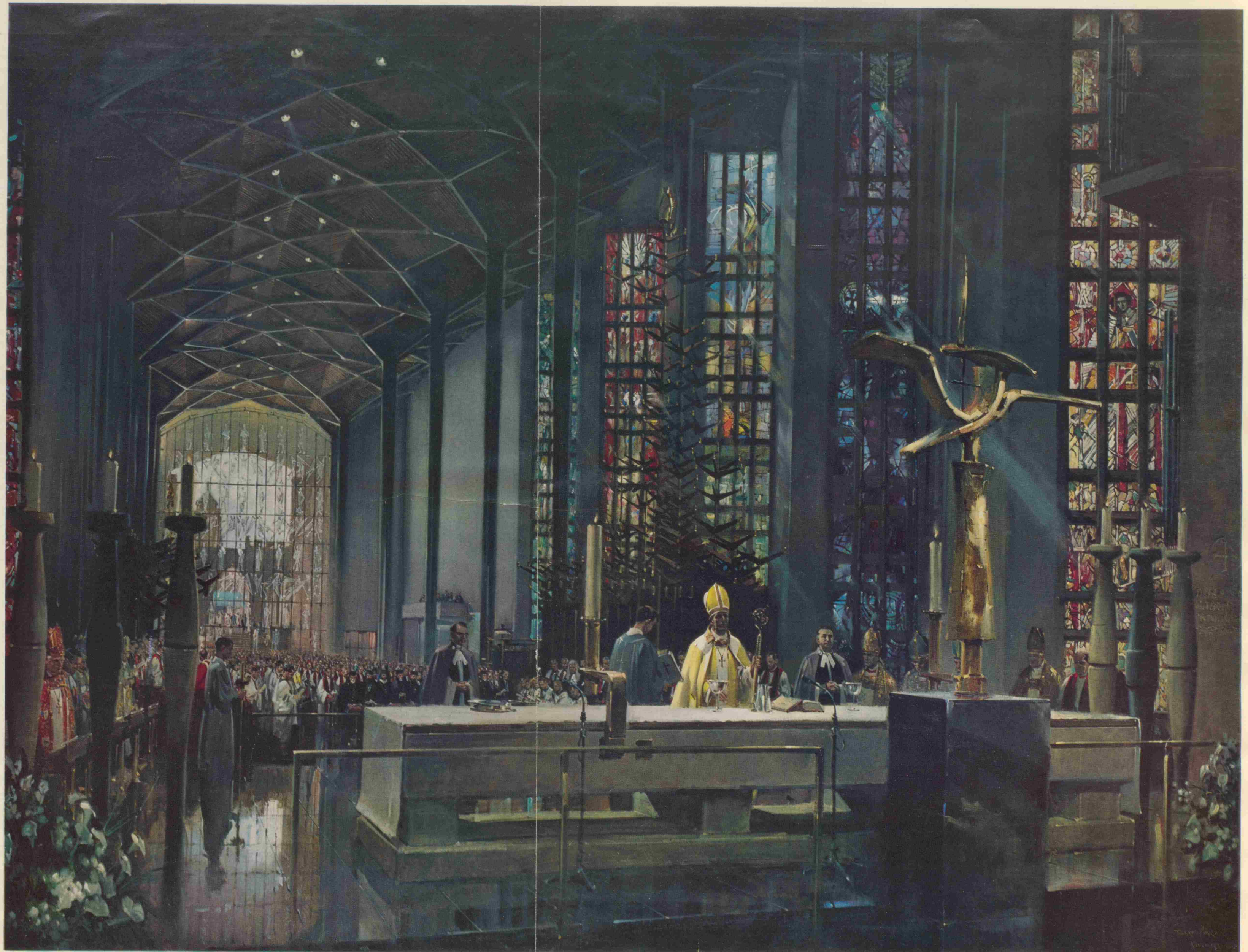
TO BE MARRIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON APRIL 24: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT WITH HER FIANCE, THE HON. ANGUS JAMES BRUCE OGILVY.

The engagement of Princess Alexandra to Mr. Ogilvy was announced by Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, on November 30 "with the greatest pleasure" together with the news that the Queen had gladly given her consent. The announcement gave widespread pleasure, as Princess Alexandra's charm, beauty and amiability have won her widespread admiration and affection in many countries. She was the first British princess to have a "normal" school career, being educated at Heathfield, Ascot. Her fiancé is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie. He is 34 and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford, where he took a degree in philosophy, politics and economics. From 1946 to 1948 he served in the Scots Guards and in 1950 entered the City, where he has had a successful business career. A colour photograph of the engaged pair with their parents appears on page IV of this supplement.



A GREAT DAY  
RECORDED ON  
CANVAS.

On Friday, May 25, 1962, Coventry Cathedral was consecrated, and through the media of television and film many people throughout the world were able to see this magnificent occasion. The procession provided a feast of colour. The Queen wore a coat and hat of golden yellow and with her were Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon. The Royal party was received by the Lord Bishop of Coventry, the Rt. Rev. Cuthbert Bardsley and by the Provost of Coventry Cathedral, both wearing new robes of gold silk. The Cathedral looked beautiful. "It is in no doubt that a greater glory is with us here to-day. Here is a house in which all the arts and the craftsmanship of our time have united: stone, wood, glass, metal, tapestry; the designer, the builder, the painter, the sculptor, the weaver; a generation has made its offering of beauty in the service of God." These were the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Certainly the Cathedral has been built with loving care and great skill and redounds to the credit, not only of Sir Basil Spence, the architect, but also of the contractors, John Laing Construction Limited. This painting (7 ft. by 5 ft. 6 ins.), which took Terence Cuneo several months of hard work and study to complete, captures the atmosphere and the splendour of the Cathedral on this historic occasion. It was commissioned by someone who wishes to remain anonymous, and was shown to the Queen at Buckingham Palace; it is now on show to the public in the Lady Chapel of Coventry Cathedral.



"THE CONSECRATION OF THE  
CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST.  
MICHAEL, COVENTRY," BY  
TERENCE CUNEO.



THE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: A FAMILY GROUP.



AT KENSINGTON PALACE, AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED: (L. TO R.) THE EARL OF AIRLIE, PRINCESS MARINA, DUCHESS OF KENT, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, MR. ANGUS OGILVY, AND THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.

On November 30, the day of the announcement, Princess Alexandra, whose 26th birthday was to fall on Christmas Day, and her fiancé, celebrated the occasion at a family dinner party at Kensington Palace. On December 1, the Princess and Mr. Ogilvy drove to Buckingham Palace, where they received the congratulations of the Queen, later driving to Clarence House to receive those of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Princess Alexandra wore her engagement ring, which has a large oval sapphire flanked on either side by diamonds in a handsome setting. On the same day the happy pair posed together and with Princess Marina and Mr. Ogilvy's parents, the Earl and Countess of Airlie, for photographers and newsreel and television cameramen in the grounds of Kensington Palace. The Ogilvy family is an ancient Scottish family, the present Earl of Airlie being the 7th (de facto) and 12th (but for the attainder) Earl, and his seats are Cortachy Castle and Airlie Castle, Kirriemuir, Angus and Tulchan Lodge, Glenisla.

THE MEN AROUND PRESIDENT KENNEDY: NO. 10 IN A SERIES.



THE UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE FOR POLITICAL AFFAIRS: MR. GEORGE C. MCGHEE.

Mr. George Crews McGhee took up his post in January last year when the Kennedy Administration re-evaluated the State Department and the first major shuffle of the then one-year-old Administration went into effect. Mr. McGhee was born in Waco, Texas, in 1912. He studied at the Southern Methodist University and at the University of Oklahoma where he received a B.S. in 1933. A Rhodes Scholar, he studied at Oxford where he obtained a Ph.D. in 1937 and he subsequently attended the University of London. Like the President, Mr. McGhee served in the U.S. Navy during the Second World War; and he was awarded the Legion of Merit and three battle stars. After the War ended he entered the State Department as a Special Assistant to the Undersecretary for Economic Affairs, and he was appointed Coordinator of the Aid to Greece and Turkey between the years 1947 and 1949, when Marshall Aid formed a great part of American Foreign Policy planning. In 1949 he became Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs, a post he held for two years, and under the Truman Administration he served as Ambassador to Turkey and Chief of

the American Aid Mission there. With the advent of the Republican Administration under President Eisenhower he left Government service, but in 1958 he became a consultant to the National Security Council. Since the Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs has, among his numerous other tasks, to "review the execution of foreign policy aspects of the National Security Policy," Mr. McGhee is ideally suited for the post. Because of his association with the National Security Council and State Department he has knowledge and understanding of the problems involved in the formulation and coordination of the National Security Policy and its implications in terms of American Foreign Policy. Mr. McGhee brings to the post an immense knowledge of the workings of the State Department and a sound background which enables him to understand and carry out the job with its weighty responsibilities. After two years in office, the Kennedy Administration has shrugged off the restraining bonds with which a new Administration is inevitably bound at first and, with able men like Mr. McGhee in key important posts, it has settled down and is now well in its stride.

(Exclusive Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.)



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### THE IOLO WILLIAMS BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Charles II on horseback behind the high table in the hall of Chelsea Hospital.

Among the amateurs is Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Marlborough, whose first husband was the 2nd Lord Bolingbroke, her second Topham Beauclerk, friend of Dr. Johnson.



"WINTER AND SUMMER DRESS OF THE CHINESE MERCHANTS," BY SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS (1729-1796), THE ARCHITECT OF THE PRESENT SOMERSET HOUSE AND THE KEW GARDENS PAGODA, WHO AT ONE TIME VISITED CANTON.



"CUPID," BY LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK (1734-1808), WHO WAS DAUGHTER OF THE SECOND DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND WAS MARRIED TO TOPHAM BEAUCLERK, FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the British Museum.

She was greatly praised by Horace Walpole, and was famous for cupids and infant bacchantals. Two pretty cupids and a watercolour of a young woman in this bequest establish her as competent if

uninspired. But most amateurs were more interested in landscapes than in charming cupids, if only as agreeable records of their visits to the estates of friends and relations before the age of the camera.

There is a nice drawing of Cawdor Castle, for example, by James Moore, who was an antiquary and intimate with many of the topographical artists of the late 18th century, and one in pen and ink, with brown wash and watercolour by the Rev. Daniel Finch, brother of Heneage Finch, 4th Earl of Aylesford—"A Waterfall near Aberystwyth." There is even a very slight sketch in black lead by the Prince Regent himself, a first idea for the decoration of the Music Room at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. This is dated 1818 and provides convincing proof that Prinny, at this stage, was thinking of a rather conventional neo-classic design instead of the preposterous fantasy actually completed in 1822 at a cost of £5,583 15s. The drawing belonged to Frederick Grace, who was responsible for the final extravaganza, and in 1823 Grace gave it to John Thomas Smith, once Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum but better known to fame as the author of "Nollekens and His Times," a masterpiece in its way as a study of eccentricity combined with miserliness, and written not without malice, for Smith had expectations from the wealthy Nollekens and was left exactly nothing.

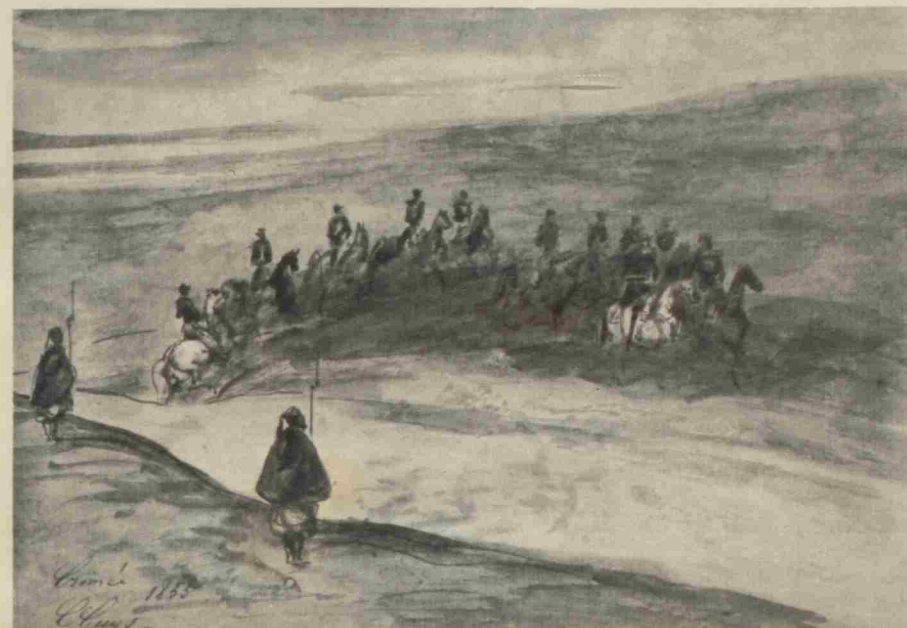
Among the nearly unknown professionals is James Peace (1771-1827), of Dublin who, in addition to being a parish clerk, combined the trades of linen-draper and landscape painter, exhibited with the Hibernian Society of Artists, and advertised himself as a drawing master. His contribution is a "Picturesque Cottage" in opaque watercolour. Much earlier is a watercolour of Castle Campbell by James Russel who died in 1763 and was the author in 1748 of "Letters from a Young Painter Abroad to his Friends in England," a rather rare example for that date of a travel book.

Most of us think of Sir William Chambers first as the architect of Somerset House, and then as the designer of the Pagoda and other buildings in Kew Gardens; not many perhaps, apart from specialists, are familiar with his book "Designs of Chinese Buildings, Furniture, Dresses, Machines and Utensils 1757." A finished drawing by him and for two of the figures in this volume—Winter Dress, and Summer Dress of the Chinese merchants—is a reminder that young Chambers went to Canton as super-cargo and remained fascinated by all things Chinese for the rest of his life. Among the foreigners working in England, Peter Tillemans, who was born in Antwerp and settled here in 1708, provides a nice drawing of a Horse-Ferry. He became a successful painter of sporting subjects, and had an ancestor of Lord Byron as one of his pupils—the 4th Lord Byron (1669-1736), whose portrait of the 1st Earl de la Warr painted in 1719 does his instructor credit. Five designs for the landscape gardens at Claremont and at Stowe by William Kent are to be seen next to two studies of heads by Kent's pupil, Lady Burlington.

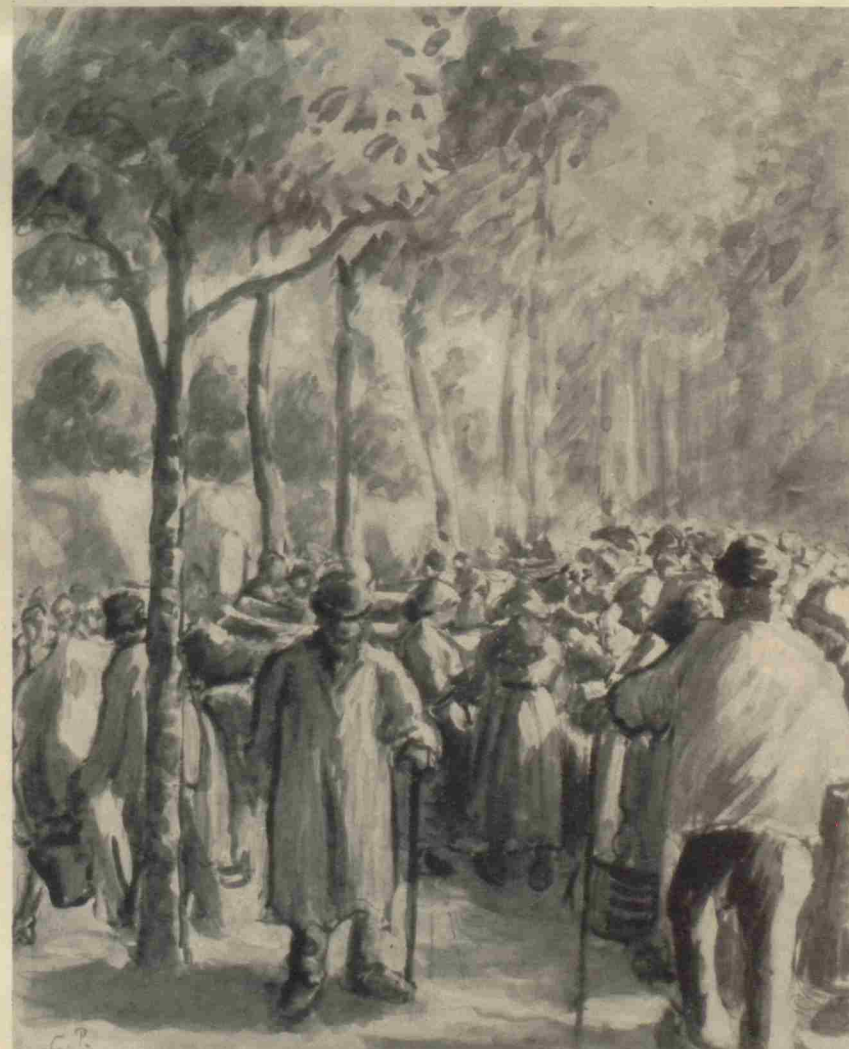
I have tried to indicate both the modest character and the interest of this bequest—modest in the sense that it contains no very grand, important drawings, interesting because it provides so intimate a review of the work of so many minor characters.



"A DUTCH PORT, WITH A VIEW OF A CHURCH," BY JOHAN JONGKIND (1819-1891), A DUTCH PAINTER WHO WORKED MUCH IN FRANCE. (Water-colour, 9 by 15 ins.)



"CAVALRY PATROL IN THE CRIMEA," BY CONSTANTIN GUYS (1805-1892). GUYS WAS SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE CRIMEA FOR THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. (Water-colour, 8½ by 9½ ins.)



"MARCHE AUX BESTIAUX À GISORE," c. 1890, BY CAMILLE PISSARO (1830-1903). THERE IS AN ATTRACTIVE VIBRANCE OF LIGHT OVER THE SCENE. (Gouache, 10½ by 8½ ins.)

The Exhibition entitled "19th and 20th Century Drawings, Watercolours and Sculpture" at Marlborough Fine Art embraces a wide variety of small works by well-known artists from the refined classicism of "Louise Dubreuil" by Ingres, illustrated above, to work in gouache by Léger from the last decade. Among the works of recent French art are two water-colours by Rouault, of which "Le Cirque" with its remarkable tones of blue, is outstanding. Very disturbing is the "Quay at Ostend" an expres-

## AN EXHIBITION OF 19th AND 20th CENTURY DRAWINGS, WATER-COLOURS AND SCULPTURE.



"DANCING WOMEN," c. 1902, BY PABLO PICASSO (b. 1881). A DRAWING WITH THE WIT AND OBSERVATION OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. (Pencil, 11½ by 8½ ins.)



"Mlle LOUISE DUBREUIL," BY JEAN AUGUSTE INGRES. THE SITTER WAS NIECE OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE. (Pencil, 7½ by 5½ ins.)

sionist drawing by the English born artist James Ensor, with its remarkable use of boldly vibrating vertical strokes. Vuillard's "Seated Woman," in pastel on buff paper, shows how much use the artist made of the colour of the paper by letting it show through on the female figure; the picking up of the touches of colour on the face in the background adds effect. The variety in this exhibition is remarkable; "Louise Dubreuil" seems sedately unaffected by the more avant-garde works hung round about her.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### DOGS, DUCKS AND PISTOL SHOTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

whenever there was a fall of cliff and that this had a survival value.

There seems to be little to recommend such a theory. Falls of cliff are not all that common, and if they were as damaging as the theory implies we should have some difficulty in accounting for the survival of any rock-dwelling animals, many of which cannot fly and are hardly speedy enough to scamper to safety. Added to this such falls of cliff as I have heard resembled but very slightly the sound of a car backfiring. That sound is more reminiscent of a gunshot, and it frightens not only the pigeons. Most of the human beings within earshot receive a nervous jolt, and man's ancestors are said to have dwelt in trees. Perhaps we shall be told that in us it is an innate reaction to the cracking of a bough, which can sound like a pistol shot. Or perhaps it is that an explosive

By contrast, there is little use made of the explosive sound among animals. I have observed only one marked use of it, by a dog. Jason had been given a bowl of food, a pabulum containing among other things some chunks of stale cheese. Our small Sheltie bitch came up to help him with it, and each time Jason lowered his ponderous snout to take a piece of the cheese, the long muzzle of the Sheltie was there first, like the nozzle of a vacuum-cleaner, to whip it from under his teeth. Jason stood as long as he could, with an expression of patience and tolerance on his face that was quite touching. At last he could bear it no longer. He lowered his head and barked in the Sheltie's ear, with the sound of an inflated paperbag being struck. The Sheltie beat all records for speed, round and round the garden, yelping piteously. There was no question there of the instantaneous and devastating effect of the explosive sound.

The tameness of the sea birds of British Columbia reminds me also of a subject on which I am occasionally asked an opinion: about the domestication of the dog. It, we are told, was probably the first animal to be domesticated, and it is always inferred that early man did this as a deliberate and purposeful act, thereby securing in one assistant a companion and an assistant in hunting. It could be, in my opinion, that the dog domesticated itself. To illustrate what I mean we can turn to some stories of seal pups.

Seals are essentially dog-like in many ways, in their anatomy and no less in their behaviour and dispositions. Often people living near the sea have befriended a seal pup and had it thereafter following them about like a dog. The most striking account comes from the 18th century, the story of a farmer of Aberdour, on the Firth of Forth, who discovered a young seal among the rocks, took it home and fed it. At the end of three days "his wife would not suffer it to be kept any longer. Taking some men of the town along with him for the purpose, he threw it into the sea; but, notwithstanding all their endeavours, it persisted in returning to them. It was agreed that the tallest of the men should walk into the water as far as he could, and, having thrown the animal in, they should hide themselves behind a rock at some distance. This was accordingly done; but the affectionate creature returned from the water, and soon discovered them in their hiding-place." Would it have done so had they greeted it with explosive hand-clapping or pistol shots?

It might be argued that modern man, even of the 18th century, has more sentimental feelings than early man. This seems unlikely from the sequel to this particular story, for although the farmer of Aberdour took the seal home after that episode, he at length grew tired of it and killed it for the sake of its skin. A young dog, persisting in following a man in this manner, would have begun to show its usefulness before its guardian grew tired of it. Indeed, we have only to imagine the Aberdour episode translated to the Cro-magnon period and concerned with the pup of a wild dog to see how readily the domestic dog we have today could have followed a man so naturally that any question of deliberate intent by the man could be ruled out.

Indeed, one might say that the great weakness of Sir Alister Hardy's theory, of man's aquatic origin, lies in this, that had our earliest progenitors lived in the shallow seas, as Sir Alister has ingeniously postulated, they would have domesticated the seal—or the seal would have domesticated itself—instead of the dog.

sound shocks the nervous system of all organic life, including ourselves, wherever it may occur and from whatever cause.

The easiest way to make a rabbit run is to clap one's hands, and the more hollow and explosive the sound the quicker the beast will race for its burrow. The same sound will cause almost any bird, wild or tame, either to fly up or, at the least, to stop what it was doing and look up enquiringly. The report of a gun has the same effect, so has any other explosive sound.

It is an interesting, if useless speculation, that clapping the hands should have been chosen as a means of expressing approval of the actions of another person. This must have arisen accidentally, yet it was appropriate, because the person at whom it is directed experiences an emotional stimulus, a feeling of pleasure, pride or triumph from the "thunder of applause." A roll of drums also makes the heart-beats quicken, arousing other emotions, while the roll of thunder, so like it but of greater magnitude, also quickens the emotions, but this time of fear. Consequently, it becomes a moot point whether warfare in its modern form may not have the vastly increased terror-factor because weapons are now almost exclusively explosive although often hardly less lethal than a shower of arrows. Perhaps the mortality among pedestrians on the high road would be less had our laws decreed that cars should be fitted with controlled backfiring instead of hooters that simulated the aggressive growls and snarls of the jungle.

A PART from a few bills, my Christmas mail consisted almost entirely of the seasonal cards bearing messages of peace and goodwill, either in the direct form or by implication. There was also a letter from British Columbia which could be said to carry the same import, in a somewhat different form. The writer was commenting primarily on my account of the behaviour of coots, given on this page a few weeks ago, but the beginning of the letter, and the end, were devoted to another theme:

"Oak Bay is a residential part of Victoria, British Columbia, and having lately retired from business I take a stroll most days along the waterfront, and frequent our sheltered bays, having become very tame as no shooting is allowed. The scenic Beach Drive, very popular with tourists, runs close along the shore and the birds take very little notice of passers-by. Widgeon are the most numerous as they come here in hundreds, arriving early in October, and spend a lot of time on the shore line after a special kind of seaweed brought in by the tide. . . . We have a great variety of sea birds here—mallard, shovellers, bluebills, butterballs, harlequin ducks and other diving sorts, two kinds of grebe, and cormorants of course, several kinds of sandpipers, and delightful little flocks of turnstones who run along the shore close to one . . . The Victoria Natural History Society holds a Christmas Bird Count, and last year no less than 123 species were noted!"

For me, this letter recalled the statement usually made by those who, even today, venture into places where either man has never penetrated or has done so very rarely, about how tame everything is. In such places, man is not recognised as an enemy—until he has shot something. Those who know the game parks established by the Belgians in the Congo tell me that they would know, as soon as they entered one of the parks, whether poachers had been at work, by the behaviour of the animals.

The letter from British Columbia also recalled for me what happened at the other end of the American continent. The first white men to visit the Falkland Islands found a large shaggy-coated, wolf-like animal in large numbers. It lived on the sea birds, which bred there in large quantities, and their eggs. Because of its size it was called the Antarctic wolf, though it is no more closely related to the northern wolves than are the other fox-like species of South America. As the first boat-loads of visitors neared the shores the Antarctic wolves came running towards them with their tails wagging. They were shot. The Antarctic wolf proved so absurdly tame that it could be clubbed with ease—and was, especially when sheep-farming became the staple industry of the Falklands. The Antarctic wolf took to killing sheep and thus sealed its own doom. It was soon extinct.

A great deal is being said today about saving the world's wild-life. The burden of this lay is that if something is not done we shall lose this, that and the other thing. Nothing is said about what we have already lost, which is collectively a far greater loss than any mentioned in the conservation propaganda—the confidence and goodwill of our wild-life. For this the invention of firearms is perhaps more to blame than man's avarice.

It is a daily experience to see a flock of pigeons feeding in the heart of a large city when a passing car backfires, and the whole flock takes to the wing as if lifted on a single string. One theory put forward is that since the city pigeon is descended from the rock dove, which lived typically on cliffs, this response is innate. The theory postulates that such an innate reaction on the part of rock doves would cause them to fly up



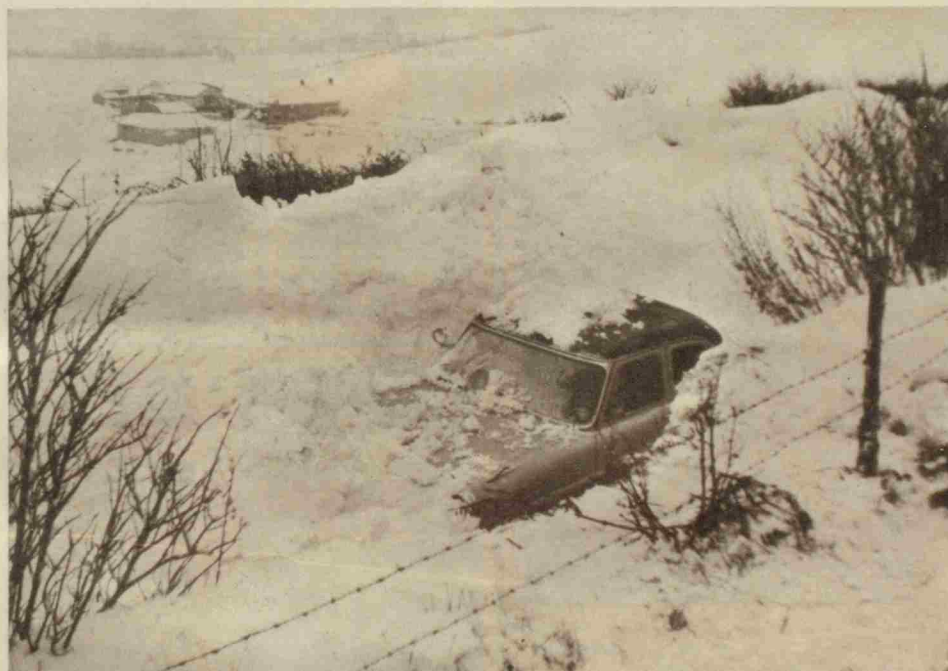
JASON AND HIS SHELTYE COMPANION ARE ON THE BEST OF TERMS, WITH FORBEARANCE AND TOLERANCE A MARKED FEATURE OF THE OLDER AND BIGGER DOG. ON ONE OF THE VERY FEW OCCASIONS THAT HIS PATIENCE WAS STRAINED BEYOND THE LIMIT, HE EXPRESSED THIS IN AN EXPLOSIVE BARK WHICH HAD AN IMMEDIATE AND DEVASTATING EFFECT ON THE SMALLER SHELTYE. (Photograph by Jane Burton.)

## SNOW, EXPLOSION AND COLLISION; AND OTHER ITEMS OF HOME NEWS.

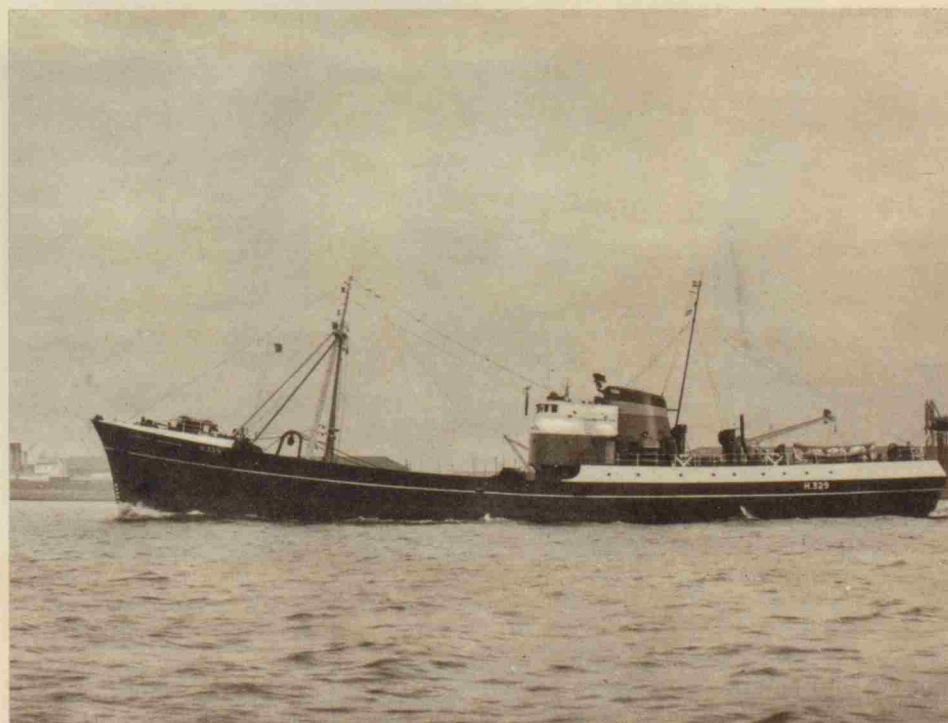


WHERE THREE HOUSES COLLAPSED IN AN EXPLOSION AND TWO PEOPLE DIED: THE SCENE IN CROMWELL STREET, WEST GORTON, MANCHESTER.

Early on January 1, after an explosion believed caused by gas, three terrace houses in West Gorton collapsed. A man of 59 died on his way to hospital and the body of a widow of 70 was recovered from the ruins of her home. A broken gas main was found nearby.



THE CAR, BURIED NEAR WEYMOUTH DURING THE BLIZZARD THAT STRUCK THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND JUST BEFORE NEW YEAR, IN WHICH TWO PERSONS DIED.



THE WINNER OF THE SILVER COD TROPHY FOR 1962: THE HULL TRAWLER SOMERSET MAUGHAM—WHOSE TOTAL CATCH FOR THE YEAR IS 482,000 STONE.

On January 3, Skipper Brettell received a telegram from Mr. Somerset Maugham, reading (in part) "Delighted to hear that you, your crew and the Somerset Maugham have won the 1962 Silver Cod Trophy. . . . I am proud to have my name associated with it."



THE DAMAGED CARRIAGES OF THE EXPRESS TRAIN WHICH CRASHED AFTER JUMPING THE TRACK AT RUSH AND LUSK STATION ON JANUARY 5, AND BLOCKED THE BELFAST-DUBLIN LINE. OF THE TWO HUNDRED PASSENGERS ON THE TRAIN ONLY TWO WOMEN NEEDED TO BE HOSPITALISED: ONE FOR SHOCK AND THE OTHER FOR MINOR CUTS.



OTHER VICTIMS OF THE WORST BLIZZARD SINCE 1881: WILD PONIES WHO TAKE FEED FROM AN R.S.P.C.A. MOBILE UNIT, LOADED WITH HAY.

As reported in our last issue, two persons were found dead and three unconscious in a buried car at Weymouth. The car in which they were entombed was discovered when someone noticed the aerial sticking out of the snow. The car had been trapped for fifteen hours.



AT THE NATIONAL SECTIONAL MEETING OF THE N.U.T.: A "GRUNDYTUTOR" DEMONSTRATED. IT SCREENS PREVIOUSLY PREPARED TUITION.

This demonstration of a device designed to cut down repetitive teaching took place at the meeting in London organised by the National Union of Teachers. The opening address by Mr. Norman Fisher, former Chief Education Officer for Manchester, called for research into new methods and techniques of teaching.



SOME PROMINENT PERSONALITIES IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS LIST.



CREATED A BARON: SIR NORMAN BROOK. Born 1902 and educated at Wolverhampton School and Wadham College, Oxford, Sir Norman Brook was until lately Secretary of the Cabinet, Joint Permanent Secretary to H.M. Treasury and Head of the Home Civil Service. He was knighted (K.C.B.) in 1946.



CREATED A BARONET: SIR ARTHUR PORRITT. Sir Arthur Porritt, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, was born in New Zealand in 1900 and was educated at Wanganui Collegiate School, Otago University, Magdalen College, Oxford, and St. Mary's Hospital. As a young man he was a famous athlete.



CREATED DAME OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: MISS MARGARET BISHOP. Miss Margaret Joyce Bishop, who is Headmistress of The Godolphin and Latymer School, Hammersmith, was born in 1896 and educated at Edgbaston High School, Birmingham, and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She has held her present post since 1935.



A NEW KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. JAMES GUNN, R.A. One of the best-known portrait painters of today, Mr. James Gunn was born in 1893 and studied at the Glasgow School of Art, the Académie Julien, Paris, and Spain. He has been President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters since 1953 and became an R.A. in 1961.



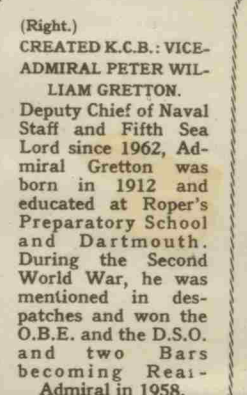
CREATED A BARON: SIR MALCOLM TRUSTRAM EVE, Q.C. Lately First Crown Estate Commissioner, Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve was born in 1894 and educated at Winchester and Christ Church. He was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1919, after service in the First War and took silk in 1935. He was created a Baronet in 1943.



(Left.) CREATED K.C.B.: VICE-ADMIRAL DESMOND PARRY DREYER. Admiral Dreyer, who has been Flag Officer (Air) Home since 1961, was born in 1910, the son of an admiral, and served with distinction in the Second World War, during which he won the D.S.C. He was Assistant Chief of Naval Staff from 1958 to 1959, later becoming Flag Officer (Flotillas) Mediterranean.



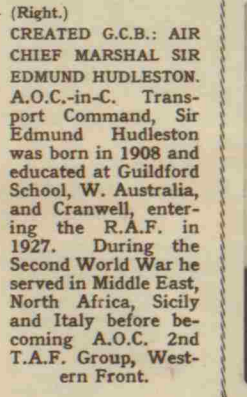
ELEVATED TO AN EARLDOM: VISCOUNT ALEXANDER OF HILLSBOROUGH: LEADER OF THE LABOUR PEERS IN THE LORDS. Born in 1885 and, as Mr. A. V. Alexander, Labour member for the Hillsborough division of Sheffield, 1922-31 and 1935-50, Lord Alexander has the unusual distinction of being First Lord of the Admiralty in three governments—Socialist, Coalition (during the war) and Socialist again.



(Right.) CREATED K.C.B.: VICE-ADMIRAL PETER WILLIAM GRETTON. Deputy Chief of Naval Staff and Fifth Sea Lord since 1962, Admiral Gretton was born in 1912 and educated at Roper's Preparatory School and Dartmouth. During the Second World War, he was mentioned in despatches and won the O.B.E. and the D.S.O. and two Bars becoming Rear-Admiral in 1958.



(Left.) CREATED G.C.B.: GENERAL SIR RICHARD GOODBODY. Adjutant General to the Forces since 1960, General Sir Richard Goodbody was born in 1903 and educated at Rugby and the R.M.A., Woolwich, being commissioned in the Royal Artillery in 1923. He is Colonel Commandant, Royal Artillery, Honourable Artillery Company and the Royal Horse Artillery. He was knighted in 1958.



(Right.) CREATED G.C.B.: AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR EDMUND HUDLESTON. A.O.C.-in-C, Transport Command, Sir Edmund Hudleston was born in 1908 and educated at Guildford School, W. Australia, and Cranwell, entering the R.A.F. in 1927. During the Second World War he served in Middle East, North Africa, Sicily and Italy before becoming A.O.C. 2nd T.A.F. Group, Western Front.



A NEW KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. WILLIAM CARRON. Mr. W. J. Carron, who has been President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union since 1956, has had a distinguished career in the Trade Union movement. He was born in 1902 and educated at St. Mary's R.C. Primary School and Hull Technical College, and is a Visiting Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford.



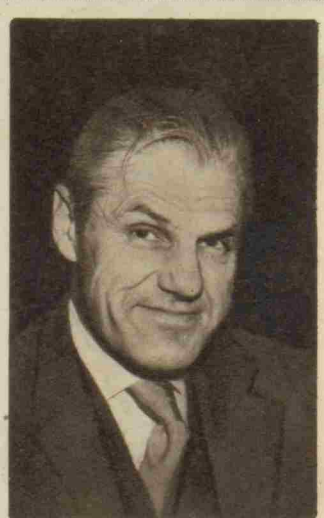
CREATED K.C.M.G.: MR. THOMAS LACHLAN MACDONALD. High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, Mr. Macdonald was born in 1898 and educated at South School and Southland Boys' High School, Invercargill. He served with the N.Z. forces in both world wars. He was N.Z. Minister of Defence, 1949, and of External Affairs, 1954-7.



CREATED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: MR. KEITH HOLYOAKE. Prime Minister and Minister of External Affairs, New Zealand, since 1960, the Rt. Hon. Keith Jacka Holyoake was born in 1904 and educated at Tauranga, Hastings and Motueka. He entered Parliament in 1932, the Cabinet in 1947, and was Prime Minister briefly in 1957.

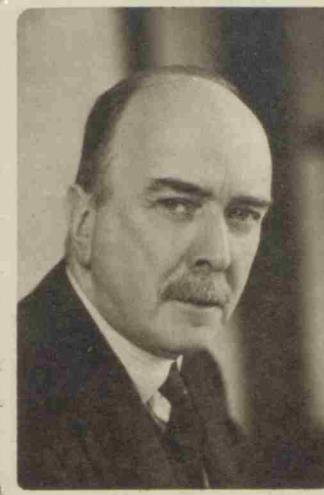


A NEW KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. GERALD NABARRO, M.P. One of the best known of Conservative backbenchers and a vigorous opponent of Purchase Tax, Mr. Nabarro has been Conservative M.P. for Kidderminster since 1950. After an elementary education in London he served at sea for a while and in the Regular Army, 1929-37. He is now a director of companies.



A NEW KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. RICHARD VAN DER RIET WOOLLEY. Astronomer Royal since 1956, Mr. R. van der Riet Woolley, F.R.S., was born in 1906 and educated at All Hallows School, Honiton, the University of Cape Town, and Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He has been Hon. Professor of Astronomy in the Australian National University since 1950.

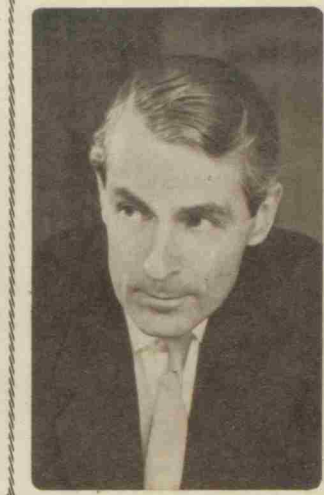
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE LATE VISCOUNT HYNDLEY, FIRST COAL BOARD CHAIRMAN. Viscount Hyndley, First Chairman of the National Coal Board, died on January 5 at the age of 79. He was Chairman from 1946 to 1951. Previously he had been Controller-General of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, and Chairman of Stephenson Clarke Ltd.



NEW GOVERNOR IN NIGERIA: CHIEF FADAHUNSI. Chief Joseph Odeleye Fada'hunsi, aged 61, has been appointed Governor of the Western Region of Nigeria with effect from January 1. He succeeds Sir Adesoji Aderemi, Oni of Ife, who became the first African governor of a British territory when appointed in 1960.



ROYAL GOLD MEDAL FOR ARCHITECTURE: SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD. Sir William Holford, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects from 1960 to 1962, has been awarded the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture. He has been Professor of Town Planning at University College, London, since 1948.



WELL-KNOWN FILM PRODUCER: THE LATE MR. FILIPPO DEL GIUDICE. Mr. Filippo del Giudice, the Italian-born film producer who was responsible for many important British films, died recently in Italy aged 70. During the war he was managing director of the Two Cities Corporation which made several films with Sir Laurence Olivier.



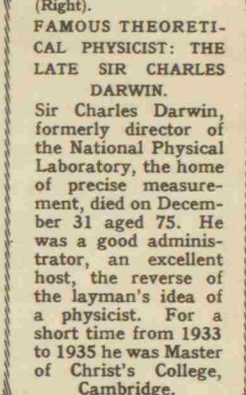
ACTOR, DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER: THE LATE MR. DICK POWELL. Mr. Dick Powell died in Hollywood on January 2 aged 58. As a film star he made his name in the early days of talkies, principally with his crooning. He later moved to light comedy, and in more recent years took serious roles by which he preferred to be remembered.



(Left.) LABOUR M.P. FOR EAST SWANSEA: THE LATE MR. DAVID MORT. Mr. David Llewellyn Mort, Labour M.P. for East Swansea since 1940, died on January 1. He first entered Parliament as Labour Member for Eccles in 1929. For a time he was the Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir William (later Lord) Jowitt. He devoted a lifetime of service to the Trade Union Movement.



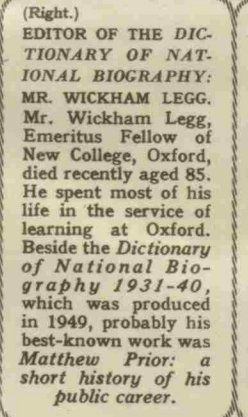
THE VICTORIOUS AUSTRALIAN DAVIS CUP TEAM AFTER THEIR 5-0 WIN OVER MEXICO IN THE CHALLENGE ROUND AT BRISBANE. The team captain, Mr. Harry Hopman, is seen on the right, and the four playing members of the team are (left to right) Mr. Roy Emerson, Mr. Ken Fletcher, Mr. Rod Laver, Mr. Neale Fraser. The veteran of the team, Mr. Neale Fraser, announced his imminent retirement.



(Right.) FAMOUS THEORETICAL PHYSICIST: THE LATE SIR CHARLES DARWIN. Sir Charles Darwin, formerly director of the National Physical Laboratory, the home of precise measurement, died on December 31 aged 75. He was a good administrator, an excellent host, the reverse of the layman's idea of a physicist. For a short time from 1933 to 1935 he was Master of Christ's College, Cambridge.



(Left.) DEMOCRAT SENATOR FOR OKLAHOMA: THE LATE SENATOR ROBERT KERR. Senator Robert S. Kerr, one of the most powerful men in the Senate, died in Washington on January 2. He was a big man with a big voice which inspired considerable fear in other senators. He is widely credited with the defeat of President Kennedy's medical care for the aged Bill. He was a wealthy oil magnate.



(Right.) EDITOR OF THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY: MR. WICKHAM LEGG. Mr. Wickham Legg, Emeritus Fellow of New College, Oxford, died recently aged 85. He spent most of his life in the service of learning at Oxford. Beside the Dictionary of National Biography 1931-40, which was produced in 1949, probably his best-known work was Matthew Prior: a short history of his public career.



AWARDED THE AIR LEAGUE FOUNDERS' MEDAL: DR. BARNES WALLIS. Dr. Barnes Wallis has been awarded the 1963 Air League Founders' Medal by the Council of the Air League. Dr. Wallis is chief of aeronautical research and development at Vickers-Armstrong (Aircraft) Ltd. He has previously been chief designer in the airship department of Vickers, and chief designer, structures, for Vickers Aviation. He is an F.R.S.



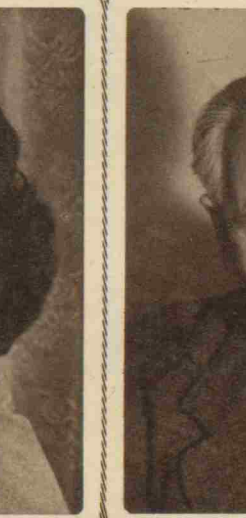
MME. ALICIA MARKOVA, THE PRIMA BALLERINA, PROPOSES TO GIVE UP DANCING. Mme. Markova was ballerina of Dame Marie Rambert's Ballet Club and Dame Ninette de Valois's Vic-Wells Ballet before becoming co-founder of the Markova-Dolin Ballet with her famous partner Mr. Anton Dolin. She has always been associated particularly with the role of Giselle. On January 1 she announced publicly that "My New Year's resolution is to give up active dancing."



NEW LADY IN WAITING APPOINTED BY THE QUEEN: LADY SUSAN HUSSEY. Lady Susan Hussey, who is 21, has been appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to H.M. the Queen. Lady Susan is the youngest ever to hold such a position in the Royal Household. She is the youngest daughter of Earl Waldegrave, and in 1959 married Mr. Marmaduke Hussey, a director of Associated Newspapers Ltd. She succeeded Lady Rose Baring on January 1.



A WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST: THE LATE MR. VALENTINE HEYWOOD. Mr. Valentine Heywood, who died on January 2 aged 71, was associate editor of the Sunday Times from 1956 to 1959. He had previously served with the Yorkshire Observer, the Sheffield Independent and the Sheffield Star. He became news editor of the Sunday Times in 1933, assistant editor in 1944, and was later deputy and managing editor.



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### THE OPERATIONS OF TROOPS OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES AROUND



INDIAN TROOPS OF THE U.N. ADVANCE THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF A LARGE, DESERTED RESIDENCE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF JADOTVILLE IN SOUTHERN KATANGA.



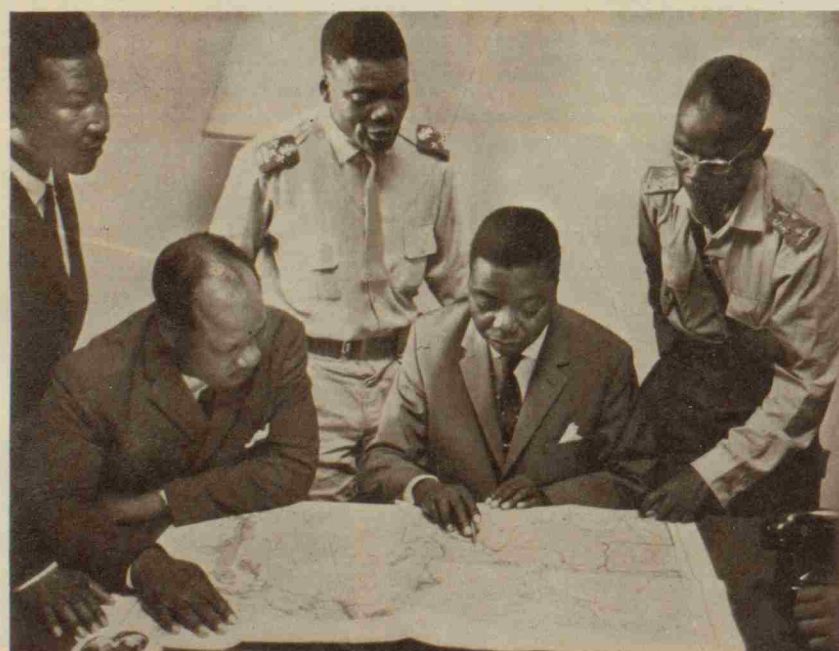
CROSSING THE LUKUTWE GORGE DURING THE ADVANCE ON JADOTVILLE: A UNITED NATIONS ARMOURD CAR TRAVERSES THE HASTILY BUILT DIRT BRIDGE.



THE DEVASTATED BRIDGE OVER THE LUFIRA RIVER, DESTROYED BY RETREATING KATANGESE TO IMPEDE THE U.N. ADVANCE ON JADOTVILLE ON JANUARY 2.



SUPPLIES, FERRIED TO THE U.N. TROOPS WHO CROSSED THE LUFIRA AFTER THE BRIDGE (SHOWN IN PICTURE LEFT) WAS BLOWN UP, BEING LOADED INTO A HELICOPTER.



PRESIDENT MOISE TSHOMBE (SEATED, RIGHT) OF KATANGA WITH HIS STAFF AT KOLWEZI. HE HAD JUST RECEIVED INFORMATION THAT JADOTVILLE HAD FALLEN TO U.N. TROOPS.



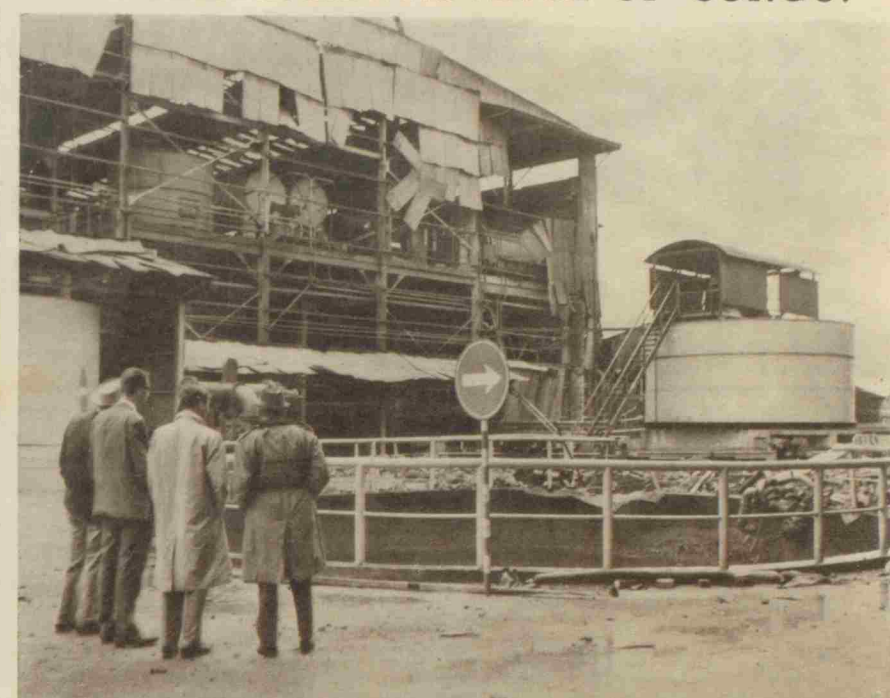
30 BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS DIG A MASS GRAVE FOR SOME 150 NATIVES KILLED IN THE FIGHTING. ETHIOPIAN TROOPS WERE ALLEGED TO HAVE COMMITTED ATROCITIES. (Radio photograph.)

ment issued by Dr. Bunche said in part: "The task is not completed and the U.N. Congo operation cannot fully discharge its mandates until its freedom of movement extends throughout both North and South Katanga, including Kolwezi, Sakania, and Dilolo," (both border railheads). This statement was taken to mean that if necessary elements of the United Nations Congo Force would take the towns by force. Kolwezi, the last remaining stronghold of support for Katangese President Tshombe, together with Elisabethville, the capital of Katanga, and Jadotville, the town which fell to U.N. troops on January 3, are

### THE MINING CENTRE OF JADOTVILLE IN THE KATANGA PROVINCE OF CONGO.



OUTSIDE KOLWEZI, AN IMPORTANT KATANGESE TOWN: KATANGESE TROOPS PLACE HIGH EXPLOSIVE CHARGES ON A BRIDGE AT LUALABA ON JAN. 3.



THE UNION MINIERE PLANT AT JADOTVILLE, DAMAGED BY KATANGESE GENDARMES DURING THEIR WITHDRAWAL, IS INSPECTED BY EUROPEAN MINING ENGINEERS.



KATANGESE GUERRILLAS, CAPTURED BY THE U.N., ARE ESCORTED TO THE REAR BY INDIAN TROOPS. FIERCE RESISTANCE WAS EXPECTED AT JADOTVILLE; LITTLE WAS ENCOUNTERED.



MERCENARIES, EMPLOYED BY THE KATANGESE, ARE INTERROGATED BY THE U.N. COMMANDER GENERAL PREM CHAND. ONE HAD SERVED WITH THE U.S. ARMY.



ELEMENTS OF A TWO-MILE U.N. CONVOY NEGOTIATE AN IMPROVISED BRIDGE OVER A CRATER BLOWN IN THE ROAD TO JADOTVILLE. THE KATANGESE SABOTAGED ALL ROUTES TO THE CITY.

the three most important towns in the province. Jadotville, an important mining and communications centre, situated approximately mid-way between the other two towns, fell to U.N. forces after unexpectedly light resistance on the part of the Katangese gendarmes and mercenaries, who for the most part confined themselves to acts of sabotage intended to delay rather than halt the U.N. advance. Sakania, on the other hand, is necessary to the U.N. because the food and fuel reserves at Elisabethville are low and the railhead town is a vital link with Rhodesia from which more supplies would be brought. Mr. Tshombe is



BRIGADIER R. NORONHA (LEFT) TALKS WITH M. JEAN AMICI, MAYOR OF JADOTVILLE, AFTER THE TOWN HAD FALLEN TO UNITED NATIONS TROOPS ON JAN. 3.

likely to gain respite until about January 13 because the bridges over the Lufira river were blown by the Katangese, and this is expected to delay the U.N. advance on Kolwezi until bridging equipment can be brought up. The capture of Kolwezi is of paramount importance to the U.N. plan to occupy the whole of Katanga, and would also provide a psychological victory in that, as the last redoubt of Mr. Tshombe, its capture would severely weaken his position, and strengthen the possibilities of bringing Katanga back under the control of the Congolese Central government.





## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



### SEAGULL AND BLUE BIRD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is pleasant indeed to see "London's First Civic Theatre" at the head of a programme. The theatre is just round the corner from Swiss Cottage Underground station: a small, well-raked auditorium—it holds 160 people—of most agreeable intimacy, and with a satisfying stage area. Officially, this is the Hampstead Theatre Club. It fills, at last, the vacuum that has existed—except for one season—since the Embassy Theatre, across the way, became a drama school, and what in the past had been London's most theatre-minded borough, home of, first, the Everyman at the top of the hill, and then the Embassy at its foot, found itself without a stage.

The building is all the more welcome because for so long London has lacked its theatrical outer circle, such small theatres and clubs as the "Q," the Boltons, and the Lindsey, that in their time offered periodical excitements. The Hampstead Theatre Club derives from a venture by James Roose-Evans and William Ingram during the autumn of 1959 and the spring of 1960. Various successful productions in the cramped Moreland Hall, next to the Everyman, showed that Hampstead was ready for a new theatre. The organisers could not discover a site. There was a wait of two years. Then, during the spring of 1962, the Hampstead Borough Council voted £6000 to build the shell of a Civic Theatre—to be rented to the limited non-profit-making company of the Hampstead Theatre Club. The Club itself had to raise £10,000—a campaign now in progress—for equipment and furnishing.

James Roose-Evans was able to blend the venture with another that would help one of the theatre-barren areas of Britain. A director of much resource and imaginative drive, he has always believed in the value of the ensemble, the creation of a company that would work together continuously to evolve its own style. Thanks to Miss Frances Gair Wilkinson, who lent to the company a manor-house in the Quantocks as a home during three months of rehearsal, and to the South-Western Arts Association which raised £2250 to cover the period, there came into being an organisation called Theatre West, a name that would appear on the Hampstead programmes. Theatre West is a group of experienced professionals, every member of which, the artistic director included, receives a salary of ten pounds a week. This company is to tour theatre-starved districts of the South-West of England twice or thrice a year, for a month at a time. The first tour took place just before the Hampstead opening with "The Seagull," so what we saw at the première of London's first civic theatre was not only a new London company but also one that had been exploring in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, linking London, N.W. with England (S.W.), and, all the while, seeking to perfect its performance, its method of team-playing.

It is the worst of fortune that the new theatre should have now to face the most frigid London winter for many years.

Visitors to Swiss Cottage will be impressed, I am sure, by Mr. Roose-Evans's use of the stage. Always he has been a sensitive director, never one to wrench or misinterpret his dramatist. Here, employing a new translation by David Magarshack, he has expressed every shift and shaving of the Chekhovian mood. The third and fourth acts, in particular, are most lucidly shaped. It is, of course, a fiercely demanding play, for Chekhov has no minor parts. Still, the young Hampstead company does not let itself be over-awed; it never lapses for a moment into trance, and it acts with an appreciation that must ensure the quality of work ahead. If here I name only the director, that is because Mr. Roose-Evans has been, from the first, at the core of the enterprise. The annual subscription,

(I had heard often of the charm of the last Tytyl, Joan Duan, celebrated then for other boy parts, including an Arthur at Stratford-upon-Avon.)

The present revival, by Leila Blake, adds some musical numbers that I cannot think are needed. For me the occasion is most satisfying in moments when the dramatist of twilight is allowed to take us, shiveringly, into his own strange world: the opening of the doors in the palace of Night, and—the scene I am likely to remember most—that meeting with the forest trees, led by an ancient Oak. This, unhappily, is much cut and it could be done better, but some of Maeterlinck comes through it. The dramatist is visible, too, in bits of the scene before the sailing of the unborn, though this, too, is cut and (I hazard) in part re-written. Perhaps it is better not to examine the text before going to Hammersmith. After all, the

present "Blue Bird" is a suggestion of what might be, and Miss Blake has some of the right ideas, even if her company could be stronger. I caught the true strangeness only in the tones of Pauline Williams as Night. Dilys Laye is a splendidly sinuous Cat, and I like David Camp-ton's hearty idea of Bread and Pamela Binns as Water. It is a pity that the Dog has to bring the airs of pantomime, but maybe it was considered that "The Blue Bird" could not now come to us unchanged. I wish the experiment had been tried. In the text certain scenes have had for me the feeling of Kipling's lines:\*

Over the edge of the purple down,  
Where the single lamp-light gleams,  
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town  
That is hard by the Sea of Dreams.

We must commiserate with Miss Blake—as with the Hampstead Theatre Club—on having to battle with the grim weather that saw out the old year and froze the new.

I was grateful, on the night I went to Hammersmith, for the determined professionalism with which the cast played to an all but empty house.

I began this week in a theatre something like a small version of the Mermaid (though with a stage curtain Mr. Miles's theatre does not possess). I end now in the Mermaid itself, with those space-ships of "Rockets in Ursa Major," the attack upon the Earth, and the "Galactic" that sounds like scrambled Italian. Professor Fred Hoyle's play is good-humoured and ingenious entertainment for the young people of 1962-63. As I said, in effect, when it was first staged last Easter, it is also a piece for any adult who has longed to cruise in space with torpedoes from some other planetary force whizzing past him every few seconds.

\*"The City of Sleep" in Rudyard Kipling's Verse (Hodder and Stroughton, 1927 edition), p. 591.



"LONDON'S FIRST CIVIC THEATRE," THE HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, OPENED WITH A PERFORMANCE OF "THE SEAGULL" BY CHEKHOV, TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY DAVID MAGARSHACK AND DIRECTED BY JAMES ROOSE-EVANS. SEEN HERE IN ACT I ARE: (FRONT ROW, L. TO R.) JOSEPHINE STUART AS NINA, GEORGE PENSOTTI AS KONSTANTIN, JULIAN CURRY AS SORIN, JANET HENFREY AS ARKADINA, FREDERICK CORKE AS TRIGORIN. (SECOND ROW) BRIDGET TURNER AS MASHA, TIMOTHY NIGHTINGALE AS SHAMRAYEV, THELMA WHITELEY AS PAULINE, DOUGLAS MILVAIN AS DR. DORN. CHRISTOPHER WILKINSON (STANDING AT THE BACK) PLAYED MEDVEDENKO.

I ought to add is a guinea (half a guinea to students).

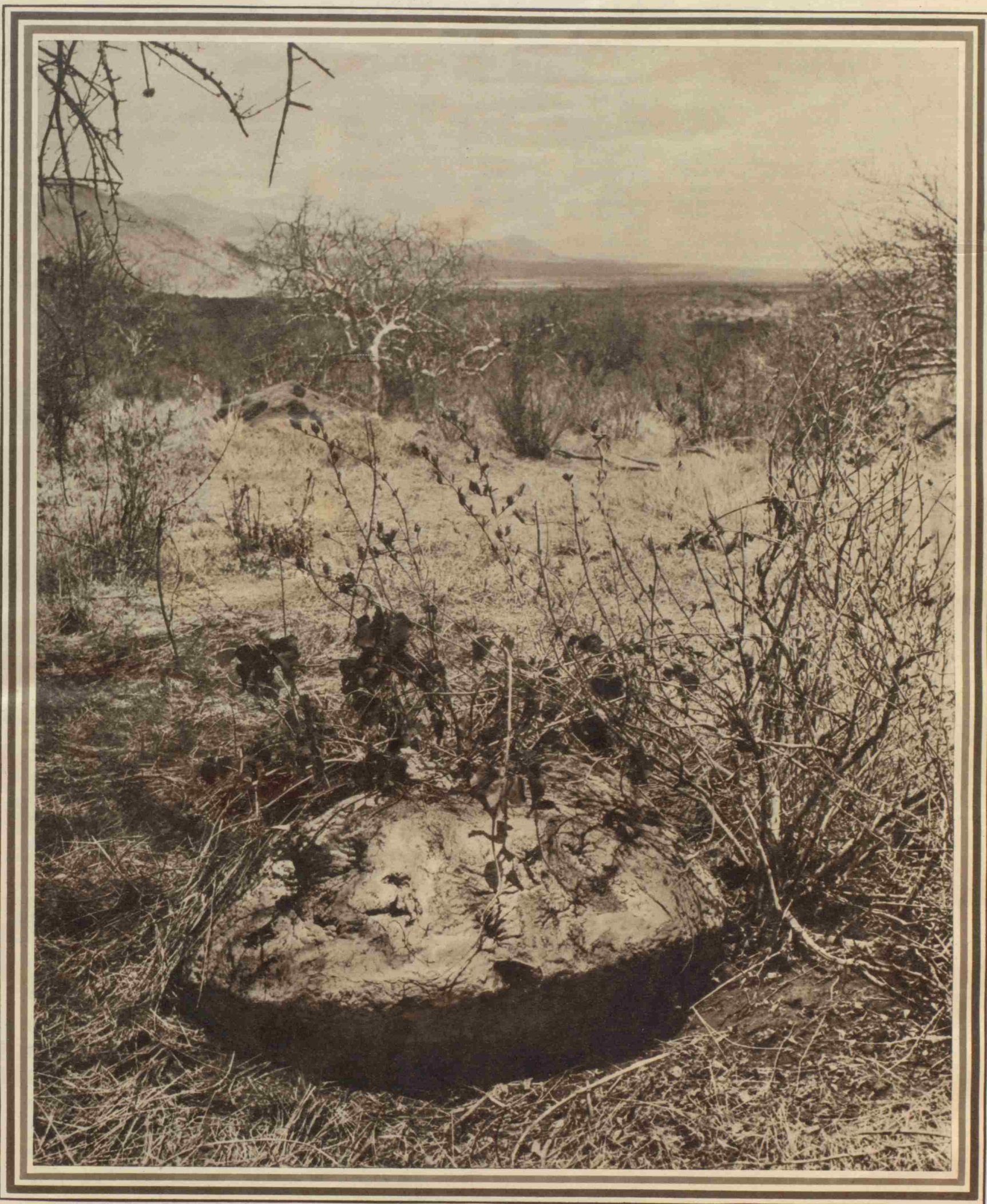
Strangely, my second play this week was born, as "The Seagull" was, at Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theatre. It is Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," revived now at the Lyric, Hammersmith, a century after the dramatist's birth. Curiously, though it appears so often in theatrical record, I had never met on the stage the allegory of two children's search for the blue bird of happiness. Done in London at the Haymarket during 1909, and revived on various occasions, it has not been acted in the West End for nearly thirty years.

#### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MISALLIANCE" (Royal Court).—The Oxford Playhouse production of Shaw's comedy, designed by Frank Hauser, with Barbara Jefford, Alison Leggatt, Patricia Healey, Campbell Singer, Alan Macnaughtan. (January 8.)

"THE PHYSICISTS" (Aldwych).—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play, staged by the Royal Shakespeare Company, directed by Peter Brook, with Cyril Cusack, Michael Hordern, Alan Webb, and Irene Worth. (January 9.)

## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 184: INSTANT ROCK GARDEN



### A POSSIBLE NEW PRODUCT FOR COMMERCIAL HORTICULTURISTS; NO ROCKS NEEDED, JUST ADD WATER

What with the New Year and the possibility of Britain's joining the Common Market, we thought it appropriate to bring to the attention of the horticultural industry an idea that occurred to us which might give to the field of popular gardening an economic breakthrough which may prove valuable. We call it "Instant Rock Garden" (after the coffee of the same name), and it is a plant found in S.E. Kenya and N.E. Tanganyika, where it grows in the low-rainfall semi-desert regions. Botanists call it *Pyrenacantha malvifolia*, a name which, though undeniably attractive, lacks an important factor preferred by advertising agencies in a new product: the ability to roll off the tongue. We are informed that certain specimens of the plant look at times like a sleeping rhinoceros; bearing this in mind, and the fact that it is similar in appearance to the renowned

"Elephant's Foot Plant," we feel it to be the ideal plant for those town dwellers who, while not wanting an elephant's foot in their back yard, would not object to a sleeping rhinoceros. In its natural habitat, the low-rainfall regions, the plant grows to over four feet in diameter—the mind boggles at its potential growth in a climate such as England's—and maintains a growth of green leaves even in the dry season (an occurrence seldom witnessed here). The non-deciduous leaf growth is due to a food reserve which is held in the giant, potato-like tuber which, we assume, imbibes as much water as is at the moment available and, much like a cactus, swells, not with pride, but H<sub>2</sub>O. Upon reconsideration, we feel that it might not be all that practical for the small back garden in a climate such as ours: it might in time become the back garden.

Photograph by Jane Burton.



SINCE I am reduced, in the post-Christmas doldrums, to a single novel, let me make the most of it. Indeed, there is a good deal to make. To say that Anthony Trew's *TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS* is a first novel might be to invite readers to view it with complacency on that account. I can assure you, however, that there is nothing in this excellent story for which allowances of any kind need be made; it can certainly challenge comparison with the work of much more experienced craftsmen. Mr. Trew has the advantage of using a setting with which he is familiar, that of the Navy, though I do not think that he can ever have served in a *Polaris* submarine. Still, we can take it that he knows his technicalities, and—a much more important asset from the point of view of readability—he knows how to control them so as not to become a jargon-bound bore.

The central figure in this exciting book is the captain of H.M.S. *Retalliate*, Commander Shadde, a tough disciplinarian with heavy neurotic chips on his broad shoulders. He dislikes all his ward-room officers but one, and his hatred and suspicion flare up into insensate injustice. When such a man is in command of a ship full of *Polaris* missiles, you may expect fun and even games. The story builds quickly up to a climax, and those who might be tempted to think that the author's purpose is anything so conventional as "get-rid-of-the-deterrent-because-one-madman-could-start-a-nuclear-war," had better read on. I thought, too, that Mr. Trew was going to make the mistake of presenting Shadde as altogether detestable, but I was quite wrong. Not only Shadde himself, but all the characters, major and minor, are astonishingly well conceived. Here is a book to galvanise you out of even a post-'flu depression.

I did not think that I could take very much more about Allied P.O.W.s in Japanese hands, but I find that I can. The theme of Ernest Gordon's *MIRACLE ON THE RIVER KWAI* is unashamedly Christian. It is a true story, showing first how the sick, starving and tortured prisoners in the infamous Burmese camps lost their morality with their morale, and how the latter was revived by the miraculous restoration of the former. There is much here that is naive, much that is blatantly sentimental. But truth and sincerity are Mr. Gordon's hall-marks, and I found no difficulty in believing in his miracle. Do not read this book in company, because it is almost impossible to read it dry-eyed.

Another war book, S. L. A. Marshall's *NIGHT DROP*, forms a complete contrast. This is a starkly realistic account of the part played in the invasion of Normandy by the American 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, and the record is as exact and photographic as Brigadier-General Marshall can make it. That is to say, it pictures blood, agony, hysteria and cowardice as well as heroism, and shows how the former constitute an almost necessary obverse to the latter, the whole adding up to unforgettable glory. Realism at its unpropagandist best.

Animal stories do not often fail, and when a collection of them is introduced by Alan Moorehead, who has himself become no mean exponent of the art, they are likely to be successful indeed. So it is with *EVERYMAN'S ARK*, edited by Sally Patrick Johnson. Each of the stories, long or short, is true, and each is captivating. Who, I wonder, chose the titles, if these did not in every case appear in the original? For instance, on opening the book, I was tempted to start with "Owls underfoot"—until my eye was caught by "Don't expect too much from a frog!" In this book you will read about the lady who dealt tenderly with a stranded octopus, and the boy who made friends with a huge king snake. You will certainly enjoy the lot.

I found it much harder to appreciate Noel Simon's *BETWEEN THE SUNLIGHT AND THE THUNDER*, a sound but rather too highly technical warning about the appalling waste of wild life in Kenya. The animals of Africa are important both ecologically and as a source of tourist attraction, and Mr. Simon is deeply, and rightly, disturbed about their future. Except for the admirable pictures, however, his book seems to me to be addressed to the converted rather than to potential converts.

I hope Mr. Simon will not think it unkind if I turn straight to *SHOTGUN MARKSMANSHIP*, a handbook by Percy Stanbury and G. L. Carlisle. Short and admirably explicit, it "describes how to shoot straight," and is just the right book to put in the hands of a boy who has received his first gun for Christmas. There are good chapters on guns themselves, on gun fitting and mounting, and on loading, safety and shooting rules. A keen shot myself, I am delighted to recommend so fine and so useful a work by acknowledged experts.

History is another of my specialisations, and I

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

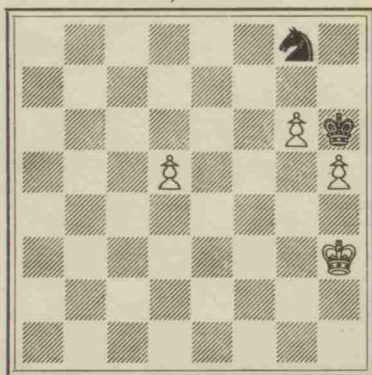
found myself far from satisfied with E. J. Hobsbawm's *THE AGE OF REVOLUTION*, a contribution to the "History of Civilisation" series which deals with Europe from 1789 to 1848. It is quite forgiveable that Mr. Hobsbawm should be a partisan; there is no such thing as an uncommitted historian. But there are various ways of transmitting one's prejudices, and Mr. Hobsbawm's is not for me. Is it really possible to deal with this period at all if you insist on almost totally ignoring Metternich? Moreover, Mr. Hobsbawm's attitude to the "Oxford Movement" is frankly puerile. Since he describes my own old university as "the most obscurantist and reactionary," I feel entitled to retaliate by mentioning that he is himself Reader in History at what was once unkindly miscalled Pinchbeck College: There is more than one kind of

### CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD.

HERE'S a really hard one. Don't look at the solution below, but allow yourself a good half hour to make sure you have got it. *White to play and force a win against whatever defence Black may set up.*

Black, two men.



White, four men, to play.

This ending by J. Ban won first prize in a Hungarian composing tournament, and deservedly so. The manoeuvring of White's king is remarkable.

The one and only first move is:

1. P-Q6

1. K-N4, Kt-B3ch and 2. . . N x QP, or 1. K-R4, N-K2! 2. P-Q6, N-B4ch and 3. . . N x P would be equally ineffective.

1. . . N-B3

2. K-R2!!

The only move to win. If 2. K-R4 then 2. . . K-N2! since 3. K-N5 or 3. K-N3 would give away the QP, White is stuck.

2. . . K-N2

If 2. . . K x RP, then 3. P-N7; one pawn is sacrificed so that the other may queen. The same consideration applies continuously henceforth.

3. K-N1

Starting on a long trek round the board in search of a means of supporting the QP without losing it en route through a knight fork, or enabling Black to take one pawn and still catch the other. Only on the seventh move is there any choice of alternative squares without losing time and lengthening the solution.

Why not 3. K-N2, for example, here? Because Black could then play 3. . . N x P and, on 4. P-Q7, go 4. . . N-B5ch and 5. . . N-K3. . . !

3. . . K-R3

4. K-B1 K-N2

5. K-K1 K-R3

6. K-Q1 K-N2

7. K-B1 or B2 K-R3

Now not 8. K-N3, N-K5! 9. P-Q7, N-B4ch, but . . .

8. K-N2 K-N2

9. K-R3 K-R3

10. K-K4

He could still go wrong with 10. K-R4? N-K5; 11. P-Q7, N-B4ch . . . but now he can win the knight for the queen's pawn, and thus the game.

reactionary obscurantism, and Mr. Hobsbawm's is wreathed in long out-dated "progress."

After this disagreeable experience, a return to enjoyment was afforded me by John Welcome's *BEST LEGAL STORIES*, a somewhat pretentious title which very nearly justifies itself. These really are "stories," not case-histories, including selections from the work of Dickens—yes, of course, *Bardell v. Pickwick*—Agatha Christie, Somerset Maugham, Galsworthy and others. One of the very best is Michael Gilbert's "Mr. Portway's Practice," and there is much to be said for Robert Henriques' "No Arms No Armour," in spite of the fact that it deals with the unalluring topic of a court-martial for homosexuality.

Why, I wonder, does R. B. Martin include the

Eglinton tournament of 1839 among his four early Victorian scandals, in *ENTER RUMOUR*? The tournament was silly enough, and cost a great deal of money, but I find it hard to accept as a "scandal." Still, Mr. Martin has handled his material with considerable skill. One cannot read the story of Lady Flora Hastings, so gravely slandered by Queen Victoria's nasty Whig ladies, without feeling one's blood boil! No one came well out of this disgraceful episode. The Queen herself was grossly unjust, and thoroughly deserved the public hissing to which she was subjected. Melbourne and Wellington cut equally shabby figures. Here is a real "scandal" if ever there was one. So are those of the St. Cross charity and George Hudson, the railway king. Mr. Martin has added much to the interest of his book by recalling how these incidents were treated in contemporary fiction.

"I know two things about the horse"—but there are many more to be found in *THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR*, 1963, edited by Dorian Williams, whom I greatly applaud for having omitted, from his selection of splendid photographs, that tedious representation of the First Lady of the United States tumbling off her refractory mount!

Although I may claim with pardonable and marital pride, that there is no need for me to present my wife with Kathleen Thomas' *THE SPORTING WIFE*, "A Complete Guide to Cooking the Sportsman's Bag," here is a book which other sportsmen will be well advised to insinuate gently into some post-Christmas stocking! The two recipes for Terrine of Hare are particularly luscious.

My first thought on closing Geoffrey Fletcher's *THE LONDON NOBODY KNOWS* was that if one wanted to seek out the entrancing corners which he so admirably describes and illustrates, one had better hurry up. How soon will it be before they are all swept away and replaced by glass and concrete cigar-boxes, the modern mastodons which now dominate the metropolitan swamp we can no longer call primeval? Do you know Bermondsey Street, the St. Gothard Café, or the catacombs of Camden Town? If not, go and look at them quickly—but not before you have read about them in Mr. Fletcher's splendid book.

My last three books are all part of a series called "Pleasures and Treasures". Not, I fancy, very inexpensive pleasures, but where can such be found nowadays? *MODEL SOLDIERS*, so attractively discussed by Henry Harris, are a rarity outside famous collections—though I know that the couturier, Mr. Charles Creed, has, or used to have, a most impressive array. (When I was a boy, my "tin soldiers" never included the equipage of the Viceroy of India, or the Pope's Noble Guard!)

Some of the chasing on Howard Ricketts' *FIREARMS* is so beautiful as to make the mouth of even the least militant water with aesthetic delight. If one had to fight duels, it must have been satisfactory to do so with such masterpieces of elegance!

Finally, the cult of *EARLY CARS* has been intelligently propagated by Michael Sedgwick. Some of these, I notice, have been appearing in London on occasions when no "rally" was in progress. Who, I wonder, can have owned the highly polished example lately standing outside the Oxford and Cambridge Club in Pall Mall? (Reactionary and obscurantist to you, Mr. Hobsbawm!)

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- TWO HOURS TO DARKNESS*, by Antony Trew (Collins; 16s.)  
*MIRACLE ON THE RIVER KWAI*, by Ernest Gordon (Collins; 21s.)  
*NIGHT DROP*, by S. L. A. Marshall (Macmillan; 25s.)  
*EVERYMAN'S ARK*, Edited by Sally Patrick Johnson (Hamish Hamilton; 30s.)  
*BETWEEN THE SUNLIGHT AND THE THUNDER*, by Noel Simon (Collins; 30s.)  
*SHOTGUN MARKSMANSHIP*, by Percy Stanbury and G. L. Carlisle (Herbert Jenkins; 25s.)  
*THE AGE OF REVOLUTION*, by E. J. Hobsbawm (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; 50s.)  
*BEST LEGAL STORIES*, Edited by John Welcome (Faber; 18s.)  
*ENTER RUMOUR*, by R. B. Martin (Faber and Faber; 25s.)  
*THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR*, 1963, edited by Dorian Williams (Collins; 21s.)  
*THE SPORTING WIFE*, by Kathleen Thomas (Countrywise Books; 18s. 6d.)  
*THE LONDON NOBODY KNOWS*, by Geoffrey Fletcher (Hutchinson; 21s.)  
*MODEL SOLDIERS*, by Henry Harris (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 27s. 6d.)  
*FIREARMS*, by Howard Ricketts (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 27s. 6d.)  
*EARLY CARS*, by Michael Sedgwick (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 27s. 6d.)

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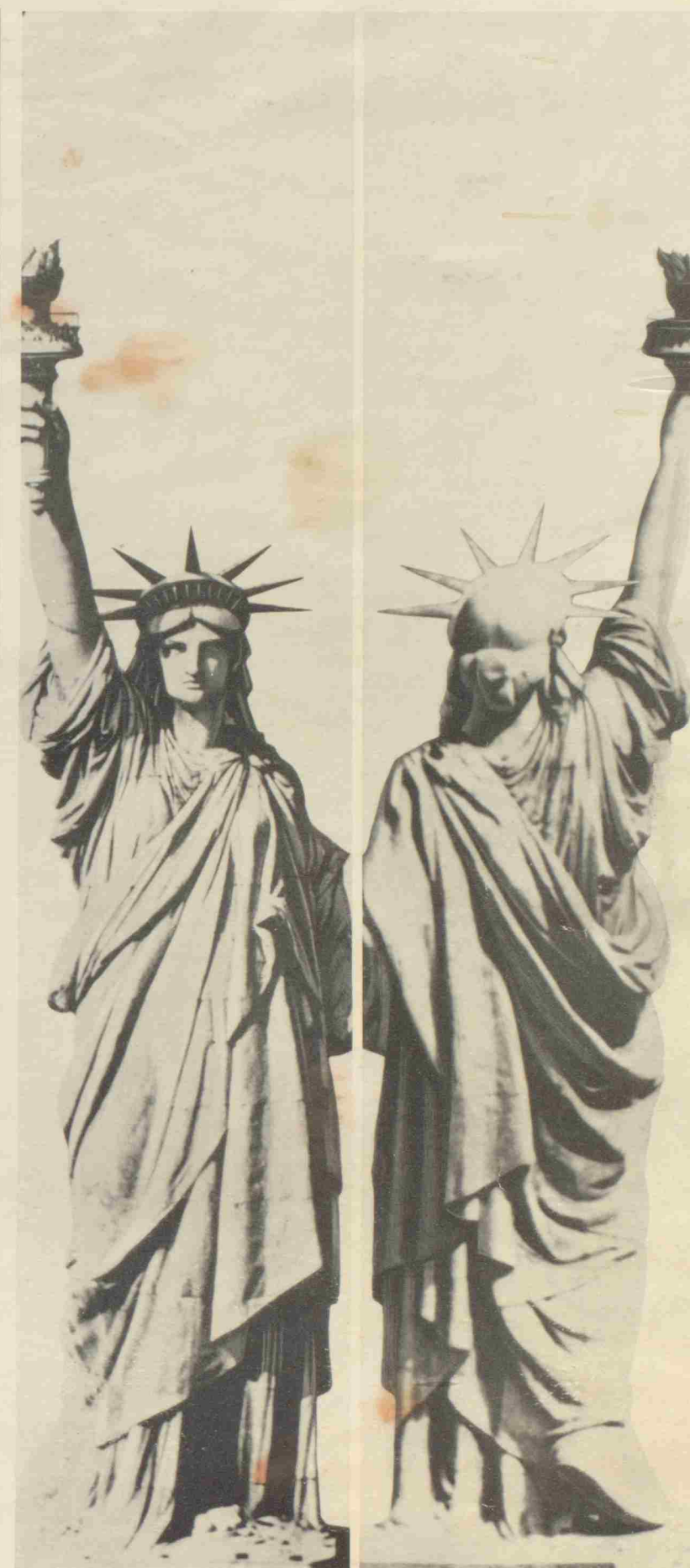
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