

Mother and Queen Mary and directed that I and others should convey them personally. So we went, the Archbishop of Canterbury and I and the leaders of the three parties in the House (Lord Salisbury, Lord Jowitt and Lord Samuel), first to Buckingham Palace then to Marlborough House with our sad message. Again it fell to me to speak for us all. That meant no more than reading the terms of the resolutions, but it was something of an ordeal to intrude on great sorrow. I remember how small and pathetic Queen Mary looked as she faced us alone in the great drawing-room of Marlborough House. But her courage did not fail her. There followed the lying-in-state in Westminster Hall and the funeral in St. George's Chapel Windsor, which my wife and I attended. The work of the world in the meantime went on.

I have told how in the early days of Mr. Churchill's administration an Act was passed improving, though inadequately, the financial position of the county court judges. I was resolved that that of the High Court and appellate judges should also be improved, but here I had not the advantage of approval having been already given by the Labour Party, and I was faced by the drive for economy in every branch of the administration. I was nevertheless satisfied in my own mind that there was imperative necessity for a substantial increase in judicial salaries if the highest possible standard was to be maintained - and of the necessity for that there could be no doubt. Judicial salaries remained much as they were a hundred years before. It had been the experience of chancellors before me that judicial office had been refused by barristers who could not reconcile family commitments with greatly reduced incomes and I had myself had the unwelcome threat of resignation and return to the Bar of judges who found themselves too hardly pressed by the increased cost of living and undiminished expenses. I had no easy task. With few exceptions my colleagues, if not actively hostile, did not assist me. They were, I think, influenced by the hateful word "repercussion" - if the salaries of judges were increased, why not other salaries also and where would it all end? This was the

natural reaction of every department and I did not fail to detect traces of the underlying feeling of resentment of the executive against the judiciary. I was sometimes near despair and near resignation too, for I should have thought myself failing in my duty as head of the judiciary if I had not effected this reform. I was too as sure as I have ever been of anything in my life that the hateful word had no relevance to the situation and that the public at large would not think that, if judicial salaries went up, so must every man's salary or wage. I remember a friendly supporter saying that in the public eye judges and film stars ranked apart and there would be no jealousy if they received treatment not meted out to others. And so at last it proved. My colleagues approved a Bill which provided for an increase of judicial salaries which was as large as I could then ask for, though perhaps the time has now come for a further increase. The Prime Minister himself supported the Bill in the House of Commons in a speech instinct with a sense of the historical importance of the subject. Opposition in the House and in the Press was negligible. In the House of Lords Lord Salisbury introduced it and it was approved in every quarter. The only criticism was in a kindly word from Lord Samuel who regretted that I should have said that I did not propose myself to take any benefit from a Bill which ^I had been so active in promoting.

I recall an incident that illustrates the infinite variety of our great Prime Minister. My wife and I had been staying at Chequers shortly before the Bill was to be introduced and I was privileged to read and discuss the speech he proposed to make. But I saw a new aspect of him when dressed in blue rompers he took us to see his aquarium, a row of little glass tanks in which tropical fish of many hues swam hither and thither, when he scratched the surface of the glass with his finger, murmuring endearing noises as a favourite drew near. The gift of Chequers by Lord Lee of Fareham was a noble gesture and, if he could not have foreseen that the endowment he provided would be inadequate

and the national exchequer has to bear some of the cost of its maintenance, no one should grudge that expenditure upon a sanctuary among the beech-clad Chilterns for a hard-worked Prime Minister. The same may be said of the gift by Lord Courtauld Thompson of Dorney wood near Burnham Beeches where we used to stay.

In my eagerness to tell of the struggle I had to increase judicial salaries I have leapt too far ahead. Much had happened before I finally brought it to a successful end. To me personally an honour was given soon after my appointment. As a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary I had been a life peer. Now I was given a hereditary barony, but as, alas! there was no one to inherit, it meant little enough to me. The ceremony of introduction when the Lord Chancellor is created a peer or given a step in the peerage has a curious feature. In the ordinary way the newly-created peer in the course of the ceremony hands his writ to the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack. But, if he is himself the Lord Chancellor, that he cannot do. Instead, he kneels before the Throne and there places the writ. Peers who did not know the practice wondered what in the world was happening when they saw what I was doing. One of them asked me whether I was saying a prayer. I might well have been if I had thought of all the anxious tasks that lay before me. For my supporters I had Lord Llewellyn and Lord Macdonald of Gwaenysgor, one from each side of the House by way of impartiality, both of them deservedly popular on both sides of it.

I have said, I think, that our primary legislative task was to pass bills denationalising the steel industry and road transport. But such bills required long preparation and their time was not yet. In the meantime we were able to get through a good deal of useful legislation, not all of it controversial. Many bills were put in my charge. Glancing through the pages of Hansard I have been struck by the number of them. They varied widely in subject and importance. To mention only a few, I find that I spoke on such diverse subjects as the Northern Ireland (Foyle

Fisheries) Bill, the Ministers of the Crown Bill, the Visiting Forces Bill, a Libel Bill, that hardy annual the Emergency Laws Bill, a Regency Bill, a Merchandise Marks Bill, and so on. I found no great difficulty in this work. In most cases I was already reasonably familiar with my subject and I had the assistance of a well-prepared brief. I may have sometimes outraged the feelings of the attendant civil servant who had prepared it by my own improvisation, but I was as incapable of reading a brief prepared by a civil servant as I had in the old days of the Bar one prepared by my instructing solicitor. But, most of all, I was helped by the friendly atmosphere of the place. I have nothing but grateful recollections of the kindness with which I was received by both sides of the House. I have no reason to suppose that views on political questions were less strongly held in our House than in "another place". The difference in their expression was remarkable.

It has often been said that the House of Lords provides an admirable forum for a debate on topics of general interest and that is very true. But before I make any further observations about that, I must refer to an event which gave me some anxious moments. I have told how King George was unable to open the first session of the new Parliament. The second session fell in the new Queen's reign and she resolved, according to ancient custom, to open it herself. This is a ceremonial in which the Lord Chancellor plays a significant role. But first on the evening before the opening we had a quiet rehearsal of part of it in plain clothes. I ventured to tell the Queen how difficult were the acoustics of the chamber particularly from the throne. She gave me what is called, I think, a "funny look" but said nothing. The day came and at the appointed hour I entered the Royal Gallery from the Prince's Chamber followed by my train. On either side the Royal Gallery is filled with spectators. I take up my position facing the great doors of the Royal Robing Room which the Queen has entered by another door. Soon the doors are opened and the Queen comes forth in splendour crowned

and bejewelled and attended by her ladies. The great Officers of State join her. I turn about and we go slowly back to the chamber. The Earl Marshal and the Lord Great Chamberlain have the more arduous task for they must march backwards all the way. At last the Queen is seated on her throne. The faithful Commons are summoned to the Bar of the House: they take what seems an unconscionable time to get there. Then the Lord Chancellor mounts the steps of the throne and kneeling takes from the purse the Queen's speech and hands it to Her Majesty. Then comes the anxious moment, for he is wearing his robe with its long train and he must walk backwards down the steps and somehow avoid tripping over it. That safely done and the Queen having read the speech, the same process must be repeated, the steps mounted, the speech received back and restored to the purse, the backward progress on to safe ground. I had been alarmed by the stories told me about the difficulty of the task by my predecessor and had secretly practised it with Cokayne, my faithful and ingenious train-bearer. At any rate I avoided entangling my feet in my train. The Queen's speech was delivered in tones that were clearly heard in every corner of the chamber: so, as I said goodbye to her, I said: "You at least, Madam, have mastered the acoustics of the chamber", to which with what a charming smile she replied: "Well, you stung me!"

Many a time in and out of office I have seen this ceremony. I first saw it as a judge, one of many judges sitting on the Woolsack at the foot of the throne, a reminder of the fact that the judges are His Majesty's Judges and can be summoned to advise him in Parliament. Then I saw it as a Lord of Parliament. There was a time during the war or soon after it when it was not compulsory to wear peers' parliamentary robes for the occasion. At one opening I took advantage of this licence and so did Lord MacDermott. Few others did and we felt somewhat conspicuous. He consoled me by saying: "How glad we should be that we do not contribute to the pervasive smell of moth balls." It is a scene that I always enjoy, but I enjoy it most when I am a spectator.

The greatest change that I have seen is in the Diplomatic Box. There is no sign there of a colour bar.

I wandered from my account of my parliamentary life to tell of the Queen's opening of Parliament. I may justify my digression by saying that my memory does not serve me to say what took place before, what after, that event. Nor does it matter. Many interesting debates took place on a government white paper which was often itself intended to be the prelude to a bill. Others arose upon motion by a peer raising some topic and "moving for papers". They were interesting and often instructive debates. Who was better qualified to dispense the quintessence of Victorian liberalism than Lord Samuel discussing the "liberty of the subject"? or Lord Pethick Lawrence and Lord Brand to expound economic doctrine? or Lord Hankey and Lord Cork & Orrery to challenge statements in a Manual of Military Law? I pause to note that every one of the peers whom I have mentioned was in or near his ninth decade when he continued to interest and enlighten the House, and almost every one of them spoke in tones that could be clearly heard. They had, I suppose, learned to speak before the microphone came to the aid of speakers who could not take the trouble to make themselves heard. Today it seems to me that not only in Parliament but at the Bar also and on the stage there is a deplorably low standard of elocution - or is it that I am getting deaf? I am reminded of a saying attributed to Cyril Asquith we were discussing age and deafness and he intervened to say: "I am not in the least deaf, but I have reached an age when my wife does not speak as clearly as she used to."

That is a diversion and I must return to my octogenarians. It was not my lot to discuss economics or financial problems; I could listen comfortably to Pethick Lawrence as he nodded his wise old head without the anxiety of having to answer him. On occasion I had to meet a point made by Lord Samuel and felt like a very raw recruit. But he was universally kind: I never had anything more severe from him than an observation as I sat down - "a very good speech but worthy of a better cause". With him there

passed from the House of Lords the last of the great parliamentarians of an earlier age.

On the government side the scene was dominated by Lord Salisbury and Lord Swinton, the latter of whom by some mischance I have not yet mentioned. Salisbury had won for himself a unique position in the House, largely, I think, owing to his wise handling of affairs when the conservative party were in opposition and under his guidance passed measures of nationalisation which were odious to them. In the result, when he led the House, he could make with a smile - and the opposition would take with a rather unhappy smile - observations that from a lesser man would have caused an uproar. Philip Swinton, a very old friend from Winchester and Oxford days though a little younger than I, outbid even Salisbury in political experience. For, though he had been called to the Bar and was already getting a practice when war broke out, after it politics claimed him. If they had not, perhaps he, not I, would have sat on the Woolsack in 1951. But he made a choice which success justified and by that date had had an unrivalled experience of the problems of government. By some strange quirk he was at first left out of Mr. Churchill's Cabinet, but that error was soon remedied and he became in the House and out of it one of the strong men of the party. A vigorous debater who stands no nonsense, a prudent counsellor and to me a warm friend.

Other memories of the Front Benchers in those crowded days come to me. I think of Lord Ismay who undertook the delicate duties of the Commonwealth Relations Office. With what high hopes we launched the plan for the federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, which might so easily have been a shining success but has gone so disastrously, and, it appears, so inevitably, wrong. The problem of the multiracial State or Federation where the races are at a greatly different stage of development has yet to be solved. But, wherever the fault may lie, it is not with Lord Ismay who left us to become Secretary General of N.A.T.O., once again putting the Prime Minister's urgent call before any consideration

of his own health and welfare. Then how can my thoughts fail to turn to Lord Alexander of Tunis who came to us in 1952 after six years' service as Governor-General of Canada? He became Minister of Defence and delighted the House by a certain ingenuousness of speech which was the more attractive when one recollected his rare distinction as soldier and administrator. He will, I believe, forgive me a story, not of the House of Lords but of a dinner of the Canada Club, at which he sat on the right, and I on the left, of the High Commissioner for Canada, Norman Robertson. He was making the principal speech and suddenly I heard him say: "And now I am going to tell you something that I have not even told the House of Lords." I had myself a dim idea of what was coming and hurriedly wrote a note - "For heaven's sake don't!" and passed it across Robertson to him. He took it up and passed it back saying: "I can't read what you have written", and went on with his story. He had scarcely finished it when the reporters scurried out of the room with the news. The next day there were questions in the House but need I say that Alex got away with it? He can charm any bird off any bough. I am glad to remember that he is an honorary Bencher of my Inn.

No recollections of the Government Front Bench of those days can omit mention of Lord Woolton. I had some slight previous acquaintance with him - enough at least to welcome the prospect of a closer one. His greeting was heart-warming, for, as I have said, I was in a strange land and with him I found myself in accord on every subject that came before us. A very grave illness incapacitated him for a time. No one was more glad than I at his return. A wise and good man!

Let me turn for a moment to the Opposition Front Bench. Two figures stand out in my memory. First, there was Lord Jowitt, my predecessor on the Woolsack. He had sometimes been my adversary at the Bar - not often, for we had followed somewhat different paths - and I had from the Bench listened on occasion to his advocacy. I therefore knew pretty well his strength and his weakness. His strength as an advocate at the Bar and in the House lay in his fine presence and remarkable speaking voice joined to

a power of lucid exposition which won a ready assent to his case. His weakness was apparent if he had a difficult position to maintain. I heard him described colloquially as easy to knock off his perch and that is as near as one can get to it. He had too a certain insensivity to the moral aspect of his actions. At an early stage of his career he had met with general condemnation in his own profession for the manner in which he left the Liberal Party and became Attorney-General in Ramsay Macdonald's administration. He might have been able to justify it to others - I do not know - but I doubt whether he thought it required justification. In a minor way I suffered from his weakness, for, when he was out of office, he thought fit to write a book about the case of ~~Algar~~ Hiss, a cause célèbre in the United States, in which Hiss had been found guilty after protracted hearings of grave offences. In his book Jowitt criticised the procedure and the result and sorely offended Americans by doing so. It was the last thing that an ex-Lord Chancellor should have done but Jowitt did it without a qualm. I will tell later how it affected me. My second and more frequent opponent was Lord Silkin. The two most difficult and complicated bills with which I was concerned were the Housing Repairs and Rents Bill and the Landlord and Tenant Bill. I was rash enough to say some time ago that I was reasonably familiar with the subject-matter of bills that I had to introduce and, broadly speaking, I had a fair knowledge of the law in regard to these matters. But these bills demanded an expertise and a specialised knowledge which I was far from possessing. It was a great labour to equip myself for the conduct of them in the House. Lord Silkin, who was the spokesman for the Opposition, was a specialist who had made this subject his own, but he was just such an opponent as one would wish. He was moderate and fair and always ready to come and talk over a difficulty.

Now I must turn to the Coronation, the great event of 1953.

Not the least interesting of the preparations for the Coronation was the setting up of a Court of Claims whose duty it was to "hear, receive and determine the petitions and claims

concerning the services to be done and performed at Her Majesty's Coronation". Following the course adopted at and since the coronation of King William IV, Her Majesty by her Royal Proclamation of the 6th June, 1952, had declared that at her ensuing coronation such part only of the ceremony as was usually solemnised in Westminster Abbey should take place and directed that the Commissioners should exclude from their consideration such claims as might be submitted to them in respect of rights or services connected with that part of the ceremonial which was theretofore performed in Westminster Hall or with the procession. This direction excluded from consideration a number of interesting claims to render services at the great banquet formerly held in Westminster Hall on the occasion of the coronation. I was the first named of the Commissioners constituting the Court. Others were the President of the Council (Lord Woolton), the Earl Marshal (Duke of Norfolk), the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl Jowitt, Lord Porter (Lord of Appeal in Ordinary), Lord MacDermott (Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland), Lord Cooper (Lord Justice-General and President of the Court of Session in Scotland) and Sir Raymond Evershed (Master of the Rolls). I had had some experience of the practice of the court. For it had been set up before the coronation of King George VI for the same purpose and I had appeared as counsel for Lord Hastings who claimed to perform the service of carrying the Great Spurs. His claim was contested by others who claimed an equal right and after an interesting debate which carried us back to the Middle Ages it was determined that he and another (Lord Churston) had established their claim and that it should be referred to His Majesty to determine how such service should be performed. This was, I believe, satisfactory to Lord Hastings and set a precedent for the Court that was now set up.

One of our first steps was to make a departure from former practice. We resolved that the dress to be worn by the members of the Court should be morning dress. I had a vivid recollection of members of the previous court sitting in uncomfortably tight

uniform or Privy Counsellor's dress and myself urged the change.

It will be a long time, God willing, before such a court is set up again and it may be that much ancient ceremony may be abandoned. I think it worth while therefore as a matter of history to mention some of the many and various claims upon which we adjudicated. For instance the claim of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster "to instruct the Queen in the rites and ceremonies and to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury and to retain the robes and ornaments of the Coronation in the vestry of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster and to have certain allowances and fees" was allowed except that we adjudged that robes and ornaments should be kept in the Collegiate Church unless Her Majesty should be pleased to order them to be kept elsewhere and also that the fees claimed should be referred to the pleasure of Her Majesty. The claims of the Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Bath and Wells to "support Her Majesty at the Coronation" and to have certain privileges were allowed. The barons of the Cinque Ports (of whom Mr. Churchill was one) claimed to bear the canopy if used in the procession in Westminster Abbey or if it was not used to be assigned a station within the Abbey in attendance upon the Queen and that their ancient privileges might remain undisturbed. The barons got little satisfaction. We adjudged that, if it should be Her Majesty's pleasure to have a canopy in the procession, the barons of the Cinque Ports were entitled to bear it. It was not Her Majesty's pleasure. The Clerk of the Crown (no other than my good friend Albert Napier) was more fortunate. His claim was "to record the proceedings in Westminster Abbey and to be assigned a suitable place therein to discharge his duties and that the Registrar of the Privy Council may be associated with, and assistant to, the Clerk for this purpose: also to have five yards of scarlet cloth". We adjudged that the claim be allowed but the fee claimed be referred to the pleasure of Her Majesty. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to allow it. Then there was a curious claim by a limited company, the London & Fort George Land Company Ltd., "to find by virtue

of the tenure of the Manor of Worksop a glove for Her Majesty's right hand and by its deputy to support the Queen's right arm so long as Her Majesty shall hold the Royal Sceptre". This claim was disallowed. Claims by Lyon King of Arms and the Heralds and Pursuivants of Scotland to be assigned their usual places in the procession and of the Countess of Erroll to be present by deputy to walk as Lord High Constable of Scotland and to have a silver baton or staff of 12 ounces weight, tipped with gold at each end and with Her Majesty's Royal Arms on the one end and the petitioner's on the other, were allowed. So was the claim by the Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London that the Mayor should subject to Her Majesty's pleasure attend in the Abbey during the coronation and bear the Crystal Mace. Other claims were made and allowed. A claim by a gentleman who called himself "His Highness Prince O'Brien of Thomond" to attend the ceremony was rejected, as was the claim of a Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Earle Long "to carry the Queen's towel by virtue of the tenure of Heydon Hall in the County of Norfolk". I have said enough of these proceedings which formed a very agreeable interlude in my busy life.

I had been made a judge in time for the coronation of King George VI for which the judges were given good seats but had no conception of what was involved in the preparation for that event. Nor, beyond being a member of the Coronation Committee (a Committee of the Privy Council) and on one occasion presiding over it in the absence of Lord Salisbury, had I any responsibility for the preparation and organisation on this occasion. But I was involved in it enough to realise the magnitude of the task which fell on the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, and to admire without stint the way in which he performed it. There was just one matter in which I was closely concerned. A difficulty arose over the allocation of seats in the Abbey. How many should be given to peers? Historically it was possible to justify a claim that every peer should have a seat. I had a letter from one peer in which he traced back the ceremony to Saxon times and

concluded that, as in old days its central feature had been the elevation of the chosen king upon the shields of his nobles, now at least all the peers should be present when one of each order did homage. But this ignored both the great increase in the number of peers and the multitude of other claims which were irresistible in a democratic age and came not only from Great Britain but from the whole of the Commonwealth. After a good deal of bargaining a compromise was reached and I think that few peers who wanted seats did not get them. Some no doubt did not care to face the ordeal of very early rising and a very long wait in the Abbey. Others, perhaps, who had not inherited ancestral robes, were deterred by the expense of procuring them both for themselves and their wives. Others preferred free seats in the stand opposite the Abbey. At any rate, though I had to explain the position in the House and to address a not very friendly meeting of peers on the subject, there was in the end no audible dissatisfaction. I could not help reflecting on the strange blend of the old and new in the ceremony, on the one hand the peers doing homage in accordance with immemorial usage, on the other representatives of art and industry and learning attending to acclaim their constitutional sovereign. This did not, however, lead me to support a very odd suggestion that was made that representatives of the people should also do homage.

Preparations and rehearsals were long and arduous. Every part of the ceremony had to be timed to a nicety. One rehearsal stands in my memory. Those of us who took a major part had pages to carry our coronets until the moment came to put them on, and these pages after attending their Lords in the procession disappeared into alcoves of the transept, and then at the right moment reappeared to hand the coronets to us. The Lord Chancellor is condemned to wear a coronet over his full-bottomed wig: it has therefore to be an outsized coronet. We were rehearsing this part of the ceremony but I had not thought it necessary to wear my wig. The result was ludicrous: the coronet came down over my ears and eyes! Certain ladies-in-waiting were audibly amused.

But no untoward incident marred the solemn majesty of the Coronation itself. I can only attempt to record a few impressions of an unforgettable day. It started very early, for all those taking part were ordered to assemble in the annexe to the Abbey long before the ceremony began. It was a trial for us all, but particularly for the youthful pages who found time hanging very heavy on their hands. But at last the long procession formed and we started on our way. For what seemed a long time I was left in isolation facing the altar in front of the Throne. I endeavoured to keep "eyes front" and in fact saw much less than others saw, and I myself later saw on television. But some episodes in the service stand out in my memory, above all the moment when the Queen had been crowned and returned to the Throne, the crown on her head, bearing in one hand the orb and in the other the sceptre, her face transfigured by the holy rites that she had just performed. "Vera incessant^u patuit dea" were words that came to my mind. Then we, who waited for her by the Throne, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the great Officers of State, with symbolic gestures placed her on the Throne and gathered round her while homage was done.

Earlier there had been a solemn moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury followed by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal, had gone in turn to the four sides of the "theatre" and spoken in a loud voice to the people saying: "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Elizabeth your undoubted Queen: wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?" Then according to the rubric: "The People signify their willingness and joy by loud and repeated acclamations all with one voice crying out 'God save Queen Elizabeth'. Then the trumpets shall sound."

Yet another lasting memory I recall when the time came for us to put on our coronets and all the pages came out like a flight of brightly coloured birds to hand them to us and the peeresses with arms upraised in unison put on theirs.

But these are the fragmentary recollections of a glorious whole in which the British genius for ceremonial pageantry reached its zenith.

Long though the day was, I had not felt tired until it was over. We were all perhaps uplifted by the bearing of the Queen herself. But at the end of it how glad I was to get home and take off the wig and the heavy chancellor's robe which after so many hours was cutting into my shoulders.

As a postscript to the coronation I must add that in the autumn of that year I had a letter from the Dean of Canterbury saying that the Chapter had decided to place a window in Canterbury Cathedral as a memorial to King George VI and to commemorate the coronation of the Queen. There were to be four lights; the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were to be in the central panels, the panels to the left and right of them to be filled by a group of the Lords Spiritual and a group of the Lords Temporal. The latter group was to consist of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal. The Dean asked me whether I had any objection to this representation of myself. I had none, and now the window designed by Sir Ninian Cowper is there for all to see. I have not seen it myself.

Here was glory indeed, but, lest it should make me vain-glorious, fate dealt me a blow. Soon after Mr. Churchill formed his Cabinet, an emissary from Madame Tussaud's asked me to allow an effigy of myself in wax to be made to form one of a group of senior ministers which would be shown at their well-known exhibition. I consented, as others did, and was photographed and measured more often and at more angles than I thought possible. So in due course I appeared in effigy, but how impermanent was fame! When I resigned I was boiled down and my wax became the effigy of another.

Upon the principle that to him that hath much shall be given I was now the recipient of many honours. My friend Lord Macmillan, about whom I must say something more later, had died in 1952. He held the honourable sinecure of Professor of Law

of the Royal Academy of Arts - a sinecure, because, even when the Royal Academy was in some legal difficulty, he was not consulted. I do not know what was the origin of this and similar honorary offices, but it was a pleasant surprise when I heard that I had been chosen to succeed Macmillan. The President of the Royal Academy was then Sir Gerald Kelly, an old friend, who afterwards painted my portrait, and it was to him that I owed this honour. The perquisites are an invitation to the annual dinner of the Academy in May and free entry for myself and my wife to all its exhibitions. I had attended some dinners as a guest before my appointment. One of them was the celebrated occasion on which the President, Sir Alfred Munnings, had denounced "modern art" and modern artists in the language of a major prophet. His words did not pass unchallenged: they were indeed calculated to provoke angry protest and one elderly academician, sitting not far from me, half rose from his seat crying: "This is blasphemy, blasphemy." It was thought by some that Sir Alfred had spoken without premeditation out of a full heart, but my neighbour, who knew him well, murmured to me more than once: "I begged Alfred not to say that." The speech had been carefully thought out and rehearsed to him. All the while the rain rattled down on the glass roof: it was a scene of noisy confusion. I have attended many dinners since but they have been very placid affairs. The best speech is usually made by the representative of H.M. Armed Forces. Yet there was one exception to this - an occasion when I made a horrid gaffe. I was Lord Chancellor at the time and sat on the right of the President, Gerald Kelly. On my right was Mr. Churchill and beyond him Lord Adrian. The speeches, including that of Mr. Churchill himself, who was much preoccupied, had not reached a high level (I put it mildly) until Adrian's turn came. His speech was one of rare felicity. Mr. Churchill turned to him and said: "Capital, Adrian, capital", and I, leaning across to him, added: "Yes, much the best speech this evening." "Well", said Mr. Churchill, "I don't know that I care so much about that."

I have mentioned Lord Macmillan and must pay some tribute to a man whose friendship meant much to me when I went to the

House of Lords. He had had a distinguished career at the Scottish Bar, becoming Lord Advocate in Ramsay Macdonald's administration, before he was appointed a Lord of Appeal. As an advocate he was singularly persuasive. A story is told of him that, being engaged in a case with another Scottish counsel, he asked what parts they should respectively play, to which the answer came: "You purr and I'll scratch." At least he purred with remarkable success, when leaving Scotland he practised in the House of Lords and before parliamentary committees and other tribunals that were open to the Scottish Bar. But it was as a colleague from 1944 onwards that I knew him best and appraised his worth. He died during a legal vacation and I wrote a notice about him from which I would quote two passages: "In one, and that an important aspect of judicial utterance, he was unsurpassed. His judgments have a clarity and precision which will lead students of the law to turn to them for guidance and they have too an elegance and felicity which would delight the adventurous layman who strayed into that field of literature", and again: "Courteous and patient, even long-suffering his less patient colleagues might think, reluctant to interrupt counsel except to elucidate their argument, his mind ever open to fresh considerations, he was to me the model of what a member of an appellate tribunal should be." Such was my friend Hugh Macmillan. The result of this notice was that I received an underserved compliment from the headmaster of a well-known public school who wrote that he had been so much moved by the "grace and beauty" of my tribute that he had set some of his sixth form (poor wretches!) to put it into Latin.

At about the same time another curious honour came my way. At the Bar I had appeared as counsel for the Society of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, then unincorporated, who wished to break away from the Royal Societies of Physicians and Surgeons and obtain a charter of their own. They accordingly presented a petition which was vigorously opposed by those societies. It was quite a battle, in which I appeared for the petitioners and my friend and enemy, Wilfrid Greene, for the opponents. In the end

we triumphed and twenty-five years later in grateful memory of that event the society now incorporated by royal charter elected me an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists. I was, I believe, the first Honorary Fellow outside the Royal Family except Field Marshal Smuts, but there were others with me upon whom the same degree was conferred at a ceremony held in the hall of London University. And there have been others since including my friend Vincent Massey, recently Governor-General of Canada. To avoid misunderstanding I do not advertise myself as F.R.O.G.S.

Other honours were perhaps more congruous with my way of life. Already in 1944 I had been elected an Honorary Fellow of New College and had been granted a degree honoris causa^a as a doctor of letters at the university of Reading, my native town. In 1954 greater honours followed. The degree of Doctor of Civil Law honoris causa^a was conferred on me by the university of Oxford, an honour of which any man might be proud, and I can name many a man to whom it seemed as great a prize as could be bestowed upon him. But an even prouder moment came when I received a letter from Lord Halifax, the Chancellor of the university inviting me to become its High Steward. This office had become vacant by the death of Lord Simon. The duties are not onerous today. The first of them, prescribed by the Statute made in 1636 in words of "imposing amplitude" as Lord Curzon wrote to Lord Birkenhead, is - "Jura, consuetudines, libertates ac franchises Universitatis praecipue ad officium Seneschalliam spectantia, tueri et defendere." That is delightfully vague but I like the "praecipue". But, secondly, (I will anglicise it) he must assist the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor and Proctors in the performance of their duties if they ask him to do so. This has in fact meant that I have on occasion been able to give Lord Halifax and his successor Mr. Macmillan, some help in the solution of knotty problems of university administration. Thirdly, he has, on paper at least, a formidable jurisdiction, but this has long fallen into desuetude. Finally he is to receive "muneris nomine annuum

quinque librarum feudum", a payment that is punctually paid and gratefully received to this day.

These are the duties and reward formally prescribed. But the High Steward is also invited to attend university ceremonies as and in particular the annual Encaenia at which honorary degrees are conferred. I do not miss these ceremonies if I can help it. Who could resist a day which begins at 11.30 a.m. with a champagne and strawberry feast held in the hall of the college of which the vice-chancellor for the time being is the Head. Here is a gathering of the "Honorands" (a bastard word!) and the doctors and heads of colleges, many of them old friends who then form a procession through the streets of Oxford to the Divinity School and thence to the Sheldonian, surely as gracious a building as is to be found in all England. And, if some of the orations that are delivered after degrees have been conferred seem a little long and the seats are rather hard, there is always a lunch at All Souls to look forward to and a warm greeting from John Sparrow, its hospitable Warden. Then there is a garden party given by the Vice-Chancellor and finally, if you are lucky enough to be asked and not completely exhausted, a dinner at Christ Church at which the Honorands are guests. I count these amongst my happiest days. The Honorands are a remarkably mixed bag, or should I say a distinguished cross-section of notables? Science and the arts, politics and the law, public service and education receive their meed. I will not catalogue the recipients whom I have watched advancing to shake hands with the Chancellor at whose side I sat, but who could forget the exquisite grace and poise of Dame Margot Fonteyn upon whom a degree of Mus.Doc. was recently conferred?

As I look back upon the three years in which I held office, I am appalled at the time spent in preparing speeches, making speeches, listening to speeches on public occasions. Some people take these things in their stride, some are even said to enjoy them. But for most men it is a heavy burden added to their daily load. I would not appear ungrateful to those of

whose hospitality I partook, but how often did I groan at the thought of the red boxes that awaited me on my return from some dinner at which I had seldom got any gratification from my own speech or those of others. My trials began early in my career, for at the Guildhall banquet in the autumn of 1951 I was at the last moment called on to take the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had fallen out owing to a family bereavement, and to propose the health of the retiring Lord Mayor. That was an occasion on which my wife had a severe ordeal. Those who attend such functions will remember how the guests must walk the length of the gallery between lines of other guests until they reach the Lord Mayor and his lady and the sheriffs. There are nice gradations. I was well protected by my faithful train-bearer and no less than four attendants, but she, naturally averse from any conspicuous position, had but a solitary companion and was the cynosure of all eyes. She would not believe it, but it was ^{only} not/ I who regarded her progress with unfeigned admiration. I got through my speech with only one infelicity, referring to the Lord Mayor as having been "partly educated in Australia", an ambiguity which the Prime Minister was quick to appreciate.

On other occasions too numerous to mention it fell to me to make one of the principal speeches. I recall one dinner in particular in which the nadir was reached. Have you, gentle reader, ever had to make a speech which, sentence by sentence, as you spoke, was translated by an interpreter into a foreign tongue? It happened that at a dinner given by the Speaker to a Turkish parliamentary delegation I was called on to propose the toast of the guests, few of whom understood our language. I told what I thought was rather an amusing story. It failed to amuse those who understood my words. It was then translated into Turkish and was received with a bemused silence. Moral - do not run the risk of double humiliation.

Another occasion was happier. Like multitudes of London's citizens I had during the bombing season of the war been accustomed as I entered the city to look anxiously to see whether the