

river Torridge. I have told how brave a man was Christopher. He was as generous as brave. He delighted to give shooting to his friends but seldom was able to accompany them. The presence or the apprehension of a headache was a sufficient deterrent. Then at a later date there were annual visits to the place of Lord Royden in Aberdeenshire called Tillypronie (a charming name meaning Hill of the Fairies). Situate on the watershed between Don and Dee, it gives a magnificent view southwards over Dee and is protected from the north by large plantations. I first got to know Tom Royden well when he became a Fellow of Winchester College. He was a man whom anyone would be proud to call friend. Days with my wife's uncle, Joe Harris, on the Cumberland Fells, on Ben Loyal hard walking and few grouse, at a later date on Yorkshire moors with Tom Sopwith, these often fill my mind with gratitude. Now I have under doctor's orders given up shooting and sold my guns to put temptation out of my way. I should mention that in spite of my long experience I was an indifferent performer. My skill or lack of it was nicely summed up by Tom Sopwith's keeper who described me as a "spasmodic gentleman", meaning no doubt that I had spasms (or, as he perhaps would have said, "sposms") when I didn't miss everything. But all this talk of shooting leads me to the single occasion when I took a moor myself. That was a daring deed. It was in the year 1938. In February my wife had gone, as her custom was, to the south of France with her mother. I had never been able to give the boys the chance of such shooting as I had enjoyed. So I determined at least once to do so and I did it without consultation. The moor was called Pearsia and was near Kirriemuir, a part of Scotland I knew very well. It was a very successful venture though my wife was aghast when she first saw the domestic quarters of the house. Never, I daresay, were so many cartridges fired with so little result. I had arranged for the boys and their friends to have the first shoots and then to have some more skilful guns for the final drives. But that plan went wrong; for it was the year of Munich and before the last party

could be gathered we broke up and returned to London. That was the last holiday we had together.

I have spoken of shooting and fishing. Of the latter I would say something. For here I look back to joys shared with my sons and in my old age they comfort me. I had neglected many chances of fishing when I was young. I have told of my great-uncle's exploits and my father too was keen enough. But I, until I was in my forties, remained aloof. Then suddenly - partly perhaps because the boys were so evidently interested - I too became an enthusiast, and thenceforward there have been few duties which I have not at times shamelessly neglected in favour of a day on loch or river. I am not sure whether it all began with the little river Petheril which flowed through the estate of my wife's uncle in Cumberland or with a lake not far from Seascale - a lake of rare beauty fringed with rhododendrons which were reflected in the water. Off we would go, the boys and I, accompanied sometimes by an uncomplaining mother who became an adept at unravelling tangled lines. Soon I was more ambitious and took a rod with my friend James Rolt, K.C. and a famous angler and writer on angling, Mr. Skiffes<sup>u</sup>, on the Itchen. The water was rented from a distant cousin of mine, William Barrow Simonds of Abbot's Barton, and ran from the outskirts of Winchester almost to Kingsworthy. It was a famous stretch and at the time of which I speak full of good fish. There and higher up the river on Arthur Hoare's water I learned to fish the dry-fly and so did the boys. I did not care to enquire how it was that they so often found their way from the school to the river. I had too many friends who had beats on the Itchen and the Test, and when during the war I gave up my own beat they came to my rescue with abundant generosity. Nor can I forget the Kennet, where for several years I stayed for the mayfly rise with Arthur Dunne whose friendship I had made in appeals from India to the Privy Council. His son Lawrence Dunne, lately Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, was a master of the art. With him too I had great days on the water of the Houghton Club at Stockbridge, that Mecca of the dry-fly fisherman.

Then lower down the Test there was the Compton water on which I had carte-blanche from my ever generous friend Tom Sopwith. It was there that I caught my first four-pounder and, day of days, only last year a six-pounder. There too that in the month of June 1961, after catching a good fish I collapsed at the fishing hut with a coronary thrombosis which put me out of action for many months. The present Lord Chancellor, Lord Dilhorne, was with me at the time, for we often fished together; his kindly care of me in that predicament I do not forget. Travelling further afield, there was salmon fishing on the Tay with Arthur Moon, who had a house not far from Perth with a majestic view of the river and across it to the Grampians. He was a friend from New College days and many a day we had together on moor and stream. Lastly (and I promise that it shall be lastly) there was the Brora in Sutherland. Here my wife and I have stayed at Gordonbush with Mrs. Tyse<sup>2</sup> who is, man or woman, the best fisherman I know and the kindest of hosts. Now I will deny myself the pleasure of recalling other rivers and other companions, but, before I return to the Bench and the events which changed all our lives, I must pick up the story of the boys. In 1934 they went to the university, Gavin to New College Oxford and John to Magdalene College Cambridge. Gavin acquired a passion for the horse - where he got it from I don't know. He had no aptitude for games with a moving ball, <sup>and</sup> we did not object to his finding this outlet for his energies. It requires more courage and judgment and endurance to ride a horse across a stiff country than to play a game of cricket or football. It was characteristic of him that having gone to Ireland with £100 in his pocket - a present on his 21st birthday - he sent home a mare which had caught his fancy at a local race meeting. But it was this same passion which led to a tragic end of his career at Oxford. He and a friend had acquired a horse which was entered for a race at a third-rate meeting in South Devon. With another friend who had a pilot's certificate they chartered a plane and set off to see the race. The first we knew of it was a telephone message from

the police at Dawlish saying that the plane had crashed, that the pilot was killed and that Gavin and his friend were in hospital. They would give no details of his injuries. We set off at once - a nightmare drive - to Dawlish and there we found them side by side in the local hospital, suffering from concussion and severe shock but otherwise none the worse. They were both demanding beer, which they regarded as the sovereign restorative. This event happened shortly before Gavin's final examination was due. He was not fit to take it and left Oxford without a degree. John's career at Cambridge was more fortunate and was a presage of the future that might have been his. He took a good degree, ran one of those ephemeral magazines that are the delight of undergraduates and became President of the Union. It was a proud moment for my wife and me when we heard him make a speech which Walter Elliot (a "guest speaker" on that occasion) told us was as good a speech as ever he had heard at the Union. John was a great traveller too during his vacations. On one occasion he went to America with a friend. They bought a second- (or third-) hand car and set forth to cross the States in it to the west coast. It broke down irretrievably at Denver City. John's friend went on, but he hitch-hiked back to New York and wrote an account of his experience which I thought an admirable bit of journalism.

What else can I say of these years, before I resume my seat on the Bench? I was lucky enough to keep my health but was sometimes out of action. One day shooting at Audley's Wood I slipped on a muddy bank and broke my leg just above the ankle. What was interesting to me in this very ordinary experience was the noise that the break made. It was like a pistol shot - no less. I got back to work as soon as possible and was no doubt an interesting figure hobbling into court on crutches and asking their Lordships' leave to address them from my seat. On another occasion I had a horrid attack of shingles and had to absent myself for a day or two from a heavy case in the Privy Council. When I returned and rose to address the Committee, Lord Dunedin

who was presiding very kindly asked me whether I would not be more comfortable sitting down. Lord Blanesburgh who knew where my affliction lay at once whispered to him that in fact I was more comfortable standing up. At that Dunedin smiled graciously and bade me proceed.

Another incident may be worth recording. It was at an earlier date when my mother-in-law was living with us at Ormonde Gate. One night she was out at a party. My wife and I were sitting in the drawing-room on the first floor when the housemaid came in to say that the door of the bedroom on the second floor immediately above the drawing-room which my mother-in-law occupied was locked on the inside. What had happened was too obvious. It was the era of the "cat burglar", so-called by reason of his agility, and, though I could hardly believe it when I looked at the long perpendicular climb up two pipes in full view of the street, our cat burglar had climbed them. I got a policeman and we broke down the door. Inside all was in confusion: a lot of valuable jewellery had been stolen. In the papers next day there were headlines - "£5000 jewellery stolen from eminent K.C." (all K.C.s are for some reason "eminent"). In fact the stolen jewellery was far short of that value. But the police had encouraged the exaggeration with the idea that there had been at least two rogues concerned in the robbery and that the one who waited at the bottom would be led to suspect that the climber had put part of the swag in his pocket and said nothing about it and would in revenge give the game away. None of the jewellery was recovered but there was an amusing sequel. Late at night some weeks later I was rung up on the telephone and a cockney voice told me that if I would go to Tottenham Court Road tube station I would be told about it. I told the speaker that I would by no means go to Tottenham Court Road tube station at that hour of the night (it was then near midnight) but that if he would come to Ormonde Gate I would hear what he had to say. He said he would come. I then rang up the nearest police station and was told that a plain-clothes officer would be sent round at once. I waited for

the bell and, when it rang, anxiously opened the door. Who had arrived, the policeman or the Voice? It was the policeman. I had just time to put him into a room next to the hall with the door ajar when the bell rang again. This time it was the owner of the voice, a little man as broad as he was high with as criminal a cast of countenance as ever I saw. We fenced for some time to no purpose, when the policeman losing patience opened the door and coming into the hall said to the man: "I am a police officer, you come along with me", to which he replied: "I know you are. I seed you come into the house." He decidedly had the best of it, for, as he justly said, though he had been "inside" the police had nothing against him in this affair and they got nothing out of him. We heard no more of him or the jewels.

Now I return to the Royal Courts of Justice which were to be the scene of my labours for a shorter time than I then expected. I remember vividly the first case I tried, an action for specific performance of a contract for the sale of some land, in which there was a good deal of cross-swearing. It presented no real difficulty, but I remember to this day the trepidation with which I began to deliver an extempore judgment involving the evaluation of conflicting testimony and the application of the relevant law to the facts as found. I longed to reserve my judgment and write it out. But this would have been a fatal course. Among many letters of congratulation I had received on my appointment was one from Lord Warrington, a former Chancery judge, who advised me in the strongest terms not to reserve judgment during my first term. "Grasp the nettle", he said; "if you once get into the way of reserving judgment you will never get out of it." And he instanced the example of Mr. Justice Byrne, a Chancery judge a little before my time, who had ended the summer term with enough reserved judgments to occupy the whole of his long vacation. Lord Warrington was right. The art of delivering an extempore judgment comes with practice. Few judges acquire the mastery of, for instance, Mr. Justice Hamilton, but there are few who do

not reach a standard, which astonishes not only laymen but foreign judges who practise a different system.

I got through my first judgment without disgrace and thereafter seldom reserved it except where questions of law required further examination and particularly careful statement.

So things went quietly on - as quietly at least as political unease at home and a witches' caudron brewing across the water would allow. The boys were at home, both of them reading law, Gavin in Chancery, John in Common Law, chambers. John had made a right-about turn in politics and was immersed in various left-wing activities. Gavin was as ever true blue. His interest was still the horse: his triumph, when he rode his own horse to victory in the Bicester Hunt Members race. My own life was incomparably easier with evenings and weekends free. It was possible to go out to dinner or the theatre without paying the penalty of later working hours. At last the inevitable - truly I think it was inevitable - happened. The eve of war found my wife and me in Aberdeenshire staying with friends at Edinglasside. It had been glorious weather: the sun shone: the heather was in good bloom: has earth anything to show more fair than the cloud shadows on those purple hills? But every evening we listened with fearful hearts to news that became more and more menacing. The party broke up and we hurried south, pausing for a short time at Brackenburgh Tower. My memory is all in a jumble about the events of those days. Recollections of the holocaust of the first war, a generation of young lives sacrificed, fears for our own two sons, thoughts of the unknown terrors which the new engines of war were to bring, all these pressed upon us. After a short stay at the Deane House we returned to Ormonde Gate. The boys came back, John from France where he had been touring with friends, Gavin from Ireland. Gavin at once joined the Inns of Court Regiment, whence after a further period of training in Edinburgh he was in due course commissioned to the Royal Wiltshire <sup>y</sup> Geomanry. John, after some delay (while he waited, dear John!, to see what was the reaction of Russia to these events)

also joined up and was commissioned to the South Staffordshire Regiment. At Ormonde Gate we were joined by my friend, Arthur Moon, who spent a year with us. This was the period of what was called the "phoney war" - a deplorable expression which ignored the sufferings of millions of men and women on land and sea. We strengthened the basement of our house so that it would give some security except perhaps from a direct hit. Only once do I remember an alarm during the months before May 1940. We all went to the basement but it was a false alarm.

During this time plans were being laid for Parliament and the Law Courts to leave London in the event of serious bombing. The Chancery courts were to go to Oxford and my wife and I spent a day looking for a house in or near that city. However, nothing came of it. It was decided that the courts should stick it out in London. Various underground rooms with strong supports were prepared in the courts in the Strand to which in the event of a raid the judges and counsel and all parties concerned could descend. And so they did on more than one occasion when the bombing had begun in earnest. The dignity of the law was, I think, preserved in the ceremonious descent and the continuance of proceedings in quite inadequate surroundings. It is a tribute to the steadfastness of all whose duty, great or small, it was to take part in the administration of the law, that anyone taking up any volume of the Law Reports for the years 1940 to 1944 will see not the slightest difference between it and any volume of earlier or later years. Ruat caelum, fiat justitia.

I was not allowed to perform my judicial duties without interruption. In the first months of war there had been some labour unrest and more was apprehended. The Government, aware of the desperate shortage of arms and of the urgent importance of unbroken manufacture, resolved to adopt an expedient which was novel so far as this country was concerned. They set up National Arbitration Tribunals whose task it was to settle all industrial disputes. Strikes and lock-outs were made illegal. (I state very shortly the substance of it). Mr. Ernest Bevin

asked me to go and see him at the House of Commons and invited me to become the first President of the Tribunal. I accepted. I could not do otherwise, though I recall that Christopher Farwell was annoyed with me for, as he thought, weakening the Chancery Division for which as senior judge he felt responsible. As permanent colleagues on the new Tribunal I had Sir David Ross and Sir John (now Lord) Forster, K.C. Both of them, especially the latter, had a large knowledge of industrial disputes, of which I, their Chairman, was blissfully ignorant. It would have been impossible to find more loyal and helpful colleagues. Ross was Provost of Oriel College Oxford, a scholar and Aristotelian philosopher, and so I shall mount my hobby-horse and say that he could have had no better training for settling industrial or other disputes. In every case there were two other members of the Tribunal, one chosen from a panel of employers, the other from a panel of trades union officials. I took some pride in the fact that, though at first they regarded themselves as advocates of their respective sides, the time soon came when an onlooker would not have known from which panel either of them came. They had learnt that it was for them to be as impartial as we were but to help us by their special knowledge. During the nearly four years that I was Chairman we settled some 500 disputes, some of nation-wide importance, others utterly trivial. It was, of course, a golden opportunity for staging a dispute in the hope of getting some favourable award. Counsel seldom appeared before us: there was little need of them, for the trades union officials were usually first-rate advocates and knew what they were talking about. In 1944, as I shall narrate, I resigned my chairmanship, having, I hope, done a good job. At any rate, compliments were paid me which modesty forbids me to repeat. Yet I should like to say in very small print that years later a Labour leader told me I was "the justest man he had ever known".

All this work meant that I could not do my share of work in the Chancery Division. Not more than half my time could be given to it nor could I undertake any case that would be likely to

last many days, for the Tribunal cases were urgent. I thereby missed some experience which would have been valuable afterwards.

During these years there were many changes in the Division. Clauson and Luxmoore were promoted to the Court of Appeal: Crossman, Farwell and Bennett all died and I found myself the senior judge in the Division. We had given up our London house in favour of the Deane House which was packed full of refugees from London including my mother-in-law. I usually went up and down from Winchester but when occasion required stayed at the Athenaeum. That Club had some excellent bolt-holes in the basement and my good friend, Udal, the Secretary, took a special pleasure in counting his tally of Bishops and Lords of Appeal who spent the night there. At Winchester we did not suffer from any bombing attack: it was said that Hitler intended to celebrate his victory in the ancient capital of England: believe it who will! But in the bad days the fires glowed on Portsmouth and Southampton night after night and it appeared that we were on the direct route from some German bases to the west of England and the Midlands, for on many a night we were disturbed by the dreadful thrumming overhead. A family of refugees from Stepney whom we were housing in rooms over the garage wished themselves back in a London tube station. What a family they were! A mother and two sons and two little daughters with a father who came down for weekends laden with produce that could only have come from a black market. The mother had a great admiration for my wife which she expressed in a somewhat macabre way. "How I would love to lay you out, dearie," she said one day, "You would make such a beautiful corpse."

In 1943 my mother-in-law died. She had, when the bombing eased, moved to a flat in Knightsbridge. We too returned to London for the mid-weeks staying usually at the Rembrandt Hotel where our friends the Bucknills were living. Upon her death we moved to her flat. The dates are not clear in my mind but it was during this time that the second bombing season opened and we suffered the visits of the so-called V1 and V2 bombs; days of

tragedy for many but fortunately with their comic incidents. One among many I recall. I was playing bridge one evening at Brooks's. My partner was Sir Richard Molyneux who was very deaf. I dealt and made one club. At that moment the siren went off. The player on my left said: "There goes the siren!" Very quickly Dick said: "I double one diamond".

Now there came another great change in my life. We were at the Deane House one day in the spring of 1944 when we were rung up from No.10 Downing Street to know whether I would be there to receive a letter from the Prime Minister which his private secretary would bring down that evening. Yes, I would, and we spent the afternoon wondering what it could be. In due course Anthony Bevin<sup>2</sup> arrived and the letter asked me whether the Prime Minister might submit my name to the Queen for appointment as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. To that there could only be one answer. I delivered it myself in Downing Street the next morning. This was an honour wholly unexpected. It was unusual, though not unprecedented, to go straight from the Chancery Division to the House of Lords without an intermediate spell in the Court of Appeal and I had no right to expect that it would be my fate. I had been a judge for seven years but a large part of the last four years had, as I have explained, been given to the work of the Tribunal. I took the place of Lord Romer who had resigned. I should be more than satisfied if I could fill his place adequately.

The Lords of Appeal have to sit on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Accordingly I went to the Palace to be sworn of the Privy Council and kiss hands. And now I was the Right Hon. Lord Simonds of Sparsholt in the County of Southampton. There was no delay in getting to work. Usually new peers are introduced at an ordinary sitting of the House at 2.30 p.m., but there was an appeal that was urgent and no sufficient quorum unless I sat. I was therefore introduced at 10.30 a.m. in the presence of a very small number of peers and, when the ceremony was over, took my seat to hear the appeal - a troublesome case

concerning the Welsh Church. The Lord Chancellor was Lord Simon and the other Lords of Appeal were Lords Atkin, Thankerton, Russell, Wright, Macmillan and Porter. Lord Atkin was ill at the time and soon after died. I never had the privilege of sitting with him, though I had argued many cases before him at the Bar. It was a challenging experience to take one's seat on equal terms with those before whom I had pleaded as counsel, as I had before all those I have named except Simon and Porter. Should I ever, I wondered, venture to disagree with them. I found that I was prepared to do so as strenuously as the occasion required! But it did not happen in the first case and in the second I was one of a majority of four to one.

I have mentioned that Simon was Chancellor. Seldom during all the time I have been connected with the law have I known a gathering of lawyers which did not sooner or later turn to a discussion of that strange and complex character. He was some years senior to me but I got to know him pretty well. Coming down from Oxford with a great reputation, at an early age he got a large practice, became a member of Parliament and took silk. One office succeeded another, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Foreign Secretary, Lord Chancellor, every high office except that of Prime Minister, which had been his ambition. He wrote his own Memoirs and figures in those written by many of his contemporaries. I doubt whether I can say anything new about him. But I would say two things; first that to me both at the Bar and afterwards he was universally kind - no, not universally, for on one occasion he was horridly offensive, but wrote me such a charming apology that I forgave and forgot. He craved for friendship and affection but they were generally denied him. Yet in the balance-sheet of my memory he shall have a measure of both. Secondly I would rate him very high as President of an Appellate Court. His immense experience (it was surprising how often, when cases in the House of Lords or Privy Council were cited, one found his name as counsel), his tenacious memory and logical mind, his

patience and courtesy to counsel and his colleagues made him an ideal President and I counted myself lucky to start my career sitting under him. But, though I do not want to put a blot on this portrait, I must add that he appeared to me to have one defect - and a very curious defect it was in view of his eminent qualities. He was strangely lacking in confidence in his own judgment: he would always before committing himself seek the approval of a colleague upon whom he relied. I got to know well the sidelong glance which followed a tentative suggestion. In a word, he did not lead or seek to lead. That perhaps had been his failing in administrative office.

Of my other colleagues in these early days, now nearly twenty years ago, I will say little but of Lord Russell of Killowen I must say this. One night recently I chanced to lie awake and my thoughts turned to the large number of Chancellors, ex-Chancellors and Lords of Appeal with whom I had sat and, as schoolboys (and others) make up a cricket eleven from players of all time to play against an eleven from Mars, so I selected a team with whom I would choose to sit. The President of that team was Russell: wild horses shall not drag from me the names of the others.

The time of which I am now speaking was the spring of 1944 when the V1 and V2 bombs had made their unwelcome appearance. The Lords had given their Chamber to the Commons and were sitting in the Royal Robing Room which had been fitted up for that purpose. It was a very pleasant room but terribly vulnerable to attack. It was therefore arranged that in the event of an "alert" we should break off and go down to Black Rod's room which was well protected. More than once we did so, our slow and dignified footsteps belying our eagerness to reach our haven. But this could not last long. It was not fair to counsel that they should be expected to give of their best when at any moment they might have to interrupt their argument even if they could pursue it with equanimity until interruption came. We therefore moved to Church House, Westminster, and sat there until the danger was overpast.

Now I must tell briefly the story of the boys. Gavin, his period of training over, joined the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry in Egypt and took part with that regiment in the brilliant expedition from the Mediterranean to Baghdad, of which the story is so well told by Somerset de Chair in "The Golden Carpet". Then came the battle of El Alamein in which the regiment suffered severe casualties but he was unscathed. After that a period of training at the Staff College at Haifa was followed by service in Abyssinia and Athens. Eventually he was invalided home and was quartered at Hounslow when peace came. His health which had always been precarious never fully recovered, though there were times when he led a full and active life. He did not spare himself.

John's battalion after a long period of training went to North Africa as part of the Airborne Division. He was by the error of the pilot dropped into the sea in the attack upon Sicily. He was mercifully saved, took some further part in the invasion of Italy and then came home to prepare for the airborne invasion of Germany. All the world knows what happened. Arnhem is a name that will never be forgotten. John, as we learned after many days of cruel suspense, was killed after five days of unceasing combat. The news came to us not officially but in a letter from his great friend and brother officer, Robert Cain, who himself won the Victoria Cross in that battle. So a light went out, that might have shone, who knows how brightly.

With the coming of peace we moved into a larger flat in Kingston House South which was to be our London home for seven years. My time was fully occupied with the judicial work of the House of Lords and Privy Council, which I found of absorbing interest, but, like most people who have a full-time job, I found that I was called upon to perform, and could make time for, other jobs too. I just tell of some of them.

In the year 1933 I had been elected a Fellow of Winchester College. At that time Oswald Simpkin was Warden. He was succeeded in 1936 by Harold Baker who occupied that office until 1946 when I in turn became Warden. The constitutions of Eton and

Winchester are very similar but they differ in this, that, while the Provost of Eton has to be permanently resident in the College and presumably has duties that occupy him every day, the Warden of Winchester, who is like him the head of the governing body, is only an occasional visitor to the Warden's Lodgings, attending there for meetings of the Warden and Fellows or when his presence is required for ceremonial or other purposes. I was thus able, when in 1946 my time came, to accept that honourable office, which was made the easier for me because I spent so much of my time at our house at Sparsholt. The duties of a Fellow were not exacting, being limited to attending meetings on perhaps eight Saturday mornings in the year. But particularly during the war years there were difficult problems of administration and finance. Costs mounted, although necessarily much was left undone in the way of maintenance. Soon there were grave arrears both in the ancient college buildings and the more modern houses. But for the time being we were reluctant to increase the school fees and impose a further burden on parents most of whom were not of a class that is enriched by war. Later that had to come twice and thrice as was the case with every other public school, so that now the fees are 250 per cent. greater than they were in 1939. Yet the demand for places is as keen as ever, though I fear that there is not the same proportion coming from the learned and military professions. I must put a check on myself, for the whole question of public school education has so largely occupied my mind these many years that once embarked on it I might sail on for ever. It is a boundless sea.

Harold Baker, as I have said, became Warden in 1936 and when war broke out and the college bursar, a retired naval officer, was recalled to service, undertook his duties also. In that we were very fortunate and when in 1941 his term of office expired we gladly renewed it for another five years. Baker was one of the most remarkable men I have known. He was some years senior to me in college and even in a generation which numbered many brilliant scholars was outstanding. How lasting are the

impressions of early boyhood! As head of the school he was a formidable figure to me, then a very small boy. And so it happened that, though I grew to be many inches taller and three stone heavier in weight, I ever regarded him as twice my size. He went as a scholar to New College and became a Fellow of that college. He won many university prizes and was President of the Union. Leaving Oxford he entered political life under the aegis of Haldane, for whom he devilled at the Bar, and Asquith, whose eldest son, Raymond, was a close friend. He soon became a member of Parliament and already at the outbreak of the first war held ministerial office. Never was there a brighter outlook for any man and yet it all came to nothing. Loyalty to Asquith, when Lloyd George broke away from him, and a severe illness which left him deaf in one ear, put an end to his parliamentary career. And, though loyal to Asquith, he had little faith that the sterile creed of the rump of the Liberal party would provide a career for him. He was therefore content to sit idle on the side-lines, entertaining and being entertained by his chosen friends, until the opportunity came with the war to serve the college which was, I think, his first and last love. There he will be gratefully remembered. He had had built for himself a little house at the edge of a great wood (Crab Wood) near Winchester about a mile from our house at Sparsholt. Herbert Baker (no relation) was its architect. It lacked many conveniences but had a wonderful view to the south and west until trees grew up which Harold characteristically refused to have cut down or lopped. He was the most unpractical of men and thought my wife nothing short of a mechanical genius because she was able to adjust the leads of a radio set which had been given him.

I have wandered from my subject in order to talk of Harold Baker who for so many years was the intimate friend of my wife and myself. I wish I had the art to paint a more vivid picture of him.

One incident occurred during Baker's tenure of office which I should mention. It is the ancient custom of the college to do

honour to distinguished visitors by receiving them "ad portas", as it is called. The school assembles in Chamber Court: the prefect of Hall with the Warden and Headmaster behind him welcomes in a Latin speech the visitor, who returns thanks, also in Latin. It was thought fitting that this signal honour should be paid to the seven old Wykehamists, who were judges at the same time. It was an impressive occasion. Besides the four Chancery Judges, including myself, whom I have mentioned, there were Lord Thankerton, a Lord of Appeal, Lord Merriman, President of the Probate Admiralty and Divorce Division, and Mr. Justice Talbot of the King's Bench Division. Thankerton wore Privy Counsellor's uniform, the rest of us (by permission of the Sovereign) our judicial robes. Such a sight had never been seen in Chamber Court before. Thankerton, as our senior, replied for us all. I will not vouch that his Latin speech was entirely his own composition.

Another event is worth recording. Four hundred and fifty years before the four colleges, New College Oxford and Winchester on the one hand and King's College Cambridge and Eton on the other, had signed a curious document. It was called the "Amicabilis Concordia" and by it the four colleges agreed to support each other in all circumstances and in all causes good or bad - I forget the exact words which were in Latin. We all thought the troublous times were a suitable occasion for renewing the agreement and we did so. We may yet have need of it. As sub-Warden at the time I signed the document with Warden Baker.

Now in 1946 I was elected Warden by my Fellows, somewhat earlier than might have been the case as two Fellow seniors to me, Ralph Fowler and W. L. Hichens, had died prematurely, the latter in the bombing of Church House, Westminster. I felt a grave responsibility. I have already written of the financial difficulties that faced us. They were not the only ones. The government of the school is an anomalous dyarchy, in which the jurisdiction of the Warden and Fellows, exercised for the most part through the Bursar who is their servant, and that of the

Headmaster are not, and cannot be, defined with absolute precision. If the engine is to run smoothly, there must be goodwill and accommodation between the parties. Unfortunately this at first was lacking and I had many anxious moments. I will say no more because in time things adjusted themselves and now with a change of personalities everyone is happy.

It is one of the duties of the Warden to admit the new scholars. The ceremony has been unchanged from time immemorial. The scholar kneels before the Warden, who, wearing on his finger William of Wykeham's own ring, places his hand upon the boy's head and (naming him) says: "Admitto te scholarem hujus collegii in nomine Patris et Filii et Sancti Spiritus". Then the new scholars stand in a row and he addresses them. Not being used to sermonising, I found this a difficult and rather blush-making performance. But on one occasion I found a good text for impressing on them what a long tradition they had to maintain. A film had recently been produced of which the central feature was the battle of Agincourt. I was sure that most of them had seen it, and seeing it, had thought it very ancient history. But I was able to tell them that before that battle was fought my predecessor as Warden had admitted their predecessors as scholars in the very way in which I had admitted them and that they had lived in the same Chambers, fed in the same Hall and worshipped in the same Chapel. That over, I returned the ring to the Bursar for safe-keeping. One of my predecessors, Sir Frederic Kenyon, had failed to do so and dropped it in the College grounds. By a lucky chance it was recovered.

A happy consequence of my wardenship was that I was able to renew a friendship with Sir Henry Marten then Provost of Eton. I had first met him when, while at the Bar, I appeared as counsel for Eton College in an action which they had been compelled to bring against a man who claimed a right to use the Brocas as a fair ground. It was not an easy or straightforward case and involved the examination of many ancient title deeds. I had several consultations with the Provost, Dr. James, and Marten, then

Vice-Provost, and, as did everyone else, fell under the spell of the latter's charm. The action was successful. (Be grateful, Etonians! for had it gone otherwise, your access to the river would have been sadly interfered with). Then years later we met again, he as Provost, I as Warden, and we had much talk on matters of common interest. A lovable man!

It became necessary at this time to consider the question of a memorial to Wykeamists who fell in the second war. There was little controversy this time. It was easily decided that materially it should take the form of inscribing the names of the fallen upon the inner columns of the War Cloister. Thus facing each other were the names of two generations of the fallen. The address at the opening ceremony was given by Field-Marshal Lord Wavell. My thoughts turn to him and go back to the distant past. He was two years my junior, but we were at Summerfields together and he followed me into college at Winchester. Then our ways parted, but when we met it was as old friends and when he came back from India he took a flat close to mine in Kingston House South. Justice has not yet been done to the achievements of a great soldier. He would not speak for himself. I pray that when the story of his life is written (it is now, I believe, in course of preparation) his true stature will appear. I remember walking back with him one night after dinner at Grillion's Club soon after the volume of Winston Churchill's work had appeared which dealt with his campaigns. Many people thought it unfair and I said to him: "Surely, Archie, this does not tell the whole story?" He would say no more than: "You at least, Gavin, should know that there are two sides to every story". He was a great lover of Winchester and when he had to have supporters for his arms he chose for one a sergeant in the Black Watch and for the other a scholar of Winchester College. The design was submitted to him by Garter King-at-Arms when he was out of the country and he thought the scholar's gown was not correctly drawn. He must have expressed his disapproval vigorously, for Garter came to see me and anxiously asked for my help.

One last act of friendship I was able to do for him. He died while I was still Warden and I was rung up the morning after his death by his son who asked whether he might be buried in the garth of the College Cloister. That was his dearest wish. I was in a predicament; for, informally at least, the Warden and Fellows had agreed some time before that there should be no more burials in the garth. There was no adequate plan of previous burials and it was known too that the water level had risen to a dangerous point. There was no time to call a meeting of the Fellows. I decided that this was a very special occasion and that I would take a chance. I gave permission and nothing untoward happened, though danger was very near. So Archie lay where he wished to lie. The fading music of the pipers of the Black Watch as they marched away down the Cloister playing the Flowers of the Forest is in my ears.

Before I return to my seat in the House of Lords and finally to the event of 1951 which changed my life, let me gather up a few threads. I had become a member of the Athenaeum upon my appointment as a judge and during the 1940's served a five years' term as Chairman of the Club. This is not as formidable as it sounds; for there is an executive committee and the Chairman of that committee does all the hard work that is in other clubs done by the Chairman of the Club. Even so, it was not a sinecure. There were regular meetings of the committee for the agenda of which I had to prepare myself. An ill-informed and doddering chairman is a calamity to his colleagues. Then in 1951, having previously served the other offices in the Inn, Master of the Walks, Keeper of the Black Books, Dean of the Chapel, I was elected Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn. This does entail a good deal of work and is the more arduous if, as in my case, the Treasurer is not doing his daily work in the Law Courts. During my term of office the rebuilding of 11 New Square, which had been destroyed by a bomb, was completed and so it carries on its front the plaque "1951 T.S." signifying that it was rebuilt in the treasurership of Simonds. My name and arms are also commemorated in the Chapel and in the Benchers' dining