

Friday, Jan'y 24, 1919. Oxford.

Last night to The Club as Sir Walter Raleigh's guest. There is a distinctly Pepysian sound about this which is not intended. This particular The Club reminds me a good deal of our own in Boston for it is also made up considerably of octogenarians, though we cannot claim such a record as is made by the hearty old Principal of Hertford who rejoices in a vigorous 88. There's another "The Club" which goes back to Johnson and Reynolds, an election to which, for it still lives and is most exclusive, is a high honor, and W.O. just missed it by one vote.\* But this particular club we are speaking of is younger - something like 1790 - and beside the host of the night I've mentioned, who is Fellow of Merton and Professor of English Literature, and the Principal, there are about twelve others.

We pushed open the wonderful iron-bound door into the hall at Merton - a door Roger Bacon probably pushed open in his day - passed the dining-hall where students were engaged, and into the common room where we sat - I the only guest, for they permit but one. There were Francis Pember, Warden of All Souls - the Rev. Cyril R. Carter of Magdalen - W.O. - Falconer Madan and a Dr. Cowley, both sub-librarians of the Bodleian, - the Warden of New,

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\*W.O. has some interesting notes on balck-balling in his History of the College Club, an organization which grew out of the College of Physicians in 1764. It finally became impossible to elect new members and W.O. threatened to resign. The Royal Society Club is still older than these and goes back to 1743. Sir William is a member of most of these Clubs within Societies - possibly being a new-comer and not having had occasion to give imagined offense to anyone. Just so I became a member of clubs in Boston to which today I would have had no chance of admission. He's just been made Pres. of the Classical Association, following Morley, Balfour, Bryce and such - a high honor for a physician. He was later taken in to the Johnson Club.

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Wm. A. Spooner the originator of Spoonerisms - the Provost of Worcester, "begetter" of a world-renowned printing press, and one or two others. There was good talk and Raleigh is a delight particularly after some 1863 sherry and some port which goes back to the Lisbon earthquake, and I may add that Henry Boyd for all his clerical garb and 88 summers stowed away a good deal and became exceedingly chatty by the time we left him at his door.

Today a clear sharp winter's day, with what we do not see at home, frost on the grass, trees and hedges which lasts the day through, every leaf fringed with glittering crystals like those on a Christmas card.

To Ryman's for another look at the portrait, which measures 4 ft. 1 in, by 3 ft. 2, and it is not at all unlikely that it is the original Von Kalkar the ones in the Louvre and Christ Church being copies after all. I would like to have Mr. Spielmann's opinion.

To Bodley's later on to look up Martin Lister's library and his conchology. Then luncheon with Mr. Pember, Warden of All Souls - his wife and daughter and the Master of University - this largely because the Warden had extolled to me the virtues of their thrice-brewed ale of which I expressed all ignorance. Well, it was very pleasant, and they talked as all do much about being "bone dry", and the Master expressed his approval and wished such a thing were possible in England. I had to take my silver cup of ale - beer brewed in beer they called it - and had I not been told what it was I'd have thought it a cordial. Out of the windows across the lawn there stands the small stone college brewery which has been in operation since 1450 or thereabouts when the foundation occurred.

During lunch a wonderful picture of Chas. I, painted at the time of his trial, looked down upon us, as did many portraits of famous Wardens, and after a cigar we warmed up as well as we could before a peat fire and, Warden, Master and me together, we went through All Souls from top to toe. We saw where 40 Fellows and four bible readers eat, live, pray, lecture, read, study and sleep, till finally my feet got so numb with cold with unusual climbing of stairs that I recalled an engagement and hobbled home.

A delightful evening at home with W.O. over books - the Bibliotheca Osleriana and its introductory story quite fascinating - plans for the Revere library in Baltimore and much else.