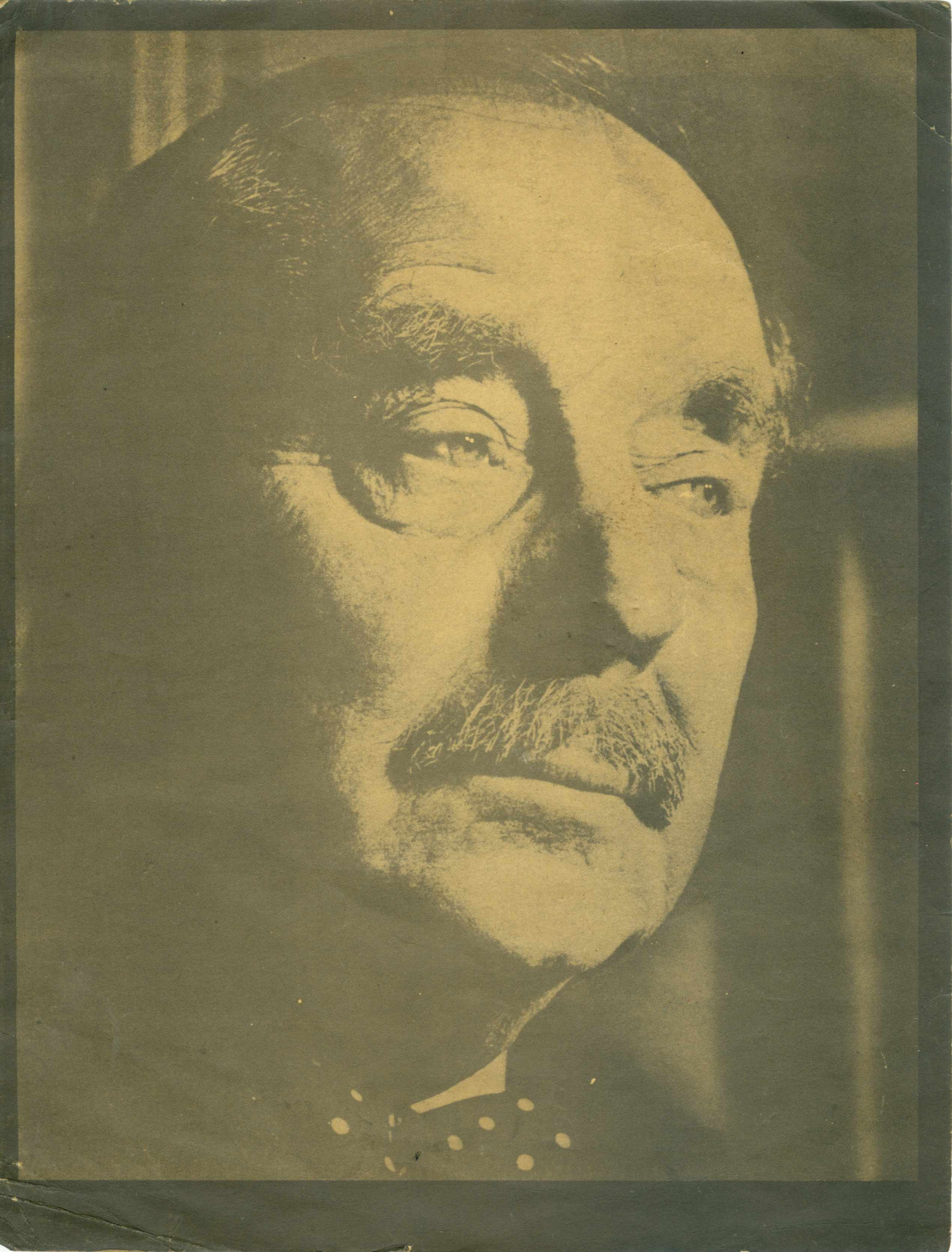


IN MEMORIAM

H. G. WELLS

1866 - 1946

Prepared by two of his acolytes,

Forrest J Ackerman & Arthur Louis Joquel, II

FIFTEEN CENTS
BOX 6151, METROPOLITAN STATION
LOS ANGELES 55, CALIFORNIA

TO THE STAR-BEGOTTEN

His dirge should be the music of the spheres.
No more shall he create us fantasy,
Nor longer counsel us and make us free.
Ah, Terra, mourn your loss, weep bitter tears!

Impartial death has claimed his noble brain,
Stilled agile fingers, dimmed far-seeing eyes.
We who revered him grieve at his demise
And, grieving, know that we lament in vain.

For he has laid a stalwart, firm foundation
Of fact and fancy, and though he is gone
The wise words he has written will live on
To influence each coming generation.

Oh, what a privilege it was to be
In the same world with such a man as he!

---Tigrina.

H. G. Wells Dead in London at 79; Forecast Atomic Age in 1914 Novel

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Aug. 13—H. G. Wells, famous British novelist, historian and sociologist, who was considered one of the outstanding contemporary literary figures, died this afternoon at his home in Hanover Terrace, Regents Park, London, at the age of 79. He had been ill for several months.

[For many years Mr. Wells successfully fought diabetes, but in recent months his health had deteriorated, The United Press said. According to the news agency, Mr. Wells realized a few weeks ago that the end was near. To a friend who chided him about his inattentiveness in a conversation, the author said:

["Don't interrupt me. Can't you see I'm busy dying?"]

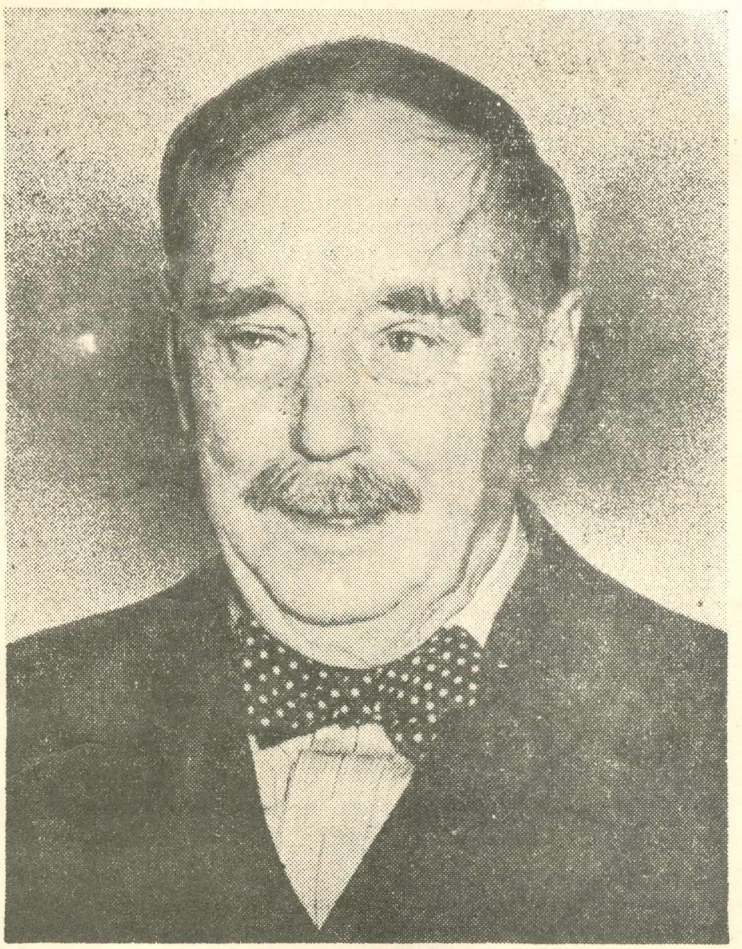
During a career that spanned more than fifty years, Mr. Wells, by his writing and prognostications, often made world-wide news. As early as 1914, he predicted the atomic bomb in a novel, "The World Set Free." Before that he had predicted the use of tanks in warfare and the growth of the airplane as an advance weapon in battle. He also forecast the development of rockets.

Aside from his ability as a writer and herald of things-to-come, Mr. Wells was a profound sociologist. He was one of the leaders of socialist thought in England for many years and sought a world in which war and poverty would be eliminated.

Early in May, 1944, the author of "The Shape of Things to Come" and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" published a 205-page book, "42 to 44," in which he castigated many leading figures of our time, including Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Vansittart. When writing of the late Beatrice Webb, he momentarily withheld visbarbs—"she went down to the poor as the saints do." Calling this work "strong meat for babes," Mr. Wells published only 2,000 copies.

The eighty-odd books that H. G. Wells wrote—among them his "Outline of History"—his steady and numerous contributions to the press and to periodicals, and his many activities in other fields were the proof of what would be superhuman energy to the average man.

Mr. Wells was a superman in many respects. Compared with contemporaries like Shaw, Bennett, Galsworthy and Chesterton, he differed from them by his extraordinary versatility. He never sought for literary style, but rather wrote down, almost invariably in apt and original phraseology, what he had to say in the most direct and abrupt manner.



H. G. WELLS The New York Times, 1941

In his wide range of writing there was scarcely a subject upon which Mr. Wells did not touch. He wrote prophetically and fantastically of future wars. He philosophized on marriage and religion. He satirized—without the venom of some of his contemporaries—many weaknesses of social life. He had political aspirations, but was unsuccessful both times he presented himself for Parliament. He invented floor games for children, "covered" important assignments for British and American newspapers, engaged in spirited debates with authors and scientists, and, withal, seemed to find ample time for leisure.

"The Outline of History," generally regarded as Mr. Wells' most important work of non-fiction, is a model of tersity of expression and sense of perspective. Beginning as in the first chapter of Genesis, the author traced the major currents of events throughout the ages and concluded with a brief prophetic chapter, "The Next Stage of History."

Envisioned a World Government

Typically Wellsian, too, was his idea about a new and better world. He dreamed of an Utopia with no Parliament, no politics, no private wealth, no business competition, no police nor prisons, no lunatics, no defectives nor cripples. He longed for a world under a world government, for, he argued, in no other fashion is a secure world peace conceivable.

Mr. Wells foresaw the 1914 war with Germany thirteen years before it happened; he prophesied how the war would be fought, and he was correct in several striking details. He made no claims, however, to being a prophet. Personally a man of great charm, hospitable, cheerful and genial, he never posed as a great man of letters, developed no mannerisms, but remained a typical Englishman of the lower middle classes.

He was not born with any advantages of social or financial standing. His father, Joseph Wells, was a professional cricketer, and head gardener for Lord de L'Isle in Kent.

Herbert George Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, in the southeast corner of England, on Sept. 21, 1866.

His early struggles are best recorded in "Kipps," probably the finest book he ever wrote. He was only 13 when he was apprenticed to a draper's establishment—"emporium"—in a coastal town about the size of Folkestone. Before that he had been apprenticed to a chemist and from that short phase he found much material for his great novel "Tono-Bungay."

Won College Scholarships

Young Herbert George by dint of hard plugging gained scholarships that admitted him to the University of London and the Royal College of Science. There he studied under Prof. Thomas Henry Huxley. Presently he began to write literary articles, criticisms and short imaginative stories, in which he made use of the teeming suggestions of modern sciences. There was considerable demand for that sort of fiction in English-speaking countries, and his book "The Time Machine," published in 1895, attracted much attention.

Shortly before that he had written "Select Conversations With an Uncle," but his next two works, "The War of the Worlds" and "The Invisible Man," became so popular that he was enabled to devote himself with a certain sense of security to purely literary work.

The works of Wells must be divided into several categories, which again should be subdivided. There are the fantastic and the pseudo-scientific novels, the satirical and humorous novels and the sociological and historical works, interspersed with semi-political and philosophical works.

The first category includes "The First Men in the Moon," "The War in the Air," "The Invisible Man" and many other novels, which alone would have made him famous. The second category includes "The History of Mr. Polly," "Kipps" and "Tono-Bungay" of early years and "The Bulpington of Blup" as late as in 1933.

To the other type of books belong "Marriage," "An Englishman Looks at the World," "The Soul of a Bishop" and many more. It is difficult to be precise about categories, however, for Mr. Wells astounded his readers by suddenly coming out with a book like "The World of William Clissold," which gave him a vehicle for outspokenness on many men and many things of the day.

From his youth he had been a Socialist—if not a party member, at least in his opinions. He joined the Fabian Society, but stepped aside as soon as he became convinced that the Socialists were aiming at the complete control of labor under a new plutocracy less efficient than the plutocracy then existing.

Was Guest of Maxim Gorky

Wells traveled a good deal, always with an aim to see things for himself. Thus, he went to Russia in 1920 and was the guest of Maxim Gorky at Leningrad. Later he wrote a series of articles entitled "Russia in the Shadows," which appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES.

In 1921 he came to this country and "covered" the Washington arms conference for The New York World and he has written hundreds of special articles for the daily press of this country.

H. G. Wells, Author and Historian, Dies

When Adolf Hitler appeared in the public eye, Wells spoke of the Nazi regime as "a clumsy lout's revolution against civilization."

He was dubious first and later openly critical about the League of Nations, and in this matter, as in most matters of topical events, he was decided in his opinions. The League of Nations he compared to "a homunculus in a bottle trying to set up the reign of God on earth."

Mr. Wells found the American scene fascinating, particularly as it revealed itself during the first administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. After a trip to this country in 1934 he professed himself greatly interested in the operations of the "Brain Trust," the group of advisers with which Mr. Roosevelt had surrounded himself.

A year later, after Mr. Wells had again visited the United States, he found occasion to modify some of his views of the preceding year. The work of certain Brain Trusters, whom he called "social-minded technicians," disappointed him somewhat. He found men in Washington who do not "constitute a team, working together for a common end."

Visited Hollywood in 1935

In 1935 Mr. Wells made one of his most important forays into the motion-picture world in Hollywood. Long appreciative of the motion picture as a form of art, Mr. Wells, on this occasion, did not hesitate to call it "the very greatest art, with the possibility of becoming the greatest art form that has ever existed."

His motion picture "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" was a critics' success, although it did not sweep the public mind as Mr. Wells had hoped it would.

Mr. Wells came here again in 1937 for his first lecture tour in the United States. He told ship news reporters he did not expect war in Europe for another two years because "the nations are not quite ready." After visiting President Roosevelt for the third time since 1933, Mr. Wells said he did not see any danger of the President trying to make himself a dictator. He could not imagine a more honest man in control of a great State, he added.

After visiting the New York World's Fair and terming the British Empire exhibit "stupid" in its appeal to snobbery, Mr. Wells discounted the importance of the Fair in its professed role as an agency for world peace. "At the present educational level," he said, "world peace is an impossibility."

The next year, after his return to England, Mr. Wells denounced as an "outrage" the rewriting of his fantasy, "The War of the Worlds," for the radio broadcast which caused a wave of mass hysteria in the nation on the night of Oct. 30, 1938, when Orson Welles led thousands to believe that the "Men From Mars" were invading this planet and were spreading death and destruction in New York and New Jersey.

Prophetic Vision in 1939

As the second World War approached, Mr. Wells again showed his prophetic vision early in 1939, when he visited Australia and urged closer relations with the United States for the protection of the down-under continent. Returning to London just before the outbreak of war, he declared the United States under President Roosevelt's guidance held the greatest hope for the salvation of mankind.

In the same pamphlet he called Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain "ignorant and narrow-minded," Hitler an "unqualified horror," Mussolini "vain, rhetorical," Stalin "honest, strong and human," though not of "overwhelming intelligence," and Japan's rulers "Nazis without a Hitler."

From the moment war was declared Mr. Wells, in his role as England's most famous pamphleteer, consistently expressed the conviction that the Nazis could not conquer the traditional bulldog spirit of the English common people, and just as consistently demanded shake-ups in the British War Office and Foreign Office to get rid of antiquated ideas, Colonel Blimps and appeasers.

Urged Ousting of Chamberlain

He was one of the leaders in the upsurge of public opinion which swept Prime Minister Chamberlain out of office in 1940, charging him with conducting a "grossly incompetent" government.

Even after Winston Churchill became Prime Minister, Mr. Wells kept up his hammer blows in the press for further reforms in the army and diplomatic service. He created an international sensation with an interview on his arrival in New York on Oct. 3, 1940, when he attacked Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, as exemplifying the "Bourbons" and appeasers, whom he accused of "criminal lethargy" in the conduct of the war. He insisted that the elimination of Lord Halifax was essential and that other members of the Government should go also.

When news of Mr. Wells' statements reached London, there was a vitriolic debate in the House of Commons, during which Earl Winterton demanded what the Government meant by allowing "a man of that type to go to America." The Government's reply, delivered by Captain Osbert Peake, Under-Secretary for the Home Office, was that Mr. Wells was free to say what he liked, at home or abroad, and that it would injure British interests in the United States to let the notion get around that only hand-picked Government spokesmen would be allowed to lecture here.

During the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact Mr. Wells insisted there was "not the remotest possibility" that Russia would join the Axis. As early as September, 1941, three months after Hitler launched his attack on Russia, Mr. Wells was urging a large-scale British offensive on the Continent of Europe, on the ground that Hitler's entanglement in Russia had placed him in almost the same vulnerable position as Napoleon, shortly before his end.

Wrote Novel in 1942

Early in 1942, Mr. Wells produced a novel, "You Can't Be Too Careful," which critics here declared started out as a story-telling book reminiscent of his earlier and delightful "History of Mr. Polly" but which wandered off into the familiar Wellsian sociological tract. Its central character was Edward Albert Tewler, a man with an inbred fear of "ideers" who was, Mr. Wells said, you or me.

At the age of 76, a year later, Mr. Wells earned a doctorate in science at London University with a thesis discussing personality. He called it: "Quality of Illusion in the Continuity of the Individual Life in the Higher Metazoa, with Particular Reference to Homo Sapiens." The Mesozoic Age was one of the great reptiles, walking and flying, but in the thesis Mr. Wells concerned himself with John Smith, one of the endless varieties of Smiths, whom he found to be "definitely a degenerate creature in the sense that he presents no collective resistance in the face of change."

Despite his lifelong opposition to the monarchy which was to reach a head in a bitter warning to English royalty just before his death to quit the throne before it was rudely pushed off, Mr. Wells was treated by Lord Horder, King George's physician, when he became ill in April, 1944.

Regaining his health, the novelist and pamphleteer in the crisis occasioned by British intervention in Greece in December, 1944, was opposed to Winston Churchill in a left-wing paper article headed "Churchill Must Go." Mr. Wells called the Prime Minister a "Would-be British Fuehrer," conceded that Mr. Churchill had served Britain as a fighting symbol, but contended that he had outlived his usefulness.

After the atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima in August, 1945, Mr. Wells was asked to comment on the terrible new weapon that he had envisaged. He said: "This can wipe out everything bad —or good—in this world. It is up to the people to decide which."

In November, 1945, Mr. Wells left his literary and sociological testament, "Mind at the End of its Tether," in which he despaired of the existence of the human animal, predicting that "he will have to give place to some other animal better adapted to the fate that closes in."

Remarks on Royalty

Mr. Wells' attack on British royalty came only a month ago. In a virtually unprecedented attack upon British monarchs, he asked whether the royal family was involved in the "huge" sums that the House of Commons had been "told" Mussolini had paid Sir Oswald Mosley, British Fascist pre-war leader. If the royal family was involved, Mr. Wells declared, "then there is every reason why the House of Hanover (he used the Germanic title which was changed to the House of Windsor during the first World War) should follow the House of Savoy into the shadows of exile and leave England free to return to its old and persistent republican tradition."

Mr. Wells did not explain the "involvement" nor was there any suggestion in the alleged revelations that the royal family was in any way connected with the reported payments. The royal household would not even dignify the implications with a denial and George Bernard Shaw, then on the eve of his ninetieth birthday, snorted "nonsense."

Mr. Wells' wife, the former Amy Catherine Robbins, died in 1927. They had two sons.

FAREWELL TO THE MASTER

A VERY GREAT and good man has been cancelled from the equation called Life, leaving our planet to a fate that he can no longer in any way personally influence. So much the worse for us who remain!

Tho his body has been reduced to ashes by fire, the flame of his genius still may entertain and educate millions---the A-bomb and Germageddon permitting.

It is a difficult task for me to write about HGWells. I do not wish to be too flowery, or too preachy, or appear too much the starry-eyed hero-worshipper, but sincerely to express my profound admiration for this man, and my keen sense of a personal loss. It is more to the "Old Guard" readers of scientifiction and followers of world affairs that I write than to the "junior Bems" (meaning no disrespect) who, if they read "The Time Machine" today, might consider it rather passé.

IN THE COURSE of an extemporaneous talk which I made to members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society during our first meeting following the death of HGWells, I had occasion to recollect just how many fantasy themes that man had inaugurated, or competently treated. In connexion with "The Time Machine", I digressed to relate of a half-remembered article by me which was published in the March 1940 issue of fanmag, The Alchemist. I have it here, now, to check on. Therein I told the story of British Patent Application #19984---"Paul's Projector"---a machine "to materialise the human wish to live in the Past, Present and Future all at once". Scheme of Robert W. Paul was to offer the entertainment-seeking public a simulated trip thru time via a quasi-panchronicon, and the unique idea was evolved from a perusal, in the last decade of the 19th century, of HGWells' "The Time Machine". The first draft of this famous temponautical tale Wells titled "The Chronic Argonauts", and he wrote amusingly of it in his "Experiment in Autobiography": "If a young man of twenty-one were to bring me a story like it for my advice to-day I do not think I should encourage him to go on writing."

BUT WELLS did go on writing--my collaborator, Art Joquel, will give you a necessarily abbreviated bibliography of his writings at the end of this pamphlet--and wrote practically every kind of a fantasy that one can imagine. "Food of the Gods", with its super-growth. The classic "Invisible Man" novel. Evolution speeded up, in "The Island of Dr Moreau". Of cavemen, Marsmen, futuremen, supermen, x-

ray eyes and the 4th dimension--he wrote of them all before Gernsback put the first science fiction magazine together. And at twice the age of many a modern hack he told tales modernly. "Star-Begotten" need take back seat to neither "New Adam" nor "Odd John" for an engrossing study of menso superhoma.

* * *

Here are some things which were said of Wells:

Robert Heinlein: "HGWells in his trilogy--'The Outline of History', 'The Science of Life' and 'The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind'--is so far as I know the only writer who has ever lived who has tried to draw for the rest of us a full picture of the whole world, past and present, everything about us, so we can stand off and get a look at ourselves. He may be called the first 'synthesist'."--speaking on 4 July 1941 to the persons present at the 3d World Science Fiction Convention in Denver, Colo.

Edmond Hamilton: "The illustrations for HGWells' 'The Things that Live on Mars' made me a science fiction fan at 5--before I could even read. All things taken into consideration, I think he was the greatest of them all. I venerated him."

George Bernard Shaw: "H.G. was honest, sober and industrious: Qualifications not always associated with genius." Shaw was one of Wells' closest living friends--and critics.

"One hundred years from now, a gigantic statue of HG Wells will be unveiled at the summit of Mt Everest. The inscription will read, 'Prophet and Seer, the founder of the modern state, first of civilized men.'"...from a lost source (believed to have been the opinion of a prominent fan of the day, published circa 1933 in Fantasy Magazine)

Wells once said of himself: "I am an atheist with respect to all such gods worshipped by man in the past. I feel the true god is the god of truth and has yet to be found."

* * *

As I am, to my knowledge, the only active fan in America who ever met HGWells, I will conclude by quoting a revised version of the article I wrote about the occasion, which was originally published in Pluto, Jan. '41, entitled "Wells of Wisdom":

SCIENCE MAY MAKE such strides in the prolongation of life that, provided its blessings are not counterbalanced and cancelled by its destructive discoveries, I may live to see that statue ((referred to 3d paragraph above)). And if my memory does

not fail me, I think there may be tears in my eyes as I recall that grand old man, and the fact that I met him in my youth.

I have recently shaken hands with HGWells! And the experience, if you will pardon the pun, has left me a shaken fan. My mind dwells on Wells and his wealth of wonderful works, scientifictional and scientifactional; the importance of this traditional figure. In the religion of science fiction, Wells is indeed a great God.

Mr Wells' announced topic for lecture was "The Future of Mankind". He defined his speech, which was read from manuscript, as "Two Hemispheres: One World".

"I am going to towk to you for about an ow-uh," he began--and the first acquaintance with his voice was quite a shock. It was high, falsetto, frequently cracked; but one suspected it to be quite natural, the nature of his voice rather than an attribute of age, for tho Wells was then 74, he appeared much nearer 47.

He began by reminding his audience how, since the turn of the century, with the advent of speed, distance has been radically diminished; so that today from the doorstep of any country to another is but a neighborly distance. But we are not neighborly! Therefore, as he predicted in 1908 in "War in the Air" (before a plane had flown 20 miles) there was menace in the air. "East is West, and West is East, and they're coming together with a bang!" he declared.

He proceeded to put the plea before his audience: "Of paramount importance is the control of the air, the formation of an Airmen's federation, world peace by a world police of Wings Over the World. We must be ready to put this plan into effect directly the armistice comes. One World or Nothing!"

Later in his talk he asked, "What do you make of Man and his life? Do you think we have direction, purpose, or, like Macbeth, feel that life is 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' Most of you I venture to say would vote against Macbeth. Well, then; let me ask of you, do you believe there is a divine destiny for mankind that will work itself out despite what man does, that--how shall I put it?--'everything's alright, really'--that progress is inevitable? Or do you believe that man must make efforts to gain and retain his ends?"

BUT HIS LAST published book, "Mind at the End of its Tether", Wells might well have dedicated to Macbeth, for he threw in the sponge for humanity, declared that the mind of man is plunging into the starless abyss. This is one time when it would be nice if I believed in reincarnation, and had faith that Wells would come again to help build the ladder up from the black pit. But I don't believe a word of it; so, for a well spent life time, in gratitude I simply say:

"Mr Wells, thanks for everything..."

--Forrest J Ackerman

He championed Sanity for HUMANITY

The death of H G Wells comes to me as the death of an old and dear friend might come. His works have been among my most pleasurable and profitable reading since I was six years old, and his passing leaves a gap in the world's intellect which it will be impossible to fill for years, if not centuries, to come.

Rereading some of Wells' earlier works, in an effort to discover the secret of his appeal, I have come to the conclusion that the prime reason is—he puts himself in your place.

I have lately taken up flying, and spend some of my time every weekend (oftener when I can afford it) soaring and gliding over a small lake and the hills near my home. And when I read "My First Flight," which Wells wrote after his trip in a Farnum hydroplane on August 5, 1913, my first thought was, "That might have been myself, writing about my first experience in a plane!"

And from this, and other similar experiences in reading Wells' writings, I wonder—are these plans for a World State, for a Wings Over The World, for travels in interplanetary space and in time, for raiding the secrets of Nature and the Atom — are not these works, regarded by many as sheer fantasy, our own inner voice speaking to us from the words of this man who knew us better than we knew ourselves?

I have read somewhere, in a commentary on H G Wells, that his books were a history of the future which he kept continually revising. Wells laid out the plan; the obstinate human race acted out an antithesis; from this, Wells then modified his next dissertation, still pointing toward the same goal, but from a slightly different angle.

Wells lived to see several of his prophecies fulfilled—the release of atomic power, plans to reach the moon, the development of new genetic wonders. But while man attained the specifics, he has not reached the point on which the generalities of Wells insisted — the inner understanding of himself and his world which is necessary to control these new wonders.

Wells became discouraged, while he lived, by the seeming insistance of man on trying to destroy himself. Now that Wells is gone, perhaps if we were to try the plans which he so painstakingly laid out, our chance of survival might be better.

—Arthur Louis Joquel, II

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CHECK-LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF

H G WELLS

The bibliography, on which this check-list is based, has been about three years in the making. We hoped that possibly, at the end of about two more years, it might begin to reach a state of approximate completeness. So if there are ommissions or errors beyond those noted at the end of this list, please accept our assurance that we would have endeavoured to correct them if the desire for immediate publication of this check-list had not arisen.

We have here made no effort to list publishers, except in certain exceptional cases, as of limited editions. Nor have we made a distinction between books and pamphlets — because previous bibliographers have disagreed violently as to what distinguishes a book from a pamphlet, and where the distinctions end. This list is confined, again with certain notable exceptions, to the writings of H G Wells which have been published in book or pamphlet form, simply because space limitations do not permit inclusion of magazine, newspaper, and other listings. Our bibliography, to be published sometime in the indefinite future, will attempt to be comprehensive in all of these lines.

The list of bibliographies, biographies and critical works, to be found at the end of this list, is again highly abridged because of space considerations. A good list of these up to 1930 may be found in "H G Wells," by Geoffrey West (wells), and the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and similar indices will fill most of the gaps up to the present.

Valuable help has been given us on this bibliography by Eugene Bechtold, Forrest J Ackerman, Norman Wilmorth, and the Los Angeles Public Library. Additions and corrections to this list are earnestly solicited.

Arthur Louis Joquel, II

1892
Dr Collins Upon the Teaching University for London
Text-book of Biology

1893
Honours Physiography, by R A Gregory and H G Wells

1895
Select Conversations With an Uncle
The Time Machine
The Wonderful Visit
The Stolen Bacillus and Other Incidents
The Stolen Bacillus
The Flowering of the Strange Orchid
In the Avu Observatory
The Triumphs of a Taxidermist
A Deal in Ostriches
Through A Window
The Temptation of Herringay
The Flying Man
The Diamond Maker
AEpyornis Island
The Remarkable Case of Davidson's Eyes
The Lord of the Dynamos
The Hammerpond Park Burglary
A Moth—"Genus Novo"
The Treasure in the Forest

1896
The Island of Dr Moreau
The Wheels of Chance
The Red Room (12 copies for copyright pusposes only)

1897
The Plattner Story and Others
The Plattner Story
The Argonauts of the Air
The Story of the Late Mr Elvesham
In the Abyss
The Apple
Under the Knife
The Sea-Raiders
Pollock and the Porrah Man
The Red Room
The Cone
The Purple Pileus
The Jilting of Jane
In the Modern Vein
The Catastrophe
The Last Inheritance
The Sad Story of a Dramatic Critic
A Slip Under the Microscope
The Invisible Man
Certain Personal Matters
Thirty Strange Stories (Contains all but five of the stories from "The Stolen Bacillus" and "The Plattner Story," but includes three new stories, "The Reconciliation," "Le Mari Terrible," and "The Rajah's Treasure.")*

1898
The War of the Worlds
Text-Book of Zoology (Revised Edition of "Text-book of Biology," the revision made by A M Davies, B Sc.)

1899
When the Sleeper Wakes
Tales of Space and Time
The Crystal Egg
The Star
A Story of the Stone Age
A Story of the Days to Come
The Man Who Could Work Miracles

1900
Love and Mr Lewisham

*Published only in the United States

1901
The First Men in the Moon
Anticipations

1902
The Discovery of the Future
The Sea Lady

1903
Mankind in the Making
Twelves Stories and a Dream
Filmer
The Magic Shop
The Valley of Spiders
The Truth About Pyecraft
Mr Skelmersdale in Fairyland
The Story of the Inexperienced Ghost
Jimmy Goggles the God
The New Accelerator
Mr Ledbetter's Vacation
The Stolen Body
Mr Brisher's Treasure
Miss Winchelsea's Heart
A Dream of Armageddon

1904
The Food of the Gods

1905
A Modern Utopia
Kipps
Preface to "Underground Man," by Jean Gabriel de Tarde

1906
Faults of the Fabian
In the Days of the Comet
The Future in America
Socialism and the Family
Report of the Special Committee (of the Fabian Society)
Reconstruction of the Fabian Society

1907
First and Last Things
This Misery of Boots
Will Socialism Destroy the Home?
Fabian Executive Election Addresses

1908
New Worlds for Old
The War in the Air
The Things That Live On Mars, in Cosmopolitan Magazine, March, 1908. Illustrated.

The Man of the Future (An omitted section of "The Time Machine") in The Midpath Library of Universal Literature, Volume 24*

1909
Tono-Bungay
Ann Veronica

1910
The History of Mr Polly
The New Machiavelli
Introduction to "George Meek: Bath-chairman," by Himself
Foreword to "Photogravures," made by A Langdon Coburn

1911
The Country of the Blind and Other Stories (Contains twenty-nine stories selected from "The Stolen Bacillus," "The Plattner Story," "Tales of Space and Time," and "Twelve Stories and a Dream." Five new stories are included, "A Vision of Judgment," "The Empire of the Ants," "The Door in the Wall," "The Country of the Blind," and "The Beautiful Suit." "The Sad Story of a Dramatic Critic" is re-titled "The Obliterated Man."
Floor Games
The Door in the Wall and Other Stories
- The Door in the Wall
- The Star
- A Dream of Armageddon
- The Cone
- A Moonlight Fable (The Beautiful Suit)
- The Diamond Maker
- The Lord of the Dynamos
- The Country of the Blind

The H G Wells Calendar

1912
The Labour Unrest
Marriage
The Past and the Great State, in "Socialism and the Great State," edited by Wells and two others
Great Thoughts from H G Wells
Introduction to "Shop Slavery and Emancipation," by William Paine

1913
The Passionate Friends
War and Common Sense
Little Wars

1914
An Englishman Looks at the World (American Edition titled "Social Forces in England and America")
The World Set Free
The War That will End War
The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman

1915
Bealby
The Research Magnificent
Boon, The Mind of the Race, the Wild Asses of the Devil, and the Last Trump*
The Peace of the World
The War and Socialism
Foreword to "Kultur Cartoons," by Will Dyson
Introduction to "Friendly Russia," by Denis Garstin

1916
What is Coming?
Mr Britling Sees It Through
The Elements of Reconstruction*

1917
War and the Future
God the Invisible King
The Soul of a Bishop
A Reasonable Man's Peace
Introduction to "The Gods in the Battle," by Paul H Loyson

1918
In the Fourth Year
Joan and Peter
British Nationalism and the League of Nations
Introduction to "Nocturne," by Frank Swinnerton

1919
The Undying Fire
History is One
The Idea of a League of Nations (Wells and eight others)
The Way to a League of Nations (Wells and eleven others)
Introduction to "The Journal of a Disappointed Man," by Barbellion

*Also biography and Interview

1920
The Outline of History (This work has been published in so many editions and formats that it is impossible to name them all. It has appeared in one volume, two volumes, and four volumes. It has been extra-illustrated. Mr Wells appears to have been constantly revising it and keeping it up to date down to quite a recent period.)
Russia in the Shadows

1921
The Salvaging of Civilization
The New Teaching of History

1922
The Secret Places of the Heart
Washington and the Riddle of Peace
A Short History of the world (This work has been revised a number of times and kept up to date.)
University of London Election Address
The World, Its Debts and the Rich Man
Tales of the Unexpected)
Tales of Life and Adventure)(These
Tales of Wonder)
three books comprise fifty-three of the short stories of H G Wells. They were published in 1922/1923
Introduction to "The Pivot of Civilization," by Margaret Sanger
What H G Wells Thinks About "The Mind in the Making"

1923
Men Like Gods
Socialism and the Scientific Motive
To the Electors of London University
The Labour Ideal of Education
Introduction to "The Mind in the Making," by James Harvey Robinson

1924
The Dream
The Story of a Great Schoolmaster
The P R Parliament
A Year of Prophesying
The Atlantic Edition of the Works of H G Wells (This twenty-eight volume set contains special introductions to many of the volumes, written for this edition of his works by Mr Wells.) In brief, the contents of this set are:
1—The Time Machine & The Wonderful Visit; Short Stories
2—The Island of Dr Moreau & The Sleeper Awakes
3—The Invisible Man & The War of the Worlds; Short Stories
4—Anticipations & The Discovery of the Future
5—The Food of the Gods & The Sea Lady
6—First Men in the Moon, portions of Certain Personal Matters, and Short Stories
7—The Wheels of Chance & Love and Mr Lewisham
8—Kipps
9—A Modern Utopia; Short Essays
10—In the Days of the Comet; Short Stories
11—The Undying Fire, First and Last Things, God the Invisible King
12—Tono-Bungay
13—Ann Veronica & Boon
14—The New Machiavelli
15—Marriage
16—The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon & Socialism and the Family
17—The History of Mr Polly & Bealby
18—The Passionate Friends; Short Essays
19—The Research Magnificent
20—The War in the Air; Essays
21—The world Set Free & In the Fourth Year
22—Mr Britling
23—Joan and Peter—Part 1
24—Joan and Peter—Part 2 & The Story of a Great Schoolmaster
25—The Soul of a Bishop & The Secret Places of the Heart
26—Miscellaneous Essays, The Future in America
27—A Short History of the world; Essays
28—Men Like Gods & The Dream
A Forecast of the World's Affairs, in "These Eventful Years"

1925
Christina Alberta's Father
A Forecast of the World's Affairs

1926
The World of William Clissold
Mr Belloc Objects to "The Outline of History"
The Reconstruction of World-Affairs, in "The Europa Year-Book, 1926"
Contribution to "George Whale: 1849-1925"

1927
Meanwhile
Playing at Peace
Democracy Under Revision
Wells' Social Anticipations (Contains "This Misery of Boots," "The Past and the Great State," "The Discovery of the Future," "The Good Will in Man," "The Fundamental Idea of Socialism," "The Country of the Blind," and the three University of London Election Addresses of 1922)
The Short Stories of H G Wells (Contains all of the stories from "The Stolen Bacillus," "The Plattner Story," "Tales of Space and Time," and "Twelve Stories and a Dream." Also listed are a group from "The Time Machine and Other Stories, including:
The Time Machine
The Empire of the Ants
A Vision of Judgment
The Land Ironclads
The Beautiful Suit
The Door in the Wall
The Pearl of Love
The Country of the Blind
"The Reconciliation," "My First Aeroplane," "Little Mother Up The Morderberg," "The Story of the Last Trump," and "The Grisly Folk," all except "The Reconciliation" previously unpublished in books, are also included.

1928
The Way the World is Going
The Open Conspiracy
Mr Blettsworthy on Rampole Island

1929
The King Who Was a King
The Commonsense of World Peace
The Adventures of Tommy
Imperialism and the Open Conspiracy

1930
The Autocracy of Mr Parham
The Science of Life (with Julian S Huxley and G P Wells)
The Way to World Peace

1931
What Are We to Do With Our Lives?
The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind
Contribution to "Living Philosophies"
Introduction to "Scientific Disarmament," by Victor Lefebure

1932
What Should Be Done—Now
The Queer Story of Brownlow's Newspaper, in The Ladies' Home Journal, February, 1932

1933
The Bulpington of Blup
The Shape of Things to Come
The Junior Outline of History, prepared by Idrisyn Oliver Evans, by permission of Mr H G Wells

1934
Experiment in Autobiography

1935
The New America, The New World
Things to Come; a Film

1936
The Anatomy of Frustration
The Man Who Could Work Miracles; a Film
The Outline of Man's Work and Wealth (a retitling of "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind")
World Brain
The Treasure in the Forest (Limited Edition)

1937
Brynhild
The Croquet Player
Star-Begotten
The Camford Visitation
The Favorite Short Stories of H G Wells (This book contains the stories listed in "The Short

Stories of H G Wells" as being in "The Time Machine and Other Stories." All of the stories from "The Stolen Bacillus" and the first eight from "The Plattner Story" are included. This is set from the same type as "The Short Stories of H G Wells")

1938
The Brothers
Apropos of Dolores
The Famous Short Stories of H G Wells (a retitling of "The Short Stories of H G Wells")

1939
The Fate of Homo Sapiens (American Edition titled "The Fate of Man")
The Holy Terror
Travels of a Republican Radical in Search of Hot Water
The Country of the Blind (Completely revised version—Limited edition)

1940
Babes in the Darkling Wood
The Common Sense of War and Peace
The New World Order
The Rights of Man

1941
All Aboard for Ararat
The Pocket History of the World (a retitling of "A Short History of the World," with late material)

1942
Phoenix
You Can't Be Too Careful
Declaration of Human Rights, in "A World to Live In"

1944
Crux Ansata
'42 to '44; A Contemporary Memoir
Man's Heritage, in "Reshaping Man's Heritage"

1945
The Happy Turning
Marxism vs Liberalism, an interview between Joseph Stalin and H G Wells, on July 23, 1934. The text approved by Mr Wells
Mind At The End Of Its Tether

NOT DATED
Seven Famous Novels (This edition was published approximately 1934. It has a new preface by Mr Wells, and includes "The Time Machine," "The Island of Dr Moreau," "The Invisible Man," "The War of the Worlds," "The First Men in the Moon," "The Food of the Gods," and "In the Days of the Comet.")
Divorce is Inhuman, in "Divorce" by Bertrand Russell, Fannie Hurst, and other writers

ACCIDENTALLY OMMITTED
Preface to "The Somme," by A D Gristwood, 1927
Introduction to "The Book of Catherine Wells," 1928
Contribution to "Points of View," Number 3, 1930
Introduction to "H G Wells," by Geoffrey West, 1930
The Immortality of J W Dunne, in The Saturday Review of Literature, January 7, 1939

INFORMATION LACKING
The Outlook for Homo Sapiens
The Conquest of Time
The Time Machine and Other Stories

IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHIES
H G Wells, by J D Beresford. 1915
An Outline of Wells, by Sidney Dark. 1922
H G Wells, by Geoffrey West (Wells). 1930

SOME CRITICAL WORKS ON THE WRITINGS OF H G WELLS
The World of H G Wells, by Van Wyck Brooks. 1915
Gospels of Anarchy, by Vernon Lee. 1915
The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction, by Dorothy Scarborough. 1917
My Dear Wells, by Henry Arthur Jones. 1921
The Story of Utopias, by Lewis Mumford. 1922

BIBLIOGRAPHIES
Bibliography of H G Wells, by Fred A Chappell. 1924

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(Fortnightly during paper shortage)

H. G. WELLS

By H. N. BRAILSFORD

IT is not easy to believe in the death of H. G. Wells. He was vitality itself. We who knew him sensed it when we met him.

The generations that come after us will look with amazement at his record of work and his output of books. Has any one man since Voltaire written quite so much? But quantity is no measure for this man's mental energy. In these books, year after year, were crystallized not merely his ideas about man and the universe; here were his ambitions and his passions also; here were the programmes he drafted for humanity, the orders of the day he issued to its armies. Nor was that all. He led us. He taught us. He summed up the knowledge of his day. But, best of all, he entertained us with his short stories and his scientific romances.

These books of his were so much more than Mr. Wells. They were the diary of his generation, its confessional, its pulpit. Hundreds of thousands of us thought like this: here was an epitome of what we knew or wished we knew. Here, as he sketched it, was the sort of society each of us in our different ways was trying to realize. In this man young, progressive England came to life and personal consciousness. But he was much more than a national figure. All Europe read him in translation, and the arrival of a new book by Wells was an event in Japan. He has said his say. Half a century found its voice in him. What has he left behind him?

About one part of this man's creative output, there is no doubt at all. His scientific romances were a delight to us when they first appeared. They will be as fresh, as astonishing, and as terrifying to our grandchildren. They have all the ingredients that every good story-teller tries to combine. Here is the miraculous, flatly defying and surpassing our experience of the possible; and yet how plausible it is; how neatly it fits into the known laws of this physical universe. Nor does Wells forget to freeze our blood before his tale is ended—not, in the best of these tales, too often or without tact. Sometimes there is fun in them, and always there is entertainment. Moreover, in their fantastic way, they even help us to think. A serious student of metaphysics may have nothing to learn from *The Time Machine*, but the rest of us were a good deal wiser for reading it. There is something positive in nearly all of these brilliant creations of his, that stretches our intellectual muscles pleasantly.

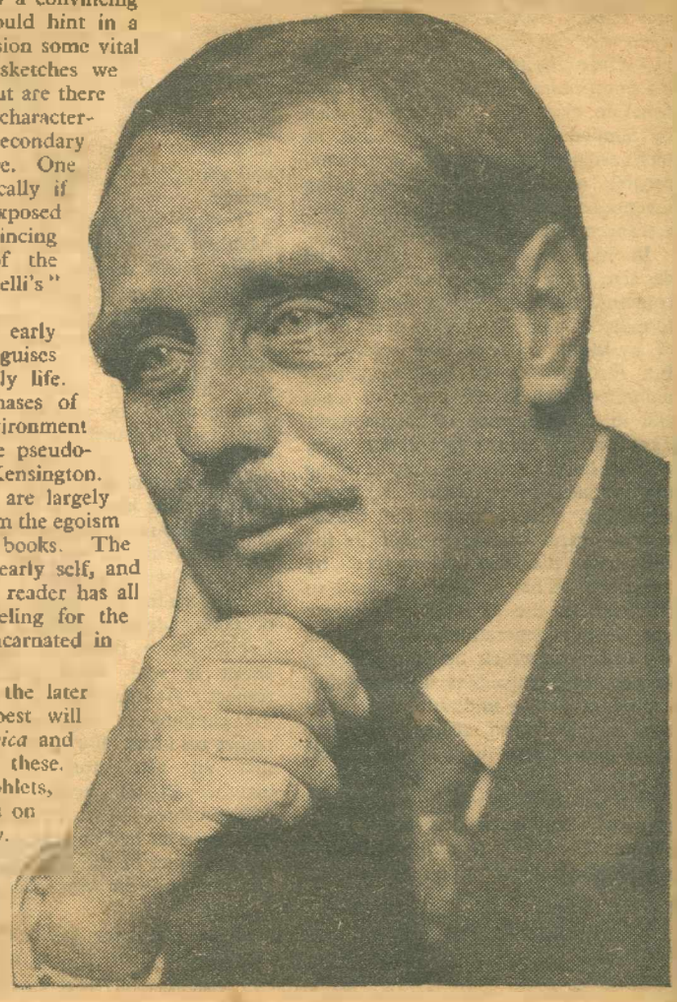
My own favourite among Wells's romances falls on the borderline of this group of his books. In *The Wonderful Visit* he did in his own way for our age what Voltaire in *L'ingenu* did for his. The angel whom a sporting parson mistook for a buzzard and shot (but not mortally) explores our curious and rather ugly acquisitive society, much as the simple Red Indian had explored the corrupt and rather cruel world of the *ancien régime*. The wit and daring of Voltaire's satire are inimitable, but Wells, in his much gentler English way, manages to show us in this pleasant mirror of his invention a highly instructive reflection of our world. That angel with the broken wing was a shrewd critic.

MY guess is that it is the short stories, with the scientific romances and this one essay in satire, that will survive, when the general run of his too numerous novels are forgotten. Wells could always invent, and he knew how to tell a story. And so with the big collection of his short tales in our hand we can go on indefinitely, without much risk of weariness. It is a good bedside book. Here the defects that mar the later novels are of little consequence. His sense of form and plan and proportion was not highly developed. He rarely managed to draw a convincing character in the round, though he could hint in a telling little outline at the first impression some vital personality made upon him. Good sketches we have in abundance from his pencil, but are there any classical portraits? The best character-drawing I can recall occurs among his secondary characters, and it verges on caricature. One might pick out, for example, the rascally if clever medium whom Mr. Lewisham exposed but tolerated, or that solid and convincing Philistine, the industrial magnate of the Potteries who was "the new Machiavelli's" uncle.

In a class by themselves come the early novels which were based, with many disguises and transformations, on his own early life. Mr. Lewisham and Kipps are phases of himself, and here is the dreary environment from which he escaped, the shop, the pseudo-genteel school, and finally South Kensington. Like all his novels, these early books are largely autobiographical. But they are free from the egoism which devastates some of the later books. The author can detach himself from his early self, and see him with a saving humour. The reader has all the while a kindly and indulgent feeling for the very naïve but spirited young man incarnated in these successive shapes.

Am I perverse if I doubt whether the later novels will survive? Two of the best will escape oblivion, perhaps *Anne Veronica* and *Tono-Bungay*, but hardly more than these. Most of them are ephemeral pamphlets, which convey Mr. Wells's reflections on the politics and social trends of the day. They may, as time goes on, recover their interest when they rank as historical records. It is possible that readers may be as curious fifty years hence about the glorious sunset of the Liberal Party and the surprising election of 1906 as we now are about the party politics of the early Victorian era, which Trollope described in *Phineas Finn*. But those of us who lived through this period are only mildly interested in Mr. Wells's record, for he saw the life around him from a very individual angle.

His portraits of celebrated contemporaries, for example the rather malicious sketches of the Webbs, are poor work. When he mingles a passionate love theme with his political speculations, as he does in *The New Machiavelli*, the two themes seem to compete, and we give our whole attention to neither. As time went on, the pretence that these books were novels wore steadily thinner: they were a new form of journalism. Whatever fate befalls this side of Mr. Wells's creative work, his novels are unlikely to rank him among the classics. If we had to choose,



would we exchange a whole shelf of them for one of Thomas Hardy's? The man had vitality enough to animate any book he chose to write: his contemporaries could not ignore him. But he was too self-centred to write a novel that deserved this name: whatever he touched became an autobiographical fragment. His other lack was that there was no poetry in him. He had little of the imaginative sensibility that makes a great artist.

WHAT was he? Why did he mean so much to his own generation and the next? What made him, with Shaw, the foremost contemporary influence of his day? The answer is, I think, that he said for us and said supremely well, what our generation was best fitted to receive. The dominating influence on our thought was still Darwin, with his successors and popularizers. The distinction of Wells was that he turned a mind steeped in this new science of evolutionary biology to the study of history, politics and social life. It happened, moreover, that throughout his day the new class of technicians was growing fast. It had been thoroughly schooled in one branch or another of physical science. Wells never meant much to the manual worker, with whom he had little sympathy, nor, at the other end of the social scale, to the classical scholar who dated from an earlier century. He spoke primarily to the scientific workers of all grades, and also to the teachers.

Freud dawned on the world too late in his lifetime to exert more than a superficial influence on Wells. Darwin and Huxley formed him, and after his interest in the science of life the most powerful of his intellectual passions was his enthusiasm for education. It was usual to class Wells as a materialist by temperament. It is true that he took an absorbing interest in the material progress of mankind, in labour-saving inventions and in all the new conveniences that add to our comfort.

In his vision of the future the decisive thing was the new means of communication on which the men of to-morrow will rely—the effect on them of aviation, wireless and television. But for all that he had an almost unlimited faith in the power of ideas and in the influence of intellectuals. That was the salient fact about him, whether he was writing history or trying to move his contemporaries. He was a rationalist, who retained the fundamental liberal conviction that in the long run mankind is swayed by argument. That is why he cared so much about the kind of schools we offer the next generation and it explains the zeal with which he emulated the French Encyclopædists in codifying knowledge with a militant, progressive bias. His Universal History, especially in its abbreviated form, did its work all round the world. His *Science of Life*, a decidedly better book, was not as widely read as it deserved to be; nor was *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* ever a popular success.

WHAT, finally, did Wells do for his generation in fixing our political outlook? He conveyed to us more successfully and more picturesquely than any writer of his day the anger, contempt and amusement he felt when he contemplated the waste, the muddle, the inefficiency and the ugliness of our competitive and acquisitive society. Two older men, Anatole France and Bernard Shaw, had done the same thing with greater subtlety and wit. But Wells may have been more influential than either of them, because his was the revolt of plain common sense, disciplined by science.

His horizon in the first half of his working life was this island, with the empire as its rather dim background. After 1914 he saw his problem of order and planning always on the world-wide, international scale.

I am not sure that his detailed ideas of the constructive solution had, or deserved to have, a decisive influence: it was not his job to draft workable compromises. But to Wells we owe more than to any other writer of our day such sense of the unity of mankind and the interdependence of its peoples as we have yet attained. He was the more convincing because he never wrote in the customary vein of the idealists. He knew that it is machinery and not philanthropy which has made the world one, and he never grew tired of depicting the fate that awaits us if we go on using our deadly machines with the irresponsibility of children.

What ultimately was Wells's political outlook I find it hard to define. He had moved away from the rather juvenile phase of Socialism he adopted in his early Fabian days; but to the end he was loyal to the essence of the Socialist idea as he understood it. He believed passionately in a society planned in all its details for the common good. He rejected the values and the legends of competitive and individualistic capitalism. If he had leanings towards any sort of "aristocracy" (he often used that word) it was to the intellectuals and above all to the scientists that he looked.

Though he hated snobbery, I doubt whether the Socialist ideal of equality made much appeal to him; nor did he ever quite grasp the Socialist conception of a society whose citizens are linked by an identity of aim in a fraternal solidarity in all its units—the village, the factory, the shop. I happened to be with him during his brief visit to Russia in 1920, and was distressed that much of what we both saw meant so little to him. His political influence was ineffective because of his bewildering uncertainty as to the means he would use to promote his ends. He began with the old Fabian idea of permeating the Liberal Party. He did on occasion identify himself with the Labour Party, though he rarely wrote about it with much sympathy or respect. At moments he thought that the captains of big business might realize his ideas. For a time he believed that an intellectual elite, banded together in an "open conspiracy," might reform the world. The fact was that he never had any clear ideas about the dynamics of the historical process. His contempt for Marx was one of his oddities.

If he had ever taken the trouble to grasp what Marx and Engels

(Continued at foot of next column)

contributed to the interpretation of history, his impact on politics might have been steadier and less eccentric. But why should I dwell on what he lacked? He gave prodigally what he had, and that was a rich and brimming store. He fought a gallant fight for reason, order and humanity, and in every land millions of us are his debtors.

My Visit to Wells

By COLOPHON

ON a recent December afternoon I stood on the doorstep of H. G. Wells's house at 13, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park. The number had been painted in figures at least a foot high, as if to proclaim to the world that here lived a man who would have no truck with the mumbo-jumbo of superstition. I thought how characteristic this was. Who else would have chosen such a schoolboyish, impish way of showing his contempt for something so irrational as our atavistic dislike of the number thirteen? It occurred to me that perhaps his impatience with ordinary human weakness was one of the reasons why, though dazzled by his genius, shocked and stimulated by his brilliance as a prophet and expositor, the world had never really taken "H. G." to its heart.

The appearance of his secretary—his daughter-in-law, Mrs. G. F. Wells—put an end to my reflections and I followed her up a Regency staircase to a first-floor room at the back of the house. Wells was sitting at a desk near the window, screened from the draught by half-drawn curtains.

My first impression was that he had changed little since I had last seen him, at a dinner given by the P.E.N. Club at the Savoy Hotel in honour of his seventieth birthday. The cocky little moustache was as trim as ever; there was a fresh colour in his cheek; the familiar bow tie was set jauntily; and in his suit of thick brown tweed he looked plump, robust, astonishingly youthful, not a day older than fifty. It was not until later, when I was sitting opposite him at his study fire, that I realized how deceptive was his appearance of youth and health.

Though the room was pleasantly warm he seemed to feel the cold and kept drawing his chair closer to the hearth. It was surrounded, I remember, not by tiles but by some chill-looking metal, severely functional, and that again, I thought, was characteristic of the man. Under his waistcoat he wore a woollen cardigan and the ends of a scarf dangled from his neck. A reddened lid occluded his right eye, giving him a look that reminded me of the portraits of Voltaire in old age. His breathing was heavy and asthmatic; he talked slowly, with his chin sunk on his chest. I could see that he was a very sick man. What I did not know was that if his doctor's prophecies had been fulfilled he would already have been dead. I did not suspect then that only his courage and his unsatiable intellectual curiosity were keeping the flame of life alive in him.

He did not mention his illness, but he did talk of his death. My mind went back to that famous evening at the Savoy when G. B. S. poked genial fun at him for being only a septuagenarian. He compared himself then with a child whose mother has told it to put away its toys. I remembered with what petulant emphasis he had said: "I don't want to put away my toys."

Was it still true? Yes, apparently. He talked of a short novel he was writing, of a new chapter for the *Short History of the World*, of a broadcast in French.

The script of the broadcast was lying behind him on his desk. He picked it up and showed it to me. He had written it in French in his own hand. The French was of the kind that a sixth-form schoolboy might write, but he did not seem to be aware of its peculiarity. "My French used to be very bad," he said, "but I've worked hard at it and I think I've made progress."

I marvelled that a man of his years and eminence should be so vain of such a trivial achievement as the writing of a broadcast talk in French. I marvelled even more that at his age he should still be struggling to improve his knowledge of the language. And yet . . . what was surprising about that? Had he not, when over seventy, written a scientific thesis so that London University might be moved on the strength of it to grant him a doctorate? That gesture, and its superb humility, must surely be counted in his favour when the time comes to make an estimate of him as a man.

As he sat pouring out tea, talking now and then in the third person ("Mr. Wells is allowed just one piece of buttered toast"), there was something curiously pathetic about him. With his napkin tucked under his chin he looked like a baby with a face prematurely old. A baby, however, whose eyes would occasionally gleam with Voltairean malice. . . . And there was nothing infantile about its talk when the conversation swung to the latest advances in science, to trends in literature, to world affairs.

Just before I said good-bye to him we began talking about events that were then front-page news: the clash of Monarchist and Left Wing elements in Greece. Solemnly, and with profound pessimism, he said: "The Third World War has begun." I asked him if he thought there was any hope for us. He evaded the question and talked of the philosophic mind.

"There's only one philosophy—" and I can still hear him saying it in his thin, high-pitched voice—"There's only one philosophy that's worth anything: stoicism. Do what you think is right, and if the heavens don't play their part—well, be damned to them."

That was his parting shot.