

A SPIRITUAL AENEID :

LAURENCE EYRES, 1892 - 1966

by

BARNABAS SANDEMAN, O.S.B.

PERHAPS few of the pupils who profited by the scholarship and patience of Laurence Eyres saw much of the heroic character and acuteness of mind concealed by the gentle pedantry and precise courtesy that he presented so unassumingly to his friends; for the formality and reserve of his manner did nothing to reveal the brilliance of mind, the remarkable fortitude, the stern experience and the Christian charity that made him a man of note.

He was of the generation for which the spring went out of the year in the First War. He was born in Bath of a family prosperous in business and of Nonconformist connections, the eldest of a family of three; a much loved younger brother in the R.A.F. was killed on Armistice Day, and a sister still survives him. He went to school at St Edward's in North Oxford from 1907 to 1911, and then to Trinity College, Oxford, with a Classical Scholarship in 1913.

Perhaps it was to St Edward's in the first instance that he owed the Anglo-Catholic piety of his early life; he was to return there as a master for a year after he took his degree in 1920 and he always remained a most faithful old boy of his school, observing its celebrations and keeping up his connections with his special friends with one of those annual dinners of which he was such a persevering promoter. But it was at Trinity in the last year before the War that he found the guide and inspiration of his life in Ronald Knox, the young chaplain and Mods tutor who had been elected a fellow three years earlier. The Wednesday evenings over port and bananas, the "Spike Teas" on Friday afternoons and the more intimate circle, with its "apostolate of laughter and the love of friends", these were the occasions by which Laurence Eyres came to love and admire the tutor who was to be his tutor for life. These are the occasions vividly recalled in "A Spiritual Aeneid" and in Evelyn Waugh's "Life"; the occasions that caught the last glow of the setting sun and something of the glory "of the golden age of the Grenfells, Charles Lister, and Patrick Shaw-Stewart", of the young men who fell in the War a few months later and of whom Ronald Knox was already the sole survivor in the university.

Meanwhile there were weightier causes at work: Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford; Darwell Stone, Walter Carey and Stuckey Coles at Pusey House, which attracted a small but regular congregation at Holy Communion two or three times a week; the Cowley Fathers, and especially Father Waggett—all these were names of which he used to speak familiarly. He was, in fact, deeply engaged in the Anglo-Catholic circle, with its strong, affective piety and the characteristic levity and wit that is such an odd mixture to those who have never known it from inside. The

atmosphere is reflected in the remark of an undergraduate after Ronald Knox's first sermon in Trinity Chapel: "Such fun! The new Fellow's been preaching heresy—all about Transubstantiation". The controversies were about ritual, ecclesiastical dress and "Kikuyu", a name that then suggested not the Mau-Mau but Anglican intercommunion with Non-conformists; about "Foundations" or "Some Loose Stones", "Reunion All Round" or "Absolute and Abitofhell". An Edwardian world in another sense, and a very long time ago; an insular world, of men at home only in one country, class and culture; but a very good world, generously gifted, extravagantly accomplished, highly privileged and earnestly Christian. Even fifty years later one could hear echoes of this world in Laurence Eyres' conversation: he still enjoyed the ecclesiastical wit (so different from the trenchant Roman wit of a Pio Nono or of a John XXIII) and a line from "Hymns Ancient and Modern" would recur to him as the just expression of some thought; as he looked forward to release from his last illness he wrote: "I remember singing a hymn in A. & M. with great gusto, which contains the lines

'And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home'

If it were in our hymn book I could sing it with even greater gusto now!"

It was in pre-war Oxford, then, that he read for Mods and was awarded a Second in the Schools, missing a First only because of the division of his interests. It was in this pre-war paradise of his first Long Vac after Mods, as he looked forward to the reading party at More Hall, that he received the shock of the declaration of war. Ronald Knox wrote to him on 14th August: "Is it too much, I wonder, to hope that you've resisted the temptation to be patriotic, and are going to do your duty instead, by taking Greats at the ordinary time? Heaps of Oxford people, even very unmilitary ones like Guy Lawrence, seem to be enlisting, and I think it's awfully fine, but I do think it's rather a waste for people who are really receiving an education—I suppose that means less than 2,000 people in the British Isles—to break it off in the middle like this. . . The sort of questions one was asking, and things one was anticipating, are such a mockery to read now. Write to tell me if you're going to do anything rash: but don't do it". But of all the young men who a month before had hung on Ronald Knox's words, not one now heeded him; they were all "joining up" while Ronald made a solitary retreat at More Hall, praying alone for six hours a day and reading cheerful letters from his friends.

Laurence Eyres joined the Somerset Light Infantry as a private and almost at once was sent out to the disastrous campaign in Mesopotamia. Of this a survivor writes: "At the end of 1914 the Indian Government sent an expeditionary force to Mesopotamia. Without any clear policy or military objective, the troops were pushed forward. The administrators and the departments under them left the base at the port of Basra on the Persian Gulf in muddle and chaos. They starved the troops of supplies,

arms, stores and, above all, of transport and medical equipment. The troops advanced, winning battle after battle, but they advanced through a barren and hostile country, and their only line of communication was the treacherous and twisting Tigris river, until at last they met the main Turkish force before Baghdad. Here they were held up. Behind them were 300 miles of river communications constantly threatened by Arab tribes and guarded by only 300 men, a man to a mile. Forced to retire, they were caught in mid-air. They turned and stood fast in a bend of the river in the village of Kut-al-Amarah, and here they were surrounded, and, after a long siege, 13,000 officers and men were taken prisoners and marched away into captivity.

“General Townshend was in command in Kut and his handling brought him no credit¹. He made no correct summary of the available food supplies. He allowed 7,000 Arab civilians to remain in the town, and they acted as spies for the Turks and stole the food. A new force was sent from India to relieve him. He repeatedly telegraphed that his supplies were ending. The relieving troops were thrown into action piecemeal as they arrived in desperate attempts to save him, instead of being concentrated into one force and breaking through with one massed attack. When they failed, Townshend found more food. His communiqués became jokes, and he did not inspire confidence among his men. As soon as the siege started he sat down and he lost his momentum. It was a long siege—one of the longest in history, 147 days in all; yet throughout it he never made one sortie or attempt to cut out. . .

“Then came the final tragedy. Thirteen thousand officers and men surrendered and were driven by Arabs and Kurds under Turkish officers out across the Syrian deserts in the full blast of the burning sun up 2,000 miles into the Inner Plateau of Turkey.

“I came behind them. I was case-hardened to pain and horrors, but even now the memory of what I saw is a nightmare: my own men in columns that staggered slowly along, holding together to stand up because they were so weak: in rags: verminous: covered with sores: broken down with disease, malaria, enteritis, dysentery. Others crawling on all fours, and hundreds lying by the roadside waiting to die, so weak that often the jackals were gnawing at their feet before they died. And the inhuman Turks and Arabs beating, clubbing and looting them.

“Of the 13,000 who marched out of Kut only 4,000 remained at the end of the war².” Laurence Eyres was spared this long march as he was

¹ The present authoritative historian of Kut, and the whole Mesopotamian Campaign of the Great War is Colonel A. J. Barker. His long study of 450 pages, entitled “The Neglected War” (in America “The Bastard War”) is about to be published. He has provided a bibliography of nine pages from general and regimental sources. He has written a further book, now in proof stage, as a result of his researches into the Mesopotamian Campaign, “Townshend of Kut: a Biography of Maj. Gen. Sir Charles Townshend”, to be published by Cassell. Colonel Barker writes from a considerable experience of the Middle and Far East: he is a graduate of the Quetta Staff College, and has seen service in Somaliland, Abyssinia, India, Burma and Malaya. He has already written on Delhi, Eritrea and the Suez Operation. (Editor.)

² H. C. Armstrong reviewing “Remembering Kut”, by Dorina L. Neave, 1937.

too ill to leave at once, but he endured captivity for the rest of the war and did not get home until 1919. It is easy to understand why he was reticent about his war experience; and why he sought the cool climate of Finland or Scandinavia for his holidays. As he reached Kurnah on his way north by boat in a temperature of 130° in the shade early in the campaign, they were told that they had arrived at the probable site of the Garden of Eden; he heard a fellow soldier say, "Well, if this is the Garden of Eden, it wouldn't have needed an angel with a flaming sword to keep *me* out of it".

Laurence Eyres has left the following account of events after the fall of Kut: "The day before the surrender I was sent to hospital with cholera, and to judge from the fate of many of my comrades whom I had helped to bury during the past few weeks, I supposed that I should myself be joining them within twelve hours. However, it proved to be only a mild attack, and a few days later I began to mend. Meantime the Turks had entered the town, and all the men who could so much as stand were marched off to a camp nearby, and within a few days set out on a trek of over 600 miles to Ras-el-Ain, after a day's rest at Baghdad, whence by train they went as far as Samarra.

"For the officers, who went as far as Baghdad by boat, then by train and marched on till the next railhead was reached, a few ponies and mules were provided and donkeys for their kit, but the rank and file had no transport of any kind. When you remember that even the fittest man was reduced to a skeleton by long starvation and that the temperature in May rises nearly to 120°, and that the only rations provided were hard black biscuits and dates, and few of them, it will not cause as much surprise as it did to the Turks that 2,222 men never reached the end of that march. They fell by the roadside, some with a Turkish bayonet in their backs, to be stripped of what little they possessed by marauding Arabs, and then to be stripped again by jackals and vultures. Even those who finished the journey died by hundreds during the summer and autumn, and twelve months later 60 per cent of the garrison were dead.

"The sick men left at Kut were better off than the so-called fit men. One street in the bazaar had been commandeered for the hospital; there was just room for two patients in each shop. There must have been millions of flies in that bazaar. Flies by day made sleep very difficult and fleas by night made it quite impossible; those who could stand at all preferred to walk up and down the bazaar all night rather than endure torture from the fleas. I counted five hundred on my blanket one morning. The Turkish sentries helped themselves to such treasures as we possessed, especially coveting our water-bottles and our boots. I only saved my boots (for the time being) by never taking them off, though suffering from cholera.

"After ten days in the bazaar hospital, following the surrender, I was sent up to Baghdad by boat. It is about two hundred miles by water, but the boat stuck so frequently on the mud that the journey took ten

days. At one point we took on board a number of men who had fallen out from the march, but not one of them lived to reach Baghdad, where we arrived on the 20th May. At every village we passed the natives came out to jeer at us, and owing to the unforeseen delays the rations were exhausted before we reached the river city. Incidentally, someone stole my boots one night from under my head and I was faced with the prospect of a 400-mile march in gym shoes. Though we were in no fit state to appreciate it, from the river the approach to Baghdad is very beautiful. The Tigris is about four hundred yards wide and is spanned by a bridge. All the big houses and hotels and various consulates are built along the river front, each with a strip of garden running down to the water. Date palms grow in abundance, and towering over the houses could be seen the minarets of the mosques, all of which were tiled with mosaic of gold and blue."

But fortunately he never had to attempt that 400-mile march, for he was detained in Baghdad on clerical duties on behalf of the prisoners and served as interpreter with the Turks. At one time he was on the point of being sent by river boat to Basra³ as part of an exchange of prisoners with the Turks, but (he writes) "an hour before the boat was due to sail, fifty of us (nineteen British and thirty-one Indians) were turned off the boat as not being sufficiently sick and ill". When a fresh outbreak of the prevalent illness occurred in the convalescent camp he was sent with about 600 others to the Orphanage belonging to the French Benedictine nuns; "before we had scarcely entered through the gates of the Orphanage," he writes, "showers of fruit, bread, flowers and cigarettes were poured through every window that could be reached by the kindly Christian neighbours, who threw them to us. Though this was soon stopped by the sentries, it was not before we had all devoured a good square meal, the first we had enjoyed for five months and more. For the serious cases the nuns brought in milk and invalid food. . . The Turks were careful to humiliate us by making no distinction between British and Indian; in fact, after we landed, when I came up the Tigris by boat, we were indiscriminately distributed in the various hospitals."

Most of the Kut prisoners had left Baghdad in 1916, but there were one or two who had been left behind on account of ill health; among them was Lt-Col Spackman, I.M.S., who has recorded: "I found myself the only British officer in Baghdad, but I was thankful to find a British private named Laurence Eyres, an undergraduate, in fact a scholar of Christ Church College (*sic, sic*), Oxford. He was an amusing and cultured man

³ If he had gone on this journey he might well have met Mr N. G. Appleby, who served first as Engineer and later as Captain of a number of boats on the Tigris from 1915 to 1919. As long as the Turks held Kut, these boats plied between Basra and Sheikh Saad, but after the re-taking of Kut by the British they went up as far as Mosul, carrying the wounded, the prisoners of war, rations and supplies of all sorts unhindered by Arab snipers from the banks. They carried a crew of fifty Indians who had to be controlled and directed in Hindustani. Mr. Appleby stayed on after the war to assist in the evacuation and did not finally get home to Yorkshire until New Year's Day, 1920.

and I was very glad to get him appointed as my orderly and allowed to stay at my quarters. So we were able to have great contests at chess as well as bezique to while away the time. Though he taught me patience, which has often solaced me since, we both shared my sole literary treasure, Major Riddle's copy of the 'Oxford Book of Victorian Verse'."

They made plans to escape together, but in February 1917 rumours of a British advance put an end to the opportunity. They were arrested, lodged in the military barracks and on the following day herded out of Baghdad on the 200-mile march up the Tigris to Mosul with all the prisoners that remained. They reached Mosul, after great hardships and many deaths, on the 25th of May. By the end of November, when all the patients had recovered or died at Mosul, Lt-Col Spackman succeeded in gaining permission to be repatriated; in fact he was allowed to travel only as far as Baghdad and he remained there throughout the winter.

Laurence Eyres was the last of the British prisoners to leave Baghdad together with Lt-Col Spackman in February 1918. They worked on the railway under German engineers and Turkish sentries further to the east; the work was hard, the hours long and the heat again became oppressive; once again Benedictine nuns (Germans this time) turned up and opened a canteen, but after a time the prisoners were forbidden to use it by the senior officer. At one point "a most extraordinary visitation took place a week after our arrival. In the middle of the night our camp was attacked by a wild tribe of men from the desert. They were not Mohammedans, but 'Devil Worshippers' of whom little is known. Our sentries were poorly armed and they ran away and hid in the bed of a stream. The German engineers, two doctors and about twenty more of the prisoners rushed to a wooden building, which served as a hospital, for shelter. The Bedouins lost no time in leaping over the low wall which surrounded the embankment, thrust their rifles through the windows of our building and kept up a rapid fire. At every moment we expected them to find the door, which had no lock, but they failed to do this in the darkness, nor had they the intelligence to kill us all by the simple process of sweeping the floor with their fire. After half an hour they disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived, leaving a German doctor killed and one of their men badly wounded.

"It was only with the greatest difficulty that the British doctor prevented the Turks killing him off in cold blood. He died a few days later, and had been too ill to be able to give any information of himself or the wild tribe he belonged to. We had a miraculous escape. There had been far greater numbers of those who attacked us than of the small party to which we belonged. We had heard hideous tales of these marauders' methods of killing the victims they captured alive."

As the summer heat grew more intense they suffered much from the heat and from plagues of flies and mosquitoes. In order to get to sleep during the great heat Laurence Eyres writes: "I used to get an Indian to pour buckets of water over me as I lay in bed under a sheet, and he had

to keep up this practice until I could hear the water dripping through the mattress on to the ground. But within ten minutes I became dry and was sweating hard, and if I had not fallen asleep in the meantime the Indian knew he had to repeat the process till I could manage to snatch a few hours sleep.

“As the work on the railway was completed, it was galling to join the marching parties who passed along from camp to camp and be compelled to work from sunrise to sunset for the Turks on the road, but as the summer of 1918 continued, though no news had reached us of the great events happening in Europe, we guessed pretty well that things were going badly with the Germans. Towards the end of the summer many of them made a hasty flight, and we were sent on to Gelebek camp.”

On the 30th of October 1918 an Armistice was signed with Turkey, when the Young Turk Government had fallen from power and the leaders had fled. The finding and repatriation of prisoners was a slow business, and Laurence Eyres did not get home until the following year, perhaps because he stayed on to help with the administrative work.

After his return to England and recovery from these four years of terrible hardship, he was still a remarkably handsome young man and a distinguished athlete. At school he had played in both the XI and the XV, but now he turned especially to lawn tennis; he missed his Blue through a sprained ankle or something of the kind, but played later for Somerset and long remained a distinguished player. He went up to Trinity again and in a very different Oxford spent a final year in reading for wartime Greats. After a term at Shrewsbury, he went back to St Edward's to teach for a year. Mr Charles-Edwards, who remembers him at this time and was taught by him at Shrewsbury, writes: “He taught French to the History Sixth, a subject in which we were accustomed to be ostentatiously uninterested. I shall never forget his coming in to teach us for the first time, quite extraordinarily good looking, perfectly charming and immensely competent. We took to him immediately. Also we saw him playing cricket and fives with equal competence and distinction”. At this time he lived in the New House where he was welcomed on the recommendation of his predecessor, Ronald Knox, who had lived there until Christmas 1916 and who gives in the “Spiritual Aeneid” an admirable impression of that society: “Of the junior masters at Shrewsbury,” he writes, “I can honestly say that I never came in contact in all my life with a group of minds so original”.

But he found that in the meantime Ronald Knox had become a Catholic and in his rooms at St Margaret's Vicarage in North Oxford he struggled with the problem thus presented to him for the whole of his last year before Schools. In July 1920 Ronald Knox wrote to him: “I should have thought you ought to precipitate a mental crisis before next September, i.e. before you take up any definite job. . . Surely what you want to do is to take yourself by the scruff of the neck and say ‘. . . I mean by such and such a date, after prayer and reading what I can, and thinking

the thing out (not just brooding on it) when I can, to reach a DECISION. . . I do really think it's important because if you stifle the appeal of Grace it's hard to expect that you'll be given a second chance". Finally he was received as a Catholic by Fr Justin McCann in March 1921, and in September he joined Ronald Knox at St Edmund's; there they spent much of their time together, walking daily in the afternoons and sharing many interests. When the "lay boys" were separated from the "church boys" in 1922, Laurence Eyres became housemaster of Talbot House, and he kept up his connection with his boys by means of annual dinners until a year before his death; when he was already in hospital he was making arrangements for a dinner to be held in his absence. Though he perhaps saw less of the theological professors after he became so closely associated with the school, he always had a warm friendship for many of them, and spoke with especial affection and admiration of Dr Adrian Fortescue, Dr Flynn (later Bishop of Lancaster), Canon George Smith and Canon E. J. Mahoney.

After more than four years at St Edmund's he came to Ampleforth in January 1926 as a postulant, and was clothed for the novitiate in the following September together with Paschal Harrison; Fr Bernard Hayes was the Novice Master and the novices of the second year were Terence Wright and Edmund FitzSimons. Perhaps the restricted life of the novitiate was intolerable for a man of thirty-four who had known the enlargement of pre-war Oxford and the confinement of Kut. At any rate, after five months he abandoned the attempt, and returned to schoolmastering as Sixth Form Classics Master at Stonyhurst. In 1930 he came back to Ampleforth and remained with us till his death, with one interval of teaching at the Oratory and another of some months when he went back to Bath to look after his mother in her old age; all his friends were moved by his devotion to her and the labour he went to, in spite of great difficulties in finding help, to give her all he could in her helplessness. But the great effort of this time wore down his strength, and it was a much older man that came back here after her death.

In 1958, when the question of his retirement had arisen, he had become a *confrater* of the house; as the Letter of Confraternity says: "It is an ancient custom among the houses of our Order to admit to a share in their prayers and good works such worthy persons as by the devout profession of the Catholic Faith and the constant exercise of charitable works both edify the company of God's holy Church and are to their weaker brethren a support in the way of salvation". To this confraternity he was admitted on the Solemnity of St Benedict, together with the invitation to spend his retirement in the monastery; he accepted this suggestion with moving gratitude, and constantly referred to it with a satisfaction that sprang more from his own generosity than from anything we were able to offer him in the way of comfort or entertainment.

So for over forty years he was a familiar figure in monastery and school. As T. W. Melluish wrote in *The Times*: "In him the Classics have

lost a fine scholar, the Church a dutiful son, and the world a very lovable schoolmaster”.

And, indeed, as a Sixth Form master he was in the highest class; his colleagues will not forget the careful and conclusive answers that he would give to some grammatical *dubium*, based on statistics and confirmed by quotations from Kühner; nor his conscientious correction of large numbers of IV Form papers: “I have given this boy 199½ out of 300, and this one 199; I wonder if you would decide which of them should have the prize”.

There was no starry-eyed talk about the value of the Classics, though he once described how after reading the “De Corona” for the first time he shut the book saying to himself: “By Jove, that is good!” Perhaps he too was suspicious of “Enthusiasm”; or perhaps the connection between literature and life was something that for him, like many other things, lay too deep to find expression in words; he treasured his typescript of Knox’s lectures on Virgil, but would never in his own name have hazarded such judgments of value.

Or were the Classics for him part of “The Art of the Crossword”, in which he stood so high? For he was “one of the half dozen best solvers in the country”, as he would sometimes say of a friend and as Ximenes has indicated in a recent work⁴ on the subject. It is clear at least that the “puzzle” element of translation in prose and verse gave him special pleasure. His attention was more for modes of expression than for noble sentiments, and a linguistic impropriety seemed to provoke his indignation almost as much as one of the sins crying to heaven for vengeance; a certain P.R. Officer of I.C.I. will remember what a time he had explaining away an advertisement caption: “We Want Ideas like a Tiger Wants Meat”.

In the monastery, too, one misses his gentle courtesy and unobtrusive calm, so unexpectedly shattered in winter by sneezes that were more than portentous and seemed like some catastrophe of nature; for he began to feel the cold, and when one suggested that an open window was inconvenient for him he would admit that “if we were voting by show of hands, I should hold up mine for having it shut”. In conversation he was always genial, never saying an unkind word of anyone, turning readily to grammatical topics or casuistry of a bizarre kind: “Do you suppose that when the Matrons have one of their meetings of an evening they look round at one another and say ‘Are we a *quarum*?’” or “Suppose that a ship-wrecked mariner on a desert island remembered that he had made an inaccurate Income Tax Return, would it be his duty . . . ?” and so on. As T. W. Melluish has written: “he was a fine scholar, precise, wise and gentle, with such a broad and balanced outlook that his advice was constantly sought, even from his cloistered corner of the world, in many

⁴ D. S. Macnutt: *Ximenes on the Art of the Crossword*, Methuen, 1966. It was an immense pleasure to him to receive a copy of this from the author not long before his death, and to find not only that the book had been dedicated to him but also that it made generous acknowledgment of his services to the art.

matters temporal and spiritual". In him we lose a loyal and affectionate friend, so reserved that he was intimate with few or none, so charitable that he was the servant of all. His friendships were numerous and various, but always lasting, perhaps because he was so undemanding and let the rest of us make such heavy demands on him. The excursions and holidays that he used to arrange for our solitary lay brother, Matthew Francis, were characteristic; though it would have been hard to find a more oddly assorted pair, yet he would once or twice a year drive him in that ancient (and sometimes terrifying) little car to Whitby or Scarborough and spend a day with him that they both thoroughly enjoyed.

When he returned to Ampleforth from Bath after his mother had died and he had disposed of the family home, he settled down to the long labour of making a typed transcript of letters received from Ronald Knox over forty years, with a brief commentary to explain the allusions. He had already produced his scholarly edition of Knox's parodies, translations and verse in Greek, Latin and English ("In Three Tongues", Chapman & Hall, 1959), but he felt that this long and intimate correspondence should also be made accessible to future biographers and critics. However, this work became very laborious, for he began to show signs of serious arthritis and spent long periods in Harrogate undergoing treatment at the Baths. When asked how he was, he would answer "Pretty bobbish, thank you" and he managed to finish his transcript of the letters, but it was obvious that he was often in great pain. Towards the end of 1965 he became much worse and shortly before Christmas he was sent to hospital, and stayed in a variety of nursing homes and hospitals for eight months.

His illness was painful, humiliating and disfiguring. He endured the intolerable torment and helplessness of it with a dignity and gentleness, courage and consideration for others that were deeply moving to all who knew him or looked after him. This was possible only in the strength of his firm and simple Christian faith. In this strength he could, and did, offer his torment for others; in union with his Master he too became a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. With a Bible, a "Garden of the Soul", a novel (rarely opened) and a crossword puzzle of impossible complexity he quietly awaited his end. To his satisfaction and ours he was able to return to the monastery for the last four months of his life, coming to meals in the refectory and seeing something of community life. He began to fail just before Christmas and died on St John's Day, the 27th of December.

May he rest in peace, and remember us as faithfully in a better world as he did in this.

Happiness is the full use of one's powers along lines of excellence, in a life affording scope.

ARISTOTLE; much quoted by President Kennedy.