

Christian or a Socialist or an Eskimo, whichever is the best word they know. But I am not flattered by their word, because I know if they ever disagree with me I will change into a bad word.

I am not in favor of Communism, Facism, Individualism, Paternalism, Totempoleism, or Free Enterprise. Like democracy such words have a different

meaning to every individual. Nor am I against those words. How can I be? They have no rational meaning that everyone accepts. They are only words that people hate or love. They describe emotions of fear or hope. I want to know those actions a word of hate or fear describes and those actions which would inspire a word of hope.

London Tower

CHARLES J. HORNBAACH

I could hardly say that I was disillusioned as at last we stood outside and viewed for the first time the famous Tower of London, for I really didn't know exactly what to expect. From stories I had heard I knew that the Tower couldn't be just that—a tower; but what else? The name is misleading.

We had hailed the cabby back in Trafalgar Square in the heart of the city and had had indeed a great deal of sport in issuing lavish directions into the large mouth-piece and hose-like contraption which served the rear occupants of the cab as a device for communicating with the driver seated up forward in that incongruous position on the right side. Whether by chance or circumstance the cabby seemed quite congenial about the whole situation and assumed rather an air of mild gaiety, (which blended with our own spirit of frolicsomeness) in contrast to many another somewhat more austere composure we had met with in similar circumstances. He drove us in the general direction downstream alongside the Thames, pointing out as he went objects and places which he thought might be of interest; for he now realized that his was no longer merely the

role of "hackey," but also that of guide for the transient "tourists." Occasionally we could see a smile twist the corners of his mouth in gratification for the reward of our laughter produced by the hand-operated "squawk" horn which seemed to us ancient, but typical.

Soon a bridge loomed ahead to our right, stretching across the river, and we were told that this was indeed London Bridge of childhood rhyme and melody, standing now very firm and upright in spite of the words of the song giving opinion to the contrary. We turned right, crossed to the other side and continued on downstream until we arrived at the impressive and picturesque sight of the great Tower Bridge. The sight turned my memory back many years to a page in a history, or a literature book, where, though the print was blurred, the picture was almost as distinct as the one now before me.

Here we turned left, recrossing the river, and now immediately on our left again, standing grimly, gray and austere, was the ancient sentinel of the historic city—The Tower of London.

In describing the Tower of London as it stood upon its completion and as it

stands today, there are three major distinct and separate parts to be considered. There is the central fortress, or "Tower"; an inner wall, having twelve towers built along it, which completely encircles the central fortress; and, finally, there is another outer encircling wall which is bounded by a wide moat on three sides, with the river on the fourth. Though I do not know the actual area that is covered by the entire fortress, I think it could possibly fit roughly into the size of one of our larger city blocks. The word "roughly" is probably apt for the entire structure is lacking in any kind of symmetry of construction or architecture, having been built for defensive rather than for monumental purposes.

The central fortress which is known as the Norman Keep is the original and oldest portion of the Tower. The name "Norman Keep" is derived from the fact that it was built by William the Conqueror and his Norman invaders, and the date of its origin is generally accepted as the year 1078. Though four-sided, the Keep is not actually a square, the external measurements from north to south being one hundred and sixteen feet, and one hundred and seven feet from east to west. Its height is approximately ninety feet. Perhaps the most remarkable and noteworthy feature of this crude, gray, stone structure is that its walls along the lower reaches are fifteen feet in thickness, making it quite impregnable to the weapons of that day. As a measure of security it had but a single high entrance, and in place of the large windows with which it is now covered it had instead only loop-holes and slits from which a hail of arrows could be thrown against an attacking force. From the standpoint of siege the Tower was quite prepared to withstand one for a considerable period since it has its own well within

and beneath it.

The second main structure is the inner encircling wall with its twelve towers located at intervals along the wall. Of these towers there are only four which are of particular interest and are pointed out by guides today. This inner wall is built at a considerable distance from the central Norman Keep, thus allowing space for a courtyard within and surrounding the central fortress. The complete area within this wall is known as the Inner Ward. Though built sometime after the death of William the Conqueror, credit to be given for the building of the wall is vague, and its construction has not been attributed to any one person. A feature of note is the fact that throughout the entire wall there is but one well guarded entrance, giving added emphasis to the defensive character of the Tower.

King Henry III is credited with having completed the construction of the outer wall of fortification with the moat surrounding, leaving the main part of the Tower of London as it stands today. There were originally but two entrances to the Tower through this outer wall, one land entrance by drawbridge across the moat, and the other through Traitor's Gate, a waterside entrance on the Thames. Later however, another waterway entrance known as the Queen's Stairs was added to permit royalty and people of distinction to gain admittance without having to pass through the gate bearing the sinister name, this later being reserved for both the justly and unjustly accused enemies of the state.

In considering the functions which the Tower served it has already been noted that its primary purpose to serve as a formidable, stone, gray fortress is obviously revealed by the character of its construction alone. At the time of its con-

struction and for many years afterward, the Thames along which it was built was considered and used not only as a principle waterway, but as the only large avenue for both business and pleasure craft plying between London, other parts of the British Isles, and foreign lands. Here again the strategic position of the Tower along this great avenue and guarding the city of London is significant.

A second and possibly likewise obvious purpose for the Tower was its capacity to serve as a Royal Palace in times of stress. In order to serve more adequately the luxurious needs of members of Royal Families who at times were compelled as a measure of safety to take haven within the fortress, a King's House was erected in the courtyard alongside the inner wall between the central Keep and the side of the Tower bordering on the river. The King's House still remains today and is used as a residence for the Governor and Major of the Tower—a post which is given to an army officer of distinguished service.

A function for which the Tower was never purposely intended remains, however, with us historically today as possibly the primary use to which it was put throughout the more grisly period of its existence. Indeed, today the escorted tourist who may possess but a meager recollection of his study of English History appreciates and retains from his visit the realization that in more than any other respect the Tower served as a prison for noblemen and members of royalty, as a place of execution, torture, murder, and to complete the gruesome picture, as a place of burial for the more noble decapitated victims. Throughout a tour of the Tower one soon becomes quite accustomed to hearing the guide complete the majority of his anecdotes concerning distinguished prisoners with the word: "he (or she) also

lost his head." Occasionally a hanging adds a bit of variety to the somber monotony.

A list of the prisoners who were confined within the Tower would certainly be quite lengthy and many would be little known to the average person. A mention of a few of the more notable personages may however be of interest.

Before my visit to the Tower, I, for one, was unaware of the fact that Sir Walter Raleigh was forced to remain within those gray walls for a period of thirteen years. Also confined here had been Queen Elizabeth, though at the time she was but a young princess. Others were Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, Mary Queen of Scots, Guy Fawkes, Sir Thomas More, and Lady Jane Grey. Regarding the last mentioned prisoner the guides tell a pathetic and agonizing incident when indicating the window of the room wherein she had been confined. The story is told that unwittingly she happened to glance out of her window into the courtyard at the very time when the decapitated body of her young husband was being carried past. Very soon afterward she met a similar fate beneath the axe.

Within the tower itself there were only five executions performed, and of the five who were beheaded, four were women, two of whom were Queens. The other, and much greater number of executions took place outside on a broad plot of land adjacent to the Tower and known as Tower Hill. Today, though there is a small plaque on the spot where the scaffold stood, the area is otherwise clear and children now play on ground once drenched by noble blood.

In the central fortress tower, the Norman Keep, several implements of torture are today exhibited. One pointed out more particularly by the guides is that known as "The Scavenger's Daughter." In

this device the victim, with hands and feet secured, was crushed until blood spurted from his body. The rack, a more conventional if not more "delicate" implement, is likewise on display.

Also related in the bloody history of the Tower is the story of the murders of the two young princes, the boy King Edward V and his younger brother, the Duke of York. They were killed in the stealth of the night, one by suffocation, and the other upon awakening, by repeated dagger thrusts through his heart.

In concluding there is but one more befitting structure within the Tower to be considered. This is the Chapel of St. Peter located like the King's House, previously mentioned, alongside the wall of the Inner

Ward, but on the side opposite the King's House. It is here that those completing the tour of the historic grounds uncover their heads and listen in reverend silence as the guide quietly describes the tombs containing the headless relics of two queens and other members of royalty lying side by side in a small hallowed space beneath the altar. This scene and the thought of it is perhaps one of the most poignant and lingering of all, and I recall now that as we left the gray walls of the Tower and slowly rode over the ancient cobbled streets which led back to the heart of the city, we were remarkably sober—a striking contrast to our lighter mood exhibited during the earlier part of the day. For once, all of us were oddly quiet.

Speak Of The Devil

ROSEMARY BROWNE

OsKar Castlereagh, a man well past the middle age, sat on a large sofa with his wife, Jeanie. Around them were gathered men from his profession, all musicians, most of them talented and a few hanging on to still cherished illusions. Castlereagh was obviously the prominent figure of the group, according to the number of eyes focused upon him. He sat forward with his elbows propped upon his knees, holding a cigarette between two long slender fingers. A spiral cloud of smoke was drifting up past his face to the ceiling making his eyes squint. His narrowed eyes made one feel that he was looking through the surface of a face and settling his eyes last upon the inner carefully concealed thoughts.

This Bohemian group frequently met together, for a musician likes nothing

better than to discuss the rudiments of his profession with another musician. However, at this moment, the discussion had gone astray. For Edward Raine was not exactly a rudiment, and upon him their interest had alighted.

"Anyone seen Ed lately? Last I heard, he was in California."

"No," Castlereagh said. "I got a card from him several months ago but that's all. Never saw a crazier fella . . . kept all of us laughing."

The men slipped down further into their seats and made themselves comfortable, for they felt one of Castlereagh's stories coming on. The room became dim as cigarette smoke slowly filled the room.

Castlereagh continued, "I remember once when Ed felt like having a little beer party. He decided to borrow five bucks