



# The magazine of the Tolkien Society

MALLORN 10

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## ILLUSTRATIONS

Illustrations were contributed by the following:-

Pauline Baynes	Front Cover
Lucy Matthews	pp 6, 13, 21, 56, 57.
Adrian Cuthbert	pp 11, 22, 31, 63.
Kevin Young	pp 14, 34, 45, 52, 68, 69.

↓ This edition has been divided as shown by the above line. The articles not printed will be held over until the next edition.

We apologise to our contributors and hope that they understand that this was done purely on consideration of cost.

The Committee.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful thanks are expressed to the firm of George Allen and Unwin Ltd., Book publishers, for their kind permission to use the following pieces of Professor Tolkien's poetry and prose :-

- a. "All that is gold does not glitter" : page 31;  
from the book 'The Lord of the Rings'.
- b. "The Road goes ever on" : page 53;  
from the book 'The Lord of the Rings'.
- c. "A Elbereth Gilthoniel" in the Sindarin notation : pages 44 - 47;  
from the book 'The Road goes ever on'.
- d. Several quotations from a first edition copy of  
'The Hobbit' : pages 4 - 9.



"Nimrodel",  
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Dear Reader,

Here at last is Mallorn 10, I hope you will like it. I realise that it has been a long time in the pipeline, but though I am not new to magazine publishing, I am new to this particular magazine, and there have been problems, trials and tribulations I did not foresee.

I would like to extend my most grateful thanks to a small band of people, for without them the magazine would still not be here. Lucy Matthews and Adrian Cuthbert, for their sterling illustration work; Pauline Baynes for taking time, valuable time, to complete a new front cover for the magazine; Howard Rosenblum for transcribing the tapes of the A.G.M. speeches and Messrs. George Allen and Unwin for being so kind as to let us reproduce several of the Professor's pieces; finally to Lester Simons who has again volunteered to do all the typing for Mallorn.

As I said I hope the magazine meets with your approval; if it does, does not or if in fact you have any comment at all on the magazine, please write to me at the above address - I would also solicit material for Mallorn 11, which I hope will take less time than 10 did - articles, poetry, fiction and especially art-work and artists willing to do pieces under commission.

I wish you all health, long life and good reading.

Yours sincerely,

K.J. Young

Kevin John Young,  
Editor



## THE HOBBITS

by

KEVIN YOUNG



On the 22nd January 1976 I came into possession of a first edition copy of 'The Hobbit', along with a first edition of 'Farmer Giles of Ham', from a private source.

I decided to make a comparison between this edition and a modern, dog-eared copy. Although I was prepared for the difference in the chapter "Riddles in the Dark", the fact that there were considerable changes in other parts of the book came, as of times, as a pleasant, puzzling and welcome surprise.

'The Hobbit' was first published in 1937 by Allen and Unwin; the first impression of the book sold so well that a second impression was brought out late in 1937. My book is of this second impression, which is distinguished by the fact that the first impression had all black-and-white plates. The first noticeable difference between the two books is that the 1937 one cost the grand price of 7s 6d, whilst my dog-eared copy cost £2.50, although a first edition copy of 'The Hobbit' is now worth approximately £150.

After 1937, a further two impressions were made, in 1942 and 1946. In 1951 a second, revised edition of 'The Hobbit' was published, of which there were ten impressions, from 1954 to 1963.

The third edition 'Hobbit' was published in 1966 and my dog-eared copy is the 9th of that breed, being published in 1974.

Among the fly-leaves there is very little difference between editions, except that the first edition (hereafter referred to as /1/) has the coloured plate "The Hill: Hobbiton-across-The-Water" on fly-leaf 4, whereas the third edition (hereafter referred to as /3/) does not use this illustration until page 32. Also on page 6 of /3/ there is a short introductory note on the story. This note includes a reference to 'The Lord of the Rings', so you will not be surprised to find that /1/ does not have this note.

The actual story starts on different pages in each edition, in /1/ on page 11 and on page 9 in /3/. You will notice, therefore, a discrepancy between page numbers throughout this article.

The first revised passage comes on page 12/10, the second page of text.

page 12 /1/            "They are (or were) small people, smaller than Dwarves (and they have no beards), but very much larger than Lilliputians."

11 /3/                "They are (or were) a little people, about half our height, and smaller than the bearded Dwarves. Hobbits have no beards."

This is a very good example of Tolkien injecting more serious attitudes into the story, to make it more acceptable to adult readers, and can be read in conjunction with a further change on the same page.

page 12 /1/            "It has always been said that long ago one or the other of the Tooks had married into a fairy family (the less friendly said a Goblin family).

page 11 /3/

"It was often said (in other families) that long ago one of the Took ancestors must have taken a fairy wife. That of course was absurd."

In the first quote the Hobbits are made out to be less 'human' than they develop into in the rest of the book and also later in 'The Lord of the Rings'. They are not such 'fantastic' creatures as they first seem to be. Of course no self-respecting Took would marry a fairy (a Dwarf perhaps, but not a fairy) !

The next change comes on page 30/29; firstly there is a slight grammatical change, changing the ambiguous "This was made by your grandfather Thorin", into "This was made by Thrór, your grandfather, Thorin."

page 30 /1/

"Five feet high the door and three abreast may enter it."

29 /3/

"Five feet high the door and three may walk abreast."

Both the above passages are translations of the red runes that appear next to the pointing hand in the top left-hand corner of the map, given by Gandalf to Thorin, of the mountain. The runes themselves do not change. So, linguists, which is the correct translation ?

page 30 /1/

" ... certainly not after devouring so many maidens of the valley."

29 /3/

" ... certainly not after devouring so many of the Dwarves and Men of Dale."

Again this is a good example of Tolkien playing down the make-believe element of the story. Smaug is turned from being a semi-comical St. George-type Dragon, who only eats Maidens on a Monday, into the Dragon of Imperial lineage we love to hate.



The next major change you come to is on page 35/33, and is the first one which involves dates :

page 35 /1/ "And your father went away on the third of March, a hundred years ago last Thursday."

34 /3/ "And Thráin your father went away on the twenty-first of April, a hundred years ago last Thursday."

At first this change was puzzling. I knew that when Tolkien revised 'The Lord of the Rings' in 1966, he changed a lot of dates in "The Tale of Years" in Appendix B, and brought similar dates in 'The Hobbit' and 'The Lord of the Rings' into line with this. It still did not explain the change as above. The date when Thráin leaves for Erebor is never mentioned. It does begin to make some sort of sense if you read on, and find that there is a further date change on page 41/40.

page 41 /1/ "To think it is June the first tomorrow."

40 /3/ "To think it will soon be June."

It would seem that Tolkien is shortening the time it took the Hobbit and the Dwarves to get from Hobbiton to Rivendell. It took Frodo 27 days to get from Hobbiton to Rivendell, starting on September 23rd and crossing the Ford of Bruinen on October 20th. Now, if according to the first edition 'Hobbit', Bilbo left Hobbiton on March 10th (he does leave on Thursday), when he is saying, "To think it will be June the first tomorrow.", is actually prior to the meeting with the Trolls; it would seem the journey is taking over 82 days. This, of course, is highly improbable, especially when you think that Frodo took the long way about via the Old Forest and Weathertop.

In between these two date changes, there are two minor changes, in which a reference to "Tinkers" and a reference to "Inns" are deleted.

On page 42/41 is the first time Tolkien introduces a totally new element into the story, which is needed to back up 'The Lord of the Rings'.

page 42 /1/ " ... for it began to get dark. Wind got up, and the willows along the river bent and sighed. I don't know what river it was, a rushing red one, swollen with the rains of the last few days, that came down from the mountains and hills in front of them."

41 /3/ " ... for it began to get dark as they went down into a deep valley with a river at the bottom. Wind got up, and willows along its bank bent and sighed. Fortunately, the road went over an ancient stone bridge, for the river, swollen with the rains, came rushing down from the hills and mountains in the north.

It was nearly night when they crossed over.  
The wind broke up the grey clouds."

The stone bridge that he introduces is of course the Last Bridge over the river Hoarwell. At this point in the story Bilbo's route is the same as that taken by Frodo in 'The Lord of the Rings'. Both must cross the Hoarwell and both come across the Trolls, though in different states of solidity.

page 43 /1/ "These parts are none too well known, and are too near the mountains. Policemen never come so far, and the map-makers have not reached this country."

42 /3/ "These parts are none too well known, and are too near the mountains. Travellers seldom come this way now. The old maps are no use: things have changed for the worse and the road is unguarded."

I was both sorry and glad about these changes. Sorry because I thought for a short while that at least there was a job for me if ever I found my way to Middle Earth. Glad because when you

remember that the land that the makers of maps have not yet reached, is Rhudaur, in the Kingdom of Arnor.

page 63 /1/ " ... very old swords of the Elves that are now called Gnomes."

62 /3/ " ... very old swords of the High Elves of the West ... "

Oh dear ! I don't think you'd have much chance, if you walked into Lothlórien and called Galadriel a Gnome !

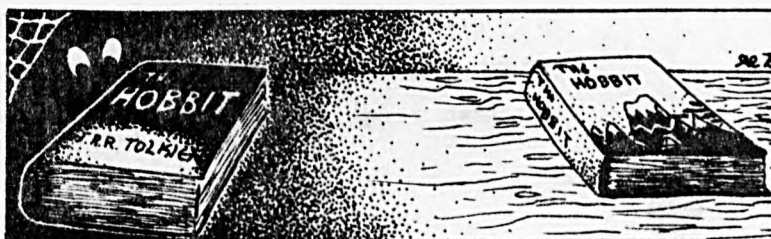
page 64 /1/ "'Durin, Durin !', said Thorin. 'He was the father of the fathers of one of the two races of Dwarves, the Longbeards.'"

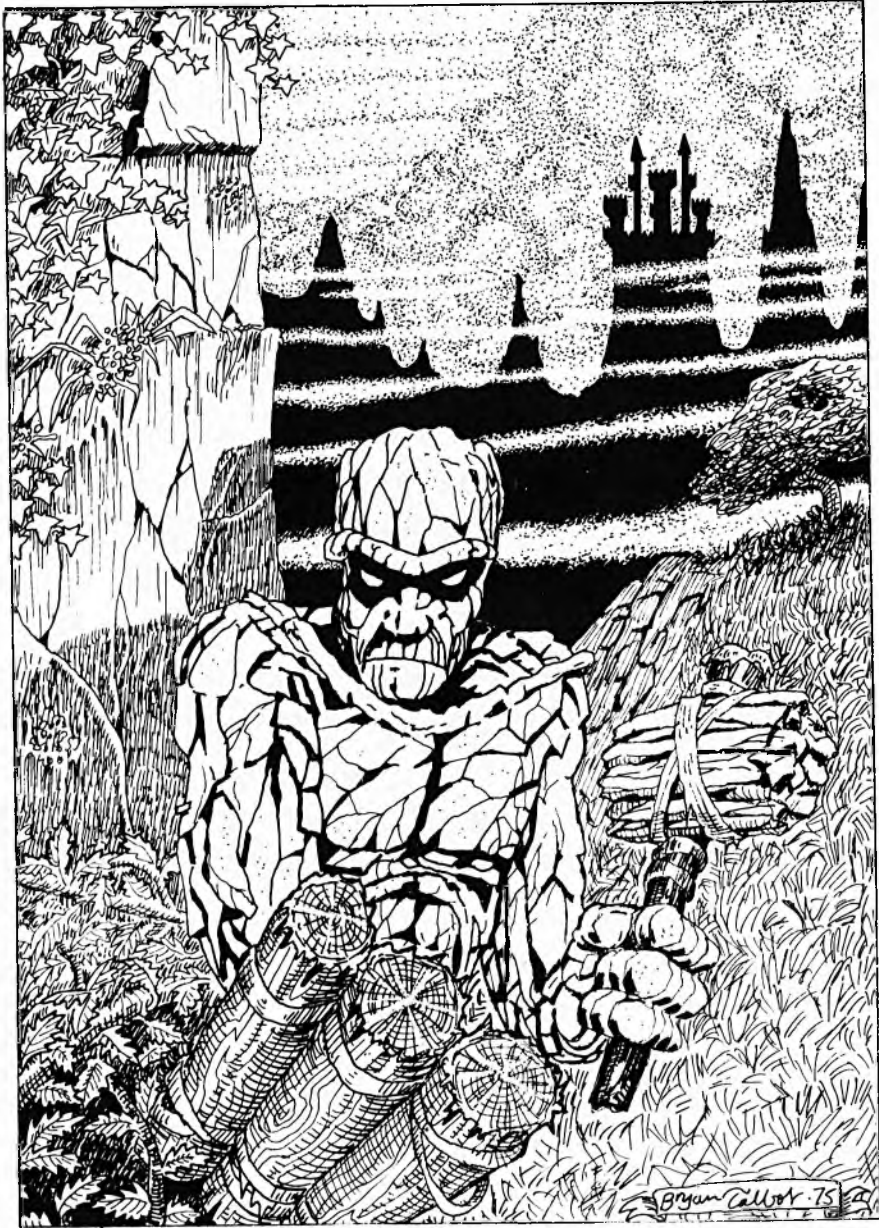
63 /3/ "'Durin, Durin', said Thorin. 'He was the father of the fathers of the eldest race of Dwarves, the Longbeards, and my first ancestor. I am his heir.'"

The changing from the two races of Dwarves to the seven races which are mentioned in Appendix A of 'The Lord of the Rings' is to fit into the rhyme of the Ring, 'Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone.'

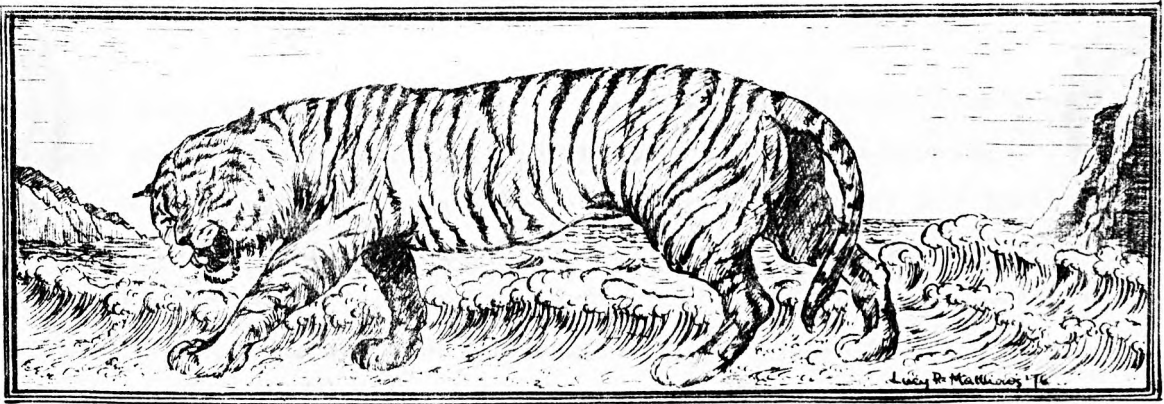
That is the last change made before the chapter "Riddles in the Dark", which I feel deserves an article to itself.

Up to now although I was surprised at first at the amount of changes, the reasons for all of them have been good. On reflection, when it is remembered that the part of Bilbo's journey from Hobbiton to Rivendell corresponds with Frodo's journey of the same distance, and also somewhat influences it, then the amount of change becomes less surprising. I don't think so far that the story has lost anything and may, in fact, have gained somewhat from several of the changes.





Troll



## THE TIGER OF CASTLETON BAY

by

JOHN WHYLLIE

The Tiger of Castleton came down from the sky,  
Silver his face and sapphire his eye.  
The Tiger of Castleton, guard of the void,  
Beyond birth and death, the earth he has toyed,  
His are the claws that cling to the broom;  
His are the thoughts in the ruined room;  
His are the eyes the brain cannot tame;  
His are the teeth cutting stone in their flame;  
But warm and furry, succulent and still,  
He is the yellow fire bushes on the hill,  
He is the rice ascent, the sand and the brine,  
He made these paths when he prowled through time,  
The Tiger of Castleton lifts his wings to the sky,  
Silver his face and sapphire his eye.  
The Tiger of Cosmos, and guard of the Id,  
When shall he rise from where he is hid.

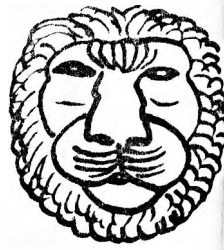
### EPILOGUE (for tourists)

Please hold onto your horse, and have no fear,  
And what ever you do, don't choke on your beer,  
This tiger is not really anywhere near,  
It's only seen by a poet (who's a bit queer),  
And an imaginative little boy, poor dear.





MALE CHAUVINIST LIONS



SEX DISCRIMINATION IN TOLKIEN & C.S. LEWIS part 1

by

Jessica Kemball-Cook

So what if there is, one might reply ? The answer's simple: as a school librarian I am often urged to stock certain books, and to reject others, on the grounds that their content might indoctrinate young unformed minds. For example, our attention is drawn to material on South Africa showing negroes happy in their subservience, and we are told to avoid pornography for its false attitude to sex and degradation of women. So far, so good. Lately we have been persuaded to eliminate books showing sex discrimination, and boys and girls in stereotyped rôles: e.g. Johnny helping Daddy wash the car, Susan helping Mummy do the washing-up. This movement started with children's picture books and easy readers, and has now moved onto full length books, including 'Watership Down', which, you will be surprised to learn, has attracted much criticism for its sexist treatment of the does - just breeding stock.

It's important, therefore, to re-examine Tolkien and Lewis in this light, for this reason - should our beloved fantasies get the 'sexist' label, they will not be bought and read. Libraries might be warned off them just as they now refuse to stock Biggles and Enid Blyton. We should be able to defend our authors against these attacks !

First, a summary of what 'sexism' implies in children's books. Secondly, an examination of the two writers. Note that C. S. Lewis is in far worse danger than Tolkien, as he has already come under heavy attack for (admitted) religious propoganda and (suspected) sadism.

Sexism is that attitude which labels a particular man or woman, boy or girl, as a particluar type of person possessing characteristic thought typical of that sex. Your sex determines your personality. Thus any woman is automatically assumed to be a bad driver, because women as a class are supposed to be such. Any man who goes in for ice-skating or ballet-dancing runsthe gauntlet of ridicule. More seriously, male attitudes have for generations prevented women's education, where for example in the field of

medicine their contribution has been inestimable. In children's books 'sexism' would lie in continually portraying boy-heroes looking down on weak, snivelling girls, who always spy on the boys and spoil their fun. The current controversy stems from the knowledge that early childhood impressions are far-reaching. Girls may be influenced away from a fulfilling career (and marriage to someone like-minded) to bury themselves in early marriage to someone unsuitable. Battered wives, it is said, are the result of sex-stereotyping in childhood.

And so children's books are being checked for evidence of this. In the days of such neo-McCarthyism, each book must find a defender, so here I stand, to save Tolkien and Lewis from the bonfire.

To examine Tolkien in detail first, he escapes the first line of attack by children's book critics, as there are no children in Tolkien to be portrayed, in stereotyped rôles or otherwise. No tough boys, no snivelling girls (we shall look to C. S. Lewis for interesting child characters). One could, however, say that children identify with Hobbits, and although there is no discrimination in Hobbit society, I can't prevent troublemakers complaining that one of the four questing Hobbits, at least, might have been a girl. I just plead the writer's privilege, to choose his own heroes.

It is quite plain that in general women are 'equal but different' and usually the home-makers in Middle-Earth. Moreover, the laws of 'Historical Accuracy' confirm that this has to be, in a mediaeval world. I shall show that Tolkien is as fair to the women as this law allows, but I must treat the people of Middle-Earth race by race.

First come the Hobbits. I see not distinction between men and women - both are cosy home-makers - the true contrast lies between the Shire-folk and the four questers. A married woman like Mrs. Maggot has the traditional responsibilities of a wife, but is no inferior, while Lobelia is definitely the dominant partner. Of Sam's children, the most important was Elanor, who carried her golden hair into the line of the Fairbairns of Westmarch, and became

one of the maids of Arwen.

I move from the Hobbits a moment to deal with the Ents; the sad story of their wives and the subsequent loss of them is sufficient proof of Tolkien's belief that the two sexes need one another. You will remember that they grew so far apart that when the Entwives left their lands the Ents never heard of it, and so their race was doomed to extinction.

The Dwarves are another special case, as by nature far fewer women are born than men. Thus they are jealously guarded and seldom walk abroad. We have no evidence to make any further observations.

This leaves Elves, Men, Nature Spirits and Monsters. In the world of Men, which is a feudal world, women share responsibilities in peace-time, but in the time of war the rôle of women is to preserve the next generation - and so women do not fight, according to the 'Law of Historical Truth'. Gondor sends its women, children and old men to Lebennin, and Rohan houses them in the Hold. However, those who do desire to help and whose skills are needed, do find a way. So we have Bergil, who won't go away with the women; Ioreth the healer, one of "the few women that had been permitted to remain" (III 131), and of course Eowyn, who must have special attention from me later on. Why are the women sent away? Not because the men think them inferior, and wish to get rid of them (a modern misconception), but because they deeply cherish them and wish to protect them. What are they fighting for, indeed, but to protect their families!

With Elves in general, as with Dwarves, there is little mention of womenfolk. The cloaks of Lórien are woven by Galadriel and her maidens, and her maidens sit around her at the last feast of Lórien on the Hythe. Otherwise, Elves are en masse, and are not differentiated by sex. This can be explained by their psychology; due to their immortality, matings are rare and so even more are offspring; and so Elves are not very highly sexed. Matters are different with the leading female Elves, who have leading parts in the story, and it is crucial to understand that their rôles derive from fantasy archetypes. Arwen is a



Princess and Galadriel an Enchantress. Thus the law of 'Historical Accuracy', which grants women less important rôles in a war epic, can be adapted in a Fantasy epic to redress the balance. Arwen may seem a very passive character, a stay-at-home, who works on a standard, and arrives when all the fighting is over, but this is a superficial view of her importance. Re-read the conversation of Aragorn and Gandalf on page 249/250 of 'The Return of the King': Aragorn is concerned for the future of Gondor, knowing that he must eventually die, and Gandalf says of the young tree, " ... if a fruit ever ripens, it should be planted, lest the line die out of the world." And when the tree blossoms, Aragorn's bride arrives as a fantasy Princess should when the hero has performed the heroic deed. Her function is not just to act, in the common parlance, as a 'sex-object' and 'house-bound mother', but to fulfill the greatest gift a woman can offer a man, and give both of them immortality through children. She brings not only herself, but the blood and inheritance of her great ancestry, to provide the finest birthright for the next generation of Kings. However, both heredity and monarchy are out of fashion in our modern world, so critics of this point will just have to be satisfied that Tolkien conforms to Historical and Fantasy criteria.

Galadriel is an enchantress, a good one of course, but in the same style as Morgan le Fay, she uses her beauty to influence the minds of others, as well as her magic. When she dreams of power through the Great Ring she dreams of adoration too, "All shall love me and despair !" She is far more important than her consort, for she is of higher descent, an exile of the House of Finrod, and when she passes over the sea, he stays in Middle-Earth. As mother of Celebrían and grandmother of Arwen, she is rightfully respected by Aragorn for the rôle in the existence of his love. One should also mention here the oft-invoked goddess of the Elves - Elbereth, spouse of Manwe (perhaps too sacred himself to be invoked ?).

I am now able to return to 'earth' as it were, and may couple with Galadriel, on a small scale, Goldberry, the daughter of the river, who is wedded to the Robin Goodfellow of Tom Bombadil. Both Galadriel and Goldberry create the environment in which they live, by their own magic. Goldberry surrounds her husband with a magical world of nature expressed in her own beauty; while Galadriel uses the Elven Ring to keep inviolate the world of Lórien and 'stay'

the season's passage. "Home-making" is a term of disgust in our modern world, where there is little for the wife to do and such a small architect-designed box to transform to an individual environment - what a travesty of the creative rôle available to the women of the past ! When Tom says Goldberry is doing her washing and autumn-cleaning, he means that she is calling up rain, in her rôle as river-daughter, to wash the thirsty land. So Goldberry is an enchantress too - and you wouldn't catch Bombadil trying to dominate her.

Before I tackle the Eowyn problem, which is perhaps the crux of the matter, I must first deal with the female monster. One has two contradictory points of view to consider: either that powerful females are evidence for a writer's anti-sexism, whether they are good or evil, or that if they are evil, they demonstrate the writer's hatred of the female sex. Two points of view. You, the reader, must decide.

I think I've said enough to pinpoint Tolkien's respect for women, and so Shelob is just one evil female to set against the other good ones. Of course a fanatic would leap upon Shelob (metaphorically speaking !) - but I think more antipathy is shown in C.S. Lewis's witches, lovely though they are.

Now to Eowyn who would seem to be the most obvious candidate for sex-discrimination. She is forbidden to go to war ! And after proving herself as a fighter, Tolkien allows her to give it all up and get married ! It would be easy to make out the case for the prosecution, and I will now try to refute it. Note first of all that Eowyn has been allowed to learn riding and other fighting skills. As leader in Theóden's absence she may have to fight the enemy too. Why does Aragorn refuse Eowyn permission to ride ? First, as he tells her, she cannot leave her duty without permission from her kinsman. The second reason he keeps secret; she wants to ride for love of him, so he is responsible for her: he can not take her into danger, as he does not return her love.

She herself speaks against the view that she is inferior because she is a woman.

"All your words are but to say: you are a woman, and your part is in the house. But when the men have died in battle and honour, you have leave to be burned in the house, for the men will need it no more. But I am of the House of Eorl and not a serving-woman. I can ride and wield

blade, and I do not fear either pain or death."

"What do you fear, lady?" he asked.

"A cage," she said. "To stay behind bars, until use and old age accept them, and all chance of doing great deeds is gone beyond recall or desire."

(III 58)

Note that she argues for herself as an individual, not as a woman (untrained women have no place in battle) but her birth entitles her to consideration. However, she is still a slave to women's lot - she is a slave to love. Not only does she love Aragorn, she remembers the horrible fate threatened by Saruman - to marry Wormtongue! I think we can say that her heart's conversion to loving Faramir is delicately and romantically done. You may think that her joyful speech is too much to bear.

But remember, Eowyn has achieved a great war deed. She defied Aragorn and went to war and fulfilled the prophecy that no man should slay the chief Nazgûl. Now she chooses once more to do what she wants. She is not forced to marry. Romantic by nature, she must love and be loved. And as I said earlier about Arwen, a Princess gives her husband immortality through children, and unites royal houses to bring peace and the best possible heredity, in fantasy worlds at least. Eowyn is also a Princess as well as that other great fantasy archetype, the Amazon.

To sum up my arguments on Tolkien's behalf: women are not inferior, though they perform their historical rôle, and some women are important examples of fantasy archetypes. However, it is obvious that Tolkien prefers to write about men and that he considers the creative rôle of women to be their greatest function in life. I would prefer to see it as a fault in our modern age that many do not agree, than that it is a fault in Tolkien. However, the feminists ought to find something sympathetic in 'The Lord of the Rings', for what is it but a parable on the triumph of the physically weak over the strong.

No doubt fanatics will not have been convinced by anything that I have said, if they are determined to hunt out 'sexism'. They have already started to carve up C. S. Lewis. So on to the second part of my article. Narnia and the North!



ELF



THE FARIE CHILD OF CRINAN MOSS

by

JOHN WHYLLIE

I dreamt I walked by Crinan Moss,  
And saw a child stand at the cross,  
As strange a child as I have seen,  
His hair was gold, his eyes were green,  
His body blue and all a sheen.  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the twilight, Dark and still.

Around a disc he circled me,  
Around a disc and then there were three,  
Up in a spiral we move to and fro;  
Over the countryside with lines all aglow,  
Like his golden hair, in a gentle flow.  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the night, dark and still.

Then music blossomed on the clouds,  
Stars and planets joined in their crowds,  
While rainbow snow dropped like the dew,  
From Benn Bhan to the "Sleeping Warrior" we flew,  
And seven farie boys around me, all in blue.  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the dawn, dark and still.

Down by Temple Wood stones in a roar,  
They said, "Have you not seen my eyes before ?  
Come Geis, come rainbow tumbling from the sky,  
Come the one with the windmill eye;  
Hold his small hands till it's time to die."  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the way of the dead, Dark and still.



# A DWARF WIVES' TALE.



by  
BELLADONNA  
TOOK  
(Vera Chapman)

PART II

(Resumé of part I: Three Dwarf maidens, Stanna, Danna and Anna, in the Lonely Mountain long before the coming of Smaug, entreated Gandalf to make them beautiful by magic. He did so: but the Dwarves, especially the other Dwarf-wives, were scandalised, and appalled, and commanded him to reverse the spell. He accordingly reversed the spell on Stanna and Danna. Anna, who had fallen in love with the Elf Tintallion, escaped and ran out of the front door of the Lonely Mountain and got away: she was still much prettier than any Dwarf-maiden had any right to be);

NOW READ ON

One way the road went down to Dale, the other way it went westward towards the woods. She did not take the road to Dale but turned west. For that was the way to the Elven-king's Hall, and the way she had seen Tintallion go.

All that night and the next day she wandered on. She slept cold on the ground, and she had no food, but like all Dwarves she was tough and capable of great endurance; but by the time she caught up with the band of travelling Elves, she was weary and famished. She heard them singing before her, and hastened after them, as they marched gaily through the dark woods just before nightfall; and she called out after them:

"Wait for me, fair people ... oh wait for me !"

They halted, and gathered round her. They were of the Wood-Elves, (those whom Bilbo later met), Elves who had not sojourned in the Blessed Realm like the High Elves, and so were not so wise as the others, nor always so kind.

They stared at her, lifting their lanterns to look at her strange aspect. There were Elf-girls amongst them as well as Elf-warriors, and they all, men and girls together, chattered and laughed.

"What in all the worlds can it be ? A Dwarf-wife ? Oh, never ! Where's your beard, Dwarf-wife ? Left it at home, or shaved it off ? Oh, shame, to be seen abroad barefaced !"

And poor Anna began to cry at their mockery; and so quaintly did her face fold up between dimples and tears, like a baby's, that they teased her the more to make her do it again, and they laughed in their thoughtless delight. But poor Anna, helpless, hungry and tired, stood weeping in misery. Then Tintallion came striding up from the lead to see why they had halted.

"Elves !", he said. "You have forgotten your courtesy. Stop torturing this poor lass. Whatever she is, she is a damosel, and in distress. Be kind to her." And he drew her to him

by her shoulders, and she trembled greatly.

"What is your name ?" he asked.

"My name is Anna."

"Anna ... in my people's language that signifies a gift. Do you bring a gift, wandering maiden ?"

"Alas, no gift ... only myself."

"And what would you wish of us ?"

"My lord Elf ... I wish to go with you."

"Why, so you shall, at least till tomorrow.

It is not safe for you to stray in the forest by night, here on the edge of Mirkwood. We are just about to make camp, and you shall spend the night with us, for you are tired, and I am sure hungry and thirsty." And in gentle, casual courtesy, he kissed her on the brow, as one would kiss a child. And she, poor girl, thought that she would surely die, so violently did her heart beat.

The Elves made camp in a green glade, as was their custom, and Anna sat next to Tintallion in the circle round the fire, and feasted on the Elvish bread and fruits and wine. Then the Elf-girls made up a soft bed of leaves and grasses for her, and she dropped into sleep bewildered with joy.

Early in the morning she woke, when the light was just showing grey. All around her the Elves lay sleeping on the ground under their grey-green mantles; and she took a thought that she would steal a look at Tintallion where he slept. So she rose and went quietly to the spot where she had seen him lie down apart from the rest. He lay at the foot of a beech-tree, and clasped in the Elf's arms was a beautiful Elf-woman. They lay entwined, lovingly, together and at the sight Anna's heart froze. She cried out as a wounded animal cries ... but the sleepers never stirred.



Then she turned her back on the camping-place of the Elves, and fled away back into unknown country.

She wandered many days, till she came to the shores of the Long Lake, where men dwelt. And there she met a man. At first she thought he might be an Elf, for he was about that height; but then she saw he was thickset and burly, hairy and gross, and clad in unpleasant rough country garments. And his voice had no music in it at all, neither had his face any light.

He looked her up and down. "Well", said he, "You're an oddity. What in all Middle-Earth are you?"

"If you please", she said, "I'm a Dwarf-woman."

"A Dwarf-woman?" he laughed loudly. "You're not ... but what you are is a liar. Everyone knows the Dwarves have no women. They grow out of the stones, or increase as the stones do. The Gods alone know how. But Dwarf-woman ... no, no. I'll tell you what you are ... you're just a child of men, but deformed ... no doubt for some sin of your parents, a curse was put on you, and a strange sickness sent, to stunt your growth ... or perhaps it was a witch overlooked you. We've heard of such. But all are unlucky and uncanny, because the Gods hate them." And he turned to go on his way.

But she, being desperate, cried out after him, "Whatever I am, will you give me some food, for I am dying of hunger?"

He stopped and looked her up and down again. "Oh, well, yes." he said. "I'll give you food, and I'll give you work as well. You look strong ... I think you could be a useful servant for me and my wife. Here!" and he threw her a crust of bread from his bag ... she caught it and sank her teeth into it eagerly. "There's bread for you." he said. "And here's a whip for you too, whenever I think you need it. Now march!"

So she became a servant to the man and his wife in their small homestead on the banks of the Long Lake. The wife was as harsh and hard as the man. Anna had bitter servitude, hard toil, scanty food and no payments but beatings. Her sufferings would be tedious to tell. So that she could not run away, the man and his wife told her terrifying tales of the forest that lay behind them ... Mirkwood it was, so black that day was hardly lighter than night there, and full of huge spiders, and goblins, and trolls, and worse things that had no names.

But at last, so desperate she became in her misery, that she cried, "O Powers above, by whatever name they call you ! Anything would be better than this slavery. I would rather die by a goblin, or a troll, or a giant spider ... what worse can befall than death ? And since I shall never see my beautiful Tintalion again, I would as soon die." So she gathered a sack over her shoulders, having no cloak, and stole away at night, and set her feet firmly on the Old Forest Road. She had no idea of where she should go, but she thought she might surely find some better adventure. One thing she could not do ... she could never return to the Mountain of the Dwarves. Partly for fear, partly for pride ... but also because she was sure that the Dwarves, and particularly the Dwarf-wives, would never take her back.

At first she did not find the Old Forest Road so very bad, since at that time that part of it that led from the region of the Long Lake was well-kept ... it was wide, with the trees cleared away more than a bowshot each side, and paved all along. The grim things of the Forest were kept outside the pales, and Anna saw nothing to molest her for the first few days of her journey. She had food with her, for she had taken a good sackful of provisions from her unkind employers ... she did not think it theft to take a little for her needs from people who had paid her nothing for months of hard work. From time to time she rested on the verge of the road, and at night she slept by a little fire, and so she feared nothing. But after a few days journey, the road began to be paved worse, and the palings were broken here and there ... then there were no more palings, and the bushes and trees encroached to right and left,



AT NIGHT SHE SLEPT BY A LITTLE FIRE

and the paving-stones were broken and grown over with moss and briars; and sometimes the road divided, or went round in a loop to avoid a mire, and there was doubt as to which was the true road. She kept hoping, moreover, that somewhere she would reach a town, or a village, or at least an inn. Nobody had told her that she might walk for two hundred miles or more and still find none. And the trees closed in on her, black and terrible. And then she heard footsteps following.

Night was falling, but with those footsteps behind her, she dared not stop, but plodded on. Heavy, deadweight steps they seemed to be, flat-footed and earth-shaking, coming up behind her through the dark. And at last the moon rose, and she saw it behind her. It was a troll.

It was huge, about three times her height; something the shape of a man, but clumsy and pot-bellied, hairless all over but covered in something that might have been scales - it had big ears and a prodding nose, and great toeless feet that plodded after her. In one hand it grasped a roughly shaped club.

When she saw the troll, it seemed it saw her plainly for the first time, after having followed her scent most of the night. It gave a yell, showing all the teeth in its horrible mouth and rushed upon her, thrashing out with its club. She dodged the blow easily the first time, but then it struck again and again and again ... randomly, as one strikes at a bluebottle fly in a room, but keeping on, and laying about it wildly ... sooner or later it would get her. She dodged and doubled, but was too tired to dodge very well, and she was afraid to run into the dark-black woods off the road ... more afraid than of the terror she knew ... but indeed she hardly thought at all, but ran before the troll, zigzag along the road, getting exhausted with terror and helpless flight, till inevitably, she tripped and fell, right in the path of the monster, and lay dazed, waiting for the crashing blow that would end it all.

Instead a strong arm seized her and dragged her off the path, almost throwing her into a thick clump of bracken, and a young fellow was standing over her and making signs for her to keep

quiet. a young fellow was all that she could call him, for she hardly knew what he was. Not Dwarf, not an Elf, not a man ... about her own height, or less if anything, but more slenderly built. But she had no chance to observe him. The troll had seen the direction in which they had fled, and was bearing down on them, but the young fellow slipped from the side of her and suddenly was at the other side of the troll, giving a piercing whistle and jumping out at it with an impudent grimace. The troll changed direction and charged at the youngster ... but suddenly he popped up again ten yards away, once more mocking the troll. So it went on, the young fellow leading the troll here and there, hither and yon. Sometimes he could be up a tree, and tweak the troll's nose, and then land just out of reach of its thrashing cudgel; sometimes he would be behind it, and tickle it with a long twig. The troll was enraged and murderous, thrashing around and yelling. But always the boy drew it from the place where he had left Anna. She watched from her covert, where she crouched like a partridge, and trembled for him as he played his dangerous game in the half-dark.

In the half-dark ... for it was growing lighter. The troll seemed to be moving more slowly, as if growing tired ... then behold ! The light grew, and right along the line of the road, from the east, the first ray of the sun shot red and quivering upon the pursuing monster, and the troll stiffened, with its hand whirling the club over its head ... froze rigid. A chalky white colour spread all over it ... its stupid face stayed arrested in a horrible grin, and the light went out of its little piggy eyes. There it stood. The young fellow went over to it and gave it a push, and it fell over with a thud.

"Stone", he said, and dusted his hands.

Then he came back to where Anna was lying, and lifted her up tenderly.

"There now my pretty", he said, "nothing more to be afraid of. Come now, stop trembling, and look at me. Why, ... what

in Middle-Earth are you ?"

"A ... Dwarf-maiden", she said faintly, still trembling and gasping.

"A Dwarf-maiden ? Never ! You're too pretty to be a Dwarf-maiden ... you're too pretty to be out on her own on this dangerous road ... you're ... you're too pretty full-stop !"

He had her comfortably clasped in his arms, and he led her to a seat on a mossy bank. Her face, which had been deathly pale, was now as red as a rose.

"But what are you ?" she said.

"Me ? Why, I'm a Hobbit ... or I suppose I was a Hobbit till I grew too big."

"How's that ?" She looked him up and down as best she could, being so close to him, and she certainly liked what she saw.

"Well ... my name's Hildegons Took, and I left my people and went travelling, a thing they don't really like us to do. I spent a year among the Ents, drinking their Ent-draught, and it made me grow and grow and grow ... and when I came home I couldn't get inside their Hobbit-holes. Not anyway I couldn't ... they didn't turn me out ... they wouldn't do that, and anyhow I wasn't in ... but they gave me to understand I must make my own arrangements ... And you ? Did they turn you out ?"

"No ... I ran away, but I daren't go back."

He looked at her a long time, considering, and she considered back at him. Then he said,

"Do you know ... I think we were made for each other."

And, so it would appear, they were ... for they settled down forthwith in a little homestead on the western borders of Mirkwood, under the kindly protection of Beorn in his big house.

Of course they started with an outside Hobbit-hole, but it soon became a farm; and they were very happy indeed, and had a large family, and it seems that some of their descendants were numbered among the woodmen who came to the help of the Beornings in the War of the Ring.

But Stanna and Danna hid their yellow curls under coifs, and became good craftswomen, and in due time were given in marriage to worthy and quite unremarkable Dwarves. But neither of them had any children.





Orcs

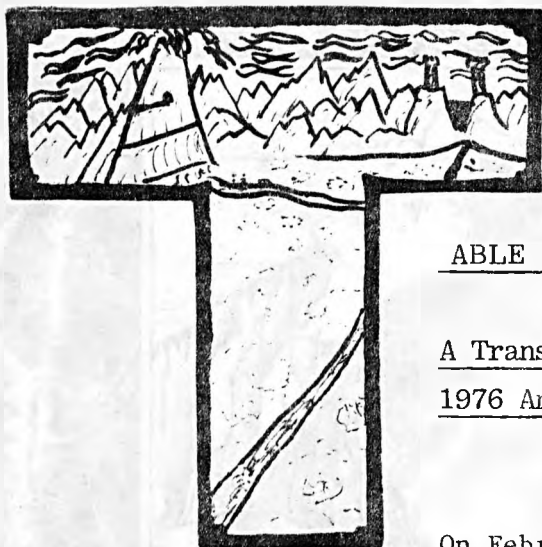




All that is gold does not glitter,  
Not all those who wander are lost;  
The old that is strong does not wither,  
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.  
From the ashes a fire shall be woken,  
A light from the shadows shall spring;  
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,  
The crownless again shall be king.



Carillo Endoreana utalica. Sinome mariwan ar Nildinyar tenn' Ambar-metta



## ABLE TALK

### A Transcript of the After-dinner speeches at the 1976 Annual General Meeting of the Tolkien Society

On February the 22nd 1976, the Tolkien Society held its Annual General Meeting, at Hampstead Old Town Hall, London. Present as guests of honour at the Dinner were Miss Priscilla Tolkien, daughter of the late Professor Tolkien, and Mr. Humphrey Carpenter, his official biographer. This is a transcript of the speeches as given by those guests, and various members of the Tolkien Society Committee, faithfully recorded on a tape-recorder by Howard Rosenblum.

Mr. Stuart Clark, until recently Editor of 'Amon Hen', started the proceedings by proposing a toast to Miss Priscilla Tolkien. "Mr. Chairman, friends - um - what are really the aims of the society? Stop and consider. They're really to further the enjoyment of the works of one remarkable man. That man is of course John Tolkien. The society has blossomed from a very small bud of eight or nine people to something now of three hundred people, scattered across the globe. We were fortunate that the Professor himself was gracious enough to accept the post of Honourary President, and we are equally fortunate that his descendants have been gracious enough to accept honourary membership of the Society, and I know you all agree, we are deeply honoured tonight to have Miss Tolkien with us as our guest. It, to me anyway, gives a great sense of belonging to a fraternity. We are all devoted to the writings of one man. He may have departed from us, but I am certain he is here in spirit, and in a way he is here through his daughter. Miss Tolkien has been exceptionally kind to us for two years at her home in Oxford. It must be a terrible shock to find

twenty-five to thirty people descending on your home (subdued guffaws), and then to actually ask them to come back and do the same thing next year must be absolutely staggering. I mean I find it bad enough having 6 or 7. What it must be like to have thirty people sitting, standing or lying round your lounge, and a bit like Bilbo, it must be awful to come down next morning and see the mountains of washing-up (more laughter), and it is, if you can withdraw yourself back 15, 20 or even 30 years ago to when you were fairly young, (lots more laughter), when I say fairly young I mean seven or eight (giggling), when some things were particularly special, when Christmas was special. Some things were magical - going to see Father Christmas in the Grotto was for a number of years always special - then through a friend of mine I discovered 'The Lord of the Rings'. In a way I was transported back to those days when I was seven or eight. I found myself in a special world, everything was ordered, pleasant, homely and comfortable, and it was something I could identify with. I still feel that when I am reading 'The Lord of the Rings'; isn't it incredible that one man could have thought of all that. For this reason, for this dedication to the incredible imagination of one person, for this reason we are gathered into a society. We meet, as Punch put it, to chew over the works of the master. As I said, we are unfortunate not to have the Professor amongst us. I know he is here in spirit. In one way he is here in the flesh through his family. I ask you all, to join with me in drinking a real bumper toast to Miss Priscilla Tolkien."

A toast was then drunk by the assembled company to Miss Tolkien, and Mrs. Vera Chapman presented a bouquet that she had made herself, to Miss Tolkien.

Miss Priscilla Tolkien then stood up and spoke to the gathered multitude. "I am very overcome. That is the most beautiful bouquet. Ladies and gentlemen, friends above all, I think I know you all now. I know you all by sight, and I know most of you by name. I am delighted to be here. I think that - you know, I was just thinking of a funny story connected with my father, and you might like to hear it because I am not frightfully good at making speeches, and am not very used to it, and this is really true. I know it's a truism to say 'Unaccustomed as I am', I really am, (chuckles). It came

into my mind like a flash as dear Stuart was talking. It reminded me of a figure from our childhood. My brothers would be able to tell you more about this figure than I could. I was too young to remember him. He was a strange character, I know nothing about him except that he appeared in and out of houses and friends that my family knew in Oxford. His name was Oscar, and he had a sort of glamour about him because he seemed fairly sort of foreign and interestingly strange. He was very tall and apparently he was very shy. So you always saw him, and on all social occasions whenever he was met with, he always used to say, 'Oh, what do I do, what do I say?', and he became a sort of family joke, and my brothers and I used to always make jokes about it. If we didn't know quite what to do, or we didn't feel quite up to what to say, we used to say, 'What do I do, what do I say?'

Many years passed, many many years and my brothers had all gone away and I had grown up by this time, and many years later, my friend Humphrey Carpenter here will be able to say the exact date, but I think it was in 1950-something, when my father went to Liège, to Belgium."

"51 or 52 I think", Mr. Carpenter supplied.

"At least I am in the right decade", continued Miss Tolkien. "He went to Belgium, the first of his sort of travels after the war, to get an honorary degree at the University of Liège and he had a nice time, and you know, he was treated very kindly and enjoyed himself. He went to some rather grand function in Liège, where they were entertained I think by the Mayor in what had been a palace. My father described this in great detail, and they went up the great staircase; now my father was actually a very shy man, and this was just after the war, and he wasn't used to this kind of function. He was conscious of the fact that he'd had his evening clothes rather a long time, and that everybody else looked rather grand. He was feeling rather shy, and as he was going up the stairs waiting to be announced by the gentleman on the door, coming down the staircase already as though he had already had the party was a superb figure, in full evening dress, with lots of medals and orders, looking grand, and with a very very beautiful lady on his arm. My father thought 'I know that man', and he thought 'Oscar!' Of course he was a Belgian and he had not seen

him all these years. As Oscar passed him with the beautiful lady, let's say a countess with jewels in her hair, my father swears that he heard him say to her, "Qu'est-ce que qu'on dit ?" (much laughter).

So, with not so much shyness now, because I know you all now and you have made me so welcome, but I really do wonder what I should say to do justice to the occasion. You are really so kind, and so hospitable, and I do appreciate it so much. I think this is a particularly nice occasion. It's like being an extension of being in a combination of your homes, because it is all absolutely lovely food which you have prepared yourselves, and gorgeous drink which you have selected and bought, and lovely decorations, and all the trouble you have taken, and all the posters and decorations, and everything. I enormously appreciate it. As Stuart says, of course one is deeply sad because my father is not here personally. I entirely agree with Stuart as I am sure he is here in spirit. If he were actually able to be here, I am sure he would echo anything that I would say about appreciation. I think it extremely significant that it was called 'The Fellowship of the Ring'. He was an enormously gregarious and friendly person. He loved good food and drink. I mean, as he said himself, he was very much a Hobbit. An occasion like this would give him great pleasure. I think the Society is very heart-warming to me and the other members of the family. I am deeply touched that my father's memory is honoured in this way. Not only on a very splendid occasion like this, but on all the days in between when we don't meet. The fact that you meet together and discuss his works, and the fact that you are all deeply touched by his works, is an enormous comfort to me. That gives me very great pleasure, and it gives me very special pleasure to be your guest here tonight. I do thank you so much and I look forward greatly - I have perhaps certain in common with Bilbo, after all I do have Hobbit blood in me, but may I hasten to add that I am absolutely delighted whether it's 25, 30 or 35 who cross my doorstep, and if I do at times appear to be a little flustered, I can assure you that there is always plum cake in the larder (laughter), and thank you very much."

After applause verging on a standing ovation, Mr. Jon Simons, the Chairman of the Society, rose and spoke to the meeting - briefly, as befits the speeches of all Chairmen, (apart from this, a slight throat infection had made it painful to talk loudly for too long.)

"Thank you very much indeed, Priscilla. (croaking)  
My voice is going. I now call upon Miss Jessica Kemball-Cook to propose  
the toast to our other honoured guest, Mr. Humphrey Carpenter. Thank you."

Miss Jessica Kemball-Cook, the newly-elected Secretary of the Society, then addressed the meeting. "Ladies and gentlemen, my voice is going too. Well, I'm the newest member on the Committee, and I was going to say I was the youngest member on the committee, but I'm afraid some people might disagree with me (laughter). I will say this, that when I read 'The Lord of the Rings', I think I was younger than any of you. When I read 'The Fellowship of the Ring', I read it when it first came out. I was about six at the time, and I had read everything in my father's house, and he had seen the reviews. People said, "This great long book", so he thought, "I'll bring something home for Jessica that will stop her in her tracks." So he brought home this great long book, and I got through it, and found there was a cliff-hanger ending. So I asked, you see, if I could read the next, and of course they hadn't come out yet. When they did, he talked to his friends and they said, "It's far too frightening for a girl of six to read. She'll have to wait until she joins the public library"(laughter). Of course they never had it in the junior library, so I had to wait for five years until I had joined the senior library, so that I could find out what happened, who went over the falls, and what happened to Boromir and Aragorn at the end of volume one. So I don't know how long Humphrey Carpenter has been acquainted with 'The Lord of the Rings', maybe he read it when he was six. I don't know. However, I'll tell you, those who don't know, a little about him. When he was a school teacher, he helped to produce an opera called 'The Hobbit', which was very well reviewed and which Tolkien himself attended. Secondly, he went to work on the radio, and produced the radio programme about Tolkien which most have heard, and some of us haven't got on tape, at least not legally we haven't, (laughter), and now, of course, he is the authorised biographer for Allen and Unwin of Tolkien's biography, and when I found out all this, I immediately wrote to him and I asked him to join the Society, and to be a guest at our Dinner. So now he will tell you some more about himself, for himself. I am very proud to ask you to drink a toast to our honoured guest, Mr. Humphrey Carpenter."

A toast was then drunk by the assembled company to Mr. Carpenter, who then spoke. "Qu'est-ce qu'on dit, what does one say?" (laughter) "This is a remarkable occasion for me, if only that it is the first occasion ever yet that I have had a toast drunk to me. I feel that it has been drunk in proxy, in that I have only acquired this toast through your Honourary President in perpetuo. Well, to answer Jessica's question, Mr. Chairman, Miss Tolkien, Miss newly-elected Secretary, to whom my congratulations. It was almost the same circumstances. I was on holiday with my parents in Wales at, I think, about the same time. I won't compare ages (laughter). It might be invidious to one or the other of us. My mother had something of the same idea as your father had. "This would be a book to keep him quiet." It had the same result, the same cliff-hanger, and I, like many Oxford children of the same time, besieged the public library, until at first volume II and then much later volume III came out. So a long association with the books began.

Well, I feel doubly honoured tonight, not only to be invited as a very new member of the Society, but also to be asked to speak, which I think is scarcely fair, since my only currency, or to put it more crudely, my only interest value to you, rests on a book that has not yet been published, but I hope will be soon. However, I am very delighted to be here, and I am much flattered to be asked to speak. I feel I know many of you very well already, not as well as Priscilla does through seeing you on her doorstep. At least, through seeing your names in your magazine which I have enjoyed reading very much for the last 2 or 3 issues which I have seen. It's of course understandable that I should find fellow Tolkien enthusiasts here. It's delightful also in Howie, my neighbour (and committee-member without portfolio), to find a fellow enthusiast for a number of things, folk-music, concertina-playing and real ale. (laughter) Which suggests that the Tolkien net spreads far and wide indeed. Well, as you know, I've been engaged in the very fortunate position for the last few months, of being engaged on the research and the writing of a biography of Professor Tolkien. They have, I think, been almost without question and certainly without doubt, the happiest months of my life so far. It's been a totally absorbing project. Physically absorbing because I have been able to devote my entire working time to it; which has meant, on the whole, 8 to 10 hours a day, 5 or 6

or even occasionally 7 days a week, sometimes even more ! It has also been mentally absorbing, as you'd imagine. It has also been I suppose, you could say spiritually absorbing, as I found myself buried deeper and deeper in the work. I'd almost begun to live it, and also to sleep it. There has been more than one occasion when I have had some very strange dreams which have risen from researches into the family papers. I won't go into the dreams now, they'd be too fantastic even for these surroundings.

Well, now before I reveal any more intimate secrets. I think I should turn aside for the moment to express my thanks. I'm sure you realise that the compiling and the writing of this biography would have been out of the question, entirely impossible, without the kindness and the support of Professor Tolkien's family, his sons and daughter. It's very nice to see Priscilla here this evening to share this marvellous feast with us, and incidentally nobody, I think this is a great omission, has yet drunk the health of those who prepared tonight's meal. I know how much trouble they have put into it, we'll prepare for a toast at the end of my speech.

Priscilla and her brothers have, since I have begun work on the book 18 months ago, shown me the most extra-ordinary degree of kindness. I think you'll understand what I mean, when I say that it is no easy matter to talk about one's own family. They have all sat down with me or written to me, or have taken time and have now sat down to read the type-script which I have prepared for their perusal. They have taken endless trouble. So if the biography, when it's published, meets with your approval and enthusiasm as I hope it will, when it's published in the Autumn, and like 'The Silmarillion' it may well be one of those books which goes on and on, and never quite appears, but I hope that both will be in print soon. Well, if and when it appears, I hope you will give at least as much, if not more, credit than to me, to Priscilla and to her brothers John, Michael and Christopher. To whom it is really due, because without them it would have been entirely impossible.

Well, how did I go about it ? I found it a very daunting task. I had known Professor Tolkien a very little, and I had



some knowledge of the outlines of his career from the radio programme. I realised when I embarked on the project that I would have to sift through literally thousands of letters. I mean thousands. A number of very closely-written diaries, and a pile of manuscripts, which took up so much space that it requires more than 100 box-files to store it, and that does not include those at Marquette in the U.S.A.. This task was a pleasure, an enormous pleasure, and a matter of absorbing interest, and that fact I think will come as no surprise to you. You know very well what a lively correspondent Professor Tolkien was. He was, I think, one of the last great letter-writers in the great English tradition of letter-writers. I hope one day his letters will be in print so that people can appreciate what he did in this respect.

Well, that was the main part of my task: sifting hour by hour, day by day, and eventually month by month, through an enormous pile of this fascinating correspondence. Many highlights stand out from it. I think the most memorable was the deciphering of one of his most substantial diaries, which was a very bulky volume, covering the years 1919 to 1933 and it records major events in his own life and the life of his family between these years. You'll perhaps be interested, though not entirely surprised, when I tell you that the greater part of it was written in the Tengwar of Fëanor. Which means that it presents somewhat of a daunting sight even to the people who are used to the Fëanorian script, and I nursed a private and very real fear that when it was transcribed, this diary would be entirely composed in Quenya or Sindarin (laughter), which I'm afraid made me quail a little at the prospect of beginning to transcribe it. Well, fortunately, I have a very enterprising wife, Mary, who kindly took over this stage of the work. She began laboriously to transcribe from the Fëanorian, and the first results were not encouraging. She copied out a passage, which, when it was read, said 'Ige avups moking folent', and we both stared at this for some time - 'Ige avups moking folent' - until we saw that it read 'I gave up smoking for Lent' (much laughter); at this point the door opened, and much was found to be entirely intelligible.

Well, not all my researches involved paperwork. I have been fortunate enough to meet and interview many members of Professor

Tolkien's family and his close friends. The most notable amongst these, and I think it is not invidious to select in this case, was Mr. Hilary Tolkien, the Professor's younger brother who, as you may well know, spent all his working life as a fruit-farmer in the Vale of Evesham, which of course was that part of the country which nurtured the roots of their mother's family, the Suffields. Hilary Tolkien was, as I soon discovered, a thoroughly down-to-earth person who didn't waste words, but what words he did give forth were well worth listening to, and writing down. I think I might say, may I not, that he was a true Hobbit ?"

"Absolutely yes !" replied Miss Tolkien.

"Well", continued Mr. Carpenter. "Hilary's personal recollections of their childhood at Sarehole gave me much delight, and I think provided a very valuable core for the first part of the book. I'm only sorry that he has not lived to see the book published. He in fact died only a few weeks ago, and he was laid to rest in the soil at Evesham, the soil that he had personally cultivated for nearly 50 years. Well, as to the friends, there have been of course many whose acquaintance I have been delighted to make. Among these, again I think it is not invidious to pick out, none more so than Mr. Christopher Wiseman, who is a remarkable man who was a very close friend of Ronald Tolkien in his schooldays. In fact he was the only close friend who survived the First World War. You may remember in his introduction to the revised edition of 'The Lord of the Rings', the reference to "By 1918 all but one of my close friends were dead." Well, Christopher Wiseman was the one surviving schoolfriend who himself is still very much surviving. He's in his 80's, but he's in good health, and he lives on the South Coast. He was a headmaster, and he entered with great enthusiasm on the task of talking to me, and corresponding and dredging up from memory his recollections of schooldays in Birmingham. I say dredging, but he had no difficulty in bringing alive for me the tremendous warmth of the friendships and associations which sprang up at King Edward's School, which, I think, when you read the biography, contributed a great deal to the chronicles of Middle-Earth.

Well, Christopher Wiseman entered with much enthusiasm on the task of talking to me, and I also think he has played a very big part in the writing of the biography.

Well, I could tell you a good deal more, all about my visit to Marquette, which was of course in the U.S.A. (Editor's note - for those who are unaware of the relationship of Marquette to the Professor - it is here that the original written manuscripts of 'The Lord of the Rings' is deposited) to study the manuscripts. This was very chilly physically, because the temperature seemed to be about minus 10, the winds howling down from Lake Michigan, though I had a very warm welcome in all respects. My searches in the Public Record Office here in London, in Somerset House, to unravel the family history of the Tolkiens and the Suffields, and not the least my delighted perusal of the Professor's working notes for many of his stories, and there is a remarkable piece of paper which says "Make Bilbo's ring the One Ruling Ring." On that piece of paper I suppose you might say the who of 'The Lord of the Rings' is founded. Well, all this I hope you'll read when the biography comes out. These are after all the mere bones, the mechanics of the biography. It's the finished book that matters, and when, or rather if, it's published in the Autumn I hope you'll find something of interest in it. Indeed I dare to hope it may even do a little to add to your enjoyment of Professor Tolkien's books. As the business of writing it, it has certainly done so to mine.

So may I conclude first of all with the renewed thanks to you for inviting me here this evening, and with the hope that when at last you read the biography you may consider that it is not unworthy as a tribute to a very remarkable man whose memory and whose books we are gathered to honour tonight. May I finally suggest that we drink a toast to all those who have prepared the splendid and excellent dinner. To the dinner preparers, the Committee and others !"

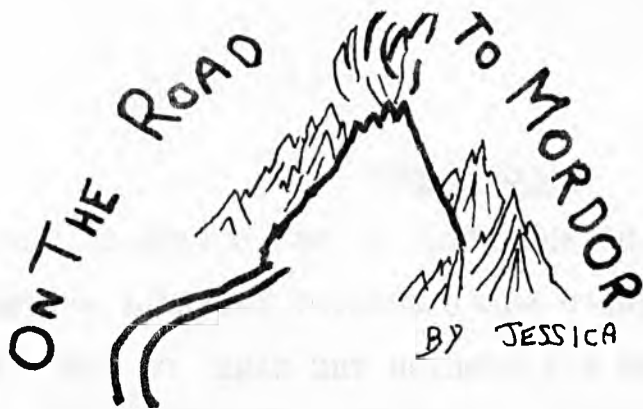
The whole company rose and drank a toast, and Miss Tolkien ended by saying "Thank you !"

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Editor: May I take this point to thank Miss Tolkien, Mr. Carpenter, Miss Kembell-Cook and Mr. Clark for their permission to include their speeches in this report, but especially to Mr. Howard Rosenblum, who recorded the whole evening on his magic talking machine, and who sat down and patiently transcribed all the conflicting noises clearly and legibly into the written word. Thank you.



Nazgul



ON THE ROAD TO MORDOR  
BY JESSICA KEMBALL-COOK

On the road to Mordor, five old friends found they were riding side by side. They were each of a different race, and rode mounts of differing colours. Their outer clothes were also of different colours, they carried a different food in their saddle-bags, and smoked different kinds of pipe-weed.

The wizard wore white.

The Hobbit carried bread.

The rider in the green tunic had a bay horse.

The Elf rode a dappled steed.

Coming towards you as it were, the green tunic was immediately to the right of the red jerkin.

The Old Toby smoker also carried an apple for refreshment.

Westmansweed was smoked by the rider in the brown jerkin.

The grey-horse-rider was in the centre.

The rider on the extreme left was a Dwarf.

The smoker of Longbottom Leaf rode next to the eater of cake.

Westmansweed was smoked by the rider next to the lembas-eater.

The rider of the black pony smoked Southern Star.

The Man smoked Southlinch.

The Dwarf rode next to the rider in blue.

Who rode the chestnut mare? Who was eating cram?

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