

DOUGLAS FAMILY

ANNIE U. DOUGLAS

Significant Correspondence  
+  
Articles

2303.24

Box 6

FIC 7



Darling Pat & Audrey.

Happy Birthday Pat! Sorry to be so late in getting to you. Was that the Big one? Was thinking of phoning as it was also Easter - but then found I had forgotten your # is it 536-7722. Anyway its such a business phoning - that probably could not have got through to you.

Had an incredible Easter (thoughts of you all, please.) Sunday was a regular working day & thought I would ignore the whole of Easter. Day before a Nfld doctor - (about 58) asked me if I was Prot. Catholic & they said they were having a Prot service - & he was leading it as had been a lay reader in Nfld ("as he was only one who could lead in his community!"). Then got 2 invitations to Easter dinner & invite to tea & also found out where the Catholic service was for Family (my Filipino villa mate who was very depressed because there was no service) What a day!

The service was a marvellous mixture of Anglican Morning Prayer - some Nfldisms & a Newby story about picking up Mussels on Good Friday. Glorious! Had to laugh so hard.

People here are so nice - very worked in families & their own friends as not always seem to do the thing I want to do! However, just being here in views of mountains around & memories of Italy & expectations of June in helms keep me going finally. Its a very good time to catch up on reading. Got some great books for Book Room - did you send them?

So excited about Jan Emily over. Terrific. Any hope of Steve getting a job? What about Piccol Luke? Let me know also needs financing. Great love & love to all.



MRS. M. BOWIE MENZLER writes of the celebration of the Federation of University Women for her 90th Birthday on 18th October 1983. A short extract follows from 'Over 90 years' from BFUW News Spring '84. "On 18th Oct. 1983, friends of Marguerite Bowie-Menzler gathered at a dinner party to celebrate

NEWSLETTER - 4

her 90th birthday. It was fitting that tribute should be paid to her distinguished record of achievements in Crosby Hall, for she has been dedicated to its service for over fifty years - twenty-two of them as a Director of its affairs - and she has told the story of the benefactors who made possible the building of both Old and New wings in the booklet 'Founders of Crosby Hall', completed and published in 1981 after she had lost her sight. As a token of appreciation of all that she has done for university women she was presented with her portrait. In her moving speech of acceptance she spoke in clear unfaltering tones of the founders she had known and of their faith in Crosby Hall as an important international centre for building friendship and understanding among women scholars. It was characteristically courageous, coming only hours after suffering a slight stroke that took her to hospital next morning." Mrs. Bowie-Menzler is now confined to a wheelchair, but still in her own flat.

This is an extract from  
the Old Girls News of  
my (& Isabel's) school  
in BATH.

J.





公為天下

*The world is a commonwealth*

—CONFUCIUS

To a Precious Sonor,  
So much love  
O.



20 Kent St  
Halifax N.S.

Dear Mary:

Happy Birthday! Just to think your are twenty it seems quite old, doesn't it?

Mummy is getting better steadily now isn't it grand. It was too bad wasn't, but now she will get better. I

I am getting better on french now and mummy was teaching me. How is everything there? I hope it is going well though it must be a rush.

Poor Pat had his front bicycle wheel all bent in. He went over a bump with somebody on the cross bar and the kind of colapsed.

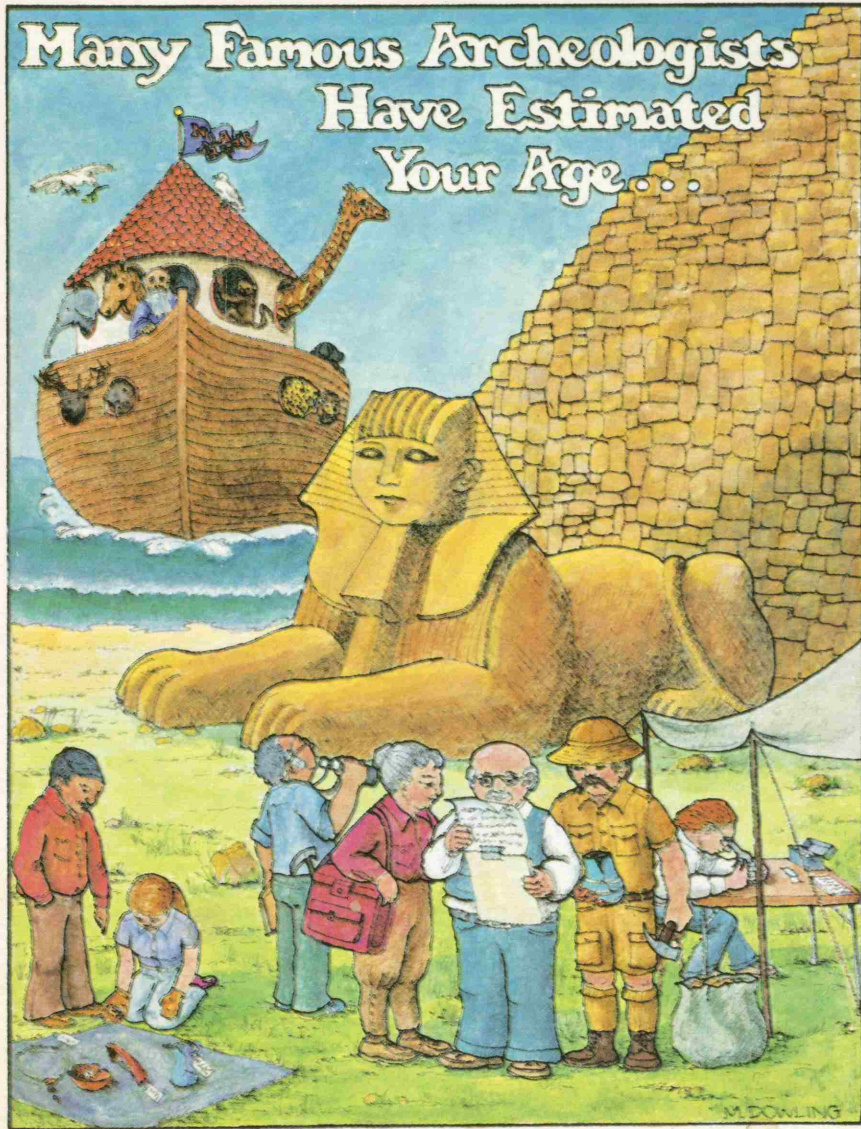
This doesn't seem like a birthday letter does it. It is offley funny, but anyway I am writing it. Miss Brown was very pleased with Pat's mosses he gave her when they came. she was pleased with one any because she could not find out what it the name of it was. well good by for now  
very much love  
John

Original Drawing by Marilyn Dowling



© Renaissance Greeting Cards®  
Post Office Box 126  
Springvale, Maine 04083  
Printed in U.S.A.

Important Find  
E8-75  
Canada-100





Astronomers have searched the sky,  
In hopes that they could spy  
The secret of her ways so spy.  
But hard as they might try  
The stars at them would only smile  
For they knew all the while  
That Allie had a style  
That 90 years could not defile  
The secret is her very own  
She shared it with the stars alone.  
And so for us she is the epitome  
Of all that we would like to make  
our own.

**Because You're Such An  
Important Find**

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

Donley

Paul Warner

Evelyn Reisd

3.11.87

Mon cher Alec

Comme je viens de l'écrire à ton frère, je n'ai rien  
nue de vous depuis très long temps et cela me  
manque beaucoup. Je sais que cela s'explique  
car vous devez avoir beaucoup de travail, surtout  
toi.

Mais tu me'avais raconté quand j'ai eu le joie  
de t'avoir eu séjour à Sainte Croix que tu changeais  
d'idée et bien, c'est une grande affaire car, il y a une  
grande partie d'inconnu dans cette décision et j'espère  
de tout coeur que dans les expériences tu as trouvés beaucoup  
de satisfactions et que tu es heureux du choix que tu es  
fait.

En tout cas, tu es vraiment bien réussi le travail  
que tu as bien voulu faire si affectueusement pour la vieille  
Grand-Mère qui est enchantée de son cabinet de toilette si bien  
reçu à bord. et je t'en suis toujours très reconnaissant.  
Je viens de faire un long-promenade au beau soleil.  
Je fais un temps superbe, mais j'ai tellement sommeil que je  
n'arrive pas à dormir - je suis obligé de m'arrêter.



Voilà, je suis de nos amis d'aplomb & après  
une bonne heure et demie de sommeil - mais je  
n'ai pas pu me mettre de suite à écrire. car les  
georges du Lac sont arrivés sans enfants, avec un  
de leurs enfants inadaptés qu'ils allaient mettre  
dans une pension pour ce genre d'enfants, près d'ici à  
Laurier et j'attends maintenant Claire, Marc  
leurs frères, soeurs, - Jeanne Marie Frédéric. tout le  
troupe qui vient prendre le thé.

Ils restent quelques jours aux Saugues de Laurier  
Jeanne Fred et Marie Claire les remplaceront pour  
voir arriver Louise et Laurent.

Il fait un temps magnifique, les feuilles commencent  
juste à tomber.

Je pense partir pour Melun vers le 15 Décembre  
avec Oncle Charles Barbé.

J'ai reçu une lettre de la Mère qui a mis du 27. 10  
jusqu'au 4. 11 pour arriver - Elle me dit qu'elle rentre  
à Ottawa dans 15 jours, donc, vers le 12 ou 13. Peut être sera  
t-elle déjà là quand cette lettre l'arrivera.

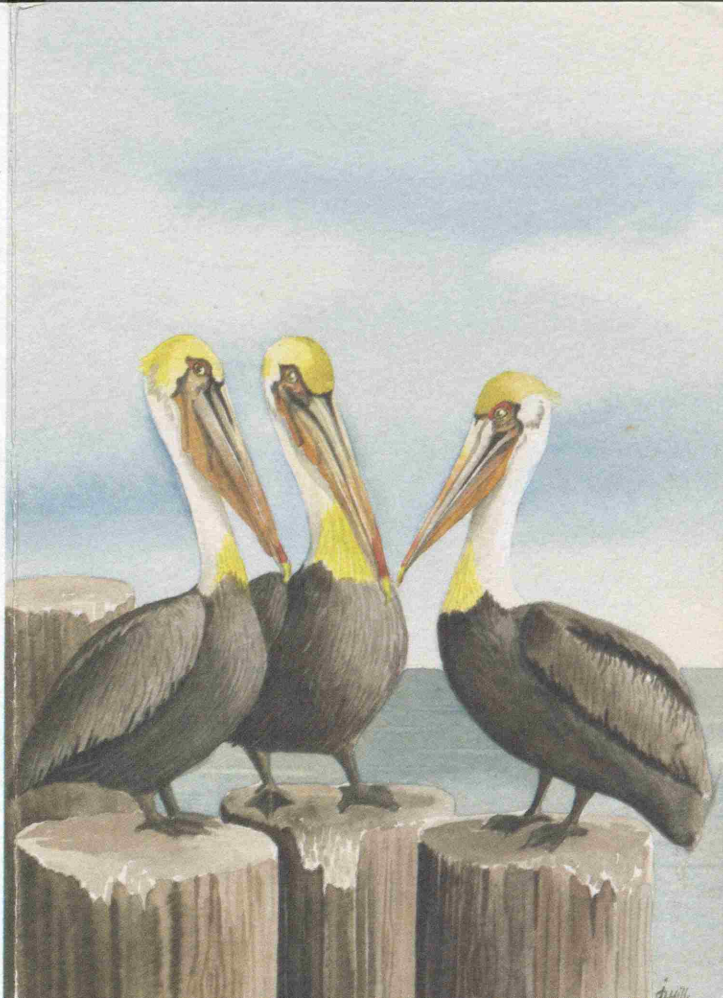
Alors, j'espère beaucoup avoir un petit mot de  
toi bientôt. et en attendant je t'embrasse de tout coeur.

Maman  
J'espère que tu aimeras ce petit bon de qui vient à ton  
intention.

it should be a gala  
celebration.

Our very best wishes  
to you and our thanks  
for the memories.

Love,  
Shirley + Joe Brooks





be out of the snow and cold. Our children are very considerate of us. Alona and her husband even flew down for a few days over Christmas.

I hope to be home for the Alumnae Annual in April, my term as President will be over. In the fall it will be our 45<sup>th</sup> Reunion and with Agnes as Chancellor

Jan. 13/86

Dear Dr Douglas -

It was so nice seeing you in the Gazette. What wonderful memories I have during my days in San Rich and the long association ever since with you. We are lucky to



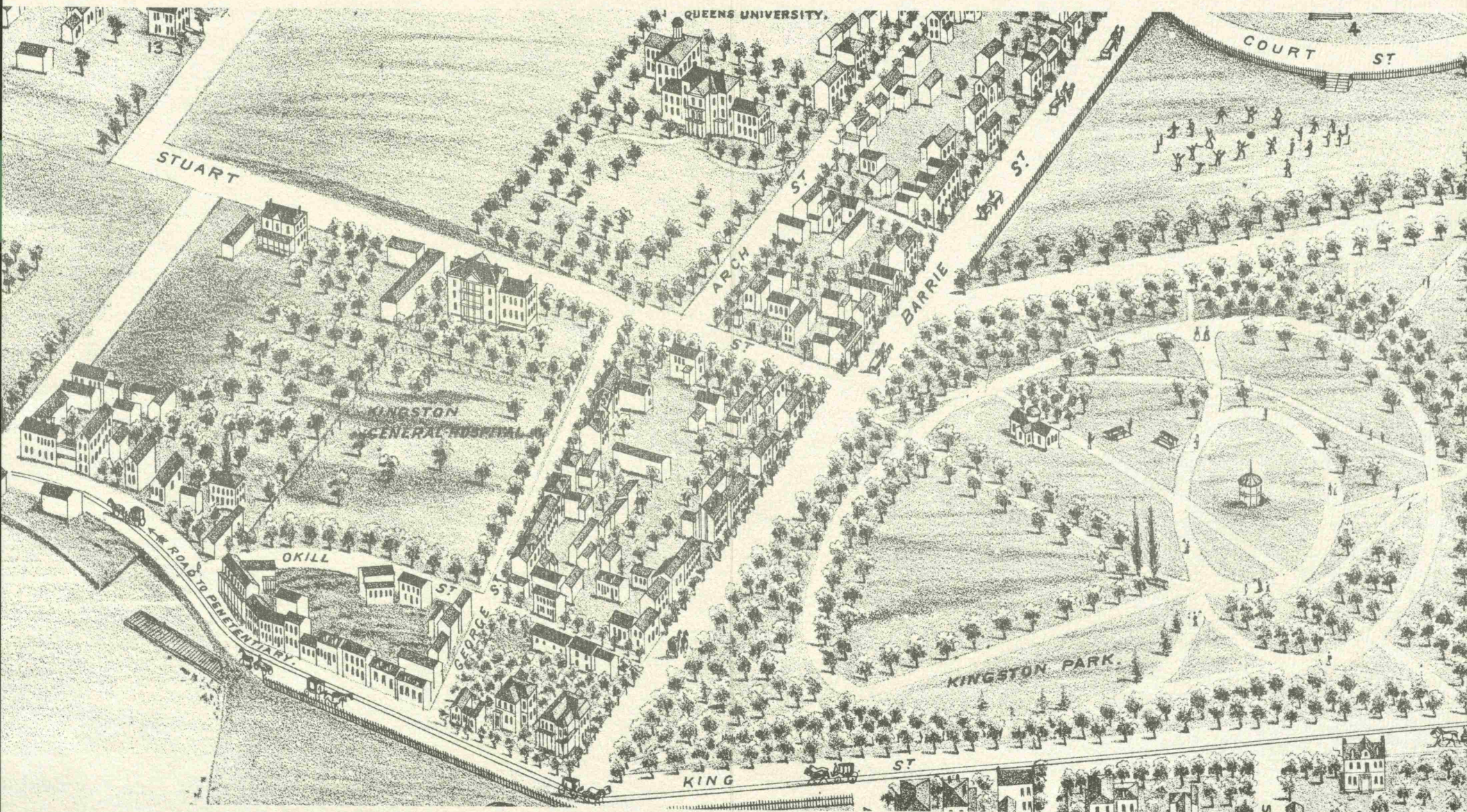
The Plaque has been erected through the generosity  
of the Ontario Heritage Foundation  
Ministry of Citizenship and Culture

The ONTARIO HERITAGE FOUNDATION is an agency of the Ontario Ministry of Citizenship and Culture. Guided by a board of some thirty private citizens, the Foundation fosters wider understanding of Ontario's rich heritage and stimulates greater public participation in the preservation of the province's historical and natural resources. It provides grants for archaeological projects, architectural and historical restorations, heritage publications and innovative regional projects. The Foundation also erects commemorative markers and through its Trust program, acquires and maintains real properties of outstanding significance, and accepts gifts of art on behalf of the people of Ontario.

The Unveiling and Dedication of an Historical Plaque  
**The Kingston Observatory**  
*First Optical Observatory in Ontario*

Sunday, 3 November 1985 at 2 pm, City Park, Kingston

In the case of inclement weather, the unveiling will be held at 2.15 pm in City Hall.



From the Brosius map of 1875 Courtesy of Queen's University Archives



## Inscription on Plaque

### The Kingston Observatory

The first optical astronomical observatory in the province, the Kingston Observatory was established in 1855 after a solar eclipse aroused public interest in astronomical studies. Under the auspices of a committee of British military officers and 'gentlemen amateurs' a frame observatory was built here. It was transferred to the control of Queen's College in 1861 and within a year a new brick structure had been erected on the site. Staffed by Nathan Fellowes Dupuis, an able mathematician, the observatory, in addition to making conventional astronomical observations, produced barometric and thermal readings, fixed meridians for surveying and provided a time service. In 1881 it was moved to Queen's and today four cylindrical stones, former supports for the telescope, are all that remain of the old observatory building.

## Programme

<i>Welcome and Introduction of Guests</i>	Vice-Principal Duncan Sinclair Queen's University
<i>Greetings</i>	Mr. Robbin Elliott Ontario Heritage Foundation
<i>Greetings</i>	His Worship Mayor John Gerretsen of the City of Kingston
<i>Greetings</i>	The Honourable Ken Keyes Solicitor General and Minister of Correctional Services
<i>Historical Background</i>	Professor Victor Hughes Queen's University
<i>Unveiling</i>	Mrs. Margaret Cohoe Local Amateur Historian

Following the unveiling there will be a reception for guests and citizens of Kingston at City Hall, courtesy of the Mayor and Citizens of Kingston.



Box 196,  
Sharbot Lake, Ontario,  
Nov. 3, 1985.

Dr. A. Vibert Douglas,  
402 - 67 Sydenham Street,  
Kingston, Ontario.  
K7L 3H2

Dear Dr. Douglas:

On behalf of the Kingston Centre of the R.A.S.C., I want to write a few words to say that it was great to see you in attendance today at the ceremonies unveiling and dedicating a plaque for the Kingston Observatory in City Park. It was also good to see so many fine people such as Mr. Covington in attendance. The good weather and the hospitality of the mayor added to the occasion also.

This event reminds me of something else. Next year our Kingston Centre, as you likely know very well, will be celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. It was in 1961 that you did the work that led to the formation of the Kingston Centre of the R.A.S.C., and to celebrate the occasion, we intend to have the National President, Dr. Roy Bishop of Acadia University speak to us at our special anniversary banquet on Thursday, January 23, 1986.

Next year we hope to institute an award to be presented annually to some of the new young members we have in order to honour their services to the Centre and their achievements. To show our appreciation to you for your work in founding the Centre we hope to call the award the Dr. Douglas Award. We still have the 10" telescope that we built a few years ago and with your permission called the Dr. Douglas Telescope. We hope that both of these things will remind us of the work you did in establishing the Centre, because without it we would not have a Kingston Centre today.

All the best from all of the amateur astronomers of the Kingston Centre!

Sincerely,

*Leo Enright*  
Leo Enright





Lisa Lowry

## Star-gazing site

Queen's Emeritus Professor A. Vibert Douglas and Professor of Physics Victor Hughes were among the guests at a recent ceremony in City Park to unveil a plaque commemorating the Kingston Observatory. The first of its kind in Ontario, the observatory was built in 1855 and moved to Queen's 26 years later. The plaque, funded by the Ontario Heritage Foundation and the Ministry of Citizenship and Culture, was erected near four cylindrical stones – former supports for the telescope – which are all that remain of the original observatory.



711-3/5 Holmwood Avenue.

Ottawa, K1S 2R2,

January 2, 1984

Dear Allie,

Our belated wishes for a Happy New Year! We hope you are flourishing. Our circumstances are about the same as when you heard from us last. Harold is holding her own, with the help of three nurses a day for five days of the week, and two for the other two days; all paid for by the Canadian Labour Congress' health plan. I am getting fatter, deaf, sleepier, more forgetful, more scatterbrained; young girls offer me seats in buses, and, a week or so ago, one asked me solicitously, as I crossed Wellington Street, whether I could manage it!

None the less, I've managed to do a few things. I did two lectures at the University of Calgary, and two at the University of Victoria, in October; I was (I can't imagine why!) a special guest at the Centenary of the Dalhousie Law School; and I'm to be C.D.V.1 a Visiting Professor for 2½ months at Mount Allison University in the fall. (The doctor says Harold can go with me).

A Mr. Kevin O'Donnell, of the Quebec Department of Education, is doing a series of projects on Gaspé for the Quebec schools. He applied to me for information on Uncle John, your grandfather. I told him everything I had was on file in my papers in the Public Archives, and that copies were in the hands of the Gaspé Historical Society. He tells me that the versions of Uncle John's Journal he has found in these places leave out Uncle John's earliest years at sea, which he is particularly anxious to have material on.



My recollection is that I sent you a copy of everything I had from the Journal, and that you wrote that you had passed it on to younger members of the family. If you'd be good enough to let me have the name and address of whoever has it now, I could pass that on to Mr. O'Donnell, and he could write direct, himself.

It is, of course, possible that I did not send you the Journal. I am tolerably sure I did; but, increasingly, I find that I confuse what I meant to do with what I actually have done.

Public affairs are disheartening, except for Trudeau's peace initiative, and the Government's firm defence of medicine. The Conservatives frighten me. They have some good people; but some of the leaders sound more and more like echoes of that appalling embryo in the White House.

We both send our love.

Yours affectionately,  
Eugene



# SARAH'S GREAT ADVENTURE!

March 1st, 1981 1

For Aunt Allie,

September 25th I packed my bags, stuck out my thumb and headed off for the big city of London. Once there I took a coach (full of similarly gullable young people) for the south of France - or more precisely the small town of Lezignan. There we were appointed to our individual farmers. I found myself, along with an English and a Parisian girl, working for a very young farmer and his relations thus giving it a friendly atmosphere.

Our accommodation consisted of an old house with five huge empty rooms and an enormous attic all to ourselves. Living three females under the same roof was an experience for us all, though despite a few arguments we survived the test.

After hearing a number of stories from other vendagers about how their farmers treated them I was grateful for mine. That's not to say we didn't work hard, no, by the end of the day I had only sufficient energy to crawl into bed. However, our farmer was friendly and always ready for a good laugh.

The work - clad in wellies and rain coat, clutching a pair of secateurs, one would approach a bush, grab a bunch of grapes - snip-fling it into the bucket by one's feet and continue until the bush was finished. The bucket once full, was lifted (great effort needed here) and the grapes poured into a large container which a man carried on his back. He then emptied the contents into the tractor trailer. Monotonous don't you find it - I did and so I fought the boredom. I played brain games, sang songs or recited all the nursery rhymes I knew (a surprising number!)

The work for this farmer was finished after ten days and we were paid over a celebratory meal!

The next farm we worked on was far bigger and many Spanish were employed. It was a less friendly set-up and the weather was bad, thus I found myself going crazy with the work. This continued until I was finally so mad I began really to enjoy grape-picking and the sight of row after row of grapes. Bunches of grapes floated around in my dreams and the smell of the vinegary wine was always in my nostrils.

Again we had a big meal to celebrate the finish - this time Paella made by one of the Spaniards.

Limoux near Carcassone was our next stop where we found work with about twenty-five other young people, in a little mountain village called Roquetaillade.

A perfect fairy-tale setting what with the snow covered Pyrenees in the distance, the changing autumn colours, and such a peaceful silence enveloping it all.

The harvest having been so late this year we found ourselves during the last week, picking in the snow!

During my stay here I made good friends with some French people who asked me to accompany them on an expedition to Morocco. Never wishing to let such an opportunity to slip past I had no choice but to say "YES"!

So off we set in our green Renault Six - we being Pascal and Sylvan, brothers from Versailles, Petit Jean a French/Italian and myself.

Spain - a country which had never held any attraction for me, lived up to my expectations. The coast is one continuous concrete jungle - I have to wonder where all the tourists come from to fill so many hotels (England probably!)

Luckily we left the main routes now and then and took smaller isolated roads. Roads which were in the process of being constructed and so had no tarmac, and roads which were so old that they had ceased to exist - resulting in the car suspension being totally wrecked.



Spain is incredibly arid and mountainous, and we found ourselves having to cross range after range of mountains. As we climbed and descended the spiralling mountain roads it was quite disturbing to see the fate of those who hadn't taken sufficient caution in driving, and who had unfortunately gone over the edge. Sylvan was an excellent driver and putting my life in his hands I was able to enjoy the magnificent views.

Spain eventually came to an end without too many mishaps and we boarded the boat at Algeciras for Ceuta.

Now the adventures were to really begin - North Africa - Morocco! The next few days were spent sunbathing on the beach at Martil where we stayed in a camping site.

Five days later we decided to move further south to the city of Fes. On the way we stopped off for the night, and I slept under the stars in my sleeping bag - a wonderful experience but a bit damp in the morning.

Arriving at Fes we checked into the camp site and then went to explore. That night with a couple of Moroccan guides we went to the Medina. This is the very oldest part of the city and as a consequence housed the poorest people. The streets were narrow and badly lit if at all. Naturally being tourists we could only visit a small part of the Medina, specially for tourists I suppose, so this gave us a false impression of the rest. However, what we saw was very pleasing, tiny work shops with the workers labouring at their skills. Amongst those we saw, the workers of the great silver platters were incredible to watch.

Our stay in Fes lasted for five days and after we left for the countryside. As we climbed the mountain road from Fes we looked back to see the city spread out beneath us - a sight I'll never forget! The Medina and all its poverty covered an entire hillside and looked like one mass of roofing tiles which emphasised the narrowness of the streets between the houses.

Our next stay was with a Moroccan in a tiny village near Fes & Bali on the route to Quezan.

For me it seemed like my idea of Hobbitan. Although not built into the side of the hillside, the houses were constructed of the surrounding earth and thus blended in exactly with it.

During the day voices could be heard echoing around the hollow in which the village lay, whereas at night everything was silent and in total darkness save for the stars.

The surrounding land was very fertile and the villagers were almost self-sufficient, having only to buy such necessities as batteries for the radio. Also sugar, which I must say was consumed in vast quantities throughout Morocco, much to the annoyance of my teeth - I've just had to have a filling replaced!

I fell in love with this village especially as down by the river there was a huge orange plantation (an heirloom of the French colonial era) Each day we would take a huge sack and fill it to the brim with oranges and manderines, the like of which I've never tasted.

The farm house itself was based around a yard where all the animals, donkeys, goats and cows came for the night. The kitchen consisted of one calor gas ring and a few pots, despite which we ate very well. Also in the yard was the bread oven, again made from earth in a dome shape.



Watching the process was fascinating - first the women would build a huge fire inside using dry weeds which they had gathered from the fields. When this died down the ashes were put to the side and a damp cloth was used to clean the middle area on which the bread was put.

Although the bread changed in the different regions we found that it was :

I think that in the towns there must have been a communal oven as we were always seeing children carrying large wooden trays on their heads on which were the rounded bread dough ready for baking. In this particular village as in so many of the other villages we stayed in, the women's role was to do the work and not be seen. To see a female lazing about like the men must have been hard for these women to take, and in some cases they joked that I should go and help them. Another funnysight was how the children used the donkeys as taxis, taking and leaving them as they were needed, no matter where they were.

Going to the Souk or market was an unforgettable experience. In this case the Souk was in the middle of nowhere and all the villagers from the surrounding villages came with their goods to sell or just to meet up with friends. All along the roads walk donkeys and mules laden with everything from food to saddles made by the women.

The distances many people travelled was unbelievable, especially when you saw the cheap plastic-molded European shoes they wore. Those who were lucky and had the money got lifts in the back of trucks or vans, this is what we did.

You are squeezed in like sardines so that in a small open backed van there were about twenty men clinging on for dear life - a funny sight but very dangerous and the cause of many accidents and deaths.

In our van one man wished to take his goat along to see ? . He managed to lift the animal in, but then the driver said he wouldn't take it unless he was paid more.

There they were, the driver by the horns, the owner by the back legs pulling the goat, one trying to get it out, the other keeping it in the van. The poor goat in the middle of all this, not surprisingly, was letting out the most awful noises.

Arriving at the Souk (minus one goat - the driver won), spread out before us were all the shops, tents or tables.

In the morning all the animals are slaughtered - a bloody sight with dogs and men scrounging for the remains.

Another macabre sight was that of the dentist practising in a dark and dirty room. The total lack of hygiene makes me cringe to think about it!

on the move again, this time to the mountain region of Ketama. With us came the Moroccan whose farm we had been staying on, and it was a friend of his with whom we were going to stay.

What a journey through snow-topped mountains and along twisting roads with steep drops either side.

We left the main route for a stony track leading right into the mountains. It was as though we were entering into the centre of the world as we twisted on and on, deeper into the depths of the unknown. Stony is not the right word for the road - every 10 yards we'd all jump out of the car and push, up hills and down. The temperature had changed and we found icicles beside the little waterfalls

Ketama being the chief hashish growing region in Morocco is a very dangerous place. All the way along the route were men and boys watching the road, day after day for a likely customer. Immediately they saw our European number plate there were great shrieks and cries of "Hashish, hashish!"



Because of the police it has become increasingly difficult to smuggle hashish out of the region and so these people are almost desperate at times to find customers.

It was well into the night before we reached our destination. Our welcome was such as I've never seen before, such hospitality, despite the fact he hadn't known we were coming.

For a week we were waited on with food being brought to us about five times a day and always lots of the sickly Moroccan tea available for those who could face the sugar.

It was incredible to see how these people lived completely cut off from the rest of the world, except for those men who had trucks to bring in food and essentials for the rest of the community -- a very profitable business.

It was the women who did practically all the work as the men lazed around smoking. The incredible loads that the women carried on their backs until they were almost bent double. Loads of wood, weeds for burning or just water -- all had to be carried up and down the mountain sides along narrow goat tracks.

The atmosphere was totally still and the noise of their singing as they came home from washing clothes in the streams echoed all around us. Likewise the noise of trees being felled by hand could be heard.

It is a life where everyone walks if they want to go anywhere and for them it is nothing to be asked to buy a packet of cigarettes at the shop 6 kilometres away, even at night!

Night time was magnificent with a sky so full of stars that there was hardly a black patch showing.

From a very early age the children were made to work, the girls normally helped the women fetching and carrying, whereas the boys looked after the goats. It was funny seeing these little boys running and jumping just like goats themselves with such agility and speed, chasing after their herds. They loved to show off their skills, especially that of throwing stones after the goats. It was amazing to see their strength and accuracy as they threw a pebble at an escaping goat.

Not surprisingly the twelve year old car refused to make the return journey up the rough tracks and in a fit of temper started pouring smoke from out of her engine.

We sympathised with her and so she stays to take her retirement in that super valley.

Our exit, most of which was on foot, was full of events but we made the main route finally and took a coach back to the village near Fes à Bali.

The journey to the south -- this entailed various forms of transport, coach, taxis and train.

Taxis such as you could never imagine, always large old "bagnoles" (often Mercedes!) The rule was to cram as many passengers with all their baggage, into the car, so that the price would be shared! One time we found there were ten in the taxi!

A fight even occurred where a Moroccan jumped into the taxi and refused to get out as the taxi driver preferred to take Europeans (more money) than him.

The train: we economists decided to travel 4th class with the poor Moroccans -- and oh what a journey. Merely a cattle truck with wooden benches and again everyone crowded in like sardines so you could hardly breathe let alone move a muscle. One good thing was that food salesmen would be selling cheap food -- nothing like British Rail!



Later we did travel 2nd class and what a difference, padded seats, sufficient heat and space to put your legs.

Eventually we arrived at our destination, Tifnite, a remote beach with a tiny fishing village at one end, one van which sold bread and manderines, and nothing much else.

We installed our tents on the beach and settled down to a peaceful week with the sound of the sea and the beautiful sunsets at night.

The local villagers spent their days collecting mussels from the rocks. These they would cook and then dry in the sun.

We ate well, always with the local fisherman - Tagine everyday, with variation on the type of fish or meat.

Tagine is a sort of stew where both meat and vegetables are cooked in olive oil then placed on a plate from which everyone dips their bread.

The weather enabled me to bathe twice and sunbathe most days (though there is nothing to show for it!)

On the move again, this time to the nearby town of Inzgene. It was here that I had my first sauna or Hamen.

Men and women being kept separate I naturally had to go alone, so I was a bit apprehensive as I entered the building.

All the women turned and stared at me but luckily one girl helped me get my three buckets and showed me into the three chambers, which got gradually hotter. I hadn't a clue as to the procedure, but that was soon put right as someone filled my buckets with steaming hot water and another scrubbed my back! I was like a new toy for them and they laughed at me kindly.

One thing that struck me most was how old all the women looked and how lined their skin was especially their stomachs after having all the children.

When I left I was as red as a lobster with all the scrubbing my skin has taken.

We had our first visit to the cinema in Inzgene and what a night it was. Nobody seemed to be bothered about the age old Kung Foo film but settled down to watch a number of Moroccans fighting one another in front of the screen!

We spent a couple more nights on a beach between Inzgene and Agadir, opposite the King's palace to be. It's both huge and ugly and is to be shared with the king of Saudi Arabia!

We then started our journey north stopping for a night in Marrakesh, the great tourist trap. There the Souk is enormous with whole streets of shoe menders or basket makers.

In the square were all sorts of entertainers, from fortune tellers to snake charmers and Berber dancers.

I will never forget the bus journey away from Marrakesh with the snow covered Atlas mountains always in view despite our journeying further and further away.

After Marrakesh we stayed in a super town with a young couple who were friends of the Moroccan with us.



Christmas Eve and Day were spent on a nearby farm in a tiny village. Obviously none of the Moroccans celebrated and it was a strange feeling as I ate the inevitable Tagine that throughout Europe people were eating turkey dinner.

We returned to the farm in a cart drawn by the most vivacious horse I've ever known. Before leaving the farmyard it managed to knock down a wall nearly killing the grandmother, and afterwards bolted out of the gates like you see in the very best cowboy films, with the farmer hanging onto the reins for dear life.

Homeward Bound (though it managed to take us another week to leave Morocco): We stopped off in various villages and towns. One especially comes to mind as it was again in the mountains in the region of Quezzance. We were the visitors of a man who had a truck in which he ferried people to and from the Souks.

His village was idyllic and we watched the most unforgettable sunset with the changing light transforming the mountains from a bluey-grey through different shades of red and purple until all was black and the habitual silence fell.

The next morning we were up early and heading down the mountains for the Souk. We walked and talked with the villagers who were going to buy and sell goods.

The journey to the port was quickly made after that. On the coach trip back to the north I noticed how green everything had become within only two months, winter was almost over and Spring beginning and there we were going back to Europe to face another four months of cold.

We arrived in Spain on January 1st 1981. Without much money left between us we faced the awful prospect of hitching up to France. Everyone says the Spanish are useless for giving lifts and its true. Despite having split up in twos we waited for hours by the side of the road watching cars and lorries whiz past. Then eventually a super car stopped. The driver was a rich Director of Insurance who spoke not one word of either English or French. It proved no hang-up, and he proceeded to treat us as old friends straight away. What with drinks, restaurant and no less than three of the most expensive night clubs I've ever seen. We were ushered to our seats by men in black suits and white gloves etc. The funny thing was that Pascal was wearing torn brown cords and a dirty jumper, while I wore the most hideous skirt, and holey shoes and socks - to top it all we stank, not having washed ourselves or our clothes for ages.

The night was spent in a hotel where each room cost £20 per night! We left him the next day and found ourselves once again car spotting for a good two hours until finally two German blokes picked us up in their Opel car. Off we sped right the way up to Perpignan in France - what luck!

We were hit straightway by the cold and my clothes were of little protection. My Moroccan shoes or babooshes had holes throughout. Again luck struck us as a boy who sympathised with my "holy" problem donated me with brand new pair of shoes.

We then hitched a lift with a French boy who took us right up to Paris. January 3rd, 4.30 a.m. we could be found standing in the entrance of the Metro taking advantage of all the heat pouring out, with Pascal playing his hand drums and me fumbling away on my flute. I spent one week in Versailles in which time I returned to Paris and did a bit of sight seeing. The Pompidou Centre I found fascinating, apart from its amazing architectural appearance, inside are so many exhibitions!

England at last and Chester - nothing changed. I'm pleased to say that I have my place at York for September to do Social Administration. However there are six good months to fill in with adventures before then.

Italy is next on the list where I will stay in a village 80 km. from Rome and afterwards I'll do some touring around.

May hopes to find me on my way to invade Canada - so I'd better get planning.



This book has already been ordered I think!

Physics Today May 1985 p 88

for R/C collection - file A Vibert Douglas

# SCOPY ES IT

ponent of a  
em just  
gether  
eve excel-  
icroscopy  
ad Detectors,  
ad Shields  
optimum  
- after all,  
them? As  
er of  
we  
compo-

tion. The chapter on controlled nuclear fusion has been left out completely. The author promises to provide an expanded version of this chapter as Volume 2. As the chapter on fusion devices was not very detailed in the first edition, the decision seems to be a sound one—although the book will remain a torso until the second volume is actually published. Probably the greatest improvement is in the area of homework assignments. The number of problems has dramatically increased, a feature that both students and professors will equally appreciate.

The first edition of Chen's book has helped numerous students and newcomers to fusion to become acquainted with the basic concepts of plasma physics; I expect that the second edition will serve the same useful purpose.

SCHWEICKHARD E. VON GOELER  
Princeton University

## Eddington: The Most Distinguished Astrophysicist of his time

S. Chandrasekhar  
64 pp. Cambridge U. P., 1983. \$12.50

The high point of Arthur Stanley Eddington's scientific career was probably the publication in 1926 of his *Internal Constitution of the Stars*. It was hailed as a masterpiece and sealed his reputation as the greatest living astrophysicist. With the benefit of hindsight, one can also argue that it was his most influential work, for it laid the basis for modern research on

the structure, the constitution and the evolution of the stars. But Eddington's carrier encompassed not just astrophysics; he was also prominent in expounding Einstein's general theory of relativity. In addition, he was a leader in bringing the theory to wide attention in the late 1910s and 1920s, in part by participating in the famous 1919 eclipse expeditions to test general relativity by measuring the deflection of starlight passing close by the Sun. Nor is he remembered for his technical papers and books alone, for he was also a brilliant and highly successful popularizer of science. Eddington's reputation, however, has been tarnished by his later researches into his so-called "Fundamental Theory" by which he sought to unify quantum theory and relativity theory. The obscure path he thereby beat is one that very few have been prepared to follow.

In his *Eddington: The Most Distinguished Astrophysicist of his Time*, Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, joint winner of the 1983 Nobel prize in physics for his theoretical investigations of white dwarfs, agrees with the argument that Eddington's later researches were not nearly as distinguished as his earlier ones. Chandrasekhar's slim volume is directed towards physicists and astrophysicists and is based on the lectures he gave in 1982 in Cambridge, England, to celebrate the centenary of Eddington's birth. The book is largely a commentary on the main strands of Eddington's scientific thought, illustrated with extracts from his correspondence and publications. It is divided into two

main sections: The first deals with Eddington and astronomy and astrophysics, and the second is concerned with Eddington as the expositor and exponent of general relativity. The author knew Eddington well at Cambridge in the early and mid-1930s (see PHYSICS TODAY, October 1982, page 33), but he does not pretend to have written a biography, and A. Vibert Douglas's *The Life of Arthur Stanley Eddington* is still unchallenged as the central source on Eddington.

Chandrasekhar does not doubt that Eddington made fundamental contributions to astronomy, astrophysics and general relativity. Nor does he question the accepted view of Eddington as kindly, brave and sometimes painfully shy in his private life. Nevertheless, Chandrasekhar's Eddington does display a tougher, more aggressive and less flexible side in scientific matters than one might have expected from other published writings. Chandrasekhar states bluntly that Eddington was not always fair in the way he treated his scientific adversaries. He is also critical of Eddington's attitude in later life towards scientific research, an attitude he describes as "cocksure" and which he contrasts with the more modest approach he believes Eddington displayed in the earlier part of his career.

Although Chandrasekhar's treatment of the historical context in which Eddington performed his studies is shaky on occasion (Eddington did not favor the de Sitter universe over the Einstein universe in his *The Mathematical Theory of Relativity*, for example), he has produced an absorbing cameo of a fascinating and original astrophysicist and physicist, and one that also tells us something of Chandrasekhar.

ROBERT W. SMITH  
Smithsonian Institution and  
John Hopkins University

Arthur Eddington in a group photo taken on 26 September 1923 in Willem deSitter's study. Eddington is sitting on the left, next to him is Hendrik Lorentz, and behind him, from the left to the right are Albert Einstein, Paul Ehrenfest and deSitter. (Photo courtesy of AIP)



*The Atomic Nucleus*. Second Edition. Reid. 279 pp. Manchester U.P., Dover. 1984. \$8.50. Undergraduate text

*Two-Photon Physics at e<sup>+</sup>e<sup>-</sup> Rings*. Springer Tracts in Modern Physics. 105. H. Kolanoski. 187 pp. Springer-Verlag, New York, 1984. \$27.00. Monograph

*Mathematical and Computational Methods in Nuclear Physics*. Proc. Sixth International Workshop, Granada, Spain, 1983. J. S. Dehesa, J. M. G. Gomez, eds. 276 pp. Springer-Verlag, New York, 1984. \$13.50

*Neutron Cross Sections. Neutron Reaction Parameters and Thermal Neutron Cross Sections*. Vol. 1. Part. B. Z = 51-100. Mughabghab. Academic, New York, 1984. \$45.00

*Spin Excitations in Nuclei*. F. Peeters, G. E. Brown, G. T. Garvey, C. D. Glauco, R. A. Lindgren, W. G. Love, eds. Plenum, New York, 1984. \$13.50

*In-Beam Nuclear Spectroscopy*. Proc. Int. Symp. Debrecen, Hungary, 1984. Z. Dombardi, T. Fenyes, eds. Akademiai Kiado, Budapest, 1984. \$13.50

*Le Noyau Atomique. Que sais-je?* No. 127. Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1985. \$4.95. Introduction

*Elementary Kinematics of Elementary Particles*. G. Kopilov. 270 pp. Moscow Univ. Press, Moscow, 1984. \$4.95. Introductory text

*Progress in Particle and Nuclear Physics*. Vol. 12. D. Wilkinson, ed. 495 pp. Plenum, New York, 1984. \$13.50. Compendium

*Neutron-Nucleus Collisions: A Practical Approach*. AIP Conf. Proc. 124. Burr Oak State Park, Ohio, 1984. Rapaport, R. W. Finlay, S. M. Grimes, Dietrich, eds. 556 pp. AIP, New York. \$13.50

*Theory and Mathematical Physics*

*Nuclear Models and the Search for Order in Nuclear Physics*. K. Kumar. 1 Universitetsforlaget, Bergen, Norway, 1984. \$16.00. Monograph

*Applications of Walsh and Riesz Functions: With an Introduction to Sequence Theory*. K. G. Beauchamp. 30 pp. \$13.50

new books

for R/C ref