

from many parts of the world. He would entertain them for hours, taking a lively interest in their activities, giving cautious advice if asked (and not otherwise), posing and discussing literary or historical problems ancient and current, illustrating his points with apt quotations that would occur to him from nine literatures, reminiscing about famous men he had known, places he had seen, events he had taken part in. His memory, spanning eighty years of reading and experience, was awe-inspiring. From it he would occasionally produce tunes he had heard scores of years earlier, music, including piano-playing, having been one of his relaxations. As one sat in his study, listening to this man on the threshold of his nineties, one could only marvel at his zest for life, the youthful eagerness with which he inquired about new books and articles (although mostly it was he who would put his visitors up to date), his informedness on current affairs, and the shrewdness, sharpened by early diplomatic training, with which he appraised them. With all his achievements and fame, there was no conceit in him. He was always ready to learn from anybody, and would go to great lengths to consider any criticism levelled at him, accepting it gracefully if it proved just.

His physical appearance, which until the end suffered little change from his youthful sixties, is best conveyed by a photograph reproduced in his volume *Iranica* mentioned at the beginning. To keep pace with this stocky, straight, and brisk octogenarian, as he determinedly wound his way through London's rush-hour traffic towards some meeting, was an experience both harassing and exhilarating.

Professor Minorsky's rich, long life conformed even at the last stage to a rule whose validity is all too often impaired long before death: that a creative and hard-working scholar's perceptive ability and speed of discovery progress in geometric proportion to the number of years he is given to accumulate knowledge and experience. "Game runs *towards* the expert hunter" was his favourite Russian proverb in old age. More game than ever was converging on him when his hour arrived. This is why the loss suffered by Oriental studies, not to speak of those who knew and loved him, is beyond measure. There is comfort only in the thought that what makes the loss so obvious is the immense gain which preceded it. It is a gain which will long continue to quicken human endeavour.

ILYA GERSHEVITCH.

DENYS HENRY BRAMALL

Mr. D. H. Bramall, the Honorary Solicitor to the Royal Asiatic Society, died on 26th May, 1966, at the age of 67. He saw service in the Royal Artillery in both World Wars, attaining the rank of Major and being awarded the M.B.E. as well as the Territorial Decoration. He joined the firm of T. L. Wilson and Company as a partner in 1934, and had been Honorary Solicitor to the Society since 1947. In this capacity his breadth of experience and timely counsel will be sorely missed by those concerned with ordering the Society's affairs.

H. L. S.