

SIR LIONEL FOX, C.B., M.C.

WHEN LIONEL FOX died last month, he was only 66. Intellectually, he was still at the height of his power and there were many things he planned to give: his book on applied penology, his lectures at the Institute of Criminology, his work as Chairman of the Council of the I.S.T.D. All this was cut cruelly short. The prison service lost a great and fair administrator, an outstanding public servant. Cambridge lost a penologist of knowledge and wisdom. And his friends lost a man slow to reveal himself and austere in many ways but whose friendship, once given, was warm and enduring.

His public career is also public knowledge in the service: courageous and gallant in the first war (M.C. and Belgian Croix de Guerre), a brilliant career in the Home Office, Secretary of the Prison Commission at the age of 29, eight years away with the Metropolitan Police — and then, in 1942, Chairman of the Prison Commission till he retired in 1960. Chairman during all those frustrating post-war years—but able, under Mr. R. A. Butler as Home Secretary, at last to put many of his plans into practice and to initiate the huge prison building programme and other transformations which are now going on. And for many years also, chairman of various international committees concerned with the prevention of crime and the treatment of offenders—committees in which his advice was highly valued and where he personally was regarded with respect and affection.

Fox could be stern if he wanted to and he knew how to use his great power. But there was also the private Fox who, with an ancient camera, took pictures of great delicacy and freshness; who had a subtle appreciation of painting; who, in his youth, had translated *Paul Valery*. There was above all Fox, the courteous and considerate friend whose face—so serious in repose—would suddenly light up with a most charming smile.

For some reason, he must have found it easier to relax abroad than at home. One of many pleasant memories I have of his ability to enjoy himself in public relates to the last big dinner of the International Penal and Penitentiary Foundation at Strasbourg in 1959. At the end of this dinner, the guests (representing about 70 nations) were encouraged to sing a song typical of their country. The U.K. delegation (which included Charles Cape) obliged with a spirited rendering of "On Ilkla Moor baht 'at" Fox's Yorkshire blood must have been flowing strongly for he not only joined in but rose to conduct the choir with some emphasis.

It is sometimes said that people live on on the lips of their friends. Lionel Fox will live on for a long time, here and in the United Nations and in the Council of Europe and everywhere where his friends are gathered.

H. J. KLARE