

RUPERT BROOKE

sively." (This was only when he was learning. Later he became an accomplished diver.) "Then we used to go back and feed, sometimes in the Orchard and sometimes in the Old Vicarage Garden, on eggs and that particular brand of honey referred to in the 'Grantchester' poem. In those days he always dressed in the same way: cricket shirt and trousers and no stockings; in fact, 'Rupert's mobile toes' were a subject for the admiration of his friends."

Brooke occupied himself mainly with writing. Poems, remarkable for a happy spontaneity such as characterized the work of T. E. Brown, the Manx poet, appeared in the *Gownsmen*, the *Cambridge Review*, the *Nation*, the *English Review*, and the *Westminster Gazette*. Students of the "Problem Page" in the *Saturday Westminster* knew him as a brilliant competitor who infused the purely academic with the very spirit of youth.

To all who knew him, the man himself was at least as important as his work. "As to his talk"—I quote again from Mr. Somerset—"he was a spendthrift. I mean that he never saved anything up as those writer fellows so often do. He was quite inconsequent and just rippled on, but was always ready to attack a careless thinker. On the other hand, he was extremely tolerant of fools, even bad poets who are the worst kind of fools—or rather the hardest to bear—but that was kindness of heart."

Of his personal appearance a good deal has been said. "One who knew him," writing in one of the daily papers, said that "to look at, he was part of the youth of the world. He was one of the handsomest Englishmen of his time. His moods seemed to be merely a disguise for the radiance of an early summer's day."

Mr. Edward Thomas speaks of him as "a golden young Apollo" who made friends, admirers, adorers, wherever he went. "He stretched himself out, drew his fingers through his waved fair hair, laughed, talked indolently, and admired as much as he was admired. . . . He was tall, broad, and easy in his movements. Either he stooped, or he thrust his head forward unusually much to look at you with his steady blue eyes."

On Mr. H. W. Nevins, who, in a fleeting editorial capacity, sent for Brooke to come and discuss his poems, he made a similar impression:

"Suddenly he came—an astonishing apparition in any newspaper office: loose hair of deep, brown-gold; smooth, ruddy face; eyes not gray or bluish-white, but of living blue, really like the sky, and as frankly open; figure not very