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THE ORATOR EMERITUS

THE retirement of Mr T. R. Glover from the Public Oratorship (or Oratorship, as it is now called[1]) severs the connexion which has existed for sixty-three years between St John's and this ancient and honourable office. Such a long period of distinguished service on the part of Sir John Edwin Sandys and his pupil and friend is reminiscent of the spacious days of the Johnians, Richard Croke, John Cheke and Roger Ascham. Croke indeed was the first Public Orator, but his reputation was built on his labours abroad; and the names of Cheke and Ascham were and are better known to Englishmen. Does history repeat itself? If the doubter says no, let him consider what manner of men the last two scholars were and what they achieved.

Is it a mere coincidence on the one hand that Cheke, who was succeeded by his pupil Ascham,[2] played an important part in the much-needed reform whereby the Erasmian pronunciation of Greek was substituted for the Reuchlinian about 1535; and on the other that Sandys helped in redeeming Latin from the barbarity of English vowels and emasculated *littera latrans*, and pronounced it in the Senate House from 1904 onwards to be understood at last by the rest of the world,

[1] The new Statute of 1926 did not alter his preference for the title of the office to which he was elected (the original Statute of 1522 provided "ut unus aliquis orator publicus eligatur"); he liked it also because it was borne by Sir John Sandys, to whom he owed so much, and also by George Herbert (1619–27), who in his application called the Public Oratorship "the finest place in the University".

[2] Cheke, 1542–6; Ascham, 1546–54.

and to be moderately intelligible to the ghost of Cicero? Did not Ascham write of his master in words which Sandys himself has paraphrased:[1]

> For some five years, Aristotle and Plato had been studied at St John's; Sophocles and Euripides were more familiar than Plautus had been twelve years before; Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon were more "conned and discussed" than Livy was then; Demosthenes was as well known as Cicero; Isocrates as Terence; "it is Cheke's labours and example that have lighted up and continue to sustain this learned ardour",

and did not Mr Glover say of Sandys, when he presented him for the degree of LL.D., in a speech which ends with a sincere tribute to the courtesy, charm and friendship of the latter ("Si discipulo talia licet confiteri, ex quo primum Collegio nostro interfui, hunc semper mihi comem recordor, semper jucundum, semper amicum fuisse"):[2]

> Demosthenem, Euripidem, Isocratem, Ciceronem exposuit, Aristotelis *Rempublicam* sarcophagis Aegyptiis erutam edidit, immo senectutis in limine fontis Pindarici haustus non ille expalluit?[3]

And indeed does the parallel require any emphasis other than that attained by Saintsbury's words?[4]

> Ascham appears to have been a very agreeable specimen of a good type of Englishman: humorous, learned, and much more ready to teach others than to pride himself upon his learning; affectionate to his friends and family; zealous for his country and his country's language.

At the age of seventy-five Sandys found that his powers were severely taxed by the spate of Honorary Degrees which were the inevitable aftermath of the last war, and at the end of 1919 resigned from the post which he had graced for forty-

[1] *History of Classical Scholarship*, vol. II, p. 232.

[2] "If his old pupil may say so, I remember that, since I first became a member of our College, he has been always kind, always pleasant, always a friend." The oration had previously stated: "he has commented on Demosthenes, Euripides, Isocrates and Cicero; he has published Aristotle's *Constitution of Athens*, now recovered from the tombs of Egypt; and even on the threshold of old age he has not blenched at the thought of drinking from the fountain-head of Pindar".

[3] Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 3. 10.

[4] *A Short History of English Literature*, p. 238.

three years. His successor was elected on 21 January 1920, and made the first of his many appearances in the Senate House on 20 February. In that year he discharged the heavy duty of writing speeches for many of the heroes of 1914–18, including Foch, Joffre,[1] Haig, Plumer, Allenby, Jellicoe, Beatty, Bonar Law, Austen Chamberlain, Mr Lloyd George and Mr J. H. Thomas. During his twenty years as Public Orator, hardly an Easter Term passed without the visit to Cambridge of some monarch, statesman, scholar, scientist or cleric of international fame; and Mr Glover himself tells how he presented four English Prime Ministers, several Dominion statesmen including Mr Mackenzie King, two English sovereigns, four Emperors and one "god". The "god" appeared in Cambridge on 18 May 1921 and was the Crown Prince Hirohito, now the Emperor of Japan, for whom the upper end of the gallery in the Senate House was kept clear lest anybody should look down upon him from above. He, the ex-Emperor of Abyssinia (then heir-apparent and known as Tafari Makonnen), and the King-Emperors Edward VIII and George VI made up the total of imperial monarchs.

The Public Orator was an expert in coining the happiest phrase for the best-known characteristics of celebrated visitors. Viscount Grey of Fallodon was "viri, civis, Angli perfectum exemplar et absolutum",[2] and Mr Montagu Norman "mensariorum Britannicorum princeps, iterum electus ut mensarum omnium augustissimae praesideat".[3] Philip Snowden had, like the elder and the younger Cato,[4] the "rigidum animum Philippi";[5] and of his colleague "Uncle" Arthur Henderson it was said "noverunt et alii, si forte *nepotum in morem* lu
patruae uerbera linguae".[6] Sometimes a phrase would call

[1] Foch and Joffre did not after all come to Cambridge.

[2] "The perfect and absolute model of a man, a citizen, an Englishman."

[3] "The prince of our British bankers, who has been elected Governor for the second time of the most majestic Bank in the world."

[4] Livy, 39. 40; Lucan, 2. 389.

[5] "Philip's rigidity of soul."

[6] "Others, who have played the fool as nephews will, know the weight an *uncle's* lashing tongue can have." The father's brother was the high-handed member of the Roman family, as appears from Horace, *Satires*,

up a vision of a figure so well-known and popular in Cambridge as the former Provost of King's, M. R. James, whose familiar features "memini me iuvenem saepenumero adspexisse, dum e Museo ad Collegium Regale redit laetus et fumifer",[1] and whose ghost stories appealed so much to Theodore Roosevelt that the latter, when in Cambridge, is said "cum illo in primis congredi et colloqui voluisse qui tot terrores magicos tot nocturnos lemures conscripserat".[2] Seldom has a compliment to a distinguished guest of the University been more gracefully introduced than when allusion was made to Sir George Adam Smith's book *A Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. Referring to the humanity of a great preacher and student of the Old Testament, the Public Orator remarked on the authority of Strabo that geography is a part of philosophy, and that it should not be handled by anyone "nisi qui prius res divinas humanasque penitus cognoverit".[3] In passing, it may be recorded that in introducing Dr D. G. Hogarth, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Mr Glover took the opportunity to contrast his own youthful with his more mature attitude to this science, and to associate the new Doctor of Letters with Aeschylus and his beloved Herodotus in his thanks for being able at last to forget the horrors of place-names, isotherms and isobars. "Geographiam pueri (quis non fatebitur?) odimus, scientiam illam funestam, urbibus squalentem, inurbanis scatentem, ἰσοθερμίαις horrentem et ἰσοβαρείαις; viri tamen semper magis amamus, dum hoc duce cum Herodoto quid

2. 3. 88, *ne sis patruus mihi* ("don't come the heavy uncle over me"); and Mr Glover took his last three words from the same poet's *Odes*, 3. 12. 3. The greater popularity of the *mother's* brother with the children is reflected in the survival of *avunculus* (or rather its derivatives), which ousted *patruus* from languages as far apart geographically as French and Rumanian, and in our own adjective *avuncular*.

[1] "I remember I often saw him in my youth, as he used to come back, cheerfully smoking his pipe, from the Fitzwilliam to King's."

[2] "To have wanted before anything else a meeting and a chat with the man who wrote about the terrors of magic and the ghosts that rise by night."

[3] "If he does not possess an extensive knowledge beforehand of things human and divine." This occurs at the beginning of Strabo's *Geography*.

solum quid aer quid genus faciat investigamus et cum Aeschylo Caucasum Sardes Bactra lustramus."[1]

If the classical quotation has vanished from Parliament, its old stronghold, since the days when Gladstone was its last great exponent, it still lives in the Senate House, in the Sheldonian and at Trinity College, Dublin, where a Public Orator has in his quiver many a swift arrow to carry a message to those who understand him. One of Mr Glover's best βέλη φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν[2] was a felicitous adaptation of Horace, when he presented the Royall Professor of Law at Harvard with the words: "non cuivis homini contingit adire *Chicago*".[3]

There are, of course, quotations from the Latin poets so well known and, at the same time, so universal in their application as to be a present help to Public Orators. The very human feeling that one's own achievements may be unique can always be encouraged on a Degree Day by Ennius's famous description of Fabius Cunctator "Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem",[4] provided usually that for the dangerous *cunctando* some equally or more appropriate gerund is substituted. Of Earl Beatty, however, it could be said truly that he "cunctando et pugnando rem restituit nostram"; and nineteen years later Lord Chatfield, who had been so closely associated with him in victory, entered the Senate House to hear "unus homo nobis" used with perfect propriety of a Minister for the Coordination of Defence. And have the changes ever been rung upon *cunctando* in a racier or more novel context than when Sir F. G. Hopkins appeared to receive well-deserved recognition from his own University?

[1] "We hate geography as boys (who will not own up to this dislike?) —that deadly form of knowledge, stiff and swarming with objectionable place-names, horrible with its isotherms and isobars. But when we are grown up, we like it more and more with Dr Hogarth as guide, as we investigate with the aid of Herodotus what earth, air and living things are made of, and as we travel in company with Aeschylus through the Caucasus, Sardis and Bactria." The play upon *urbibus* and *inurbanis* can hardly be rendered.

[2] Pindar, *Olympians*, 2. 83–5.

[3] *Epistles*, 1. 17. 36, *Corinthum*: "Not every man is lucky enough to go to Chicago."

[4] Cicero, *De Senectute*, 10: "One man has given us back everything by his hesitation."

Wondering whether "vitamin" should be pronounced with its first vowel short or long, Mr Glover made merry with the second half of Ennius's line, and suggested that the President of the Royal Society was himself the person most fit to complete it. The scansion of this new hexameter would then resolve all doubts, and here two alternatives were proposed, namely "the abomination" *vegetat vitam vitaminis* ("he makes our lives lively with vitamins") which made the *i* short, and "the horror" *dat vitam vitaminando* ("he gives life by vitaminizing") which, on the other hand, lengthened it. But, whatever might be the respective merits of the rival pronunciations, there was no question that the Professor of Biochemistry had conferred a great benefit upon humanity ("magnum contulit omnibus hominibus beneficium").

The reverse of Ennius's *cunctando* is undoubtedly Lucan's equally famous description of Julius Caesar "nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum".[1] Yet only once was this compliment elicited from the Public Orator, and that was when he contemplated the indefatigable activity of Mr Lloyd George. For all his richness of epigram Lucan was no favourite of Mr Glover, though the Irish "troubles" did seem at the time to him "bella plus quam civilia".[2] But the speeches everywhere reveal the influence of Virgil, who is so universal a poet that he can describe Cambridge oarsmen with "nudatosque humeros intentaque bracchia remis",[3] and of Horace, to whose allegiance the Public Orator returned in the course of his career. Hints of Virgil and of Horace can be seen in the lighter touches as well as in the descriptions illuminated by quotations taken openly from the *Aeneid* or the *Odes*; thus Sir James Frazer was complimented by a reference to Virgil's Golden Bough, the "aureus ramus" of the Sixth Book,[4] and "consule Stanlio"[5] was wittily applied to a former Premier. But if to-day Horace's gold seems sometimes to be tarnished by centuries of use in quotations, and if English ears find the sound of "iustum et tenacem"[1] a little hackneyed, even when the words are applied to a Chancellor of the Exchequer,[2] then the learning of the Public Orator could find refuge in Juvencus, and the same statesman was triumphantly yet playfully greeted as "praesolidumque SIMON dignum cognomine Petri".[3]

[1] Lucan, 2. 657: "thinking he had done nothing, while anything remained for him to do."
[2] *Ibid.* 1. 1: "wars worse than civil."
[3] *Aeneid*, 5. 135–6: "bare shoulders and arms strained to their oars."
[4] Vs. 137.
[5] *Odes*, 3. 21. 1: *consule Manlio.*

Many Virgilian passages are of course at least as wide in their application to-day as Ennius's "Unus homo". One such is the famous simile[4] of a patriot quelling a civil disturbance by the sight of his firmness, dignity and worth as "ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet";[5] and in 1925 it occurred to Mr Glover that these lines would not be unworthy of the then Speaker of the House of Commons. Perhaps the firebrands and stones of "iamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat"[6] would have been an exaggeration even with regard to the Mother of Parliaments, and so the Public Orator cautiously substituted for the first half of the line "dum studio utrimque peccatur et ira";[7] but those were the carefree days of mace-lifting and suspensions. The same speech ended on the note of "blessed are the peacemakers" ("beati enim pacifici").[8] Times have changed since then, even in the House, and the present Speaker is merely content to listen to infinite prolixity and to beat Theseus himself at sitting ("contentus. . . orationes infinitas audire, ipsum Thesea sedendo devincere").[9]

It is rarely possible to make an ancient quotation modern by a flash of genius so brilliant as the substitution of Chicago

[1] *Ibid.* 3. 3. 1.
[2] In 1928 Sir John Simon had not of course attained to this office, so that *tenacem* may be regarded as prophetic.
[3] *Evangelia*, 1. 422: "Simon steady as a rock, worthy to be called Peter."
[4] *Aeneid*, 1. 148–53.
[5] "He rules their passions and soothes their hearts with his words."
[6] "Now the firebrands and stones fly, for their madness lends them arms."
[7] "While party feeling and anger excite Government and Opposition to violence"—an adaptation of Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 2. 15–16.
[8] Matthew v. 9.
[9] *Aeneid*, 6. 617–18: *sedet, aeternumque sedebit, infelix Theseus* ("unhappy Theseus sits, and will go on sitting, for ever").

for Corinth; but before leaving Westminster we should note the alteration of one of Cicero's most famous hexameters to describe the University's late representative in Parliament. Sir John Withers, when an undergraduate, competed for the Porson Prize, and was *proxime accessit* to Walter Headlam; but when he left Cambridge, he took up a legal career ("Academiam deseruit; cessit Musa togae, concessit laurea iuri").[1]

For Lord Derby, who like Castor so greatly "gaudet equis",[2] the most appropriate author is certainly Pindar; nor did it surprise those of the Public Orator's pupils, who were accustomed to hear the enthusiastic exponent of the Theban eagle in C Second Court, that for the genial hero of a hundred racecourses there was chosen so apt a passage as αἰδοῖος μὲν ἦν ἀστοῖς ὁμιλεῖν, ἱπποτροφίας τε νομίζων ἐν Πανελλάνων νόμῳ,[3] which Sandys renders: "Right gracious was he in his townsmen's company, and he upheld the breeding of horses after the ordinance of all the Greeks."

If Johnians associate their old teacher with Virgil, Horace and Pindar, the outside world thinks of Mr Glover mainly as an interpreter of the wider aspects of New Testament studies. Yet quotations from this source were not common, and it is unusual to find, for instance, that the sound of the Edinburgh Medical School has gone (in the words of Paul of Tarsus) into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.[4] Can this infrequency of Biblical illustration be explained by the fear that such passages might have been even less recognizable in the Senate House than those which were based upon the great pagans? This conclusion may possibly be inferred from the subtle irony of these words which once opened a speech: "Apud *auctorem quendam* legimus *antiquiorem*, beatius esse magis dare quam accipere."[5]

Perhaps no ancient author is more unpromising for citation or more barren in durable epigram than Julius Caesar, yet

[1] *De Officiis*, 1. 77: *cedant arma togae, concedat laurea laudi* ("let arms yield to civil life, and let the victor's laurel give way to a lawyer's laudations").
[2] Horace, *Satires*, 2. 1. 26.
[3] *Isthmians*, 2. 37–8.
[4] Romans x. 18.
[5] Acts xx. 35.

even he can be pressed into service when Belgian scholars await introduction. "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres, quarum unam incolunt Belgae.[1] Sic Latinitatis nostrae primus auctor." Yes, no longer have we to learn about the mural labours of Balbus, but Caesar and his Commentaries are still with us. "Manet Gallia divisa, manet pars illa tertia, manent Belgae", too. So more than once spoke the Public Orator, who found even a Japanese astronomer as easy to describe as a Belgian: he was "Garamantas ultra natus et Indos".[2]

If successful illustrations from ancient literature require a scholar's taste and experience, modern quotations make demands upon the native genius of the translator. The schoolboy who rendered "We knew the jolly world was round" by "Iucundum mundum cognovimus esse rotundum" deserved a wider public for a "versum memorabilem, veraciorem quam numerosiorem", and had it in the Senate House. After all, did not Cicero himself write "O fortunatam natam me consule Romam"?

Classical and post-classical metres alike flashed easily into the Public Orator's mind. "What do they know of England...?" made a hexameter and a half:

Num nota Britannia cuiquam
Cui nihil est aliud nisi sola Britannia notum?

The Sapphic stanza which rendered Stevenson's ode to "the friendly cow all red and white" deserves to be quoted again:[3]

Vacca quae tergum varias colore
Candidum rubro, pueris amata,
Spumeum donas operosa potum,
Mente benigna.

In the words of Gilbert, Viscount Bridgeman when First

[1] *De Bello Gallico*, 1. 1.
[2] Though based originally on Virgil, *Aeneid*, 6. 794, this is an abridgement of Mr Glover's own version of R. L. Stevenson's "Little Japanee":

Tuque infans Garamantas ultra
Natus et Indos.

See *A Child's Garden of Verses* translated as *Carmina Non Prius Audita* DE LUDIS ET HORTIS *Virginibus Puerisque* (Heffer, 1922), p. 30.
[3] *Op. cit.* p. 24.

Lord of the Admiralty could be said to have "polished up the handle...":

> Poliebat iuvenis ansam tanta cura
> Ut daretur navium tandem praefectura;[1]

and on the same day, memorable because of the installation of the present Chancellor, an even greater hit was scored when "Every little boy or gal..." became

> Puellula, puerulus,
> Si nascitur in mundo vivus,
> Aut fato Liberalis fit,
> Aut fato fit Conservativus.

Mr Glover himself once commented upon the wisdom of the proverb "plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose" thus: "rectius ergo Gallus, qui quanto plus res mutari videantur tanto minus mutari dixit"; and he perpetually illustrated its truth by the ease with which he described in good Latin aspects and problems of our modern civilization. The query evoked by the Darwinian theory was as summarized by Disraeli at Oxford: "utrum simiis oriundi simus an angelis".[2] The Irish question in 1920 involved "dissensiones Ierne oriundas", the reform of the House of Lords was "magnatum camera reformanda", and income tax meant that "chartis continentur publicanorum iniquitates, civium lues", although one justification of it is to be found in the "senectutis solacia" of old-age pensions. A strike of "cessantes operarii" occurs when they "relictis machinis ut argentum extorqueant feriati sedent", and a former famous General Secretary of the N.U.R., who himself once drove "machinas vaporales", was "illius ordinis coryphaeus". The potters of Staffordshire were "figuli Staffordenses" and miners "carbonarii". Nor had modern inventions any terrors for the Public Orator. A bomber, topically enough, has altered the sky for us: "caelum

[1] The swing of these lines is more Gilbertian than the rejected Alcaic:

> *Ansam expolivit sollicita manu*
> *Tantaque cura sedulus, ut suis*
> *Regina maturum iuberet*
> *Navibus imperitare cunctis.*

[2] "Are we descended from apes or from angels?"

nostrum mutavit[1] machina volatilis, bombitans[2] in vacuo"; Big Bertha, which bombarded Paris from long range in the last war, "eminus Bertha Longa globos suos igneos quotidie in Lutetiam jactat"; cannon generally were "ballistae igni-vomae" and wireless "sine chorda". Motor cars and "talkies", as they used to be called, once provoked a rhetorical question in a speech addressed to a former Ambassador of the country of their origin: "Nonne per rura nostra strepunt currus sine equis, subitamque mortem passim adferunt? Nonne voluptates veteres et linguam antiquam expulit pictura loquax?" And last summer the present American Ambassador heard the query about moving pictures with their feminine stars (complete with lustrous nails), cowboys and gangsters again interjected: "Quid de vibrantibus illis picturis, quae nobis demonstrant heroidas ad unguem pictas,[3] armentarios equitantes, percussores coniuratos?"

The Public Orator was not to be taken too seriously when he complained now and then that his command of the Latin language was strained by the task before him. "If", cried he in describing the same Harvard Professor of Law who was not denied Chicago, "I were to tell you about his work and all his distinctions, my Latinity would be left in ruins" ("Latinitatem meam conquassatam relinquerem"); and, in the words of Milton,[4] Medicine personified in M. Jules Bordet, Director of the Institut Pasteur at Brussels, with its "rugged names would have made Quintilian stare and gasp": "inter toxica et antitoxica, inter haemolysin et bacteriolysin, titubat Latinitas, verba quae, ut ad poetam nostrum refugiam Cantabrigiensem, obtutu anhelantem defigerent Quintilianum". Quintilian[5] indeed once observed that his countrymen had recourse to Greek words when their Latin vocabulary failed them, and similarly English words now and then served

[1] Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 11. 27: *caelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt* ("they who speed across the sea change their surroundings, but not their character").

[2] Literally "buzzing", but Mr Glover will forgive the translation.

[3] Horace, *Satires*, 1. 5. 32–3: *ad unguem factus homo.*

[4] *Sonnet XI.*

[5] 1. 5. 58: *et confessis quoque Graecis utimur verbis, ubi nostra desunt.*

Mr Glover's purpose when they obligingly classified themselves automatically in the third declension. The reluctance to use one of these coinages without an apology, as in the speech for the Prince of Wales, who "*bronchone* vectus (sit verbo venia!) vaccas glomerat, verus Canadensis", later disappeared; and Professor G. M. Trevelyan was complimented for his generosity which helped to keep the Gogs clear from the bricks and mortar of the jerry-builder, "ne omnia caementis lateribus *bungalonibus* obruantur". But when the English is not declinable, it is some comfort to know that the Latin for Whitehall is "Aula Candida", for the publishing house of Blackwell "domus Atri Putei", for the Old Adam that is in us "vetus Adamus" and for Charles Lamb his own rendering of his name "Carolus Agnus".

In his cautious and infrequent use of word-play the Public Orator was at one with Quintilian in recognizing the efficacy of Greek. Wishing to say that grain is the first letter in the alphabet of the vegetable kingdom, he remarked "ut ἄλφα litteris praestat ceteris, ita herbis ἄλφιτα". Professor Samuel Alexander, formerly of the Chair of Philosophy in the Victoria University of Manchester, spread the light of his teaching on Space, Time and Deity in the darkness of the city's smoke, and investigated Finality and Universal Nature amid the looms and spindles of Cottonopolis: "adest ergo qui e fumo voluit dare lucem, inter telas τὸ τέλος, inter fusos τὴν φύσιν indagare". And, unlike the swift arrows of Pindar previously mentioned, the author of Peter Pan needed no interpreters for the crowd: ἐς τὸ ΠΑΝ ἑρμηνέων οὐ χατίζει.[1] These three examples are sufficient to show Mr Glover's belief that language nicely compounded of Greek and Latin gains in flavour.[2]

At magnum fecit quod verbis Graeca Latinis miscuit.[3]

St Jerome[4] once dreamed that on the day of his final judgement he was asked what his condition was, and when he replied in terror that he was a Christian, the reply came: "It

[1] *Olympians*, 2. 85–6.
[2] Horace, *Satires*, 1. 10. 23–4: *at sermo lingua concinnus utraque suavior.*
[3] *Ibid.* 20–1.
[4] *Epistles*, 22. 30.

is false, thou art no Christian, thou art a Ciceronian, *where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*"[1] Were Mr Glover asked "Ciceronianusne es?", he might be a little hesitant to denounce, like Politian, his Ciceronian critics, if any there be, as mere "apes of Cicero", though he would certainly reply in the same scholar's words: "I am not Cicero; what I really express is myself".[2] Neither Latin nor any other language will die, so long as its users refuse to restrict themselves to one model, deriving instead their inspiration from the continuous development of the living tongue. A Public Orator cannot live for twenty years in the Senate House on Cicero alone: apart from features peculiar to modern civilization, to describe which he must rely on his own native genius and his mastery of the language, he cannot for instance discuss the English clergy without going to Tertullian and saying "clerus Anglicanus". If Tertullian, who can end a sentence with *quoque*, is re-echoed in a modern composition, the Ciceronians may cry "o rem inauditam!" But both Tertullian and Cicero have long been dear to Mr Glover.

The mention of the English clergy recalls some anonymous lines which were contributed to *The Eagle* in 1920 to salute the Proctor turned Public Orator:

> But what I'm *really* for
> Is to make little Bishops toe the line.

Bishops, however, can seldom be natural magnets for an Orator's humour. In themselves they are not provokers of wit; yet a Bishop, who himself was once a Proctor, was the occasion of the most brilliant description ever composed of the custodians of academic discipline:[3] "nec posthac vide-

[1] Matthew vi. 21.
[2] *Epistle* 5; cf. Erasmus, *Epistle* 351 (Allen, vol. II, p. 471): *inter tot scriptorum species nullos minus fero, quam istos quosdam Ciceronis simios.*
[3] "Henceforth we shall not see our honorary graduate walking between his two Bull-dogs, a thoroughbred pair, and bringing peace of a sudden into noisy undergraduate rags. The Proctors have something of the Roman character; for, by the terror which their name inspires, they create a solitude and call it peace."

bimus, dum stipant lictores[1] ut par nobile canum,[2] in turbas et tumultus studentium pacem secum inferentem nec opinatam. Moris enim Romani habent aliquid procuratores, ipso nominis terrore solitudinem faciunt, pacem vocant".[3] Nor were the Proctors the only Cambridge institution to merit the Public Orator's fun. Returning from the University Library on the day when it was opened, Mr Glover entered the Senate House and blandly remarked: "nihil intactum relinquunt. Immo bibliothecam nostram, ut olim Aladdini palatium daemon Arabicus, viam trium dierum in solitudinem transtulerunt."[4] But to find a passage which deserves to be included in any future anthology entitled "In Praise of Cambridge", the compiler must betake himself without fail to the noble words in the Address delivered to the new Chancellor on 5 June 1930:

Verum Paradisum nobis tradiderunt illi, qui Academiam ad ripas Grantae transtulerunt, qui collegia fundaverunt, ut hic inter aquas et arbores caelestia, inter fugitivas pulcritudines aeterna contemplaremur. Ubique per terras nomen oppidi nostri, nomen Academiae, hortorum amoenitatem significat et disciplinarum tranquillitatem, vitam beatam cum sapientia coniunctam. Huc splendor litterarum, huc scientiarum ardor, huc ipsa domorum antiquarum species, omnibus ex terris homines allexerunt; allectos seniorum gravitas, iuniorum levitas (semel insanivimus omnes),[5] studiorum communitas, amicitiarum dulcedo, veritatis amor, Almae Matris alumnos inter se ligaverunt artioribus usque vinculis felicitatis et memoriae. Hinc ut civibus patriaeque, ut imperio transmarino, patriae ampliori, hinc ut humano generi universo auxiliarentur, servirent, toto animo se consecrarent, exierunt, docti, instituti, animo divino instincti.[6]

[1] Even Verres, the infamous governor of Sicily, had his Bull-dogs, for in his *Verrines* (II. 4. 86) Cicero described him as *stipatum lictoribus*.

[2] Horace, *Satires*, 2. 3. 243: *par nobile fratrum*.

[3] Tacitus, *Agricola*, 30: *ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*.

[4] "They leave nothing untouched. Why, they have been as clever as the Genie in dealing with Aladdin's palace, and shifted our Library a three days' journey into the wilderness!"

[5] Baptista Mantuanus, *Eclogues*, 1. 118. This poet (1448–1516) was Shakespeare's "good old Mantuan" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, 4. 2. 97). See for the quotation *semel insanivimus omnes*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. G. Birkbeck Hill (revised by L. F. Powell, Oxford, 1934), vol. IV, p. 182.

[6] "They who brought a University to the banks of the Granta and founded colleges have left us a true Paradise, so that among the trees by the riverside we can contemplate the divine and amid our fleeting pleasures consider the eternal. All over the world the name of our town and University stands for lovely gardens, peaceful studies and a life wherein happiness and wisdom are united. Here men of every land have been attracted by the brightness and the glow which animate literature and science, as well as by the sight of ancient buildings; and when they have come, they are bound to one another as children of their Alma Mater more firmly in lasting chains of memory and contentment, thanks to the grave deportment of the older and the frivolous behaviour of the younger men (yes, we all have been mad once!), to common interests and agreeable friendships, and to the love of truth. And they have gone out from here to help their fellow-citizens and their country, the empire over the seas which is their wider country, and indeed the whole human race, for they were trained and taught and imbued with a divine impulse."

Nor did the Public Orator forget the other Cambridge, the one and only "Cantabrigia transmarina", the famous colony of a famous metropolis. "Cantabrigiam alteram quis nescit?" he exclaimed in introducing one Harvard professor, and in the presence of another he narrated how it was founded by men from the older University: "cum enim olim inter Puritanos Americam peterent Cantabrigienses sexaginta, fundata Academia, nomen urbi novae dederunt nostrum, Matris antiquae memores. Multae sunt transmarinae Oxoniae, una Cantabrigia."[1] But of Yale he said simply that it was founded on the "litora severiora" of Connecticut: "illic in deserto Collegia fundaverunt exules Christiani".

On the day, too, when Lord Baldwin first donned the Chancellor's robes, rejoicing according to the Orator "antiquam exquirere Matrem",[2] there was pronounced an equally sincere tribute to the little grey town on the coast of the North Sea, where the Scot has learned philosophy and the Englishman golf,[3] each "according to his several ability", where for more than five hundred years its University has given poets and men of letters to the world from its students in the scarlet toga, and where the Reformed Church was born with John Knox. Speaking as an honorary graduate of

[1] "When sixty Cambridge men joined the Pilgrim Fathers and reached America, they founded a College, and gave the new town the name of our own Cambridge, in memory of their ancient mother. There are many Oxfords across the Atlantic, but only one Cambridge."

[2] Virgil, *Aeneid*, 3. 96: *antiquam exquirite matrem* ("seek out your ancient mother").

[3] Called *pila volatica* elsewhere.

St Andrews, Mr Glover thus introduced Principal Sir James Irvine to a Chancellor shared by both Universities:

Urbs antiqua,[1] super maria fundata,[2] opacam versa ad Arcton,[3] tribus collegiis insignis, quingentos iam per annos Academiarum exemplar et metropolis Scoticarum et Canadensium, glauca iuventutis cocco splendidae mater, poetarum nutrix Willelmi Dunbar, Georgii Buchanani, Roberti Fergusson (nec hilarem Robertum Murray dilectumque Andream Lang omittendos censebitis), nutrix Ecclesiae Reformatae, cuius in sinu *Knox nocti* indicavit scientiam[4] (ne τροφεῖα patribus recusem),[5] quae Scotos artem cogitandi docuisti, Anglos artem ludendi, largita unicuique secundum propriam facultatem,[6] quibus laudibus te celebrare debet filius adoptivus, qua voce Cancellario tuo nostroque Praesidem tuum meumque commendare?

There was recurring appreciation of the "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum" (George Buchanan's phrase was in fact applied by the Public Orator to Sir Herbert Grierson, formerly Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh). Sir William Craigie, Professor of English in the University of Chicago, was told that Scotsmen are scattered all over the world, yet even if they never return, their attachment to their clan or country unites them and makes them think of home; and their home is where they keep their language, their songs and their own Bacchus. An address to St Bartholomew's thus speculated on the condition of England eight hundred years ago, when the now dominant partner lacked the stimulus of Welsh sharpness and Scottish ability: "octingentis abhinc annis quae fuerit Anglorum conditio, difficile est animo concipere. Vitam incultam fuisse

[1] Virgil, *Aeneid*, 1. 12, of Carthage.
[2] Psalm xxiv. 2.
[3] Horace, *Odes*, 2. 15. 15–16.
[4] Psalm xix. 2.
[5] "There is an old town founded upon the seas and looking towards the gloomy North. She is famous for her three colleges, and for five hundred years she has been the model and the parent city of Scottish and Canadian universities. She is the sea-grey mother of youth resplendent in scarlet, and the nurse of poets, of William Dunbar, George Buchanan and Robert Fergusson (and please do not think I am going to forget the blithe Robert Murray and the beloved Andrew Lang). She is the nurse too of the Church of Scotland, and in her bosom hath Knox unto nocturnal darkness shewn knowledge, for I must give our forefathers their due. . . ."
[6] Matthew xxv. 15.

credimus, Walliae acumine Scotorum ingenio carentem." And Mr Lloyd George was congratulated upon the lively genius which bestows upon the Celtic race eloquence rich in charm and imagery, while Anglo-Saxons have other virtues, more lowly perhaps, but still not without their use: "natura quae Celtis Saxonibusque hanc insulam dedit habitandam, ut sese invicem adiuvarent, dona sua variavit, dum Celtis mobile ingenium, lenocinia, eloquentiam, imagines largitur, Saxonibus virtutes alias quasdam, utiles sed humiliores." The Irish, however, were summarily dismissed as a prolific nation who swarm over Great Britain and throw our countrymen out of work, so as to make them demand state relief: "nonne Hiberniae prolem innumeram (ne ceteros enumerem, quos Cham, quos Sem, quos Japheth genuerunt, superfluam progeniem) ita in nos redundantem videmus ut nostratium multa milia negotio pecuniisque careant et a civitate nutriri seque suosque postulent, immo vehementer iubeant?"

But the Public Orator's enthusiasm for his *altera patria*, the great Dominion which first claimed his affection in youth, appeared as frequently in his speeches as in his lectures. Words which he employed of a former Professor of Anatomy might well be applied to himself: "constat e Britannis non ignavissimos quidem in colonias emigrare. . . . Ubique gens nostra Academias fundavit et professores ex his insulis vult arcessere. Sed semper abesse tales viros non patitur Britannia."[1] Canada may surely be grateful to the years which Mr Glover spent at "Regiodunum apud Canadensis"[2] for the following tribute which prefaced the speech for Mr Mackenzie King on 22 November 1926:

coloniarum omnium Britannicarum primaria, gentium duarum societate fortis, et bello et pace illustris, frugum magna parens, magna virum,[3] mira montium fluminum lacuum camporum

[1] "It is established that the British who emigrate to the colonies are not the most inert of their kind. . . . Our people have founded Universities everywhere, and like to send for professors from these islands; but Britain does not allow such men to stay abroad for ever."
[2] Kingston, Ontario.
[3] Virgil, *Georgics*, 2. 173–4: *salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus, magna virum.*

pulcritudine, omnibus et solium et nivium amoenitatibus amabilis.[1]

In the words of Lord Hewart, who had himself just seen this appreciation in the library of the Canadian Prime Minister at Ottawa: "Was ever a more admirable description so concisely expressed?"[2]

If a personal opinion may be given, Mr Glover's greatest speech was that which he pronounced for Marconi on 8 June 1933, and which merited the compliments paid to it by a leading article in *The New York Times* on 27 August of the same year. It indeed did worthy homage to the most wonderful of all modern scientific discoveries and to the inventor, thanks to whom the width of our happiness is enlarged and life is endowed with a greater humanity: "ita ab hospite nostro hominum augetur felicitas, et facta est vita humanior". Beginning with words reminiscent of many a cadence in the Vulgate: "domus mea cantu plena erat, et nesciebam", which rendered the remark of an old personal friend ("my house was full of music and I didn't know it"), the oration went on to declare that by turning a key ("contactu clavi minimo") we believe that we are listening to marvellous actors ("miros audire tragoedos")[3] from Berlin, hearing a political speech from Paris ("mox Lutetiae Francogallus incipit contionari"), or getting the clang of a Tuscan trumpet from Italy ("Tyrrhenusve tubae mugire per aethera clangor").[4] Then, returning to London, we follow the Boat Race with emotions that fluctuate in response to the commentator's words ("grande remorum certamen sequimur, Almae Matris gloriam palpitantibus cordibus secundantes ut alternare narrantur carinae"). Next, in the words of *The New York Times*:

The Public Orator recalled an experience of his own. Once he was sitting in a house "in Monte Claro Novae Caesareae"—which, being translated, means Montclair, New Jersey. There he heard Herbert Hoover make an address on the shore of the Pacific Ocean accepting the nomination for the Presidency. But that speech, alas, was "non ita festivam", or, as American slang would have it, "not so hot". Still, if you were tired of listening, all you had to do was to use your finger in order to bring back silence and tranquillity. The Public Orator then had a splendid sentence about the "camporum infinitorum Canadensium", where in the widely scattered little homes, once in the midst of waste and solitude, to-day out of the sky comes a human voice, singing, or speaking, or preaching the gospel. Thus it was that, by means of the University's guest that day, the happiness of men is increased, and life itself is made more humane. Verily, ancient magic is surpassed by modern science. How would it be, asked the Public Orator, if it had also given us an equal power of seeing? After that, there was nothing for him to do but to present the candidate for an honorary degree: Duco ad vos MARCHIONEM MARCONI.

[1] "First of all Britain's colonies, strong in the bond which allies two races, renowned in peace and war, noble mother of corn and men, possessor of mountains, rivers, lakes and prairies of rare beauty, lovely with all the loveliness of sun and snow."

[2] *The Times*, 30 September 1927.

[3] Horace, *Epistles*, 2. 2. 129.

[4] Virgil, *Aeneid*, 8. 526.

They who expect to find the speeches a rival to *Who's Who* will be disappointed. Mr Glover's reply would probably be that it is not a Public Orator's business to translate that work into equally meticulous Latin. Consequently distinguished visitors sometimes found that many of their past honours went without specific mention, and that the Orator instead preferred to entertain them and the rest of the audience to the train of thought suggested by what they had done. Hence, although biographical details were often absent, few speeches could be described as irrelevant. Most were indeed very much to the point, even if the speaker's personality superimposed itself upon the description of his subject; and, as the President of the College has observed: "Long ago I learnt from T. R. G. that it was the *spirit* and not the letter that counted."[1] The peculiar interest of the speeches to Johnians lies less in the eminence of the honorary graduates whom they present, or even in the distinctive wit of the Latin in which they were framed, than in the fact that they mirror the personality of their old friend and teacher. Much has already appeared from the "disiecta membra Oratoris" to show what manner of man he is, but there are many more personal

[1] *Cambridge Review*, 8 June 1939.

touches which expressly reflect the views, opinions and experience of a varied life.

His many-sided humour has been already illustrated several times from his skilful handling of the Latin language and apt quotation from its literature; but it appears again in the frank expression of his own feelings. The homely touch was felt no doubt by the Norwegian Professor of Marine Biology who heard the herring described as unknown in the ancient world, but now the cheapest and best of fish: "antiquis incognita et insperata, harenga quidem tota nostra est,[1] pretio piscium paene vilissimus, gustatu paene optimus. Sed vitam harengarum iamdiu expiscari voluerunt physici";[2] and perhaps in an even greater degree by the whole audience in the Senate House, when Lord Bradbury, whose signature was long familiar on the paper currency of the realm, was introduced with the reminder that to the golden, bronze and iron ages of which the poets of old sang there must be added the age of banknotes. Did not Thomas Carlyle say something of the kind—"nostram (aetatem) Thomas ille Ecclefechanius dixit esse papyraceam"? And of all autographs of famous men, none was more earnestly sought after even by curiosity hunters than that of the distinguished visitor: "sed cum papyrus omnigenus humano generi sit carissimus, cum chirographa virorum clariorum studiosissime quaerantur, nullum papyrum per annos quinque (1920–5) tam studiose quaesiverunt omnes homines, nulla chirographa ipsi curiositatum amatores, quam illam papyri et chirographi conjunctionem cui populariter datum est hospitis nostri nomen." Then to all the company: "Bene nota dico, et scientibus."[3]

Modern poetry with its frothing, babbling and vomiting forth of sounds discordant, shrill and unpleasant, as if it had been stricken with epilepsy, was surely not the "madness" of which Plato was thinking: "Musam quasi morbo comitiali

[1] Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria*, 10. 1. 93: *Satura quidem tota nostra est.*

[2] "The herring was unknown to the ancients, who never dreamed of such a blessing, but it is at any rate completely ours: in price the cheapest of fish, in taste among the best. But natural historians have for a long time desired to fish out the life of the herring."

[3] "You can bank on what I say, and you don't need to make a note of it."

correptam malunt dissona stridula iniucunda spumare balbutire evomere. Non hanc, ut arbitror, μανίαν[1] poeticam imaginatus est Plato." Hardly less caustic was the description of a former European capital which has known better days: "quid urbem Petri quondam nomine florentem, nunc alio squalentem?", and Tsarist Russia was the "res publica Russica 'Priami dum regna manebant'[2]".

Two other allusions as typical as that to the squalor of the name Leningrad may be mentioned. In 1931 Ramsay MacDonald, when Prime Minister, entertained Charlie Chaplin; and Viscount Lee of Fareham, the donor of Chequers to the nation, heard how he "villam amoenam populo suo donavit, locum idoneum, ubi, post pugnas forenses, a pedariis suis lacessitus, Regis Primus Minister resipisceret in otio cum dignitate,[3] ubi etiam visitantem debitis honoribus et hospitio splendido acciperet Carolillum Chaplinum".[4] The refusal of the Royal Academy to accept Mr Wyndham Lewis's portrait of Mr T. S. Eliot is more modern history, and the latter was topically welcomed with the words: "si pictus Londiniensibus negatur, vobis praesentem et vivum datur videre".[5]

Even in these days the cause of international co-operation is by no means lost, and Mr Glover's words to the Cambridge Rotary Club on the significance of honorary degrees reveal how earnestly he strove towards this end:

> These degrees and these letters are a means of promoting friendship and showing courtesy among universities and internationally. Years after the war and years before this war a very

[1] This was the "madness" which, according to *Phaedrus*, 245 A, comes from the Muses, takes hold of a pure and tender soul, and inspires it to poetry. Plato here goes on to mention the failure of the would-be poet who lacks this divine frenzy. Compare *Ion*, 534 B–C.

[2] Virgil, *Aeneid*, 2. 22.

[3] Cicero, *De Oratore*, 1. 1. 1.

[4] "Gave it a pleasant country seat to serve the dignified ease of the Prime Minister when he wished to recover his sanity after his political fights and his troubles with his own followers. It proved useful for him too when he entertained with all due splendour a guest like Charlie Chaplin."

[5] "If Londoners can't see his picture, here he is in the flesh for you to look at."

distinguished German scholar came, and I began the speech with the words: "A German citizen." I paused, and the whole Senate House applauded, meaning that war is over. International courtesy, friendship and kindness are the essence of the whole thing. I have endeavoured to make speeches in that direction.[1]

In 1936, when pacific passions in this country were at their height, the sanity of one speech was refreshing. "The lower animals live for the present, and so do politicians and the Press, whose function it is to make the public so angry that at breakfast-time tables are thumped and coffee spilt in rage at German villainy and Italian treachery. Far better is it to reflect that Italians and Germans are after all human beings who have made and yet will make their contribution in the course of centuries to earthly beauty and happiness." The Latin is well worth adding:

Bestiarum est in praesenti vivere, sine praeteritorum memoria, sine spe futuri, bestiarum ut arbitror et politicorum, immo et illorum, qui omni nocte ea dant prelo, quae inter ientacula legamus de nequitia Germanorum, de dolis Italorum, et aliis huiusmodi terroribus. Legimus, tremit poculum, excutitur calda Arabica, tristioribus semper auguriis ad labores eximus, irati, indignati. Sed melius est aliquando reputare nobiscum quam humani sint Itali et Germani, quid vere contemplentur, quid denique felicitatis per saecula, quid pulcritudinis ceteris gentibus dederint, quid sint daturi.

In this speech it was shown clearly that his motto was that of all promoters of the comity of nations:

οὔ τοι συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν.[2]

If, in 1934, little could be said to Mr Neville Chamberlain except by way of congratulation on the family to which he belongs, the reason was no doubt that Chancellors of the Exchequer when in office are not natural objects of laudation. But the Public Orator's tribute to the Prime Minister's long and partly successful struggle for peace came in November 1938, when the High Steward of the University received the

[1] *Cambridge Daily News*, Wednesday, 25 October 1939.
[2] Sophocles, *Antigone*, 523: "But I was born for friendship, not for hate."

degree of LL.D. and the audience were reminded simply: "vos etiam, qui prudentiae Primi Ministri pacem his diebus debetis". "Peace with honour" goes back to 1878, and even after twenty years the last survivor of the makers of the Versailles treaty and critic of other peacemakers may recall "quibus denique modis, quod eum[1] vel Beniamino Disraeli exaequaret, pacem Parisiis reduxerit non sine gloria".[2] Was there a hint of malice in this praise? There is a legend that the speech commended itself to Mr Asquith when he read it in *The Times*; and perhaps Mr Glover knewwhat *gloria* meant.

On at least two occasions visitors were reminded how published works for which they were responsible could solace travellers. One speech began as follows: "I am going to tell you a simple story from my own experience. Once I was sent Mr J. W. Mackail's verse translation of the *Odyssey* for review, and when I took it with me on a railway journey to Scotland, it solaced me as far as the Pass of Drumochter. And now I am glad to greet the translator in person":

Narro vobis simpliciter quod mihi accidit. Mittebat olim mihi quidam libros, ut, siquid mihi iudicii inesset, populo nostro indicarem quid censeret. Inter hos venit libellus qui libros ultimos Odysseae continebat Anglice redditos. Vox faucibus haesit;[3] a puero Homerum amaveram sed Graecum; quid mihi cum Anglico Homero? Nihilominus ad Scotos Septentrionales iter facturus librum illum, nec praeter illum alium, mecum fero. Tandem inspexi; pedetemptim legere incepi; subito ad urbem illam poetis caram Kilmarnoc perventum est; quid? cras, reputo, quid faciam, si hodie cetera perlegam? Postridie, Clutha relicta, librum iterum sumo, et inter montes Graupios, ad angustias de Drumochter, finiveram. Postea totum poema emi, legi, amicis commendavi. Poetam praesentem laetissimus saluto.

Have we not found, too, that many hours of tedium have been beguiled as a result of the munificence of James Loeb, the founder of the famous series of Greek and Latin classics with English translations? Let us picture, for instance, the scene

[1] Mr Lloyd George.
[2] Horace, *Odes*, 3. 26. 2: *et militavi non sine gloria*, which may mean "I won the war and everybody knows it".
[3] Virgil, *Aeneid*, 3. 48.

at New York when a liner arrives. A long delay in the Customs, while officials satisfy themselves about the health and wealth of immigrants and their views on polygamy, search trunks and attempt to detect persons who threaten the safety of the great Republic. So out comes the Loeb Herodotus to make the reader oblivious of the chatter of Irish voices. Or, thanks to the Loeb Livy, the discomforts of a railway strike can be mitigated:

> Quot horas taedio nobis liberavit! Novum Eboracum venimus; sed inter portitores longa fit mora, infinitae fiunt molestiae; investigantur omnia; quaeritur quam sano sis corpore, quid in arca celaveris, quantam attuleris pecuniam, quot velis uxores, si tandem ipsi reipublicae perniciem violentam miniteris. Quid ergo? E zona extrahitur liber Loebianus; et linguarum immemores Hibernicarum cum Herodoto fortunatius inter Persas versamur, mentiri nescios. Nec aliter domi; cessantibus ut fit necopinato operis, ignibus extinctis, in vehiculo ita sedemus publico ut ipse Theseus non magis aeternum.[1] Sed adest fortasse Livius Loebianus, et feliciter labuntur dies dum resipiscant operae, accendantur ignes, moveatur vehiculum.

A night journey by rail in the State of Missouri was the occasion of the following parable. In the morning the Public Orator, half awake, suddenly became aware that the train was rushing through a station which bore his name. He seized the time-table and found that Glover lies 100 miles south of St Louis between Arcadia and Chloride. In the same way human life lies poised between the Muses and the test-tubes. "Ye have the chemists always with you." And when we think of the horrors committed by women upon men in the name of fresh air, or remember the terror inspired by the thought of poison gas, we hardly know whether to call Science our mother or our cruel stepmother:[2]

> Ibam forte via ferrea[3] per terras Missourienses; noctem in vehiculo transegeram; et semisomnus nescioquid meditabar nugarum.[4] Subito meum ipsius nomen video in muro alto litteris immensis superscriptum. Erat ergo oppidum quoddam,

[1] Compare, p. 217, n. 9.
[2] Virgil, *Georgics*, 2. 128: *saevae novercae*.
[3] Horace, *Satires*, 1. 9. 1: *Ibam forte via Sacra*.
[4] *Ibid.* 2.

> quod celerrime praeteribamus, cui nomen meum inditum erat. Indigitamentum arripui, et inveni re vera tale esse oppidum et iacere inter Arcadiam et Chloridam. Parabola mihi videtur esse; sic iacet hodie vita humana inter Musas et tubulos, incerta, ambobus intenta, neutris contenta. "Semper enim chemicos habetis vobiscum."[1] Meditanti mihi quos horrores maribus in nomine oxygeni infligant feminae, recordanti etiam terrores quos inspirant vapores venenati, in incerto iudicium est matremne Scientiam appellemus an novercam.[2]

Were Mr Glover to follow the example of his predecessor and publish some or all of the speeches, they would furnish an interesting record of one of Cambridge's personalities, and would appeal to all those who have come to know him since the days of his youth—the youth to which he harked back in presenting one of his early friends, namely the late Astronomer Royal, Sir F. W. Dyson, recalling "quanto ardore iuvenes de poetis, de rebus humanis, de caelestibus disputaverimus, dum per agros Cantabrigienses ambulamus, dum ientaculum modestum partimur".[3] But the Orator Emeritus has not yet discharged all his debt to scholarship, even if he has said farewell to the Senate House; and all who knew him there and in the lecture-rooms of St John's will be glad that the playful despondency of a remark made in an oration as long ago as 1936, "sum paullo infirmior, animal sine pennis natum et tribus iam claudicans cruribus",[4] shows no sign of being fulfilled. Meanwhile the *Reporter* for the last twenty years remains the depository

> Quo fit, ut omnis
> Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
> Vita senis.[5]

[1] Matthew xxvi. 11.
[2] Pliny, *Natural History*, 7. 1. 1: *aestimare, (natura) parens melior homini an tristior noverca fuerit* ("to reckon whether man has found Nature a kind mother or a stern stepmother").
[3] "With what enthusiasm as young men we discussed poetry and problems human and divine, as we walked through the fields of Cambridgeshire or partook of a modest breakfast."
[4] "I am getting feebler than I used to be; I was born an animal and not a bird; and now I am hobbling about on three legs." But Mr Glover meant merely that he knew the answer to make to the Sphinx.
[5] Horace, *Satires*, 2. 1. 32–4, and Boswell.

The grave and thoughtful words which were his last in the Senate House may fittingly close this survey: in pronouncing them he perhaps allowed his mind to go back for a moment to his predecessor, teacher and friend who suddenly passed away in Third Court when walking to a Degree ceremony in full academical dress; and in their simplicity they are typical of an intellect ever conscious of the place of mankind in the world:

Mortales, ut suspicor, natura nos fecit.

R. J. GETTY

WINTER SIEGE

HOMER never told us
how the war went in winter when the bond was on Troy
of ice and the heavy sky of cold.
Then the flashing arms were frapped in cloth,
bound with coarse sacking against the vicious air,
or their jagged harsh edges were overlaid with rust.
Then the heroes shivered within their canvas tents
with the comfortless reflection of the pyre that was to come,
more of feats of treachery than feats of lusty arms
made the fighting on the frozen shore.
No loud trumpets in the alleys of the camp
cried to echoes of the many-eyed wall,
the horses unharnessed stamped and swung their heads;
ice was a weighted pack upon the Greeks encamped,
not like Vikings to pierce the blue fiord,
chill pavilions for feasting with the wind.

The tails of smoke were sluggish above the painted streets
where the seabirds gathered to scramble for crumbs;
these backcloths were faded with the limelight burnt out.
The dead were no colder fathom under sand,
having slipped off the frailty of flesh.
In Troy too beauty pined and sickened,
and fires were husbanded where fuel was scarce:

they made no warlike sallies but creeping forayed forth
for unsenneted encounter with the ragged hare;
too bitter for railing was the gauntness of the fighters,
who leant silent on their spears in the public streets.
The wind blew over Troy and carried them the smell of it,
smell of marshes, smell of failing war:
the spears were stuck in the sand point downward,
Mars too was keeping beneath his canvas tent.
Hail fell like arrow-flights, but that was Boreas,
scattering it at both sides with the tyranny of gods;
Vulcan forged no shield would turn the jagged Eurus
that stabbed at the short ribs with the broadsword of wind:
the sea bore a skim of ice to howl about the ships' sides
held at their anchorage on diet of thin storm
that groped at the paint and marred their puppet gods,
spittle in the teeth of proud Achilles
and brave Agamemnon, now the snow had come.

H. L. S.

LOVE AND THE SIREN

IT was Christmas Eve. For this may be considered, in some respects, an old-fashioned story.

Dr Aidie's Christmas Eve party was not very successful. It was a small gathering, and the guests, several of whom were in uniform, were all either related to the Aidies or old friends of the family. It was in fact a family gathering, and in consequence the feeling of tension rapidly communicated itself to all present.

It was distressingly obvious, as it usually is in these cases, that the Aidies were in the midst of a secret family crisis. Gwendolene, the Aidies' only daughter, looked as if she might burst into tears at any moment; Peter, her young man, was morose. The Doctor was unaccustomedly jocular, and Mrs Aidie a little too animated. All the Aidies, including old Mrs Aidie and the two aunts, kept their eyes as closely as the demands of politeness would allow on Gwendolene and

Peter. For it was Christmas Eve; and elopement was, they feared, in the air. They unconsciously organized themselves into a family of watchdogs.

A week ago Dr Aidie had refused to agree to his daughter's marriage. "After all, my boy," he told Peter, "it will be so much better to wait until it's all over."

Mrs Aidie and the two aunts were very nice to Gwendolene to-night, but their affection was somehow exaggerated and oversweet. They were all rather offhand towards Peter, although Dr Aidie slapped him on the shoulder, and gave him a whiskey and soda with his own hands. Dr Aidie was not usually a hearty man.

Peter had been standing at the foot of the staircase watching the couples waltzing rather languidly in the spacious hall. The Aidies were watching him. They interrupted a sudden look between him and Gwendolene. Peter moved to the middle of the floor and whispered something to her partner, a friend of his, who nodded and hurried away. Peter and Gwendolene danced together, and talked seriously. This was ominous. Mrs Aidie's hospitality flagged considerably; in fact she left the group of elderly people with whom she was chatting very abruptly. She hurried over to the Doctor and touched him on the arm. He too abruptly turned away from his guests. Old Mrs Aidie and the two elderly aunts, who were seated in an alcove to the right of the staircase, were volubly agitated. Dr Aidie pushed his way through the dancers, and came upon the couple, dancing suspiciously near the door.

"Gwen, my dear," he said, "do you know you haven't danced with your poor old father all night? You don't mind, do you, Peter?"

Gwendolene did not seem particularly impressed by the pose of whimsical and slightly jealous fatherhood. She left the young man unwillingly. As the Doctor danced off with her, he said to Peter, "Oh, by the way! did you know you had left your car in the drive, Peter? It's snowing a little, so I put it in the garage at the back."

The dance over, her father led her over to the alcove, where

his wife had now joined the old ladies. Gwendolene sat down and said nothing. Old Mrs Aidie hobbled off, and seated herself next to Peter.

"How nice your young man looks to-night!" said one of the aunts, after an uncomfortable pause. She decided to venture even farther—"Just think, dear, how nice it will be when the war's over, and you two will be able to marry and have a nice little cosy home of your own."

"What's the good of talking about a nice cosy future to us?" replied Gwendolene with some heat. "We want to get married now!"

"But, my dear Gwen," interposed her father, "it will be so much less strain for both of you when the war is over, and everything's ship-shape again."

"But we want to marry before Peter has to go in the army!" cried Gwendolene, "perhaps we feel we should like to get married before we have other things to face! and whoever told you that everything was going to be just the same afterwards?"

"My goodness, you are a pessimist!" cried the aunt.

Gwendolene jumped to her feet and made for the staircase. Mrs Aidie smiled significantly to her sisters, who nodded solemnly; she drew herself together, and heaving a deep sigh, prepared herself for the inevitable but not unpleasant expenditure of maternal comfort. At any rate this would separate the two for the night. The danger was over. Poor Grannie needn't keep on talking to Peter any more—the old lady really couldn't hold out much longer.

But Gwendolene never reached her bedroom, there to throw herself weeping on her bed, and in consequence she did not have to endure the lavish display of her mother's sympathy. For just as she placed her foot on the second step, a curious noise suddenly rose above the sound of the music. It gradually rose higher and higher, until the intermittent wail was almost deafening. It was an air-raid warning!

For a moment everyone stood still, then hurried downstairs towards the cellars, which had already been prepared for such an eventuality. They crowded in, talking excitedly. Dr Aidie

opened a trunk and took out rugs for the older members of the party.

The Doctor and Mrs Aidie suddenly looked at each other. Everyone stopped talking, and peered about them.

"Where's Gwendolene?" cried Mrs Aidie. "And where's Peter?" echoed the Doctor.

G. H. P.

THE GAUGE OF BRITISH RAILWAYS

THE British standard railway gauge, or the distance between the insides of the rails, is 4 ft. 8½ in. This dimension, standardized by the Railway Regulation Gauge Act of 1846, has probably been the subject of more acrimonious discussion than any other railway feature since the new method of transport was developed in the early nineteenth century.

The chief criticism of the gauge has always been that it is too narrow, and this was especially the case with the first railways. The railway wagons in use at this time had been developed from the ordinary horse-drawn carts of the previous century, and it was characteristic of these that the bodies were mounted between the wheels. This arrangement, shown in Fig. 1, was continued in the early railway rolling stock, but with a rail-gauge of about 5 ft. it was soon found that the wagons were too narrow both for the carriage of goods and the comfort of passengers, and the overhanging type shown in Fig. 2 was evolved and used for the first time on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway opened in 1830.

This arrangement certainly gave more room, but to I. K. Brunel such wagons appeared to lack stability, and when he was commissioned to design the Great Western Railway in 1835, he recommended a 7 ft. gauge for use with wagons of the old-fashioned type. This was adopted, but when, later, the railways covered the whole country, the existence of different gauges caused much inconvenience, and it became

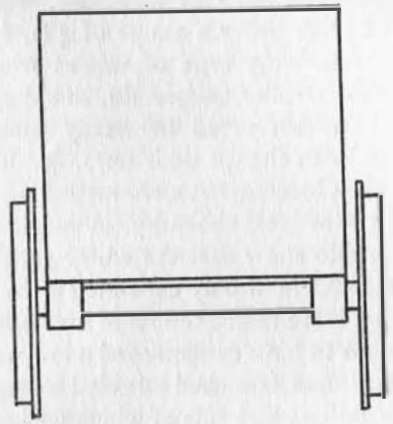

Fig. 1.

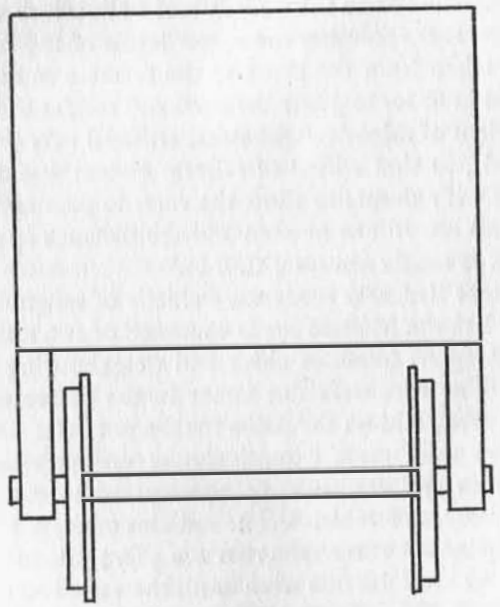

Fig. 2.

clear that standardization was necessary. The rest of the railway systems were using a gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in. and had adopted the overhanging type of wagon which was quite stable even on the smaller gauge. So, in spite of opposition and controversy which raged for many years, Parliament forced the G.W.R. to change their lines.

In so doing the Government were respecting what appears to be a natural law of great antiquity. A considerable amount of evidence exists to show that the wheel-gauge in use from very early times and in widely separated parts of the world does not differ by more than a couple of inches from 4 ft. 8 in. Brunel thus seems to have contravened a law which has been in existence since man first used wheeled transport.

Probably the earliest cart-ruts of which we have knowledge to-day are in Malta. The inhabitants of 2000 B.C., finding the soil on the lower parts of the island insufficient to supply their needs, imported earth from Sicily and built it into terraces on the barren rocks forming the upper levels of the island. The soil was taken from the shore to the terraces in man-hauled carts, and in order to guide the carts and render their passage independent of minor roughnesses, artificial ruts were cut for the wheels, so that a kind of railway system was developed, complete with shunts to allow the carts to pass each other.

The ruts are still to be seen and the distance apart, centre to centre, is nearly always 4 ft. 6 in.

In Greece the early roads were chiefly of religious importance and like the Maltese roads consisted of two artificial ruts to carry wagons between cities and neighbouring places of worship. The ruts were cut either in the native rock or in blocks of stone laid on the paths for the purpose. Later these roads were used more extensively for ordinary traffic, and double lines and shunts were constructed to carry the increased number of vehicles. The remains of these roads show that the distance between the ruts was 4 ft. 7½ in. to 4 ft. 8½ in.

Wherever artificial ruts were used, the carts had to be built to a standard wheel-gauge to fit them, and with a developing system of wheeled transport the carts would be expected to travel in more than one road. Thus all the roads in a district

would have to be of one gauge, and it would ensure the continuance of that gauge as long as the roads were used in their original form. The same would be true of countries where the ruts were natural. Primitive roads, unless paved with stone, soon develop cart-ruts in the soft earth surface, and when using these roads the traveller would find it more convenient to adopt the standard wheel-gauge than to use a dimension which would oblige him to cut his own track over the irregularities of the remainder of the highway. In view of this it seems almost certain that the 4 ft. 8 in. gauge would remain the standard over a long period of time in any country where it was used, and it is possible that our own carts of the eighteenth century were following the practice laid down many centuries previously.

The gauge used by the Romans is of interest, for the standard practice in Roman Britain would have great influence on the development of British carts in the succeeding centuries. The Roman gauge was generally about 4 ft. 8½ in. between centres and is possibly related to the Roman pace of 4 ft. 10¼ in. If the outsides of the wheels were made this distance apart, then that between the centres would be roughly 4 ft. 8½ in., allowing about 2 in. as the width of the rim. Natural wheel-ruts are found in many Roman roads in North Africa, France, England and elsewhere, and seldom does the distance between the centres differ from 4 ft. 8 in. to 5 ft. The use of artificial ruts was not popular with the Romans except in mountainous districts where they were useful in preventing the carts from sliding off the road. An example of such a road in the Alps has artificial ruts of width 4 ft. 8½ in., and in England artificial ruts in Watling Street near Abbeydore have a spacing of 4 ft. 8 in. In spite of the popularity of this gauge it was not accepted everywhere in the Roman Empire. The stepping-stones on the roads of Pompeii, for instance, are too close together to permit more than a 3 ft. gauge to be used, but the chariots in this city were chiefly of a sporting character and did not reflect the practice in more serious transport.

One further example of the gauge is found in India, where,

prior to the British occupation, the chief unit of land measurement was the distance covered by two forward steps—about 5 ft.—and this was also the standard gauge of the wheel-track of the ordinary ox-drawn farm-carts of the country. Thus the dimension adopted in the present railway gauge in this country is certainly of great antiquity, and has probably been in constant use here since Roman times, although evidence covering the intervening period is difficult to find.

The first traces of carts found in Britain are at Verulamium, where in 1930 two pre-Roman cart-ruts were excavated. They are parallel, 8 in. deep and 4 ft. 7 in. to 4 ft. 9 in. between centres, and so the Britons were also acquainted with the advantages of the dimension. From the Roman period to the seventeenth century is a long time, but the gauge was in existence at the end of this period as well as at the beginning, and it seems probable that its use was uninterrupted and was responsible for the gauge of the early railways.

Railways had their origin in the tramways or wagon-ways which, at least as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, were used in the neighbourhood of Newcastle for the conveyance of coal from the pits to the Tyne for shipment. Originally the public roads, when worn by the constant stream of carts, were repaired by laying planks of timber at the bottom of the ruts, and afterwards the planks were laid on the surface of special roads formed between the collieries and the river. The planks were of wood, a few inches wide, and were fastened end to end on logs of wood or sleepers. In time it became common practice to cover them with a thin plating of iron in order to add to their life. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century iron wheels were used as well as larger carts, and when it was found that the iron sheathing was not strong enough to resist buckling under the passage of the loaded wagons, the rails were made wholly of iron. Up to this time the rails had been flat, and in order to prevent the wheels from running off, a ledge was cast integral with the rail on its inner side—the resulting shape being like the letter L. This type of rail was called the "plate-rail" or just the "plate"—a name which is preserved in the

modern term "plate-layer" applied to the men who lay and maintain the permanent way. There were several variations in the shape of the plate-rail until in about 1800 William Jessop adopted the "edge-rail". In this type the wheel face ran on top of the L, and was kept in position by a flange cast on the inside of the wheel. A great saving in the weight of the rails resulted from this change, since the horizontal part of the rail could be made much smaller than previously. Jessop was thus the first to introduce the modern type of rail. Wooden edge-rails and flanged wheels had been used before, but he was the first to make a real success of the method. The rails were laid with their outsides 5 ft. apart, which gave about 4 ft. 8 in. between the insides.

The chief traffic on the railways while the evolution of the rail was taking place was composed of strings of horse-drawn coal-wagons or "chaldrons". Since there were large numbers of these wagons and they had quite a long life, all the railways in a district were made to suit their gauge and they provided for the continuity of the original gauge. The chaldrons probably grew from the common horse-drawn cart and thus the cart wheel-gauge determined the subsequent rail-gauge.

Many small railways and plate-ways were built at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and were devoted almost entirely to the haulage of coal and goods, the gauges varying from about 3 ft. to 5 ft., but most of the lines were of the larger dimension. For instance, the Springwell Colliery Railway, one of the oldest in England, was laid to 4 ft. 8 in. gauge and this was altered only in 1854 when the Springwell line was connected with the North Eastern Railway. The existence of these small systems must have had a great influence on Stephenson when he was called upon to construct the Stockton and Darlington Railway. He would naturally adopt a gauge on which he could use the maximum of existing stock—especially as the line was originally intended to carry goods only. The gauge of this railway—4 ft. 8 in. subsequently modified to 4 ft. 8½ in. on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway—set the standard

for the whole country. The 4 ft. 8 in. gauge of the Stockton and Darlington line was in use for fifteen years before it was altered to 4 ft. 8½ in. in consequence of the adoption of the latter figure for the York to Darlington line in 1840. The rails were made 5 ft. apart at the outsides and were 2 in. wide, leaving 4 ft. 8 in. between the rails. In the Act of 1828 for extending the line from Stockton to Middlesbrough, it was provided "that the distance between the inside edges of the rails shall not be less than four feet eight inches, and the distance between the outside edges of the rails shall not be more than five feet one inch". This is the earliest case known of a railway gauge being fixed by Act of Parliament.

The odd half-inch was given to our standard by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, opened in 1830. It was built by plate-layers taken from the Stockton and Darlington Railway, who used their old 4 ft. 8 in. gauges as part of their stock of tools. During the progress of the line, however, it was finally agreed that the gauge should be 4 ft. 8½ in., and the cause of the change was the introduction of the conical tyre. The following is the testimony of Mr Thomas Gooch who was engaged in the construction of the Liverpool end of the line under George Stephenson:

> There was much discussion during the construction of the line about curves and the self-acting value of the conical tyre in relieving the pressure of the flange against the rail, and the consequent need of a certain amount of play in the gauges of wheels and rails; especially as considerably higher speed was contemplated than that on the S. and D. Railway. I venture to think, therefore, that the extra ½ in. was given to meet these considerations, and that this was the true origin of the 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge.

Furthermore, the original engine, the "Rocket", supplied for the L. and M. Railway, had Stephenson's gauge for the wheels in conformity with the cylindrical tyre practice. Some later lines were built with a 4 ft. 9 in. gauge, but the importance of the L. and M. Railway made most of the neighbouring systems adopt its measurement, and the 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge became the most common, until in 1846 the Government made it compulsory.

In the modern world this gauge is common in many countries, having been determined at the outset of their railway development by the importation of early British locomotives and rolling-stock.

The wide distribution both in time and space of the same measurement seems to indicate that it must have been settled by some constant factor which was inherent in early transport. Such a factor might be the width of a horse, for the gauge is very suitable for the type of construction where the main cart frames are extended to form shafts for a single horse. But horses in pairs and teams of oxen do not require this arrangement, and the width of the wheel base does not depend on their use. Also the gauge was in use in places such as Malta where no horses were used and the hauling was done by man-power.

It may be that the size was gradually evolved after a long period of "trial and error", during which all the factors governing the dimensions of the carts came in play. The owners of the carts would want the maximum return for their expenditure and trouble in securing both the means of haulage and the carts themselves, and this meant that the loads were to be as large as possible with a minimum number of horses or men working as hard as they could. Also the maximum load that could be carried depended on the size that it was possible to make the components of the carts as well as the strength of the materials of construction and the stability, and thus an upper limit was set by these considerations. No doubt every combination of size, load and hauling power was used and eventually experience showed that the most suitable gauge to satisfy all but very special requirements was about 5 ft. In some cases it may have been established immediately by the unit of measurement given by two forward paces, and if this is true then the owners were fortunate, for they eliminated the evolution period.

In the last century the 7 ft. gauge used by the Great Western Railway was certainly too large for many industrial purposes, and was considered by many to be uneconomical at the time it was in use. On the other hand in countries where small gauges of the order 3 ft. are used, the need is felt for

something larger to provide more stability and carriage space. In a modern British railway system a larger gauge could certainly be used economically and would probably have advantages over the present size, but the expense involved in altering tunnels, bridges, rolling stock and the permanent way would be so great that the British Railway Regulation Gauge will certainly continue to be 4 ft. 8½ in.

J. DIAMOND

JOHNIANA

I. The following story of James Atlay (1817–94), Fellow 1842–60, tutor and Bishop of Hereford 1868–94, appears in volume 1 of *Kilvert's Diary*, edited by William Plomer, London, 1938. The Reverend Francis Kilvert was curate of Clyro, Breconshire, and the incident took place in April 1870.

"In Hadley's shop I met Dewing who told me of a most extraordinary misfortune that befell Pope the curate of Cusop yesterday at the Whitney Confirmation. He had one candidate Miss Stokes a farmer's daughter and they went together by train. Pope went in a cutaway coat very short, with his dog, and took no gown. The train was very late. He came very late into the church and sat down on a bench with the girl cheek by jowl. When it came to his turn to present his candidate he was told by the Rector (Henry Dew) or someone in authority to explain why he came so late. The Bishop of Hereford (Atlay) has a new fashion of confirming only two persons at a time, kneeling at the rails. The Bishop had marked two young people come in very late and when they came up to the rails thinking from Pope's youthful appearance and from his having no gown that he was a young farmer candidate and brother of the girl. He spoke to them severely and told them to come on and kneel down for they were extremely late. Pope tried to explain that he was a clergyman and that the girl was his candidate but the Bishop was overbearing and imperious and either did not hear or did not attend, seeming to think he was dealing with a refractory ill-conditioned

youth. 'I know, I know,' he said. 'Come at once, kneel down, kneel down.' Poor Pope resisted a long time and had a long battle with the Bishop, but at last unhappily he was overborne in the struggle, lost his head, gave way, knelt down and was *confirmed* there and then, and no one seems to have interfered to save him, though Mr Palmer of Eardesley and others were sitting close by and the whole Church was in a titter. It is a most unfortunate thing and will never be forgotten and it will be unhappily a joke against Pope all his life. The Bishop was told of his mistake afterwards and apologized to Pope, though rather shortly and cavalierly. He said, what was quite true, that Pope ought to have come in his gown. But there was a little fault on all sides for if the Bishop had been a little less hasty, rough and overbearing in his manner things might have been explained, and the by-standing clergy were certainly very much to blame for not stepping forward and preventing such a farce. I fear poor Pope will be very vexed, hurt and dispirited about it."

II. "I went to Whitney (Herefordshire).... Miss Hutchinson was at home at the Rectory. She is the niece of Mary Hutchinson, the wife of William Wordsworth the poet. She showed me first a large brooch she was wearing containing on one side a beautiful coloured photograph of the poet.... This photograph is far the best and most pleasing likeness I have seen of the poet. It was taken from a picture painted by H—— [editor's note: presumably Haydon] almost entirely from memory. The poet had written to the painter telling him with pride that he had ascended Helvellyn when he was 70 years old, and sending him a sonnet on the occasion. The painter was extremely pleased with the letter and the sonnet and immediately drew Wordsworth in a meditative mood composing the sonnet."

(From *Kilvert's Diary*, ed. W. Plomer, vol. 1, London, Cape, 1938, pp. 317 ff.)

BOOK REVIEW

Arctic and Antarctic: The Technique of Polar Travel. By COLIN BERTRAM. Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Side by side on many shelves lie the numerous accounts of polar explorations. These may be read as adventure books, as the chronicles of human endeavour in polar lands, or for the bare facts of discovered knowledge they contain. This book, however, is not an account of the author's travels in the Arctic or those in Antarctic regions as zoologist with the British Graham Land Expedition, 1934–37. He who wishes to read of escape from danger will be disappointed, though if he searches carefully he will find a brief reference to a memory of "the troubles of a night spent on the ice of a polar sea". "As the evening passes, shocks and jars in the ice are perceptible, rather to hips and shoulders as the men lie upon the floorskins than to ears pressed listening to the ground." No, it is the lucid explanation of the principles, physical, physiological and psychological, which govern the life of men in polar lands, presented in a setting that depicts the life itself, that at once makes this book stand out as one to be read and enjoyed by all who would intelligently appreciate those written narratives of polar exploration and have greater insight of the ideals and feelings of those who take part in it.

Chapters on Clothing, Food for Sledgers, Dogs and Transport might all too readily provide dull reading, but all dullness has been avoided by the unexpected comparisons and contrasts that enliven the whole book and by the quite delightful descriptions of so much that is familiar to the author. The contrast may be of polar peace with that of a desert shore where "The nimble shore crabs with stalked eyes upraised patter in platoons along the tide line", or the footwear of a tribe of Patagonian Indians with that sometimes worn by Central European geese and turkeys where the birds are first marched "through alternate pans of liquid tar and sand, so sending them off to market each with a pair of fine strong boots". In the excellent plates a similar method has been adopted, for in many cases an old print and a modern photograph are set one above the other, inviting detailed comparison. There are numerous drawings by Miss Pickering that show details of equipment, and some of those by Miss Bertram in a bolder style more suited to the rough paper in which the book is printed are truly excellent.

The author's careful weighing of the merits of dogs and men for haulage, his analysis of the basic efficiency of sledging equipment and exposition of the finer points and principles involved in polar rationing are among the features that may well prove of value to future expeditions, but for those of us at home there is another aspect of the book that calls for special thought. Men who have lived a while in Arctic or Antarctic lands where "The pervading sense of wonder is all-satisfying as they absorb the elemental beauty of the ice-cloaked earth" may on their return experience "a feeling of peculiar loss, or perhaps a realization of all the ugliness that the world contains, the cruelty of its people, the poverty, the stupidity and the lack of opportunity". Thus here and there amongst the text are to be found impressions of one's fellow-men from the poor natives of Tierra del Fuego, "with a guanaco skin flung across their shoulders" shivering "at the foot of the evolutionary ladder of insulation from the cold", to the rich citizen, "the brawnless brain", who smiles down on them from the summit. The mirror may show a sight "quite pathetic", "adults and children at the seaside, planting their feet with the greatest care in an attempt to avoid even the flattest and smoothest of pebbles", or on another occasion, quite unexpectedly when considering polar animals, the more kindly picture of "a crowd of adult males, in sombre bowler hats, rotund dark figures with spread umbrellas trotting gently down an incline to the railway station". For these and all an attempt is made to convey something of the unutterable fascination, the peace, beauty and solitude of polar lands.

In the College Notes it is reported that the King has approved the award to Dr Bertram of the Polar Medal. Congratulations, and good fortune that the wish may be realized "to go back to north or south, to live again to the full in a place unspoilt, to see men more nearly at their best, away from the greed and cruelty of warring nations, the lust for money and the lying tongues" and to return again having further satisfied man's "mounting desire to know".

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

President: E. P. HICKS. *Vice-President:* D. D. FILTNESS. *Hon. Secretary:* G. WHITEHOUSE. *Hon. Treasurer:* P. P. AGARWAL.

THE meetings this term have been very well attended, especially as a large number of last year's members have gone down. The number of freshmen and visitors at our meetings has been re-

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HIGH TABLE MEMORIES

By T. R. GLOVER

I

IT was a quip of my father's that the authentic words spoken by Adam to Eve as they left Paradise were: "My dear, we live in times of transition." A later generation, I believe, attributes this to Dean Inge, as perhaps by now he does himself—*pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. Whatever may have been the reflections of Adam, the half century during which I have known Cambridge has been a time of transition.

In 1882 new statutes came into force, which permitted Fellows of colleges to marry if they could find women willing to risk it with middle-aged or elderly men; and there was, as J. R. Tanner (not yet middle-aged) put it, "a rush to the altar". It used to be said that a Senior Fellow of some college was asked what he thought of marriage, and, after some slight reflection, he said: "The breakfasts are better, but the dinners are not nearly so good." But the changes involved in college life were much greater than his simple reply revealed—subtler and more penetrating.

Side by side with this abolition of compulsory celibacy came a relaxation of the requirement that Fellows permanently on the foundation must be in clerical orders. The effect of this was not immediately felt; it took time for the senior men to die off, but thirty years saw the high tables of Cambridge predominantly lay; a few clergy survived, a few were added as deans and chaplains.

Lastly, after the first German war, a new Universities Commission made drastic endeavours to remodel Cambridge, top, bottom and middle. For centuries the centre of academic life had been the college, now it was to be the faculty. We owed this to the scientific

departments; they were each of them centred in huge buildings, more like government offices or factories than the old-time colleges; their staffs were from every college; buildings were kept up and staffs paid largely by the taxation of college revenues which had been given for no such purposes; and the "lab" was really more to the new type of man than the college, and very often he came from outside and knew little of our traditions. The new statutes were inspired, if not drafted, by men of this make. All Cambridge was to be reorganized into faculties, even where there was and could be no "lab", and where the essential teaching was man to man in college rooms. Theorists, reformers, and science men had their way; and men whose business was with history, language and literature were drastically herded into their several faculties. Long ago A. E. H. Love, who left St John's to be professor at Oxford, had made the criticism that Cambridge after all was devoting herself chiefly to the production of professors. The newer ideal for a professor was devotion to "research", which is very well in scientific studies, but less obviously useful in literature. Broadly speaking, in literature the less a professor "researches" in the modern sense of the term the more likely he is to understand what he is doing; manuscripts and antecedents are of little help to the real understanding of literature, and the substitution of palaeography for philosophy among theologians simply ruins the subject. However, we were in for scientific ideals, and research prevailed; and to clinch things professors were to be elected in a new way; eminent outsiders were to have a hand in the elections, who could be counted on to take an abstract view of the subject, uninformed and indifferent about our traditions, about the training of men, but ardent in the development of specialists. As a result we got a number of "heads of departments", some of them no doubt specialists of high quality, some of them less eminent and more likely to stay in Cambridge for life. Meantime, tenure of Fellowships—ignominiously called "prize Fellowships"—was shortened and made dependent on the pursuit of "research" of some kind; and the colleges had larger numbers of short-term Fellows, sometimes married, fugitive phantoms who hovered about and disappeared without much chance of identification with the colleges (sometimes not their own) which housed them. A college came to be a place where science men from the labs had free dinners. At the same time a college could hardly choose the men it would need as tutors and teachers—you cannot do without these, if you are going to educate young men—without the approval of some university board probably not in the least interested in the college concerned but inspired with the idea that they must see to it that a "researcher", a potential Ph.D., was selected; and whether he could teach or not, whether he were a

personality or, more simply, even a man, was of very little significance.

The fifty years have seen more changes than could have been expected, and yet less change; for undergraduates do not change much, even if they prefer cars to tandems; and they humanize the colleges and sometimes actually reclaim the Ph.D.'s. The great multiplication (so far) of ordinary students, lads from the public schools, who row and read and make asses of themselves, lovable, undeveloped creatures with their two hands in trouser pockets, who grow up into men, after all outweigh the "advanced" students, admirable people, no doubt, but perhaps too like Touchstone's "ill-roasted egg" "all on one side", though I will not add the abrupt participle in which he dismisses these vulgar fractions of humanity. A man who has twice been proctor may be trusted, if he comes and tells you what an admirable person the ordinary undergraduate is.

II

Of the older generation who survived into our days, quite the oddest was Peter Hamnett Mason, the President of the college and lecturer in Hebrew. He had written a Hebrew grammar in the form of "Letters to a Duchess". Duchesses may now and then wish to learn Hebrew, like the retired Scottish grocer who thought it might be fitting for him to learn to address the Creator in His own language. Peter's duchess appears to have been imaginary, or at most (legend said) his cat. But there the book was, and he had enlisted the enthusiasm of his pupils. For when the Regius Professorship of Hebrew became vacant, and the electors, not quite unintelligibly, fought shy of the queer old man and elected a much less picturesque figure, a Trinity man, who held this post and afterwards the deanery of Ely for many years without any great distinction, Peter's pupils rose in indignation, levied contributions on one another and themselves, and founded a University prize to perpetuate the old man's memory, the Mason Prize for Biblical Hebrew. Biblical—that was it, for Peter would have nothing to say to modern theories as to the language, and, playing on a technical point about the tenses, he refused any adherence to these "Imperfect" scholars and maintained the allegiance of his youth to "the grammarians of the Past and of the Future". I heard it suggested that, if every copy of the Hebrew Bible were lost, Peter could reproduce the whole from memory.

Youth somehow can never conceive that old men were really once-on-a-time young; and probably none of us supposed that Peter could have been young. He saw imperfectly or supposed he did; and, when you came to close quarters with him, raised his spectacles to peer

at you, and his welcome might be effusive. Bushe-Fox, it was said, had to see him, and was welcomed as his father's son—"I remember your father." "I don't think so, sir; my father died long ago and was never in Cambridge." "Ah! then! it was your elder brother." But the relentless undergraduate had no brother. "Then it must have been yourself. How do you do, Mr Bushe-Fox?" Bushey was eminent in the L.M.B.C. world; and on one occasion Peter "halled" the whole of the first boat. They came simultaneously and sat on some forms in his outer room, while one of them went in for the interview. He left the door ajar, and argued their case so adroitly and the conversation grew so ludicrous that his friends outside were shaking with laughter. Suddenly the door opened and out swept Peter; instantly every man hid his laughter in his hands. Peter saw a row of men with their faces hidden and their backs shaking, and grasped the situation, but misconceived it. He laid a friendly hand on the nearest shoulder—"Come! come! this is not manly", he said.

Heitland, whose comments were often caustic, declared that the old man's elaborate and gesturing old-world politeness had no relation with any old-world manners, but was his own absurd invention; and it was certainly odd. He was a great walker; walking was safe and reasonable in those days before motors; and you would see Peter in academic dress stalking with great strides along the Trumpington road, well in the carriage way, swinging as he strode with arms flung out, and his college cap waved abroad in his right hand. A wicked undergraduate would enjoy disconcerting him by taking off his hat to him. But he was not, or had not always been, as simple as he looked. Heitland maintained that the simplicity concealed a foxy cunning, and Herbert Foxwell had a story of some undergraduate dashing to morning chapel clad in little but a surplice; Peter recognized this impropriety, and with his old-world courtesy insisted at the end of the service on taking the man there and then from the chapel to his rooms for breakfast, and then without more ado sweeping him off for a long country walk. There seem, in retrospect, to be some difficulties in the story; a long country walk in a surplice was surely unusual; but that was the story and if you knew Peter Mason it was not too wildly improbable. He did great distances when he started. Legend also said that Peter had been proctor, and, finding a man carrying his gown, told him: "I don't think that the gentleman to whom you are carrying that gown would like you to wear his cap." His colleague, they said, was G. F. Browne, afterwards Bishop of Bristol. In those days undergraduates would fling coppers from the gallery. "Do you know why?" Browne asked Mason; "they are Peter's pence." "I had the idea," rejoined Peter, "that they are sometimes called 'Browns'."

Peter as a member of the high table was a constant source of interest. When the governing body met, and a vote had to be taken, he as President was always asked to vote first, and very commonly rejoined: "I do not vote." So regular was this that once, when after dinner we were asked to vote on a prize which William Bateson offered for the best joke on something, W. C. Summers captured everybody by saying in Peter's exact tones: "I will vote, but I do not wish my vote to be *recorded*." It was Peter's function to say Grace after dinner in hall, but he always passed the Grace-tablet to A. J. Stevens, who was another clerical survivor from earlier days.

Stevens was an unfortunate man. A change of ecclesiastical allegiance permitted him to take orders in the Church of England, and in those days, provided he did not marry, he could hold his Fellowship for life, and he did. It was said that he tried schoolmastering, at which it was obvious he could never have been a success; but he could fall back on his Fellowship. He invented, Foxwell said, a contrivance for lubricating railway engines and patented it; nothing came of it, till he let the patent lapse, and then it was widely adopted by the railway companies. So back to college he came, did a little examining, read the *Daily Mail*, dined in hall, spoke if you spoke to him, read Grace for Peter, and otherwise lapsed into nonentity. He did not read Grace well; *eructavit cor meum*, was the Biblical comment of the Rabelais scholar W. F. Smith; Barlow put it more gently—"We had several bubbles to-night." It was curious how a man originally of some ability could be so content to be a cipher. One night Heitland to tease the amiable J. T. Ward remarked that there was reason to suppose that *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*, a "comic" picture-paper long ago defunct, was chiefly supported by the clergy of the Church of England—a wicked expansion of the alleged fact that C. E. Graves had a file of it from the start and had been awarded by Ally the order of F.O.S. (Friend of Sloper). Suddenly the voice of Stevens was heard from a place or two up the table: "Ehm! some numbers of *Ally Sloper* are quite good." Heitland, looking over his spectacles, settled the matter: "So are many of the clergy!" And there it rested.

Once to the surprise of everybody Stevens rose in a College meeting and made a suggestion about the place for the War Memorial, but it was still-born. Once he printed a queer slip about the possibility of some text in the Gospel being right and intelligible, concluding as it were with a sigh, that nowadays people were more apt to reject Scripture. He offered some quantities of this slip to the dean, in case it might be of use to distribute among undergraduates. He lived to a considerable age, and expressed an odd regret about

T. G. Bonney who died at ninety, bent but alive and pungent. Bonney, Stevens suggested, had permanently weakened his constitution by exposure on the Alps in his youth. Somehow one did not think of Bonney as prematurely enfeebled. Stevens long persevered with his afternoon walk to Hyde Park Corner, dragging more and more sadly.

A far more notable figure than these two men was John E. B. Mayor, the professor of Latin, who succeeded Mason as President of the college. He read Grace himself, and his reading of it was remarkable for its clearness and dignity. He was an advocate of reading aloud as an aid to health and strength, and to this he added a fervent belief in vegetarianism, though rumour from the Kitchen suggested he was not as entirely vegetarian as he supposed; those vegetable soups—"we couldn't let the old gentleman die on our hands"—were fortified more than he knew. Whether it was vegetarianism at the back of it or not, he took up with a project of making marmalade at one time. To economize, apparently, he used the jars of well-known makers and had a label of his own pasted over their embossed name; and before long he had the law upon him, and had to make some sort of public apology; and that was the end of his venture. But he continued to repudiate flesh-food; the days were past when he was "a sepulchre for fowl".

When A. E. Housman, who succeeded him in the Latin Chair, declared in his inaugural address that Mayor "sternly limited himself" to what interested him, his words struck oddly upon college people. There was nothing very stern about it and very little limitation; the old man wandered as he pleased; preached sermons in the college chapel (and printed them in whole or in part) on Spanish protestants; denounced the trifling mind and manners of the young; annotated in huge folios the deaths, births and marriages and so forth of members of the college; indulged that fancy for making notes that besets aged scholars with Lewis and Short's Latin dictionary as a foundation. "Impudent fellows," he called Lewis and Short; "when they say a word is rare, I write '*not*' in the margin; why, they dare to say that *adjutorium* is rare; from Theodore Priscian alone I have gleaned 740 instances."

Youth was often so degenerate. That young Oxford man who was reported to have said that he "did not mind going to college chapel; he rather liked it"—"verily," declaimed Mayor (and he printed it, too), "Oxford churchmanship must be near extinction, if this puss young gentleman be a type of it". At Cambridge there were other signs of intellectual poverty; many of the football men, he had reason to believe, "had libraries of less than 2000 books". This last was true, whatever was the state of Oxford churchmanship.

At one stage a terrible misfortune befel him. The copy of Lewis and Short in which he was registering his reading and his corrections of their "impudence" disappeared, and could not be found. It seemed only too likely that it had been stolen—what a thesaurus of learning it would afford to a rival scholar, who might wish to supersede Lewis and Short—a German, perhaps. That Mayor would concentrate long enough to supersede them himself with a work of his own, nobody who knew him would have believed; but making notes toward a project was another thing, an enjoyable task that gave the sensation of valuable work. But the book was gone—stolen! Mayor notified the learned journals and all who read them, scholars and booksellers, that if they were offered this lost dictionary, they must know it was stolen from him. But it was not stolen, nor indeed far away. His bedmaker, innocent soul, had used it—not to produce a rival lexicon, but to support a chest of drawers which had lost a foot. *Notumque fovens quid femina possit.*

I once attended a course of his lectures. His subject was Tertullian, whom I was then reading. He took the *Apology*, translated a chapter or two rapidly, and then dictated a series of references, taking word after word and telling us in what authors (with chapter and verse) these words occurred. It had very little bearing on the mind or character or theology of Tertullian. But the other man attending the lectures shared Mayor's passion for lexicography, and faithfully took the references down, and when Mayor died he produced for Mayor's brother, Joseph, and from Mayor's notes, all that mass of erudition, with which were printed his own translation and Oehler's text. I still think that it all tells you very little that will make you realize or understand Tertullian; but Professor Souter of Aberdeen stands in the front rank of British scholars. He was the industrious apprentice; I was the idle one. *Hinc illae lacrimae.*

Mayor, for all his declamations and denunciations of "impudent" dictionary-makers and idle youth and trivial modern writers of books, was a kind old man. An early walk in the courts might bring you in contact with him as he left the chapel; and nothing would do but he would take you up to his rooms over the Shrewsbury gate, and there, undaunted by cold, and forgetful of food (yours and his) he would discourse to you at length of matters scholarly or Spanish, splendidly irrelevant, and give you at the end some volume of value or interest from the point of view of pure learning, but it again might not be—probably never was—very relevant to you or your work. But that did not matter—nor cold nor appetite for breakfast; you had been listening to a great scholar and bore away for ever the picture of the gleaming bright kind eyes. They look at you still from Herkomer's portrait. The portrait of Mason by C. E. Brock, now

relegated to a lecture-room, was not so generally esteemed as a picture, but nothing could have given you a truer conception of Peter Mason, "still life" as it was.

A far more significant man than any of them was George Downing Liveing. Mayor as a professor was virtually useless to students or to the college, except as a lovable, discursive, irrelevant survival of the past. Nobody adopted his vegetarianism, nobody was much concerned with his Spanish Protestants, and in those days nobody cared about the lexicography of Latin authors between A.D. 300 and 700. He read well in chapel, and it was always interesting to hear now and then about *adjutorium*, or the foolish luxury of the age; of course, people liked him as "a dear old thing", but he was not really a factor in anybody's affairs. Liveing had been neck-deep in University business all his life, maker of a department, builder of a laboratory, acute, incisive, practical. The legend survived of his hot temper, which taken with his red hair (we were told it had been red), won him the nickname of "the Red Precipitate". He was a chemist, but he was much else—a man of wide travel in the age before all dons went round or about the world, a man of experience and judgement, courteous, quiet and shrewd.

He had been in Italy in the stirring Garibaldi days, and, as an Englishman, had seemed to Italians a natural ally, but it was characteristic of him perhaps that he stood rather aloof and would not burn his fingers in other people's quarrels. Of late years we have seen an immense deal in Cambridge of enthusiasm for foreign adventure, but there was nothing Quixotic about Liveing; a windmill was a windmill to him and he did not meddle with it. "A poor spirit?" Not at all, he served his own generation and he served them well, high-minded, broad in survey, disinterested and active. Once he astonished us rather uncomfortably; he told an American visitor in hall that he had been in America "just before the war". We knew he had not; he was over eighty, and he was still living in his house next door to Newnham College, "The Pightle". Could the old man be suddenly struck in some way, and wandering in mind? Not he! His next sentence was: "Buchanan was president then." So it was the American Civil War!

In those early days he had tasks we little expected. One night in the Combination Room talk drifted to Paley's *Evidences*, and some one broached the subject to Liveing, who sat near, silent and a little deaf. For a moment his face looked rather blank, and then it lit up all over, in a way familiar to us and very pleasant. And he spoke. "I lectured on Paley in college for two years", he said; and he a chemist! These were the days when people spoke reverentially of the fallen Asquith as "one of the elder statesmen". And Liveing

went on to say that among his pupils had been Asquith's Headmaster—Edwin Abbott. He was indeed very old. I have always felt that I never witnessed so magnificent a snub administered as he gave to an aged Johnian one Sunday morning in the court. J. M. Wilson, who in ages past had been Headmaster of Clifton and was now Canon of Worcester, had come up to preach a University sermon at the age of eighty-seven. The two men had been at morning service in the College chapel, and, coming out, Wilson went up to Liveing and said: "I think we were contemporaries." "No," said Liveing, severely, "I am nine years senior to you." We all hoped he would reach one hundred; but a year after the encounter with J. M. Wilson, stepping back to avoid a car, he upset a girl on a bicycle, and fell himself; his thigh was broken, irrecoverably; he lingered a few months, and died at ninety-eight. "No," he said to me, "she was not to blame."

He founded, I think, some of the choral studentships; but it was kept very dark where they came from. I used to sit nearly opposite him at the College council, and the grave quiet figure remains before my mind. He took very little part in discussion; he even seemed aloof from it, as if he did not hear or greatly care to hear; but he followed what was going on, and when the moment came for voting, he voted at once, without any of Peter Mason's attitudes, voted straight and for the fundamentally sensible view of the matter in hand. The University presented a Latin address to him on the completion of seventy-five years of continual residence without a gap of a term from his matriculation. Someone had suggested it should be in English, but the shrewder judgement prevailed that Liveing would prefer it in Latin. He asked to see it, however, before the meeting in the Combination room at which the Vice-Chancellor presented it. He replied in English in a speech of quiet dignity and retrospect; and everybody was pleased that the address had been made.

Liveing's portrait by Sir George Reid is one of the happiest (and one of the noblest) that we have. He was already an old man when it was painted, and he lived another quarter of a century. He and Reid "tumbled to one another"; he did not use that phrase—of course not! it was not the vocabulary of his day or of his mind; but that was what happened. They suited one another, and as you look at the portrait you do not need to be told so; Reid caught the very Liveing that we knew and lived with—his dignity, his very masculine grace, his grave kindliness, his splendid old age. The portrait has only to be contrasted with Sir George Reid's picture of Sir Richard Jebb, done for Trinity College, and one sees how Liveing captured his painter and was at ease with him.

WAR AND EPIDEMICS

It has been said that the war of 1914–18 was the first exception to the rule that in wartime and even among combatants deaths from disease outnumber deaths due to enemy action. If we did not confine ourselves to combatants, even 1914–18 would not be an exception. A few weeks of autumn and winter 1918–19 did more execution than months of Blitzkrieg are likely to do. Between September and January more than 12,000 and from January to March more than 3000 Londoners died of influenza. But we do not know that the great epidemic *was* a war epidemic. In European wars down to the end of the nineteenth century epidemics directly due to war fall into two classes. Roughly speaking, they were outbreaks either of typhus or of bowel diseases, viz. typhoid, dysentery, cholera. That is only a rough statement; smallpox, for instance, was serious in the war of 1870–1; but sufficiently accurate for my purpose.

Typhus we know to be a specific infection usually conveyed by lice, and the bowel diseases are all specific infections usually conveyed by the fouling of food or drink with human excreta. Contrasting the two groups, we find that the killing power of typhus has been far the greater. It depopulated a great part of Germany in the Thirty Years' War and, by the havoc it made in Bonaparte's Russian campaign, guided that hero to St Helena. Even in 1914–18, typhus was a grim business in Serbia and some German prison camps.

The bowel group, particularly typhoid, was the chief destructive agent in the South African War. Cholera did immense execution in the Balkan War which was the curtain-raiser of 1914–18. It is easy to understand why both groups should have been directly associated with past wars. When private soldiers were unwashed illiterates, and their officers (also rarely washed all over) knew nothing whatever of the biology of infectious disease, the herding together of masses of men could hardly fail to breed a pestilence. A higher standard of living and the partial permeation of medicine by biology have made a great difference. Although in 1914–18 our troops were very lousy, the higher standard of civilian living in the forty years down to 1914 had almost eliminated typhus from England and Wales. So that although means for the transmission of the infection were available, the infective material was absent.

How the bowel diseases were conveyed and how resistance to them could be raised were well understood. The knowledge was intelligently applied with the result that this group did comparatively little mischief.

Looking backwards on the gloomy annals of war epidemics before the twentieth century one is struck by the absence, at least as major causes of death, of those diseases which are in our thoughts to-day. Influenza has been known as a great epidemic disease for centuries; cerebro-spinal fever is not new. Both are conveyed from person to person by droplet infection, i.e. by the discharge from the upper air passages of tiny drops or spray. Both, therefore, should be favoured by herding people together. It is interesting to consider them in the new conditions of total war.

There is no doubt that present war conditions have favoured cerebro-spinal fever, but although it is a very alarming disease it has never shown *rapid* powers of invasion. Its progress is gradual and now that a very effective treatment is available, it is unlikely that its ravages will be on a grand scale.

Influenza is quite a different story. Perhaps, in view of our ignorance, a fairy story with, as Father Brown would have said, bad fairies. Since the last war we have learned something important about influenza. We now know that a specific virus which can be kept alive in ferrets is the cause of influenza in the same sense that the tubercle bacillus is the cause of tuberculosis. That discovery gives the hope of ultimately obtaining some means of protection, but it is only a hope and our ignorance is extensive. Here are three questions to none of which can a satisfactory answer be given:

(1) Does influenza always start from some distant focus or foci and gradually spread westwards as did two other pandemic diseases, plague and cholera? If we could answer "Yes" the position would be more satisfactory than in the last war, because our contacts with Russia are few.[1] In favour of answering "Yes" is the fact that the great pandemic of 1889–90 certainly spread from east to west and probably the earlier pandemics of the nineteenth century. But the lines of dissemination of the much greater pandemic of 1918–19 are hopelessly confused; we cannot be sure that the east was the origin.

(2) Why do epidemics of influenza vary so greatly in severity? To that question there is *no* answer much better than the famous definition of an archdeacon, viz. an ecclesiastical officer charged with the execution of archidiaconal duties. We can say, if we like, that the strains of virus vary in powers, but that takes us no further.

(3) Why has influenza become in the last fifty years much more formidable while most infectious diseases have become less formidable? The obvious thing to say is that some feature of modern life helps influenza. A plausible suggestion is that suburbanization is to blame. Suburbanization means that in the "rush hours" people are

[1] Written December 1940.

subject to temporary overcrowding so intense sometimes as to make the Black Hole of Calcutta seem a rural solitude. It might be that these comminglings give the authentic virus, seeking a breeding ground, its opportunity. For suppose that the virus which has the potentiality of inaugurating a great epidemic can only attain effective power by passing through or over the respiratory tracts of individuals, peculiarly constituted who form but a small fraction of the population; strap-hangers in a tube railway coming from dozens of urban districts are a fine random sample and should include most physiological types. Sooner or later, the virus will find a home where it can grow up.

In this way we might explain the observation, frequently made, that while mortality from tuberculosis is closely associated with *domestic* overcrowding, mortality from influenza has no such association. The germ of tuberculosis may be relatively fixed and also resistance to it. To conquer that resistance the germ must make a steady and prolonged attack. The germ of influenza may be mutable, and when it has, by luck, reached its full power, hardly any physiological resistance can defeat it.

This theory is seductive, but it is only a theory. India can hardly be considered a suburbanized country, but in 1918 influenza ravaged India. Perhaps we could save the theory by arguing that the virus exalted by western suburbia passed from Great Britain or the United States to the east. There is no evidence to support that argument.

So we cannot answer the three questions satisfactorily; there only remains the dubious help of analogy. For many years a distinguished Johnian (Prof. W. W. C. Topley) and I studied the epidemiological behaviour of herds of mice. Our practice was to introduce into a herd of mice one or two animals deliberately infected with a particular disease and to recruit the herd with healthy mice. It has been a laborious research; when the outbreak of war brought it to an end, we had been working together for more than fifteen years and had sacrificed many thousand animals.

One result is this. The equilibrium of disease in a herd is always unstable. What usually happens is this. For some days after the herd has been inaugurated (usually by putting two or three infected animals in a cage with 20 or 30 clean animals and then adding daily from 3 to 6 healthy animals) there is little mortality. Then the deaths increase and one has an epidemic. This dies down in a week or two and then one has an interval, sometimes of many months (since the average life-span of a healthy mouse is only about one-thirtieth of that of a man, a month is a long time in the life history of a colony of mice), in which deaths balance or fall slightly short of immigrations (any mice born in the colony and not devoured by their parents

are destroyed), so that the population remains steady or even increases slightly. This equilibrium, however, is unstable. A slight change in conditions, for instance increasing the rate of immigration or, in one dramatic case of a disease having biological affinities with influenza, a heat wave, is sufficient to disturb it disastrously. Deaths from the smouldering disease increase and in a few weeks a colony of 300 may be reduced to 30. Now the most striking difference between a herd of mice and a herd of men from the point of view of the epidemiologist is that mice are *always* overcrowded and dirty. They are indeed provided with palatial quarters, but they will not space themselves out; when they are not fighting or making love they still rub shoulders and investigate one another's excreta. Down to October 1940 it would have been difficult to find in this country large human herds living under conditions having much resemblance to those of the victims of scientific curiosity which we have studied. An inspector of public air-raid shelters in a bombed city would have no difficulty now. There is no fighting or love making and a human distaste for excreta persists, but the overcrowding is great. Inspecting a public shelter fitted with bunks (in a London suburb) I wondered whether the steerage of an emigrant ship a century ago might not have looked rather like it. One has something like the rush hour tube conditions (not quite so bad as these but something like them) to be endured not for a quarter of an hour but for anything up to twelve hours of each day from November to February. This is an epidemiological experiment on the grand scale. Perhaps it will give an answer to the third of my unanswered questions. If, between now[1] and next April, there is not a devastating epidemic of influenza, that will be strong evidence against the theory sketched above and strong evidence in favour of the opinion held by some epidemiologists that the war of 1914–18 had no more importance in the generation of the great pandemic than had the fly on the wheel in the fable. We, or some of us, shall see.

M. GREENWOOD

[1] December 1940.

JOHNIANA

I had a few real first editions; I had *Tom Jones* and Bentley on *Phalaris*, which was terribly dull, and Purchas his *Pilgrimage* (1613), and Johnson's Dictionary, apparently stolen by my great-uncle from the library of St John's College, Cambridge.

ROSE MACAULAY, "Losing one's Books", *Spectator*, 7 November 1941.

In view of the possibility of an air-raid and the dropping of incendiary bombs, a Committee was appointed to consider what could be done for the protection of the College buildings...various measures have been taken to guard against an outbreak of fire.

The Eagle, XXXVI (1915), p. 332.

In this country swan marquetry is found mostly on work of high quality, such as the overmantle in Fig. 7[1] removed some years ago to St John's College (Cambridge) Combination Room from a small house belonging to the College at 3, Sussum's Yard, Bridge Street. Between the marriage initials three fishes, below the date 1594, have been referred to the owner's connection with the early Cambridge fishing trade, but their names have not been traced. In England it seems to be the only dated example of swan marquetry.

From an article on the Great Bed of Ware, *Country Life*, 15 August 1941.

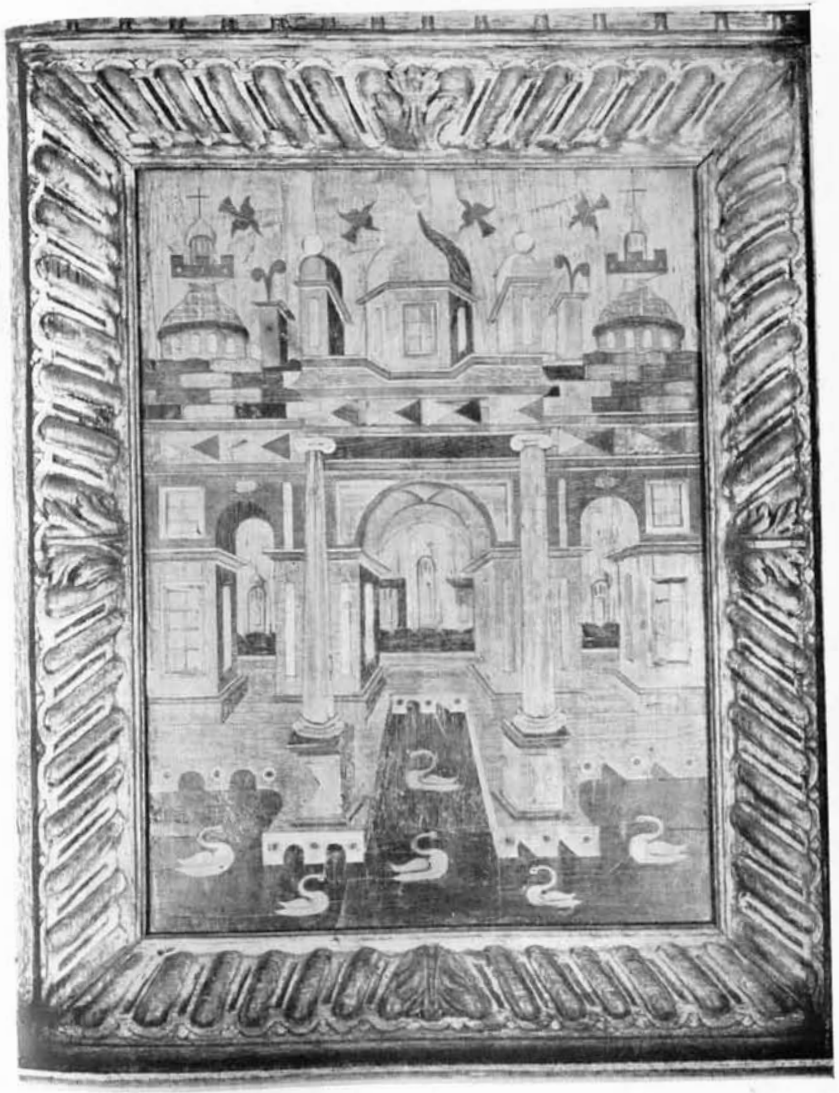
As a quiet and pleasing relief from topics bearing upon the War, Mr E. Saville Peck took as the subject of his lecture at the February scientific meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society "Three Early Materia Medica Cabinets in Cambridge".

The collections described, namely, those of J. P. Vigani, John Addenbrooke and William Heberden, are of special interest for various reasons, but notably because they mark the time when the atmosphere of indifference to medical teaching which had hitherto prevailed at Cambridge began to be dispelled....

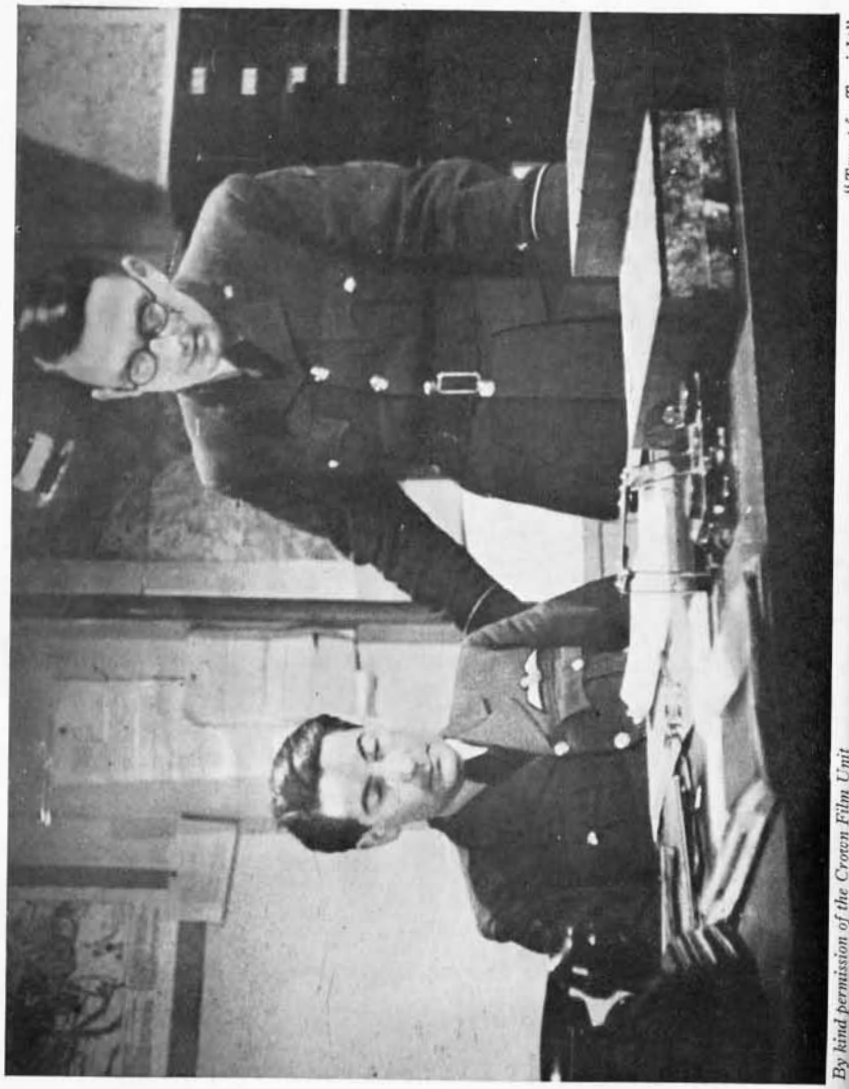
...The third chest described by Mr Peck was that of William Heberden, who was admitted a sizar of St John's in 1724, and was made a medical fellow in 1734, proceeding to the degree of M.D. in 1739.[2] He gave an annual course of lectures in materia medica, and made good use of his knowledge of the classics to adorn them; the collection of materia medica which he had formed to illustrate his lectures he presented to his college when he left Cambridge to practise in London, where among his patients was Dr Johnson.

[1] The plate opposite is not from *Country Life*, but is from a photograph by Mr Briggs.

[2] Heberden's chest is in the College Library.



SWAN MARQUETRY IN THE COMBINATION ROOM



"Target for To-night"

By kind permission of the Crown Film Unit "A PEACH OF A TARGET, SIR"

Boswell relates that when he was asked what physician he had sent for, he replied, "Dr Heberden, ultimum Romanorum".

Heberden's cabinet is made of oak and contains in the upper portion twenty-eight drawers and below a cupboard with two shelves. The contents are noted in a manuscript catalogue of 10 July 1751. The three cabinets described have many points of similarity; all three contain almost identical substances, most of which are mentioned in Culpeper's Herbal and the London Pharmacopœia of the time. They are contained in little paper trays folded in similar fashion and placed in the various positions in the drawers.

Cambridge is fortunate in possessing such treasures and, as Mr Peck acknowledged, pharmacists are grateful to the Colleges for the care they have taken of them for more than two centuries.

Nature, 5 April 1941.

The plate opposite shows Dr G. E. Daniel (Fellow, at present Photographic Intelligence Officer) in a scene from the film "Target for To-night".

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE ADAMS SOCIETY

Lent Term, 1940

President: E. P. HICKS. *Vice-President:* D. D. FILTNESS. *Hon. Secretary:* G. WHITEHOUSE. *Hon. Treasurer:* P. P. AGARWAL.

Four meetings of the Society were held in the Lent Term. On 1 February Mr Jeffreys gave a paper on "Earthquakes", which dealt with the types of waves set up by an earth tremor. Various seismographs were described by the lecturer.

At the second meeting on 8 February the Treasurer read a paper on "The Importance of Mathematics", in which he gave examples of the aesthetic beauty and practical importance of the subject.

The Joint Meeting with the Trinity Mathematical Society took place on 19 February, when a very lively and interesting lecture was given by Professor Wittgenstein on "The Descent of Mathematics".

The Term's programme closed with a meeting on 7 March, when a paper was read by A. E. Jones on "Greek Mathematics". This was mainly concerned with the geometrical and astronomical knowledge of the Greeks.

At the first meeting of the Easter Term on 25 April, Professor Dirac spoke on "The Interior of an Electron". The lecture was, however, more concerned with the motion of an electron under

THE EAGLE

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PORTUGAL AND THE WAR

By GILBERT H. PHELPS

(*This article was received early in* 1943)

WHEN you are actually living there you are inclined to laugh at the romantic colourings with which the journalists decorate their articles on Portugal. In their brief visits—spent mostly in the best hotels in Estoril or in the Casino, or in the York Bar at Lisbon—they can indeed learn only a small part of the truth. In retrospect, however, one feels that some at least of the melodrama was justified, and that life in neutral Portugal in war-time is almost as *Picture Post* or *The Daily Mirror* would lead us to believe.

If in the midst of war you are suddenly whisked away on a cold, dark September morning, with the sirens wailing, and if at the close of the same day you stand in the Rossio—Lisbon's central square—with lights streaming from cafés and restaurants, and neon lights blazing—and notably the advertisements for the German Bayer products—then you will have experienced as abrupt a transition as can be imagined.

And if after two hectic years you suddenly return to England, to find it substantially much the same, your impressions of Portugal are necessarily chaotic. To register one's experience in a series of disconnected impressions will perhaps give the truest possible picture of Portugal in the Second World War.

The vivid sunshine and the sharply contrasted shadows; the precipitous cobbled streets, the yellow and strawberry colourings of the old houses, and the sudden vistas over the broad Tagus, give to Lisbon an appearance of unreality as if one was looking at a gaudy picture post-card. The brightly lighted streets and shops somehow reinforce this impression. It is as if 'the lights of Europe' had in

actual fact gone out one by one, leaving Portugal forgotten on the far western edge of a darkened Europe.

The sense of unreality is further heightened by the close and uneasy proximity of new and old. It is difficult to decide whether Portugal is really being 'modernized' by the war, or whether she is patiently waiting for the strange cosmopolitan irruption to subside, leaving her to her old, traditional way of life.

Spain is a country of sudden enough contrasts. But Madrid or Barcelona have been sufficiently 'Europeanized' to be considered great modern cities. Lisbon, in spite of its smart shops, and its fine Avenida da Liberdade stretching from the Rossio to the foot of the huge, ornate statue in memory of the Marques de Pombal, somehow still remains 'old-fashioned', wearing its twentieth-century mannerisms with an awkward air.

Modern cars may stream at break-neck speed up and down the Avenida, but in the side streets peasants sit perched on heavily-laden donkeys; the fish-wives clatter up and down the narrow passageways, with their wooden slippers clicking on the cobbles, carrying their long, flat baskets on their heads. Or the poultry-women cry their wares while the live hens cluck noisily in the curious portable hen-coops carried on their heads. It might be a scene from eighteenth-century London.

Even in the Avenida you meet peasants and farmers from the provinces in their long woollen hats of green and red like old-fashioned night-caps; and fat, prosperous farmers from the district across the Tagus—the Alemtejo as it is called—in their traditional stiff black broad-brimmed hats (often replaced now by ridiculous little black trilbys) and the curious long great-coat, with its wide skirt, numerous capes and fur collar.

Ten years ago no respectable woman would appear in the streets of Lisbon unchaperoned. Even now no self-respecting Portuguese woman will appear, even in the company of her family, in any of the large cafés. A bare head was until recently the hall-mark of the prostitute. When the ultra-smart refugees from Paris and the Riviera began to crowd into Lisbon after the fall of France, the Portuguese were profoundly shocked.

The Portuguese men are great talkers, and good-humouredly admit it. The pavement along the side of the Rossio where the main cafés are to be found is humorously called the 'passeio dos politicos' —'politicians' walk'.

In the cafés they discuss everything from the war to poetry. And there is a thriving, earnest intelligentsia in Portugal, with a disinterested enthusiasm which might teach much to our own blasé intellectuals. The rewards of art are minute, but young poets and

novelists, actors and painters throng the Chave d'Ouro or the Café Portugalia, with their glasses of black coffee in front of them, their black trilby hats perched on their heads, leaning over the little marble-topped tables arguing as if their lives depended on it.

But the intelligentsia of Portugal, even the anti-clerical section of it, seem less 'modern' in their outlook than the intelligentsia of the central European countries for example, equally backward economically though these may be. In Lisbon I met a group of Yugo-Slav students on their way home after a year in England (they arrived, incidentally just before the German invasion of their country). We met like fellow-explorers in a strange land. Somehow we spoke the 'same language', and conversation was much easier.

In some districts of Lisbon it is almost impossible to sleep. The trams shriek and clatter up and down the narrow streets, taxis blare continuously, and in parks and on roof tops the citizens sit until the small hours of the morning listening to the 'fados'—the queer, wailing love songs derived directly from Brazil in the middle of the last century, but probably with very distant Portuguese traditional origins. These fados are quite short, and scores of them are sung one after the other; as the last wailing note dies away the audience clap excitedly and a new number begins immediately.

You are particularly unfortunate if you live near the market in Lisbon. The peasants arrive with their bullock-carts from midnight until dawn, queueing up outside the market gates in order to get a good position when the day's business begins. If you pass the market at these times you have to take care not to trip up over the bullocks, unharnessed from their shafts, and placidly dozing, or their owners curled up in their blankets on the pavements whatever the weather—snatching a few hours' sleep before the market gates open. Carts continue to arrive all night, and the noise from these primitive waggons as they lumber over the cobble-stones is deafening. If Lisbon is old-fashioned, it is certainly not quiet.

As you move away from Lisbon and Oporto, the twentieth century is rapidly left behind. Coimbra, the seat of the ancient university, and the third largest town in Portugal, is a quiet backwater of a place. Many Portuguese teachers can remember in their student days riding to and from the university on donkeys across an almost trackless countryside to keep their terms. There are fairly good roads now and a railway linking Lisbon with Coimbra and Oporto. Estoril, the seaside resort with its Casino and fine hotels catering chiefly for the refugee and 'diplomatic' population, is linked to Lisbon by an electric line and a new motor road which runs along the Costa do Sol—Coast of the Sun—as far as Cascais, a charming little fishing village. The railway, interestingly enough, was part of German

reparations to Portugal after the Great War. The motor-road is the contribution of the Salazar regime, inspired by similar achievements in Italy.

But the fringe of twentieth-century sophistication is surprisingly narrow. At São Pedro de Sintra, for example, only about twelve miles from Lisbon, I attended a fair which was as antique in atmosphere as it could well be. Hardly a single factory-made article was to be bought, but there was a fine selection of hand-made pots, pans and baskets.

The fisher folk take one back to a very distant past. Unlike the typical Portuguese Latin type, they are tall, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and in spite of their abject poverty, accentuated by the war, a very fine race of men. It is said that their origins are Phoenician. Their boats are of curious design, with long curved prow, and an eye painted on the hull.

The sense of a primitive ancient Portugal underlying the modernization effected by the sudden refugee influx and the totalitarian ambitions of the Salazar regime, came home to me most forcibly on one hot July afternoon. I was sitting alone on a boulder, gasping with the heat, near the summit of a fairly considerable hill not far from the Lines of Torres Vedras. The countryside was extraordinarily desolate; the heavy, but brilliant heat, the unflinching bright blue of the sky, and the sage-green foliage were completely different from the colourings of an English landscape. Cézanne, indeed, might have found many congenial subjects in the Portuguese countryside in summer.

Suddenly there was a curious tumbling sound of innumerable bells. The wild music went up and down, up and down with a bewildering variety of cadence. A minute before the stillness had been absolute, and the effect of this sudden music, like the bubbling of a mountain stream, was for the moment quite uncanny. I had to strain my eyes to distinguish the little goats as they scrambled in and out of the shrubs and rocks. I had seen little goat bells at the fair in São Pedro de Sintra. They were rough cast but extraordinarily pure in tone. English people sometimes bought them, and polished them up for the tea-table.

I peered more closely at the side of the hill trying to pick out the goat-herd, but at first I could not see him. The hill-side was covered with boulders and dusty stunted green shrubs, and the sun seemed to be pouring directly on to it; but at last I saw the goat-herd moving across the hill-side very, very slowly, moving with infinite patience across a tiny band of shadow, with his tall staff, wide-brimmed black hat, and his colourful blanket wrapped closely round his shoulders to give him added protection from the sun. The effect

would not have been much different if I had seen Pan himself. There was something extraordinarily primitive about the whole scene as the dark-skinned goat-herd moved slowly and secretly across the face of the hill, twisting up and down as he instinctively followed the narrow band of shade like a wily snake.

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Portugal's New Order is in marked contrast to this antique atmosphere. The aims of the Salazar regime have been to revive in the imagination of the people, by every advertising device, the ancient glories of Portugal; to restore the Catholic Church to its ancient power and prestige, and at the same time to modernize and industrialize the country.

Public buildings and monuments recall the glories of the past. In remote villages you suddenly come across the handiwork of the New Order—perhaps a vast white statue to some national medieval hero; sculpted in coat of mail with broad features, huge limbs and hands and splayed feet, in a style distinctly reminiscent of modern German and Italian sculpture.

The great 'Exhibition of the Portuguese World', finely designed and executed, which was held in 1940 at the riverside suburb of Belem, was an expression of the government's ambitions and achievements. Along one side of the site ran the great cathedral of Jeronimo, impressive in its lavish semi-Moorish magnificence, and dominating the whole Exhibition. Many of the buildings were dedicated to the feats of the Portuguese heroes, and frescoes and sculptures depicting the capture of Lisbon from the Moors in the twelfth century, or adventures of the sixteenth-century explorers, lavishly decorated the great plaster pavilions. Facing out across the broad Tagus was a huge rectangular mass of stone, and struggling up its flanks a long column of Portuguese heroes and explorers, pressing one upon the other....

The government in its attempts to create a resurgence of nationalism encourages pride of Empire, and at the same time is attempting to exploit its untapped resources, particularly in Angola. The Ministry of Colonies conducts a vigorous propaganda campaign in many languages. One of their publications is a map of Europe upon which is imposed the Portuguese Empire. The areas, if one excludes Russia, are about equal. It is perhaps not usually realized that, now that the Dutch Empire has been overrun by the Japanese, and the French Empire 'split', Portugal can boast the second largest Empire in the world.

The fostering of cordial relations with Brazil has been one of the main concerns of the Salazar government, and one of the largest

buildings at the Exhibition was devoted to Luso-Brazilian relationships. Brazil's entry into the war on the side of the Allies will have caused acute embarrassment to the pro-Axis elements in the Portuguese government.

Axis propaganda has undoubtedly made considerable headway in the last decade. The Nazis have expended as much care and patience on their propaganda campaign in Portugal as on those in Latin America. They boast that they can occupy the country by telephone....

The Portuguese national vice is vanity, and the Germans have made subtle use of this weakness. Diplomatic, commercial, or academic deputations and missions have been received in Germany with the most flattering attention. This courtesy, calculated though it may be, has been in marked contrast to our own casual methods. I have talked to Portuguese officials who speak of their reception in England with much bitterness.

A notable feature of German methods is the utilization of commercial products in the services of propaganda. Bayer's, for example, have practically a monopoly of drugs and chemical goods, and doctors, dentists, laboratories, etc., find themselves plied with expensive advertisement gifts.

German and Italian Institutes were set up in Portugal and the cultural propaganda was cleverly conducted. The British Council opened Institutes in Portugal, but in spite of much excellent work Britain's cultural prestige is not high. The Portuguese intelligentsia is inclined to the opinion that the British are a race of commercially-minded imperialists, who, by some strange accident, produced a Shakespeare. In intellectual matters the prestige of the French, in spite of France's military debacle, is still undimmed.

Italy, it is interesting to note, is universally despised, and jokes against the Italians at war form one of the major recreations of the café frequenters. This contempt may be due to the fact that the Portuguese resent the assumption that the Italians are the foremost Latin race of Europe, and perhaps, because they are jealous of Italy's Empire.

In contrast with the efficiency of German methods, British propaganda in Portugal, as elsewhere, has been singularly inept. The most lurid accusations of *The Daily Mirror* on this score are unfortunately only too well founded.

It would be tedious to recount all the instances, some of them truly shocking, of diplomatic blundering in Portugal. Examples, of a milder variety, are to be found in the use of press photographs. Around the Rossio, and in other central points in Lisbon, and in the provinces, shop windows have been secured by the various belligerent powers for the exhibition of propaganda photographs.

The German windows are invariably filled with simple but effective action photographs, giving an impression of inexhaustible might and of a procession of victories. The British photographs show us a corner of Hyde Park, or the Royal princesses among the daffodils at Sandringham, pictures which seem designed rather to cheer the English traveller suffering from home-sickness than to impress upon a neutral country England's power and will to win. Lack of imagination can be as disastrous a failing in war as in peace, and in the field of propaganda we have indeed shown little tact or insight.

Axis agents are quick to exploit any real or imagined threat to Portugal's sovereign rights or commercial interests. For example, an anti-British strike in the sardine-packing industry was obviously engineered by Axis agents. Portugal has no tin-plating industry of her own, and is entirely dependent on British imports. Urgent demands on shipping space have naturally made deliveries erratic, and one particularly long delay was translated by Axis intrigue into deliberate policy. The entry of Allied troops into Portuguese Timor was, for Portugal and for the foreign residents, an event of supreme importance. Axis propaganda made full capital of the incident, and the attempts of the British press attaché's office to explain the situation were feeble and badly organized.

A special meeting of the Portuguese Assembly was called, at which Salazar was to make a momentous pronouncement on this sudden encroachment, by an ostensibly friendly power, on Portuguese territorial rights. An armed guard was placed over British embassy and consulate buildings. A mob demonstrated outside the assembly and the hot-heads talked of a declaration of war.

But much of the feeling was probably deliberately manufactured in the interests of national pride. Salazar, as President of the Council, and 'head of the state', made a clever and cautious speech which, while deploring the Allied action, made no embarrassing political comments. Popular excitement soon died down. It is doubtful if the man in the street felt very profound resentment. I was refused a 'fare' by one Lisbon taxi-driver because of my nationality and was told that 'you English are just as bad as the Germans'. But others (and the taxi-drivers are a very important and representative section of the Lisbon working classes) treated the whole incident as a huge joke, and many even expressed the hope that the Allies would continue to act with the same realism in future.

For in spite of the efforts of the Axis there is little real danger as far as the people are concerned of a break in the ancient alliance between Portugal and England. The Salazar government maintains Portugal's perilous neutrality with great dexterity. Certain members of the government are undoubtedly pro-Axis, but apart from the

long-standing traditions of Anglo-Portuguese friendship there are probably certain understandings of an economic and strategic nature between Portugal and the Allies.

While, however, the fundamental friendship between England and Portugal is in little danger of serious rupture, the political situation in Portugal must set the British government some delicate problems, though perhaps the recent extensive practice obtained in North Africa may set a precedent.

For the system of government in Portugal is undoubtedly a veiled Fascism. There is no opposition party; the press is severely censored, and Salazar is virtually dictator, and officially referred to as the Head of the State (Chefe do Estado). General Carmona, the President of the Republic, is no more than a popular and amiable figure-head.

There is an interesting grouping of the Fascist countries in which Portugal plays a prominent part. Italy is very unpopular with the Portuguese. But Portugal, Spain and Vichy France (at any rate before the German occupation) may be considered as forming a little bloc of their own. It may be recalled that Vichy spokesmen, including Pétain himself, have spoken with great admiration of Salazar's government, even going as far as to declare that Portugal served as a 'model' for the 'new' France. There is a Youth Movement in Portugal, carefully modelled on Fascist lines. There again close collaboration with the French is noticeable, and leaders of the Youth Movements of France and Portugal are frequently in friendly consultation.

Spain, as an old national enemy, still arouses a certain amount of distrust. But a common devotion to the Roman Catholic Church unites the two countries. There has indeed been a deliberate revival of the power of the Church, since Salazar came into power. The return of the Jesuits caused much discontent. One morning a placard was found at the foot of the statue to Pombal, who expelled the Jesuits in the early eighteenth century, reading 'Come down, O Marquis! the Jesuits are back again!' The Portuguese Legion served under Franco during the Spanish Civil War, and messages of solidarity and sympathy have been sent to Spain's Blue Division on the Russian front, although excuses were found to avoid actual participation.

It is doubtful, however, if Fascist doctrines have as yet taken a very firm hold on Portuguese youth. The 'Mocidade Portuguesa' is primarily a sports movement. I spent a holiday under canvas as a guest of the Lisbon branch of the 'Mocidade Portuguesa', and was treated with extraordinary kindness and consideration. I met a few cases of really serious Fascist indoctrination. But without exception these were unbalanced adolescents, hysterically sensitive about

national honour, and, under the tutelage of German propaganda, violently anti-English. But these cases were rare. The majority were friendly towards England and the Allied cause. The Portuguese disposition is naturally kindly and hospitable, and the Fascist poison has as yet affected only a small part of the nation.

The most dangerous anti-English elements are the wealthy financiers and landowners, who, while professing affection for Englishmen as individuals, quite frankly state that they consider that a victory of the Allied nations would mean democratic revolution in Portugal and a subsequent threat to their fortunes. I recall in particular a very wealthy, openly anti-English society doctor, who counted many members of the English colony among his friends and patients....

I also attended a camp-fire at an Army Officers' training camp and was welcomed with that unfailing courtesy which is the most charming feature of the Portuguese character. Important elements of the Portuguese army are anti-Fascist pro-Allied, and anti-Salazar; arrests of anti-Salazar officers and men are by no means infrequent. Troublesome units are shipped off to remote parts of the Empire.

British policy in Portugal, therefore, finds itself faced with many delicate problems. To the working classes, most of the students and intelligentsia, pro-English sentiment is inevitably bound to anti-Salazar convictions. Protestations of the democratic and anti-Fascist ideals of the Allied nations are accepted at their face value. But British policy in the Iberian peninsula is to keep the situation as stable as possible. Open encouragement of friendly and democratic elements in Spain and Portugal would undoubtedly lead to revolutions against the existing governments and the probable sequel of Axis intervention, if indeed commitments elsewhere would allow either Italy or Germany to intervene effectively.

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Life in a neutral country in war time has many Gilbertian situations. Englishmen, Germans and Italians find themselves seated at the same table or rub shoulders at the headquarters of the International Police. At the university of Coimbra a common lobby is shared by the English and German lecturers, and their less private mails can be seen jumbled together on the same table. 'Incidents' however are rare, although British seamen have been known to break the windows of the German 'taverno' which, provocatively, is situated exactly opposite the British Consulate.

On Sundays some of us would serve beer, eggs and bacon at the British Seamen's Institute. Sometimes social arrangements had to be made at short notice for the reception of survivors from some

torpedoed ship. In the early days of the war British seamen were very shabbily treated by the Consulate officials, but a full-time Seamen's Union representative is now employed in Lisbon to protect their interests.

Occasionally a British bomber makes a forced landing in Portugal. The crews have to be provided with civilian clothes immediately in order to avoid any embarrassing demonstrations on the part of the populace. The exploits of the Royal Air Force have captured the popular imagination and R.A.F. emblems sold so well that the police had to intervene in the interests of strict neutrality. Injured airmen are cared for in the somewhat archaic British Hospital; the others are interned at a special camp. They appear, however, to 'escape' with startling ease. No doubt Axis airmen find it equally easy to evade the vigilance of their guards, but the advantage is all ours as Portugal is well away from Axis operational areas.

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Portugal is our oldest ally, and the long-standing friendship is founded upon something more permanent than politics. For the Englishman Portugal has a special attraction. The war has filled Portugal with a clamour of intrigue and rumour, but in spite of the chaotic impressions which crowd upon the visitor to-day, few who have passed through Portugal during the war have escaped its charm.

There is something peculiarly satisfying about the Portuguese atmosphere. 'Paciencia', 'não faz mal' (it doesn't matter) are the most popular expressions in the Portuguese vocabulary. They bear witness to a calm, a good-humoured fatalism which is in refreshing, if at times exasperating, contrast to the anxious atmosphere of twentieth-century life.

The ancient glory of Portugal can hardly be revived in modern conditions. But the spirit that sent the Portuguese explorers to the far ends of the earth is still to be found among the fishermen who every year set out for the Newfoundland fisheries. Their smacks are ridiculously tiny for such a voyage, and the undertaking calls for the highest qualities of seamanship. It is interesting to recall that the Elizabethan sailors found the Portuguese ships by far the most formidable of Philip II's Armada.

The Portuguese bull-fight is a good index to the national character. It has much of the colour and glamour of the Spanish contest. It demands a high degree of skill and courage, and is by no means an emasculation of the true bull-fight as the Spanish critics declare. But the Portuguese character lacks the fierce impetuous pride of the Spanish; though if it has less fire, it has more good nature.

The bull-fight is not, of course, a sport, in the English sense of the term, but it is certainly not a mere sadistic debauch as many English critics have suggested. It is a vivid drama that appeals to the deep-rooted instincts of the Iberian peoples, and as such is richly satisfying to their imaginations and emotions. It is a ritual even more than it is a sport, and its origins no doubt lie in the ancient Mithraic worship. Audience and performers are united in a common intensity of mood, and at a Spanish fight, when in the dusk of the afternoon the last bull is killed and a sudden hush descends upon the spectators, the atmosphere is that of ancient Greek tragedy.

In Portugal, however, the bull is not killed, and the emphasis is thrown rather on the footwork, the skill of man and horse, and on the colour and grace of the spectacle. The 'cavalheiro' occupies the position held in Spain by the 'toreador'.

The comic element is allowed full play, in a way that shocks the devotee of the Spanish bull-fight. For example, the 'fourcados', who attempt to subdue the bull with their bare hands and by their weight of numbers, and who are frequently hurled aside like ninepins, are in reality highly specialized clowns.

The very nature of a contest in which the bull receives no injury apart from the superficial neck and shoulder wounds made by the darts, of necessity introduces a comic element. For at the end of each contest, in order to make ready for the next fight, a herd of incredibly mangy cows, each dangling a heavy bell at her neck, is driven into the ring, and then driven out again, with the bull, so recently a terrible bellowing monster of frustrated rage, trotting docilely away in the midst.

In these knockabout elements there is something reminiscent of the comic relief in Elizabethan tragedy, and indeed while the stern dignity of the Spanish contest might be compared to Greek Tragedy, the varied, semi-farcical Portuguese variant might be likened to Elizabethan tragi-comedy. No better illustration could be found of the similarities and contrasts in taste and character of the two Iberian peoples.

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But it would not be altogether fair to the Portuguese to contrast their mildness of character with the fierce Spanish bravery. 'Fetch me more Portuguese', Wellington demanded, and he is said to have thought highly of the Portuguese peasants as infantrymen. The people have great qualities of patient endurance. The numerous revolutions between the end of the Great War and the Salazar revolution show how often they are prepared to suffer for their ideals and beliefs. After the war the Iberian peninsula will bristle with all

sorts of political difficulties, and in their final solution there is no doubt that the Portuguese people will play an important part. The Portuguese will always look to England with affection, and it is to be hoped that whatever political parties may be in power in the two countries, the future will see no weakening of the ancient ties of friendship between England and Portugal.

G. H. P.

POEM

THEY say trees cannot speak
yet I have heard,
rapt in the silence of a summer wood
with leaf-pressed stupor thick with sticky scent,
their voices rolling on in sweet content.
As in a dream they spoke
of things long past,
of endless circles and of passive weight,
white-faced winds, soft sleep and silken sun,
of ancient earth, seared sea, and fearful fate.
I stood and listened, rooted still as they.
I heard the hushing whisper of their sway,
and saw their silver boles melt far away.

Their leaves were down,
their twigs sharp-lined in cold;
once more I heard the voices of those trees
still seeping out old tones of aching care,
their jagged outlines cutting in the air.
They told what they had seen
but could not mend,
expressed their feelings just as humans could.
I felt the stifled silence of that wood.
I saw their voices, heard, and understood.

A. H. W. C.

CRETE, 1941

I die,
In my heart an English song—
I hear the tramp of tired feet
It is the sound of our retreat.
The cry,
Loud, clear and long,
Of that last bayonet charge—
Of world import not large,
To me
Was payment for my life.
It showed me England's will
To fight it out until
We free
The continent from strife
And once more men have liberty
To choose their proper destiny.

J. W. L.

GHOST HUNTING AT BORLEY RECTORY

BORLEY Rectory, near Sudbury, Suffolk, is a building with a remarkable history and a remarkable reputation. It was built in 1863 on the site of a fourteenth-century monastery and upon the remains of two earlier buildings. Those living in the house have been disturbed at various times, and in varying degrees, by those phenomena which are usually described (or perhaps dismissed) as 'hauntings'. The events which occurred were a source of some annoyance to five successive families, and each in turn left the Rectory, the house eventually standing empty. Then, in 1937, Mr Harry Price, the investigator of psychic phenomena, rented the Rectory for a year, and brought together a corps of observers specially chosen for their 'intelligence, ability, culture, and independence of thought'. These observers kept up a fairly continuous watch in the Rectory and during a period of a year 'about 95%' of them have reported some phenomenon which they consider to be of paranormal origin.

The various strange events which are supposed to have occurred in the Rectory are described in a book by Mr Price entitled *The Most Haunted House in England*. They form a rather curious combination

of the sort of phenomena usually associated with (as one might term them) 'ordinary' ghosts, with those produced by a rather more special sort of ghost called a 'Poltergeist'. The traditional ghostly coach driven by headless men is said to pass down the road outside the house with a clatter of phantasmal hoofs; a spectral nun strolls through the gardens, and various dark figures and monstrosities are to be seen inside the Rectory. Somewhat oddly these visible appearances usually come quite silently; while on the other hand footsteps are often heard in the building unaccompanied by anything visible to the eye. There are mysterious phenomena which are alleged to occur, and they include the appearance of writing on the walls in indelible pencil, the disappearance and reappearance of objects, some invisible presence which causes dogs to go mad, the transformation of wine into ink when it is poured into a glass, strange knockings apparently proceeding from beings not without a modicum of intelligence, luminous patches of seemingly unnatural light, and many other occurrences of the same sort. All these manifestations have one thing in common, they are in entire disagreement with our ordinary conceptions of what is naturally possible and impossible, and consequently they are difficult to credit despite the considerable accumulation of evidence in favour of them. This evidence has been well analysed in an article by Sir Ernest Jelf in the *Law Times* for August 1941, and he concluded that the haunting is legally proved. He further remarks that he is 'at a loss to understand what cross-examination could possibly shake the evidence'.

It was at first thought that the ghosts had come to a fiery end in 1939, for at midnight on 27 February Borley Rectory caught fire under somewhat mysterious circumstances, and was reduced to a charred ruin. But those who chanced to visit the ruin at night time had strange and often frightening experiences; so that it seemed at first that the fire might have imparted a renewed vitality to the strange inhabitants of the Rectory. Observing this, and thinking that personal experiences would be more impressive than ever so many books, a number of us from St John's have spent the night in the ruins at various times. It is perhaps of interest to describe some of our experiences.

During the Easter Vacation of 1939 I visited for the first time the remains of Borley Rectory with two friends. We stayed one night and nothing unusual whatsoever occurred; rather disappointed, we ourselves produced a 'phenomenon' by ringing a large bell the cord of which was about ten feet from the ground and very difficult to reach. When later on we read in the papers that one hundred and one apparitions had been seen at the Rectory during the three months immediately following the fire, we wondered whether perhaps three

of these at least could be explained away. My next visit to the Rectory was on 31 October 1941 (All Hallows E'en), accompanied by I. P. Williams from St John's. This visit was of somewhat greater interest than the previous one. The first strange event we observed was a rise in temperature of six degrees Fahrenheit just before midnight (B.S.T.). This took only three minutes and the temperature then fell again. Some time later I observed a luminous patch suddenly appear on the wall for a second or so. At midnight (G.M.T.) we noted a rise in temperature of two degrees followed again by a fall. The house remained astonishingly silent for a long time, until we were suddenly frightened out of a rather drowsy state by hearing three or four heavy, slow and very distinct footsteps just immediately behind the wall against which we were leaning. With some trepidation we looked at the door expecting that some monstrosity might appear. But the noises ceased, so we proceeded to investigate immediately, and on looking at the region from which the noises appeared to have come I saw quite clearly a dark shape move from the moonlight into the shadows. But when we illuminated the whole patch of shadow with a red light nothing unusual could be seen.

The next visit by Johnians was on 20 December 1941. In collaboration with E. N. J. Angelbeck I tried an experiment in knocking. We asked one of the supposed ghosts, called 'Harry Bull', to answer our questions by giving one knock for 'yes', two knocks for 'no', and three for 'I don't know'. We then gave for his benefit a few specimen knocks, striking the wall with an electric torch. Five minutes later we heard eighteen distinct and very regular knocks, which were rather similar to our specimen knocks. These eighteen knocks were divided into three groups of six knocks each; and each group of six was further divided into three groups of two knocks each. So apparently Harry Bull, if it could have been he, replied 'no' to us nine times. We asked more questions but did not obtain any further knocks at all; and in fact the rest of the night was quite uneventful. This time the temperature at midnight remained very steady. My next visit to the Rectory was on the third anniversary of the fire, with J. P. Grantham of Trinity. We repeated the knocking experiment, giving three regular knocks this time and repeating them twice; but with no code, as we hoped to test the imitative powers of any beings which might be about. In fact some response was obtained and we clearly heard three distinct knocks ten minutes later. A few minutes after this, Grantham saw a light, luminous patch, extremely similar to the one which I had seen on a previous occasion, and which I had not mentioned to him. Some minutes later peculiar and loud rumblings were heard twice from upstairs as if a grand piano was being moved about. But noises such as these

are unsatisfying as they may possibly have a normal explanation, even though the Rectory is usually so remarkably silent. We therefore tried an experiment hoping to get something more definite. Since the ghosts were supposed to have written on the walls we wondered whether we could get writing to appear on pieces of clean paper. To see whether we could do this we distributed numerous pieces of paper and numerous pencils round about—the papers all being in positions which we imagined from previous experiences would be convenient for the ghosts to write on them; that is, on the walls about four and a half feet from the ground. Only one of the pencils was indelible. When we collected all the papers some hours later they were quite blank, and they were put in an envelope separate from the pencils. Since nothing had occurred for some time we made uncomplimentary remarks accusing the ghosts of letting us frighten them away—this assertion produced what appeared an immediate denial in the form of a number of footsteps. But to return to the papers: when we looked at them again the next day we perceived with some astonishment vague, and to us apparently meaningless, markings on two of them. These appeared to be in indelible pencil. We were forced to conclude that there was some probability of the markings having appeared in a paranormal way, since we could not see how we ourselves could have made them accidentally.

Most haunted houses have, by tradition, one particular night of the year when there is supposed to be special activity. Borley Rectory is no exception, and in this case the special night is 28 July. On this date in 1942, therefore, four Johnians duly appeared on the scene—the party comprised J. B. Armstrong, M. E. E. White, myself and I. P. Williams. We passed a quite uneventful night. However, on the next visit, J. C. Brown and J. E. Lankester of St John's and R. A. Brown of University College, Oxford, the observers present, heard a record number of footsteps which they concluded were of paranormal origin. A measured and steady tread was heard for about ten minutes, together with sounds suggesting that something was being dragged across the floor in the room immediately above that in which the observers were listening. Unfortunately a certain door had been nailed up and the observers were unable to reach the room and to verify that no ordinary person could have been there. I think it rather improbable that anyone could walk about in this particular room with a measured tread, for on examining it with E. N. J. Angelbeck on 22 December 1942 we noticed the floor to be thickly covered with broken glass, tiles, bricks and so on. We also repeated the knocking experiments on this night but with no result. Another entirely uneventful night was spent in the Rectory by O. B. Howl and W. McC. Aitken on 19 January 1943.

Three interesting but inconclusive noises were heard when a party of members of the College Natural Science Club visited Borley on 12 March 1943. Those present on this occasion were G. J. Bell, G. H. Booth, B. A. Holden, F. S. Marshall, J. F. Millard, J. H. Waton and myself. While two of us were making a preliminary survey of the ruins the rest of us twice heard clearly a sound from the road as of an impatient horse pawing the ground, although we could see nothing. We therefore agreed that it must have been a phenomenon. None of those who heard this knew the story of the coach and the phantasmal hoofs. Noises as if persons were moving about were heard twice, once in the garden and once in the house, and did not appear to be produced by any ordinary person.

On the whole we must, I think, conclude that the evidence in favour of ghostly activity is not strong if we consider these results alone. It seems possible, although perhaps not very probable, that nearly all the noises could have been produced by normal means. The chief exception to this is the experience of J. C. Brown, Lankester and R. A. Brown which is unfortunately indecisive. The most difficult thing to explain away is the marking of the two pieces of paper, but opponents of the supernaturalist theory might ascribe them to some experimental error. On the other hand, if the experiences of the Johnians are taken together with the whole of the previous evidence, the agreement is sufficiently striking to make one think that there are perhaps some grounds for ascribing some of the rather curious events described above to 'ghostly' activities. I for my part would prefer, at the present stage, to refrain from drawing any definite conclusion.

A. J. B. ROBERTSON

YOUNG ENGLAND

A CAMBRIDGE MOVEMENT

It was in the late thirties of the last century that a group of Cambridge friends, led by George Smythe (1818–57) of St John's, John Manners (1818–1906) of Trinity and Baillie Cochrane (1816–90) of Trinity, began to conceive the ideas of the Young England Movement. Although in broad perspective Cambridge did little more than provide an early meeting place for members of the group, it was the Courts of St John's and Trinity and the sombre walls of the Union debating hall that witnessed the birth and

development of this curious attempt to find a solution for the shady side of early nineteenth-century England. For the previous decade the Union had been largely dominated by devotees of Benthamite utilitarianism, but now, when Thomas B. Macaulay (1800–59) had forsaken Trinity for the broader yet more tempestuous field of politics, the new philosophy became noticeable in its debates.

The Young England Movement was but one of many theories designed to liquidate the havoc which the Industrial Revolution had wrought upon English society. Particularly in the northern and midland counties new industrial towns were growing up, incredibly squalid, dirty and busy. In great manufacturing centres like Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham, tens of thousands of English working folk were living in cellar and slum dwellings. An almost unprecedented gap was growing up between the rich and the poor, employers and employed. The interests of capital and labour were becoming less reconcilable, and the leaven of social revolution was at work among the English people.

This dangerously unsatisfactory state of affairs the Young Englanders hoped to solve. They disapproved equally of the radicalism of William Cobbett or Francis Place, the socialism of Thomas Spence, the die-hard conservatism of Lord Eldon or Viscount Sidmouth. Some of their ideas were borrowed from *The Broad Stone of Honour* written in 1822 by Kenelm Henry Digby (1800–80), a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge; others were deeply coloured by the opinions of William Wordsworth (also a St John's man). The centre of their political theory was a resurrected aristocracy, purified and strengthened. They looked back with regret to the days of 'Merrie England' when all classes lived in 'harmonious interdependence'. (Manners once declared that nothing but monastic institutions could Christianize Manchester.) They were particularly hostile to the new middle-class bourgeoisie of merchants and manufacturers—parasitic entrepreneurs living upon the toil of the people. Smythe and his friends sought to revive the chivalrous spirit of the seventeenth-century cavaliers, and had a marked leaning towards romantic Jacobitism. They maintained that revolution in England could be avoided only by a coalition between workers and aristocracy against the manufacturers. A strong monarchy was an essential tenet of their political creed, following the teaching of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham. The practical value of religion was also stressed; for the movement was deeply influenced by the contemporary religious agitation at Oxford, led by John Henry Newman. Both Smythe and Manners knew Frederick William Faber (1814–63), a product of the Oxford Movement and Fellow of University College. The philosophy of the Young Englanders was thus based

upon the trinity of Church, Monarchy and aristocracy ruling justly and impartially over a submissive people. It attempted to draw from the past remedies to deal with present evils in the hope of a better England in the future, and there is at least an element of truth in Marx's description of its character as 'half lamentation, half lampoon; half echo of the past, half menace of the future; at times by its witty and incisive criticism, striking the bourgeoisie to the very heart's core'.

The Young England Movement would hardly deserve so much attention were it not for the fact that for three years (1842–5) it was supported by Benjamin Disraeli (1804–81). Although he deplored what he called the 'Venetian Oligarchy' of great Whig families which had controlled the country's destiny between 1688 and 1832, Disraeli emphasized the importance of a dutiful aristocracy and an influential monarchy. The hero of his novel *Coningsby* (1844) bears a close resemblance to Smythe. Like both Smythe and Manners, Disraeli was acutely alive to the distress in industrial England. In 1844—when the Young England Movement reached the zenith of its influence—he toured the north of England and embodied his observations in *Sybil* (1845). Despite his keen sympathy for human suffering, however, Disraeli's connexion with the Movement was rather tenuous. He had not been nurtured in Cambridge traditions, at 40 he could not afford to wait patiently for a ministerial post, and he did not wish his political creed to be hampered by a narrow clique of young men. In 1845 the Young England group broke up on the question of an increased grant to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth, County Kildare, Ireland. Disraeli opposed it, Manners supported it, Smythe was neutral. The following year (1846) Smythe ('the political chameleon') joined Peel in the repeal of the Corn Laws, while Manners remained with Disraeli to organize a new protectionist Tory party.

It is easy to laugh with Thackeray at the Young England Movement—its unpractical idealism, abstract theorizing, and political impotence. Neither Smythe, nor Manners, nor Cochrane was really able to throw off the hampering cloak of noble birth and social prestige. Although they did in fact make tours of observation through industrial England, it was not easy for them to visualize the gaunt figure of starvation, the horrifying picture of death. They sympathized with working class grievances, but only in a rather patronizing manner from the heights of the aristocratic balcony. Their revival of medieval tournaments, pageantry and etiquette, at a time when systematic study of medieval conditions was in its infancy, fell not far short of absurdity (e.g. the tournament held at Eglinton in the summer of 1839, at which Louis Napoleon was present).

On the other hand, a movement which laid emphasis upon the responsibilities of wealth when the Government was insisting upon its rights, and which urged upon unwilling ecclesiastics the view that the poor had a right to live this life as well as the next, is too significant to be overlooked. It was actually too unusual, too premature, to spread widely among the ruling classes—at a meeting held in Manchester in October 1844 under Disraeli's presidency, Smythe admitted that 'his political watch was always five minutes too fast'—but despite this it had some influence on politics. Although the Young Englanders disliked Ashley's morbid evangelicalism they supported the agitation for the Ten Hour Bill, in opposition to the Manchester School of thought led by Richard Cobden and John Bright. In 1843 Manners published a pamphlet entitled *A Plea for National Holidays*, and some of his recommendations were adopted by the Bank Holiday Acts later in the century. The ideals of the Young Englanders, though largely unrealized, will live in the annals of our history as an honest attempt on the part of the aristocracy to answer the passionate appeal of the working classes, and to enunciate a new constructive Toryism in keeping with the needs of the age. If George Smythe did fail in his endeavours, he was what Lord Lyttelton (Gladstone's brother-in-law) called 'a splendid failure'.

E. L. H. GLASGOW

POEM

Snow on the ground,
birds in the trees,
everything found,
—I'll none of these.

Well, what do I want?
Oh; I think only this:
a drawing by Pont,
which to me's perfect bliss.

J. C. D.

AN INCIDENT

We often say it is a wonder there are not more fires in College, considering the age and the method of construction of our buildings, yet, nevertheless, it comes as an exciting surprise when a fire actually does break out. Towards evening on Saturday, 13 February 1943, a smell of wood smoke began to pervade the ill-fated south-west corner of the Third Court (ill-fated because it has been the scene of at least two previous fires), and it became evident that the cause was no mere log fire in a grate. A search by local inhabitants revealed that the source of the smell was the gyp room of a set on the first floor of E Staircase—E 4 to be exact. Members of the Fire Squad and others assembled, as if drawn by some powerful chemotactic force, and got a couple of stirrup-pumps into action. A few minutes' work cleared away most of the smoke and revealed that someone had left the gas ring in the gyp room alight and that its heat had fired the wooden window-sill on which it was standing. The fire had spread to a stud partition and to the woodwork under a corner of the floor of the President's room above.

There followed a peculiarly delightful hour and a half of destruction—pulling down the wall-board and plaster in the gyp room, tearing up the President's floor with a pickaxe—in order to get at the smouldering timbers, and then the joy of squirting a stirrup-pump hose at them and of hearing them sizzle.

When it was all over, the President gave us tea, and we called the N.F.S. to inspect and make sure the fire really was out. A Company Officer and a fireman, obviously a little surprised at being asked to pass verdict upon an extinguished fire, came and expressed themselves pleased with our work, and it must be admitted that it was a neat job, with very little damage caused and a minimum of water used. Our one regret was that the fire did not justify the use of the fire engine and the big canvas hoses. We started the engine and unrolled the hoses 'just in case', and could not help feeling a little twinge of disappointment when we had to roll them up again dry.

And now, in the words of the song, 'There is nothing but the smell left hanging on the wall!'

JOHNIANA

I. *Eastern Daily Press* (Norwich), 26 May 1943:

...in the House of Commons yesterday....Mr Hannah (C., Bilston) said that the famous Long Gallery in St John's College, Cambridge, could be destroyed under our law because the distance between the floor and the moulded ceiling was not sufficient. A far better arrangement was needed to preserve ancient buildings.

II. I was head of the Upper Sixth last term. I shall be head of the Upper Sixth all this year. I shall get a scholarship at Balliol, and that tiresome ass Wilton, who will be lucky if he gets a scholarship at St John's, Cambridge, and probably won't manage more than Emmanuel, Wilton is to be Captain over my head.

The East Wind of Love, by Compton Mackenzie, pp. 635–6.

BOOK REVIEWS

The United States. An Historical Sketch, by E. A. BENIANS. Cambridge University Press, 1943. Pp. 110. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

There is much to be said for seeking an introduction to the history of a given country in a book written by a sympathetic outside observer who has seen enough of the land and people to gain some idea of the physical lay-out and spiritual atmosphere. Such an observer often grasps the significance of features in the social and political landscape which residents do not see because they are so used to looking at them; standing outside the national frontiers, he may be able to see better than a member of the community the bearing of the national history on the histories of other peoples; at the least, he will have little temptation to indulge in either the tribal glorification to which home-born enthusiasts are prone, or in the denigration which acid-minded nationals seem to regard as the highest expression of civic virtue.

Halèvy's *History of the English People* is an outstanding modern example of a national history written by a foreigner; the Master's sketch of the history of the United States is a less ambitious but none the less admirable exercise of the same kind. The Master is well qualified to have undertaken it, for he knows the facts, he has visited the United States more than once, and he is assuredly sympathetic.

His book, an expansion of lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1942, is a short one of little more than a hundred pages, which is another way of saying that it is a book of the kind that is hardest of all to write well. An essay of a score or so of pages is not difficult, given something to write about and an adequate command of language, for detail is neither possible nor expected. At the other extreme, a book of several hundred pages gives its author a sense of ease and freedom; there is room in it to expatiate, to follow up side issues, even (be it whispered) to hedge. But a book of some 40,000 words constitutes a severe test of the writer's skill if it is neither to dissolve into verbal gas nor solidify into factual stodge. It calls for considerable detail; it demands a sustained effort to keep it going, and yet limitations of space insist that each sentence, almost each word, be weighed and measured to see if there is room for it. The Master has overcome all these difficulties. His book is a unity, clear and alive, and, by reason of its very brevity, gets the essential history of the United States across in a way that a longer book might well have failed to do.

Considering the part the United States is playing, and is like to play, in our world, common sense demands that this history should be got across to us. Courtesy reinforces the dictates of prudence, for citizens of the United States have long treated us better in this respect than we have treated them. Masses of them have learned something at school of the history of the islands to which they owe their language, their common law, and so many of their political ideas and institutions. True, to us, many of them seem to get that history wrong in places, and nearly all of them to have even vaguer ideas of the story and character of the British Empire than we ourselves have; which is disturbing, because as Artemus Ward, the Mr Dooley of Civil War days, perspicaciously observed, it is not the things we don't know that cause trouble, but 'the things we know that ain't so'. Of course, it may be argued that we have chosen the safer course by electing to know next to nothing of American history; but now we can surely see that it is neither right nor fitting that the gulf of years that yawns between the day when George Washington disappeared over the western horizon taking thirteen colonies with him and the moment when Woodrow Wilson emerged bearing his Fourteen Points, should be dotted simply here and there with isolated facts, such that at some unspecified date Americans were endowed with a sacrosanct Constitution, that for reasons unknown H.M.S. *Shannon* fought the *Chesapeake*, that one, Monroe, gave his name to a Doctrine, that Abraham Lincoln, having freed the slaves, made a speech and was assassinated, and that Theodore Roosevelt, smiling broadly, wielded a Big Stick what time Sir Thomas Lipton was failing repeatedly to win the America Cup.

To do us justice, we are trying to make up for past neglect. The newly founded Chair of American History and Institutions at Cambridge is one proof of this; the Master's short history of the United States is another.

And what a full and exciting story that history makes. The Master divides it into five chapters, one for each republican generation. Between the achievement of independence in 1783 and the end of the unhappy war of 1812 the first generation drafted the constitution, launched the first large-scale republican federation in history, evolved the two-party system which has persisted ever since, ensured by the purchase of Louisiana that their successors should indeed become the 'continental nation' of Chatham's boast, and—sure sign of nationhood—adopted a protective tariff. The second generation carried on with redoubled speed the settlement of the West which had already been in progress while the battle-smoke hung over Yorktown. That is the story of one of mankind's great colonizing undertakings; long before the Civil War of 1861 the framework of the Republic had been extended across the plains and mountains to the far Pacific coast. And as she thus moved westward the United States resolutely refused to look back at the Old World from which she had sprung. Rather did she ostentatiously thank God that Americans were not as other men, or even as these Europeans.

Revolving thus upon her own axis, the United States became to the European, and especially to the British, world what the planet Neptune had been to the solar system before its discovery—a powerful body whose movements affected the rest, but whose exact position, dimensions and quality were unknown. There came a time when the American 'Neptune' almost dispersed itself in fragments. The third generation had to fight the War of Secession and then face the problems of Reconstruction. The story of the 'War of the States' is a great one, with all the terror and sense of inevitability of a Greek tragedy; but the story of the Reconstruction of the defeated South by Northern doctrinaires and hard-faced business men is a pitiful record of victory ill-used. The North indeed saved the Union and, almost by the way, freed the slaves during the war; during the peace it ruined the South so that it did not recover even partially for a quarter of a century, set an enduring scar on the Southern soul, and after all left the fate of the Negroes in the hands of the defeated Confederates.

Outside the borders of the shattered South, abounding prosperity came to those Americans who grew to maturity during the second half of the nineteenth century. Immigrants filled up the wide central plains and wiped out the frontier, and the United States became a great industrialized community run upon the most extreme *laissez-faire* lines. Then, from about 1895 onwards, this Brave New World began erratically to make contact with the Old. First it swung eastward and drew into its orbit political fragments as far distant as the Philippines. Then, in 1917, it collided with Europe with disastrous results for the latter, but almost immediately swung away further than ever into transatlantic space. It could not long remain there. Gradually it spun ever closer to Europe on the one hand and Asia on the other, till at last it crashed into both simultaneously. This time the collision bids fair to result in fusion.

What then does the United States stand for in this world, which men like Wendell Willkie insist is irremediably one world? At the moment, of course, as her President puts it, she stands for force to 'cleanse the world of ancient evils, ancient ills': but, in the longer view, the Master sees her, as Lincoln saw her, giving liberty, not only to her own people, 'but hope to all the world, for all future time'. It is the prayer of the world that American citizens of the sixth republican generation may rise to the height of their great tradition.

E. A. W.

Cambridge Retrospect. By T. R. GLOVER. Cambridge University Press, 1943. Pp. 145. 6*s.* net.

'So much to do, and so little time to do it in', were nearly the last words which the present reviewer heard from T. R. Glover. Happily he was given time for this *Cambridge Retrospect* and perhaps for more. It appeared soon enough for him to see it before he died. The first thing that strikes the reader from the preface onwards is that it is a very human book. It is all about persons, their ways and plentiful oddities, and the things they said and occasionally did. The style, quite unforced, is admirably suited to the matter, vivid, vivacious, conversational in its unaffected felicity, *simplex munditiis*, varying from pleasant garrulousness to a terse gravity, all in English undefiled by technical clichés.

The author had the art of making even hurried narrative a peopled scene, and the opening sketch of the past of the University does produce the impression of the continuous long-lived society into which he entered in the eighties of last century. Then begins the series of portraits, first seniors of college and university, next his contemporaries, and they all move and speak, lecture, teach, write and talk as they did in life. Manners, gestures, eccentricities, repartees, talents, characters seem more photographed than painfully recorded; they are like Dutch pictures in their life and veracity. They have the limitation of pictures too. The man is there and characteristic in pose and action: what were his thoughts and how

they acted on his temperament and doings is less often shown. It is a glittering surface, not as a rule controversial divination of the inner man that the author intended to give and that he gave. While full justice is done to the loyalty to the College that they showed, one misses a reference to the overriding sense of duty which seemed to control the actions, irrespective of emotional impulse, of men of the 'transition', such as Tanner and Sikes, to mention no others. It was quite compatible with a benevolent temper. Duty held then the pride of place which leadership has in these days. Perhaps one of the more suggestive portraits in this sense is that of Liveing. He never (if a reminiscence may be added) commented on the deserts of the Discharged Prisoners, whom it was the duty of one of his Societies to assist. He did not seem to believe in the hearty meal and hortatory farewell, but he saw that they had decent clothes—especially serviceable boots—the needful tools of their occupation, and somewhere to go to and start again. Most of them, he said, had been led by their emotions. There was real hope for them. The swindler was rarely reformable, but he was given his full chance, with charitable patience, like the rest.

As might be expected, the comments on lectures and teaching could not be bettered. The description of what lectures should and should not be in manner and method goes to the root of the matter. Perhaps because T. R. G. himself excelled in it, one quality of the first-rate lecturer, impressive delivery in tone, pause and emphasis, is not mentioned. That was one of the charms of Gwatkin's lectures—eccentricity was made captivating—and its lack hampered a famous author, to whom allusion is made in the *Retrospect*. Tanner had the art of reading a lecture so that it seemed extempore.

T. R. G. does not disguise that some of the changes in University life and organization have been unpalatable to him and that he viewed some of the results with some fears for the future. This is a natural elderly attitude and perhaps ought to be a little discounted, but he speaks of real things, and there is shrewd sense and penetration in his criticisms, if somewhat embittered by the just regrets and fears of the *laudator temporis acti*. Indeed, the passing of our time with its characteristic virtues and even defects is a foretaste and enlargement of our own dissolution. And there was a value to lose. A distant future may do justice to the perishing Victorian age, as Gibbon did to the Antonine. Its miseries were shared by other times: its felicity and worth were its own.

When it deals with the undergraduate, however, the *Retrospect* is happier and optimistic. A natural, intimate sympathy united T. R. G. with the young, in age and in spirit, whether senior, contemporary, or junior. His graphic pages display the bustling, variegated scene

of College life, its rooms, inmates, and bedders, its dinners, deans, and eights, its walks and talks, its examinations and diversions, its pranks and poems, its mutual education, its May races of irrecoverable charm, its May week with its guests (not 'blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure'). The glorified past is called up with infectious gusto. But this review must close with a regret. Why did not T. R. G. give us the full text of *Our Own Obituarist*, and, above all, why did he not reprint in this Johnian book the incomparably best of College Boating Songs, not to be imitated or surpassed, *Mater regum Margareta*?

C. W. P. O.

The Hortons of Leicestershire. By L. G. H. HORTON-SMITH. Offprint from the *Trans. Leicestershire Archaeol. Soc.* 1943. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The tracing of the pedigrees of *Familiae Minorum Gentium* is not the least interesting part of the study of genealogy. It shows the movement and personal history of a population, its origins, employments, whence, where, and how it spread, the peopling of towns, the source and rise and experiences of governing, notable, or merely well-to-do families, etc. If only we could coordinate and classify its multitudinous detail, some of the secret springs of social, economic and even political history would emerge. But this task awaits a superman with a super-team to help him. Meantime every sound genealogical work sheds a tiny light. Mr Horton-Smith here traces the medieval history of the small freeholders, come from Horton, Northants., and settled in Knaptoft and Mowsley, Leics., who produced a branch of Hortons, burgesses of Leicester (bailiff in 1507), from whom he is descended. It is all very typical. A strict pedigree from father to son is not fully made out, but connexions of land, occupation and the like make the continuity of the family reasonably sure.

C. W. P. O.

THE EAGLE

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IN JUGOSLAVIA

[AUTHOR'S NOTE. British liaison officers were sent, by various ways, to make contact with the forces of resistance in Jugoslavia, those under General Mihailovic in the first instance, and later the Partisans under Marshal Tito. Their task was to persuade the guerillas to take action on the lines that the Allied Military Chiefs desired, and to arrange for aeroplanes to drop supplies of arms and clothing to the guerilla commanders.

The article which follows will not deal with the course or causes of events which led up to the recall of those of us who were with Mihailovic's forces. That is part of the military and political history of this war, and the time has not yet come to tell it.

I shall write of the people among whom we moved, of their country as we came to know it, and of incidents, some grave and others—more, these—gay, at all events in retrospect. I am writing this to-day, because of the care and protection that were given us by these people, most of them unlettered peasants. And if we left behind us, when we came away after a year, two comrades dead and two in German hands, I suppose that is the fortune of war. It was not the fault of those among whom we lived and who are still, I hope, our friends.]

TWICE in five days we had made the six-hour flight from our North African aerodrome to Eastern Jugoslavia, and twice we had been forced to turn back. 'Erik' who had dropped there a month before had, we believed, been waiting for us, but we had not seen his signals, and his wireless was not working.

I hoped very much that we should not have to make that twelve-hour return trip again, and it looked as though this time we were in luck. The moon was almost full, and there was no cloud at all. We were due over the target in twenty minutes, and the despatcher and rear-gunner helped us into our jumping kit. This is a maddening operation, and at the end of it we sat down exhausted and pouring with sweat, looking like three very fat slugs.

A few moments later the despatcher jogged my arm and I saw his lips frame 'O.K.' He opened the glass window above the exit hole

and I shuffled myself into position. 'Samuel', my wireless operator, was behind me, and behind him again the enormous figure of 'Micky'. The country stood out very pale and plain in the moonlight. It looked rather spiky, but after the delays we had been through the only thing of any importance seemed to be to get out of this infernal Liberator and down on to the ground.

The red light went on and then the green, and I was out in the cool air and could see the plane soaring away over my shoulder, and below me the fires. The plane was low when we dropped and the ground seemed to be coming up quite fast. In the last few seconds I saw I was going to land in a tree, and then I was in it. It was the most comfortable landing I had ever had, but I was suspended in a rather undignified manner, half upside down.

Before I had time to get sorted out, men began to rush up, and in a jiffy, so it seemed, I was on the ground and out of harness, and trying to take in the scene round me. Everyone was talking, and I tried to answer in my feeble Serbian, but I kept saying to myself, 'Why did nobody tell me that they had beards and long hair?'

The only familiar object was the round Serbian forage cap or 'shaikach' that I remembered seeing on the heads of Serbian refugees in Cambridge in the last war. Otherwise, it was a welter of beards, hair, bandoliers, knives, revolvers and hand grenades. Some men had worn uniforms of the Jugoslav army and boots, but most of them wore peasant clothes, thick tweed pilot coats and breeches, with the national 'opantsi' or sandals, and high sheepskin hats.

The next two hours is a blur. 'Erik's voice and the welcome sight of him, then a big man, the local commander, who kissed me twice and addressed me in halting French; and another man, literally swathed in weapons and ammunition, who was introduced as the priest. The sensation caused among the Serbs when young 'Samuel' calmly rolled up his parachute, according to regulations, before he would take any notice of anybody (I had left mine hanging in the tree!) and the sigh of admiration when 'Micky', six feet four, wearing field boots and the Service dress of the Eighth Hussars, stalked up and saluted. And then a short walk up-hill and into a tiny cottage, fearfully hot, full of people offering glass after glass of 'rakia', the local plum brandy, which is to Serbs what vodka is to Russians, only more so; toasts to the Allies and congratulations on Tunis, and always, always the question, 'When are you going to invade the Balkans?'

I did not realise then, though we all of us realised it bitterly enough later, what a millstone about our necks—and the necks of the Serbs—was the tradition of the Salonika front. For twenty years the Jugoslav General Staff had taught its officers that the issue of the 1914–18 war was decided on the Salonika front, and the officers had gone back to their towns and villages and told the people, and everyone believed it—no, they *knew* it.

And they *knew* (poor dears) that invasion in the West and knocking Italy out of the war would be mere diversions, incidentals, for the great main decisive operation, when the Allies would land again in the Balkans, the Jugoslavs would rise, the Balkans would be liberated and (incidentally again) the German War would be won.

Well, it didn't turn out like that.

But at two in the morning one did not realise these things. The moon, golden and enormous, hung in the sky; and everywhere there were hills and grass, and trees. Trees, and grass. You do not know what that means until you have spent two years in the Middle East. Dawn was breaking as we reached 'Erik's' headquarters, another even smaller cottage, three hours away, and there were cuckoos calling. I felt I was nearly home already, but I wasn't. Not by a long chalk.

Within a week our party of three had moved from 'Erik's' area to the one we were to take over. We travelled, sometimes on foot, sometimes riding, at times by day and at times by night; the ragged, shaggy patrols kept popping up all over the place, and at two points we crossed a road, and indeed passed through three villages. We saw no sign of the enemy. The population stared curiously at us and some individuals, leading citizens I suppose, were invited into the 'kaphana' or pub, to meet us. They were tough lean old men with heavy moustaches and round cropped grey heads. They had all been at Salonika and loved bully-beef. Even at this early stage I began to have the feeling, which was to grow later, that there was a gulf fixed between the older and the younger generations. The older men were set and sure in their beliefs—Serbia—Salonika—the Western Allies. The younger ones had been exposed to the blast of many political winds—Communism, Fascism, Chauvinism, Anarchism and even Democracy—but their minds were not made up. They did, mostly, what they were told from a habit of obedience which begins in the family, but I do not think they had yet taken in their minds the decisions they must finally take for the future of their country.

I must try to explain how the guerilla forces lived. Serbia is a country of mountains and woods. There are some main river valleys, with roads and railways, but by far the greater part of the country is high and wild, with rough paths and cart-tracks leading to scattered hill villages. Ninety-eight per cent. of the rural population were organised in a conspiracy of silence and passive resistance to the invader, and of clandestine help to the guerilla forces. The enemy could not be everywhere at once, and indeed he was getting weaker

all the time. So that movement, except across main lines of communication, which had usually to be done at night, was fairly secure, and the dangers against which the guerilla commanders had to guard were treachery and surprise. On the whole they were successful.

The Germans had only two effective weapons. Propaganda and reprisals. Their propaganda sowed internal strife. Their reprisals sowed fear. I myself saw a portion of two villages burnt and heard some civilians being shot for no apparent reason, and on occasions when armed action did take place, the ratio of Jugoslav hostages shot for each German soldier killed was announced by the Germans to be anything from fifty to one to a hundred-and-fifty to one. I do not know whether these reprisals were in fact carried out, but the Serbs believed that they were, and that had the desired effect.

As the summer went on, we moved from place to place, sometimes receiving a cargo from an aeroplane, but more often not; but always receiving hospitality from the peasants in their dirty ill-furnished cottages.

The chair is an almost unknown phenomenon there. Its place is taken by the low three-legged stool which is, in my opinion, a very poor second best. As long as the weather held, we slept out of doors. The peasant bed is a fearsome hunting ground, a sort of National Park for fleas, lice and bugs, and we British were not pachydermatous as the peasants seemed to be.

They accepted this fact, after a while, philosophically, just as they accepted, though with raised eyebrows, the illogical British passion for washing at all times and in all places. It became known that, when a house was to be chosen for the 'English major', it must be near a stream, or a spring; or that, in the last resort, the householder must be prepared to keep the women indoors while a soldier poured buckets of water over the ridiculous white-skinned creatures in the yard outside.

And this brings me to two friends of mine, George and Misha. They followed one another in the arduous post of gentleman's gentleman-cum-personal bodyguard to myself.

George was the first. He had been a taxi driver in Belgrade, had left his wife and child with a cottage and one pig in the Banat, and come south to join the guerilla army. He was bearded, ragged and dirty. He drank like a fish. But he was as brave as a lion and I think he was fond of me. I remember one night I had taken my bedding out some way from our camp to a quiet spot. Soon after, George appeared and began to lay out his blankets nearby. He must be there to guard me, he said. He began to undress and had taken off everything but his shirt, when we suddenly heard the steps and voices of a body of men coming from the north. The camp was to

the south. George grabbed his gun and, barefooted, shirt tails waving in the moonlight, sprinted off towards the path. Taking his stand in the middle of it, and snapping back the bolt of his Sten, he roared in a voice of thunder: 'Halt or I fire. Halt, you unmentionable sons of unspeakable mothers, or I fire.' 'They' halted. They turned out to be 'ours', but George didn't know it when he went out to tackle them.

He was with me for five months. Twice I nearly sacked him for drunkenness, but gave him one last chance. He stuck it for another fortnight, and then one night, in the middle of a march, he disappeared. Five days later he returned, looking pea-green and very shamefaced. It must have been a wonderful binge. I sent for him and told him that he had thrown away his last chance and that I had no further use for him. He stood stiffly to attention, said 'I understand, Sir: it is for you to command', saluted and turned smartly about. I never saw him again.

He was followed by Misha. Misha was one of the two or three most remarkable people that I met in Serbia. He was always shaven, kept his battle-dress in better condition than anyone else, and I never saw him out of temper, which for a Serb is an astonishing thing. He was reticent and punctual. He washed a good deal and did not drink much. He regarded all of us, British and Serbs alike, with a slightly amused tolerance and had, I am sure, his own ideas about everything, though he never communicated them to anybody that I could see.

I knew that our precious wireless set, batteries, and charging engine were always safe in his care. He used to look after my rucksack, in which he knew was nearly all the money I had. He brought me tea in bed in the morning, and learnt to cook bacon and eggs. If there was a tricky place to cross, he was always out in front, or if we were retreating, he was at the rear. If a pack saddle fell off, there would be helpless cries of 'Misha, Misha', and Misha would appear, unsling his rifle and cursing quietly, fluently, but without heat, would fix it. Having done so, he would pick up his rifle, turn to us, push his cap up on his forehead, and with a quiet respectful smile enunciate a few of the choicer oaths commonly current in the British army, which he had acquired in the course of his service with us.

Misha was twenty-one. It will not surprise me if one day he becomes Prime Minister of his country.

The year wore on. The cherry season ended and the plums were picked. We almost always had plenty to eat, though sometimes a long forced march to extricate ourselves from an encircling operation —usually imaginary—meant nothing much for anything up to thirty-six hours.

There is a thing in Serbia called a 'potok'. The literal translation is, I suppose, 'valley' or 'gully', but the potok differs from ordinary valleys and gullies in the following respects. It is steeper, and deeper. It occurs about once every half mile. It is always in the way: you can never go round it, but only down to the bottom and up the other side. Usually it has a stream running along it, the bridge over which is broken. The worst potok on any given march is always reached at about 2 a.m. when vitality and resistance to overwhelming nervous shock are at their lowest. In such a moment you know that it is fatal to stop and that the only thing is to go on putting one foot before the other. It is at this point that the Serbs always sit down and light a cigarette. By the time they are ready to start again, the warm sweat in your shirt has cooled and you are shivering. You can barely force yourself to get going again, and after a hundred yards or so it is discovered that the guide has lost the way, and there is another enforced halt of anything up to two hours.

Such journeys were not infrequent but, while in summer they were tolerable, in winter they ceased to be amusing from any point of view.

It was at such times that I began fully to realise the astonishing endurance of the ordinary Serb soldier. All through the winter of 1943–4 we were marching and countermarching, sometimes in as much as four feet of snow. Only about a quarter of the men had greatcoats or boots. Every man carried at least a rifle, ammunition and his own pack. Anything for which there was no room on pack-horses—and there was plenty—was manhandled. A Boyes' anti-tank rifle was a one-man load, and it was a point of honour with the man who had it to carry it all the way.

Sometimes, especially on the lower slopes, the snow turned to mud, which was worst of all. There is no escaping it, and it is sometimes two feet deep. The main street of any village during early winter and spring is a sea of mud. Mud was one of the little private jokes that we had with Misha. Occasionally, as we were squelching along, he would look over his shoulder grinning, and say, shaking his head mournfully, 'Oh, Serbia, Serbia'. It always raised a laugh.

It was after one such journey in January 1944 that we arrived at the village of 'Nigde'. The next day was St Sava's Day. St Sava is the patron saint of children, and his day is celebrated by and in honour of them. The programme at 'Nigde' included a show of thirty items given by the village school children. They were mostly recitations and delivered in the breathless and monotonous way which is characteristic of such functions, but one item, 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs', was really charming. The seven dwarfs were seven extremely small boys, carrying little wooden spades and wearing very large floppy false moustaches, which kept falling off. Snow White was the village belle, a red-haired young thing of ten with a bow in her hair and two thoroughly come-hither blue eyes. I expect she will break a number of hearts later on.

I must add a general word about children. Every village in Serbia has its School, but when I was there by no means all were open. The schoolhouse was always used as a barracks, both by the guerilla troops if they were passing through, and by the Germans if they came on a plundering expedition. Few rural parents dared send their children to school in the towns, for it was a favourite trick of the Germans to take children away and hide them as a means of pressure on parents who were known to be anti-German. The two children, aged five and three, of one of our local commanders were kidnapped and taken away, he did not know where. For six months he could not discover their whereabouts and believed that they had been sent to Germany. In the end he discovered them, and kidnapped them back again.

The result of this kind of conditions was that in practice the children were receiving almost no education. They were polite and good-mannered, but I think that it will be a real problem for the future of Jugoslavia, for they have a generation which has had virtually no schooling for four years.

I can see readers at this point scratching their heads and saying, 'We thought this chap was supposed to be a soldier, but there has been barely a word about the enemy so far'.

Quite true. As I said, the time for writing military history is not yet. But I do not think it is giving away any military secrets to say that in the area of Jugoslavia where our work lay, the number of enemy troops, at all events until the end of 1943, was always about double the number of guerillas. I do not say that the guerillas were 'pinning them down' or anything exciting and dashing of that kind. But they were *there*, and that made it necessary for the enemy to guard certain places in some force. So I suppose that in a kind of negative way something of value was accomplished.

Some of us did take part in a small affair. We set out to block the Danube with a party twenty-four strong whose heaviest armament was a 20 mm. Italian Soleta, with no sights. There were two German light machine-guns, and the rest of us were armed with rifles, of which two had telescopic sights.

It sounds mad, but it wasn't, and it nearly succeeded. There is a place on the Danube where the navigable channel is very narrow and the current very swift. The attention of the steersman on tug or barge must be riveted on the water. If it were diverted for even a moment or two, the boat would be swept broadside on to the current,

swung on to the rocks, and would settle in the channel. In view of the strong current salvage operations would be very difficult.

Our plan was to kill the steersman and others on the bridge, if we could. We had an expert adviser, who knew the precise moment at which to open fire.

To get to the Danube at the necessary point, we had to cross some of the roughest and hardest country in Serbia, with very dense forest and one 'potok' after another. When we got there, we had to avoid being seen by a garrison of White Russian troops who outnumbered us by about three to one. Most of them were in barracks in a village about a mile from our chosen spot, but a detachment was down on the river bank about a hundred and fifty feet below us and perhaps three hundred yards away as the crow flies, though hidden by an overhanging bluff. On the opposite bank was a Rumanian barracks. So we knew that we could not stay too long.

On the evening before, we reconnoitred and chose our spot. We knew that we must get the men in position before dawn, as the river traffic began about 7 in the morning. We did, in fact, get them all in position and hidden by 4.30 a.m. To look at they really were a set of scarecrows, and we had not been encouraged by their propensity for drinking and singing on our journey. But when it came to the point, I do not think any one could have been quieter or more disciplined.

We expected that the traffic would, as I said, start about 7 in the morning. But at 6 o'clock a good, thick, cold autumn mist came down. So that for four and a half hours we had to sit behind our bits of bushes and trees, chewing the cud of patience. Just before 9 o'clock the mist began to lift, and simultaneously we heard a boat coming upstream. It was a big German tug, pulling two barges. We waited feverishly for the expert adviser to fire the first shot. The tug came on steadily. I had my sights at four hundred and fifty, and I was just going to twiddle them down, in desperation, when the shot cracked. Everyone let fly then, and I could see we were getting some hits on the bridge. But the skirting, which reached breast high, was of metal, and there was a roof. The open gap was a precious small mark. For a few seconds the tug went steadily on; then it began to slow down, still inside the channel. The air was thick with bullets, blasphemy, and prayers to Almighty God in the Serbian tongue. The tug stopped. And then, with a mad ringing of bells, it gathered way again, and limped out of the channel into still water. The operation had failed, and by now we were under fire—very wild and inaccurate fire it is true—from the Rumanian bank. It was time to go. One British member of the party took a parting shot at a Rumanian soldier who was dancing about like a jack-in-the-box on the far bank.

It kicked up the dust at his feet, and he gave a spirited imitation of Donald Duck, attaining a high airspeed in a dive for his little sentry box. As we retreated through a copse and into dead ground behind, someone began firing what sounded like 'Flak', some miles away. No projectile of any kind dropped anywhere near us, and I have never been able to explain to myself where those gunners were or what they thought they were firing at. After about three-quarters of an hour, by which time we were about three miles and six potoks away, the White Russian garrison came into action with some dignified bursts on their Schwarzlose machine-guns. I cannot imagine what they were firing at, either.

As will be seen from the above description, in this little action, apart from the fact that it failed, fun was had by all. All, that is, except the German captain of the tug, whom we killed, and one hundred and fifty Serb civilians who, the Germans announced by handbills three days later, had been shot as a reprisal.

There is not much more to tell. The winter came, sometimes cruel and dark, sometimes painfully beautiful. I shall never forget one morning, when I came out of our little cottage, which was on the top of a four-thousand foot mountain. The sun was out, the snow was dazzling, and a hundred miles away the Transylvanian Alps, white and quiet and shining, stood up against the blue. It was like being on the roof of one world and looking across to the roof of another. I thought of my friend 'D', who had left my headquarters in July, to go across the river into that country. I did not know it then, but he had been dead for four months.

* * * * * * *

When the time came for us to go, it was painful to part from men with whom we had been so long. The senior officer, in a little speech, said: 'There have been bad moments, and good. Try, if you can, to remember the good ones.'

Memory, I think, does that for you. The irritations, the disappointments and the disillusionment become blurred, and you find that you do, in fact, remember the good moments—the hospitality, the gaiety, the patience, and the Serb commander who asked if he might kiss the Union Jack. And you cannot forget that you spent a year with a set of fellows who, when all is said and done, 'cocked a snook' at Hitler and his apparatus of fear in 1941, and set their country on the hard road it has been treading ever since. They too have had their disappointments and their disillusionment, but I cannot find it in my heart to believe that Serbia will, in the end, regret the decision she took for Jugoslavia on 27 March, three and a half years ago.

J. ST J. R.

TWO POEMS

1. CAMBRIDGE

OTHERS, no doubt, have felt the same delight:
In you, my magic town of the soul's dwelling
Conventional it seems for me to write
Of things not mine alone but still things stay
Immortal in their beauty. Endless telling
Of loveliness will not take beauty away

The best remains the best though too much praised
And I who know your scars can better see
The time is gone when sun and moonshine dazed
My diffident mind, and now I see your size,
Limit and close your untold majesty
Fear not my voice who have seen you with such eyes

Seasons become you well, though the wet snow
Lies tattered on your cold and tangled roofs
Ungainly: though the summer heat can dry
Your lovely lawns and strangle into slow
Weed-floating apathy and make aloof
The river that reflects the hanging sky

Fall, gentle, leaves
Where the slim bridges leap
Span the dark river
branches aquiver
and the grey walls asleep
Fall gentle leaves....

Winter has thrown
astringent whiteness
from Magdalene to Trumpington
look at the whiteness
of the snow soft blown
Stop everyone
See the black-gowned staid
saunter of doctors down King's Parade
throw down your books
and come and have some coffee....

I met Cynara in the place
winter's red apples in her face
and all the lusty crew
what were we going to do
tonight? how about the Arts
or we might go and play darts
or concertos of Mozart's
Go to the party at Corpus if you choose
they have a record of the Jazz-me-blues
or the dance
in aid of Free France....
So all the winter regardless
till Margarita
sweet—and discreet
it brings back a sound of music so tender
but no tropical splendour
and we wonder why
the breeze and I....

Send me again such thunderous March mornings
On the edge of spring with all the vistaed towers
Angelic in the sun, and the blue awnings
Of a ciel-sans-nuages slung above
And all the shining town in the early hours
Smiling and wondering at the heaven's love.

Reward for freezing darkness on St John's
Gigantic chapel, searching the raiders' moon
To wake and find a sparkle like the *fons*
Bandusiae across the morning town
that year to hangover March there came strange June
And all the winter orgies tumbled down

Remember the girls and men
Whose company was cakes and ale enough
Basil, wise Yorkshireman, the fey rough-
haired Blond Pantagruel of Essex
Ian, all-beauty-seeing whose sure thought
Saw loveliness with no discriminations
In Cesar Franck's symphonic variations
and the trimmed fury of planes
Much still remains
The genial cynic from the scowling Tyne
Eric, colossal-chested, gentle dreamer,
Admitted Lesbians and scented males
And the blondes with red nails—

Margot the tigress with the gentle eyes
Sheila simple and wise
Joyce who gave
Thoughts to deprave
But made us behave....
remember these, and also the blind brave
since gone towards the sun, we cannot save
their souls but in song.

Gentle and tolerant, my lovely town
You cradled these strange masquerades and never
lost your own pride of genius and gown
And never looked askance at the crazy, the dumb
Searching the dusty languages for ever
But red revolt you knew far more than some.

Noble and century-ancient those grand walls
the strawberry bricks, the grey green-trailing stone
Old grace of Queens': the cathedralic halls
Of Trinity and John's: the might of King's
Magdalene serene and dim, aloof, alone,
Clare's bridge, the graceful wreck which never falls

Cold ancient Corpus, royal Trinity
The mundane courts of Christ's, Emmanuel
Episcopalian, the gravity
of Catharines, grimmer than Spanish keep
The magic elfin echo of Caius' bell
Carousing Pembroke, Sidney half asleep

Downing wide-spaced and lulled by those deep chimes
Trinity Hall, the holy home of law
And all the mass of roofs that changing times
Have left untouched; and I could say so much
And canonize a hundred places more
Out of this town; there is no other such

When the trombones of summer played
Over King's Parade
Then I could see the ineluctable ends
the ascent of the Tripos, goodbye to friends
No more chop suey and parties till three
And no more nostalgic lethargy
Of the green pools of Grantchester at noon
Or the carnival in the afternoon

(When Louis Armstrong's lusty brass
startled the wood-nymphs from the grass)
No more summer night songs on the river
Under the bridge at King's
And lots of things
Not always enthralling
But worth the recalling—

I look back and listen, lover,
Hearing the plaintive oboe and the strings
and the faint ecstasies and jazzy things
linked with you, Cambridge; the music calls to me—
summer night blossoms heavy in the dark
and one small face: the night's unhallowed dreams
and the drunken skyscrapings of the mind....

Give me the thought again
of summer rain on the willows
and the foaming billows of leaves
that the summer weaves....

the wind grieves
and I am away this winter
who was all you are and have been—
all the things you are

SESSA AURUNCA
November, 1943

2. *AEQUANIMITAS*

NOTHING can matter now: the ageing year,
Nor the eternal desert of the sea,
Nor things to come, unknown, nor enmity;
I can still live on dead things I hold dear.

We who have spun our dreams from ecstasy
Have nothing more to fear, not even dying.
A thousand things are with me; I'm not trying
To hope for better till eternity.

J. D. G.
October, 1943

(Lieut. J. D. GWYN, Welch Regiment, killed in action in Italy, 2 December 1943.)

COMMEMORATION SERMON

By MR JEFFREYS

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.

Wisdom is good with an inheritance: and by it there is profit to them that see the sun.

For wisdom is a defence, and money is a defence: but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.

Eccles. vii. 10–12.

We are met to-day to do honour to the benefactors of the College through the ages. On such an occasion it would hardly be possible to say anything that has not been said many times already. I feel deeply my inadequacy for the task, being no theologian and not much of a historian. Nevertheless it seems well to consider how our benefactors may appear to us and how we should appear to them. The College is a very different institution now from what it was in the early part of the sixteenth century. Throughout the Middle Ages the Church had been practically the sole repository of written knowledge, which had meant Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music and Astronomy, and in practice had come to mean Theology and Logic. It preserved much, in particular it preserved writing; it preserved Latin as a living tongue and an international language. To some extent it created; Roger Bacon, who founded experimental science, and William of Ockham, whose declaration on the elimination of unnecessary hypotheses still plays an important part in scientific method, were of this period. During the interval of almost continual war from 1340 to 1485 most of our finest churches were built, and particularly around Cambridge the visitor's admiration may be mixed with wonder that the countryside could have borne the cost, as it did.

The rise of the universities was certainly encouraged by the invention of printing, which helped to create a class of educated laymen, and it is notable that so large a part in it wa
foundress, who in later life was a member of a religious order, and by a bishop of the Catholic Church, who lost his life for refusing to acknowledge the King as head of the Church in England.

What would they think of us? To devout catholics of that period ninety per cent. of us would appear heretics. Our experimental and mechanical science would be hardly distinguishable from sorcery. Yet perhaps they were not so different from ourselves after all. More than most ages, theirs was an age of transition. The ending

of the civil wars, the new learning, the invention of printing and the discovery of America all combined to make great changes in human life. At such times different persons behave in three different ways. They may try to obstruct any change, sometimes even after it has actually taken place. They may push it forward at such a pace that the necessary readjustments cannot be made. They may, on the other hand, welcome it or at least recognise that it is inevitable, and try to make the changes smoothly. We can recognise the three types clearly in present society. Our founders clearly believed in gradualness. When we inspect the original statutes we find provision for lectures in Greek and Hebrew, clearly intended to improve the parish priest's personal knowledge of the Bible. Latin was taken for granted. But science was provided soon afterwards by Thomas Linacre, who provided the funds for what is still the Linacre Lectureship, intended to promote the study of the Greek physician Galen. Galen was still regarded as the source of all correct medical knowledge, but his works were still untranslated and his authority was claimed for statements that he never made. Mathematics was not explicitly mentioned, and the reason is not far to seek. The first Algebra in English was that of Robert Recorde in 1543, noted for having been the first in any language to contain the sign for equality. Natural science was known only through strange translations from Aristotle. (Roger Bacon was forgotten.) The great work of Copernicus was published in 1543. So if the range of subjects contemplated by our founders was small, we must remember that they provided for all that could be taught at that time, and that what they provided gave access to the knowledge of the ancient world and made it available to build on and to put right where it was wrong.

What did in fact happen was that the College in the next generation produced William Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's physician, who founded the quantitative study of magnetism. He must be regarded as comparable with his great contemporaries, Stevinus and Galileo, in his influence on modern physics. It is remarkable that he had so few successors in the College. I exclude Medicine, of which I am not qualified to speak. But I do not think it unfair to say that the College produced only two outstanding figures in mathematics, physics, or chemistry between Gilbert, in the late sixteenth century, and Adams, John Herschel and Liveing in the middle nineteenth. Those two were Briggs, who made the first table of logarithms, and Brook Taylor. Statutes made during the period of most rapid advance in knowledge in history led in practice to utter stagnation. They could deal only with what could be foreseen and not provide for the unforeseen. They contemplated the end of the Dark Ages; but they themselves were only the best that the Dark Ages could

produce. This applies to the entire university; the brilliant few about Newton's time were not enough for three and a half centuries while great developments were going on all over Europe. I should be inclined, therefore, to rate as one of our principal benefactors Adam Sedgwick, appointed Professor of Geology in 1815, who made it his life's work to make Cambridge a place where new knowledge is created. The struggle was long and hard, but if it is possible to pick on one man who has left the greatest mark on the modern Cambridge and on this College as an important part of it, I think that that man would be Sedgwick.

In other fields the College had many distinguished representatives, who gained their fame outside Cambridge. Among the earliest were Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's great Chancellor, and Howard, who distinguished himself against the Armada. (It is strange, incidentally, that the College displays no portrait of either Gilbert or Howard, though Gilbert's arms are placed in a prominent position in the new buildings and there is a statue of him on the outside of the Chapel.) Four of the seven bishops whose trial led to the downfall of James II were Johnians. Would Fisher have approved of any of these? To some the answer would appear to be obviously no; but Fisher helped to produce them. I think that a different answer is possible, but meanwhile, when a Johnian is Secretary for War in the struggle against a greater degradation of humanity, we should remember Howard.

The suggestion that Fisher would have disapproved of his successors, however, is possibly not fair to him. To take the seven bishops as an instance (one of them, Turner, is also on our roll of benefactors), their action was a refusal to break the law even at the King's behest. That was just what Fisher did. When we consider what a person's opinion would have been about an event long after his death, we must carefully distinguish what question we are asking and what we are assuming in answering it. The naïve interpretation is to take his expressed opinions as they stand and apply them to the new circumstances, and we have seen where that leads us. But what right have we to suppose that had he lived and preserved his powers the new knowledge would not have affected his opinions? To say that he would have kept them unchanged is to say that he could learn nothing, which is ridiculous. We must take into account what anthropologists call the cultural background. Fisher's background was that of the mediaeval Church. Yet he was deeply aware of the defects of that Church, and was concerned in an attempt to reform it from within, which came to nothing at the time. In a particular application, the suppression of the Hospital of St John was not due simply to his and Lady Maragaret's wish to found a College; it was

due to the fact that the conduct of the Hospital had become a scandal, which will be found fully described in the *History* of the College, which many of us possess but few try to read. In this case the dissolution was not carried out by the King, but by mandate of Pope Julius II, who is treated with scant respect in English histories. My point is that we have at our doors an instance of the degeneracy of the monastic institutions, which was acknowledged at the time both by the Church and by the secular observer; and our founders were on the side of reform. Their encouragement of lay education was the first step to the creation of an educated democracy. Possibly they did not see how far it would lead, and it must lead farther than it has yet done, but there is no reason to suppose that they would have resisted the inevitable consequences. Over so long a period we may imagine that their characters and abilities would remain permanent; but if we make such a supposition, we must admit its consequence, that their opinions would change. Much is said of character, without, I think, much attempt to say what sort of character is wanted; in this case the important qualities were the wish for knowledge and the determination to improve social conditions. Our founders' sympathy would have been with the nineteenth-century revival, not the eighteenth-century decadence.

We, like all other ancient institutions, must always be mindful of the old; but we must beware lest, in so doing, we lose sight of the needs of the present. The spirit of our predecessors can be a guide to us in our present efforts. They created; let us, with their foundations to build on, try to create as well as they did.

During the last year the College has lost three of its Fellows. Glover was distinguished in religion and classics; he was also a keen student of modern America, where he spent a large part of the last thirty years. Many of us have valued his kindness, even though it was sometimes tempered with criticism. The Senior Bursar, another Howard, came to us at a critical time, and it is due largely to his wisdom that we have been guided so well during the last twenty years. The new buildings are his monument. Brindley also has gone. He was not so well known to the younger members in his later years, but his cheerfulness under a distressing illness and terrible private trouble was an example to us all.

CATULLUS LXXVI

'Si qua recordanti...'

If the review of benefits conferred
Brings any pleasure to a man, when he
Can justify his ways, has kept his word
Inviolate, nor ever with perjury
Abused his God to fool his fellow men;
Much store of joys, Catullus, there remain
Set by for you against long old age, when
This thankless love remembered shall seem gain.
Whatever kindness men can say or do
To others, all this you have said and done:
All, credited to unthankfulness, is gone.
Why then prolong the anguish further? You
Must rather steel your heart, set yourself free,
End—for God wills it not—your misery.

Suddenly! How hard to break with long love so!
How hard! Yet this you must do, despite all.
For this is your one safety; do this (ev'n though
Impossible) you must, do this you shall.
Dear God, if Thou art pity, and did'st deign
Ever to rescue men about to die,
Look on my suffering, and, if life and I
Have kept clean company, spare me this pain.
The lassitude that crawls upward and lies
Deep in the limbs drives all joy from my mind.
No longer do I care if she denies
Love's urgency, nor ask, poor fool, to find
Her chaste; but only pray that God will cure
This deadly cancer, if my days were pure.

A. G. L.

INVESTIGATIONS AT BORLEY RECTORY

Some account has already been given in *The Eagle* of the Borley Rectory case, which would appear to be one of the more important examples, in recent times, of a building said to be associated with certain phenomena usually described as 'haunting'. Our earlier experiences in the ruins of the Rectory seemed sufficiently interesting to justify further visits, and fifty-eight persons, nearly all of whom are Johnians, have now spent one or more nights there on twenty-five different occasions. Of these people, seventeen have reported nothing at all out of the ordinary, twenty-two have commented on incidents which they thought might not be expected to occur in the ordinary way, and nineteen have described events which appeared to them to be rather strange. The various curious and unusual happenings recorded by the investigators fall into five categories. First and most frequent are noises of varied kinds. Secondly, there are certain cases of visible appearances, and thirdly, one doubtful case of the displacement of an object. Fourthly, there are two unsatisfactory instances of the appearance of markings in pencil on paper. Finally, there are certain temperature effects. We may conveniently consider each of these categories separately.

So many of the investigators have described different sounds that we need not doubt the fact of their occurrence. Whether it is necessary to advance any explanation for these noises other than purely normal events as, for example, doors banging and beams creaking, is a matter on which it is perhaps desirable to express less decided views. The noises are variously described by the investigators as footsteps, knockings, tappings, hammerings, thuds, bangs, cracks, rumblings, the padding of feet, the stamping of horses' hooves, and whistlings. The footsteps, on the whole, appear to be distinguished from the other noises by the way in which they seem to traverse part of the building, sometimes proceeding round a room or along a corridor. Thus I. R. Gordon and J. R. Palmer, in June 1943, heard for over a minute a sound as of someone travelling round the room in which they were and flicking the walls with a duster. Nothing, however, was visible. In general it seems that the footsteps arise spontaneously, whereas the knockings and thuds are most frequently noted some five or ten minutes after an investigator has endeavoured to make any unseen intelligent being which might be present manifest itself. With E. N. J. Angelbeck, in December 1941, I heard eighteen knocks about five minutes after I had requested any 'entities' which might

be present to demonstrate themselves by knocking. Again, with J. P. Grantham in February 1942, I heard three more knocks ten minutes after we had made three specimen knocks, and four minutes after I had briefly remarked on the relatively greater value of three knocks as compared with only one (from probability considerations). This was because we heard one slight knock six minutes after our original specimen of three knocks. We also heard one other rather weighty knock during this night. Altogether I have spent eight nights at Borley Rectory, making a total of about fifty hours, during which time I have heard only the twenty-three knocks mentioned above. It would be strange if knocks arising from spontaneous natural causes should distribute themselves in time in the manner described above. Somewhat similar effects were noted by W. W. Cook, R. M. Hay and P. Wadsworth during a visit to the Rectory in April 1943. They asked at various times that if 'anyone' were there, would 'he' make himself known by tapping or some similar sign. They considered that they received replies, usually five or ten minutes later. I. R. Gordon thought that the noises he and J. R. Palmer heard during their visit usually occurred shortly after they had summoned one of the previous occupants of the Rectory, Harry Bull, who had died there. On leaving the Rectory they visited the graveyard across the road and noticed from Harry Bull's tombstone that their visit had coincided with the sixteenth anniversary of his death. During a later visit in July 1944 by P. Brennan, P. Brown, C. J. Lethbridge, R. G. Watkinson and D. Williams, many knocks were heard. The sounds were preceded by the appearance of a bulky 'apparition' and vigorous 'poltergeist' effects, but it transpired later that these were produced by various Johnians who were examining the possibility of faking the phenomena. The knockings started amongst the observers, apparently spontaneously, about a quarter of an hour after the fakers had retired to a haystack for the night. After some minutes the investigators questioned the knockings with a code of one knock for 'yes', two for 'no' and three for 'uncertain'. Intelligible replies to their questions were then given for about three-quarters of an hour. The knockings indicated their origin to be a nun who had died about 1250, but 'she' made two distinctly erroneous remarks when claiming to have been responsible for the faked apparition and poltergeist effects.

The auditory phenomena of all types noticed in the ruins usually consist of a regular repetition of the same noise for a short time, usually only some seconds, but more rarely a considerable number of minutes. A feature of some interest is that the sounds are perceived by all the observers in a suitable position to do so: this fact makes more difficult any hypothesis based on the assumption of the subjective nature of these noises. Another generalisation becomes apparent on examining the distribution of the noises in the building with respect to the position of the observers. In nearly every case in which the location of the noises is described, they are separated from the observers by a wall or ceiling; occasionally there was more than one wall intervening, and only once were the noises produced in the same room as the observers. No simple relation of this kind seems to hold for the few noises arising in the grounds of the Rectory. It is also apparent from the various experiences at Borley that the noises are heard more especially when the observers are in or near a particular room (the Sewing Room). It is very unusual for any noises to be noted when the observers are moving about in the ruins.

Turning next to the various curious things which have been seen at the Rectory, even the occurrence of most of these happenings does not seem beyond doubt. Only six instances arise: two luminous patches of light on the walls, one black shape or dark outline, one whitish object crossing the lawn, another white shape at the base of a tree, and one white, pale and indistinct light. The first four of these appearances were noted by one observer only under rather unsatisfactory conditions, and it seems best to attach little weight to these observations. The other two appearances were of longer duration and perceived by two observers. The white shape, at the base of a tree just outside the house, was seen by A. Heap and I. S. Longmuir from the first floor in June 1943, and was somewhat globular in outline and about six feet high. On shining a torch nothing was seen, but the shape was still there when the torch was switched off. The observers then departed to take some temperature readings, and on their return the shape was no longer visible. They thought that the effect might have been due to the bark of the tree fluorescing. The indistinct light was seen by C. J. Lethbridge in April 1944 from the garden, and appeared in the ruins three times at different places during a period of half an hour, according to his observations. On the third occasion Lethbridge woke up T. Sullivan, who then also saw the light. Several other observers sleeping in the ruins do not seem to have been affected in any way. The last two of these appearances are more difficult to explain away, but it is not easy to draw any conclusions from them. The fundamental question of whether the visual appearances described in cases of haunting are really present in a physical sense does not seem at all clear from the literature on the subject.

During all our investigations at the Rectory only one case was noted in which an object may have been displaced in some way that was not obviously explicable. R. Batchelor, C. F. Elms, K. E. Machin, W. E. Ninnis, D. L. Rigby and T. M. Robinson, in De-

cember 1943, nailed pieces of paper on the walls at various points. They hoped that writing might appear on these papers. Actually none did, but one of the papers was later found on the floor, although the one-inch nail which had been used to fix it was still in position. The paper had only a hole in it and not a tear, and the investigators did not think the wind was strong enough to remove the paper from its nail, or that they had accidentally knocked it off. Nevertheless, it seems that this might have occurred in several normal ways. Although certain of the auditory phenomena we have observed resemble the effects sometimes ascribed to poltergeist activity, the more specific poltergeist manifestation of throwing and moving objects has been absent.

Two cases of markings in pencil appearing on paper have been noted, but in each case the conditions of control do not seem adequate. The markings obtained by myself and Grantham, already mentioned in *The Eagle*, might perhaps be explained away as an accident. Many repetitions of the experiment have not led to further results of interest.

There remain only a few cases of temperature variations. Some mention is made in the literature on the subject of cold feelings when apparitions and ghosts are seen, and in view of the interesting nature of this effect, if an objective phenomenon, we have made altogether about one thousand observations of temperature. Most of these were made at a particular point in the Rectory called the 'cold spot', where, it is said, strange and disagreeable sensations of cold are sometimes noticed by people who stand there. Only a few of all these temperature readings show any features of interest. During the first experiment with thermometers, by I. P. Williams and myself, in October 1941, temperature variations of several degrees were recorded, but the conditions of control were not adequate, as we did not continue to take the readings over a long enough period. In June 1943 a strange effect was reported by Heap and Longmuir. They placed two similar mercury thermometers on the 'cold spot', one of which was inserted into a glass test tube through a closely fitting rubber stopper. The thermometer freely exposed to the atmosphere read 65·1° F. for two hours, but that in the tube first read 60·2° F., and then cooled in about an hour to 54·0° F. Heap and Longmuir consider that they read the thermometers correctly, and when they were examined the next day they both appeared to be in order. One possible explanation is that a mistake of ten degrees was made in reading the enclosed thermometer. If this was read as 54·0 when it was really 64·0, the difference would then reduce to one degree, which might arise as a sum of experimental errors. The true temperature of the enclosed thermometer would also have to

be 5·1° above that of its surroundings initially. This might have happened in setting up the arrangement. It is also perhaps worth noticing that this effect of a difference in readings between an enclosed and a freely exposed thermometer would also arise if, by some unknown mechanism, heat was being removed from the air in the neighbourhood of the 'cold spot'. The thermometer outside the tube would be continually subject to breezes and turbulent effects of various kinds, which might sweep away any air cooled by the heat-removal process. But the enclosed thermometer, being partially thermally insulated, would cool until the rate of flow of heat to the enclosed air from outside became equal to the rate of heat-removal from this air. Actually the effect noted by Heap and Longmuir requires heat to be removed at the rate of 0·006 calories per cubic centimetre per second. This rate of heat removal would also account fairly well for the cooling curve of the enclosed thermometer, according to a solution for the problem devised by E. D. Low.

After this review of some points which emerge from our investigations of the Borley Rectory case, there remains the difficult question of to what extent the results appear to be inexplicable in terms of normal concepts. It is clear that any argument for the operation at the Rectory of some paranormal factor would, if based on this work alone, have to proceed mainly from the auditory phenomena: and it is precisely these which are most likely to result from normal causes. Furthermore, many of the incidents reported are not by themselves at all decisive, although the fact that they keep happening is perhaps significant. Although noises may occur naturally in many ways, the probability that they would accidentally happen so as to render valid all the points already discussed seems small. An explanation might, of course, be given if all the observers were assumed to be highly incompetent: on the whole, however, my colleagues and myself are inclined not to support this theory. It is also clear from certain experiences that trickery is a possibility, although this does not seem a satisfactory explanation for many of the observations. It appears to me at the moment that there is something, perhaps intelligent, at the Rectory which cannot easily be explained away. But what this might be, I, for one, do not know.

It is unfortunate that after devoting so much attention to the Borley Rectory case it does not seem possible to make many definite statements about the happenings, or even to express very decided views about the reality of the supposed haunting phenomena associated with this building. Many investigators who have spent years, or even a lifetime, in endeavouring to elucidate such problems have found themselves in a similar state of doubt. In other cases, however, investigators have come to the conclusion that some of the

features exhibited in cases of haunting are not explicable in terms of our present-day scientific conceptions. Two points in connection with our own investigations at Borley must be noted. In the first place, the total number of nights spent in the ruins is only twenty-five, amounting to a very small period compared with the years which have often been expended in order to make a study of other cases. Secondly, the phenomena at Borley Rectory observed by us form a very attenuated version of those which have been reported at various times for other cases, including the Borley case itself before the period of our investigations. In my opinion, at present, there is sufficient other evidence relevant to this problem to justify further investigations.

Any consideration of the fundamental problems raised by the phenomena of haunting, if these are real, must at the present time be speculative, owing to the dubious nature of the evidence in many cases, especially in matters of detail, and the extraordinary nature of the reported events themselves. It would appear, however, that the phenomena associated with haunting can be divided into two categories. In the first, definite and permanent physical events do not seem to occur, but visible apparitions are seen, and noises, often resembling footsteps, are heard. These effects are often not equally noticed by all the observers present, and animals, such as dogs and horses, sometimes seem to be more sensitive than human beings. In some cases the apparitions present such realistic features that they are mistaken for real persons. Very few experiments have been carried out to see whether such visual and auditory phenomena are really non-existent in a physical sense. The evidence suggests that they may be, and their origin might therefore be in the mind of the observer. But the apparitions often correspond to definite events in the past or present, and it is therefore not easy to dismiss them as nothing but figments of the imagination. It is my opinion that one of the most important points which should be established in the study of such things is whether they are truly without physical basis.

In the second category of haunting phenomena one can place poltergeist manifestations, characterised, according to the literature, by the fact that definite and lasting physical effects are produced: a teapot for example may float through the air, finally crashing to the ground and breaking. In such cases the investigator is faced with a definite physical problem, which might be expressed generally as that of the energetics of thermodynamics of poltergeist phenomena. Practically no attention seems to have been given to this problem. Auditory effects resembling those we have noticed in a very attenuated form at Borley Rectory appear to be nearly always associated with poltergeist manifestations. Often the phenomena centre round

a particular person, usually a young adolescent child. This point seems to me to merit study. It is not clear whether poltergeist phenomena can be ascribed to any kind of 'ghost' or 'entity', since the assumption of abnormal powers developed by the adolescent child or other persons offers an alternative hypothesis, though no kind of real explanation. There is one useful result emerging from our Borley Rectory investigations in connection with theories that poltergeist effects may be due to the observers alone. This is to give a limit of some kind to the effects which might be assumed to arise from the observers only. Thus, if a similar sample of the population visited another haunted ruin, and experienced very different and striking effects, it would be reasonable to postulate from the Borley work that these were not due to the observers only.

Possibly in the course of time a similar sample of the population, perhaps even of Johnians, will become interested in these very curious cases, and I think there is some chance that it will be possible to find a case with more exciting features than those we experienced at Borley. Such results as we have obtained from the Rectory appear to me to justify the time expended there. Further elucidation of these matters may come with further research, and perhaps some of the indications we have obtained may not be useless to future investigators.

A. J. B. ROBERTSON

LINES TO CABBAGE

THE sun sinks o'er the flinty fields,
Each acre mighty harvest yields,
Each covered with a thousand shields
Of cabbage.
Sweet vapours fill the evening air,
The scent of honeysuckle rare,
And the ripe smell beyond compare
Of cabbage.

Now the strong farmer and his wife
Approach, with sad and shining knife,
To cut the thread that binds the life
Of cabbage.
Each head into the sack they throw,
And silently to market go,
For still, alas! the price is low
Of cabbage.

The grocer need no art employ
To sell his 'Primo' or 'Savoy';
The housewife purchases with joy
A cabbage.
The boiling pot is soon prepared,
The leaves are shed, the heart is bared,
A mortal's fate is bravely shared
By cabbage.

Humbly we sit about the table
And swallow down (if we are able)
Nutritionists' pet vegetable,
Cabbage;
And as the tender morsels fall,
Ascorbic acid, which heals all,
Flows sweetly through the stomach wall
From cabbage.

Let kings and princes load the board
With choicest foods from nature's hoard;
Here I my preference record
For cabbage.
Bright beacon in a grave and drab age!
I rapturously sing thy savage
Name, Brassica, my own, my cabbage,
Cabbage!

D. H. V.

MEDITATIONS AT A BOOKSTALL

I AM not a critic
So how am I to know
Whether this small book of modern verse
Lying here before me on the bookstall
Is really worth the sum of two-and-sixpence
Which the publishers demand
I glance through it
And must confess myself unimpressed
Vague references to autumn afternoons
Couched in the most startling terms
There is neither metre nor rhyme nor even punctuation
Perhaps it is a legal document
It does not make sense
No
The cover claims it as modern poetry
I put the book down
I turn away
I have an uneasy feeling
That this little volume which I have just rejected
May be the first publication of some poet
Who in future years will claim equal status
With Chaucer Milton Wordsworth T S Eliot
I am not a critic
So how am I to know

JOHNIAN

BOOK REVIEW

Fourscore Years. An Autobiography, by G. G. COULTON. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1943. Pp. 378: 11 plates. 21*s.* net.

When a man reaches the eighties most of those who know him are likely to have but little knowledge of all the earlier years of his life, those years that moulded him what he is. For many members of this College their acquaintance with Coulton only began when, in 1919, he (so happily for us) became a Fellow, or even in years later still. Now they can place him in his setting. They can follow him from his birth at Lynn in 1858, the sixth child of a solicitor of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire blood and his wife of Lancashire stock, through the joys and troubles of childhood. They can trace his education: dame school at the age of four or five, then at Easter 1866 the Lycée Impérial at St Omer, where the teaching appears to have been unsystematic and the food foul and inadequate, but at least the experience gave the boy a knowledge of French which was later of service; in the summer of the following year back again to Lynn and in the autumn to the Grammar School, which still bore 'certain unregenerate Dotheboys characteristics'—the boys were served with 'clammy and cloying treacle puddings before the meat', 'the Usher had not the full privileges of humanity', and caning was frequent. At the Grammar School Coulton stayed until in January 1872 he went to Felsted; even there 'the diet was Spartan without sinking to the level of St Omer', but the school gave the boys 'a sort of healthy freedom' from which he clearly profited. In 1876, to our good fortune at all events, he failed to get an Exhibition at Wadham, but in the following year won the first Classical Scholarship at St Catharine's, and in 1881 took his B.A. This, alas!, was only an *ægrotat*, owing to illness brought on possibly by overwork in the endeavour to make up for past omissions, but aggravated by amateur surgery on a boil with a pocket knife. It is interesting to note that the man who became one of the hardest and most systematic of workers in his later years writes himself down as 'an idle schoolboy and an idle undergraduate' (p 50), and tells us 'I have never disguised from myself that the three idlest years of my life were spent at Cambridge'.

There followed a brief spell of schoolmastering at Malvern Wells and a decision to take Holy Orders. After a year at Llandaff under Dean Vaughan, Coulton was ordained Deacon in December 1883 and held curacies, first at Offley, Herts, and then at Rickmansworth. But there at Rickmansworth came a crisis, a crisis of belief; the pages

dealing with this, in their simplicity and sincerity, are some of the most moving in the book. Here it must suffice to say that Coulton felt he could not proceed to priestly orders until he could recover certainty in his own mind; he must go back to schoolmastering, so as to be able to debate the question in freedom 'apart from the question of loaves and fishes': it was not till some seven years later that he determined to drop clerical dress and retire into lay communion, and he never took advantage of the Clerical Disabilities Act of 1870. The crisis and its decision led to a long, long spell of schoolmastering: Llandovery, Heidelberg, Sherborne, Sedbergh, Dulwich. There, in the autumn of 1895, came a serious illness, and during convalescence at the house of his old friend, H. v. E. Scott, at Eastbourne, to quote his own words (p. 225): 'in proportion as physical forces returned, I seemed to see for the first time a clear and consistent plan for the conduct of life.' The maxim of Descartes, 'I would strive always to conquer myself rather than fortune, and to change my own desires rather than alter the world order', which he had accepted with passive acquiescence, he thenceforward strove consciously and deliberately to adopt as his own.

The new freedom started with a holiday on the continent, first at Lausanne, in a room at 25 fr. a month, notable for the fact that there he began his first 'conscious and systematic study of mediaeval life', and this was followed by travel through Italy to Naples, Sorrento and Amalfi. Returning home, he took up work with Scott at Eastbourne, at his house South Lynn, a cramming establishment dealing mainly with Public School failures. He rose at 5 o'clock and put in a solid two hours of work before breakfast, then came 'two or three hours of teaching' and the rest of the day was free for his own work or for exercise. Concurrently with studies he began to publish, making something by articles in Reviews and losing more by other publications at his own expense. On a Winter Sports holiday in 1902 he met his future wife, Miss Ilbert, and they were married in 1904. To the work at Eastbourne had been added University Extension lecturing in the west, but Eastbourne remained headquarters. In 1910, however, Coulton was appointed Birkbeck Lecturer in Ecclesiastical History at Trinity College for 1910–12. The first course was so successful that he was encouraged to drop Eastbourne and try his fortunes altogether at Cambridge, and he returned here at Easter 1911. With some private pupils at first, then courses of University lectures both in history and literature, extension lectures, and some examining especially in Oral French at different schools, 'we managed to balance our budget and pay education insurance for the two girls'. With the armistice came increased prosperity, and in 1919 Coulton's election as a Fellow of our College.

It is a sufficiently remarkable life in itself; the mediaevalist whom we know only taking up 'conscious and systematic' study of his subject when he was some 37 years of age (though there was clearly enthusiastic if unsystematic study from his boyhood in the favouring environment of Lynn), and not attaining to a comfortable settlement in Cambridge until an age when many men are thinking of retiring. And in these pages that life is pictured for us with the most astonishing vividness and detail; at each stage, from Lynn to Cambridge and through the vagabond years back to Cambridge again, the canvas is crowded with lively figures. There are a few gaps in spite of the detail—where and when did Coulton acquire his artistic skill as illustrated by two of the plates and the portrait sketches in chap. XIII? —and dates are occasionally hard to fix. But with its complete candour, its honesty and sincerity, its enlivening detail and its intellectual interest this seems to me by far the finest autobiography that we have had for many years. Looking back on my reading, I think there is also something more, something more than candour and vivid detail, needed to account for the exceptional attractiveness of the book; and the clue perhaps is given by the opening words of the author's preface. 'Looking back here and now, this early summer day in America, upon nearly eighty years of memories, I am comforted to realise how all my places of abode come out in sunshine.' The garden of his boyhood at Lynn, field and garden at Pentney, to which the family moved later, St Omer, Felsted and Cambridge, all the passing abodes of the vagabond years, even Eastbourne with its east winds—all, in the pictures of memory, are bright and warm with sunshine. Radiance so all-prevailing, surely, springs from the spirit of the man and not from the sun of our temperate skies.

G. U. Y.

all bringing their own partners. Both these occasions were highly successful, and the thanks of the Society are due to those members who worked so devotedly to bring this about.

It was perhaps only to be expected that so full a programme for one term should be followed by a relative dearth of meetings in the next. The main reason for this was shortage of speakers. One interesting meeting was held, however. Dr McCance addressed the Society on 'An Experimental Study of Rationing'. He described how a group of workers had submitted to a seemingly impossibly meagre diet for a period of three months, and how the results obtained had affected the subsequent rationing scheme for the population as a whole.

During the Easter Vacation we paid a visit to the Papworth Institution for tuberculous patients. We gained much valuable information concerning the psychological and sociological aspects of the lives of these people, and no effort was spared to show us how these factors had in fact been taken into account at Papworth.

The meetings throughout the year have been quite well attended. The interest shown in the various topics under discussion well reflects the wide range of tastes within the members of the Society itself.

[The Editors of *The Eagle* regret that it is their melancholy duty to record in the College Chronicle the temporary suspension of the Classical Society, the Historical Society, the Theological Society, the Law Society, and the Nashe Society, but they express the hope that as soon as times are more propitious all these societies will awake to renewed life.]

JOHNIANA

I. *Correspondence of John Ray* (Ray Society), 1848, p. 16: Peter Dent, a Cambridge apothecary, to Ray, Cambridge, 15 February 1674.

Mr Mayfield (James Mayfield, fishmonger of Cambridge) told me he sold a flayre to the cook of St John's College of two hundred weight and upwards, and that it served all the scholars of the College at that time, being thirty mess for commons (i.e. 120 men, cf. Ray, *Hist. Piscium*, p. 69), which was likewise confirmed to me by the cook of the same College.

Quoted in C. E. Raven, *John Ray* (Cambridge, 1942), pp. 339–40.

II. *Clerical Journal and University Chronicle*, 22 September 1853 (vol. I, p. 182):

Last year, it may be remembered, there was a rather marked falling-off (in the entry), especially at St John's College. This was accounted for in various ways. There is a tale of a chattering perruquier, who amused a customer under his scissors by his opinion on the subject, and, when the diminution in numbers at St John's was specially mentioned, said he 'supposed it might be accounted for by the fact that *so many of the lower orders* had gone to the diggins'. This was impertinent in the barber; and it would have been an unjust sneer, from whomsoever it had come; for although, of all educational institutions, St John's College, Cambridge, may best dispense with whatever lustre is reflected upon it by rank and wealth, it has its array of noble names as well as others. The Dukes of Buccleuch and Northumberland; the Marquis of Exeter; the Earls of Ripon, Rosse, Powis, &c.; Viscount Palmerston, and half-a-score of Bishops, are something to boast of after all.

From an article: 'The University of Cambridge: its sayings and doings', signed W.

III. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 81 (1811), I, p. 667:

6 May 1811. A grand entertainment was given this day at St John's College to commemorate the completion of the third century since the foundation of that Society. An appropriate speech was delivered in the Chapel by Mr Hughes, a junior Fellow.

[Presumably Thomas Smart Hughes, elected Fellow 9 April 1810, for whom see *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

COLLEGE NOTES

THE following have been elected into Fellowships:

April 1944. JOHN FRANK ALLEN (M.A. 1938).
DAVID VAUGHAN DAVIES (M.A. 1937), of Trinity Hall, University Lecturer in Anatomy.

May 1944. JAMES WIGHTMAN DAVIDSON (Ph.D. 1942).
FRANCIS HARRY HINSLEY (B.A. 1944).

Mr J. S. BOYS SMITH (B.A. 1922), Fellow, has been appointed Senior Bursar, in succession to the late Sir Henry Howard.

The Studio; London

Yale carved in stone by Alfred F. Hardiman, R.A., for the entrance gateway to the Fore Court of the College.

THE EAGLE

VOL. LII *September* 1946 Nos. 231 & 232

A SONG OF THE DIVINE NAMES

How shall we call Thee, when to Thee we raise
A bitter cry for some short space of ease,
A little stillness in the roar of Things,
A little rest in restless nights and days?
Omnipotent? Eternal? King of Kings?
Nay; but we call by greater Names than these:
Cessatio; Silentium; Quies.

O Secret Silence, Fount of Very Peace,
We faint and stumble on our troubled ways;
In blinded darkness, Archetype of Light,
We cry for Sight to Him alone who sees;
We dwell where Wrong forever wars on Right;
O take us where Still Peace eternal stays,
Cessatio, Silentium, Quies.

Stillness and Beauty, Way through all the maze,
Here seek we rest where rest forever flees,
Rebuild these tossing fragments in the Whole,
Reveil the warring darkness in Thy rays.
Belov'd and Lover, Origin and Goal,
Of many Names, O Nameless, best are these,
Of many Names the sweetest in Thy praise,
Cessatio, Silentium, Quies.

G. U. Y.

THE COLLEGE DURING THE WAR*

By THE MASTER

THE outbreak of war caught us in the middle of building our new court. Fortunately the fabric was already up and the material assembled; so that the work went slowly forward, and by the end of 1940 the rooms were coming into occupation. The Munich crisis, occurring while the foundations were being laid, had influenced us to construct under the main block a service subway, large enough to be used as an air-raid shelter, and a well-protected strong room, to which the College plate, muniments and treasures from the Library were afterwards moved. Happily the College buildings suffered no damage from enemy attack. Only a single incendiary bomb and a shower of débris from the opposite side of Bridge Street, on the night of 28 July 1942, fell within our precincts. But the escape that time was narrow. College property in London and elsewhere was less fortunate.

The new buildings, named Chapel Court, North Court and Forecourt, on completion proved very useful to the College. As previously arranged, an Initial Training Wing of the R.A.F. took possession of most of the New Court in September 1939; other rooms were in regular use for R.A.M.C. courses of instruction, Army Intelligence Training and Army Educational Courses, and the remainder were never sufficient to accommodate all the members of the College in residence. In this war, unlike the last, University education found a place in the national effort, so that the College, instead of emptying as in 1915–18, had always a large body of undergraduates. For 1941–4 our entry of freshmen was on a pre-war level, and though many men stayed only a year, our total numbers throughout the war were round about 60 per cent. of the normal. As in other colleges, state bursars and cadets of the three Services formed a substantial part of the total. These numbers made possible a real college life, and differentiated the conditions from those of thirty years ago, when continuity was lost, traditions forgotten, and the few freshmen who came into residence often seemed freshmen still when a year had passed.

Posterity may read with surprise how regularly college life functioned, how the society adapted itself from day to day to changing circumstances—to academical and military routine co-existing within its walls, to the departure of staff and servants, to rationing and

* This article and some of the obituaries are reprinted from *The Cambridge Review*. (Ed.)

communal meals, to fuel restrictions, to diminished service in hall and rooms, to the pressure on its accommodation, to the black-out and the peril by night, to the closing of the College and its grounds to the public and the 'civilian pass' required for moving from the Old Courts to the New, even to the silencing of the great bell which had rung since the days of the Hospital. The undergraduate took life as he found it and made it worth while. To his ordinary academical work were added military duties in the S.T.C. and fire-watching at night. Yet some sport was maintained; the L.M.B.C. had always boats on the river and in the Lents of 1943 went Head, and in the same term the football teams won the knock-out competitions in both Rugby and Association; literary and scientific societies still functioned; the Musical Society gave occasional concerts; meetings of many kinds took place as usual in the Old Music Room, and *The Eagle* appeared from time to time to chronicle these events. The organisation of A.R.P. was continually developing. The fire-squad had periods of great efficiency, and their hose practice in the winter of 1942 resulted in a useful sheet of ice in the Backs and the unprecedented spectacle of skating on the lawn in front of the New Court. The pumping engine was housed in a temporary structure by the river, and collaboration with Trinity was facilitated by the opening of a doorway in the boundary wall in Kitchen Lane between the two Colleges. An observation post was established on the Chapel Tower, manned by ourselves and Trinity, with some help from the town, and the observers sheltered in a little hut erected on the top.

Fellows and College officers began to leave us in September 1939, and at one time as many as thirty were absent on various forms of war service—in the armed Forces, in research establishments and in Government offices—not to mention others whose work was done in Cambridge. Those who remained—teachers, administrators and college servants—carried a heavy burden. But this was the common experience, and where all were overworked together, we must not distinguish. Nor is it possible to particularise the external activities of members of the College, associated as so many of them were with the scientific developments of the time, but we applauded the Prime Minister's choice in 1942 of a Secretary of State for War, and we liked to hear a familiar Johnian voice nightly upon the news. The vacant places at the High Table were frequently occupied by visitors whom the war brought to Cambridge, and the contacts made in this way with the Services, with Government departments, and with the Dominions and allied countries, for which peace gives few opportunities, were much appreciated. In particular, the Dominion and American soldiers, attending the fortnightly courses provided for them, of whom two or three always joined our High Table, were

a welcome addition to the society. So also was a Chinese Professor who spent a year with us. Other opportunities for entertainment were limited, as the staff fell in numbers and rationing restrictions grew more severe. Yet the Steward's department never failed to carry its almost insupportable burden, and it was good to see the Combination Room filled from time to time—for a dinner to the Politico-Military course, or a lunch to Polish officers, or an At Home for the Dominion and American forces, or for teachers of the University of London, and for some occasions of our own, for we did not give up our Commemoration or Foundation Dinner, though entertainments found new levels of simplicity. Though officially closed to the public, the College has perhaps never seen more visitors. All through the war we welcomed parties of British and Allied troops making the tour of Cambridge, and our visitors, whether seeing round the College or temporarily resident with us, always thirsted for some account of College history and buildings, in the giving of which in concentrated form many College officers by long experience acquired an authority and facility which no doubt surprised themselves as much as it delighted their audiences.

What lasting results on college life these experiences will leave we cannot foresee. Perhaps simpler living. And what impression the many visitors who temporarily shared our life or traversed our courts acquired of the nature of a college it would be hard to say, but by us the wider contacts will not quickly be forgotten. A precedent, too, was made when, on the morning of 21 February 1943, the University Sermon was preached in the College Chapel, as the Vice-Chancellor was engaged in the Red Army celebrations later in that day. And, on another plane, the paddock fence, surrendered in the collection of iron railings, has probably gone for good, now that we have enjoyed the more spacious appearance of the Backs. Some sounds and scenes will linger in the memory—the alerts in Hall; undergraduates triumphantly perambulating the College roofs; long files of airmen pelting through the screens; a vast plan of cliff and down constructed on the floor of the Combination Room (which surely never fulfilled a more unexpected purpose—we were never officially told what it was); the magnificent crops of onions and potatoes which served for lawns in the new Chapel Court; torches glimmering in the darkness as men negotiated the changing levels of the courts; the sentry's challenge on the 'Bridge of Sighs'; the V 1 roaring over Cambridge; men carrying their buckets of coal to their rooms; the Combination Room filling with undergraduates and Fellows to toast the return of peace. But through all the changing circumstances the life of the college went on, and war experience drives home the happy moral—*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

The lapse of six years has seen great changes in the personnel of our body—not all due to the war. Fortunately we were able to continue the election of Research Fellows from year to year by relaxing the condition of a dissertation and can now welcome, with the returning tide of men, a large accession of younger members to our Governing Body.

TO THE COLLEGE

After six war-years in Egypt

DEEP peace is all inherent to a Court
In College, when the waves of youth recede.
E'en yester-eve mine ears had been the sport
Of Egypt's voices strident; I had need
Escape from arid air where, tightly keyed,
Nerve-strings still tauten in the blazing sun
And make of work a weariness indeed.
But thence a carpet swift its course had run,
By modern magic sped; my journey done
Before that sun could make its daily round.
With scent of rain-wet grass new life's begun
In a fair land, where rest at last is found,
And where the heart and hand, the brain and eye,
Feel fresh resolved life's passage to defy.

L. B.

July, 1945

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By the Rt. Rev. A. J. CAMPBELL, M.A., D.D.
Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

Sunday, 5 *May* 1946

Isa. xlvi. 9. Remember the former things of old: for I am God, and there is none else.

An appropriate text for a Commemoration. We come together to-day in order to remember thankfully before God the beginnings of this famous college to which we belong. We think of its long history, of its expanding life, of its great potentialities, of the rich contribution which it has given to the life of our University, to the work of the Church, to the well-being of this nation and of all mankind. We think of all those elements which make its sons thrill with pride in it and remember it with life-long affection. It is characteristic of this college, as it is characteristic of all our colleges and of all our universities old and new, that, whatever be the motives or thoughts which first brought us hither—and these were often self-regarding and utilitarian—these quickly change as we come under the spell of a venerable Alma Mater; and we find ourselves rejoicing to be merged in a society, a community, a fellowship, a brotherhood—a corporate life of such breadth, splendour and dignity that mere personal ambitions become irrelevant.

We think to-day of the Lady Margaret, our Foundress. She lived at a critical period of European history, when European society was changing as completely as it is changing to-day, and a new order was rapidly taking shape. She saw both the needs of Cambridge and the service which it might be capable of rendering; and she poured out her benefactions, one after the other—from one of which this college has its origin. Her benefactions did not prove sterile, as benefactions often do. They were creative, capable of expansion and development, as we to-day can testify. With her name must always be linked the name of her friend and guide, John Fisher, Chancellor of the University and Bishop of Rochester—a man of learning and wisdom and knowledge of affairs, sensitive to the thought of his time, with a sure grasp of the fundamentals. Without his courage and tenacity, his capacity for handling men and affairs, it might well have happened that, when the Lady Margaret died before her gift had taken full shape, it might have disappeared. And so, on our Commemoration Day, we think of John Fisher, one of the makers of Cambridge and the special glory of St John's.

It would be impossible for me to give, even in broadest outline, any account of those who after this fashion or that have added to the renown or increased the potentialities of our college—of those who have maintained its traditions and those who have broken new ground—of teachers who in one way or another, in ancient learning and scholarship, in philosophy, in mathematics, in science, in history, in theology have widened the bounds of knowledge—of members of our college who have gone forth to give distinguished service in Church and Nation—of men who have influenced permanently the thought and the history of this country—of poets, statesmen, divines, administrators, explorers, missionaries, scholars, doctors, both in this land and in the uttermost parts of the earth—of benefactors who, being good stewards of the treasure with which God entrusted them, have made this or that development possible. Of all these we think to-day, as we remember the former things of old.

We remember, because we ought to remember. I am aware that in these times there is a not uncommon tendency to think that the past does not matter, that it is irrelevant. It is easy to understand how such a tendency can take shape, particularly in times like ours. It is perhaps the contemporary phase of the assertion which each new generation must make after its own fashion—the assertion of its inalienable right to make its own way into the unknown. A living institution will always find new opportunities, new ideas, new methods, new hopes, which make the former things obsolete; and it will find them with great joy. But the more it does that, the more, I think, it will remember—remember the seed from which it has sprung, the truth for which it has stood, or the achievements to which it has attained.

'Remember.' The Bible—and it is worth while to note how that remarkable literature took shape among a people strong in their corporate spirit and tenacious in their memory—the Bible often bids us remember. It tells us also to forget—but the things which we are to forget are our own personal man-made things—our own achievements and our own follies. When it bids us remember, it is speaking of the things which God has done.

'Remember the former things of old: for I am God, and there is none else.' God—God alone—is the source of all excellence: there can be no other source. When we praise famous men, as we ought to do, we acknowledge that what we count praiseworthy in them had its origin in God. If there be in man any virtue, any noble thought, any famous action, it has sprung from something which has its beginning in the Being and Nature of God. Man originates nothing. He can discover—and by his discoveries he can astonish, and often alarm, himself. But what he discovers, though previously unknown

to him and unimagined, is something which is already there—something which had its source in God. Man can discover: he cannot create. He can utilise—but what he utilises has come from God. He can work out and develop—but what he works out and develops springs only from God, from whom comes also the capacity to work out and develop. 'I am God: and there is none else.'

In such a saying there is History. All history is implicit here. History is the record of what man has done—but below the jumbled and uncountable waves of the surface flows the strong tide of God's Sovereignty and Eternal Purpose. The text implies that.

In such a saying there is also a Philosophy—an explanation both of the universe and of the soul of man—bringing to a unity its innumerable varieties. 'In Him', says St Paul, 'all things consist'—all things 'cohere'—find their being, their stability and their relation to one another.

Herein also is implicit the Gospel. The Gospel says that God, who has made all men and all things, has not been content to leave us to dash ourselves to pieces in self-willed violence, or to sink into hopelessness. When St Paul says, 'In Him all things consist', he is thinking of how God has revealed Himself in the Person of Jesus Christ—how God has entered upon the stage of history, has, so to speak, made Himself a part of His own creation in order to bring man into harmony with Himself. God cannot be content that His creation should ruin itself. Man is a free being—able to choose his own course, and responsible for his choice; and how if he choose evil—if with his eyes open and fully understanding what he does, he choose evil, knowing it to be evil? How God has dealt with the difficulty which we have put before Him is shown in the story of Christ. His method is the method of persuasion. His purpose is a redemption purpose. All things have their source in God; and that means that they have also their consummation in God. 'Till we all come...unto a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

History and Philosophy and Gospel—and there is here also an Ethic—a Command—a Way of Life. 'I am God: and there is none else.' There is implicit here a moral standard—a guide for personal and social conduct. Such an utterance suggests that all human life—all its duties, interests and relationships—are of concern to God. The moral struggle—we are all in it. It is part of the make-up of human life. We must all take part in it—consciously and of set purpose. There is no spiritual life apart from the moral struggle—from which we are exempt, no, not for an hour. And therefore every act of remembrance, such as we make to-day—every act of worship—every lifting of the heart towards the unseen—carries with it a call to

dedication—a call to live as faithful stewards of the bountiful gifts of God.

A college like this college with a long and famous history gives that as the best gift which it can give to its *alumni*—the gift without which all its other gifts, great as they are, lose their value—the sense of dedication, of high vocation, of public service, of honourable, strenuous and upright living. And for those difficult and interesting times in which we live, there is no contribution which our college, or any other similar institution, can make greater than to produce men of character, knowledge and dedication. 'I am God, and there is none else. Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'

ON THE POSSIBLE BIBLICAL ORIGIN OF A WELL-KNOWN LINE IN *THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK*

THE line in question is the last line of the second quatrain, in which the Bellman announces that what he has said three times is true:

> 'Just the place for a Snark!' the Bellman cried,
> As he landed his crew with care;
> Supporting each man on the top of the tide
> By a finger entwined in his hair.
>
> 'Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:
> That alone should encourage the crew.
> Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice:
> What I tell you three times is true.'

The biblical parallel I happened to notice first in the Vulgate, Proverbs xxii. 20, 21:

> 20. Ecce descripsi eam [doctrinam] tripliciter, in cogitationibus et scientia:
> 21. ut ostenderem tibi firmitatem, et eloquia veritatis....

The Douai version (1610) gives the usual very literal translation of the Vulgate text:

> 20. Behold I have described it to thee three maner of wayes, in cogitations and knowledge:
> 21. that I might shew thee the stabilitie, and the wordes of truth....

But the Douai version was never a familiar one in England. The popular Geneva version (1st ed. 1560) comes nearer to the Bellman's saying by introducing the words 'three times':

20. Haue I not writen unto thee thre times in counsels and knowledge,
21. That I might shewe thee the assurance of the wordes of trueth....

A marginal note to 'three times' gives the interpretation: '*That is*, sundrie times.' Of other sixteenth-century versions, the Bishops' Bible in the rather late edition of 1595 to which I referred reads:

20. Have I not warned thee very oft with counsaile and learning,
21. That I might make thee knowe the trueth....

but gives the alternative reading '*or* three times' in the margin, thus reversing the choice of the Geneva version; while the Great Bible has the same reading in verse 20 but in verse 21 reads: 'That I might shewe thee the truth.' Of all these versions then the Geneva is the nearest and the Bishops' perhaps second.

The Authorised Version of 1611 breaks away completely from all these precedents, evidently adopting a different reading of the Hebrew, and making no mention at all of any *repetition* of warning or advice, description or writing:

20. Haue I not written to thee excellent things in counsailes and knowledge:
21. That I might make thee knowe the certainty of the words of truth....

and the Revised Version hardly alters this, only preferring 'of' to 'in' in the first of the two verses, though mentioning 'in' as an alternative.

Thus no reader of a modern Bible alone would have any memory of or associations with such a phrase as 'Have I not written to thee three times?' But is it not possible that on some occasion the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson had read these verses of Proverbs in the Geneva, or it may be the Bishops', version; that the notion of threefold repetition had caught his fancy and impressed some imperfect record of the words in his memory; and that this memory was recalled, it may be years later, when he was writing *The Hunting of the Snark*?

G. UDNY YULE

THE PALING FENCE

ONCE there was a fence of palings,
alternating gaps and railings.

An Architect had noticed this,
and took his chance, one night, to mis-

Appropriate the gaps and so
to build of them a bungalow.

The fence meanwhile was quite astounded,
each railing stood with nothing round it.

A gruesome and a vulgar vision—
the Senate put the fence in prison.

(The Architect had fled away
to Barcelona or Bombay.)

THE SIGH

A SIGH went dreaming of love and joy,
skating on ice of Night,
To the city wall, where gleaming shone
wall-buildings, snowy white.

The Sigh remembered a maiden fair
and stood with passion glowing:
It melted the night ice under him—
he sank—beyond man's knowing.

From Christian Morgenstern's *Alle Galgenlieder* by A. J. C. W.

JOHNIANA

I

We had much pleasant talk before going to bed. Both the Principal [of the University of Glasgow] and his wife are evidently inclined towards Prohibition, and the policies that point in that direction. But they were not so obdurate in their opinions as to refuse me the solace of some excellent brown sherry, which came from St John's, Cambridge, of which society Sir Donald Macalister is still a Fellow.

Bishop Hensley Henson's private journal, 24 October 1920 (Herbert Hensley Henson, *Retrospect of an Unimportant Life*, vol. II, 1943, p. 60).

II

London, Saturday, 9 October [1920].

Yesterday afternoon I went down to Cambridge, to stay a night with Rivers and see Richard's induction into Clare College....

I dined with Rivers in St John's hall. A 'short' dinner, too short, and professors etc. rather dull. Too cautious; too pedagogic. Another professor there, agriculture. I forget his name. His chief interest seemed to be the history of the barley plant. Went on with him to Rivers's, where there was another psychologist (psycho-analyst) who had just been on a visit to Freud.... I went to bed hungry, and woke up so hungry at 3.15 that at 5 I got up and searched for cake and found it. Three undergrads to breakfast, besides Richard. But among them only Davison (poet) talked. He *did* talk well. Rivers's delightful personality! Richard's work seems to be arranged so that he has no afternoons for sport. Laboratory every afternoon, including Saturday. Cambridge was most beautiful. We went into King's College Chapel and heard choir practice.

The Journals of Arnold Bennett, vol. II, 1911–1921. Edited by Newman Flower. London [1932].

Rivers was W. H. R. Rivers, the anthropologist and psychologist, Fellow from 1902 till his death in 1922. Richard was Bennett's nephew, Davison presumably E. L. Davison, B.A. from St John's, 1921.

III

1687

1 *June*. My husband had a kind letter from the Bishop of Ely in order to carry Sam to Cambridge to St John's College, to be admitted Scholar. God bless all our proceedings in this affair, so it may be for his Glory, and our Child's good.

The beginning of June I went to London with my Husband and Sam, they went to Cambridge where Sam was admitted Scholar at St John's College, where may he do virtuously, and bring a great deal of honour to the name of God, and comfort to himself and his Relations.

13 *October*. My eldest Son Samuel is gone this day towards Cambridge to be a Scholar at St John's College, God of his mercy grant he may do worthily there, and bring great honour to his Holy Name, and comfort to his Parents. And keep him in all ways from sin, and danger and the infection of evil company. Make him an example of sobriety and godliness to all his Companions, and let thy Grace be present and follow him all his days.

1688

20 *May*. We had a letter from Sam which tells us he is not very well, and that his mind was much towards home. God restore him to health again (as he prays in his letter), keep us all in his true fear and love, and give him a cheerful spirit and make him content and pleased to stay till it is convenient for him to come home, and let us see one another with joy and comfort again.

August. My son Samuel came home from Cambridge to see us. I hope bettered in his learning, and not drawn away from sobriety and honesty. God keep him in his fear and love while at home, that when he returns to his College again he may embrace all opportunities of improving himself in all things that are praiseworthy.

22 *October*. This day my dear Sam is gone again toward Cambridge. I bless God I hear my Son safe at Cambridge.

14 *December*. This evening we had a Bill from poor Sam's Tutor in which he tells us he has a dangerous cut in one of his Fingers which makes them fear a Gangrene, which God of his mercy prevent. He is at a great distance from us and all his relations, but Oh, my dear Lord, do thou supply all our love and care in taking him into thy special protection.... I give him up into thy hands, do with him as thou seest best, and give us all patience to bear what thou layest on us.

18 *December*. We had a letter from Mr Brown which gives us great hopes my poor Sam's finger is in a good way of curing, which God of his mercy grant.

1689

20 *January*. We heard by a letter from Cousin John that Sam's finger was near well, and that he hoped he should not lose the use of it which is a great comfort to us.

31 *January*. I had a letter from Sam which tells me his finger is quite healed, but altogether useless. Blessed be our great God who has spared his life, and that his finger did not need to be cut off.

2 *July*. My Son Samuel came home safe from Cambridge.

27 *August*. This morning my Son Samuel had a dangerous fall from his Horse, which much frightened us, he being like to faint with it; but now this Evening is pretty well again.

21 *October*. Sam is gone this day with his Uncle Nevill toward London in order to return to Cambridge, whither God carry him.

From Mary Woodforde's Booke printed in *Woodforde Papers and Diaries*, edited by Dorothy Heighes Woodforde. London: Peter Davies, 1932.

Mary Woodforde, born Norton of Binstead, Hampshire, became the second wife of Samuel Woodforde, D.D., prebendary of Chichester and Winchester and author of poetical paraphrases of the Psalms and Canticles, in 1667, and died in 1730. Her 'Booke' contains entries at various dates between November 1684 and June 1690. Samuel Woodford, born at 'Woordlam' (Worldham), Hampshire, school Winchester, was admitted pensioner (and not, as his mother says, scholar) on 13 June 1687, aged 18, tutor and surety Mr Brown (*Admissions*, vol. I, p. 111).

BOOK REVIEW

The Statistical Study of Literary Vocabulary. By G. Udny Yule. Cambridge University Press. 1944. Pp. 306. 25*s*.

Simple statistical methods have long been used in discussions of literary questions. For instance, the date of a Shakespeare play may be decided, within limits, by the frequency of rhymed couplets; and in a question of authorship it is relevant to examine the disputed work for peculiarities of style or choice of words associated with the author in question. The latter method, as Mr Yule points out, is dangerous, because the peculiarities are usually rare even in undisputed works by the author, and he might accidentally omit them in a single work, and another author might accidentally introduce them in one work even if he is not in the habit of doing so. With proper safeguards it can be used. Yule proceeds by another method, the study of the author's whole vocabulary and of the frequency with which he uses the words in it. The immediate problem was that of the authorship of the *Imitatio Christi*. This is usually attributed to Thomas à Kempis, but several other authors have been suggested, especially Gerson. Yule forms samples of approximately equal numbers of occurrences of nouns from the *Imitatio*, from known works of à Kempis, and known theological works of Gerson. In each list he classifies the nouns according to their frequency of occurrence in his sample. Naturally some nouns are used very often; *deus* stands far apart from others in these theological works. The mean number of occurrences over all nouns used may be only four or five, but some particular nouns may be used hundreds of times. A most striking feature is that about 40 per cent. of the nouns in each case occur only once, and the distribution is very similar to what Yule and others have found in discussing factory accidents. There is one special complication: whereas in a factory one knows how many hands had no accidents at all, one does not know how many nouns the author knew but did not happen to use in the particular work. The 'spread' of the distribution, in relation to the mean, is found to be very characteristic of the author. There is some difficulty in describing it quantitatively in a way that will make it possible to compare samples of different sizes, but Yule overcomes this difficulty and that of the unrecorded nouns by the choice of a certain function of the first and second sonnets, which he calls K. K is large for an author with a tendency to use a few words with great frequency and small for one that uses his stick more uniformly. The result of this comparison, amply confirmed by many others, is that it is out of the question that the *Imitatio* can have been written by

Gerson, but that there is nothing against its being due to Thomas à Kempis.

The method is applicable to any class of words used in the works discussed; Yule applies it to several selected classes of nouns, such as Latin nouns not found in the Vulgate, and non-classical nouns, and derives interesting results about the kinds of Latin used by his subjects. He also makes fruitful comparison between Macaulay and Bunyan, who differ in much the same way as Gerson and à Kempis. There is no question here of disputed authorship! But it was found incidentally that more nouns beginning with A, E, I were used by Macaulay, more with B and W by Bunyan. This led to a search for an explanation; both authors, especially Macaulay, used more words with Romance roots than Teutonic roots, but those used most often were mainly Teutonic. The difference, it was found, could be traced to the prevalence in Macaulay of Romance words with well-known prefixes. The result might be expected, from what one knew of the authors; but it now has a quantitative expression. Further, the introduction of a new word into English is usually taken from its first occurrence. Yule's method will indicate also how rapidly types of words came to be adopted into general use; when, in fact, their occurrences were 'not as single spies, but in battalions'.

There is some difficulty in establishing standards of significance for the comparisons, especially for authors with a habit of repeating a single word many times for emphasis. So far the most useful method appears to be by comparison of different works of the same author, but we may expect further developments.

The book shows how statistical methods can be used both for questions of authorship and for the wider problem of the development of language. In future Faculties of English cannot afford to neglect them.

H. J.

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THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By THE MASTER, on 4 May 1947

FOUNDERS AND BENEFACTORS: we are all their debtors; all alike beneficiaries of those who created and endowed the Society, who gave it the purpose and the means for which, and on which, it lives. How that list of names echoes down the centuries! How it calls to mind the phases of our history! Of our foundress Fisher wrote: "She had in a manner all that was praisable in a woman." But it was he who deflected her charity from the monastery to the University and who gave a stimulus to the collegiate idea which has never lost its force. "To all the bishops of England the very mirror and lantern of light"; so wrote a contemporary of him. He saw the need of the University for new life and learning. But beyond the University he saw the needs of his time and how the University could help to supply them—poverty and ignorance spread over the countryside of England, and he longed for men educated and moved to the service of their fellowmen. He and his friends lived to see their hopes realized and the College begin its long history in a splendid classical renaissance, "the fairest spring that ever was there of learning".

On such beginnings followed the long vicissitudes of the religious struggle, when the excitements of theological controversy and the problems of loyalty to Church and King filled the academical horizon; and then the days of falling numbers—Colleges become the easeful paradise of scholars and loungers, wider learning outside the University, and culture in the homes of the great; till, in the nineteenth century, the broadening stream of knowledge forced its way back, and the swift expansion of modern times gave a new significance to the ancient seats of learning.

But these names illustrate best that spring of loyalty and affection which has never ceased to nourish the work the founders began. Here was the strength of the original idea, for without new resources the College would soon have flagged and failed. Fisher himself was a generous benefactor. To him those first Fellows wrote, when he lay in the Tower, awaiting his end: "To you, we acknowledge, we owe our maintenance, our learning, all the good we either have or know." To Lord Burghley, St John's was his "beloved College", his "old nurse", and he, writes our historian, Thomas Baker, was another Bishop Fisher to the Society.

We no longer know what motive inspired each benefactor—piety, or patriotism, or personal devotion—but that motive linked itself with friendships, associations, memories of time spent here. We recall Henry Martyn brooding in his last days in Persia: "Again I wandered in spirit amongst the trees on the banks of the Cam." We recall the immense generosity of James Wood, who passed all his years in the College, and Larmor's original bequest, revealing his intense interest in the life within our walls. And how illuminating are the words of affection with which Sir Robert Scott ended his admirable epitome of our history:

> For in her rubbish and her stones
> thy servants pleasure take;
> Yea, they the very dust thereof
> do favour for her sake.

So that list stretches over the four centuries, with names of men, some known to the world, some known only to us, and some of them now not otherwise known to us; historic names—national leaders, and pioneers in science and letters; and familiar names—companions of our student days, "precious friends hid in death's dateless night"; all witnessing to a power that does not feel the force of years, all united in the desire that this Society should remain and flourish.

It is the greatest tribute to the collegiate life that those who lived it believed in it and sought to ensure its perpetuity. Down the generations this spirit continues. Still, with gifts large and small, for one object or another of our great purpose—education, religion, learning and research—members and friends of the College continue to endow it, widening its purpose with their plans and strengthening it with their generosity.

What then is the idea that has had such attractive force?—which links in this long chain Linacre with Rolleston, Baker with Mullinger, Shorton with Taylor and Scott? What had our benefactors found that they wished to pass on and perpetuate? Not often have they said, and who would feel able to give words to their feelings? It was a great step in education to form the tradition of a society where men of

different ages, and parts, and experience, and destined to diverse careers, for a short time lived together as members of one body; where a man was first set at liberty to follow his o b b suaded and not driven; where, in manifold pursuits, associations and friendships were formed, experience shared and character sh where education was not an instrument to mould a single opinion or type, but to foster freedom of thought and the diversity of personality; where a man might brood on questions great and small, on the practical questions of the hour or the "thoughts that wander through eternity"; and all knowledge was held in honour if it serve to the making of man.

A College is not a factory, or a mint, or a sub-department of Government; but, as Newman said, "an alma mater, knowing her children one by one". Hence its renown and value as a school of experience. A man learns that there are other men abler than himself. "To be a true Greek", it was said, "means to be able to hold successful converse with men." So it is that we seek not to impose doctrine or pattern—but that men should go from this place with faculties matured, with power of understanding, tolerance and co-operation.

Are these things still possible in days of swollen numbers, of haste, of urgent practical problems? Or will they succumb to the intensity of our times? It has not been so, nor do we believe it will be so. We recite the names of our benefactors to renew the sense of their purpose. A strong faith animated them, passed on from generation to generation, that the College founded "to foster learning and the arts, to be a centre of intellectual life and moral influence", would never grow forgetful of its ends. Of what use would be its wealth, the beauty of its precincts, its noble traditions and memories, if its life lost its unique character, its teachers their confidence, its students their aspirations? No more would it inspire the affection and loyalty which have been the source of its strength.

Those who founded the College lived in an age like ours of great events and rapid change. A new learning was ousting the old. There was an enlargement of mind, a critical spirit, a shock to old ways of thought. Discontent with traditional religion was widespread. Great kingdoms were forming and threatened conflict. A revolution of prices had begun. "Our religion of Christian faith is greatly diminished," wrote Fisher, "we be very few." He saw in the improvement of education the way of advance to a better order.

We have reached to-day a moment of new promise in the educational history of our country, a moment when University expansion is eagerly and confidently expected and the national need in higher education is realized more widely than ever before. The call to-day is as vivid as that to which our founders responded. We are a small

nation raised in the course of history to great power and influence. But without the supply of men and women trained to high service all the pursuits of life, we cannot fulfil our responsibilities in the world. We look beyond our own borders and can only so exist. It remains true that England cannot afford to be little. Our contribution to the world's work must be made on a high intellectual and moral plane. Much is demanded to-day of the Universities. Who can go into our courts of justice, our hospitals and public institutions, or consider our industry and trade, with their demand for men of leadership and sympathy, capable of exercising managerial functions, without realizing the need? The course of present development lays emphasis on the qualities which Universities and Colleges can best supply. Moral influence has lost none of its power in the world's affairs. We cannot live on memories. Those days of brilliant achievement, those noble names, will not serve us, unless we can fulfil their promise in our own day and generation.

To our benefactors we owe the material independence which gives us our unique place in national education. With the resources entrusted to us we have a reasonable freedom. It is not a selfish interest which makes a College desire to preserve this. Without freedom and responsibility a College must dwindle to a hostel. Yet ought we to be as anxious to be worthy of our freedom as swift to claim it. The College system makes possible much in education which might otherwise be lost. In the Colleges the quality of education was raised by their teaching and their social life to a standard the University could not otherwise have reached—at its best unequalled, and to-day emulated in the modern Universities. Our founders showed, too, how new studies could most easily be planted in the Colleges, and growing up in them, could influence the whole body of the University.

Not that Colleges have always welcomed the reformer. Here, in the seventeenth century, a young student, John Hall, pleaded for modern languages and history when the ancient world held too absolute a sway. Two centuries were to pass before his ideas bore much fruit. Even in 1846, writes Leslie Stephen, outside of the two triposes, Mathematics and Classics, there was no career for a man of any ability. Cambridge virtually said to its pupils: Is this a treatise upon Geometry or Algebra? No! Is it then a treatise upon Greek or Latin grammar or on the grammatical construction of classical authors? No! Then commit it to the flames, for it contains nothing worth your study. That spirit has long passed, and not least through Collegiate initiative. The names of Liveing, Bateson, Rivers rise to the mind as those of men to whom our own College in recent times gave larger opportunity and support; and such examples of Collegiate influence on academical studies can be paralleled elsewhere.

By the Colleges, too, talent was sought out and the poor student given his opportunity. In this field St John's was always true to the aims of its founders. For centuries the sizarship fulfilled the function of the entrance scholarship and brought the promising boy to the University. Richard Bentley and John Couch Adams, our most eminent names in Arts and Science, both came up as Sizars. In time the scholarship examination took its place, reached farther, and also set for the schools their standard of excellence. Some of these duties have passed now to the stronger hands of University and State. But we must not forget that, in days when the State did little for higher education, and when the University was poor indeed, the Colleges gave a home to new studies and means to poor students, promoted fundamental research and produced many of the scholars who have laid the foundations of learning in other places. They did not all they should have done, nor as quickly as they might, but they did what there was no one else to do, and what they did, they could not have done but for their benefactors and the ideas and ideals they had inherited.

To-day money is rightly flowing to the Universities. But let us not suppose that money is inspiration. Without the flow and freedom of ideas and the cherishing of ideals, education and learning would lose their soul and sink beneath the burden of their good fortune. In our more highly organized world the life and initiative which the Colleges preserve may be invaluable.

We summon up remembrance of things past, but our business is with the present. It is just two years since the news first reached us that the long war was drawing to a close. We have never doubted that education, religion, learning and research would outlive the dangers and exhaustions of war. Yet there is little for which we stand that has not been in mortal peril.

Now in thankfulness and humility we acknowledge our preservation. Let us remember first those members of our body whom the war has taken from us, whose work is finished, for we count them benefactors, not only of us, but of all mankind. And those still absent from us, on service at home and abroad; we look forward to the day of their return. To all who have played their part, here and elsewhere, in counsel and in deed, by land and sea and air, some carrying high responsibilities, some bearing privation and confinement, we pay the humble tribute of our gratitude. You who return to interrupted study we welcome back, for this is the end to which you and we long looked forward. You come back richer, I do not doubt, in experience, and riper for study. This is your gift to broaden and strengthen the common life. Unless you are more fortunate than others you will not find solutions to every problem, but unless you are singularly

unfortunate, you will find work worth the doing. Be content to do it. Be ambitious to do it. To some is granted "the grace of the great things".

Our inheritance is also our debt—not to the past, but to the future. What we have received from those who have gone before, preserved and increased, will live in the opportunities and achievements of generations to come. It falls to those who have the control, and those who have the advantage, of higher education, always to remember the ideal handed down to us—to set in front the things of the mind and spirit and to bring them into relation with the life of man. Such an ideal cannot be imposed from without. Its origin and strength are within.

Certainly our founders looked on education not as a private right and privilege, but as a means of service. If they could revisit the scene of their hopes they might wonder at the tree which has grown from the seed they planted. Time which has ripened the colour of our walls, has changed the character of our work, enlarged its range and multiplied its ends. Instead of breeding the incumbents of one or two professions, the Colleges now prepare men for an ever-widening circle of occupations, and the influence of collegiate education makes itself felt through all the texture of the national life. We dwell in the home of the society, but the great majority of our members are scattered over the country, the Empire, the whole world. They have carried into the learned professions, into the churches of all denominations, into other Universities and schools, into business, industry and all the arts of life, into public administration and politics, the impressions and the influences gathered here. Nor need we think that those who sought through learning to serve mankind would regret this wide fulfilment of their purpose.

And that long list of their names, coming down to us from the Renaissance, through a life for ever old yet new, to which the rich years and the lean years, the years of growth, and even the years of sloth, all add their quota, I see it extending on into the future; for I do not doubt that, though forms and means change, and our work be carried on in new ways, it will never cease to inspire the generosity and confidence which we commemorate to-day.

So, in the words of our Bidding Prayer, that there may never be wanting a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God both in Church and State, let us pray for a blessing on all seminaries of sound learning and religious education, especially the Universities of this land, and remembering this morning in particular the ancient and religious foundation of our own College of St John the Evangelist, founded by the Lady Margaret Beaufort and John Fisher, and endowed by a numerous company of benefactors.

RECOLLECTIONS

By SIR ROBERT TATE, K.B.E.

(*Senior Fellow, Trinity in the University of Dublin; Honorary Fellow, St John's College.*)

My first experience of Cambridge may fairly be held to have been a remarkable one. Early in December 1890 I came up from Shrewsbury to try for a scholarship at St John's. With me came a friend who was to try at Emmanuel. It was late in the day when we arrived, the streets were not very well lighted and, as men were just then going down, there was a constant stream of hansoms driving pretty fast towards the station. As I stepped from the tram at the gate of Emmanuel just behind my friend I was conscious of a sudden shock and the next moment found myself on the ground with a horse's fore-feet planted one on each side of my head. Knowing that a horse will seldom set his hoof on a prostrate figure, I had the presence of mind to lie still; the cabman pulled his horse back and in a few seconds I was again on my feet none the worse. I was not even bruised or shaken to any considerable extent and when I woke up the next morning I felt nothing to remind me of the accident. The beginning of my actual residence is also marked by the recollection of an occurrence to an Irishman at least unforgettable. The first evening I dined in Hall I saw, as I came into College, a poster announcing the death of Charles Stewart Parnell. At dinner I sat next my fellow-countrymen, J. G. Leathem and R. K. McElderry (both subsequently Fellows of the College), neither of whom had heard the news, and I well remember the almost awe-stricken interest with which they received it and the haste with which, when dinner was over, we left the Hall in our eagerness to get the evening paper.

And again, if I may in this case anticipate a little, one of the latest incidents of my time at Cambridge is indeed a notable one in the sense that it seems little short of miraculous that any of those concerned in it should have lived to tell the tale. Whether violent thunderstorms are as prevalent now at Cambridge as they were in my time I do not know, but every summer that I was up we had at least four or five terrific ones. They generally occurred at night. About 9 o'clock one would see the first flashes away to the west, towards 3 or 4 in the morning the storm would be right over us, and then it would pass away to the east. But this was not always so, for the most alarming one I ever saw was in the afternoon. A few of us had gone to play tennis at the house of some friends living on the Trumpington

Road. There was clearly thunder about, nevertheless two mixed doubles were in progress when we saw that a storm-centre was coming very near us indeed. The other four finished their set and went indoors. My four, however, played on till some very heavy raindrops beginning to fall drove us also into the house. We were just entering the door and could not possibly have been more than thirty seconds off the court when there came a blinding flash; we heard a cry of "Look, look!" and saw our hostess standing at a large window half-way up the stairs and pointing at something in the garden. We ran up and, on looking out, saw that one of the supports of the net, a solid oak pole of some 2½ inches diameter, had been split into fragments. One of these fragments I picked up about an hour afterwards at a distance of 40 yards, which I carefully stepped, from the place where what was left of the pole stood. That piece of wood I eventually lost but I kept it for many years as a memento of the narrowest escape I ever had, for not only was the pole shattered but the leaves of the shrubs close by were all blackened and, had we been half a minute later leaving the court, it is hard to believe that one of us could have survived.

In my own year my most intimate friends were Arthur Tait, afterwards Principal of Ridley and subsequently Canon of Peterborough, R. K. McElderry, now retired for some years from the Professorship of Greek at Queen's University, Belfast, Percy (afterwards Sir Percy) Sargent, the eminent surgeon, Raymond Horton-Smith, a brilliant scientist, A. G. Butler and A. P. Cameron of L.M.B.C. fame, E. W. Jackson, for many years a Master at Brighton College, and Harry Gregory, who became a well-known doctor in North London. Lionel Horton-Smith, afterwards a Fellow of the College, slightly my senior, and a few others slightly junior to me were among the closest friends I have ever had, T. J. I'Anson Bromwich, the great mathematician, W. West, a distinguished botanist, Hamilton Townsend, late of the I.C.S., and, outside our own College, George Bowes of Emmanuel. Of these I still have the good fortune to see from time to time McElderry, who lives in Belfast, and Townsend, who lives in West Cork; Lionel Horton-Smith and Cameron I saw some ten or twelve years ago and from Jackson I heard occasionally up to about the same time. Raymond Horton-Smith, Tait, Sargent, Bromwich, West and Bowes are, alas, no longer with us, and I greatly fear that the fact that the names of Butler and Gregory have disappeared from the Medical Register tells the same tale.

McElderry, Tait, Jackson and I read Classics, and (as another never-to-be-forgotten friend, T. R. Glover, has truly said) in those days a man was taught in his own College. I never attended, and never was advised to attend, a single lecture outside St John's till

I began to work for Part II. I took Section A (textual criticism, palaeography, history of literature, etc.) in the first year of its existence as an independent section, and the lecturers appointed were Professor Jebb and Dr J. P. Postgate. Unlike Glover, I did gain a great deal from Jebb's lectures. Postgate's lectures I did not at the time appreciate so much, though in later years I came to recognize how excellent they had been. All our own Classical lecturers, whom Glover describes so delightfully, I knew very well indeed and naturally I have but little to add to his description. I do not, however, recollect all their lectures with equal clearness and it is with Sandys, Graves and Tottenham that we seem to have come most constantly in contact throughout our course. For instance, Tottenham lectured on the *Agamemnon* and *Choephori* during (if I mistake not) our very first term and later I remember going to him for composition and for lectures on Aristotle's *Ethics*. Graves lectured on Thucydides and the *Histories* of Tacitus and in our last year we went to him for composition. It was at one of these latter lectures that we came across in, I think, one of those test papers in unprepared translation, the phrase from the *Iphigenia in Tauris*:

ἱερεὺς δ' ἦν ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ

and Graves said in his inimitable way: "I always feel that to be an exact rendering of the English words 'My father was a clergyman.'" In our very last term before Part I we went, but not for the first time, for composition to Sandys, whose lectures on Pindar we had all attended with, in my case at least, very great profit. I always learned a great deal from Sir John's lectures, but I heartily agree with Glover in giving the palm to Graves. Heitland (who was my Tutor) did not, at least while I was up, lecture very much. I only remember one course by him—on Thucydides VII. Glover, I note, says that in his time Heitland did no teaching, and I have a vague idea that on the occasion to which I refer he consented to come back as a stop-gap, if I may use such a word, for a while. We did compositions with Haskins, but I do not remember ever hearing him lecture on a book. He, however, died about our second year and was, I think, succeeded by Sikes, who in our third year gave us some admirable lectures on Hesiod and the *Homeric Hymns* and subsequently, to my great benefit, looked after my Greek and Latin prose composition, which formed an integral part of section A in Part II. We went to Smith for composition in our first term. One day when Tait and I were with him he remarked that no author known to him was as hard to translate as Propertius. "Surely he cannot be harder than Persius", said one or the other of us. "Oh but," said Smith, "that is not what I mean at all. In Persius it is the allusions that cause the difficulty, with

Propertius it is the Latin itself." Then he quoted as a typical Propertian line Book II, 25, i:

Unica nata mei pulcherrima causa doloris,

and few will deny that this proved his point. The next term he gave us one of the best sets of lectures I have ever heard—on the *Rudens* of Plautus. These lectures are for me immortalized by a translation which cannot be regarded as other than a masterpiece. In the scene where Charmides and Labrax bewail their shipwreck and abuse Neptune for having poured salt water into them as if they were Greek wines the former concludes by saying:

Si invitare nos paulisper pergeret Ibidem obdormissemus,

which Smith rendered: "Had he gone on a little longer plying us with drink, we should have slept on the premises." After these lectures my only recollection of Smith is that of a delightful evening spent in his company at a party given somewhere in the new court, and I have a dim notion that he went to live away from Cambridge.

Of all my lecturers, of all our dons whom I knew, I have none but the most kindly memories. With several of them I had common interests lying quite outside the sphere of purely academic relations. Haskins, for example, was a keen salmon-fisher and, when he learned somehow or other that I had been brought up to trout fishing, a bond was established between us which led to many a pleasant conversation and more than one delightful invitation to his house. Then Graves, Brindley, and I shared a passion for the steam locomotive. Graves indeed was a great personal friend of the celebrated F. W. Webb, Chief Mechanical Engineer of the London and North Western Railway, and not infrequently we used to take a walk round by Cambridge Station where one certainly saw a varied collection of engines. Tottenham again, though I do not think he ever lived in Ireland, was my fellow-countryman (or rather I was his), for he belonged to one of the principal families in North Leitrim and his birthplace was less than twenty miles from mine. Dr Donald MacAlister, who became my Tutor when Heitland gave up his pupils, was also an unfailing friend, and when as Sir Donald MacAlister, Principal of the University of Glasgow, he came years afterwards to receive an honorary Degree from the University of Dublin and I, as Public Orator, had the privilege of introducing him, I found him and Lady MacAlister full of real pleasure at seeing me again. Connected with this visit is an incident which I cannot forbear to mention. Sir John Sandys, of whose kindness and goodness I fully share Glover's appreciation, was greatly interested in my election as Public Orator here. He wrote to congratulate me and more than once took the trouble to send me some good counsel. On this occasion he wrote to

thank me for my orations, especially the one about Sir Donald, and then added "I see, however, that you have taken well over two hundred words to describe the great man whom you so fittingly call 'virum omnibus numeris absolutum'. A very long experience has taught me that one hundred words are enough to describe any man."

This piece of advice from Sir John I have never forgotten. It was given to me only a short time before his death, for Sir Donald was here in 1920, and in recording it I have perhaps strayed away a little from those few recollections of my Cambridge days with a request for which I was honoured by the Editor of *The Eagle* who, I believe, now has the set of rooms in which I lived during my last year. It is perhaps well that those recollections should close with a reference to a conversation which, I have little doubt, bore upon a difficulty mentioned by Glover, but which, I am no less convinced, cannot help to solve it. That Heitland was even in my time somewhat severed from the College anybody could see, and in his *Autobiography* he alludes, says Glover, to a great injustice. "By this time there was nobody left who could identify or explain the allusion, so one must let it alone." Some time towards the end of my first year Heitland took me for a walk, told me many stories of his undergraduate days and asked me how I was getting on. I answered with enthusiasm and spoke particularly warmly of an eminent member of the College from whom I believed I had learned a great deal. Heitland made an inarticulate noise and then burst out: "But I do not like a sneak and I do not believe the pious benefactor ever intended it." Those were his actual words. They were spoken well over fifty years ago and, as I naturally said no more, there the matter rested and there it is doubtless proper that it and I should rest.

THE NEW COLLEGE BUILDINGS

By EDWARD MAUFE, A.R.A.*

Now that the wrought-iron gates to the Fore-Court, with their heraldic overthrow and the poignant motto of the Foundress "Souvent me Souvient", are in position, it seems only fitting to look back over those active years of College building, 1938–40. The first impression is one of satisfaction that we were able virtually to complete the whole building programme for, though it was but a half of the great scheme for rebuilding from St John's Street right down to the river with a new St John's bridge over to Pickerel Gardens, yet it forms a coherent scheme in itself.

* A first article by the same author, who was the architect for the New Buildings, appeared in *The Eagle* for June 1938.

In re-reading the article in *The Eagle* of June 1938, written at the very start of the work, one realizes that all has gone according to plan—only a name has been changed, for I there talked of "Fisher Court" for what is now "North Court". In addition, various improvements to the old buildings were undertaken: the Library Reading Room was formed in Second Court with a rearrangement of the sets above; the Music Room was made much more pleasant; and one of the most striking changes was undertaken—the roof of the Victorian Chapel Court building was re-tiled with stone coloured tiles and the black pointing of the brickwork was renewed with cream pointing, thus altering its character and making it no longer a stranger to the College. At the same time the six high chimney stacks on the south side of Chapel Court were rebuilt to accord with the St John's tradition of fine brickwork.

Some internal changes were made, due to the prescience of Dr Cockcroft, who was then Junior Bursar. Owing to him, surely no College was better prepared for the war so soon to come: my very practical pipe-way under the whole length of the new building was developed into an even more practical traversed air-raid shelter, and my very strong Strong Room was developed into an even stronger Strong Room "floating" in sand.

Something, I think, should be said of the general architectural composition of the new buildings and their relation to the old buildings of the College. On the one hand, a well-known writer has criticized the curved wings of North Court, and on the other hand the architectural press has said that they are the "cleverest" part of the lay-out, being examples of the one graceful way whereby buildings, necessarily running aslant to a main street, may end up on that street parallel to it. Perhaps what I said of North Court in the 1938 article is the best explanation: "The two arms of the Court curve gently outwards so that the eastern arm ends parallel to Bridge Street and the western prepares the eye for the long line of the existing Master's Lodge."

Then there is too the long low mass of the Garage-Workshop Block. This is an essential part of the composition taken as a whole, being deliberately constructed as a foil to the Chapel alongside it, to increase its scale on the analogy of the tug to the liner; I being one of those who admire the fine shape of your Chapel, whatever may be said of its detail.

In the 1938 article I said it was thought that "there should be no ornament which has not a meaning and that what there is should be executed by the best sculptors of the day". This, I think, has been realized: first by the never-to-be-forgotten Eric Gill who carved the Fisher achievement to Chapel Court, and the Eagle and Marguerites to the Fore-Court; secondly by Vernon Hill who carved the College

achievement to North Court and the Gilbert and Courtney Arms on Bridge Street—all admirable works. Then there are the fine heraldic beasts on the Gate Piers: Hardiman's Yales to the Fore-Court and Wheeler's Eagles to North Court.

In this connection it is worth while to seek for the outcome of an interesting little "competition" set up between Eric Gill and Vernon Hill. Without the other knowing, each was given the same problem to solve, i.e. to carve a keystone with the symbol of St John the Evangelist—the serpent issuing from the chalice—and the results are most interesting. Eric Gill's keystone is the centre external keystone of the Arcade in front of the Chapel, Vernon Hill's keystone being in the Fore-Court Arcade over the archway opposite the New Porter's Lodge. The two are so different, yet each, I think, is a contribution to the sculpture of our time.

When so much of our country is being despoiled, it is indeed a satisfaction to find that the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge still, in the main, adhere to a sense of quality in their buildings, and realize that architecture is a cause as well as an effect, that it not only expresses a people but also goes far to make them. It is evident that the Master, the College Council and the St John's Bursars are fully aware of this, and in this connection I would like to quote a phrase from a letter from your Senior Bursar, the Rev. J. S. Boys Smith: "Apart from its aesthetic value, fine building gives a sense of continuity to a people—what might be called a time dimension, and it is doubtful whether a society can have a true sense of its future and its obligations to posterity, unless it also has a true sense of its past."

It was in this spirit that it was possible to pursue an ideal in designing the new buildings. Opportunity was made for consultation, and appreciation stimulated the desire to achieve "commodity, firmness and delight".

WINTER, 1946–7, IN COLLEGE

THE Editors of *The Eagle* desire to record some of the features of the winter's exceptional weather as it affected life in College.

The thaw really began, after some seven weeks of continuous frost and snow cover, on Wednesday, 12 March 1947, two days before the end of Full Term. For the greater part of the term it had been impossible to play any field games, though the Lent Races were rowed. Ice on the river surprisingly never became solid (as the writer can recall it doing in 1929), though for a period of about four days there was a sheet between the Old Bridge and the Bridge of Sighs. In

a small bay in this ice, a very dejected cygnet floated, one of a family of three which appeared in the Backs, with one parent. A more uncommon visitor was, for a period of about three weeks in February, a Great Crested Grebe. This lived, for the most part, between Trinity and St John's, where the water is widest, an agitated life of repeated diving whenever anyone walked past. How far it may have come, the writer will not speculate; but it is certainly very unusual to see so shy a bird in such a bare and unsheltered stretch of water. It was also a new feature of bird life in College to have black-headed gulls disputing with the jackdaws and pigeons the food thrown into the courts. Undeterred by the temperature, the rooks began to nest in February; but there seems to have been some mortality among the semi-wild ducks.

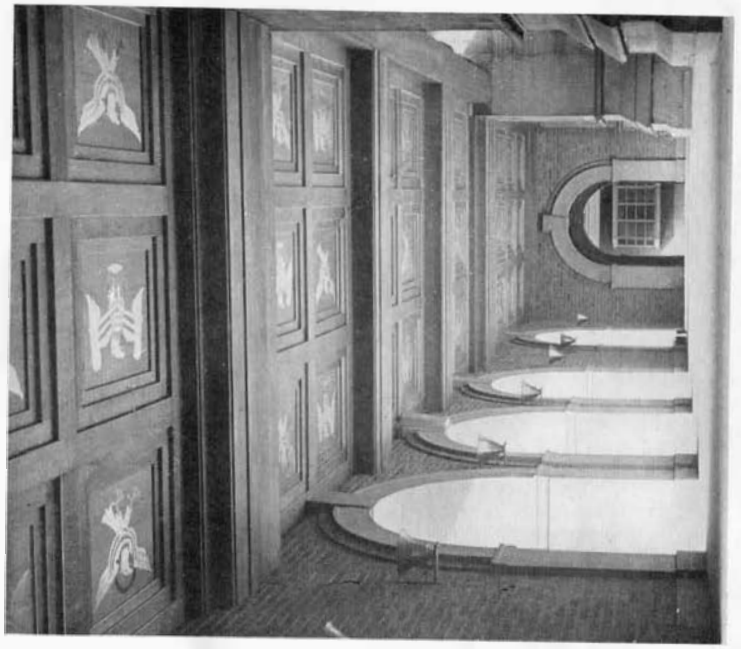
Meanwhile, on the occasions when the sun shone and the snow was on the ground, the interior roofs of the Hall and Library were shown up as they never can be under ordinary conditions; owing to the national fuel shortage and the restrictions on heating we conducted supervisions wrapped in rugs; heating pipes froze with the hot water in them; drain-pipes froze solid and overflowed; and there were several spectacular burst water-pipes, with an especially good display outside the Small Combination Room, at E. Second Court. In general, it was the continuity rather than the severity of the frost which was remarkable.

The river began to rise on the afternoon of Thursday, 13 March. As always, the Binn Brook, flowing round the Wilderness from the higher ground towards Coton and Hardwick, behaved in a very temperamental manner. It is not unknown for the Brook to flood the Wilderness: it comes up backwards through the drains. But this season it twice made Queen's Road impassable, on Friday the 14th and again on Sunday the 16th, as well as covering nearly all the Wilderness lawn and a good deal of the western part with a film of slimy mud. Moreover, by flowing right out of its channel straight across Queen's Road instead of through its duct under the road, it washed away about 50 yards of the Wilderness fence (an iron one about 4 feet high), a good deal of the brick retaining wall and the public pavement along the road; it also left a pile of flotsam (and a film of mud) against the Back Gate. It is noteworthy that aconites, snowdrops and crocuses were undamaged by snow and flood; all came into flower in a day or two after the snow had gone. Shrubs have suffered much more seriously from the cold.

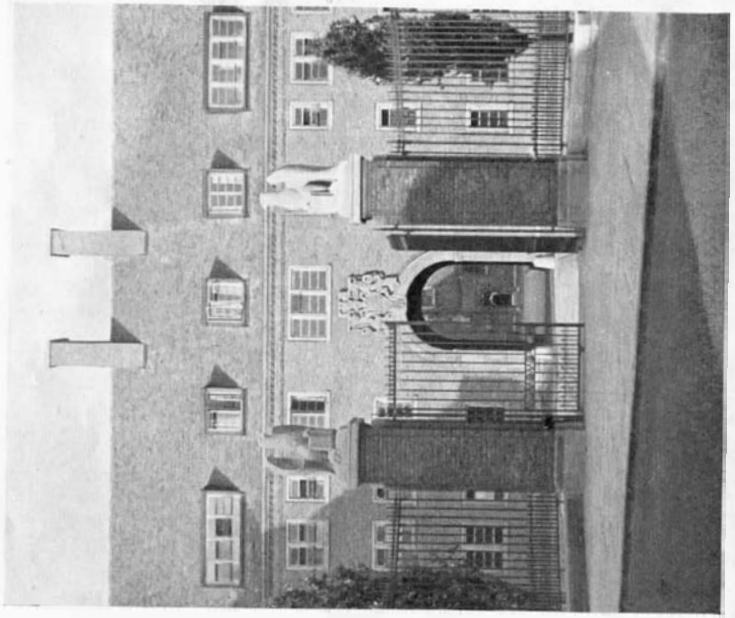
The Cam was of course slower than its tributary to react to the sudden release by thaw of the accumulated precipitation of two months. The river has many areas, for instance Grantchester Meadows and Coe Fen, which it can flood before the Backs. Among other accomplishments this season, it managed to flow out of

LOOKING EAST IN CHAPEL COURT

GATES TO FORE COURT: FROM ST JOHN'S STREET



CHAPEL ARCADE CEILING



NORTH COURT: FROM BRIDGE STREET

Newnham Pool, along the road to the traffic lights at the end of Sidgwick Avenue, down Silver Street, and into the New Building of Queens' College. It flooded the Paddock at King's College; it flooded the Paddock at Trinity College; and, combined with the water from the Binn Brook, it began to flood the College Paddock (the tennis courts) at about 3.30 p.m. on Friday the 14th. By 9.30 p.m. that night it had been over the August 1879 flood-mark on the Old Bridge for more than an hour.* In this, it was no doubt helped by the wedging of three escaped punts lengthways under the eastern arch. These became visible when the water had gone down some 2½ feet by early next morning. Later the flow was fortunately checked by the night's frost, and it was curious to note sheets of ice (as for instance just inside the gate of the Wilderness) well above the flood levels existing on the morning of Saturday the 15th.

That day and the next, Sunday the 16th, the thaw continued slowly, to be succeeded on Sunday evening, from about 7 p.m. by a most violent wind. The R.A.F. Station at Mildenhall recorded gusts of 98 m.p.h., "the strongest ever experienced inland". By about midnight the wind blew less violently, and a calmer morning on Monday the 17th allowed the damage to be seen. This, in the College itself and its immediate neighbourhood, amounted to three pinnacles (two at the south-east end, one at the south-west), the head of the eagle over the porch, and a large area of Colleyweston slates below the tower, all blown off the chapel; a good deal of glass blown in all over the College, but no chimney-stacks or pots down; and six trees blown down—a sycamore and an elm in the Wilderness, an elm just outside it, two sycamores on the bank towards Trinity College, and an elm on to the end of the Old Bridge. This last cracked the return at the south-west end but fortunately did no other damage. Another elm close by was so badly loosened that it was felled. Two elms fell across the Driftway beside the playing fields, six in Trinity Pieces and Roundabout, of which one blocked Queen's Road. All did less damage than they might have done. But, none the less, their loss is sufficient to alter the appearance of the Backs considerably; almost as much, in fact, as the appearance of the lake in the Paddock which lasted for ten days or so and provided a much-photographed reflection of the New Court.

P.S. It blew very hard again over Easter, especially on 8 April and the wind lifted more slates off the Chapel roof. But in spite of the waterlogged condition of the ground, no more trees have come down.

* It is intended to add a new flood-mark on the Old Bridge, just above that of 1879. Nineteenth-century improvements in river control made impossible, of course, the recurrence of floods such as those recorded in Third Court for 1762 and 1795.

P.P.S. In a further gale on 27 June (rain and thunder-storm), more damage was caused. Most noteworthy is that one of the lime trees at the extreme west end of New Court was blown down and carried away the fence between the Backs and the Orchard (the Pickerel Garden). There was also much flooding through the damaged Chapel roof and through the Hall roof. The new fore-court was flooded to a depth of two feet.

X. Y. Z.

RIVER PIECE

ONLY
the lonely
mitrailleuse
cat-song-spitting traces
braced-out bridge-span over Irrawaddy now;

the ranked
bank-hid boats skulk
rat- and bullet-rotted in the creek now.
The tufted tall grass blurs
views of the southward country:
heat-haze muddles the mountains
with flash and flicker.
Snipers' rifles snicker
across the afternoon.

Steve snores to the sun that burns his belly.
Charlie grins behind his sleeve,
conceals a pair of aces.

H. L. SHORTO

CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE

ON 10 October 1946 a reception was held in the College to celebrate the Centenary of the discovery of the planet Neptune on 23 September 1846.

The facsimiles which are printed herewith show how John Couch Adams, then an undergraduate in the College, resolved in July 1841 to investigate the irregularities in the motion of the planet Uranus, which were yet unaccounted for, to find whether they could be attributed to the action of an undiscovered planet. In 1845 he was able

(Photographed by Dr Bertram)

(*a*) THE BACKS, NEW COURT (17 March 47)

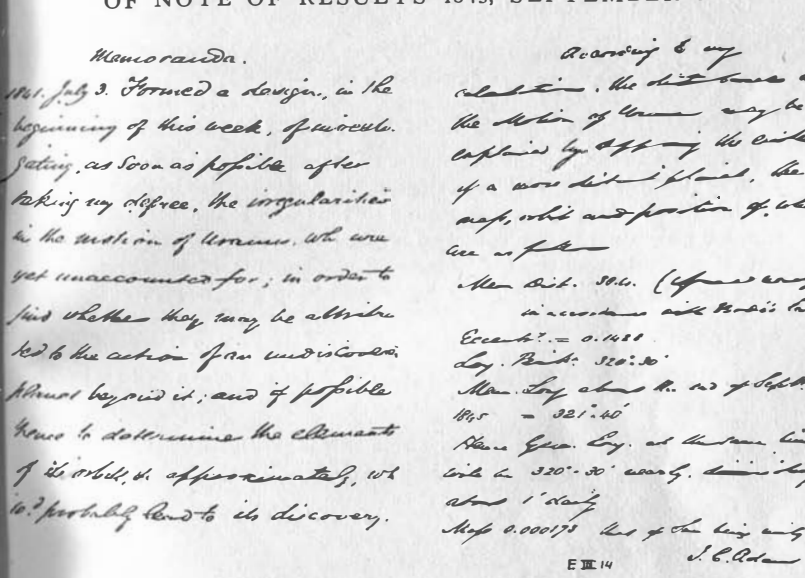
Photographed by Dr Bertram)

(*b*) THE OLD BRIDGE (17 March 47)

to say "Yes" to this question and to give the approximate position of such a planet.

Independent calculations by the French astronomer Leverrier gave a similar result. In consequence Dr Galle of the Observatory in Berlin looked in the place indicated and did in fact find the planet, afterwards to be called Neptune. This was on 23 September 1946.

FACSIMILE OF MEMORANDUM OF 1841, JULY 3 AND OF NOTE OF RESULTS 1845, SEPTEMBER 18



Memoranda.

1841. July 3. Formed a design, in the beginning of this week, of procuring, as soon as possible after taking my degree, the irregularities in the motion of Uranus, which are yet unaccounted for; in order to find whether they may be attributed to the action of some undiscovered planet beyond it: and if possible hereafter to determine the elements of its orbit, at approximately, as to probably lead to its discovery.

According to my calculation, the discordances in the motion of Uranus may be explained by supposing the existence of a new disturbing planet, the mean, which and position of which are as follows

Mean dist. 38.4. (appears nearly in accordance with Bode's law)

Eccentr. = 0.1608

Long. Peric. 320°.30'

Mean Long. about R. A. of 1845.0 = 321°.40'

Hence Geoc. Long. at the same time is 320°.30' nearly, diminishing about 1' daily

Mass 0.000178 that of the Sun nearly.

J. C. Adams

E III 14

Adams and Leverrier thus shared the honour of predicting the existence of Neptune, which was a crowning achievement of the Newtonian mechanics and Law of Gravitation.

To celebrate the centenary the Astronomer Royal of England and Scotland, the Head of the Paris Observatory and a Representative of the French Academy visited the College. Tea was served in the Combination Room and afterwards the company were able to inspect the volume of manuscript papers on the Perturbations of Uranus, which is preserved in the College Library, and a summary of which is given after this note. These manuscripts contain a great part of the calculations by which Adams arrived at his conclusions. They were arranged and edited by Professor R. A. Sampson, who has contributed to the volume a descriptive note summarizing the contents.

E. CUNNINGHAM

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS
OF THE VOLUME OF
MANUSCRIPTS ON THE PERTURBATIONS OF URANUS

By JOHN COUCH ADAMS

INTRODUCTION by Professor R. A. SAMPSON
Description of Contents.

COPY OF MEMOIR from *Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society*, vol. XVI (1847). Read 13 November 1846.

MEMORANDUM by ADAMS dated 1841, July 3 as follows:

Formed a design, in the beginning of this week, of investigating, as soon as possible after taking my degree, the irregularities in the motion of Uranus, which are yet unaccounted for; in order to find whether they may be attributed to the action of an undiscovered planet beyond it; and if possible thence to determine the elements of its orbit, etc. approximately, which would probably lead to its discovery.

A. COLLECTION AND REDUCTION OF OBSERVATIONS

I. Extracts from Bouvard's *Tables of Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus*, Paris, 1820.

II. Collection of data from *Astronomische Nachrichten*, from Airy and Challis, Cambridge, and from Airy, Greenwich, 1836–40.

III. Additional to above.

IV. Rough Notes *re* above.

V. Observations of Uranus prior to the discovery that it was a planet (Herschel, 1781). These are known as "Ancient observations".

VI. Reduction of errors to epochs used in the actual solution, viz. the opposition of 1810 and ten periods of three oppositions before and after.

VII. Airy's communication of reductions of Greenwich observations, 1781–1830.

B. CORRECTIONS TO THE DATA COLLECTED IN A

I. Applications of Bessel's correction.

II. Early studies; including the adoption of Bessel's values of the masses of Jupiter and Saturn.

III. Fair copy of II.

IV. A note on Hansen's equations.
(I–IV probably preceded Adams' solution of his problem dated 5 December 1843.)

V. Recalculation of Hansen's equations arising from great inequality of Saturn.

VI. Application of V.

VII. Transcript of Pontécoulant, *Système du Monde*, III, pp. 462–79, on the mutual perturbations of Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus (used in the solution of 1843 and in another preliminary solution).

VIII. "in order to satisfy myself that there was no important error in Bouvard's tables, I recomputed all the principal inequalities." This section contains this work.

IX. Similar to VIII.

X. Do.

Papers relating to the action of an Unknown Planet

XI. Calculation of the perturbations produced in Uranus by a planet at twice its distance with mass 1/5000 and eccentricity 1/20, giving the numbers of the Memoir, para. 12.

XII. Earlier draft of XI.

XIII. Algebraic reduction.

C. THE SOLUTION OF 1843. (See Memoir, para. 3)

I. The form in which corrections to the elliptic elements affect the mean longitude.

II. Adams' first determination. "...in 1843 I attempted a first solution of the problem, assuming the orbit to be a circle with a radius equal to twice the mean distance of Uranus from the Sun...."
Results are given on page C II, 11. Longitude of unknown planet at opposition of 1843, 304° 0′.
30 September 1843.
(Sampson finds here a trace of excitement in one of the very few errors, corrected, in the whole of the papers.)

D. FORMATION AND REDUCTION OF THE EQUATIONS FOR THE FINAL SOLUTION

Modern Observations

I. Equations of condition.

II. Calculation of right-hand members.

III. Calculation of left-hand members.

IV. Collection of the results of I and II.

V. Rough work of IV.

VI. More rough work.

VII. Equations as in Memoir, para. 21.

VIII. Calculated values of coefficients as in Memoir, para. 22.

IX. Final reduction. Equations of Memoir, para. 21 complete.

Ancient Observations

X. Equations of condition.

XI. Rough work of elimination.

XII. Completion of equations of condition.

XIII. Normal equations as in Memoir, para. 25.

XIV. Eliminations.

XV. Preparation for solution.

E. Various Solutions

I. Solution similar to that of 1843.

II. Solution of 28 April 1845.
Results given on page E 11, 2. Comparison of theory with observation, page E 11, 11. 19 May 1845.

III. Modification of II. 18 September 1845.
To this follows a note similar to that sent to Airy in October 1845:

According to my calculations, the disturbances in the motion of Uranus may be explained by supposing the existence of a more distant planet, the mass, orbit and position of which are as follows:

Mean distance (assumed nearly in accordance with Bode's Law)	38·4
Eccentricity	0·1428
Long. of Perihelion	320°.30′
Mean long. about the end of Sept. 1845	321°.40′
Hence Geo. Long. at the same time will be 320°.30′ nearly, diminishing about 1′ daily	
Mass, that of the Sun being unity	0·000173

IV. Final solution corresponding to a distance twice that of Uranus. Results as sent to Airy, October 1845.
Comparison of theory with observation, page 13.

V. Small differences in figures as in Memoir, paras. 27–9.

Second Hypothesis. Mean Distance 1/30th less

VI. Formation of equations, modern observations, Memoir, paras. 37–8.

VII. Formation of equations, ancient observations, Memoir, paras. 41–2.
These lead to a value of the longitude dated 20 August 1846.

VIII. Successive approximations.

IX. Comparisons of theory with observation as in Memoir, paras. 52 and 55.

X. Calculations of Memoir, para. 51.

F. Discussions of Errors in the Radius Vector

G. Perturbations in Latitude

H. Certain Rough Calculations

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

Michaelmas Term, 1946

President: the master. *First Boat Captain:* A. J. shardlow. *Hon. Secretary:* P. R. O. wood.

This term we saw the reappearance of Professor Walker to the river after a long illness. Another acquisition of the Club was the Rev. J. N. Duckworth, who came to the College as Chaplain.

The Light IV's were revived this term after a lapse of seven years. We were rather late in starting practice, and we never improved consistently, but only showed odd bursts of speed. We were beaten by Pembroke in the first round. The good feature of the race was our steering, which was very good.

Crew: *Bow* R. J. P. Cribb*
2 A. J. Shardlow
3 D. R. Poulter
Str. D. M. Lang
* Steerer.

The next event was the Clinker IV's race. We had hopes of winning this event as we had a good crew. They were quite fast, but just

THE EAGLE

VOL. LIII *December* 1948 No. 234

BALDWIN BLANCGERNUN AND HIS FAMILY: EARLY BENEFACTORS OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST IN CAMBRIDGE

MANY years ago, Professor Maitland remarked that "in the archives of St John's College there is a beautiful cartulary of St John's Hospital. The charters in it which refer to Cambridge are of the highest interest and deserve to be printed". He might have gone further. He might have added that, in the same place, there are many hundreds of original charters, of which only a few were copied into the cartulary, and even then with many omissions. He might have said that some of these too deserved a wider notice. But he spoke to an Oxford audience; and Cambridge has largely remained incurious about the charters and cartulary in the archives of St John's College. Yet he did not overrate their interest. Of the history of Cambridge and Cambridgeshire there is much to be learnt from these documents. Moreover, since much of the endowment of the Hospital passed later into the endowment of the College, these ancient parchments carry the seals of benefactors who precede by many generations the Lady Margaret and John Fisher. Finally, if we are but patient enough, they should help us to dispel at least some of the darkness surrounding the history of the Hospital itself, with which, though it has left but a few stones in the First Court, this College must recognize some filial connection.

In the notes which follow, however, there is no attempt to follow these wider questions. At best they are the by-product of a tour of inspection designed to discover the geography of the muniment

room, interspersed with some casual dipping into its crowded drawers. If the information so gained has been classified about the doings of a Cambridge family of the early thirteenth century, that is merely because the investigation has not yet been carried far enough to provide a wider principle of classification.

I

At the same time, the selection of the Blancgernun family from amongst our earliest benefactors was not made quite at random. If they derive their name from some ancestor with white moustaches, they acquire also an intrinsic importance as one of those medieval families "blending the career of burgess and squire" of which the borough of Cambridge has provided a crop of illustrations. And to multiply such illustrations is not quite valueless, for in so doing another hardy myth about medieval England may be quietly buried. It has long been customary to see the medieval burgess as mere pedlar or artisan, who might thrive to merchanthood or even to the status of a veritable capitalist, but to whom neither canonist nor common opinion could allow respectability this side, or salvation beyond, the grave. He was a freak, a "sport", in a society dominated by the abbey and the knight in armour; the town he lived in an oasis of capitalism in a feudal desert. We wonder what Baldwin Blancgernun would have thought of this picture conjured up in the scholar's study, he and his contemporaries like that famous Hervey Dunning, Mayor of Cambridge in 1230 and 1231,* whose stone manor house lies behind our New Court near the Queen's Road, and is strangely named the "School of Pythagoras".

Now the Blancgernuns have excited attention before this time.† Their connection with the Dunnings did not escape the notice of Mr Gray; and Maitland commented, not only upon their name, but also upon their riches and their piety and the wide interests they had in the common fields of the medieval town of Cambridge. From these and other sources we can say something of the family without recourse to the muniments of the College. True, we must go behind them for our first notice of the family: to the Baldwin Blancgernun who, in 1174, was supervising the repair of Huntingdon castle for King Henry II.‡ But after that there is a silence of a quarter of a

* St John's Coll. MSS. III/34; XXXII/21.

† Where no reference is given in what follows, the authority will be the material provided in F. W. Maitland, *Township and Borough*; H. P. Stokes, *Cambridge outside the Trumpington Gates*; Arthur Gray, *The Priory of St Radegund*; J. M. Gray, *The School of Pythagoras*; and H. M. Cam, *Liberties and Communities of Medieval England*, pp. 19–26.

‡ *Pipe Roll* 20 *Hen. II*, p. 64.

century, and when the name reappears, we find a Baldwin Blancgernun who is altogether a great man in the town of Cambridge—who has property and a house there, even a church of his own, and who is heavily taxed with the men of the borough. Within a few years, we get a hint of wider interests which make it impossible to determine whether the Blancgernuns are burgesses securing a stake in the countryside, or countrymen who have invaded the town. In 1222 there is a Baldwin Blancgernun who is a tenant of the bishop of Ely at Doddington in the Isle;* in 1235 with property in Coton; in 1236 and 1243 holding by military service in the village of Conington almost on the borders of Huntingdonshire.

Yet their eminence hardly outlasts these notices. By 1251 their property in Doddington had been broken up.† By 1279 they had been displaced at Conington by a pushing "new man", Thomas of Elsworth. In Cambridge itself, at this latter date, their property was reduced to two houses, a vacant place and a miserable $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres in the common fields. There would still be Blancgernuns living in Cambridge at a much later time: one Roger who lived in Bridge Street in 1381 and whom the rebel "commons" drove into sanctuary in St Giles's church; and he was perhaps a connection of the John whose name appears in the terriers. But John hardly belongs to the property-owning aristocracy of the town; he is merely a skinner.

II

The archives of St John's College allow us to fill out this canvas somewhat, especially if studied together with published deeds from St Radegund's Priory (on the foundation of which Jesus College was built) and from Merton College, Oxford (whose ownership of the "School of Pythagoras" is warranted by its modern name of Merton Hall). These records allow us to disentangle the main personalities whose lives, during the brief half century after 1200, span both the greatness and the decline of the family. True, we cannot ask too much of them. They tell us nothing directly of the sort of men they were, or when they were born and died, or whom they married. A medievalist must be modest in his demands.

But first we know something of names and relationships. We begin with Baldwin Blancgernun the elder, whose name crops up in all manner of places in the first quarter of the thirteenth century; it is only from his seal that we know him to have been a son of Gilbert Blancgernun, for on it he calls himself Baldwin fitzGilbert.‡ We

* Cottonian MS. Tiberius B, ii, f. 100.

† Caius College MS. 485/489, f. 63*d*.

‡ St John's College MSS. XXIV/111; XXXII/17.

know that he had at least two sons: Baldwin the younger, his heir; and William, of whose issue we hear only of a daughter, Aldusa, who became a nun at St Radegund's. The younger Baldwin had a son Geoffrey who had succeeded him in the Doddington property (or what was left of it) before 1251. It is possible that the direct line became extinct at this point, for the Henry Blancgernun, who held the remnant of the Cambridge property in 1279, was the son of Walter. Maybe he is the son of a younger son; certainly he is a man of small importance.

So, secondly, we gather that the fall of the house of Blancgernun was more or less accomplished by 1250, and, moreover, that the measure of it is the dissipation of their property in town and country. For let us be quite clear about this: it is not as merchants or artisans that the Blancgernun burgesses of Cambridge appear in the records, but as owners of property and receivers of rents. If they had a "trade", it is never mentioned; so we may suspect in fact that they had none. But even apart from their holdings in the shire, there can be no question that their town property was very extensive indeed. In 1279 there are traces of nearly 170 acres of land in the town fields which had once belonged to them, which lay mainly, we know, in the great West Fields of the borough, between the Huntingdon Road and the Barton Road and straddling the road to Madingley and the Bin Brook. But there was also house property: a chief residence side by side with the stone house of the Dunnings, which the latter family leased about 1230 and purchased about 1250 to provide the site of the north wing of the "School of Pythagoras". Most of their urban property in the strict sense, however, was along the Huntingdon Road in the parish of All Saints by the Castle; they had even owned the advowson of that church until they gave it to Barnwell Priory in 1219. And we can add property in St Edward's parish near the Guildhall;* business property in the market place;† lands and houses in Newnham.‡

The eminence of the Blancgernuns, like that of the Dunnings, we could infer from these extensive possessions. But there are also other pointers in the same direction. The seal of Baldwin the elder has already been mentioned. It bears the device of a mounted man in armour, like that of Hervey Dunning, mayor of the borough and alderman of the merchant gild; it is the sort of seal that a medieval knight would have. Then, when the younger Baldwin gives land to the Hospital, his charter was witnessed by three prominent local knights, including a member of that Trumpington family whose

* Gray, *St Radegund*, p. 112.
† St John's College MSS. xxiv/31, xxiv/111.
‡ *Ibid.* xx/113; St John's Hospital Cartulary, f. 15.

memorial in the village church is one of the earliest brasses in England.* This Baldwin,† like his brother William,‡ is given the title of "dominus", a title soon to be reserved to men of aristocratic status. And, though we know that the Dunnings were great men and merit also the title of "dominus", yet in the witnesses of a charter of 1231 Baldwin Blancgernun takes precedence of Hervey Dunning, even though the latter was mayor of the borough.§ If we can judge from these things, there is no clear dividing line between these men and the knights of the surrounding villages. It is not merely that the Blancgernuns are also country landowners; even within the town their preoccupation is also with property, and some of it agricultural property in the town fields of Cambridge. Inevitably they have much in common, therefore, with those other property-owners in the countryside with whom they are associated in the charters; they use the same style, take on the same trappings of heraldry, and, we may suspect, think very much the same thoughts.

At the same time, what we know of such families has induced Dr Cam to pose the question whether there was not something economically unsound in so blending the career of burgess and squire. Certainly the le Rus family of Trumpington Street were early in trouble with Jewish moneylenders; and the Dunnings, soon after the death of Hervey the mayor, were in similar difficulties with a Christian usurer. The tale of the fall of the house of Blancgernun differs in no essentials from their story, though at first they seem to have turned in their troubles to their fellow townsmen. It is Baldwin the younger who seems to have been feckless and got himself into debt. In the early 1230's he gave a lease of his property adjoining the School of Pythagoras to Hervey Dunning for twelve years in return for an advance of some £15, a transaction turned into outright sale round about 1250 for a further payment of about £22. Round about 1230 again, he had borrowed £11 from Maurice le Rus of Trumpington Street, and had given him 12½ acres of land in the West Fields as security for repayment within five years.‖ He did not repay. Then there are sales of property: 2 acres to Antony the chaplain,¶ 2½ acres to Auger the son of Edric,** a rent charge to Geoffrey of Ely,†† even land and houses to his own son Geoffrey.‡‡ Moreover, we may infer from the Hundred Rolls of 1279 that Baldwin sold more lands still to the le Rus family; and that his brother William sold or gave extensively to Barnwell Priory. It is clear that

* *Ibid.* f. 15.
† St John's College MS. xxiv/92.
‡ *Ibid.* iii/25A; xxxii/50.
§ *Ibid.* xxxii/21.
‖ *Ibid.* xxiv/92.
¶ *Ibid.* xxiv/81.
** *Ibid.* xviii/47.
†† *Ibid.* iii/50.
‡‡ *Ibid.* iii/31; xxxii/35.

this generation had frittered away the inheritance of the Blancgernuns; it was likewise this generation which provided benefactions to the Hospital of St John the Evangelist.

III

That much, indeed, is clear from the Hundred Rolls, but the Hospital charters allow us to trace these benefactions a great deal more clearly. Many of them bear the impress of simple charity. There are the eight acres the younger Baldwin gave by the Huntingdon Road and the Madingley Road;* there is the acre he gave by the Bin Brook in pure and perpetual alms;† there is the tenement in Newnham he gave for the sustenance of the poor in the Hospital, for which he and his heirs would take no rent save the prayers of the brethren for their souls.‡ Very similar are the gifts of Geoffrey his son of rent charges and Chalkwell Close in All Saints parish by the Castle.§ Such gifts are the common expression of the lay piety of the middle ages; there is no condition imposed or service exacted save the spiritual service of prayers for the donor and his family.

Yet such gifts do not exhaust our debt to Baldwin Blancgernun, even in his adversity. For there are two other deeds in which the Hospital is playing a less passive role. The first is an agreement between Antony, its master, and Baldwin recording a loan of 27*s.* 6*d.* made by the former and due for repayment at Easter 1230. As security, Baldwin has given the Hospital a charter granting them an acre and a half of land, which was to become effective in the event of his failure to meet his debt at the agreed term.‖ We cannot be certain in this instance what eventually occurred; but the other transaction is clearer.¶ It dates probably from the 1240's, and by that time Baldwin is borrowing also from Jews who seem to be pressing for repayment; and Richard, now Master of the Hospital, has "charitably" given him £15. But not for charity alone; Baldwin transfers to the Hospital in return thirty shillings in rents from a variety of Cambridge properties. The Hospital, in short, had paid ten times the annual value of these assets; it might be called a hard bargain.

This scrap of parchment is not without its significance for another side of medieval man. The sort of business acumen which Master Richard displayed is hardly to be defined as a mere reflection of some abstraction called a "capitalist spirit", at least if that term is to have

* St John's College MS. xxxii/14.
† *Ibid.* xxxii/13. ‡ *Ibid.* xxiv/31.
§ *Ibid.* iii/33, 39; xxxii/50; St John's Hospital Cartulary, f. 16.
‖ St John's College MS. iii/34.
¶ St John's Hospital Cartulary, f. 15.

any meaning at all. It might be a characteristic of medieval merchants and so qualify them for damnation. But the aristocracy of propertied men in town and country or both were no less enterprising, possibly no less ruthless; they show no more mercy for a neighbour's misfortunes. For, whatever the canonists might say, they seem to be but following the accepted standard of business conduct of the day. Nor can we except the men of religion, in so far as they are also men of property, in this judgement; or even kings, for the Lord Edward himself used the indebtedness of Gilbert Pecche to extinguish the Cambridge barony of Bourne to the profit of his queen. It was not Cistercians only who moved their neighbour's landmarks. Maurice le Rus was doing so, and St John's Hospital, when they seized upon the folly of Baldwin Blancgernun to shift to their advantage the landmarks of property in the fields and streets of medieval Cambridge. We wish we knew more of this Baldwin; for he attracts that peculiar sympathy men reserve for prodigal sons. At least we may not withhold gratitude for one who, whatever the reasons, is one of our benefactors.

E. M.

THE COLLEGE REVUES

THE trouble with St John's is that it is too large a College in these post-war days. Unfortunate things happen; you meet the other men on your staircase, hate them all, and then tend to judge the rest of the College on the merits of your five neighbours. Or else you join a "clique", consisting of a few people, and ignore the rest of the College.

When a Rugger Match in Fancy Dress was suggested as a method of overcoming these difficulties and producing something known as the College Spirit, some of us were frankly frightened by the thought of appearing on a playing field. But we rather enjoyed the thought of Fancy Dress. A "Pageant of St John's" was therefore considered.

The idea of a Pageant had long been in the President's mind; but we were very wary of the absolute passion that the English Nation has for Pageants. In any case, good weather is a prerequisite for a good Pageant; and the English weather never behaves.

From these first thoughts we moved on to the idea of doing a Pageant indoors, supposedly organised by the President and the Chaplain, in which everything went wrong. Eventually we took this idea as the basis for a College revue and built the rest of the show round that.

The other ideas quickly came. We had to be iconoclastic. We planned a series of scenes ridiculing all that is revered in St John's: even Lady Margaret suffered. It was easy to parody the Rugger Club, with its unbearable heartiness; the "P" Club with its Poesies and Pansies; the "average Johnian":

I'm the sort of chap you'ld call a good all-Rounder—
I'm a useful sort of chap to have around.
I am useful every day
In a useful sort of way
I'm the sort of man that's typical of John's.

We could not resist "guying" those who are still discussing life at Brigade H.Q.; those terrible scientists; those intrigued by Jean Paul Satre; those who:

do the strangest things
when asked to tea at King's.

Those Undergraduates who have got married and find married life hard going provided more sympathetic, but equally topical, subject-matter:

We camped on the lawn in First Court—
But the Dean made such a shocking fuss.
Everybody's got a home, but poor little us...!!

The other purpose behind the Revue was constructive. We hoped certain members of the Staff might notice the sketch about queueing for shower baths and the rhumba number dealing with the worries of the inhabitants of:

New Court at John's—we're not admiring
New Court at John's—you're not inspiring
New Court at John's—you need rewiring.

Very important too, in this context was the chorus in the Pantomime:

You can't keep a girl in your rooms after 10—No John's No.

One should perhaps mention that Salome demanded the Head of St John's and was presented with the President (impersonated, of course) in a huge basket. The Sylphides Ballet was based on Wordsworth's "The daffodils". The College Chapel provided another scene:

My name is Sir Giles Gilbert Scott
Born too early to build the Dot.

And the Second Court some other lines:

Lady Shrewsbury
Who, while eating a gooseberry
Had a thought...
Aha! I'll build Second Court.

Lastly, but certainly not least, in the sudden appearance of Mae West as Diamond Lil, we were able to indicate our interest in, and sympathy for, fellow students of the other sex:

I did my very best to be
A simple Girton gel
But Girton life became for me
Pretty solid hell....

No need to mention more; except that the Revue was presented twice in the Easter Term to packed audiences, the second occasion being a much improved and extended version of the first. Several of the numbers were transferred to the Footlights Revue—even its title, "La Vie Cambridgienne", came from one of our songs. *The Varsity* newspaper gave us a glowing write up. And after all, "No John's No" and "Not Again John's" were the best College shows Cambridge has seen for many a year, weren't they?

JOHN MORLEY

A YEAR IN ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

By HELMUT K. J. RIDDER, DR.JUR. (MÜNSTER)

SINCE the end of the Second World War there have been many German visitors to this country. All of them—students and professors, artists and performers, business-men and politicians, relatives of British people—crossed the Channel to get into touch with British life, to get acquainted with the manners of the nation dwelling on these green islands, and so put an end to twelve years of far from "splendid" isolation.

Most of these visitors have come for short periods, however, and one must not expect from such brief visits that much progress can be made towards a better understanding among the nations of our common spiritual fatherland, Europe. The visits have been well organised by institutes, arts centres, or generous private associations. There has been no lack of magnificent programmes and time-tables—indeed, these have sometimes suffered from being too well organised, which is not surprising in these days of triumphant "red-tapism".

We therefore are greatly indebted to Mr Birley, at present British adviser for educational questions at the Control Commission for Germany, for originating the sound and, after all, ingeniously unambitious idea of sending over a number of young German University lecturers to spend a whole year at British Universities on an equal footing with their English colleagues.

The present writer has been lucky enough, under this scheme, to have the opportunity of getting to know the residential type of English Universities by sharing in full the life of the Fellows of St John's College, and thus of learning, in the perfect way, what College life and College education really mean. My recollections will embrace that for ever unforgettable night of my arrival in February when, after dinner in Hall, I walked, at the Master's side, up the staircase and through the Gallery, with winter darkness moving heavily about and only a pair of candles on their beautiful silver sticks to mark the way. They will also comprise the unfortunate beginner's exasperated efforts to light a morning fire in my rooms in Second Court. I shall always remember the Master and the Fellows with whom I spent cheerful Sunday nights around the fire-place in the Combination Room, and to whom I gratefully dedicate these lines.

During my stay I have realised once more that it is only as a member of any given community that one is able to understand its intrinsic structure: those things which keep it alive and which written rules alone will never succeed in conveying. It was the spirit of youth in the College community which struck me most as one who, having in mind only a vague idea from pictures of venerably old buildings and people in academic dress, now came to know College life for the first time. Tradition is a good thing, and there is certainly no lack of tradition in this country. But tradition can become a burden and, if there is a problem, then it is that of keeping a tradition broadminded and flexible enough to meet the intellectual needs of the present day. This synthesis of tradition and flexibility seems to me to be the principle aim and the great achievement of College education. Its success in this prevents us from being tempted to cry out what even Goethe once felt under the millenarian yoke of cultural tradition: "Amerika, Du hast es besser!" The College system has succeeded in making its method of educating young men, not only not ridiculous and tolerable, but still the rightly prevailing one, even in the atomic age. When Blackstone, in 1753, began his Oxford lectures on English law, he said: "Advantages and leisure are given to gentlemen not for the benefit of themselves only, but also of the public, and yet they cannot in any scene of life, discharge properly their duty either to the public or to themselves, without some degree

of knowledge in the laws." That sentence, which may be read in a wider application to every subject (*sit venia jurisconsulto!*), clearly shows a typical valuation of educational purposes which has substantially survived.

The education of "gentlemen" in this way is quite obviously a much more urgent task than a record output of highly qualified super-specialists. How it is done, by means of corporate College life, I have seen for myself within the walls of this College. I shall certainly take back that valuable experience for the benefit of my University at home; and I hope that all those English scholars and College teachers who come to Germany will derive similar encouragement from seeing how Humboldt's idea of the University is still alive in Germany.

JOBS AND JOURNEYS IN THE LONG VACATION

THE habit of travel among undergraduates appears to be as strong as before the War. The years of uniformed expeditions with limited objectives have only quickened the urge towards foot-loose wandering. No amount of currency restrictions and visa difficulties seems to choke the drift of members of the College abroad. The ingenuity and resource employed in staying abroad weeks, sometimes months, on £35 or less does credit to the post-war generation. No commando ever survived longer on his iron rations.

It is a long time since the undergraduate appeared as a "milord" in Vienna or Florence; and even before the war a bicycle was more usual than a Bentley. But now when Americans bicycle across Europe, and sail the oceans in the holds of converted transports, the rich young Englishman is hardly remembered abroad, even as a myth. Instead there is this lean generation, capable of spending the night in a barn and of ferreting out a job in the most unlikely place.

The undergraduate is as ubiquitous as ever. The most popular country appears this year to have been Italy. In twos and threes Johnians were to be found doing the sights in Rome, in Florence, in Siena and listening to Hindemith at the Perugia festival. They went to Austria and were seen at the opera in Salzburg. They infested France: Brittany, the Loire, the Riviera and in Paris by the dozen. They were discovered at the Louvre, the Opera, at the U.N.O. Assembly where a certain Fellow of the College appeared among the distinguished statesmen of the British Dominions. They went to

Spain and Belgium; they played cricket in Germany; and they managed somehow to stay with friends in Scandinavia. They sailed to the Western Isles, to the Faroes, even to Baffin Land. One, more enterprising than the rest, bought a yacht and set sail for Sweden. It was a good yacht; but only a very little one. One of the heavy July storms wrecked it ninety miles off the Danish coast. It sank, but by merciful chance within sight of a Danish fishing vessel. Its owner is buying an aeroplane with the insurance money: he thinks it safer.

Even more impressive than the undergraduate's wanderings is his capacity to take, and hold down, a long vacation job. The gentlemanly days of a month's tutoring at a country house have gone; instead there are end-of-term jobs at primary and modern schools. But the present-day undergraduate is not content to remain a genteel pedagogue. He takes a workaday job in industry, trade or an office. During the past summer Johnians have entered into many mysteries and have become: baker, grocer, market gardener, wool finisher, telephone operator, builder, cement worker, shipyard worker, Ministry of Labour clerk, farm labourer, postman, undertaker's assistant. They have bossed gangs of hop pickers; they have been commandants of agricultural camps and wardens of youth hostels. One precocious pre-freshman earned a trip across the United States by working on the staff of U.N.O. in New York.

No doubt such versatility results in part from the labour shortage and the high cost of living. But there are signs that the taking of a Long Vacation job may become a custom, as has been the case on the continent and in North America. If so undergraduate life will be the richer for the experience.

F. T.

WEINHEIM, 5 JUNE 1888

Pen drawing from one of G. G. COULTON'S *Sketch books.*

THE EAGLE

VOL. LIII AUGUST 1949 No. 235

EDITORIAL

An Eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings.

THE Editors are well aware that some recent numbers of this Magazine, erratic in publication and static in content, have scarcely fulfilled the object defined by the Editor of the 1908 Jubilee number, who described *The Eagle* as "Something to foster College spirit when we are here, and by which we can carry it down with us when we go away". Not a little of this deterioration can be attributed to the disturbance of wartime conditions, restrictions on paper and print, and general instability of life—and it is perhaps remarkable and praiseworthy that our publication was not altogether suspended. Deterioration, however, we both admit and seek to amend.

Following this number, *The Eagle* will again be published twice yearly, and, for the time being, at the present annual cost to subscribers of five shillings. The number which will henceforward appear early in July, will carry the customary College Notes, and the Chronicle of the activities of our Societies. The other number, to appear at the beginning of January, will be largely reserved for the publication of original works by our subscribers. The first article in the first number of *The Eagle* emphasised that its principal object is to encourage undergraduates "to write and perhaps to publish" their own work, and it is this feature of the Magazine which has suffered most noticeably during and since the war. It may not be altogether true to say that

> The Eagle suffers little birds to sing
> And is not careful what they mean thereby

but the Editors here reaffirm that they will welcome all original works, articles, poems and photographs, submitted to them, while reserving the right of discrimination and selection for publication, so as to preserve the customary high standard of *The Eagle*.

Nor only contributions submitted by present members of the College. *The Eagle* has long been a link between Johnians past and present, and the Editors will welcome particularly contributions submitted by past members of the College. To this end, they offer an annual prize, appropriate to the occasion, for the best article received from an Old Johnian. These should be reasonably short, of general interest, and should not previously have been published. The first award will be made for the best article received from an Old Johnian who is not at present a member of the College, before 1 October 1950. The nature of the award will be announced later, and the Editors reserve the right to publish any of the articles received.

SEEKING stillness where the swirling eddies
Twist a tortuous pirouetting way
Is the flotsam's sullen habit—
Passively avoids the missed flood of
Passing opportunity, to slink
Inevitably backwards through idle
Stagnant pools under the dark bank.
Bides there till the river swelling
Purges the collected remnants forth:
Then, its last tumult subsiding,
Leaves them dry, like cast-up bodies
Lifeless on a stormy shore.

Weaker wills of men resembling flotsam,
Striving to shun the loud disturbance,
Unconsciously reject the offered calm
Of bustling life: the truth is
There is no stillness can be sought
By searching silent places, much less
Ambling away aimlessly from harsh
Outcry: he only finds it who,
Not seeking, sets his teeth to ride
The fastest waters: so in the
Shrillest tempest a louder silence
Breaks the stillness of the storm.

"NARCISSUS"

THE COMMEMORATION SERMON

By Mr Franklin Kidd on 8 May 1949

"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."
(The First Epistle General of John, iii. 2.)

OUR benefactors will all have felt one thing in common. This College of St John the Evangelist is a society devoted to things of value. Therefore, for the College and for God, without self-seeking they have tried to do well in self-giving.

The men who do well for their group—for this College, for the nation, for the world, are those for whom we praise God. Our prayer is that we too may be counted among those of whom it shall be said: "Well done, because you have been faithful in a few things your influence will be great."

The things that are of value, to which this College as a fellowship of men is given, are the things of the heart and of the mind. Religion, education, learning and research: these things are at the core both of our personal and of our social being. And why? Because the life of man exists, for him, in his conscious experience, not in the unconscious frameworks which support it. How little do we yet understand of ourselves and of our nature!

I say then, first be still, be humble, cast away arrogance. Realise our littleness! Know how limited and relative is our knowledge, and how powerless our power. For this is the beginning of wisdom. It is in moments of stillness that we become more aware of the underlying movements of mind and of spirit in history, which seem uncontrolled and beyond analysis. They seem so to us, who are, as yet, children. It is in stillness that mind grows and that God speaks.

I would give you an illustration of the effect of withdrawal. If you come suddenly at night on to the bridge of a great liner at sea, in the quiet there comes the awareness of the throb and onrush of the tremendous organism, controlled and purposive, of which you are for the time a part. There may follow a second stage of wider awareness, an at-one-ness with the creative joy, enduring purpose, and interdependence of all those who build, and love, and live by ships; and go upon the sea in them. In the stillness your being has become identified with the pattern and beauty of a larger whole. A light has been lit in you. You have become, in this detail, part of the love and creative energy of God.

Now the Old Testament is full of this awareness of purpose and of intention in history, this power to align our conscious being to ends felt, rather than seen. In contrast, modern education has, it

seems to me, this power but feebly. Modern learning and research move in the confident belief that they are neutral, amoral systems, without signposts for life.

A headmaster whom I know, used three categories in assessing the growth of ability—the power of attack, the power of control, the sense of direction. The experimental method applied to the winning and organisation of knowledge has led to an overgrowth of the powers of attack and control. These powers now threaten to obliterate the more sensitive and delicate reactions of mind and of consciousness, upon which depend the sense of direction.

It is, I think, due to this, that at all levels and in all parts of the world, we see to-day symptoms like those of intoxication—an over-stimulation of the superficial, secondary and short range functions, alternating with moods of depression and frustration. With this intoxication goes a dullness in the long-range sense of direction—blind sense, if you will, and perhaps necessarily blind. But it is this sense which upholds those standards of value to which men subscribe in spite of self-interest. It gives rise to the qualities of faith, patience, endurance, ordered responsibility and obligation. When this sense is alive in us, and we submit to its guidance, we are sustained in our personal and in our social life by the knowledge that we are in line with the will of God, that we are the servants and instruments of an immanent process in history, that necessity is on our side. It is only thus that we have purpose. It is only thus that we are in fact alive.

Of old, faith was counted first of the virtues; pride first among the deadly sins. Whether we be young or old, how much have we not to be and to do in our small way to establish the one and defeat the other? The specialisms of learning and of technology carry the temptation to pride. They also represent the short range functions. Without a guiding sense of direction they are but sheep without a shepherd. "Seek ye first the kingdom and all these things shall be added."

The great discoveries are generally great simplifications. The One God was the great discovery and simplification of Jewish Old Testament history. The Holy Spirit, not only over against man, but indwelling in man, was the great discovery and simplification of the New Testament. The discovery and simplification which is being revealed in our days is the One God indwelling in man, in history and in nature. Science and Religion must inevitably unite in one universal.

Now these discoveries are not of the intellect, but of that direct intuition without which our conscious being would not be maintained. And here we must face things squarely. The sense of direction must needs come to us as revelation—the stimulus is from within, acting upon what is already latent. Prerequisites are discipline, prayer and stillness. Revelation is always something new added, not extractable by conscious reason from pre-existent externals. It comes charged with some strange power to compel.

In the crises of physical action organisms are intensely aware of themselves, of their immediate environment, of their immediate need and intention. Awareness in the stillness of contemplation is also the sign of an intense crisis of action, action in the sphere of selfless-feeling and selfless-knowing—action which orientates the will and determines the long-range direction of life. It is these crises of selfless-knowing and of selfless-feeling that personality as distinct from individuality is developed.

There is, and always will be, mystery. The advance of knowledge does not lessen it. Conscious mind is a mystery. You may pull a man to pieces and study the properties of the pieces to the last quantum of energy but you will not find the properties of a man. You can study the properties of men for ever but you do not find the properties of history. At every level of organism, something is added which is not accountable in terms of lower orders. Conscious being enters recognisably at the level of the biological order, Religion and art at the level of the social order. We belong to both these orders. Each one of us has a meaning and a value, as a person, which rises above that of the social order. The social order has a meaning and a value in history which includes, but rises above, persons.

And there is always need for courage to resist tyrannies, the tyrannies of ideas, of habits of thinking, as well as those of economic or political power. Certain, too, it is that neutrality on moral issues is death. There will always be a taking of sides. All decisions are decisions of persons. All decisions are decisions on moral issues—that is to say issues to be decided not by what the self wants, but by what the self believes to be the will of God. And yet no person has ever, or will ever, be right. All are always in error. This, too, it is necessary to feel and know. It is also necessary to remember that goodness is a quality of men, not of systems. Systems may be beautiful, or true in their context. It is given to man to know good and evil. It is men who sin. It is men who put self before God.

All events then are for us mental events (compounded of stimulus and response, of knowing and of feeling, of quantity and of quality). The events which originate within us, are those which issue in the activities of attack, control and direction. And it has been mainly with the last of these, that our foundress and our benefactors have been concerned in their well-doing for the College, and through the College for men and for history. We have, I suggest, been too occupied lately with the quantitative aspect of events. We have been hypnotised by the ease and precision of the measurable and neglected the

immeasurable as of lesser importance. "And Esau said, Behold I am at the point to die. What profit shall my birthright do me? And he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils."

What then shall we do in order to do well for this College? Education up to the level of capacity is now for all. The moral imperatives which our fathers obeyed has brought this about. We have in our hands power over matter and power over mind, such as has not previously been given. For what now this birthright? How shall we enter upon it and use it. We scarcely know; and if we do not care, then surely we stand at the point of death, as once did Esau.

What each shall do, old or young, is in his own hands. My message to-day is a call to discipline, prayer and stillness; for out of these will come life, depending as it does on an awareness of the distant goal. One thing is certain, a man's job is but a mere fraction of his duty.

Think then upon these things, for it does not yet appear what we shall be. With God all things are possible. All things are possible to him that believeth. The Lord maketh alive.

BEYOND WITS END

HERE is the final darkness—here the wreck
Of all ambition.
Roots wrenched from the rock now,
Moorings torn. The very soil
Swirling in awful chaos into space.
Too late the smile now; let the steadying hand
Stretch elsewhere. Time is gone
When love could prop foundations.
Gaunt Despair
Crouches upon the ruins of the mind
In wild-eyed terror, while his unkempt hair
Streams in the whirlwind; tossing to and fro
With straws and dream-stuff.
Round the crumbling pile
In witless frenzy half-seen horrors dance
Fantastic measures, to a dreadful moan:
Vileness unthought of rides on every gust
And yet my soul is utterly alone.

ANON.

THE ALTERATIONS MADE IN THE FELLOWS' GARDEN AND THE COLLEGE GROUNDS IN 1822–3

THE Conclusion Book containing College Orders passed during the period 1786–1846 contains the following three Orders, two dated 4 July 1822 and the third 3 February 1823:

July 4th 1822

Agreed that the Wall on the South side of the Wilderness in the Fellows Garden be taken down that the course of the Bin brook be continued through the Wilderness & that the Iron gate contiguous to the aforesaid Wall be removed from the Bridge to the Southern extremity of our Walk.

—Agreed that the high Walk be continued in a straight course to the Madingley road & be terminated by an Iron gate that the two bridges over the Bin Brook be of Cast Iron, that a Brick Wall be built parallel to the Madingley road extending from Trinity Hall bridge to the Orchard that the present North Garden Wall be taken down and a low wall with an Iron railing erected between the two bridges.

Febr^{y} 3. 1823

Agreed that the Master do set the seal to a power of Attorney enabling Messrs Gosling & Sharpe* to sell as much new 4 per Cent stock belonging to Sr I. Pennington's fund as will produce £1500, & that the produce be applied towards defraying the cost of the recent alterations in the Walks.

That the alterations thus carried out were extensive is evident from the expenditure incurred. Hitherto, however, these alterations have never been fully described.† It may therefore be worth while to collect the evidence which bears upon them and to attempt to reconstruct what was done. As will appear, the changes of 1822–3 were an important stage in a series of major changes in the College

* The College London Bankers. A College Order of 5 July 1765 (Conclusion Book, 1736–86) shows that at least from that date Sir Francis Gosling and Company, later Messrs Gosling and Sharpe, were Bankers for the College. The firm was eventually absorbed by Barclays Bank Ltd. The College still has an account at Barclays Bank, Gosling's Branch, 19 Fleet Street, E.C. 4. Cf. H. F. Howard, *An Account of the Finances of the College of St John the Evangelist* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 80.

† The fullest account of the history of the College Grounds is given in Willis and Clark, *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1886), vol. II, pp. 235–9, 321–4, 772f. No mention is made, however, in that work of the alterations of 1822–3 and 1854.

Grounds which took place during the first third of the nineteenth century. One further change, made possible by the alterations of 1822–3, was carried out later in the century, probably in 1854, and brought the Grounds substantially into their present form. Since 1854 there have been no important changes, except the loss of many ancient trees.*

Until the year 1805 the Bin Brook, throughout its course from the point at which it crosses Queen's Road to the point at which it joins the river Cam near the present Benson Court of Magdalene College, formed the northern boundary of the College Grounds. Throughout its course it was then an open stream, and it is so shown in a series of maps and plans: in David Loggan's view of the College from the east (Fig. 1) and in his plan of Cambridge (Fig. 2), both published in 1690; in William Custance's plan of 1798; in the plan of the parish of St Giles made on the Inclosure and dated 1804 (Fig. 3); in R. Harraden's plan published in 1810; and in R. G. Baker's map of 1830 (Fig. 4).† The plan of the parish of St Giles and Baker's map of 1830 appear to show the course of the brook more accurately than Loggan, upon whom Custance and Harraden were probably partly dependent. Its original course is of interest for the present inquiry and cannot be accurately ascertained from the line of the culvert through which the section of the brook to the north of the Fellows' Garden now flows.

* On the loss of ancient trees, see *The Eagle*, vol. XII (1883), pp. 46–53.

† It will be convenient to give here a list of the maps and plans to which reference is made in this article. It is not necessary for the present purpose to refer to maps earlier than Loggan's:

1. David Loggan, *Cantabrigia Illustrata*, 1690:
   (*a*) Plan of Cambridge, dated 1688. Scale about 300 ft. to 1 in. A part is here reproduced as Fig. 2.
   (*b*) View of the College from the east. A part is here reproduced as Fig. 1.
2. William Custance. "A New Plan of the University and Town of Cambridge to the Present Year, 1798." Stated on the plan to be "Surveyed by & published for William Custance, Cambridge, May 21st 1798, Engraved by J. Russell, Gray's Inn Road, London".
3. "Plan of the Parish of St Giles in the Town and County of Cambridge. Made on the Inclosure. 1804." Scale about 6 chains to 1 inch. A part is here reproduced as Fig. 3, from a tracing of the copy of the plan in the Bursary. This plan shows the allotments made under the Inclosure Award for the parish of St Giles dated 14 May 1805 and made under Act of Parliament 42 Geo. III, c. 108 (Private Acts). Areas on the plan are numbered to correspond with a schedule printed on the plan.
4. R. Harraden and Son. Plan of Cambridge, measuring $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ inches, published 1 March 1810 by R. Harraden and Son, Cambridge, and by R. Cribb and Son, 288 Holborn, London.
5. "Baker's New Map of the University and Town of Cambridge." Stated on the map to be "delineated from actual survey" by Richard Grey Baker, 1830, engraved by J. Dower, Cumming Place, Pentonville, London. Scale about 200 yards to 1 inch. A part is here reproduced as Fig. 4.
6. R. R. Rowe. Map of the Borough of Cambridge. From a trigonometrical survey by Richard Reynolds Rowe, F.R.I.B.A., Town Surveyor, 1858. Entered at Stationers Hall, 9 April 1872. Scale 1500 feet to $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
7. E. Monson. Map of Cambridge "compiled, drawn, photographed, & published by E. Monson", Cambridge, and dated 1859. Scale $6\frac{1}{2}$ chains to 1 inch.

Nos. 1(*a*) and 2 are reproduced in J. Willis and Arthur Gray, *Old Plans of Cambridge 1574 to 1798* (Cambridge, 1921), Part II, Plans.

I am indebted to the Cambridge Preservation Society for permission to consult nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 in their collection. The College Library has nos. 1(*a*) and (*b*), 2 and 5. The Bursary has no. 3.

* There is a copy of the Award at the Shire Hall, Cambridge, and a photographic copy of that copy has recently been made for the Bursary.

In the year 1805 three new areas adjoining the College Grounds were allotted to the College under the Inclosure Award for the Parish of St Giles, dated 14 May 1805.* These three areas are

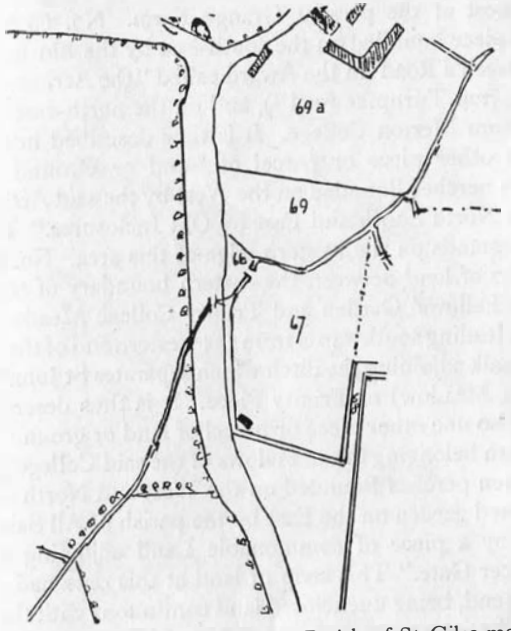


Fig. 3. Part of the Plan of the Parish of St Giles made on the Inclosure (1804). Slightly reduced.

described in the Award and shown on the Award plan (Fig. 3), where they are numbered 66, 68 and 69. The first two were small areas of

hitherto unenclosed land, one adjoining the high road and the other adjoining Trinity Piece. No. 69 was part of a garden or orchard belonging to Merton College, Oxford, and came to St John's under the Award by exchange for an allotment of 14 acres on the Coton footpath west of the present Grange Farm. No. 66 was a small triangular piece bounded on the south-east by the Bin Brook, on the west by Queen's Road (in the Award called "the Arrington road" or "the Arrington Turnpike road"), and on the north-east by the land obtained from Merton College. It is thus described in the Award: "Also one other piece or parcel of Land or Ground containing twenty four perches Bounded on the West by the said Arrington road and on the North South and East by Old Inclosures." The present Field Gate stands on the western edge of this area. No. 68 was the narrow strip of land between the eastern boundary of the southern part of the Fellows' Garden and Trinity College Meadow, now the gravel walk leading southwards from the western end of the Bachelors' Walk (the walk adjoining the ditch which separates St John's Meadow and Trinity Meadow) to Trinity Piece. It is thus described in the Award: "Also one other piece or parcel of land or ground lying East of the Garden belonging to the Fellows of the said College [St John's] containing ten perches Bounded on the West and North by the said last mentioned garden on the East by the parish of All Saints and on the South by a piece of commonable Land adjoining to Trinity College Outer Gate." This strip of land at this date had no gate at its southern end, being unenclosed land continuous with the similarly unenclosed "commonable" land of Trinity Piece; but there was a foot-path along it leading to the St John's Grounds, as is shown by the description, given elsewhere in the Award, of the northern boundary of Trinity Piece: "...on the North in part by the South side of a Garden in the possession of the Master and Fellows of Saint Johns College and in other part by the South end of a ffoot path between the said Garden and certain Walks belonging to Trinity College...." No. 69, obtained from Merton College, lay immediately to the north of the Bin Brook and included what is still the orchard together with a short length of what is now the walk leading from the iron bridge westwards to the Field Gate. It is thus described in the Award: "...all that South East part of a Garden or Orchard belonging to the said Warden and Scholars of Merton College containing one Acre three roods and twenty eight perches bounded on the North by the remaining part of the said Garden or Orchard on the East and South by Lands belonging to the said Master ffellows and Scholars of St Johns College and on the West by the Arrington Turnpike road."

It is clear at once that the purpose of the alterations of 1822–3 was

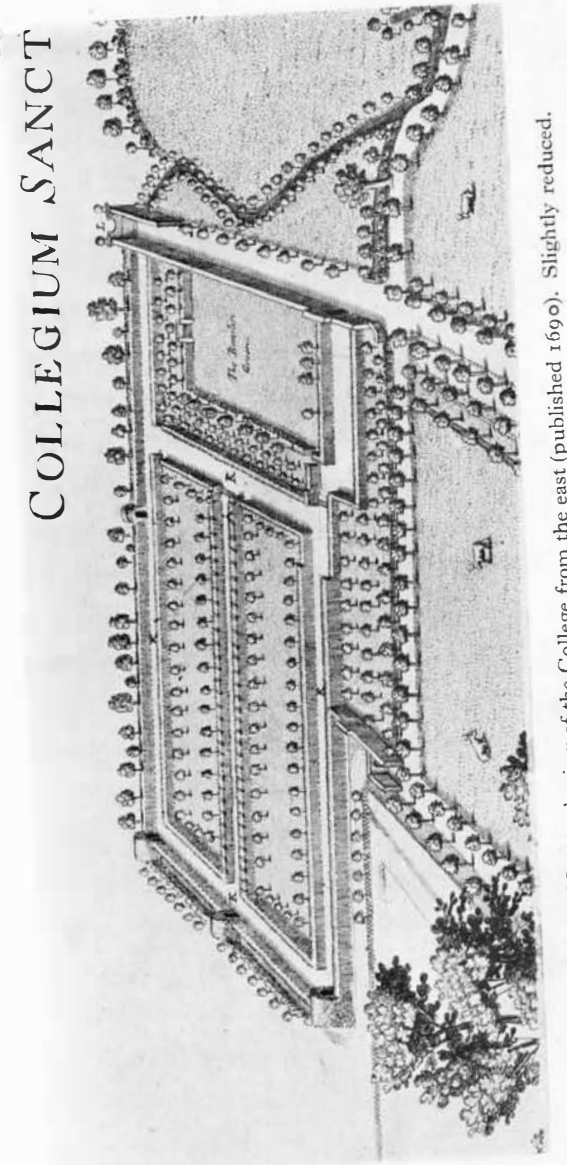


Fig. 1. Part of Loggan's view of the College from the east (published 1690). Slightly reduced.

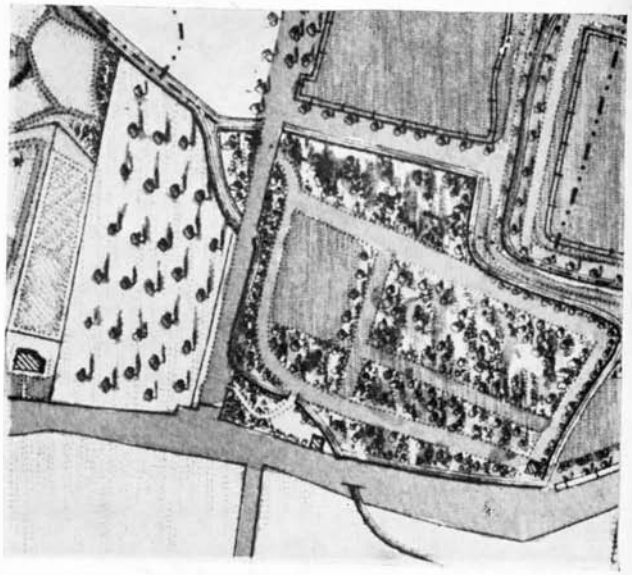


Fig. 4. Part of R. G. Baker's Map (1830). Enlarged.

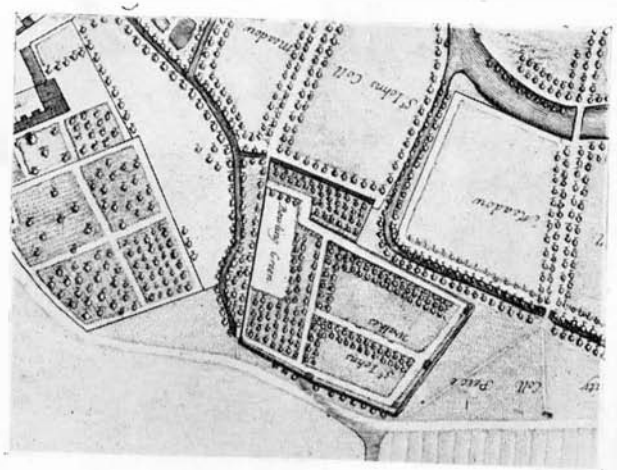


Fig. 2. Part of Loggan's Plan (1688). Slightly reduced.

to incorporate these three new areas, acquired some seventeen years previously, in the College Grounds and to adapt the lay-out of the Grounds to suit their enlarged extent. Of the two College Orders dated 4 July 1822, quoted above, the former is concerned with alterations related to area No. 68, i.e. the strip of land between the Fellows' Garden and Trinity Meadow, whereas the latter Order is concerned with more far-reaching alterations related to areas Nos. 68 and 69 lying to the north of the Bin Brook. It will be convenient to begin with the latter of the two Orders.

The Order provides, first, "that the high Walk be continued in a straight course to the Madingley road and be terminated by an Iron gate". The "high Walk" is the walk leading westwards from the Old Bridge over the Cam, and the "Madingley road" is, of course, Queen's Road. At least since David Loggan's day (1688), and no doubt from an earlier date, the "high Walk" had led to a bridge over the broad ditch that forms the eastern boundary of the northern part of the Fellows' Garden. The bridge occupied the position of the present iron bridge. Loggan's view (Fig. 1) suggests that it was then of brick with low parapet walls. From this bridge, the walk, or at all events a path, continued to Queen's Road. But this continuation was not in line with the "high Walk" itself; for it had necessarily to keep to the southern side of the Bin Brook, which formed the northern boundary of the College property. The brook was eventually crossed at about the point at which it now enters the culvert, and the path thus led to the little piece of unenclosed land which came to the College in 1805 and met Queen's Road some distance to the south of the present Field Gate. The change of direction as one passed from the western end of the "high Walk", crossed the bridge at the north-east corner of the Fellows' Garden, and proceeded towards Queen's Road was considerable—more considerable than is suggested by Loggan's view (Fig. 1) and plan (Fig. 2), as may be seen by comparing these with the more accurate Inclosure Award plan (Fig. 3). But when, in 1805, the land to the north of the Bin Brook came into the possession of the College, this change of direction was no longer necessary; and in 1822, to quote the words of the College Order, the "high Walk" was "continued in a straight course to the Madingley road", where it was "terminated by an Iron gate". Thus the wide gravel walk leading westwards from the present iron bridge, and also the gates and gate piers, with their flanking walls and railings, at which it terminates, are the work of 1822; and for the first time they gave the College Grounds an imposing entrance from the west. The stone gate piers with their eagles, the flanking walls and railings, and the outer piers, all date, no doubt, from 1822–3; the iron gates themselves are probably of the same date, but may possibly have been

older gates purchased by the College from elsewhere. The construction of this continuation of the "high Walk" must have entailed considerable labour; for through much of its length it passes along an artificially constructed causeway, raised above the level of the ground on either side.

To take this new course the walk had to be carried over the Bin Brook at a point about a third of the distance along the northern boundary of the Fellows' Garden. To achieve this, the College Order provides, secondly, "that the two bridges over the Bin Brook be of Cast Iron". Of these two bridges, the eastern one remains in the position in which it was placed in 1822–3, where it replaced some earlier structure, perhaps the brick bridge shown by Loggan. The western bridge crossed the Bin Brook at the new point made necessary by the new line of the walk. It was identical in form with the bridge which remains and was in use until, probably some thirty-two years later, the Bin Brook was taken by a slightly modified route through the present culvert, when the bridge was disposed of and taken to the grounds of Quy Hall, near Cambridge, where it still is.* By good fortune, the arrangement of the two bridges is shown with great clearness in Baker's map of 1830 (Fig. 4), probably the only contemporary record.

The Order provides, thirdly, "that a Brick Wall be built parallel to the Madingley road extending from Trinity Hall bridge to the Orchard". This is the high red brick wall with stone coping that adjoins the footway along Queen's Road and extends from the southern end of the Field Gate to Trinity Hall bridge, i.e. the bridge which carries Queen's Road over the Bin Brook. It remains as it was erected in 1822.

Finally, the Order provides "that the present North Garden Wall be taken down and a low wall with an Iron railing erected between the two bridges". There is no doubt as to the interpretation of this part of the Order. The "North Garden Wall", which was to be demolished, was the ancient wall which, since the seventeenth century, had formed the northern boundary of the Bowling Green. There are references to this wall in the seventeenth century,† and it is clearly shown in Loggan's view (Fig. 1), published in 1690. A close inspection of his engraving makes it quite clear that a wall, not a hedge, is represented.‡ It is referred to again in a College Order of

* See Mr H. H. Brindley's article, "The Iron Bridge at Quy Hall", *The Eagle*, no. 198 (December 1926), vol. XLIV, pp. 281–2, where a photograph of the bridge is reproduced.

† Willis and Clark, *Architectural History*, vol. II, p. 323.

‡ The top of the wall, formed by two hard continuous lines, is quite distinct from the fine vertical strokes of the tops of the hedges, and the intention to distinguish the two is not open to reasonable doubt.

26 March 1778:* "Agreed that the remainder of the old Yew Hedge by the side of the Garden Wall be taken away, & that the wall be covered with Phylyrea† [*first written and deleted*: Phyllrea], & other plants proper for a wall." That the wall survived into the nineteenth century is proved by an incidental reference to it in the Inclosure Award for the parish of St Giles, dated 14 May 1805.‡ The reason for its demolition in 1822 is clear. The old route to Queen's Road ran on the northern side of the wall and immediately adjoined it. The line of the new walk diverged from that of the wall, leaving a narrow triangular area between the two, and the open brook flowed through the western portion of this triangle as far as the second iron bridge, since removed to Quy Hall. This would have been an awkward arrangement, especially in relation to the new Field Gate with its flanking railings and outer piers. Thus the wall, which had stood for nearly two centuries, was taken down; no doubt rightly, though the loss of an ancient garden wall is always a matter for regret. The exact position of the wall could be ascertained only by excavation. When, some years before the recent war, the border at the northern edge of the Fellows' Garden was deeply dug in preparation for the planting of new shrubs, some masonry was found near the spot where *Viburnum fragrans* now grows, and this masonry was probably a part of the foundation of the wall or of one of its buttresses.§ The wall probably stood a little to the north of the gravel path which now forms the northern limit of the Bowling Green. The axis of the Bowling Green remains unchanged and indicates the direction of the wall, which was parallel with it.

A "low wall with an iron railing" was to be erected between the two cast iron bridges. No representation of this low wall has been preserved. That it was built is certain; for its foundation remains undisturbed. By prodding with a sharp instrument, the foundation can be felt throughout its length. It extends from the western end of the southern rail of the bridge still in position as far as the point where the present yew hedge bends southwards. This marks the position of the eastern end of the southern rail of the second iron bridge, since removed, and proves that the irregular western portion

* This College Order, and the further Orders belonging to the eighteenth century quoted below, are preserved in the Conclusion Book covering the period 1736–86.

† *Phyllyrea*, Mock Privet. The "old Yew Hedge" may have been parallel with the wall and adjacent to it; cf. the opening words of a College Order of 28 February 1761 quoted in full below: "Agreed that the Hedge on the North side of the Bowling Green be laid...."

‡ The passage is quoted below.

§ For the buttresses, see Willis and Clark, *Architectural History*, vol. II, p. 323.

of the hedge marks the course—probably approximately the southern bank—of the Bin Brook when the latter was an open stream. A portion of the foundation of the low wall was uncovered for inspection on 14 March 1949. Its upper surface is a few inches below the edge of the turf which adjoins the southern edge of the present gravel walk, it is 13 inches wide, and it is built of 2-inch red bricks, similar to those of the wall adjoining Queen's Road built at the same time. It is of interest to notice that the western end of the southern rail of the remaining iron bridge is curved more sharply than the eastern end and than the two ends of the northern rail. This was to enable the rail to connect suitably with the end of the low wall. There is, however, no corresponding special treatment of either rail of the bridge now at Quy Hall: the four ends of the rails are all shaped alike.

Thus the whole of the work agreed upon in the second of the two College Orders of 4 July 1822 was carried out and can be traced in detail.

The first Order of that date presents problems of greater difficulty, though all but one of these can be solved with certainty. The Order provides, first, "that the Wall on the South side of the Wilderness in the Fellows Garden be taken down that the course of the Bin brook be continued through the Wilderness".* The wall here referred to, like the "North Garden Wall" already discussed, is shown in Loggan's view† (Fig. 1). It stood east and west along the southern boundary of the projecting eastern part of the Fellows' Garden, in line with the northern edge of the Bachelors' Walk. Near the eastern end of this wall, across the end of the Bachelors' Walk, Loggan shows a gate, to which reference will be made below. The gate gave access from the Bachelors' Walk to the unenclosed strip of land (area no. 68) which was allotted to the College under the Inclosure Award of 1805. That there was a wall in this position, and that it was still standing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is proved beyond all doubt by the Award. The passage, which also proves the existence at that date of the "North Garden Wall", must be given in full. Early in the Award the boundary of the parish of St Giles is recited in close detail. The part of the boundary here relevant is thus described:

...from thence in a Southward direction to a Brewhouse late Mr Haggerston's and now belonging to Mr Foster then in a South West

* This part of the Order may be read, either as two relatively independent provisions each beginning with "that" (as though there were a comma after "down"), or as two clauses of which the second expresses the purpose of the first. The interpretation offered does not necessitate a choice between these alternatives.

† In Loggan's engraving the top of this wall, like the top of the "North Garden Wall", is engraved by two hard lines, clearly distinguishing it as a wall from the numerous hedges in the Garden.

direction by the North west side of the last mentioned Brewhouse to a Brook on the North West side of the Pond yard* from thence proceeding in a South West Direction up the Middle of the said Brook to a Ditch on the North West side of the said Pond Yard which last described line is further part of the Boundary between the said Parishes of Saint Peter and Saint Giles Next All Saints Parish then continuing the same direction up the Middle of the said Ditch to an Ash Tree marked with a Cross in Saint John's College Walks by the side of the said Brook and proceeding from thence in the same direction to a Mark upon a Wall on the North side of a Garden belonging to Saint Johns College called the ffellows Garden then in a Southwardly direction accross the same said Garden to a Mark on the Wall on the South side of the said Garden and from thence in the same direction to Trinity Gate which last described Line is the Boundary between the said parish of All Saints and the parish of Saint Giles Next Saint Michaels Parish then proceeding....†

The section of the boundary running through the projecting eastern part of the Fellows' Garden is marked by a dotted line both in the Award plan (Fig. 3) and in Baker's map of 1830 (Fig. 4). It will be noticed particularly that the boundary is shown as passing across the positions which, on evidence other than this passage of the Award, have been assigned to the two walls referred to in the College Orders of 4 July 1822, and that in this passage the Award expressly mentions the two walls and states that each bore a parish boundary mark.

The expression "the Wilderness‡ in the Fellows Garden", used in the College Order, deserves notice. It suggests that in 1822 the name "Wilderness" was not used of the Fellows' Garden as a whole, as it is customarily to-day, but was confined to the projecting eastern part of the Garden. Loggan (Fig. 1) shows this part of the Garden as separated from the Bowling Green by a hedge, and it is possible that it continued to be regarded as a more or less distinct area.

The College Order provides "that the Bin brook be continued through the Wilderness". This provision and the immediately preceding provision that "the Wall on the South side of the Wilderness be taken down" are obviously so closely connected that they must both refer to the same general locality. There can be little

* The "pond yard", or "fish-pond close" as it was also called, is the area on which the New Court now stands together with the land to the west and north as far as the Bin Brook. Loggan's view shows the numerous fish-ponds then in existence. William Custance's plan of 1798 shows four ponds at that date. Baker's map of 1830 shows one pond then still in existence, in the north-west corner of the area, near the site of the modern brick bridge leading to the present Mallory Court of Magdalene College.

† Shire Hall copy, p. 21.

‡ I have not been able to trace any earlier example of the name "Wilderness" used of the Fellows' Garden or of any part of it.

doubt as to the correct interpretation. A careful examination of Loggan's plan of 1688 (Fig. 2) discloses that the Fellows' Garden is represented as bounded by water along the whole of its western, southern, and eastern sides with the exception of that short east and west section of the eastern side along which stood the southern wall now identified. Along that short section water is not shown. The boundary is there represented on the plan by a single line only, whereas the ditches which form the whole of the western and southern boundaries and the remainder of the eastern boundary are represented by double lines. The single line represents the wall—the wall without any ditch adjacent to it. The "North Garden Wall" (which certainly had no ditch adjacent to it) is similarly represented in the plan by a single line. That there was no ditch adjacent to the "wall on the South side of the Wilderness", and that this was still true at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is confirmed by the Inclosure Award plan of 1804 (Fig. 3). Only a part of the section in question is included in that plan, which does not represent areas outside the boundaries of the parish of St Giles. But a part of the section is shown, and as a single line only, whereas all the neighbouring ditches are represented by double lines. It thus appears that, until the alterations of 1822, the water which forms the upper part of the eastern boundary of the Fellows' Garden, separating the Garden from St John's Meadow, was not continuous with the water which forms the lower part of the eastern boundary of the Garden, separating the Garden from the strip of land which was allotted to the College in 1805. The short connecting section of the eastern boundary, running east and west, was formed by the wall only. In 1822, not only was this wall removed, but a ditch was cut approximately along the line on which it had stood, thus making a continuous water-channel along the whole of the Garden's eastern boundary. This interpretation presents only one difficulty. It requires that in the phrase "that the course of the Bin brook be continued through the Wilderness" the name "Bin brook" be understood as referring to the ditch which extends round the western, southern, and lower part of the eastern boundaries of the Fellows' Garden. This ditch is, of course, an artificial cut and not the true course of the Bin brook, which flows on the northern side of the Fellows' Garden. This difficulty, however, is diminished, if not entirely removed, when account is taken of a further piece of evidence. Moreover, if the name "Bin Brook" was applied to this artificial cut, to speak of it as "continued through the Wilderness" by the cutting of a new connecting length of ditch along the line described would have been a natural expression if the term "Wilderness" had at that date the limited reference already suggested. The further piece of evidence

is a College Order of 28 February 1761: "Agreed that the Hedge on the North side of the Bowling Green be laid, that the Ditches about the peices (*sic*) & the Garden be cleaned, & and (*sic*) an opening made between our ditch & that belonging to Trinity College." Where was this new opening? It must have been somewhere between the western end of the Bachelors' Walk and the northern boundary of Trinity Piece; for nowhere else does a St John's ditch closely adjoin a Trinity ditch. There is still to-day an opening (now a culvert with a sluice-gate) within that very limited region, viz. across the northern end of the narrow strip of land allotted to the College in 1805. It is probably the opening made in 1761. If, moreover, as evidence already quoted shows to have been the case, there was at that date no connexion (other than a wall) between the ditches forming respectively the lower and the upper portions of the eastern boundary of the Fellows' Garden, a motive for the making of an opening at that point can at once be seen. Before the opening was made, the water round the western, southern, and lower part of the eastern boundaries of the Fellows' Garden would have been stagnant, and the making of the opening would have enabled some of the waters of the Bin Brook to flow—as they do to-day when the sluice-gate of the little culvert is lifted—round the western, southern, and lower part of the eastern boundary of the Fellows' Garden, into the wide ditch which separates St John's Meadow and Trinity Meadow, and so to the river, thus relieving pressure on the old channel of the brook to the north of the Fellows' Garden. But if, since 1761, some of the waters of the Bin Brook had regularly flowed by that route, to speak of that course as "the course of the Bin brook", i.e. as one of its alternative channels, might well, by 1822, have become usual.

The College Order of 4 July 1822 provides, finally, "that the Iron gate contiguous to the aforesaid Wall be removed from the Bridge to the Southern extremity of our Walk". The iron gate here referred to is the gate which to-day gives access from the College Grounds to Trinity Piece. It previously stood at the western end of the Bachelors' Walk, on what was then the College boundary, and was thus "contiguous to the aforesaid Wall". But the strip of land between the southern part of the Fellows' Garden and Trinity Meadow having become College property under the Inclosure Award of 1805, the gate was removed in 1822 to "the Southern extremity of our Walk", i.e. to the new boundary at the northern edge of Trinity Piece, where it still stands. The date at which this gate had originally been set up at the western end of the Bachelors' Walk, where it is shown in Custance's plan of 1798, is known from a College Order of 19 February 1780, which reads thus: "Agreed that the blue gate at the end of the Bachelors' walk, leading to Trinity, be taken down, & the

Iron gate, [*deleted*: lately bought at Lord Montfort's sale,]* be put up in its place". The "blue gate" taken down may have been the gate shown by Loggan (Fig. 1) nearly a century earlier; it was at all events in the same position. When, some years before the recent war, the copper beech tree, which now grows immediately to the south of the point at which the gate stood, was planted, a quantity of masonry below the surface had to be removed; this masonry was probably a part of the foundation of the iron gate, or of the earlier "blue gate".

The College Order of 1822 states that the "Iron gate contiguous to the aforesaid Wall" was to be removed "from the Bridge". This reference to a bridge is the only detail of the two Orders of that date of which a convincing explanation cannot be offered. The range of possible explanations is narrowly limited; for the bridge was obviously very close to the iron gate and to the wall. But there appears to be no evidence on which a choice between the possibilities can be based. There is no other surviving reference to a bridge in that part of the College Grounds, and a bridge is not shown in any of the maps. The most natural interpretation of the words in the Order is that the gate

* The deleted passage can be deciphered with certainty, apart from the proper name, some letters of which are not easily legible under the heavy pen-strokes of the deletion. Professor J. E. B. Mayor (Baker-Mayor, *History*, p. 1086, l. 14) read "Mountfort's". That "Montfort's" was written is supported by the following evidence. Thomas (Bromley), second Lord Montfort, Baron Horseheath (1733–99), High Steward of the Town of Cambridge, 1755–99, and owner of Horseheath Hall, Cambridgeshire, became involved in financial difficulties. The Horseheath estate was mortgaged and later offered for sale, and eventually the Hall was pulled down. A series of sales of its contents, beginning in 1775, culminated in the sale in the summer of 1777 of all the material in and about the Hall. A contemporary advertisement of this final sale includes amongst the items offered "Large iron gates, railing and ironwork". See Catherine E. Parsons, "Horseheath Hall and its Owners" in *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society* (January 1943–December 1947), vol. XLI, pp. 1–50, an article to which Mr White has kindly drawn my attention. Cf. *The Complete Peerage*, ed. H. A. Doubleday and Lord Howard de Warden, vol. IX, p. 133. For the Montfort Arms, Crest, etc., see Arthur Collins, *The Peerage of England*, 3rd ed. (London, 1756), vol. V, pp. 370–7. Miss Parsons states (p. 47) that "The large iron gates above mentioned are those which found a home at the back entrance of Trinity College, Cambridge". This is incorrect. The Trinity gates were presented to Trinity College in 1733 by the Hon. Henry Bromley, afterwards first Lord Montfort, Baron Horseheath, and father of Thomas, second Lord Montfort (see Willis and Clark, *Architectural History*, vol. II, p. 644, where entries from the Trinity College accounts for 1732–3 are quoted giving particulars of the cost of carriage and erection of the gates). That the "Iron gate" erected at the end of the Bachelors' Walk in 1780 is identical with the "Large iron gates" advertised for sale at Horseheath Hall in 1777 is not proved. But, however that may be, there is a strong case for thinking that the College gate, erected at the western end of the Bachelors' Walk in 1780 and moved to the new College boundary on Trinity Piece in

itself stood upon the bridge, which in that case must have carried the Bachelors' Walk over a cut between the ditch which separates the upper projecting part of the Fellows' Garden from St John's Meadow and the wide ditch which separates St John's Meadow from Trinity Meadow. But there is no other reason to suppose that there was ever a cut at that point, and the Order does not say that such a cut is to be filled in. It is most improbable that a bridge connected the St John's and the Trinity Meadows at that time.* It is possible that a footbridge crossed the ditch between St John's Meadow and the Wilderness, immediately to the north of the wall taken down in 1822; and this is perhaps the most probable interpretation.

The works carried out in 1822–3 have since been modified in one important respect. Later in the century, the Bin Brook was taken through the brick culvert in which it still flows, the western iron bridge (now at Quy Hall) was consequently removed, and the "low wall with an Iron railing erected between the two bridges" was taken down. This further change was probably carried out in 1854. Baker's map of 1830—which was up to date, since it shows the New Court—still shows the two bridges. R. R. Rowe's beautifully engraved map, dated 1858, but apparently not published until 1872, the date printed on it as that at which it was "entered at Stationers Hall", clearly

1822, came from Horseheath Hall. If this is correct, it is a strange coincidence that the Trinity gates, which came from Horseheath Hall in 1733, and the St John's gate, which came from Horseheath Hall in 1777, should have eventually found resting places within a few yards of each other. In style, the two gates show marked likenesses.

The reason for the deletion in the College Order of 19 February 1780 is, of course, unknown. Possibly the College had purchased the gate from a dealer, not directly at Lord Montfort's sale.

At three points, alike on its outer and its inner faces, the St John's gate bears the device of a Tudor rose and three fleurs-de-lis. At first sight, this appears to count against the conclusion that the gate came from Horseheath Hall and to suggest that it was made for the College. But this piece of apparent evidence must be rejected. The same device is to be seen on the two faces of the Field Gate on Queen's Road, known to have been erected in 1822. Close examination and measurement show the roses and fleurs-de-lis on the two gates to be in all respects identical in form and size, and they must have been made from the same moulds. They were, no doubt, made for, and fixed on, the two gates at the same date, viz. in 1822. Consequently the device is a late addition to the Trinity Piece gate, added when the gate was moved to its present position, and it has no bearing upon the date or place of origin of the gate. The gilded College crest may have been added at the same time.

* The description of the Bachelors' Walk as "leading to Trinity" in the Order of 19 February 1780, already quoted, no doubt refers to the route to Trinity by Trinity Piece. The present iron footbridge which connects the Grounds of the two Colleges near the river was placed there in 1874 under a sealed agreement in duplicate entered into by the two Colleges.

shows that by 1858 the culvert had been constructed; and this is confirmed by E. Monson's map, dated 1859. The College Rental of 1854, head P, contains an entry of £200 paid to the Junior Bursar "on account of works in the walks".

The date at which the avenue of elms (the northern side now alone remaining) leading to the Field Gate was planted is not recorded. A count of the rings of two trees recently felled in the portion of the walk which lay between the two bridges, one tree to the north of the walk and one to the south, suggests that the age of these two trees was between eighty and ninety years; and in any case it is difficult to suppose that that portion of the avenue was planted before the removal of the "low wall" in 1854. But the trees between the Field Gate and the site of the western iron bridge appear to be older. It is probable that this western part of the avenue was planted soon after the walk was constructed in 1822 and the avenue then extended eastwards after the changes of 1854.*

Loggan's view (Fig. 1) shows, probably with at least general accuracy,† the old formal arrangement of the Fellows' Garden characteristic of the seventeenth century. William Custance's plan of 1798 shows the Garden planted with trees very much in the present manner, though Custance's detail is less to be trusted than Loggan's. References in College Orders of the period 1761–4 to the cutting of hedges and to the purchase of yews suggest that the old arrangement still persisted at that date.‡ An Order of 26 March 1778, however,

* An engraving (College Library, Arch. II. 7) of about the year 1829 entitled "Entrance to St John's College Walks" and with the signature "R. B. Harraden delt." shows a view of the Field Gate, completed a few years before, from Queen's Road. Behind the gate is seen an avenue of trees. The trees are, no doubt, drawn for picturesque effect; but, though older than an avenue along this new walk could have been at that date, they are young trees of very small girth. This may in some degree afford confirmation of the view expressed above.

† The more closely Loggan's two views of the College are studied, the more striking do their accuracy and the minuteness of their detail become.

‡ 28 February 1761: "Agreed that the Hedge on the North side of the Bowling Green be laid...."

7 April 1762: "Agreed that a Reed Hedge 8 feet high be plac'd from the top of the Garden to the Cross Walk, that shrubs and evergreens be planted to fill the space between the Trees & the old Hedge, & that the old Hedge be splashed to the Cross Walk."

12 April 1762: "Agreed instead of Plashing [*first written and deleted:* splashing] the Hedge to plant Yews in the place of it. The former order of April 7th being reversed by the Master & Seniors."

2 March 1764: "Agreed that the Bursar gravel the Scholars walk to the North.

"Agreed that the Bursar buy new Yew trees for the Garden when they are wanted."

reads: "Agreed that a piece of plate of the value of £50 be presented to Mr Brown, for his services in improving the walks."* That the celebrated landscape-gardener Lancelot Brown had plans for the Cambridge Backs and made proposals to the College is known independently.† It is possible, though this is little more than conjecture, that the change from the arrangement of the Garden shown by Loggan to that shown by Custance is in some sense attributable to Brown.‡

This article has been mainly concerned with the extensive alterations in the Grounds carried out in 1822–3. It should, however, be remembered that only a few years later an even greater change was made: the New Court was begun in 1826 and finally completed in 1831, the first College building in Cambridge (other than Magdalene College) to be erected west of the river. The building of the Court involved the filling in of St John's Ditch which connected the Bin Brook and the river and separated the Pond Yard from the land to the south, the removal to a rather different line farther south of the old walk which adjoined the ditch, and the destruction of many ancient trees which grew (as Loggan already represents them) along that walk. When this is remembered, it will be apparent that the first thirty years of the nineteenth century were a period of greater change in the College Grounds than any other, at least since the area of the Fellows' Garden was acquired, partly from the Town and partly from Corpus Christi College, early in the seventeenth century.

J. S. B. S.

* The Rental of 1778, head BB, contains an entry of £52 for a silver cup to Mr Brown.

† Baker-Mayor, *History*, pp. 1047f., 1056. See also G. Dyer, *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge* (London, 1814), vol. I, pp. 229–38. A College Order of 10 July 1772 reads: "Agreed that the bank be repaired under the direction of Mr Brown."

‡ I am not aware of any early evidence for the tradition (e.g. R. F. Scott, *St John's College, Cambridge*, London, 1907, p. 10), which seems inappropriate to Brown's style of landscape-gardening, that Brown planted the Fellows' Garden in the form of a cathedral, with nave, aisles and transepts.

Baker's map of 1830 shows that the old elm which stands near the southern edge of the Bowling Green was once one of a row which separated the Bowling Green from a cross-walk continuous with the cross-walk which still divides the upper and lower parts of the western half of the Garden. The line of this cross-walk goes back to Loggan's day.

FRESHMAN'S TRIALS

WE dropped our bags in the College entrance, and stood, for a moment, gazing round. We felt, as it were, that we stood on the threshold of Life Itself. We were keen, in good health, and comparatively young: and we were Fresh. Here at last, we thought; Alma Mater greeted us with open arms. The pale September sunlight streamed across First Court to welcome us out of the shadows; we searched our mind hastily for a telling Virgilian phrase, some appropriate "bon mot", and then gave up. After all, we *were* Fresh. Well, no waiting—where was the Orderly Room—sorry, Porter's Lodge? Ah, yes, there on the right. With a wary glance at our bags we pushed open the door and walked in. A gentleman in rather a smart grey suit was leaning against the counter, pushing a halfpenny backwards and forwards across it with a pencil. We watched this fascinating activity for some moments, and then ventured a polite "Good afternoon". It was promptly returned, and we were subjected to a searching look: then—"Fresh, eh?" he asked. We replied that we were. "Ah!" he said. Repressing an automatic desire to ask for three blankets and mug, we inquired where we might find our rooms. "Ah!" he said, "Rooms. There's a thing, now. Some people get rooms: others—ah!" Pausing to note the effect of this, he continued. "Tents seem pretty popular, now. Keep them clean, easy enough, but it's cruel in the winter. Not like Nissen huts, mind you; they keep you warm enough, but you've got to keep the windows and doors tight shut. Then the stoves smoke a bit. Some chaps are original, mind you. One who had a houseboat in the middle of the Cam—he was a type! Fine until winter, true enough; then the river froze. Not thick enough to walk across, but too much to moor the boat to the bank. Cooped up three weeks, he was—and him with a wife and kids too!" We said somewhat incredulously that we understood there were Lodgings. "Lodgings!" he snorted. "Oh yes. You've got a bike, I suppose?" We shook our heads. "Not that it would be much use," he went on. "Miles away, positively miles. Not bad with a car, but they find the hills a bit rough going. One fellow stuck in a snow-drift—that was the winter, you know. There for days." A gust of wind blew some leaves against the door, and we shuddered. The man gave a brief laugh, and resumed his halfpenny-pushing. After a minute, we remarked that the winters must be pretty bad in Cambridge. "Ah!" he said. "Cruel. Positively cruel." He laid down his pencil. "At first they go without scarves. They soon learn. End up in lectures with overcoats, gloves, and caps before long. Then they can't take notes. Cuts both ways, I always say. One fellow, now—got brains he had. Smeared his hands with vaseline, and wore rubber gloves. No good, though." We looked at him questioningly. "Ink froze in his pen," he said shortly. "Ah!" we said, "But what about central heating?" "There's another thing," he exclaimed. "No organisation, that's what it is. Take this College for instance." We looked round furtively. "Half the place with coal fires last year. So they ordered soft coal, tons of it. Meanwhile somebody decided to install central heating in the vacation, blocked up the chimneys, and Bob's your uncle. No go." We clutched at the counter. "No go?" we said weakly. "Used up their fuel allocation, and you couldn't use the coal for the boilers. Choke them up. Had to build a huge fire on the Backs, and sit round it in rows. Some even slept there at night. Had its snags, though." He looked at us sternly, and our eyebrows lifted in feeble inquiry. "Yes—awful carry on. Melted all the snow on the roofs and flooded the College out. The ground floor was six feet under; then the river started to rise. . . ."

The door opened as we slumped into a chair, and a gentleman in a dark suit and top-hat rushed in. "There you are, Joe," he said, thrusting a paper into his hands; "Sorry to have kept you waiting." The other nodded his thanks, pocketed the pencil, the halfpenny and the paper, and disappeared through the door. "Well," asked the new arrival, "and what can I do for you, Sir?" We squared our shoulders, stood up, and eyed him haggardly. We must steel ourselves in adversity, and Never Say Die. We replied in a firm, quiet voice, with just the right tinge of authority, that we had been asking that gentleman about our rooms—"Who, Joe?" said the other. "Well, it's not much use asking him, is it, Sir?" We paused, "—Then isn't he one of the . . . ?" Our inquiry was cut short by a laugh. "Heavens, no," answered the porter, "he comes every Tuesday; local agent for Fresher Fish Limited. Takes quite an interest in College affairs, though." We were, we felt, indisputably Fresh. . . .

A. C. T.

THE COLLEGE PLAYS

DURING the first century after its foundation St John's, in common with some few other Colleges in both Universities, shared notably in that patronage and encouragement of drama, both as an academic exercise and as a legitimate form of leisured entertainment, which was a product of Renaissance humanism and the source of a considerable library of College plays. The distinctive period of University Drama extended from the closing decade of the reign of Henry VIII until the outbreak of the Civil War: it emerged in the eclipse of discredited scholasticism and it yielded place in the ascendancy of disparaging puritanism.

The form of the patronage under which it developed is indicated in two chapters contained in the third series of the College Statutes (1545), which alone include these provisions:

Cap. XXVI.—"In order that all those things which distract from the path of true learning shall be rooted out, and those things which are conducive to that extraordinary and unbelievable licence whose too fond devotees are rendered forgetful alike of their honour and their best interests, we ordain and enact that each Fellow in turn shall, at Christmas, be Master of Ceremonies ('dominum agat'), so that the season may be passed in proper relaxation of the mind and in literary exercises, with mirth and gaiety.... And to make it easier for him to fulfil and suitably to discharge this office without delay, he is to have twenty shillings from the College to defray his expenses: he is then... to produce at least six dramatic dialogues, or literary and festive shows, on as many evenings during the twelve days of Christmas. And the other tragedies and comedies which are performed between Epiphany and Lent will be attended to by individual lecturers and examiners ('lectores singuli et singuli examinatores'), so that everyone shall have some practice in literary exercises. For every dialogue and show which is not put on, the Master of Ceremonies will be fined twenty pence.... We forbid absolutely that any Fellow shall miss his turn in acting the Master of Ceremonies under penalty of forfeiting a further twenty shillings to the College, to be paid within the month after Christmas: and if he fails to do this, he will be deprived of his commons until such time as he pays fully and faithfully to the College the prescribed amount."

Cap. XX. "But if any of the audience either arrives later than he should or leaves before the end of the performance, fails to turn up at all, or goes away in the middle; or if he is there but fails to listen attentively, he shall be punished in the same way as those who default in their attention to other lectures. If any shall be marked out as an habitual offender, let him be chastised as are those who are conspicuous in their neglect of their Latin speeches and Chapel attendance ('neglectu divinorum officiorum'). Let is always be provided that on non-feast days ('in diebus profestis') during the four short vacations, these students do not spend their time in slothful frivolity, but be exercised in the composition of verses, letters or speeches, in the study of the Greek poets, orators and historians, and in the performance of dialogues, comedies or tragedies, according to the discretion and injunction of the lecturer in the Humanities ('lectoris humanitatis') and the other examiners."

It was under conditions as sternly practical and purposeful as these that a number of dramatic works were written and produced in the College, though these are not quite the first of the known College plays. Between 1520 and 1532, before the classical influence had fully been felt and the morality and interlude had given place to the tragedy and comedy, Thomas Artour, Fellow, wrote and produced two plays, *Microcosmus* and *Mundus Plumbeus*, believed to have followed the style of moralities. By 1536 the influence of the Renaissance is indicated by the performance in the College of Aristophanes' *Plutus*, with the new pronunciation. Re-creation soon turned to creation, and St John's can boast two of the leading exponents of the transitional biblico-classical play. John Christopherson, author of *Jephthah*, the only academic play in Greek, graduated from the College in 1540/1 and was a Fellow for a short period in 1542, when he moved to Trinity to become one of the original members of the foundation and later Master. More important and more closely connected with the College was Thomas Watson, Fellow in 1535, later Dean, and Master in 1553. Watson wrote the play, *Absalon*, of which Ascham wrote that it was "able to abide the true touch of Aristotles preceptes and Euripides examples". "Whan M. Watson," Ascham wrote further in *The Scholemaster*, "in St. Iohns Colledge in Cambridge, wrote his excellent Tragedie of *Absalon*, M. Cheke, he, and I, for that part of trew Imitation, had many pleasant talks togither, in comparing the preceptes of Aristotle and Horace *de Arte Poetica* with the examples of Euripides, Sophocles and Seneca."

At the time when the Statutes of 1545 were drawn up, therefore, the College had already some notable plays to its credit, and the new regulations, while safeguarding and perpetuating this activity, must also have evoked many more plays of which there are now no trace. Their composition and production proceeded under excellent supervision: the College accounts, which begin in 1555/6, record, under the heading Expensae Aulae, for the following year the payment of the regulation twenty shillings to Mr Dodington, "the Lorde in Christinmasse". This presumably refers to Bartholomew

Dodington, M.A. 1555, who was Regius Professor of Greek in 1562 and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thus far the College plays were mainly biblical tragedies, though Martin Bucer, Regius Professor of Divinity in 1549, included in his treatise, *de Regno Christe* (1550), not only a section "de ludis honestis" in which he approved of young men acting in plays if they were written by godly authors and had a moral tendency, but also suggestions of scriptural episodes which would be suitable material for comedies. His advice appears to have been ignored by dramatists who had a keener sense of the possible and the practical, since no English plays are known to have been written on the subjects he suggested. The eventual inspiration of the comedies, which mark the highest achievement of the University stage, was to come from Italian rather than from Hebrew sources, and academic drama was thus saved from following to the proverbial end a path paved with Bucer's good intentions. Meanwhile the publication of the *Chronicles*, Holinshed, Stow and North's *Plutarch*, between 1578 and 1580, brought a new impulse to the development of English drama, which bore its immediate firstfruit in Cambridge. At the Bachelors' Commencement in March 1579/80 Thomas Legge's *Ricardus Tertius*, the first of the English history-plays which neither sought to moralise by example (as Bale's *King John* had done) nor was based only on unauthenticated historical legend, was given its first performance in the Hall of St John's College. Dr Legge was not a Johnian, but the subject of his play was appropriate to the place of its performance, and in the triumph of Richmond over Gloucester Legge included a gracious tribute, through her son, to the Foundress

> Illustre quae nostrum hoc suis collegium
> Christoque fundavit dictatu sumptibus.

This, the first of the English chronicle plays, was several times performed in the College, and it is possible that Shakespeare, whose own play on the same subject was written fourteen years later, may have been familiar with and influenced by it. The play is also interesting in the effect it had upon one of the players. According to Fuller, John Palmer, Fellow (1573), Senior Bursar (1587), Dean (1589) and Master of Magdalene (1595), who took the title-part in the first production, "had his head so possest with a prince-like humour that ever after he did what then he acted, in his prodigal expences; so that (the cost of a Sovereign ill befitting the purse of a subject) he died poor in prison, notwithstanding his great preferment".

At this time the early Italian comedies were beginning to influence the style and form of English plays, and henceforward, while tragedy dominated another University stage, Cambridge was attending

notably to comedy—an early instance of the distinction between the respective homes of light hearts and lost causes. Here again, almost inevitably it seems, St John's was in the forefront of the movement, and the first University play with a plot of undoubted Italian origin, *Hymenaeus*, was acted in the College about the same time as *Ricardus Tertius*. Playing a small part in both these productions was Abraham Fraunce, Lady Margaret Scholar, and later Fellow, whose own comedy, *Victoria*, was performed the next year.

In spite of a violent controversy which was raging during the next twelve years between the advocates and enemies of the stage, several performances were given in the College. "The comedy" was performed probably at Christmas 1582, according to the College accounts; on 17 March 1582/3 "the tragedy" (probably *Ricardus Tertius*) was given another performance, and plays were also staged at Christmas 1583, and in December and March 1585/6. The University authorities were united in opposition to town plays which "allure manie of our Scholers from the good course of theire studies and usual exercises for the increase of learninge", but a sufficient case was obviously made for the performance of College plays, although the statutory regulations of 1545 had been omitted when a new series was drawn up in 1560. Those in the University who opposed all plays on principle may have persuaded the College authorities during the ten years between 1585 and 1595, during which no plays were performed, but at the close of the century a considerable number of comedies were written and produced in the College. Some, still based on Italian models—*Silvanus* and *Hispanus* (1596/7) and *Machiavellus* (1597)—were written in Latin, but it was at this time that plays in English were first produced in Cambridge. These were the University plays *par excellence*, and the common theme was satirical caricature of townsmen. Satire directed at members of the College and University may have been the reason for the expulsion of whoever collaborated with Thomas Nashe in writing *Terminus et non terminus*, the play probably performed in March 1585/6, but townsmen were accepted as a legitimate target for abuse and ridicule, and the vernacular speech was obviously the best vehicle for its expression. "Had it not been for the growing ill-will between 'gown' and 'town'", wrote Dr Boas, "we should probably never have had the unique group of English comedies in the closing years of the Tudor period, which is perhaps the crowning achievement of the Cambridge dramatic Muse." Here, once again, it is a St John's play which holds pride of place. The *Parnassus* trilogy was written and performed in the College between 1598 and 1601, and, after its recent revival, is now more familiar to members of the College than any other of the plays. The third play has probably the greatest

academic interest, with its allusions to Shakespeare, Jonson, Daniel, Nashe and other figures of the contemporary literary and theatrical world; but undoubtedly it is the first play, *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* (so called by Rev. W. D. Macray, editor of the trilogy), which, on the stage, has the greatest merit. The author of another satirical comedy in English, *Club Law* (1599/1600), matriculated from St John's in 1589, but he moved to Trinity, and thence to Clare Hall, where the play was first performed.

With these vernacular comedies the University stage attained its peculiar distinction, but the achievement was short. Succeeding plays performed in the College were again written in Latin and were produced at infrequent intervals: *Zelotypus* (1605) and *Stoicus Vapulans* (1618/19). A number of College plays were performed in Trinity fairly regularly until the last quarter of the seventeenth century, but in the main University drama ceased to be either written or performed after the outbreak of the Civil War.

For the most part the College plays were written to entertain and edify men who spent all but some forty days a year in residence, but performances were occasionally arranged under special circumstances. When, in 1564, Queen Elizabeth visited the University, Grindal, then Bishop of London, admonished the academic authorities to "put themselves in all Redyness to pleasure her Majestie & to welcome her to all Manner of Scholasticall Exercises. . . & playing of Comedies and Tragedies". Mr Smyth of St John's, together with representatives of Queens', Trinity and Christ's (the Colleges which, with King's, were then the main centres of University drama), was appointed to the Committee established by the Vice-Chancellor "to set forth and teache suche ye Playes as should be exhibited before her Grace". The occasion of performances was often not without incident. In December 1579, John Hatcher, Fellow, and Vice-Chancellor, wrote to the Chancellor, Lord Burghley, to report on "a case of controuersie" between "one Drywood a mayster of arte and one of the fellowes of Trinitie colledge" and "one Punter late scholler of St Johns colledge". Punter appears to have been responsible for several nuisances "as namely that he had uncased (as they call it) one of the stagekepers of Caius colledge plucking of his visor: and at the first playes ye same year at Trinitie colledge, even against ye wills of such maysters of Arte, as were there appointed to see good order kept, insomuch as he had almost set that house and St Johns together by ye eares: and afterwards to revenge himself for ye repulse there sustained had priuely crept into Benet colledge, & taking upon him ye habit of a stagekeper, there, to ye great disturbance of the whole assembly, did assault one of Trinitie colledge, whom also he afterwards chalengid into ye feilds". At a

time when no system of tickets ensured the accommodation of a determined audience (the earliest reference "for wax to make Tickets" is in the Trinity accounts for 1664–5), it seems to have been the sport of those prevented from seeing the plays, to smash the windows of the place where the performance was taking place, possibly in order to get a view, possibly only for the nuisance value. The St John's accounts contain many items as these:

1578–9	Expensae Necessariae (2nd quarter) for new mending the glasse in the Halle	x^{li}	x^{s}	vi^{d}
1585–6	Expensae Aulae (1st quarter) To the glacer for taking down and setting upp the windows	—	xx^{s}	—
1601–2	Expensae Necessariae (4th quarter) for warning of Trin: Coll: scholers before the Vice-Chancellor for breaking the Library windoes	—	v^{s}	—

The greatest ground of friction seems to have been between Trinity and St John's, and, apart from this last item, and the Punter incident, in 1610/11, on the occasion of the Trinity play, a riot involving Fellows, Masters of Art and others, of both Colleges, took place before Trinity Great Gate.

The College accounts also contain other items which throw light on the preparation and circumstance of the performances of College plays. Thus:

1577–8	for paper to write out ye bookes for ye tragedy	iii^{s}	—
	Item for more paper	ii^{s}	—
1578–9	For a supper bestowed on Dr Legge	v^{s}	ix^{d}
1594–5	to the poticary feb. 21. when the Doctors were invited to the house (presumably for tobacco)	xxxvii^{s}	vii^{d}
	To Baxter for wyne at the showe	xv^{s}	viii^{d}
	To Warren for wyne at the same time	xv^{s}	viii^{d}
	The butchers bill at the showe	xx^{s}	x^{d}

and the largest item of all

1561–2	Item ye charges of ye stage plaies sicut patet per billas	xxi^{li}	xv^{s}	iiii^{d} ob.

The performance of plays in the College was thus a regular feature of its life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in Cambridge St John's has pre-eminence both for the quality and variety of its plays. Apart from those written and performed in the College, there

are one or two quite notable playwrights among Johnians. Thomas Nashe, who had already shared in the authorship of *Terminus et non terminus*, later wrote *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, and Robert Greene, author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* and other plays, matriculated from the College in 1575, takings his B.A. five years later. George Ruggle, author of *Ignoramus* and *Club Law*, matriculated from the College in 1589. Among recent Johnians, Ian Hay is the most notable playwright, and W. A. Darlington has written one farce. A fitting sequel to the story of the College plays would be the composition of plays by present members of the College, which now has its own Dramatic Society ready to perform them.

M. W. S.

[The material for this article is largely drawn from: F. S. Boas, *University Drama in the Tudor Age*; G. C. Moore-Smith, *College Plays*; *Cambridge Dramatic Records*, compiled by G. C. Moore-Smith and published in *Collections*, Vol. II, Part II by the Malone Society; and the unpublished records of the late Dr J. R. Tanner.]

I ENVY the contented ones, whose eyes are blind to beauty,
For they enjoy the gift of sight without the curse of vision;
I envy those who banish love and live above their fellows,
Instead of living with them. Theirs is no weak decision.

They entertain no doubts, the choosers and the chosen,
They entertain no doubts, no questionings, no fear;
They claim success, but falsely, for they never knew a failure;
They put no price on laughter, for the cost is but a tear.

Yet make no mistake, I envy them; and most of all I envy
Men with souls unbeholden, who see no debt to pay—
For ruthlessness alone can build a bigger world tomorrow
Unhaunted by the spectre of a sadder world to-day.

D. H. R.

LOYALTIES

THE resident University student cannot easily ignore the privilege of his position, and indeed many are seldom allowed to forget it; and perhaps the first consequence of a sense of privilege is a realisation of responsibility. Loyalty is the outward and visible sign of such a realisation, loyalty to College and University. Procession to Rugby "Cuppers" and the crowds between Putney and Mortlake on an afternoon late in March are expressions of our inward pride and our outward confidence. Time and circumstance may lessen the fervour of such loyalty and temper its expression, but it never perishes altogether.

Conflicting loyalties have long provided material for the tragedian, but consider a moment this ancient theme in its newest and most pathetic form. Some there have been with higher loyalties, theologians for instance, who have dared or been compelled to pass from one camp to the other, even from Cambridge to Oxford. But lend your pity for a moment to those few more humble souls, whom the extraordinary circumstances of military service fling, all unwitting, under the spell of a loyalty which was later to prove so tragic. In the eyes of a half-trained "potential officer" Hertford College, Oxford, small and friendly, was like an oasis in the desert of Army life; and for all its industrial areas and much maligned gasworks, Oxford was a beautiful city. What more calculated to kindle the fires of loyalty than afternoons spent rowing on the Isis—or punting on the Cherwell—between days of parades and military training; and so back to the barrack-room, invigorated and refreshed by a year of University life. But the play is not over; the Third Act begins, and tragedy looms large, flung into relief by the naïve happiness of demobilisation, precipitated by the arrival of the Michaelmas Term and the first crossing of the threshold of St John's. Is it coincidence, do you think, that Hertford and St John's alone of all Oxford and Cambridge Colleges have their Courts joined by a "Bridge of Sighs?"

Now time and circumstance have lessened the fervour; they have in fact all but replaced it with a vision of higher privilege, greater responsibility, new loyalty. But when you see a Hertford College tie opposite you in Second Hall, let your pity outweigh your horror, and remember that tragic struggle which has been fought—and lost—in the breast which it adorns.

C. K. M.

[ED. NOTE. The Hertford tie colours are: maroon, white and scarlet.]

POPPY DAY, 1948

IT requires a remarkably good cause at any time of year to persuade a Johnian to leave his bed before the sun has risen, and the sixth of November would not appear to be a particularly enticing occasion for this performance. But few will deny that Poppy Day is a good cause.

Mindful of the worm's fate at the hands of the early bird, the organiser of the house-to-house collection, Keith Thomas, insisted on an early start to the day, which accounted for the muster in the Old Music Room shortly after dawn of some forty well-muffled members of the College, and their subsequent descent by bicycle and bus on the many hundreds of doorsteps between Hills Road and Cherryhinton Road, including, of course, Homerton College. Not a single household escaped this attack which continued without respite until nine o'clock.

Meanwhile, in College, last-minute preparations were being made for the *pièce de résistance* of the day's programme. For some days previously, flaring posters had brought the news to both Town and University that there would be

For the first time in Cambridge
The magnificent spectacle
Of a genuine Spanish
BULL FIGHT
at 11 a.m.
In the Plaza del Toro
On Parker's Piece.

By ten o'clock the College forecourt was thronged by a crowd which for noise and colour can rarely have been surpassed in those precincts, and shortly afterwards the most colourful procession took shape and marched out of the gates.

Led by a finely arrayed rider on a magnificent horse, and a band whose diversity of instrument was equalled only by that of its "uniform", the column progressed through the crowded streets. The Matador, Senor Statupupillari (Michael Ashbee), marching arrogantly with his attendant sword-bearer and toreros, was followed by the gaily bedecked tumbril in which raged his old enemy the bull, Proctorio Furioso, beneath whose fearsome hide lurked "two brave gentlemen" (as the *C.D.N.* put it).

Of the gory battle that ensued in the Plaza, little need be said. Before an audience of some two thousand and to the accompaniment of a fast-moving commentary by David Reece, the gallant Statu-pupillari, aided by his toreros and a small, uninvited (but sharp-toothed) dog, soon brought low the tyrannical Proctorio Furioso, though not before the slaughter had been officially sanctioned by an officious gentleman from the Ministry of Food. There followed a triumphal progress back to the College during which the still-heaving corpse of the bull became a target for the pennies of the spectators.

Meanwhile other members of the College had not been idle. The peace and quiet of countless coffee-houses and pubs was disturbed at some time during the day by the melodious voices of a band of strolling singers, Messrs Waddell, Greeves and Thomas, resplendent in boaters, blazers and bow-ties. A fire-breathing monster of dinosaurian dimensions, ingeniously created by the brothers Wordie and manned by six stalwarts, broke out and roamed the streets, performing remarkable feats of digestion when offered a sausage by a passer-by. One of Britain's most beautiful babies, Micky Grant, was pushed round the Town in his pram by one of Britain's most repulsive nursemaids, Brian Appleby, returning with their collecting-box (an enamel domestic utensil) well laden. Beside the main gate of the College, relays of brazen-voiced barkers invited all and sundry to try their luck at hitting elusive ping-pong balls or driving nails into an almost-impenetrable tree stump, with bottles of beer for the winners.

Feverish preparations throughout the afternoon culminated at eight o'clock in yet another presentation "for the first time in Cambridge". Floodlit, and to the exotic accompaniment of clarinet and tom-tom, an impassive fakir, Douglas Sanderson, rose from his bed of nails on the grass beside the Main Gate and charmed a rope to rise unsupported to the Heavens, whence a bottle of light and liquid refreshment descended in return. Unsteadied by this heady nectar, he had difficulty in commencing his social climb but eventually disappeared in a blinding flash behind a convenient low cloud that, by chance, obscured the upper windows. By way of an experiment in providing an evening attraction, this performance succeeded in drawing a considerable crowd, though the collecting-boxes did not put on much weight.

However, when the University organisers had at last totalled the amounts raised by each College, it was found that once again St John's had collected the highest sum, £218. 18*s*. 11*d*. out of the University total of £3021. When reduced to a *per capita* figure, this amounted to only 8*s*. 9*d*. and earned the College but ninth place in

a field of twenty-one. It is to be hoped that on Poppy Day 1949 this College will not only maintain the tradition of collecting the largest total sum but will also head the list with the highest amount per man. To achieve this, however, it will be necessary for even more members of the College to participate. Perhaps some of the high-spirited gentlemen, who perform so riotously on 5 November, might be persuaded to apply their talents in a more constructive manner on Poppy Day.

Finally, on behalf of the organisers, Bill Harding and John Searle, a few words of thanks must be said: to Mr Thoday of the College farm for the use of his tumbril and for the trouble he took to modify it for us; to Miss Price, the Lady Superintendent, for her assistance with costumes and materials; and to the Gaumont British News and the television and foreign sections of the B.B.C. for accepting our invitations to Cambridge and for the charming way in which they reported the day's activities; and, of course, to the many Johnians who helped to make such a success of Poppy Day, 1948.

D. S.

Soon the apoplectic dove
Will founder in the whirlwind sighs
Of eagles breathing torrid love,
And looking peace with eagle eyes.

Yestermorrow of the year
Is time for life to breast the tape;
The race, run-down, run-out, to whirr
Its unadventurous escape.

Symbiosis unto death.
Lay tulips on God's grave, and laugh.
Scorch on the void with eagles' breath
The Universe's epitaph.

J. R. B.

THE J.C.R. SUGGESTIONS BOOK

"There is some law in human nature whereby anything in the nature of a suggestion-book sooner or later brings out in those who use it a lamentable streak of waggishness. The early entries are often wholly free from this taint. Serious, constructive, practical and urbane, they call attention to remediable inconveniences and outline in respectful terms suggested remedies. For a time all goes swimmingly. Then, sure as fate, along comes some witty fellow with a facetious and probably rather disgraceful proposal. His example is followed by others and the rot sets in." *The Times.*

That the J.C.R. subscription to *The Times* be discontinued. MOMUS

(i) That it is time the College reverted to the pre-war practise of allowing women to remain in undergraduates' rooms until 12 p.m.: the danger of their becoming casualties from bombs no longer exists.

(ii) That we are not living in the Middle Ages. AMORETTO

That the interesting observation in para. (ii) of Mr Amoretto's suggestion be passed to the Master of Trinity: and that PRACTICE be so spelt when it is a noun. INGENIOSO

That PRACTICE always is a noun. MOMUS

That some of the branches be cut off the tree outside my window: at present I cannot see to work. STUDIOSO

That Mr Amoretto's women climb into the College by way of Mr Studioso's tree. MADIDO

That the Secretary of the J.C.R. note that there has been no toilet paper in the North Court lavatories for the last six days. STUPIDO

That the tattered dust-laden cobwebs decorating many parts of the College be cleaned and repaired. PHILOMUSUS

That the attendants at Hall wear not such unnecessary expressions of melancholy. Their downtrodden demeanour detracts appreciably from the enjoyment to be derived from the nutritional fare. MADIDO

That "Cambridge people rarely smile, being urban, squat and full of guile". FUROR POETICUS

That there is still no toilet-paper in the North Court lavatories. STUPIDO

That Mr Stupido may be interested to know that the Junior Bursar's statistics show that the present daily issue of toilet paper is twelve sheets per head. MOMUS

That the Junior Bursar's statistics have been directed to the wrong end. INGENIOSO

(i) That since the patch of porridge in the middle of Second Court appears unpalatable to the pigeons it be removed at once.
(ii) That the person who spilt custard on my last suggestion be more careful in future. MADIDO

That we give the new clock in the Reading Room a Big Hand. MOMUS

That the notice in the J.C.R. bearing the word ZILLIACUS, in large letters, be removed at once. STUDIOSO

That we be informed of the nature of a "Zilliacus": is it a bead frame, an agricultural implement or a sign of the Zodiac? PHILOMUSUS

That Mr Philomusus note that a zilliacus is a rather red star of the 5th magnitude situated close to the Great Bear. INGENIOSO

That the *Eagle* magazine is a shameful waste of paper, time, and money; and that it serves no useful purpose. MOMUS

That I be allowed to place it on record that the continued shortage of toilet-paper in the North Court lavatories is causing me acute distress. STUPIDO

That future editions of the *Eagle* be printed on thin paper: such action would both answer Mr Momus's criticism and alleviate Mr Stupido's distress. INGENIOSO

That New Court be re-named Cloister Court in order to avoid confusing visitors. STUDIOSO

That in addition, if we must be "rationalised":
(i) North Court be called North-East Court.
(ii) The Buttery be called the Margery. MADIDO

That when the Buttery becomes the Margery it be allowed to remain in College after 10 p.m.—together with all other ladies. AMORETTO

That in future the kitchen staff satisfy themselves that grass-cuttings destined to be served in Hall as spinach have not been treated with weed-killer. GULLIO

That Mr Gullio endeavour to overcome his fear of death. F. POETICUS

That when New Court is re-named Cloister Court its inhabitants be required to shave their heads, don hair shirts and eat fish on Friday. MADIDO

That, in addition to the above suggestions, all members of the College averse to allowing women to remain in their rooms until midnight be transferred to Cloister Court. AMORETTO

That to require anyone to eat College fish on Friday, or any other day of the week, is carrying penance too far. PHILOMUSUS

That the gentleman who removed last month's *Esquire* from the J.C.R. return it at once as I wish to study a certain shirt advertisement. MADIDO

That Mr Madido's innocence is astounding: and that he be informed of the correct name for the flimsy garment worn by the lady in question. AMORETTO

That Mr Amoretto may be interested to know that "shirt" and "skirt" have the same etymological origin. STUDIOSO

That the suggestion on page 235 of this book be adopted. MOMUS

That Mr Momus state to which suggestion on p. 235 he refers. Is he urging a K staircase light; an orthographical soccer-club secretary; "solicited pamphlets only"; gyp-room draining racks; non-obscurantist posters; officially uncleaned shoes; or toilet paper in the North Court lavatories? INGENIOSO

That gentlemen whom nature and the season constrain to sing in their baths refrain from

(i) Gregorians,
(ii) Garwhali git

—unless forced thereto by religion or nationality. GULLIO

That iron hoops be provided at the corners of the lawns in Chapel Court so that gentlemen who are in the habit of cutting off corners (and so ruining the turf) will in future trip up and break their necks. F. POETICUS

That alternatively, since iron hoops are out of fashion, bustles be provided instead.
AMORETTO

That in an establishment devoted to academic pursuits any form of bustle is out of place.
STUDIOSO

That a bustle would not be out of place on the College "backsides".
AMORETTO

That iron hoops in Chapel Court would enable gentlemen to play Croquet on the lawns.
MADIDO

That Chapel Court be renamed Croquet Court: and that the equipment for the game be kept in the North Court lavatories which apparently have no other use.
INGENIOSO

That the cockerel domiciled outside my window be done to death at once: it crows daily from 4 a.m. onwards, and is damaging my capacity for work.
STUDIOSO

That the Kitchen Suggestions Book is the proper place for the preceding suggestion.
MOMUS

That the Secretary of the J.C.R. take heed that there is still no toilet paper in the North Court lavatories: will he please accept this as a permanent notification?
STUPIDO

That Pre-Victorianism is irrational.
MADIDO

That "that Pre-Victorianism is irrational" is irrelevant. STUDIOSO

That it has been a jolly term.
AMORETTO

—And that thats that.

[NOTE. The names of the characters in this by-play are used without the kind permission of the anonymous author of the Parnassus plays.]

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"

THE performance of *Murder in the Cathedral* by the Lady Margaret Players, in the College Chapel from 1 to 3 December 1948, provided a memorable spiritual experience for all those who were fortunate enough to see it.

A play in which the conflict for Becket's soul puts nearly all the advantages, material and spiritual, in the hands of his adversaries (the most formidable of which was his own spiritual pride), demanded very great and exacting qualities from Peter Croft as Becket; and in a very moving performance he gave an almost perfect portrayal of the agony of soul by which the proud Archbishop achieved tranquillity and peace in self-immolation to the Divine Will. The sermon on Christmas morning marked the crisis of Becket's experience, and it was delivered with all of the detachment, peace and simplicity demanded by the occasion, and the nature of the man. It was one of the great moments of the play.

Becket had serious rivals, for depth and spiritual power, among his tempters. Renford Bambrough excellently combined the qualities of an actor with those of a chameleon, and was by turns a mincing, foppish tempter, missing only his pouncet-box; an aggressive, bawling soldier, magnificent with ebullient self-confidence; and a maudlin, inefficient chairman presiding over the remorse and self-pity of himself and his soldier colleagues.

John Hosier sustained an intelligent interpretation in the role of Third Tempter and Third Knight, which reached its height in his speech of self-defence and apology immediately after the murder; he took good advantage of the light relief it afforded without destroying the even tenor of the play. Derek Whitehead also was convincing, though at times a little hurried; Paul Lloyd, as the First Priest, was the foremost in sincerity among his brethren. But the most delightful feature of the whole production was the high general level of acting attained in nearly every part.

Perhaps the most difficult, and certainly the most unusual, of the supporting roles was the Chorus, which achieved its delicate task of being dramatically involved but narratively detached from the play. It fulfilled admirably its sacramental functions, and the voices of the five component members were well attuned, and never harsh, despite occasional lapses of pitch and tone.

The realism of the play was both good and bad. Good was the setting in the Chapel, and the entry of the four Knights was a surprise that was dramatically effective and thrilling. Where the cloaks and robes were on the whole apt, the wigs were singularly incongruous,

with their suggestion that, when one was tonsured, one was either bald before the event or made bald after it. The play gained enormously from its medieval setting, but its essence was quite independent of time and place: it could easily and with poignancy be played in a modern setting as well. It was therefore a pity to sacrifice the heads of the Priests to a poor approximation to a tonsure. The medieval effect would still have been preserved had they been allowed to retain their own scalps.

To the liturgical or ceremonial purist there was no mistake meriting excommunication, although one or two actions and gestures might have evoked a mild episcopal memo.

Highly to be commended was the use of lighting, the general stage effects, and in particular the rendering of the Introits by members of the College Male Voice Choir. The glorious last minute of the play, when the light in the apse slowly rose to silhouette the crucifix and the altar, afforded a perfect climax.

Michael Stephens is to be congratulated on providing so excellent and pleasing an experience for so many people, despite the many difficulties and hazards of production; and in this first venture the new College Dramatic Society has laid sound foundations for its future career. A. P. W.

THE LENTS

THE term divides. St Valentine has come.
The rooks begin uncertainly to build their perilous nests.
Duck rise in clamour from the stream; and the adventuring swans,
Searching for sheltered waters, charm the air
With the soft music of their bridal flight.

Yet stands the ancient eagle firm on guard,
Staring intent towards the dovecote and the crescent hall.
Her sturdy replicas are rearguard scanning the roosters' way.
She keeps the southern gate and they the north.
The river runs, inscrutable, between.

Then come the contest and the vigil's end.
Nor flock of doves nor crescent can withstand the aquiline skill;
Nor will the cocks crow as they crowed of yore. The eagle's brood
Strut in their scarlet, *caput fluminis*.
She sees the ravaged sward and is content. ANON.

The following members of the College have presented copies of their own books and articles: Mr Bailey, Mr C. F. Carter, Mr J. R. Cleland, Mr G. R. Crone, Mr E. L. Davison, Mr R. H. D'Elboux, Mr T. W. French, Professor Harris, Mr L. G. H. Horton-Smith, Mr H. H. Huxley, Dr M. Hynes, Mr Lang, Dr S. Lilley, Mr P. P. R. Nichols, Mr T. Nicklin, Mr H. P. V. Nunn, Dr Palmer, Mr J. W. Parkes, Dr C. T. Prouty, Professor E. C. Ratcliff, Mr R. W. Sloley, Mr H. J. Warner, Dr A. J. C. Wilson, Professor Winfield, Mr Yule.

JOHNIANA

From the *Leicestershire and Rutland Magazine* (1949), No. 1, p. 10, W. J. Arkell on Rutland, i.e. Ketton, stone, used for New Court:

"The undeniable success of this last building [New Court], its dramatic effect when seen from Trinity Bridge, is to a great extent due to its superb stone masonry: it contains some of the largest and soundest blocks of ashlar in Cambridge, with joints as fine as any in Wren's work. If this building were in stucco, as asserted by one recent writer, the effect would be altogether inferior."