

THE MASTER

The Master

JOHN Sandwith Boys Smith was born on January 8th, 1901, his father being the Vicar of Hordle in Hampshire and a former member of the College. He was educated at Sherborne School and at St John's College, which he entered in October 1919. He read initially for Part I of the Economics Tripos in which he was placed in the Second Class in June 1921; but Economics, however useful a subject it may have proved in his subsequent career, was not his real interest at the University. In June 1922 he took Part I of the Theological Tripos and was placed in Class I, and elected a Scholar of the College; and in the following year he also obtained First Class Honours in Part II of the Theological Tripos.

In 1927 Mr Boys Smith was elected a Fellow of the College, was ordained priest, and became the College Chaplain. He served as a Tutor from 1931 to 1939, and as Junior Bursar from 1939 to 1940. In 1940 his merits as one of the most promising of the younger generation of theologians were recognised by his election to the Ely Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge, which carried with it a Canonry of Ely Cathedral and residence in Ely. But he returned to live in Cambridge in 1944, when he resigned the Ely Professorship on being appointed Senior Bursar of St John's College in succession to Sir Henry Howard; though he remains an Honorary Canon of Ely. He has been Senior Bursar from 1944 until he became Master on October 30th, 1959.

In addition to his distinguished work for the College Mr Boys Smith has played a very active role in the affairs of the University and also in those of the City. He has been a member of the Financial Board since 1949, and of the Council of the Senate since 1955; while after acting for two years as a representative of the Colleges on the City Council, he was made Chairman of that body's Finance Committee in 1955—a post which he still holds. In both University and City circles he is held in high esteem by all who have worked with him, and there is widespread appreciation of his administrative and financial abilities, his personal integrity, and his high sense of duty—qualities which should serve to make him

an outstanding Vice-Chancellor when the time comes for him to assume the duties of that office.

Our congratulations and good wishes go out to Mr Boys Smith on becoming Master of the College, which for so many years he has served with devotion and for which he has already done so much.

A Notable Acquisition

READERS of *The Eagle* will be interested to know of the recent acquisition by the College of an important area of land adjacent to the College precincts.

After friendly negotiations, the College has purchased from Merton College, Oxford, the whole area, extending to about five acres, lying between the College Grounds on the south and south-east and Queen's Road and Northampton Street on the west and north-west. Thus the College site and the immediately adjoining property owned by the College now extend to the road-frontage throughout the distance from the south-west corner of the Wilderness in Queen's Road to the Merton Arms Hotel at about the middle point of Northampton Street, opposite the end of Pound Hill. The land had been in the possession of Merton College since about the year 1270, and formed part of Merton's most ancient possessions. St John's had long desired to own it, and it is a mark of friendly relations between the two Societies that it has now passed from the ownership of the one into that of the other.

The land includes Merton Cottage and Merton House, two pleasant dwelling-houses of the early nineteenth century, and Merton Hall or the 'School of Pythagoras'. The earliest part of the latter, the most ancient domestic dwelling in Cambridge and one of only about a dozen of comparable age in the country, dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and little of it is later than the seventeenth'. The land includes also the Merton Arms Hotel and two rows of cottages, Nos. 26-30 and Nos. 32-38 Northampton Street, a dozen cottages in all.

At the same time the College is acquiring from Magdalene College a strip of land, adjoining the north-eastern boundary of the land purchased from Merton, to form an entrance to the College precincts from Northampton Street. A reinforced concrete roadway has been constructed over this strip and a new bridge over the Bin Brook. The iron gates on this bridge have been designed by Mr H. Wright, Architect, of the firm of Messrs J. Carter Jonas and Sons, the College Surveyors, and made by George Lister and Sons, of Cambridge. The roadway gives the College for the first time a freehold access from the public street to the Pond Yard, the area north of the New Court, and enables the College to surrender to Magdalene the right of way from Magdalene Street to the Pond Yard, which was obtained in 1932

in exchange for the earlier right of way adjoining the river, acquired in 1842¹.

The original College site and grounds have been extended at various times in the past: by the acquisition of the Wilderness, partly from the Town and partly from Corpus Christi College, in the seventeenth century; by the acquisition of further additions to the Grounds in 1805; and by the gradual acquisition of the frontage to Bridge Street, the houses and inns and their yards between the street and the old St John's Lane, over the period from 1774 to 1930. But the recent purchase from Merton College, further extended by the purchase from Magdalene College, is the largest extension of the College site since the College's foundation.

J. S. B. S.

¹*An Inventory of the Historical Monuments in the City of Cambridge*, Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, England, 1959, p. xc, pp. 377ff.

²*The Eagle*, vol. LIV, pp. 309f.

The Linacre Lecture

We are printing below the Linacre Lecture for 1959, prefaced by a short account of the origins of the Linacre foundation:

FOUR centuries and more have passed since the endowment by Thomas Linacre of his lectureships at Oxford and Cambridge. Born in 1460, Linacre was educated at All Souls, Oxford. An eminent Renaissance scholar, friend of Grocyn, Latimer and Colet, he was described as "the restorer of learning in this country". A distinguished grammarian in his own right, Prince Arthur, the Princess Mary, Thomas More and Erasmus were among his pupils. But Linacre did more than take an active share in the revival of learning in England—he has a very special claim as one of the most distinguished of medical humanists. He became one of the earliest Englishmen to seek a medical education at Padua, then the resort of students from all Europe. Early in the sixteenth century he became the King's physician.

For some years before Linacre's death in 1524, proposed benefactions for the study of medicine were discussed. Lady Margaret had already established her Divinity professorships, but with these exceptions, Linacre's bequests are memorable as the first attempts to endow University teaching. Provision was made for 2 lectureships at Oxford and 1 at Cambridge, "dutifully his respect to his mother double above his aunt". It is interesting to note that, while at Oxford the deed of foundation was to trustees for the University, at Cambridge it was directly and specifically issued to this College, to "Nicholas Metcalfe Clerke, Maister of the College of Saint John the Evangeliste in Cambridge and the Fellowes and Scholars of the same college". The 'Belle and Lanthorne', Adlying Street in the parish of St Bennet, and £209 in gold were given to the college, for which they were to pay £12 a year for a "certayn lectureship of physicke to be founded and established in the Universite of Cambridge". Following on the liberal outlook of the Master and Fellows over the years, the Linacre Lecturers were not always physicians, and included 3 Johnian poets, of whom Matthew Prior's sole qualification for the position appeared to be the mirth and consequently health-giving character of his poems.

The Linacre lectureship in Cambridge falling vacant in 1908, St John's College, as guardians of the trust, decided to change the lectureship to an annual lecture to be called after the name of the founder.

THE THREE REVOLUTIONS IN MEDICINE

BY

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WHEN William Osler, Regius Professor University of Oxford, gave the first of these annual lectures in 1908 he said that the invitation to him from the Master and Fellows of St John's College manifested in the sons of the pro invite one whose working life has passed in a civic university founded but a few years ago shows that the old courtesy remains and is inspired by a generosity of which I am deeply conscious and appreciative.

The title of a lecture in commemoration of Thomas Linacre which includes the word revolution requires some explanation. No man was less revolutionary in spirit, and he loved the monastic peace of his study; as Fuller says, he was the restorer of learning in this country and sought to give back to medicine the uncorrupted spirit of Greece and to strip it of Arabian accretions. But, on the other hand, the Greek tradition was the child of the first major revolution in the history of medicine, and though the passage of wellnigh two thousand years had obliterated the memory of the completely different system which preceded it, Linacre in seeking to restore the Greek spirit was all unwittingly defending a revolution which had heralded a new epoch.

By precise definition an epoch is a point in time, a fixed date; in derivative use over three centuries the word has come to signify either the beginning of a new era or a period in history distinguished by the prevalence of a particular state of things or system of thought. In his studies of human history Professor Toynbee has drawn attention to something that was already widely known but worth emphasis—that epochs in the derivative sense of the term are rarely, if ever, to be defined accurately in terms of chronology. The old lives on in uneasy companionship with the new, and for many years there may be much confusion of thought, ideals, and practical activity. It is because I believe that we are ourselves passing through such a confused period that I have selected this subject for my address.

Knowledge of the past refines judgment of the present, and a man who knows something of the history of a rapidly

developing subject such as medicine is more likely to distinguish the significant and enduring features of the contemporary scene than one who limits his studies to a synoptic review of that vast confusion known as current literature.

THE PRIMITIVE EPOCH

It is commonly assumed that theory and practice are interdependent; that what men do is determined by what they think and believe, and what they think and believe is in turn modified by the result of what they do. That assumption is dubious, for much human activity is still conditioned by primitive instinct, untouched by conscious thought or formal creed, and even at the highest intellectual level it is probable that subconscious, imaginative intuition plays a greater part than many are inclined to admit. It is strange, too, how slowly and, as it were, diffidently practice affects theory; how reluctant men are to question authority and belief long established by time, education, or custom.

However that may be, there is little doubt that the shape of primitive medicine was determined by theories adopted in explanation of facts of nature. Man believed that phenomena like thunder, lightning, drought, or flood, were controlled by powerful beings other than himself, and his conception of the nature of these beings varied. Sometimes his conception was anthropomorphic; sometimes he thought of them as animals and established an elaborate system of totems. These conceptual images, whatever their form, were the earliest gods. Some were beneficent, but to account for catastrophe primitive man believed that many were malevolent devils. In such a theoretical system, sickness, obviously, was a work of malevolence, and the relief of it was sought in two ways—either by placating the ill-disposed god with sacrifice or sacrificial offering or by frightening him away from his evil work by noise, by violence, or by the assumption of grotesque and terrifying disguise by the physician or the sufferer. But, as Sir James Frazer has shown, the theory of animism does not account for all the practices of primitive medicine, for “along with the view of the world as pervaded by spiritual forces savage man has a different and probably still older conception in which we may discern a germ of the modern notion of natural law or the view of nature as a series of events occurring in an invariable order without the intervention of a personal agency.”

This conception is involved in sympathetic magic and includes two principles of thought—first, that like produces

like, and, second, that things which have been in contact continue to act on each other at a distance and after the physical contact has been severed. The first principle—that like produces like—was probably suggested by the readily observed facts that children often resemble their parents and that different animal species do not interbreed; but the source of the second is more obscure. I hazard the conjecture that observations of cases of infectious disease may have promoted it. Imagine a savage stricken with dysentery or small-pox who is visited by a friend from a distance. Some days after the friendly visitor has returned to his home he is himself taken with the same symptoms of illness as appeared in the original victim, who may still, indeed, show them. To the savage with no conception of the bacterial world might it not seem that the sick men having been in contact were continuing to influence each other at a distance?

On such hypotheses was the primitive practice of medicine based, and faith in the efficacy of images, charms, and relics derives from them. If we add to the theories of animism and sympathetic magic the belief that the stars in their courses influence the fate of individual men (as they certainly determined the routine of their agriculture) we have the explanation of the extraordinary therapeutic practices which persisted in Europe down to the eighteenth century and later, and still hold sway in large areas of the world to-day.

THE GREEK EPOCH

In the course of centuries the primitive system of medicine I have described gained an authority so absolute and hallowed that to question it was an act of infamy deserving instant and condign punishment at the hands of its established and orthodox practitioners.

The fetters of primitive beliefs were strong, and it is part of the glory of Athens that they were broken there. Our debt to the Hippocratic physicians is threefold. First, they rejected the welter of superstition inherent in animism, astrology, and sympathetic magic, and in its place established the concept of disease due to natural causes and as a manifestation of disturbance of the normal equilibrium between an organism and its environment.

As an example take the opening words of Hippocrates on "The Sacred Disease" (epilepsy). "It is not, in my opinion, any more divine or more sacred than other diseases, but has a natural cause, and its supposed divine origin is due to men's inexperience." And later the blunt statement, "Every

disease has its own nature and arises from external causes, from cold, from the sun, and from changing winds."

His followers accepted the current scientific opinion of their time that there were four elements—air, water, earth, and fire—and matched them with four humours—yellow bile, phlegm, black bile, and blood. Healthy bodies contained proportions of all these, and when either the proportions were disturbed or one of the humours was altered, disease resulted.

The next achievement of the Hippocratic school was a sound method of clinical practice based on patient observation at the bedside and objective records of the course of individual cases.

The Greek physicians were much concerned with the crises of acute disease (which to them were an indication of the separation of noxious humours from the body) and particularly with prognosis. Their insistence on the importance of forecasting the outcome of a particular illness may justly be compared with the prestige that the power of prediction confers on many scientific activities to-day.

Greater than these achievements, however, was their definition of the proper role of a physician.

When first I heard them the words of the Hippocratic Oath seemed strange, fantastic, and even a little superfluous. "The regimen I adopt shall be for the benefit of the patients according to my ability and judgment and not for their hurt or any wrong. I will give no deadly drug to any . . .," and so on. But in the older, magical system, medicine was not practised exclusively in the interest of the sick. Deadly drugs or poisons, spells, and rituals paved the path to power and satisfied the lust of private enmity. The primitive medicine man might be priest and king, but he was often murderer as well as healer. The Hippocratic Oath marked a clean break with the past; the practice of medicine was to be a way to the good life and no longer the instrument of ambition. To effect the change took time; there persisted long after the Hippocratic revolution cults of medicine which did not shrink from the invocation of evil and the administration of poison for private gain. I remind you of the advice that Cato, the Censor, gave to his son about Greek physicians in Rome, "They have sworn to kill all the barbarous with their drugs, and they call us barbarians. I forbid physicians for you."

The Oath was not superfluous at that time, and in our own sad events during the last war led to a revision of it in modern terms.

Another remarkable instance of the survival of the primitive idea of the work of a physician is to be found in a book by

John Keevil entitled *Hamey the Stranger*. At the end of the sixteenth century, Hamey as a young man from the University of Leyden was appointed private physician to the Tsar of Russia, and found to his distress that his royal master expected his doctor to poison ambitious nobles of the court whom he had cause to fear. When the Tsar himself was sick he deserted his physician and consulted the local sorcerers.

So great was the contribution from Athens, and later from Alexandria, that it seems a little ungenerous at this date to comment on aspects of Greek medicine which contributed to its partial eclipse in the centuries before the Renaissance. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Greek physicians after Hippocrates tended to adopt sweeping generalizations with insufficient criticism of the evidence for their support. Galen, for instance, held that nature did naught in vain, and that he could detect Divine intention in every human organ—presumably a return to the principles of animism which had characterized the primitive system.

The Greeks also held “mechanical” labour and practical arts in some contempt, and this restricted their advance because anatomical dissection and the examination of diseased bodies after death were essential to progress, and both required considerable manual dexterity and physical exertion. Their point of view seems to have been derived from the argument that, although many things in the world appeared imperfect, it was impossible to believe that the gods would have created anything less than perfection, and therefore they must conclude that sensory perception was fallible (as indeed it often is) and not to be ranked as high as the mental activity of, for instance, pure mathematics.

Greek practice, too, was limited in its application. As Dr Donald Hunter has pointed out in his *Diseases of Occupations*, no one can read the *Regimen* prescribed by Hippocrates for a healthy life without realizing that Greek physicians were almost exclusively concerned with a privileged class: that their advice about the proper balance of food and exercise had no relevance to the mass of the people. Running on the track, wrestling after being well oiled, walks in the sun after dinner, warm baths, sleep on soft beds, and drunkenness occasionally, but not to excess, are no doubt admirable prescriptions for a man of leisure, but they were hardly applicable to the many who earned scanty bread in the sweat of their brows. We must not blame the Greeks for failure to test their hypotheses by experiment: that idea in its full development was to be the fruit of the scientific revolution that began in the sixteenth century of our era.

THE SECOND MAJOR REVOLUTION

“Since a babe was born in a manger it may be doubted whether so great a thing has happened with so little stir.” In that terse sentence A. N. Whitehead assessed accurately the impact of the scientific revolution which, as its influence spread, completely changed the character of the habitual thought of men. From the point of view of medicine, 1543 (less than twenty years after Linacre’s death) is the crucial date when Andreas Vesalius published his *De humani corporis fabrica* and restored accurate observation and description to a place of greater importance than that of commentaries on the writings of the Greek fathers. By strange coincidence *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium* by Copernicus was printed in the same year, but nearly a century was to pass before William Harvey published *De motu cordis* in 1628, and demonstrated for the first time that harmless experiments on men might be used successfully in the study of problems of physiological function and to test a hypothesis. The idea that accurate measurements and the experimental method of the physical sciences might be relevant to biology and medicine grew slowly. Lack of interest in it was due to several reasons. Biological problems are very complex, and particularly when they concern men.

In the more exact sciences, in chemistry and physics for example, observation, reflection, and experiment define a problem, and in a search for its solution the chemist or the physicist is completely free in the use of his material; the only limits are those imposed by the scope of his intelligence, the quality of his apparatus and assistance, and the limits of the established knowledge of his time. Modern experimental science has scored its greatest triumphs by the study of isolated systems in a controlled environment. Intuitive philosophers and artists, a decayed but deserving class, have indeed suggested that completely isolated systems are a fiction and that glimpses of reality derived from the study of them are likely to be misleading, but the hesitation of thinkers and the inspiration of artists gain little sympathy in the midst of material triumphs of the experimental method. In clinical medicine the material for study is a self-conscious human being; the isolation of a system is extremely difficult; indeed, we can never isolate the whole individual from his thoughts, his memories, his emotions, or his past, and the control of his environment will at best be partial. To these inherent difficulties must be added the inexorable claim of ethics that nothing may be done by way of experiment that could harm

the subject of it; and physicians cannot often repeat experiments at will; frequently they must await the chance event of nature.

Human biology and medicine, therefore, had to wait on the progress of chemistry and physics, on the discovery of the true nature of combustion, on the invention of the microscope, and on the development of techniques in neurophysiology and psychology as well as in the physical sciences.

More important still, from the standpoint of medicine, the labour of research seemed at first to promise no dividend for the patient. Even Harvey, the supreme scientist in his approach to the study of the circulation, continued in his clinical practice, as Sir Charles Dodds has pointed out, to use totally unscientific methods quite uncritically and without question. Apart from opium, purgatives, and emetics, "none of the drugs at his disposal had any pharmacological or therapeutic activity." It is not surprising that Thomas Sydenham in this country had a large following in the seventeenth century when he pleaded for a reversion to the Hippocratic method of patient study at the bedside as the only reasonable preparation for the work of a physician.

Nevertheless, despite all discouraging circumstance, the idea of a rational scientific basis for medical practice was never wholly abandoned: the development of physiology in France at the end of the eighteenth century, cellular pathology in Germany in the nineteenth, with the introduction of methods of clinical examination by percussion and auscultation, did much to increase the physician's understanding of the phenomena of disease, but they added nothing to his ability to control it. In the preparation of a review of the influence of the General Medical Council on education I came across two interesting passages in *The Times* of 1856, when negotiations for the Medical Act of 1858 were proceeding. The first, from the issue of January 25th, was generous. "Of the three learned professions the medical has attained the highest character for disinterestedness. Hard things are said of the cupidity of the clergy... still harder things are said of the lawyers who are supposed to eat the contested oyster while the plaintiff gets one shell and the defendant the other: but there is probably no class of the community generally so free from mercenary motives as the members of the medical and surgical professions." But on April 3rd a sterner note was struck. "There is so much guesswork in the [medical] profession that the president of the College of Physicians is nearly on a level with the meanest herbalist," and "The result of the longest, most varied, and most

profound medical experience is so often a discussion of the worthlessness of medicine."

In his Festival of Britain Lecture in 1951 Sir Henry Dale confirmed the opinion recorded in *The Times*, when he said that in the mid-nineteenth century "medicinal treatment, in fact, was hardly ever given then with any idea that it could suppress or remove the cause of disease." It was the "duty of the physician... to maintain the patient's strength... and leave nature with as free a hand as possible... We cannot... ignore the wide opening which a medicinal treatment with no other objective than this offered to self delusion, oracular posturing, and benevolent humbug."

In the past sixty years the picture has changed. No one now questions the value of medical treatment, and it is important to remember that most of the improvement has been derived from cultivation of basic sciences rather than development of clinical methods.

Nevertheless there has emerged a new discipline of clinical science for which we in this country are much indebted to the late Sir Thomas Lewis. It is the culmination of the second major revolution in medicine, which began with Andreas Vesalius in 1543 and was continued by William Harvey in 1620. That revolution added a scientific basis to the clinical practice and ethical position of the Hippocratic physician.

THE THIRD REVOLUTION

Fifty years before the therapeutic harvest of the scientific method in medicine had begun, the seeds were sown of a third revolution, which is the source of much confusion to-day.

Early in the nineteenth century Jeremy Bentham conceived the idea that medicine had a duty to society as well as to individual patients, and that, in certain circumstances, this social duty should take precedence of personal professional responsibility; in other words, that doctors should be concerned more with the public health and less with the relief of individuals. His followers, Thomas Southwood Smith, Edwin Chadwick, and John Simon, were disturbed by epidemics in the congested towns that were a consequence of the Industrial Revolution. They believed, rightly, that if doctors were made legally responsible for the notification of cases of infectious or contagious disease to a local authority steps might be taken to limit their spread, and they made proposals to that end. To-day those proposals seem harmless enough, but they were not adopted without spirited opposition from those doctors who considered they infringed the

passage in the Hippocratic Oath which required that whatsoever was seen or heard in the course of professional work should never be published abroad, and that notification might destroy mutual confidence and trust between a doctor and his patient.

As it is often believed to-day that by clinging to rules sanctioned only by long tradition doctors have been consistently hostile to changes in social policy, I take this opportunity to draw attention to some facts which deserve to be more widely known than they are.

In 1832 Charles Hastings, a kinsman of the great Governor General of India, founded the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association at a meeting of "50 respectable medical gentlemen" in the Royal Infirmary at Worcester "to promote the medical and allied sciences and to maintain the honour and interests of the medical profession." A year later the new Association sent a recommendation to the House of Commons Committee on Parochial Registers "that great benefit might be expected to accrue to medical science and consequently to the community at large if arrangements could be made for recording causes of death in the provincial registers of mortality." The Registration Act was passed in 1836. At the same time the Association was much occupied with the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, and in 1837 a highly critical report on it from a committee was published. In that year Charles Dickens was writing about *Oliver Twist*—that item of mortality who cried lustily at his birth, and would have cried the louder had he known that he was an orphan left to the tender mercies of churchwardens and overseers commissioned by the Act to make poverty as unpleasant as possible even for small children. Whether Dickens ever saw the Association's report I cannot say, but the similarity of the views expressed is remarkable.

In 1839 the Association spent £700, which it could ill afford, to encourage an investigation of "cowpox and vaccination," and an Act was passed in 1840 to provide vaccination for those who asked for it. Vaccination was not made compulsory in the United Kingdom until 1853, forty-six years after it was first established in Bavaria.

I have already referred to the controversy about the notification of infectious diseases: this was bitter and protracted, but there is no doubt that the patient work of the Association (which in 1852 became the B.M.A.) eventually made agreement possible about the Acts of 1889 and 1899.

The list of adventures in what is now called social medicine

which were sponsored by the Association is a long one, and I can mention only a few. The school medical service, for instance, was foreshadowed in a committee report of 1888, and the virtual elimination of ophthalmia neonatorum came from a similar source in the early years of this century. The medical campaign against secret remedies began at the Annual Meeting of the Association in 1906. A nefarious vested interest had been created from human distress and credulity. Lists of unfortunate people, the victims of various diseases, were compiled and sold to enterprising scoundrels, who then circulated advertisements of their useless wares to the sufferers. Abortifacients were advertised in the press, and some newspapers charged exceptionally high rates for the notices as the traffic in them was so profitable. A prosecution in 1889 drew attention to a particularly vile aspect of the business. A firm engaged in it sent letters purporting to come from "a public official" to thousands of women who had bought their drugs. These unfortunates were threatened with proceedings for "the fearful crime of abortion" unless they paid two guineas to avert them. It is not surprising that the jury, in returning a verdict of guilty, added a rider that it was a vile plot made possible by the advertisements.

But of all the activities of doctors in the past one hundred and twenty years the one that would have interested Linacre most is the reform of medical education.

In retrospect it seems strange that he was so little stirred by the writings of his friend Sir Thomas More, who was not only Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Chancellor but also a Commissioner of Sewers and of Plague Control. More, truly, was the Chadwick of the sixteenth century. In the *Utopia*, published in 1516, he makes a complete blueprint for public health legislation of the future; a city well built, with gardens and open spaces, a public water supply and drainage, cleansed streets, public abattoirs without the walls, hospitals of the sort we call general, and special institutions for the isolation of infectious disease. He even discusses the problem of eugenic human mating and the supply of maternity nurses. To all this Linacre seemed oblivious when in 1518 he founded the College of Physicians to regulate the practice of physic in London and for seven miles around.

Four years later the powers of the College were extended to cover the whole of England, and only graduates of Oxford and Cambridge and those who obtained the Lambeth degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury could practise as Physicians without its licence. Nearly a hundred years earlier,

in 1421, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had supported a measure to exclude from practice everyone who had not obtained the degree of bachelor of medicine, but it is doubtful whether it ever achieved the force of law, and certainly it had no significant effect. The first English law on the subject was in the Act of 1511, which seems to have been replaced by the Charter granted by Henry VIII to the College of Physicians in 1522.

In founding the College, Linacre was no doubt influenced by his experience during the seven years he passed in Italy, where the regulation of medical practice in Europe had developed and he had seen its advantages. The Harveian Librarian of the Royal College of Physicians (Sir Charles Dodds), to whom I am indebted for the information, has pointed out that the first known legal enactment for the regulation of medical practice in Europe was promulgated in 1140 by Roger II, King of Sicily. It required those wishing to practise to be examined by "our officials and judges." Two hundred years later the examination was transferred to the Masters of Salerno. There were many Arabs at the court of that remarkable Norman, Roger II, and it is conceivable that his measures to control medical practice were a reflection of Eastern customs. It is possible, therefore, that by founding a College to regulate the practice of physic Linacre may all unwittingly have introduced one of those Arabian accretions to which he was in general opposed.

Despite the efforts of Linacre's College and of many other "licensing bodies" which in the course of time acquired the right to confer professional titles, the state of medical education in this country at the dawn of the nineteenth century was deplorable, and the conflicting interests of various authorities hindered reform. In 1813 a Bill introduced to the House of Commons to put down empirical practice or quackery failed to gain support, and in 1834 a parliamentary committee appointed to inquire into the state of the medical profession revealed a situation which was truly shocking. Their report would probably have shared the humble obscurity which in England is the common fate of such labours, had not the doctors themselves, in the shape of the Provincial Medical Association, given unremittent support to their recommendations until the General Medical Council was established in 1858. One of the many Bills presented to the House of Commons was actually drafted by George Hastings, the son of the founder of the Association and a Member of Parliament, in 1852.

My purpose in this summary and incomplete review of old

forgotten far-off things is to show that in the nineteenth century doctors, far from opposing change, were leaders in liberal reform. I doubt if they were inspired by political principles: to me it seems more probable that their reactions were instinctively those of ordinary decent men whose work brought them in close contact with the misery of the poor and unprivileged.

How, then, has it come about that ever since Mr Lloyd George introduced the National Insurance Bill in 1911 the doctors have appeared to the public to be consistently hostile to measures of social reform?

In the first place it should be made clear that a dispassionate review of events in the past fifty years shows that there has been no dispute about matters of fundamental importance. Doctors have accepted readily enough most of the implications of a Welfare State.

As early as 1905 they published a report on contract practice, and recognized that in many places it was necessary. Six years later they issued another on "The Organization of Medical Attendance on the Provident or Insurance System," and acknowledged that public opinion demanded "that adequate medical attendance shall be placed within the reach of all members of the community." Soon afterwards Mr Lloyd George introduced his National Insurance Bill. Trouble ensued because in its original form the Bill entrusted day-by-day administration to the same approved societies which had organized much of the contract practice that had proved unsatisfactory in the past, and because no income limit was fixed for those who wished to join the insurance scheme. There were also difficulties about remuneration. Amendments in the Bill which in the light of subsequent events must be considered reasonable failed to satisfy a number of doctors, and for a few years considerable ill feeling persisted, but gradually the insurance system won general support. Its defects were that no provision had been made for hospital treatment, and that the families and dependants of insured persons were excluded from benefit.

The Ministry of Health was established in 1919, and a consultative committee headed by Lord Dawson made proposals for "the future provision of medical and allied services" in the following year. In 1930 the British Medical Association issued a "Report on a General Medical Service for the Nation," and during the war its Planning Commission took the matter further. The recommendations of this Commission were largely adopted by Lord Beveridge in his final report, which shaped the National Health Service as

we know it to-day. Controversy was most acute about the abolition of the right to buy and sell practices, the fear that a whole-time salaried service might be instituted, and the regulations for discipline and for the better distribution of doctors among the population.

Through the whole of this perplexing period doctors have been in a very curious and difficult position. Their work and their intimate knowledge of the condition of the people had convinced most of them that medical reform was both desirable and inevitable, and their reports indeed admitted it. The best of them however, are anxious lest reform should take such a shape that they will forfeit their independence and that the ideals of medicine will be lost. Some, it is true seem to be concerned principally about remuneration, but during the past two years I have had an unusual opportunity to observe them, and I am confident that most doctors are more disturbed about the fate of their profession and the nature of their work than they are about their pay. No one who has any knowledge of what happened to German medical practice under the tyranny of Hitler would wish social medicine to become an instrument of policy and no more.

Some reconciliation there must be: the mere cost of the National Health Service shows that. Social policy must influence practice, but it must never dominate it and exclude that intimate relationship between a doctor and his patients which is essential to all good clinical work.

SUMMARY

What I have attempted in this lecture is a sketch of the three major revolutions of thought which have influenced the shape of medicine in its evolution from the primitive system. The third revolution is now in progress: it involves the precise relation of medical practice to society, and it is the task of this generation to find the solution of the problems that it raises. As the years pass some of the defects of the present National Health Service have become apparent: the division of responsibility between three types of authority; the virtual exclusion of the general practitioner from all hope of promotion to the rank of consultant in the hospital service; the difficulties in changing from one place of practice or one type of work to another, are obvious defects, and there are others. Despite all the failings and the controversy, however, it is doubtful whether any political measure has ever brought so much relief and help to those who needed it as the Act which came into operation in July, 1948.¹

¹Reprinted from *The British Medical Journal* of August 8, 1959.

The Blast of Puffery

COMMUNICATION is perhaps the most primitive and long-enduring instinct of mankind; and one whose forms are manifold. It is in the guise of Advertising that communication has least been digested by society. At once a medium of age-old and latter-day application, it is nevertheless only in the last two or three hundred years that it has come to play the subtle yet penetrating part in our lives acknowledged by critic and enthusiast alike. Indeed, advertising as we understand it today embraces a good deal more, and has travelled far, since Thomas Carlyle described it 100 years ago as "an all-deafening blast of puffery." Today, its impact is no less thunderous, but the dynamic part it plays in modern society would have been unrecognisable in Victorian England. In an age when those who wield political power undertake to double our standard of living within a generation, when the burdens of the Welfare State are anxiously balanced against its bounties, we are entitled to question the value and the trends of Advertising.

There are those who fear that advertising is giving birth to a social malaise, that it encourages acquisitiveness, and debases popular taste. As for the first, they conjure up an advertiser's Tenth Commandment—"Thou shalt covet thy neighbour's car, and his television, and his refrigerator, and everything that is his"—which means no more in effect than that advertising gives men ample scope for that ageless game of 'Keeping up with the Joneses', which they would certainly indulge in anyway. Secondly, Francis Bacon had something relevant to say about popular taste: "Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations . . . and the like, but that it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things?" Even a more optimistic view of human nature would allow that a gullible public often gets the advertising it deserves.

But it does not follow that the public is today at the mercy of men deliberately out to deceive. Lord Peter Wimsey's dictum that 'truth in advertising is like a leaven, providing a suitable quantity of yeast with which to blow out a mass of crude misrepresentation into a form that the public can swallow', remains fiction rather than fact. For if, until the 1930's, the advertising profession had a stigma attached to its name, from then onwards,

when a self-instituted disciplinary body, the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising, produced a code of rules, the good name of advertising—by and large—has steadily advanced.

More polemic has been the debate over the economic effects of advertising. As a nation, we spend more on advertising than on education, and the burning question is whether the annual expenditure of over £300,000,000 is 'worth' it. Not all that sum is controversial, and we must early distinguish between the purely informative, and the persuasive, roles of advertising. The former, the mental tap on the shoulder, rarely forms the basis of contention—the promulgation of local and national information can do nothing but good. Thus £100,000,000 is spent annually on classified advertisements, on Government advertising, and on the dissemination of technical information by traders and manufacturers—the advertising of producer's goods as opposed to goods for the final consumer. It is over the remaining two-thirds of national expenditure, when the advertiser attempts to persuade and cajole and convince, that controversy centres. It has frequently been stated that the colossal sums spent on advertising keep prices higher than they need be, wasting resources much better spent in more essential directions.

Paradoxically, even the critics must begin by admitting that there is one group of prices which are directly and significantly *reduced* by advertising—and that is the price of newspapers. The daily press would never have come into existence as a force in public and social life as soon as it did had it not been for the need of commercial men to advertise. Even the national dailies rely for 40% of their revenue on advertising; and for many other journals the proportion is higher. Not all of the national expenditure, therefore, represents a net cost to the community. As for the proportion that does, let us analyse the purpose for which it is dispensed. Advertising encourages innovation, and is primarily responsible for the introduction of new goods—be it terylene or transistors. The risks involved in launching a new product on the market are enormous. No business man is going to take that risk, unless he can be fairly certain of a rapid mass demand; and this can be ensured, in most cases, only by a prodigious advertising campaign. It is therefore undoubtedly true, that mass advertising, directed to creating a mass demand, is an essential condition of the introduction and spread of new products; it is to business what fuel is to an engine—the great propelling power.

The question that logically and inevitably follows is this: why prolong these lavish expenditures once a product has been successfully launched? One reason is that a market will not necessarily be instantly saturated, and there may remain a large potential to be tapped. Far more cogent, is the fact that no individual oil

company or detergent manufacturer, for example, could afford to stop advertising. If he did, he would go out of business tomorrow. In such cases the advertising is essentially defensive, a necessary condition of survival in a harshly competitive world. Would it not then be better to merge all the firms into a single monopoly, and to use the money now spent on competitive advertising to lower prices? Surely not. Advertising is one of the influences that has given rise to a small number of large firms, offering all the technical economies of large-scale and mass production while still retaining the element of competition; and if advertising is the price we have to pay for retaining such competition, it is usually worth paying for.

If the *principle* just referred to is acknowledged, commercial advertising does leave something to be desired where *method* is concerned. Competition, it would seem, could more often be pursued by price reductions than by advertising expenditure. A case in point is the bargain, and reduced-price, detergent pack—clearly a genuine and permanent reduction would be infinitely preferable to retailer and consumer alike, although equally clearly such a step would only be feasible by mutual agreement between the large firms. All this remains a question of degree; on balance, advertising outlays are, economically, 'worth' it, if some are more 'worth' it than others. The value of advertising as an agent of economic progress is undeniable.

The most significant *trend* in advertising today is the development of its media in the direction of Television advertising. Whatever opinion one may hold on the social effect of the "Idiot's Lantern", the results of commercial Television advertising in the comparatively short time it has been in existence, are little short of phenomenal. It has 3 main advantages over other media; one is the intimacy, the effect of the advertiser's product on potential customers while sitting at leisure in their own homes; a second is the tremendous impact of television advertising on perhaps millions at a time—and on an audience whose composition can fairly accurately be forecast; and thirdly, the astonishingly immediate sales response, and the subsequent increasing gearing of sales campaigns to the television medium. Indeed no national advertising campaign in the future can fail to be centred around it. Commercial sound broadcasting, thwarted in the early days of radio by a wavelength shortage, will almost certainly follow in time.

Of the threat of subliminal advertising, it can only be said that the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising have rejected it as a body from the outset, and that a generation heedful of the insidious nature of 'brain-washing' in all its forms, a generation mindful of the prophecy for 1984, is scarcely likely to sanction it.

Those today who contemptuously dismiss all Advertising as a "racket", would no doubt confine their remarks, if pressed, to those *methods* of commercial advertising that were described above. For them, manifestly, obtains the rejoinder that advertising will never be perfect while it remains a mirror of mankind: and human nature is glacially slow to improve. In *principle*, commercial advertising remains a key to the standard of living. Declared Sir Winston Churchill, as early as 1924, "Advertising nourishes the consuming power of men. It creates wants for a better standard of living. It spurs individual exertion and greater production. It brings together in fertile union those things which otherwise would never have met". In a far wider sense, Advertising has come to play an increasing, often unseen, part in our lives. Proverbially, it is said that 'good wine needs no bush'; in practice, Carlyle's 'blast of Puffery' ensures today that Man's impulse for communication remains unquenchable, and unrestrained.

I. S. WORDSWORTH

Art and Economics in Cambridge

It was never my good fortune to hear Alfred Marshall lecture. I did not turn seriously to Economics until after he retired; but when I was working on my fellowship thesis, A. C. Pigou suggested that I should go to see Marshall, and for a time I used to visit Balliol Croft and hear Marshall pour forth learning, advice, reminiscences, warnings and adjurations. After each visit, I staggered back to College under the weight of a dozen books in three or four different languages, with the pages I ought to read marked with a slip of paper; and the next visit I would stagger back, having read what I could (which was never very much) steeled to carry away a new load. At the time, I found listening to Marshall very much what listening to Isaiah must have been. So far as I can remember, five minutes disposed of the fellowship thesis; thenceforward, I began to learn what economics is, how it should be studied, and, above all, its moral and ethical significance. The austere diet of *The Principles* took on new meaning and new life, and for me it became one of the sacred books.

The visits to Balliol Croft, however, opened other vistas. There I met Mrs Marshall; there I heard reminiscences and stories of their travels—over tea, Marshall would unbend, and take part in a duet—and occasionally I would be shown one of Mrs Marshall's watercolours. Incidentally, as an example of Marshall's prescience, I remember his insisting on the enormous potential value of the rivers of South Tyrol and North Italy as a source of power, a prophecy which later events have completely justified.

After the first World War, economics and the Chancery Bar had to be abandoned, and the arts became my profession and the centre of my life. When I was at the National Gallery, and later Slade Professor, I was sometimes asked to give the annual criticism of the Cambridge Drawing Society. Mrs Marshall always sent one or two watercolours to the exhibition; and I remember the Secretary saying to me, "Do try to say a kind word about Mrs Marshall" (I now realize I was regarded as a stern critic, having been reared on the pure milk of the Slade). There was, however, no need for the suggestion. It was clear that here was an artist of complete integrity, who used no tricks or clichés in trying to express what she saw and felt. What was more important to me was that the visits to Balliol Croft were resumed, though this time the talk was mainly about painting and painting holidays, with naturally and delightfully occasional

reminiscences of Marshall. I'm not sure that Mrs Marshall did not regard me as a sheep strayed from the fold, with whom it was fun to wander into lusher pastures, as a relief from the stern uplands which are fit feeding grounds for economists. "The mountain sheep were sweeter, but the valley sheep were fatter," and I think Mrs Marshall agreed with Peacock that sometimes it was meet to gossip about the latter.

So it was that I gained a considerable acquaintance with Mrs Marshall's drawings and watercolours; and it was therefore with great pleasure that I heard from C. R. Fay that he had given to the Marshall Library of Economics a volume of watercolours, bequeathed to him by Mrs Marshall, mostly made when she and Marshall were staying in the Tyrol. Mounted in the volume are ninety-seven watercolours, of which thirty-four measure about $9\frac{1}{2}$ by 14 inches, the remainder being for the most part about half this size. Under each one is an inscription in pencil giving the subject, usually also a date, and occasionally additional information. A few are signed with M and P in monogram, presumably for Mary and Paley Marshall, the M doing double duty.

The watercolours virtually provide a record, sometimes tenuous, of the Marshalls' holidays, especially of those spent in the Tyrol. The earliest group dates from 1881-1882, when the Marshalls spent a winter in Palermo, on account of Marshall's health, leaving there in February, 1882, to travel through Italy to the Bavarian Alps, and down the Rhine. Mrs Marshall describes their experiences in *What I Remember* (1947) and in her account of their life in Palermo reveals the sensitiveness and accuracy of her visual impressions, though there is no mention of her painting. The watercolours include views in Palermo, and studies of flowers and fruit, evidently also made there; four views made in Capri, one in Rome, twelve in Venice, and several in Bavaria and on the Rhine. As a whole, they are exactly what would be expected from a conscientious beginner, who has had some lessons from a Victorian drawing master. Details are carefully observed; but the outlook is conventional, and the handling tight and niggled. As almost always happens, Venice proved a graveyard for good intentions (even Monet and Renoir were sometimes baffled by it), and sunsets anywhere provoked little more than picture postcards. Yet, given views in Capri or Palermo that were Mrs Marshall's own discovery, personal feeling and delicacy of touch overcame obstacles due to inexperience.

There is a gap of some years between these early works, and the next series of dated paintings, there being no record of the visit in 1890 to Paris, Vienna, and Germany, which followed the finishing of the *Principles*. Then comes a watercolour dated 1894, of which

the subject is not given, though the mount carries the cryptic inscription "White Elephant idea occurred." C. R. Fay has supplied an explanation from notes he made of conversations with Mrs Marshall. "The idea occurred at Stuben in the Arlberg when he [Marshall] was doing Vol. II [of the *Principles*]. There he got the idea of writing a history of money, banking, etc. He regretted the time he took on thinking about this. He wanted any spare time for further work on the *Principles*." It's a fair deduction, therefore, that the sketch was made at Stuben. More important is that in the twelve years since the early watercolours were painted Mrs Marshall had found herself as a painter. Here is a new breadth of handling, a new feeling for tone relations, and consequently a closer adjustment of technique to express a conception. What had happened to bring about that change, I don't know; but probably much quiet practice combined with the study of other watercolour painters. Possibly, too, in mountains Mrs Marshall had found material to which her imagination responded (it is very difficult to get away from history and other people's notions in Italian cities); or possibly, since Marshall preferred to spend his holidays among mountains, necessity had truly become the mother of invention.

There follow a small group of watercolours made in 1896 at Ospitale in the Ampesso Tal, all broadly handled and very atmospheric, but sometimes revealing inability to give the foreground vigour and interest—incidentally, one of the most difficult tasks in landscape painting. Also painted in the Ampesso Tal, in 1898, is a view of Cimabauch, a trifle insecure in tone relations; and to 1899 belongs a charming view of Der Zirmerhof, near Neumarkt, apparently designed for a calendar or Christmas card, a space being left lower right for an inscription. Wolkenstern and the Grödnertal provided subjects in 1900 and 1902, the smaller sketches being somewhat uncertain and worried in handling; though some of the larger ones reveal an excellent combination of freedom in handling, and acute perception. So it is with two paintings made in the Engadine in 1901.

In 1903 begins a series of seventeen painted at or near Colfosco and Stern, especially beloved by the Marshalls. Two of these, at Colfosco, are dated 1903, fourteen of the remainder 1903-6, and one 1903-5 6-9. Probably this spread in the dates is due to their being put on the mounts some time after the watercolours had been painted, Mrs Marshall not remembering in which particular year a painting was made. Certainly, there is no indication of the paintings being begun in one year, and finished in another. On the basis of a pencil outline of the main forms, the colour was evidently applied directly in successive washes, and the work completed in one operation.

This group reveals Mrs Marshall's weaknesses and strength. She had never been trained in figure drawing, and when figures are introduced they are always poorly constructed and lifeless; and she was never too certain of how to express the structure of a tree. But she was wise enough usually to leave out figures, and to prevent her trees becoming obtrusive, so that her feeling for the wide sweep of a valley, for the form of a great mountain, and the shape and movement of clouds, could be given full scope. The Stern group undoubtedly includes some of her best work, notable examples being *Varella from Stern in Abtei*, and the two paintings of the Sella Gruppe. Equally successful are four paintings made during a visit to Dauphiné in 1905, *La Meige from La Grave* bearing comparison with an H. B. Brabazon, and *La Grave, Dauphiny* tackling the problem of sunset light on mountains with great success. A return to the Ampesso Tal in 1908 is recorded by two watercolours, which emphasize how much had happened since the earlier visit ten years before. The view of Cimabauch, with the mountain reflected in the lake, is a truly imaginative treatment of the subject, putting the other painting artistically in the shade; though this carries on the mount the pregnant (possibly sinister) note "revised Fiscal Policy."

Mountain scenery had been exchanged in 1906 for that of the Riviera and North Italy, not altogether to the benefit of the paintings made. But a visit in 1912 to Mentone secured the rewards of hard work. In subjects akin to those found in Sicily and Italy thirty years earlier, amateur timidity has been replaced by confident mingling of breadth in treatment and subtlety of observation, seen in the delightful *From the Annunciata above Mentone*.

Latest of all are some paintings dated 1913-1920 made at St Martin in Thurn. These are uneven in quality, but one of them with olive trees in the foreground, the village mid-distance, and a mountainside beyond, is for me one of Mrs Marshall's best works.

The volume described here is only a part of all that Mrs Marshall produced; but it is a fairly complete cross section of her work as I know it. Today, critical opinion may regard her as merely one more amateur Victorian water-colour painter. Amateur she was, but with the advantage over many professionals of never becoming slave to her own conventions; and for the rest, as mastery grew, while humility and sensibility remained, she was able to put into terms of form and colour her own invincible delight in contemplating nature, and to communicate that delight to others. How she accomplished this, with all the other responsibilities she carried, we shall probably never know; any more than we shall know what Marshall himself thought about it all. Did he realize that Balliol Croft sheltered an artist?

W. G. CONSTABLE

MARY PALEY MARSHALL

MARY Paley was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Paley, a former member of St John's College, where he read Mathematics, and was elected into a fellowship in 1835. He was the grandson of the Archdeacon Paley whose *Evidences of Christianity* constituted a bugbear for many successive generations of would-be undergraduates, since it was a compulsory subject in the Little Go.

In 1871 Miss Paley went up to Cambridge as one of the first five women students of Newnham College. She read for the Moral Sciences Tripos, and took the examination in 1874. There were four examiners, but no chairman, and they disagreed irretrievably as to her merits. Her official certificate states that she was "declared by two of the Examiners to have attained the standard of the First Class, by two that of the Second Class." Dr Kennedy (of Latin Grammar fame) celebrated the occasion with the following verses:

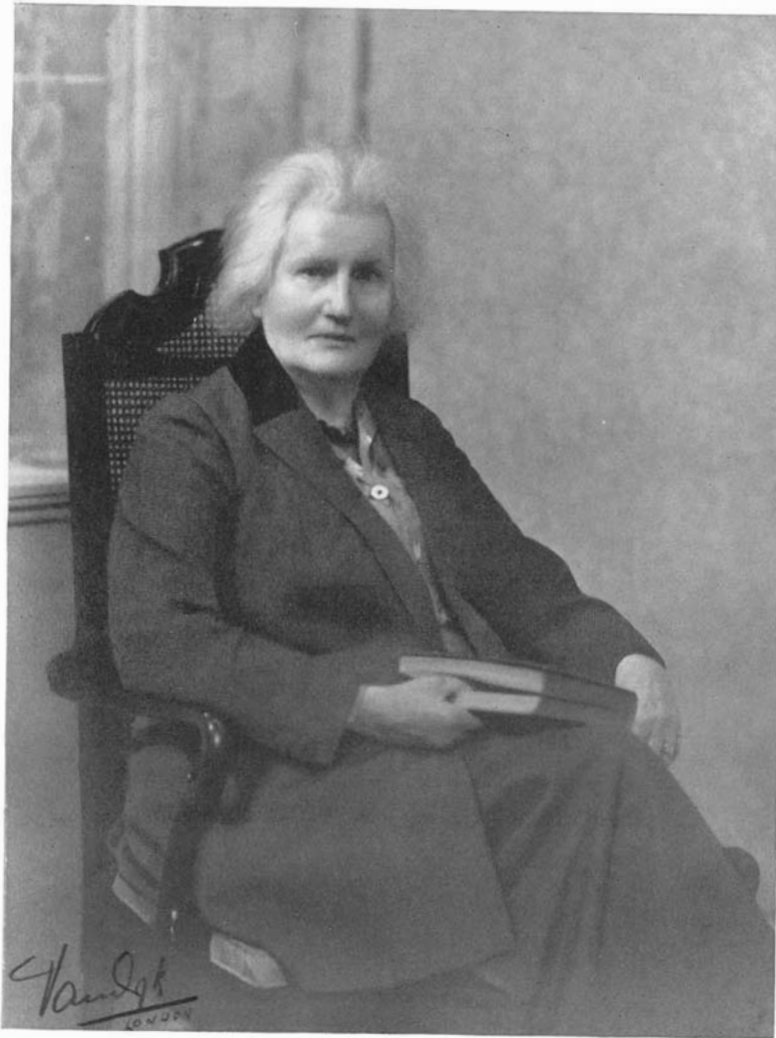
Though two with glory would be cramming her
And two with fainter praise be damning her,
Her mental and her moral stamina
Were certified by each examiner.
Were they at sixes and at sevens,
Oh! Foxwell, Gardiner, Pearson, Jevons.

One of her lecturers (in Political Economy) was Alfred Marshall then a Fellow of St John's College. In 1877 Marshall married his former pupil, Mary Paley; but under the then prevailing College Statutes he had to resign his Fellowship upon his marriage. He was for a time Principal of the newly founded University College of Bristol, and later Fellow and Lecturer to Indian Civil Service Probationers at Balliol College, Oxford, an appointment which he owed to the good offices of the Master, Benjamin Jowett.

In 1884 he was elected Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge; and the Marshalls returned to their old University, and built themselves a house—Balliol Croft, in the Madingley Road.

Alfred Marshall held the Chair of Political Economy until his resignation in 1908; he died in 1924 at the age of 82. He was one of the most distinguished Johnnians of his time; for he was unquestionably the outstanding British economist of his period and can rank with his great fore-runners, Adam Smith, Ricardo and John Stuart Mill.

Mary Marshall lived on for many years at Balliol Croft, enjoying what George Trevelyan, in writing of her, described as "a great widowhood." She was a remarkable person in her own right, possessed of a good mind, a lively sense of humour, with a



MARY PALEY MARSHALL AT THE AGE OF 85 YEARS

broadminded and tolerant attitude towards people and life in general. For nearly twenty years she acted as an assistant librarian of the Marshall Library of Economics in Downing Street, and she used to bicycle there from Madingley Road until well on in her eighty-eighth year. She died in 1944 at the age of 93, and right up to the end was in full possession of her faculties, her memory being particularly good.

After her death I edited a short autobiographical sketch entitled *What I Remember* by Mary Paley Marshall (there is a copy in the College Library) which contains some interesting reminiscences of the early days of Newnham and of Cambridge Academic society at the end of the nineteenth century. George Trevelyan in his Introduction said of this: "If people who know not the Victorians will absent themselves from the felicity of generalising about them for a while, and read this short book, they can then return to the game refreshed and instructed."

C. W. GUILLEBAUD

Letter from the East

My son,

Confuse not solemnity with sanctity. If thy philosophy will not sustain a good countenance he is no fit company either for youth or age. He that hath a light heart is not thereby condemned to carry upon his shoulders a light head. Yet carry on thy shoulders such weight as thou canst. Think hard and be happy, for today thou shalt live. This is a more robust dictum than that which today seeks to pile dust upon dust to make tomorrow a bigger heap of decay. He is dead already who eats and drinks only in fear and for him there is neither present nor future. Man lives only in faith; the folly of his fears buries him alive. Eat therefore, and drink therefore, for today there is much to do and tomorrow there may well be more.

CH'ENG-HUANG

(and to the Editor of *The Eagle* by one David Ralphs of St John's College, Cambridge).

Poppy Day, 1959

THOSE acquainted with the behaviour of Cambridge undergraduates on Armistice Day Eve, and the contribution made to the Earl Haig Fund by Cambridge University, might find it hard to believe that forty years ago one of the few places in England where no Earl Haig Fund collections were made was Cambridge. "Possible interference by undergraduates" was the reason for this unfortunate state; a reason which did not improve the humour of one small body of men in the University at that time. These few undergraduates sought, and gained, permission for the collecting to be done by the undergraduates themselves, and in this way instituted the first Cambridge Poppy Day Appeal in 1921, under the leadership of a certain Mr P. A. Bainbridge.

Poppy Day in Cambridge has continued and, stimulated by competition among the colleges to collect the highest amount, has expanded every time it has been held. It is now no ordinary collection. Advantage is taken of its being an "unrestricted flag day", and floats and processions crawl through the crowded streets, bands play, battles are fought on the Cam, revues are produced, and every year there are new eccentric ideas, all with the purpose of making more people give more money to the Earl Haig Fund. These efforts are not without avail; last November the University collected £12,000, of which £861 came from St John's College.

The reason for holding a Poppy Day at all grows less obvious as younger generations come up to Cambridge, and tends to be hidden behind the carnival atmosphere on the day itself; but the needs of the Earl Haig Fund are as great as they ever were, and are unlikely to lessen for many years. In last year's Poppy Day programme, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire wrote "... human memory is short, and we forget all too easily how much was at stake and at how great a cost victory was won. Words and speeches are not enough; we need to show by our actions that we have not forgotten those who have gone before us, and in whose shoes we now stand. In supporting this Appeal we not only honour their memory, we help and sustain their friends and dependants, and so carry out what must surely be their wish".

* * * * *

Poppy Day, Saturday, 7th November: this date remained, locked in our minds from the beginning of the Easter vacation. It was at this time that we had to plan, on pseudo-business lines, the

POPPY DAY, 1959

events we were to have in the Michaelmas term. Why pseudo-business lines? Because we had no capital outlay apart from some stamps, notepaper, and envelopes. These items were soon invested in letters to 140 firms in this country and America asking for prizes for the raffle: the net result was 20 gifts. A very charming letter was received from the Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan, regretting that "it has become necessary to adopt a policy which does not permit donations of automobiles for raffling purposes." The raffle, we were to find, took a great deal of time, both selling the tickets, and persuading people to sell them.

What form was Poppy Day to take from the College's point of view? We had a file from previous years, and our own experience of one such day. We knew we should have to find people, to build floats for the procession, to sell poppies, to perform individual stunts, to do any number of things, all of which to raise money. Apart from this, necessary details had to be timed correctly, letters for permission to hold the event, letters to freshmen, letters for aid in various forms; we wish a secretary had been provided. So much for the details; the main money-raising schemes had to be found. The raffle has already been mentioned; by tradition, we produced the University official programme, and were responsible for selling 9,000 copies. A souvenir edition of the *Evening News* had been experimented with in 1958 and had been proved successful. We considered this and, having discussed details with the *Evening News*, decided to act as agents again, on a larger scale, with two editions.

All of these schemes we knew we could rely upon to guarantee a certain collection for the Haig Fund: the exact amount would depend on the enthusiasm of the people executing them, which proved to be considerable. At this point in our reasoning, new ideas were introduced; consequently, much of the outcome of them would be trial and error. A professional escapologist had kindly offered his services: would he be an attraction on a day noted for its excess of exhibitionism and the unusual? Use had never before been made of the New Court cellars on Poppy Day; we felt that an evening attraction was desirable, therefore, we planned a jazz session, with two jazz bands from the College playing; an ice-cream firm gave some of its products; and no charge was made for the hire of the cellars or its flooring. It could not fail to show a profit!

The merits of extending the market were discussed: we argued that a certain sum of money existed in Cambridge on Poppy Day for the Haig Fund; consequently, colleges would be competing among themselves to eat the largest portion of the cake. Why not then, organise a cycle marathon, starting near London, together

THE EAGLE

with a float, with the object of collecting money en route? The problem of finding a dozen men to undertake such a hazardous adventure was solved by "volunteers" coming from the Boat Club. The fact that Watney's were giving two cases of beer to the participants had no bearing on the matter. Last, but far from least, the traditional revue. A group of versatile actors, ably supported by some young ladies from Girton and New Hall, imaginatively gathered together material, from every walk of life, to present to an eager audience; they helped us enormously, as they were virtually self-contained, needing very little help.

Plans were allowed to rest during the summer vacation, but the beginning of the Michaelmas term brought with it the need for concerted action. Ideas were explained to freshmen, and groups were formed to perform various tasks. Float themes caused much amusement: some suggestions were clever, meaningless, humorous, or positively disgusting; eventually five floats were constructed on lorries lent by local firms. As November 7th drew nearer, last minute arrangements were made, and publicity embarked upon, helped by some ably designed posters; in fact, Poppy Day had become a business.

* * * * *

Even at half-past-five on Poppy Day it was obvious that the day was going to be most unusual; several undergraduates were already busy hanging posters, some were on their way to erect traffic blocks on roads leading into Cambridge, and thirteen of the most resolute young men were just leaving for London to test their stamina on a "gruelling" cycle marathon back to Cambridge. As the lorry carrying the cyclists disappeared into the cold morning mist of Trinity Street, the spontaneous shout made one feel sure that here was a band determined that we should beat the usual college competition winner.

The floats were not allowed on the streets before ten o'clock, but their creators had to make an early start in order to finish them by that time; some of the lorries that we were lent could not be at our disposal until that morning. Much of the enjoyment of Poppy Day came from producing and watching floats, and the great influx of people into Cambridge was largely due to them. Floats provided an outlet for the artist, engineer, chemist, musician, or just someone with a good idea.

Each college had an area, chosen by numbers drawn from a hat, in which it could take poppies and collect from door to door. Members of St John's College were also allowed to approach those parking their cars in New Square from 7 a.m. onwards. Distributing poppies might not have been exciting, but it was very remunerative; the Flanders poppy has become a part of our national

tradition, and most people were very anxious to have one, and gave generously.

Programmes of Poppy Day in Cambridge were also on sale from the early hours of the morning, and the sellers planned to come back and take away the first edition of the souvenir newspaper produced by the *Evening News*. Even the best planned events often go wrong; although Cambridge had been blessed with reasonable weather, London was in the middle of a dense fog. The helicopter that was to bring the newspapers from London could not take off and valuable selling time was being lost. Other copies were sent by rail and road, and when it became obvious that the road transported copies would arrive first, the helicopter plan was abandoned. The newspapers arrived at lunchtime when few people were outside to buy them, but selling was fast during the afternoon. A second edition was planned for early evening, with photographs taken on the day itself, and was to be sent by train. The fog was still thick in London and the van taking these copies to the station was involved in a car crash, so the second edition was late as well. In spite of these delays, which meant fewer copies of the first edition were sold and hardly any of the second edition, the *Evening News* enterprise was one of the most successful. With all the unattractive work of selling, and in many other capacities, invaluable help was given by students from the English language schools and teachers' training colleges, and nurses and other friends.

Dill-Russell, the famous escapologist, did a mystifying underwater escape which attracted hundreds of people to the back of New Court. This site was not ideal; not all of the vast crowd could see the incredible performance, and many were unfortunately disappointed. One unsatisfied undergraduate pugnaciously asked the gateman for his money back, upon which the gateman gathered his takings under one arm and disappeared behind the locked door of the nearest cloakroom.

What proved a great help on the day were those enterprises which were entirely self-contained and did not need any help from the organisers. There was a road block on Magdalene Bridge; it was an important state where customs duty, among other charges, was exorbitantly high, both on entering and leaving.

Just as Poppy Day started early, so it finished early. During the evening the sixth performance of the revue was given, and when this ended the only sign that people were still being urged to give to Haig was the muffled sound of jazz being played in New Court cellars; muffled because of the vast number of people who were attempting to jive, listening to one of the two bands, or just being there.

* * * * *

Poppy Day taught us several things, not least of which was how to approach people. It was interesting to compare the different types of reception afforded us when canvassing for help, from sheer bewilderment ("What is Poppy Day?"—this is where the story really starts!) to rudeness. Generally, great help was given, especially by the College staff and local firms; fellow undergraduates who helped could not have been more helpful, but we wish a few more had helped. However, if people are just not interested, then it is pointless to impose oneself upon them. We have learnt one important thing; it is essential to have a committee to organise the events, as they are too numerous for two people to manage successfully. Finally, although Poppy Day takes a certain amount of one's time, there is no doubt that the majority helping enjoyed doing so, probably for a variety of reasons, varying from the opportunity for exhibitionism, to satisfaction at seeing efforts rewarded, and the money collected contributed to a worthwhile cause.

JOHN GARNER AND R. R. JORDAN

The Restoration of Second Court

THE Second Court building, put up between 1599 and 1602, has long been recognised as the least satisfactory structure within the precincts of the College. The west range in the south west corner was the first part to give trouble, and in 1691 the two massive buttresses now visible in Third Court were erected in a successful attempt to stabilize the outer wall, whose foundations had probably been affected by the presence of a large brick culvert running under the building at this point. It was with a view of these buttresses from his window that Thomas Baker shortly afterwards wrote of Second Court as "a slight and crazy building which can never live up to the age of the first court" (at that time just about two centuries old) and yet in spite of these gloomy prognostications it survived for more than another two centuries with the minimum of attention to the main fabric. The next major alteration was the erection of an observatory on the top of the Shrewsbury Tower in 1765. This involved the insertion of three great oak beams, which spanned the tower from north to south and which were built into the north and south walls. They supported a massive brick arch on the top of which were stone slabs carrying the instruments of the observatory, which were thus free from the vibration of the floor, although incidentally the loading on the tower itself had been substantially increased.

It seems that the present dark pointing of Second Court was done in 1793, perhaps under the superintendence of Soane, the evidence for this being the following quotations from the Conclusion Book and the Rental:

Conclusion Book, 28 February 1792. "Agreed to desire Mr Soane to superintend the repairs in the First Court and to give plans for the general improvement of the College buildings."

Conclusion Book, 29 November 1792. "Agreed to slate and repair the new building, and the chimneys round the College."

Rental of 1793, head Q:

"Mr Soane for Superintending Buildings and repairing the first court £19 15 6"

Rental of 1793, head R:

"Mr Newman for slating new building and pointing 2nd Court £74 17 3
Smithy Dust for do. 16 6
Ale for slaters 7 weeks £1 7 4"

The new building mentioned in the second of these quotations would at that time have been the Third Court building of 1670.

The observatory had a life of almost a hundred years and is well shown in the Ackermann illustration of Second Court. In 1859, having by this time been superseded by the observatory on the Madingley Road, it was demolished, the brick arch was removed leaving the timber in position, and the top of the tower was restored to a flat lead roof, probably similar to the original one. At the same time the Collyweston "slates" which had hitherto covered the inner faces of the north, west, and south ranges were removed and replaced by the present green Westmorland slates, a change which people much regretted at the time. At the same period the bulk of the gables on the inside of the Court were rebuilt in a machine-made Victorian brick, and similar bricks were used to replace part of the facing of the plinth. There was little further change until about 25 years ago, when the condition of several parts of the Court was giving serious cause for concern. Immediately south of the Shrewsbury Tower several of the main beams had rotted at the ends and the walls were becoming unstable, so that it was necessary to build a steel skeleton into the inner parts of the walls and tie the whole structure together with steel rods and joists, to which the plates now visible on the outside of the building were fixed. The next major problem was the Combination Room ceiling. Here again the main beams supporting the ceiling had rotted at the ends, and steel structures resting on the main outer walls of the building were inserted in the party walls of the rooms above the Combination Room. In this way a set of "sky hooks" was provided to which the beams were fixed, without disturbing the Combination Room ceiling itself. There were problems elsewhere—notably in the southern part of the east range above the Kitchens, the top of the Shrewsbury Tower, and the Combination Room floor, but at this point the war came and further restoration had to be abandoned for the time being.

In describing what has been undertaken since then it may be of assistance to give a short description of the basic structure of the Second Court building. The original intention was to have a building essentially similar to First Court; unfortunately, in the event it turned out to be not nearly so good. As plans for the Court developed the idea of a battlemented main wall with dormer windows behind was abandoned, and replaced by the present system of gables, thus both enlarging the rooms in the top storey and making the building look more imposing, while incidentally making the feet of the principal rafters exceedingly difficult to inspect. However, the main wall, which is 3 ft. thick for the first storey and 2 ft. 6 in. for the second, extends upwards only as far as the ceiling of the first floor rooms. Above this it is carried on in

brickwork which in places is 13½ in., in others only 9 in. thick. The main beams which carry the first and second floors are built into the main walls, and the second floor beams also act as tie beams for the roof trusses. In this way all the main weight of the structure was carried on the outer walls, and none of the partitions were structural in intention, although in the course of time some of them have become so by the decay of the part which should be carrying the load. The bulk of the partitions consist of wooden stud work, and in the ancient ones the studs are massive oak posts, which are thus able to carry very considerable loads if needs be, although this was not originally intended. The specification of 1598 provides that "all the timber of this new building shalbe for bignes proportion and euery respect awnserable to the timber vsed in the building of the vpper Court," but, alas, this is in general not the case. It should be borne in mind that in restoring a building of this kind it is most inadvisable to attempt to take the weight off the outer walls, because one of the functions of the main beams is to hold the outer walls together. If the weight of the floors and roof be transferred to some internal structure, walls of this type may easily bow outwards and become unstable.

When restoration work was begun again after the war, there were first some urgent problems to be tackled in other parts of the College, such as strengthening the river wall between New Court and the Binn Brook, and reslating the Chapel roof. Work in Second Court began with the laying of paved paths and re-cobbling, which has already been described (*The Eagle*, LV, September 1953). Fortunately, in the meantime, the terms of reference of the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works had been revised, allowing the advice of their architects, whose knowledge of the restoration of ancient buildings in this country is unrivalled, to be made available to Colleges. This advice is naturally restricted to questions of principle in the repair of specific structures, and does not conflict with normal practice in the case of any work for which the services of an architect would be required. It appeared at this stage that the most urgent repairs were to the Combination Room floor and the bulging wall on the Second Court side of the block above the Butteries and Kitchen. As it happened the Combination Room floor proved very much the easier of the two. It turned out that along the south wall many of the floor joists were short, and did not rest on the walls, while the ends of some of the main beams, although generally sound, had decayed sufficiently on their lower surfaces to prevent them also from bearing on the walls. In consequence the load of substantial parts of the Combination Room floor had been transferred to the stud-work partitions below, which, as we have seen, were fortunately of ample strength. In consequence there was

no movement or threat of collapse, but the creaking and groaning of the panelling of the ground floor rooms when there was a crowd in the Combination Room was very alarming. Following the advice of the Ministry's architects, the College maintenance staff were able to deal with this problem without interfering seriously with the use of the Combination Room. Two or three floor boards adjacent to the south wall were taken up and the skirting removed, and working in this space it was possible to bed lengths of angle iron in the wall and bolt the ends of the joists and beams to them. In this way the weight of the floor was once again transferred to the walls of the building and this region stabilized. The cost of the work was small, amounting to no more than £209 and it was completed early in 1955.

The wall above the Kitchen proved, as might have been expected, to be very much more serious. At its worst, about a third of the way between the Screens and the O Staircase turret, the top of the wall leant forward into the Court by 11 in. from the vertical; while further along, the main wall up to second floor level leant forward, while the thinner upper wall leant back, producing a very curious bulged appearance when seen from below. In this case it proved possible to examine some of the rafter feet by taking up floor boards in the gyp-room cupboards under the eaves of the roof. This revealed that at some distant time in the past the feet of at least two of the principal rafters had rotted away, and although they had subsequently been propped up, they had lost all contact with the ends of the tie beams, which were themselves extensively decayed. Furthermore, the removal of a few trial bricks in the bulging areas showed that the brick skin was detached from the main mass of the clunch wall behind. On the other hand, the repetition of plumb line measurements originally made in 1938 showed no significant further movement of the wall.* In view of all these facts the Ministry's architects could not but consider the wall to be unsafe. It might have stood for decades or with a little further movement the outer brick skin might have fallen into the Court, bringing down the gables and second floor windows with it. In this unpleasant contingency it was, however, to be expected that the main inner wall supporting the floors and the rest of the structure would have continued to stand, being, as it was, 3 ft. 6 in. wide at the top, so that a few inches overhang

* At first sight the cessation of movement in such a leaning wall appears a little puzzling. It has been suggested that it may be the consequence of improved rain water drainage. Originally all the rain water from the roof was discharged by spouts on the floor of the Court, and the ground must have been very sodden. When the pipes were connected to drains carrying the water away to the river, the ground within and around the Court may have gradually consolidated, causing the movement of the wall first to slow down and then almost to stop.

would not have rendered it unstable. It will be noticed that this wall, having been put up as part of the original First Court building, was substantially thicker than the corresponding walls of the Second Court building of 1598-1602.

It was accordingly imperative that immediate steps should be taken to make the wall temporarily secure while arrangements were being made for a more complete repair, and taking the advice of the Ministry's architects once again, this was done by clamping x-shaped pieces of iron to the outside of the brickwork opposite the top of the main wall, that is to say at second floor level, and hooking the inside ends of the clamps over a sound and massive oak beam which ran along the top of the inside of the wall. In this way the outer and inner walls were bound together for the time being, and the small initial movement of the upper part of the wall which must have preceded collapse was prevented from taking place.

In the course of the visits which the Ministry's architects had paid to look at these specific points there had also been discussions about the state of other parts of the Court. It was clear that it would shortly be necessary to repair the upper part of the Shrewsbury Tower: the roof of the south range on the Kitchen Lane side would certainly need to be re-tiled: much of the Roman cement which had been used in the past to repair the clunch jambs and mullions of the windows had begun to crack away, and in due course extensive repairs to the windows would be needed, and so on. In view of these numerous defects, some major, some minor, the Council decided, on the advice of the Old Buildings Committee, that it would be wise to have a survey made of the whole of the Second Court buildings so that a comprehensive plan of repair could be drawn up. This survey was entrusted to the Department of Estate Management, under its Director, Mr Noel Dean, and its chief architect, Mr A. C. Crook. After many months of work they produced in March 1956, a very detailed report running to over 40 pages, with drawings and 26 photographs of different parts of the structure, and embodying recommendations of the work necessary to preserve the fabric.

The Old Buildings Committee decided to pass this report on to the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works for their comment and advice, and the recommendations were endorsed practically in toto, the Department and the Ministry's ancient monuments architect for East Anglia jointly producing for the College a suggested programme of work. The necessity for this programme was accepted, and quantity surveyors were commissioned to make measurements of all the work which it was possible to foresee in detail, and to produce a bill of quantities. Needless to say this was a slow job compared to the normal

practice of preparing bills of quantities from architect's drawings, involving, as it did, much detailed measurement on the spot, and to speed the work and make it possible for a start to be made on the restorations early in the Long Vacation of 1957, it was decided for the time being to exclude the north and south elevations of the Court, facing respectively into Chapel Court and the Kitchen Lane. It had been realised from the first that in a number of cases the detailed course of the work could only be determined when some parts of the old structure had been demolished, and accordingly the bill of quantities included as an appendix a schedule of rates for all types of building work, which could then be used to price variations from the original contract. In this way it was intended to keep control of the cost of the work, all variations from the contract being the subject of variation orders signed by the Architect, and being measured by the quantity surveyors, as the work proceeds. Thus a price fair to both contractor and client is assured, arguments are avoided, and the benefits of putting the work out to tender are retained.

The bills of quantities were completed during May 1957 and tenders were received on the 21st June, the lowest one being that of William Sindall Ltd of £96,985. This tender which, as we have said, excludes the north and south elevations into Chapel Court and Kitchen Lane, was accepted, and it was agreed that work should begin early in the Long Vacation of 1957.

While all these preliminaries were going on the Old Buildings Committee had been considering materials. It had been apparent for some time that one of the most difficult tasks would be to find a suitable brick for rebuilding any reconstruction of the walls. The Second Court bricks are unusual in colour, in texture, and in size, and obviously it would be difficult to find old bricks which would make a good match. Accordingly as early as 1954 the assistance of the building inspectors of the Ministry of Works was sought in an endeavour to find a suitable brick. They are required to inspect and report on any scheduled historic building which the owner wishes to demolish and in this way information of intended demolitions from which suitable bricks might be obtained was available over a wide area. Using this and all other available sources of information many visits were paid to old buildings in East Anglia and elsewhere, but as time went on it became apparent that nothing short of a very fortunate chance would yield the necessary bricks in time to be of help in the reconstruction of Second Court. The visits, however, were by no means fruitless. Lord Townshend very kindly presented to the College some old oak panelling from a room at Toftrees Hall, near Raynham. These panels, which have a fine figure, have been used in the Combination Room and in the hall of the Master's

Lodge to replace some incongruous Victorian panels that were put in during the reconstructions of the 1860's. We were also able to obtain from Holbeach a substantial supply of early 19th century hand-made bricks suitable for repairing the crumbling brickwork of the Master's Lodge—some have already been used in the gables above the large oriel window looking into the garden and a glance will show what a good match they are.

As time went on and the brick problem remained no nearer a solution the Committee turned their thoughts to the possibility—undesirable but perhaps inevitable—of being forced to use new bricks, and a variety of samples were collected from many sources. The problems here were rather different from those encountered in looking for old bricks. Old bricks of the right surface texture, and covering at any rate some part of the colour range to be found in the Court, had been discovered both in an old building at Magdalen, near King's Lynn, and in a partially demolished Hall at Outwell, but the first were much too small and the latter much too large, so that they could not have been bonded in with the existing brickwork. In buying new bricks size would be a very minor problem, and surface texture would also be to some extent under control. The main problem was the colour, and it was complicated by the necessity of having to consider, not what the bricks would look like when they were first put up, but what their appearance was likely to be in 20, 50 or 100 years' time.

The old bricks of Second Court were made by the process known as clamp-burning, where the bricks are mixed with combustible material and made into a huge oblong stack in the direction of the prevailing wind. The stack is ignited at its up-wind end, and allowed to burn, the whole combustion taking perhaps a couple of months. When the stack is cool enough it is broken open and the bricks are removed and sorted. This method causes local irregularities of heating which are not encountered if the bricks are fired in a kiln, and is the reason why clamp-burnt bricks usually show a considerable range of colour in the face of a single brick, while bricks made in a kiln are relatively uniform. Clamp-burning was formerly wide-spread, but it has gradually given way over most of the country to kiln-burning, and it is now mostly used in regions south of the Thames, and particularly in Sussex. If a suitable clamp-burnt brick could have been found there would have been an obvious attraction in using it, but it turned out that the lighter end of the available range of colour did not match at all with the lighter red bricks in the Court, and modern clamp-burnt bricks had to be abandoned for the main brick repairs. They are, however, very fine hard bricks, and it was decided to use them throughout the Court for the repair of the plinth. This feature, in the areas where it was still made of old bricks, had

become exceedingly decayed, while the Victorian brick repairs were also crumbling in their turn. It was accordingly decided to replace the entire brickwork of the plinth all round the Court in clamp-burnt bricks from Newdigate, near Dorking, in a selected range of colours which match the darker shades of the old brickwork, and bricks of the correct size were specially made.

All our enquiries failed to produce a standard kiln-burnt brick at all closely resembling the brickwork of Second Court, and the possibility of obtaining bricks from the Low Countries was examined and excluded. Accordingly, when it had become clear that nothing save a very fortunate accident would produce a stock of suitable old bricks, the Old Buildings Committee sought the assistance of Messrs Collier, of Tilehurst, near Reading, who have for long had a reputation for the manufacture of bricks for special purposes. For example, they made specially shaped bricks for window heads to match the standard Dutch bricks of the Veterinary School building, and the passer-by would certainly not suspect that all the bricks were not from the same source. Mr Crook, of the Department of Estate Management, and the Bursar for Buildings paid a visit to Colliers' brick yard in January 1958, and after consultation it seemed likely that they would be able to make a range of special hand-made bricks which would cover much of the colour range of Second Court. The process of experimentation was prolonged, because it took about two months to make, burn, cool and deliver each set of samples. However, by the end of the Long Vacation a range of about seven likely bricks had been made, and samples delivered to the College. By using five of the available colours a proportion was achieved which seemed reasonable when standing in a panel against the wall of the Court, and a substantial experimental piece with these proportions was built between the two windows of the Scholars' Buttery. This panel was so encouraging that the bulk order was placed for the bricks which have been used in the reconstruction.

Another major problem of materials was posed by the necessity of renewing much of the stone work. Although the original windows had been made with sound Northamptonshire stone sills and dripstones, the jambs, mullions and heads had been constructed of the local chalk rock, clunch. Being in a relatively sheltered position this had stood up remarkably well considering what a very soft stone it is, and how liable to disintegrate if frosted when damp. Nonetheless steady surface erosion had been going on through the centuries, and on various occasions in the past almost all these pieces of soft stone had to some extent been repaired with Roman cement while in many cases the original stone had quite disappeared under the repair. However, the

stone itself is so soft that a repair of this kind cannot be permanent, and ultimately the cement rendering comes away from the clunch behind, a process which had already begun in many of the windows. It was, therefore, obvious that a very great deal of new stone would be needed as soon as reconstruction began. The original specification of Symons and Wigg, the builders of the Court, had called for "Cliff ston" that is to say, stone from quarries (no longer open) at King's Cliffe, near Stamford. However, it appeared that this was not the only stone which had been used, and advice was sought from Dr Arkell, who kindly visited the Court, identified the stones and reported as follows: "The string course all round seems to be mainly Clipsham. The Hall buttresses and door A are mainly Ketton. Most of the doorheads and window heads are clunch, variously painted or plastered or both, but occasionally more or less naked. The most easterly window in the north range has been extensively renewed in Ancaster. Some other windows have been largely renewed in cement. In the south range some of the mullions seem to be entirely cement or artificial stone (e.g. the very worn ones in the window west of door M). The gateway and gate turrets in the west range are of a very hard, fine oolite which seems to be Edith Weston or a hard variety of Ketton; but higher up and in the gateway itself could be Ancaster, or perhaps Weldon. With such variety of stones already on view, it seems to me that in a brick court like this it does not matter what stone is used for repairs, so long as it is one of the Lincolnshire Limestone oolites like Clipsham, Weldon or Ketton.

N.B. Positive identification is often impossible as between Weldon, Ancaster and Ketton or Edith Weston."

Most of the quarries for what is technically known as Lincolnshire Limestone oolite are as it happens situated in Northamptonshire and Rutland; some, like Barnack, have long been worked out and abandoned; Ketton is now chiefly quarried for cement, and the amount available for building purposes is extremely limited; otherwise, the principal quarries open at the present day are those at Ancaster, Clipsham and Weldon. Members of the Old Buildings Committee inspected various buildings in Cambridge built in these different stones, as well as considering the effect of their use in different parts of the College; the Chapel for example is built mainly of Ancaster stone, whereas Clipsham was used by Sir Edward Maufe for his Chapel Court block. It was concluded that Clipsham most closely resembled in texture the old stones of the Court, while having the added advantage of being extremely durable.

The question of colour then arose. Clipsham stone is quarried in many shades; there is an extremely hard blue type, not

deposited in regular strata but found in irregular masses embedded in fine grained and biscuit coloured stone; whole strata of the biscuit coloured stone are found, sometimes grading into pink; and there is also a wide range of yellowish to ochre coloured stones, which include some of the coarser and softer varieties. All these are to be found in the same quarry, and after paying a visit and considering samples tooled in various ways the Committee decided to use the biscuit coloured stone, with as much of the rather rare pink as was obtainable, for all new stone work except the windowsills. These, as being particularly exposed to the weather, are to be of the blue stone, which experience shows to weather within two or three years in Cambridge to a pale grey.

We seem to have been taking a leaf out of Sterne's book, and sitting with uncle Toby talking about munitions of war while waiting for the baby to be born. "To speak the truth, unless the company my father led upstairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle Toby was in one of his explanatory moods, it was a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity." However that may be, we are now so near the end of this article that it may be well to conclude our account of the materials to be used in the restoration, and to defer a discussion of the progress of the work itself to a later occasion.

The other important elements in the appearance of the Court are the roof covering, the windows, and the pointing. Of these the last is soon dealt with. In their joint report of December 1956, the architects of the Department of Estate Management and of the Ministry of Works were unanimous in recommending that "the pointing generally shall be carried out as one operation at the conclusion of the work in Second Court so as to secure an even colour throughout. This would involve the re-erection of scaffolding, but we consider that the extra expense would be fully justified because of the better results which would be obtained thereby". In view of this the Old Buildings Committee decided to postpone a decision about the pointing until the work is nearing completion, when the effect of the restoration will be visible in the setting of the Court as a whole.

The roof of the east range, which has been the first to be restored, was covered with old local clay tiles having the variation of colour from yellow to red, with more or less blackening by soot, so characteristic of old roofs in this district. Many of the old tiles were cracked or pitted, and it was necessary to reject almost a half of the total before replacing the roof. Very fortunately at the time that the old houses in Bridge Street were demolished in 1938 the roof tiles were removed by the College maintenance staff and stacked behind New Court. It was accordingly possible to select from this large supply some which had the same distribution

of the various colours as had the original tiles of the roof. They were mixed together, and already, after a winter's rain, the northern and southern sections of the roof are practically identical in appearance. This is a fortunate circumstance, as it contributes much to the continuity of appearance of the building.

It is thought that the original glazing of the Court was in diamond panes, because a single window of this pattern survives at the back of K 6 Second Court, looking into Kitchen Lane. This window was probably blocked up at least as early as the first half of the 18th Century, and therefore survived when the remaining glazing of the Court was altered. The bulk of the present glazing has two ranks of rectangular leaded panes, a most unusual arrangement but one to which we have become accustomed in its setting of this particular Court. A more common arrangement would have been to have had the leaded panes in three ranks, and some such can be seen in Scott's alterations facing into Chapel Court at the back of A and C Staircases. The experiment was made of painting some of the Combination Room windows so that from the inside they gave the impression of one or other of these two types of glazing, and it was agreed that it would be best to use throughout the restorations the two rank pattern which has for so long been characteristic of the Court. The old iron casements were so extensively decayed that their replacement was inevitable, and bronze is being used for the reconstruction; in spite of the considerable extra initial cost there will be long term savings on maintenance. A special bronze section was designed for the frames, so as to give a projection from the stonework similar to that of the old iron casements, and already the change is very inconspicuous. Owing to the irregularity of the old windows little of the old glass can be re-used, and modern window glass is far flatter and more uniform. After experiment it was decided to introduce into the modern glazing randomly distributed panes of the irregular, so-called "white cathedral", glass in the proportion of about one in ten, so as to break up somewhat the regularity of reflection of the sky in the windows when seen from below.

G. C. E.

Bridewell Revisited

Or "*Have with you to Saffron Newnham.*"

Fit One.

Well, here's to Cambridge and the ranks of all
Who've joined her swollen army, heard the call
To academic arms from counties far,
And trooped into oblivion. Here the star
Of learning nightly sinks above a scene
Of saturnalia and bibacious spleen.

I pity those who dreamed of silent towers
Ivied with age and halcyon through hours
Of meditation and the calm pursuit
Of trivial quadrivia to suit
Scholastic minds intent on incubation
Throughout a life of timid titillation.

Unhappy Platos, ill-advised Descartes,
Frustrated Russells—say farewell to Arts!
Betrayed by fate beyond all hope of fame
Into the smothering bosom of the Dame
Establishment, as "Alma Mater" dressed,
Mad, ribald, dowdy—anything but blessed.

We see them come in unassuming hordes,
Boasting prize volumes cased in solemn boards.
They look for learning, taste, or merely sanity,
But find instead incorrigible vanity,
Smug ostentation by the self-possessed,
And fatuous insouciance by the rest;
In short, a world where *ignorance is blessed*.

Poor sucklings these, who dreamed of hallowed days,
Th' Hesperides by Granta, Odysseys
Of punting, and Old Saturn's land of Cam
With ether-clothèd Backs (not Uncle Sam
On pilgrimage the length of King's Parade
With pious Leicas, Baedekers displayed).
K.P., where every moment of the term
Some nauseating nymph makes ten fools squirm.

O Cambridge, this to thee I dedicate
With deep devotion, who didst educate
The wisest of the wise—quite by mistake,
We grant, but there! the whole world is a fake.

Fit Two.

But now to flights by other hands controlled;
Go hop it Pope, I've raised another Jack!
Here's Byron trailing glory, with a bold
Look in his eye, fame's harness on his back.
—That is, "raised Cain", for as we've all been told,
Lord Byron's quite a boy, and rather slack
In morals, damned Satanic some would say;
But that's all one, since Hell's in pawn today.

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."
We're here, arrived; the rest's a half-baked wait.
The perfect motto for a Cambridge party
Might just as well serve Cambridge; curse your fate
For leading you where sweet young things grow tarty
And every sucker learns to suck the State;
Where grave dons bicker till their final totter,
And every copy-book's a perfect blotter.

Young Bacchus will supplant Athene's vapours
With headier liquids than the sage relies on;
St John's peculiar academic capers
Are blessed with more than books to keep one's eyes on.
Some take "The Times", and some The Sunday Papers,
But most are happy with a pad to size on.
God bless the Queen, and bless Her Royal Brewer!
Time's short—quare da nobis vina puer.

But hail! Don Juan; this is your domain;
Such pastoral delights as fit your taste
Await you here; there's no need to explain
A talent such as yours won't go to waste.
Discover Cambridge; delve in every drain;
You're on Commission, so there's no great haste.
The slough is deep: we'll pay you well to flounder.
Now on your way! Dame Fortune loves a bounder.

Juan went forth; he cast his sultry eye
 On every marvel, everything we're here for;
 The strutting peepshows as they flutter by,
 All heels and secrets (which are what most peer for);
 He saw the limpid Cam and gave a sigh;
 Saw New Court which he really shed a tear for;
 Saw punts with cargoes of Platonic loafers,
 And other punts like navigating sofas.

Along the banks lay ranks of gaping laggards,
 And idlers listless paced the lazy Backs;
 A horde of lotus-eaters, slackers, blackguards
 Lounged on the bridges, launching brief attacks
 With bread-crumbs on their punting fellow-braggarts,
 Or whistled at the broad-beamed hips in slacks.
 Don Juan paused before such studied leisure.
 "So this is Alma Mater! What a treasure."

Away went Juan from these realms of gold,
 Seeking the centre of a dizzy world
 Where merit seemed to lie in being bold
 With girls, who (to be sure) were always curled
 In coy seductive poses where men strolled
 (And that was everywhere); the river purled
 And sparkled with the calmness of delight;
 A thousand cameras snapped at Juan's flight—

—His cloak had marked him as "eccentric don",
 Such as, immortal, oftentimes have stalked
 Half-hid by shadows when the day is done,
 Renowned for foibles—so the tourists gawked,
 And clicked their vacuous shutters one by one,
 Gibbering in triumph, "That's a real one—walked
 Just like on Telly—looked a silly clot—
 Against King's College Chapel—what a shot!"

At length he reached the "Copper Kettle"; ordered
 A cup of Cambridge coffee, weak and costly;
 Observed his fellow-gourmets; found they bordered,
 If male, on female; female, lynx; and mostly
 They spoke with lisplings dulcet, self-applauded,
 Tilting their cups with fragile fingers; lastly,
 He saw that Bloomsbury resurrection, Culture,
 Ruffling its feathers like a weary vulture.

Dismayed, he rose, and battled to the door,
 Provoking simpers, scowls, and fishlike stares
 (The gamut of expression from the more
 Sophisticated, vain "accomplished snares").
 He cursed his task, "This place is just a bore:
 A paradise for pampered prigs: who cares
 For learning here, who thinks a sober thought?"
 Up Silver Street, across Queen's Road he sought

A better land; but finding Newnham belles,
 His eyes glowed brighter than the evening star.
 "A place" he cried, "to beat all previous hells!"
 And entered Newnham; he was seen no more
 Coy Newnham ladies love Don Juan's spells;
 For he can charm their hearts with his guitar,
 And warm their cheeks with his well-practised smiles,
 (And warm their hands)

—he's found his Happy Isles.

DAVID MORPHET

However, even if true, this does not affect the cogency of Dr Beer's exposition. He has written a very remarkable book. Has any previous interpreter penetrated quite so far into Coleridge's labyrinthine mind?

A. G. L.

Johniana

THE following extract is reprinted from the review, in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 13 February 1959, of an Exhibition of Cambridge Calligraphy, held in the University Library in the Spring of 1959:—

Official letters, written by the University or colleges to the King or the Chancellor of the University, were the subject of especial care; and in them a series of Cambridge scribes brought to perfection the "ceremonial," or pointed, italic hand. Richard Croke, Fellow of St John's, wrote a decent humanistic hand in the earliest exhibit, a letter to Henry VIII dated 1 February, 1526, but by ten years later the University's letters were written by a scribe, perhaps Ascham, in a nobly regular black official script which persisted, with certain refinements, for the rest of the century. To Sir John Cheke, Fellow of St John's and later Provost of King's, must go the credit for the introduction of several improvements to the traditional italic script. Cheke had original ideas on Greek pronunciation and spelling reform, and his influential role in sponsoring certain new features in handwriting is quite in character. Among many examples of his hand exhibited is a long inscription in the copy of Hesychius's *Dictionarium*, 1521, which he gave to his favourite pupil, Roger Ascham. It is likely enough that Ascham owed his own splendid handwriting to his master's example. In 1544 Ascham claimed that for twelve years he had been employed as the writer of official letters for the University, and he in turn influenced a third Johnian, Bartholomew Dodington, Professor of Greek. Dodington wrote an exquisite ceremonial hand, one of the most remarkable features of which, in Mr Fairbank's view, was its consistency over a long period (1562-1590).

Maupygernons and Mash

BY

GLYN DANIEL

Dr Daniel was Steward of the College from 1946 to 1955 and here discusses some of his problems and pleasures as Steward, and gives a portrait of Mr Sadler, who retires this year as Kitchen Manager after nearly half a century of service in the College.

WHEN, after nearly five years away from the College in the Royal Air Force during the war, I came back in early 1946, I was surprised to be asked by the then Master, E. A. Benians, if I would take on the job of Steward. I liked eating and drinking, then, as now, and am sorry for people who regard food and wine as matters of necessary ingestion rather than delights to be cultivated, but I had no qualifications for taking on a job which involves a technical knowledge of eating and drinking, of catering and costing, of planning feasts and buying wine, of dealing with the wages of a kitchen and garden staff, and of complicated personal relationships with complaining dons and undergraduate Kitchen Committees. Benians brushed my doubts aside: "No one is born or trained into College offices" he said. "You will have to learn as you go along, and fortunately in your Kitchen Manager, Mr Sadler, and your Head Gardener, Mr Thoday, you have two excellent mentors to whose service before and during the war the College is much indebted". He went on to say that two things were necessary for the new Steward to do; the re-equipment and reconstruction of the Kitchens, and the gradual restoration of feeding and drinking to something approaching pre-war standards. With that kindly twinkle in his eye which made all who dealt with him love him he opened Walter Scott's *The Antiquary*, and quoted to me the passage which in 1950 *The Cambridge Review* used as a Valentine to the Steward of St John's: "If you want an affair of consequence properly managed, put it into the hands of an antiquary, for as they are eternally exercising their genius and research upon trifles, it is impossible they can be baffled in affairs of importance". It was both a compliment and a challenge, and I accepted both.

That I survived as Steward for nearly ten years without appearing to be baffled by affairs of importance—at least outwardly—was due to the fact that throughout I had as my mentors and supporters A. J. Sadler as Kitchen Manager, R. E. Thoday as Head Gardener, and F. E. Robinson as Butler. Mr Robinson has already left us. This year, 1960, both Sadler and Thoday retire from the service of the College they have loved and served so well. Of Ralph Thoday I have already written in this journal (*The Eagle*, 1950), and since that notice he has won further laurels for himself and for the College; when he retires this year the College Kitchen Garden in Madingley Road will come to an end—a matter of great regret to many of us. Alfred Sadler retires this year after nearly fifty years service in the College. Born in 1895, he spent two years in the Kitchens at Emmanuel and then came to St John's as an apprentice cook on 16 January 1912. The Kitchen Manager and Head Chef at that time was the well known Mr Parsley who presided over the College Kitchens with distinction until 1919. Sadler learnt his trade with Parsley whom he regarded as a very good teacher and a very good cook. He joined a staff which at that time consisted of seven cooks, five apprentices, and twelve kitchen porters. Sadler's salary in 1912 was 1s 6d a week for the first two years (and he had had to pay a premium of £20) 2s 0d for the third and fourth years, and 2s 6d a week in the fifth year. But by the fifth year the war had come and Sadler was in the Army in 1915: he served in the Royal Field Artillery—most of the time as a cook, for an army, marching on its stomach, never lets good cooks stray far from their trade—and saw service in France and Belgium and eventually in Germany with the Army of occupation. It is interesting that in his first year in St John's when his pay was 1s 6d per week, the cost of lunch to undergraduates was 1s 3d.

In 1919 when he was demobilised Sadler returned to St John's and was taken on as a cook. Parsley had retired and the kitchens were from 1919 to 1932 in the charge of Mrs Masters, apparently a charming, kindly and amiable woman who was not, and did not pretend to be, an expert cook or caterer. Sadler became Kitchen Manager in 1932 and has held that position with charm, tact, distinction, and an impeturbability rare in his profession for twenty eight years: but it is only just to say that much of the burden of menu-planning and costing between 1919 and 1932 fell upon his youthful and capable shoulders. He has served under no less than eight Stewards (Dr Blackman, Mr Brindley, Mr Cunningham, Professor Briggs, the writer of these notes, Mr Hinsley, Dr Hinde, and Mr Thistlethwaite), and it is, in passing, a pleasant and agreeable thought that six of these eight Stewards

are still Fellows of the College, and will be especially concerned in saying farewell to him.

Mr Sadler has seen many changes other than changes of Stewards in the half-century of his work for the College. He has seen the number of undergraduates to be fed go up from 250 in 1912 to 750 in the present year. There was already a double service of dinner in Hall when he began work in the College: in 1946 he and I had to introduce a third Hall so that St John's with Trinity next door are I believe the only two Colleges in Oxford or Cambridge with three shifts of meals every night in full Term. When Sadler began work undergraduates and Fellows could walk into the Kitchens right up to 1.30 p.m. and select dishes from an *à la carte* tariff which were then delivered to their rooms by the considerable staff of Kitchen Porters. When I was an undergraduate and a Fellow immediately before the war it was a naturally expected and readily given kitchen service that all meals could be sent to one's rooms. Breakfast parties were a joy to give and the day seemed already made when the door of one's keeping room would open and in would come on the head of a kitchen porter a tray covered in green baize cloth, the tray put down skilfully in front of the fire, the baize cloth removed, and dishes of sausages and scrambled eggs, of kidneys and bacon put in the hearth with the coffee and toast to wait the guests. Or perhaps it would be a dish of kedgeree—Martin Charlesworth delighted in this at breakfast, and always had a special dish of hot melted butter to pour over this splendid confection of fish and rice—a refinement I never met when eating kedgeree in India. But my favourite breakfast dish was the *Croustades à la St Jean*, which I allowed to be eaten in that neighbouring house, Fisher College, in *The Cambridge Murders*. It consists of an hour-glass shaped piece of fried bread through which a central hole has been cut vertically: this central hollow is filled with minced creamed chicken, and a poached egg is balanced on top. Difficult to eat without demolishing the structure, but delicious to demolish.

In the years before the 1939-45 war the sight of College porters with green baize covered trays on their heads, walking with the elegance and assurance of Lisbon fishwomen from the Kitchens to College rooms or to lodgings outside was one of the standard features of Cambridge life. The war killed this and all College kitchens now have smaller staffs than they had before the war, even though they all have larger numbers of undergraduates and dons to feed. I was most anxious after the war to get back some sort of service of meals to rooms and Mr Sadler did all he could to help me in this aim. What we soon realised was that if the Kitchens prepared and cooked the meals, undergraduates were quite ready to collect them from the Kitchen themselves and

carry the food to their rooms. One of the difficulties of providing meals from the Kitchens to rooms is the distance involved in transporting them—it is now a College legend, but true, that it is a quarter of a mile from the Porter's Lodge to Professor Jopson's rooms on I Staircase, New Court, and that many rooms in Trinity are nearer our Kitchens than many of our own sets. Increasingly since the war undergraduates and gyp-less Fellows have devised ways of keeping food hot in their gyp-rooms and in some ways the service of meals to rooms is more satisfactory now than it was before the war.

It seems to us now almost unthinkable that the College Kitchens should be open all day, and that it should be possible to walk in or telephone, order China Tea and Anchovy Toast and it would arrive in one's rooms in a quarter of an hour: yet this was so, before the war. The late Professor Sir Percy Winfield used to order tea and buttered toast to be sent to his rooms. One day his order arrived without a jug of hot water; Mr Sadler recollects with a wry smile that on every single occasion for the next twenty years when Winfield ordered his tea, he always said fiercely "And don't forget the bloody hot water this time". Of such stuff are eccentric dons made, and what stories Stewards and Kitchen Managers could tell if only they did not value continuing relationships with their colleagues.

I had two strange and amusing accidents with the Kitchens in 1938. I had wanted to meet Dr Margaret Murray, now at 95 surely one of the oldest archaeologists that ever lived, and Maureen O'Reilly (now Mrs Hutton) made a third at lunch so that I could meet her. I thought I had ordered a pleasant meal for an important occasion, a fillet of sole, a veal escalope, salad, and crème brûlée. The soles were breadcrumbed and looked a little odd; mine and Maureen O'Reilly's ate well but Dr Murray obviously was having great difficulty with hers. It was soon apparent that she had been given an escalope of veal done up to look like our fillets. I apologised explaining that the next course was to be an escalope of veal: she was cruel and kind "But I adore veal", she said, "I am quite prepared to eat veal at every course in my meal."

On another occasion we were breakfasting with Deryck Williams, now Senior Lecturer in Classics at Reading, who kept in E7 Second court next door to me. It was a birthday breakfast and very good—except for the coffee. It had come up from the kitchens and seemed the right colour and temperature and was in the right kind of pot. But it was not coffee; the flavour was highly peculiar. Those of us who were undergraduates looked at each other a little nervously, made wry faces and remained polite. After a while Martin Charlesworth put down his coffee cup and said sadly: "Let us not go on pretending that we

are drinking coffee. Let us go down into the kitchens and ask them what they have been doing". We all trooped down and soon found the answer. A sleepy cook had lifted down a saucepanful of soup from a shelf, added coffee grounds and brought this strange mixture to the boil.

These and many more complicated troubles are the lot of a Kitchen Manager and he needs all the tact and firmness and imperturbability that he can command without at the same time giving the impression that he is paying no attention to difficulties. Sometimes no amount of explanation and tact will convince undergraduates of the truth. Two or three years after the war we had difficulties in getting through by train our consignment of chickens, which were deflected and stolen. The railway authorities with our approval began labelling cases of perishable food with off-putting labels like *Frozen Rooks* and *Frozen Badger*, and perhaps it was not surprising that Mr Sadler and I could not persuade the undergraduate Kitchen Committee that these labels were in their best interests!

The 1939-45 war was one of Mr Sadler's great trials and worries and for three reasons. The first and most obvious one was rationing, and undergraduates who during and after the war realised the restrictions and exigencies of rationing at home and in hotels, seemed curiously unaware that the same problems existed in College life. The second difficulty was that part of an R.A.F. Initial Training Wing occupied New Court and had to be fed in Hall—at first without any cooking staff from the Service. Over a quarter of a million meals were prepared by the Kitchens for the R.A.F. during the war by a staff that was constantly being depleted. Mr Sadler did everything; he was cook, stoker, boilerman, bottlewasher and the College owes him a special and individual debt of gratitude perhaps for nothing more than for his devoted loyalty and hard work during the war. He kept the Kitchens going and preserved the traditions of College cooking and service intact.

The third reason was the blackout. The Kitchens were at the time of the war separated into two parts by Kitchen Lane running down from St John's Street to the Kitchen Bridge. The pastry shop, vegetable kitchen, and store were on the south of the lane and cooks had to run across this darkened lane with trays of pies and vegetables. The difficulties of the war precipitated the necessity of kitchen reconstruction, although this had been discussed long before 1945. The buildings to the south of the Kitchen Lane had been built as an annexe to the Kitchen in the 1890s, and at the same time the height of the Kitchens had been increased for purposes of ventilation by taking in a set of rooms formerly occupied by William Wordsworth and approached by

E Staircase, First Court. When Mr Sadler and I, together with our architects, came to discuss in detail the modernisation of the Kitchens it became clear that Kitchen Lane would have to be closed, and that, in the 1950s it was no longer necessary to have a high kitchen for ventilation—this could be done by extractor plants. The College Council approved our schemes and in 1952 the Kitchen Lane was closed, and a single unit Kitchen organized from the Screens to the frontier between St John's and Trinity. The roof of the Kitchen was brought down ventilation organized by an extractor plant situated on the top of the turret of O Staircase Second Court, and as a result of this, Wordsworth's old set appeared again as a physical entity. It has now been extended and refurbished as a Wordsworth Room for private dinner parties and entertainments and has direct service lift communication with the Kitchens below.

As part of the reconstructions I wanted to enlarge the then very small Kitchen Shop, combine with it what was then the Butler's office and turn it back into what it had been for long centuries, the Scholars' Buttery. Having done this and installed beer machines and a hatch into the Stankard Passage for the service of drink to waiters from Hall, and a long counter ostensibly for the service of groceries, it only remained to turn the place into a proper Buttery and serve drinks direct to undergraduates and Fellows who wanted to use it as a bar. Mr Sadler was hesitant, reminding me that earlier Stewards he had known had been against drinking in the Butteries; he counselled me that this was a matter which should go to the College Council of which I was then Secretary. I talked to Martin Charlesworth (then President), and we agreed that perhaps it might come up late on the agenda one day under 'Steward's Business'. Neither of us was enthusiastic and we did not hurry on our Council discussion. Meanwhile the Scholars' Buttery was finished and beer began to be served there. Somehow we never managed on the Council to get round to discussing the appropriateness or otherwise of serving beer in the Scholars' Buttery, and now, nearly ten years later, this is obviously an age-old College custom, and the most Council or Dean can do is regulate hours and conditions. It is still a sad thing that St John's is still too much of a thoroughfare as a college to permit the more intimate domestic drinking that goes on in many an Oxford College. I am always enchanted by and envious of the scene on a summer evening before Hall in, say, the inner quad of Jesus College, when groups of undergraduates and Fellows sit on benches around the quad drinking beer and wine from the Buttery nearby.¹

¹ In the 1959 reconstruction of the Kitchen range of Second Court the opportunity has been taken to make the Scholars' Buttery larger and to re-plan and re-equip the Wordsworth Room. (See *The Eagle*, 1960, p.35).

While the Kitchen reconstructions were proceeding there was inevitably a dislocation of the service of meals but it was only a physical dislocation and was kept down merely to the three summer months of July, August, and September. During this time undergraduates in residence for the Long Vacation lunched in Trinity and dined in the Union Society; the Fellows took over the premises of the Hawks Club and dined there.

More interesting than the re-construction of the Kitchen fabric and equipment in the post-war years was the reconstitution of the Kitchen traditions of cooking and eating: at first rationing cabined and confined a Kitchen Manager and a Steward who wanted to do the best they could and had to improvise with soya-link sausages and whale-meat. We had maintained before the war a splendid piggery in the Kitchen Gardens in the Madingley Road but during and immediately after the war all our pigs were sold to the Ministry of Food and we did not benefit ourselves from them as food. Remembering the Pig Clubs run by Service Units and Offices during the war I formed the St John's College Pig Club, to which half the Pigs of the College were transferred. We were then allowed to eat ourselves half the Pig Club pigs (literally so—whenever a pig was sent to the Kitchens it was two half-pigs on the invoice) and this was a very pleasant and just addition to our rations in the five years following the war. We had to have a small group of members of the Pig Club, and I hastily got together half a dozen dons, Mr Sadler, Mr Thoday, and Mr North. We had to meet statutorily once a term to pass accounts; these meetings happened at twelve noon on a Saturday—we drank beer and wine together and ate sausages. My only regret at the time was that the law did not insist that we had to have a plaque on the front gate of the College saying "Head-quarters and Registered Office of the St John's College Pig Club". When rationing came to an end and there was no need to have Pig Clubs, we all decided to keep the Club on as a splendid anomaly. It still meets once a term, and in the last few years the Council has permitted its summer meeting to take place in the Wilderness. On these summer occasions the wives of members are invited. I find it one of the most pleasant occasions in the year, and the Pig Club itself most delightful, as the only organised occasion when dons and servants meet socially and equally.

As rationing ended it became easier to plan meals and feasts and the controlling factor was, as it must always be, money. It must always be difficult to plan varied and interesting food on an institutional basis when large numbers have to be served in a short period of time, and the cost of the meal kept down as low as possible. It is inevitable that a low priced lunch should have frequently meat-loaf, rissoles, and sausages and mash. It was always

pleasant to turn from the money-cramped problems of undergraduate feeding to the planning of High Table dinners and particularly special lunches and dinners and feasts. In the planning of Feasts Mr Sadler and I perhaps came closest together although to the end of our professional association he could not bring himself to approve of my refusal to print menus entirely in Menu French, and regarded the footnotes which I began to append to Feast menus as a rather dubious eccentricity—as did many of my colleagues. Menu French is of course one of the bugbears of English catering; few people go so far as the Pouding à la Yorkshire of many a story, and the Welsh Rabbit, which, suffering enough from most people with the false etymology of Welsh Rarebit, appears on the menu of the French Restaurant of the Midland Hotel in Manchester as Crouste Galloise. Dishes should appear on menus in the language of their country of origin and I would regard it right and proper to read a menu which said *Gaspacho, Baked Cromer Crab, Wiener Schnitzel, Stilton Cheese, Crème Brûlée*. My predecessor Professor Briggs and Mr Sadler tell a very good story about the time when some dons of the College were so infuriated by Menu French that they asked for the menus always to be written in English. This is equally as stupid as writing menus always in French, but, though Briggs knew this, he bided his time, solemnly putting everything into English until one night when *Fonds d'artichauts farcis* appeared on the High Table menu as *Stuffed Artichoke Bottoms*, even the most rabid anti-Menu French don was compelled to recognise that some things are better in their language of origin.

With the approval and encouragement of Martin Charlesworth as President I was able to introduce a feature of High Table life which I think has been appreciated and has become a permanent feature, namely a private dining night on Wednesdays at which normally only Fellows and their Guests were present. Wine was to be served as part of the meal, and to make the idea work Mr Sadler and I planned fifty-two menus, each of three courses, for the Wednesday dinners, so that no dish was served which had been served in College before, and no dish was repeated during that year. It was great fun doing it although there were sometimes disasters—I particularly remember the night when the *Cassoulet* went wrong. My colleagues were surprisingly tolerant and interested, though also helpfully critical. I was once teased by Dr Palmer and Professor Walker that while I sought for strange dishes from foreign countries it was noticeable that I had never put on a dinner displaying the food of my own country. I waited and on St David's Day 1955 the menu was *Cawl, the Welsh Hermit's Favourite Chicken and Leek Pie*, (with *Punch-Nep* and

Grilled Tomatoes), and *Caws Pobi*,¹ and well I remember how excellently the Kitchens prepared this meal.

Towards the end of my Stewardship there was a discussion in the House of Commons about food, about catering in the House, and about the decay of English traditions of cooking. Someone commented on the fact that nowadays no-one ate lovely things like maupygernons.² "What" said Mr Sadler to me on reading the reports of this discussion "are maupygernons? They sound like one of the funny things you like to put on the menu on Wednesday nights". I had no idea but did a little research and found several good recipes for this mediaeval and Tudor dish which is nothing more than spiced balls made of fresh pork. The Kitchens made me maupygernons, colouring some of the balls gold, and others red as was the old custom, and a dish of these gaily coloured meat balls was served at the next meeting of the Pig Club. They were delicious and afterwards we served them once or twice at dinner in Hall. Discussing all this afterwards Mr Sadler burst out laughing and said "For all their highfalutin' name and the mystery about them, there's nothing mysterious about these maupygernons; they are just sausages without skins". I laughed too and said "Do you think we should have less complaints from undergraduates if occasionally instead of Sausages and Mash we put Maupygernons and Mash on the Menu and instead of Meat-Loaf or Meat-Pie we put The Welsh Hermit's Favourite Pie or Pickwick Pie?" "I don't think so" was his wise answer looking back on long years of dealing with undergraduates and dons. "The undergraduate likes standard things when he is lunching or dining in Hall and will only try out new and interesting things in his private dinners". "And the dons?" I asked. He smiled "They don't have any choice, do they?" he said "You give them what you want. All they can do is sack their Steward".

It is most important that from time to time there is a change in the Stewardship of a College; it would be intolerable if someone was concerned with the food and drink of a community for a lifetime. If a Steward is a good one he will make his contribution in five to ten years; if he is a bad one, he ought to be got rid of in under five years. A Kitchen Manager is a different thing and good Kitchen Managers are more difficult to find than Stewards.

¹ This recipe which appeared in Lady Hall's *Good Cookery* (1867) is quoted by I. K. Fletcher in *Wine and Food*, 1935, p.20.

² Maupygernons were last served at the Coronation Banquet of Charles II. The King refused to eat them. The word is an old English one 'mau pyg yrcheons' or urchins, or pigs belly urchins. See Dorothy Hartley, *Food in England*, (London, 1954), 110.

I was happy to give up my Stewardship after nearly ten years, knowing that it had been part hard and unrewarding work like undergraduate complaints and staff wages and part easy and rewarding work like planning feasts and buying wine and dealing with Mr Sadler and his cooks. But that is what a Steward's job is—Maupygernons and Mash.

Ash Before Oak

ALMOST as comic as our coinage, or the solemnity with which we measure by rod, pole or perch, is our reckoning of the seasons. The 21st March, for example, bearing no more resemblance than Summer Time to any natural division, enjoys a mystical significance, perhaps, but as an indication of the turn of the weather lacks a certain infallibility that we might expect from the First Day of Spring. But although, notoriously, our seasons have neither ending nor beginning, merging into one another inconsequently, until only the nostril can detect the freshness of Spring or the approach of Autumn, undeniably they shape the pattern of our lives.

Living on an island peculiarly prone to the fickleness of the elements, it is perhaps not altogether surprising that, seen through the eyes of native cartoonists and foreign observers alike, the Englishman is commonly pre-occupied, if not obsessed, by his weather. This characteristic of the species, commented upon with humour and astonishment, frequently analysed but seldom explained, is in truth quite shortly resolved. The topics of sun and rain animate the Englishman's conversation for the simple reason that they never cease to surprise him. In the tropics, there is a certainty about the climate, a regularity with which monsoon succeeds drought and heat follows cold, which is unknown to the native of this country. A precocious February afternoon and the midsummer strength of a late October sun are accepted with equal delight from a bountiful Providence—as ready, without warning, to contrive snow in May. Indeed the uncertainty of our weather is the bane of the organiser of every outdoor event from Test Match to village fête. In the planning of any such occasion, a questioning 'if wet?' appears in unspoken parentheses; in how many other countries can one insure so lavishly—and so expectantly—against the weather? With a resignation born of long-suffering, sponsors of gymkhana and point-to-point pray that their premiums may prove a needless precaution.

From Thailand to Timbuktoo, men have no need of weather forecasts. But on this island, the experts of isobars and isotopes, prophets of deepening depressions and sunny intervals (not without honour, you may say, save in their own country) are accorded a hearing, if not a reverence, that finds its equivalent, perhaps only in the witch-doctor. We switch on the 'weather' in the morning—with a willing suspension of disbelief—and venture forth in the unreasoning conviction that, today, the spoken word

will not deceive us. At the risk of making him almost human, the B.B.C. even gives us a 'friendly Met.' man, to advise and sympathise, while on the Air Ministry roof the experts, oblivious, are confidently concocting the recipe for another day. In the Sunday newspapers some sensitive observer has discovered the significance of the extension of the Arctic ice-cap, or the disappearance of caviar from the Caspian Sea: another Ice Age is on its way; this Summer, predict the pundits, Worthing will score more sun hours than Skegness. But if, from day to day, we wish to confirm our hopes and suspicions by reference to the ultimate authority, without hesitation we give a resolute tap on the "glass". No second-hand knowledge this, but verifiable, before our very eyes, the needle registers with a finality that few can deny; between Stormy and Very Dry the whole gamut of our weather is played out.

The elements have long provided Man with portents of the wrath to come; a hazy moon followed by a reddening sky bodes ill for the day, and the early hawthorn is an unwelcome harbinger of the unfolding months. The advent of ash before oak, or the glimpse of a low-flying swallow, is greeted by the wagging of fingers and the shaking of heads. While no evidence is so incontrovertible as an oncoming attack of Grandfather's rheumatism. If "superstition is the religion of feeble minds", these signs are yet something more than superstition: and while we know that primitive societies cannot live without myths to support them, more sophisticated societies are the poorer without them.

Ironically, because at times our weather really is deplorable, driving even the doughtiest from our shores, the sun, when at last it appears, with haggard and unwilling look after a long winter, brings about a metamorphosis, unknown to those who live in regions where the sun, like free teeth or an egg subsidy, is taken for granted. In no land, surely, is the sun so relished as in England. Its break-through after a morning's rain transforms not only the day, but the outlook of those living it, radiating a genial spirit of bonhomie. Of sunshine, as of champagne, it may be said that

Even when the day is gone,
The glow is gonna' ling . . er on.

It is not, we may conclude, because he has nothing better to talk about that the Englishman is engrossed with his weather. Rather, its varieties and vagaries, and consequently the contrivances he employs and the lengths to which he will go to forecast it, combine to give visitors to our shores a grotesque impression, and one which, by nature, he will do nothing to dispel. He is adept at extracting every advantage from winter sunshine stolen from a summer's day, even if an excess of zeal will, on occasion,

land him in bed. Not for him, in short, the monotonous regularity of clearly defined season, but a climate that surprises even itself sometimes: surprises that assume many forms: at their worst, it is true, they are scarcely printable—at their best, they beggar description.

I. S. WORDSWORTH

Inter-Racial Friction

THE problem of race relations in the world of today looms larger possibly than it has ever done, and this for two main reasons. In the 20th century and in particular since the last war, the means of travel have been so improved that distance is no longer what it was. This century too has seen, combined with a tendency for the former colonial territories to attain independence, a much more sinister movement—namely that of the richer countries to get richer and the poorer to become yet poorer. Without entering into any great detail, this is the result of European influences which, while checking the appalling death-rate in these under-privileged countries, have yet failed to check the ensuing prodigious birth-rate, or to so improve the means of agricultural and industrial production that the burden of excess population could be borne without strain. And in this of course the blame is not entirely theirs. It is none the less a problem with which we all have to live, and it increases proportionately the longer we choose to ignore it. The problem of inter-racial friction really involves, therefore, the problem before the ruling and politically dominant minority (mainly white-skinned) as to what they shall do about the under-privileged yet numerically dominant group of peoples (whose skins are generally speaking darker).

It will be well to keep this larger aspect of the matter in mind throughout the rest of the essay, and it will be again mentioned in conclusion. The title of the essay is a very broad one for, while plenty can be said on the subject it is likely to have too much substance and too little form. I shall therefore try to deal first with the general aspects, then return and select a number of more concrete cases to illustrate the principles enunciated.

It would be pleasant, were there such a thing as a "pure" race. Unfortunately, though this would simplify the task of the anthropologist considerably, no such thing exists today, nor existed in the past, so far as we are able to tell. Contact between peoples seems to have been the overriding factor in the past, whether it was purely a cultural contact, or one established through trade, or more frequently through war. Even a cursory examination of a map of the movements of peoples within Europe before the Norman Conquest should suffice to convince anyone that mixture had gone on even before that early date. India had early become a melting-pot, as successive waves of invaders were absorbed. The later movements of population have been yet more spectacular. Starting in the 18th century with the mass trans-Atlantic

movement of slaves, and reaching a climax at the end of the 19th century with the European emigration to the Americas, and in the 20th century the continued emigration to Australasia and Africa.

Race ought not to be viewed therefore as a static scheme of things but rather as the result at any point in time of a constantly evolving system. It is perfectly valid to point out that there are broad differences between human groups, differences based generally on skin-colour, hair-type, nose and lip shapes and so on, but where are the lines of racial demarcation to be drawn? It will be found impossible to lay down a set of characteristics which will be observable in the whole "race".

Perhaps therefore, it would be well to define what we mean by "racial characteristics". The only differences which we are justified in calling racial are those directly observable physical characteristics which are inheritable. There has been a tendency, perhaps not so marked today, to consider as racial characteristics, such things as language, religion, social customs and nationality. These however are quite obviously acquired subsequent to birth and are neither physical nor inheritable. They are cultural differences, and although important they are susceptible to change, which the racial characteristics, as defined here, are not.

All this must be borne in mind then, when we speak of "race", else it becomes an emotionally-charged word. In fact the only really objective way of proceeding to delimit the races is by collecting really comprehensive data on these physical attributes, including blood-groups, and compiling frequency distribution charts for each statistical population. If a number of such attributes can be shewn to coincide over a significant proportion of the population, then we are correct in speaking of this population as a race. In point of fact even were this done it would be of very little use to anyone, but as pointed out, it is the only objective way to approach a racial classification. Whether the classification is useful or necessary is quite another question. It seems that the word "race" ought to be dropped as having outlived its usefulness in any case.

So far it will be noticed, no mention of mental capacities, as between various ethnic groups has been made. In the present, as in the past, this has been a strong argument used by one group to justify its treatment of another. Mental capacity is curious in that it stands between those physical and hereditary characteristics already discussed, and the cultural features acquired later. Because a savage does not behave as a European, and lacks the power to manipulate money for instance, it is not to say that he has a lower intelligence. It may be that he has never been taught but that, once taught, he might make a fortune on the Stock Exchange.

We now have at our disposal, mainly due to the work of Binet, the sort of test which determines the intelligence quotient of the individuals concerned. It is however very difficult to apply this test fairly to people of varying cultural backgrounds. Tests involving verbal differentiation are particularly suspect from this point of view. Even in tests designed so as to use only graphic aids, things can go amiss. Margaret Mead cites the example of some Samoan girls who were set the test of finding the quickest way through a maze. Instead of trying to trace the quickest way they tried to make the most pleasing pattern on the paper. Such had been their cultural background, that this was natural to them. Other cultures too, do not place the same emphasis upon individual effort, as does our Western technological culture. It is in fact, often more common for matters to be discussed and problems solved by group discussion, among the elders for instance. There is also lacking, very often, the Western time-value. It is very seldom that a primitive finds it necessary to hurry, and certainly not in the performance of a test, the significance of which he almost certainly does not grasp.

Leaving aside all these pitfalls dependent on culture, we still have a number of factors which will adversely affect an individual's performance in one of these tests. For example, those who are purported to have a lower I.Q. come from the section of the community least privileged and suffering from malnutrition and so on. In tests conducted in the Southern States of the U.S.A., the negroes obtained a score well below most whites, who have an artificially maintained position of privilege. In the Northern States however, negroes showed much better results, and in many cases their score was better than that obtained by the whites in the South!

There have been all sorts of objections to tests on children—mainly contending that black children develop sooner but not to the same final stage as whites. Tests have therefore even been devised for infants, but these are also quite evidently subject to the same objections as the others. A baby well-nourished will give a better performance than one suffering from malnutrition.

From all this discussion of mental ability there emerges only one relevant fact—namely that we do not know whether there are significant differences as between ethnic groups, and it has so far been impossible to devise a fair test of comparative ability. All we can honestly say then is that there are bound to be brilliant people in any group, but that the proportions may vary, both in place and time.

It will be seen that what I have so far tried to do, is to point out, that on objective grounds there is no reason to suppose that one ethnic group is superior or inferior to any other such group.

This inevitably raises the question of how it is that we in Europe have evolved such a complex and advanced technology, while these peoples remain in a very primitive state. One of the answers to this of course is that our time-scale is distorted. We fail to realise how small a portion of man's history on earth our own post-industrial revolution society occupies. The second part of the answer lies in the way in which knowledge is spread—by contact. Inventions and discoveries, made in favoured parts of the Eurasian landmass, were spread by culture-contact the length of it, and as one invention added to another the fund of human knowledge grew and was able to grow the faster as more knowledge was added. It was a cumulative process, the time between discoveries decreasing by leaps and bounds, and culminating in our own phase of civilisation.

Consider, however, a place like Africa South of the Sahara. This was an area cut off both geographically and culturally from the events in Eurasia, it had to make its advances independently, and let it be said, in an environment much less favourable to progress than that of parts of Eurasia. Any initial delay had a value out of proportion to its proper significance and delayed further discoveries proportionately. Despite these drawbacks however, there evolved especially in West Africa, quite independently of outside contacts, a script, iron-smelting, artistic bronze work of very high calibre and a political organization able to control large areas and populations. It is also worth remarking upon the fact that the African has shown himself very quick to learn the techniques of Western civilisation, learning within a few years, what it has taken thousands of years to evolve.

By way of a footnote to this whole question, it is well to point out what we, from our egocentric position, tend to overlook. We tend to judge every other people by our own standards of development—mainly material criteria. A people like the Arunta of Central Australia have what might be termed a "Stone-Age" culture from the material angle, yet they have evolved an extremely complex social and religious system which is in constant evolution. Material and intellectual development are not always coincidental.

Friction between racial groups is almost always the result of contact between two such groups (usually broadly defined by skin colour). This juxtapositioning of peoples with widely varying physical and cultural characteristics is a phenomenon of the last two centuries or so, and the result of the European expansion which has formed the centre-piece of that period. Wherever two such groups are put together there are two alternative results. Either they can become integrated, as in the case of Brazil, or they can keep apart, as in the case of South Africa. Social separation has been more often the course of action

adopted, for reasons yet to be discussed. It is worth noting however that "when separation is forced by one ethnic group upon another, the practice constitutes a discriminatory practice." (Richard). In fact, as already pointed out, historically, it is much more common for groups to integrate than to separate. Friction will tend to be greater where cultural differences are most marked, and will also be dependent upon the numerical importance of the respective groups. This introduces the concept of the "critical number" which is best illustrated by examples. In the United Kingdom the coloured population is of such small proportions that it could be absorbed. Likewise in West Africa, the white population is of negligible size. As the two groups come nearer to numerical parity however, so it becomes increasingly difficult to treat both alike. Perhaps South Africa furnishes the best example of the critical number. Here the white population numbers some 3 millions, who represent the privileged section of the community, yet are numerically indigestible, although outnumbered by the 10 million Bantu and 1½ million coloureds. Add to this the cultural and economic disparity and friction is almost bound to result.

Why should friction be such a feature of multi-racial societies however? It is perhaps time some attempt was made here to elucidate the reasons, both apparent and obscure. As I have tried to show, there are no 'a priori' reasons for one group to be considered inferior or superior racially to any other.

When attempting to discover the reasons for the racial friction and prejudice of today an interesting fact emerges. These phenomena date broadly speaking from the time of European colonisation. Fairly obviously, before that time discrimination and friction existed but not along racial lines. The Greeks kept slaves, but these were not only black. Despite the exclusiveness of Rome, intermarriage in the colonies was quite common. Other peoples were not branded as being inherently inferior, and skin colour alone was not a bar to advancement.

It was mainly with the recruitment of slave labour to work in the Americas, that these ideas gained prominence. It was a convenient rationalisation to salve the conscience, to characterise the negro as sub-human, and from this have grown insidiously the ideas which colour, consciously and unconsciously, so much of the white man's thought today! Similarly, within the African colonies, where cheap labour was, and still is, the basis of the white man's prosperity, the same ideas have taken root. It was necessary that the higher paid jobs should be kept for white people, therefore convenient to state that the black could not perform these functions.

There were of course good reasons at first for considering the negro inferior, culturally. But it is the denial that he can learn, implied in the idea of racial inferiority, which is so damnable. It has been amply seen in the West Indies, the United States and West Africa, that the negro both can and will learn, and learn well, the techniques of civilisation as we understand it.

These "racial" beliefs were unfortunately strengthened during the 19th century, with the coming into prominence of racial theories, particularly concerning the "Aryan" myth. Gobineau's "*Traité sur l'inégalité des races humaines*" has the whole set of beliefs written into the title.

There are of course other reasons for inter-racial friction. It has been shown that the roots of prejudice are almost always psychological. The sort of person who is likely to exhibit acute xenophobia and prejudice, is generally ill-balanced in some way or feels his security, albeit unconsciously or unreasoningly, threatened. In such cases it is common for him to seek some kind of scapegoat. We are all I think aware of this sort of situation. It is also to be seen at work on a larger scale. For instance, in Hitler's Germany, a people dispirited by defeat and economic depression were led, not only to consider themselves a superior race, but also to consider the Jews as an inferior race, ridden with the vices they most despised. It is also interesting to note the form which the prejudice takes. It is most often expressed as a sexual fear. This is most clearly shown by the inevitable question in any discussion of the black-white problem in England: "How would you like your sister to go out with a negro?" Alternatively it is expressed as an economic fear. The fear that one might be unemployed while a negro has work, or that he might have a better job than oneself. It must be apparent that in choosing a scapegoat it is much easier if he is readily identifiable and is part of a group. The German caricature of Jewishness and the black skin of the negro are examples of this sort of trait.

Part of the reason for racial friction may also lie in the fact that people generally do not like others to be different from themselves. There seems an urge to conform and anyone who contravenes this unwritten law, whether he is able to avoid it or not, lays himself open to stigma of one kind or another. In the case of a whole group living in close association with another and "being different", the feeling might run much higher than mere stigma.

So much for the deducible reasons for inter-racial friction. Perhaps I have dwelt over-long on the general aspects of the topic but I think it essential to have a clear idea of the issues involved before going on to particularities. In the following pages I shall discuss the examples of South Africa, Great Britain, and Brazil. These represent, successively, societies where the critical number

has been attained, where it is almost negligible, and finally where integration rather than separation has been the keynote.

The history of the South African situation is too well known to be repeated in detail. In terms of race relations it has the biggest problem of any country in the world and this ought not to be forgotten by its critics. Criticism is justified, but easy, whereas informed and constructive criticism is very difficult. There are about 3 million whites, 10 million Bantu, 1½ million Cape Coloureds, and about ½ million Asians (mainly Indian and Cape Malay). The problem is how to get them to live together in harmony, denying none of them their basic freedoms and opportunities.

The whites have, from the first, regarded the other groups as inferior, which they no doubt are, culturally. Even today several millions of Bantu live in a very raw state in the reserve areas. The processes of integration were begun however, when cheap labour was required, firstly for the European farms, later for the diamond and gold mines, and for domestic servants in the towns. It cannot be over-emphasised how entirely the structure of the South African economy now rests upon this basis of cheap native labour.

Tribal life was shattered by this migration of young men to work in the mines, among other factors, and there has tended to grow up a new type of African—the urbanised African. He has no tribal ties at all and the life of the town is the only one he has ever known. The number of such Africans increased enormously particularly following the 2nd World War, so that in Johannesburg alone there are perhaps two thirds of a million of this sort.

Before the rise to power of the Nationalist party following the war, no rigid policy had been pursued regarding the groups other than the whites. Their opportunities were restricted and they were treated as inferiors but there was no bitterness on either side and it might have been possible to have instituted a programme of gradual infiltration of other groups into the "white" jobs and so on.

Since the coming to power of the Nationalists however the notorious policy of "apartheid" has been instituted as the solution to all South Africa's problems. This involves rigid legislation to keep the black and white groups apart in every walk of life. Eventually it is hoped to put all the Africans back into their tribal societies and areas, the so-called Bantustans. These will be developed as "autonomous" areas for and by the Bantu. In view of what has already been said on the subject of dependence on native labour and the disruption of tribal life, and the concomitant growth of an urbanised African group, these plans must appear ludicrous. The areas to be allotted for the Africans are in

any case already hopelessly overcrowded and in many cases terribly eroded. The Transkei area is a case in point. To develop these areas to an economic level would involve the expenditure of vast sums of money: the £104 million over the first ten years recommended by the Tomlinson Report was an optimistic estimate. But according to the plan the Native is to develop these areas by his own efforts!

This policy, along with the oppressive pass laws, the restrictive education policy and all the other measures both repressive and obnoxious from the humanitarian view-point, has done something which the previous quiet policy, for all its faults did not do. It has stirred up great bitterness among the black peoples. The relatively small section of them which is well-educated, is denied any proper outlet for its energies, and forced into inferior positions and employment. It is from this section of the population that the impetus comes. Perhaps movements for freedom would have in any case arisen, but I feel there would have been more hope of integration had the Nationalists not come to power.

There are signs that the organisation, which was lacking until a few years ago, is now there. The attempt to organise a strike of domestic servants by the African National Congress a few years back received about 2% support. Two or three years ago a very effective boycott of the bus services was organised in Johannesburg, though it meant great hardship to those involved. This year the boycott of potatoes, a staple of urban diet, was tremendously effective and frightened white people considerably. It demonstrated not only the organisation behind it, but the stiffening of attitude among the people, who showed themselves willing to do without necessities in defence of their beliefs.

In the Union of South Africa the white position seems to be upheld by the two fears already mentioned—fear of economic hardship and a sexual fear, expressed in terms of preserving their "pure" race. In their blind concern with these fears however they have ignored the facts of the situation. Although a more equitable distribution of wealth might mean a lowering of their own standard of living, it has to be weighed against the possible loss of everything should they refuse to do this. And it might be better to sink one's "racial" exclusiveness in a common pool, than to have it wiped out altogether.

Unfortunately it may already be too late. The government has so entrenched itself and so rigidly adheres to its policy, that conflict is eventually inevitable. The tragedy lies in the fact that there is now no room for moderation on the side of the African either. I spoke with African Congress members in Johannesburg, civilised people, willing to risk imprisonment by entertaining white people in their homes. When asked about this problem

the reply was: "The average black person is itching to express his resentment and unfortunately, when trouble does start, we shall not be listened to—we have had too much to do with Europeans. We are suspect." Unhappy though the prospect may be therefore, it seems that white racialism will be replaced by black racialism, which is no whit better.

This commentary may have been Cassandra-like in tone but I feel legitimately so. South Africa ought, on the small scale, to provide the warning for the problem on the world scale. I certainly feel that hope of a peaceful settlement in South Africa must now be abandoned. It is to be hoped that on a world scale we shall be neither bigoted nor hypocritical but instead put into practice the humanitarian principles, which are after all in our wider self-interest.

In Britain the situation is vastly different from South Africa. There are perhaps 200,000 coloured people here, mainly from West Africa and the West Indies. They comprise a number of students and the rest permanent residents. These latter tend to be concentrated in the larger ports and cities. The main influx of these people has come since the war, and Britain has become a sort of El Dorado for people from the West Indies.

Where friction has occurred, it has mainly been in areas where concentrations of coloured people have come into being. The situation will be, that, having obtained a house, the West Indian may drive away his white neighbours, who fear they lower their social position by having him as a neighbour. The way is then open for his friends to come in and a community soon builds up.

The coloured people are generally only able to get rather low-rate jobs, as for example, on public transport. The reason for this is often, that their educational standard is low; it may also be due to prejudice among employers.

When friction develops, as it did in Liverpool and Cardiff in 1919, in Liverpool in 1948, and more recently, in Nottingham and Notting Hill, it is usually a special type of white who indulges in it. These are generally people, themselves largely uneducated, who may find it difficult to hold a job. The reasons stated for the friction are usually sexual again. The economic motive is also often in the forefront. This is particularly true of people with a "depression epoch" mentality who think in terms of future unemployment.

There is a great deal wrong with our attitude here in Britain. Landladies often refuse to accept coloured lodgers, houses may not be let to them, offers of jobs withdrawn and so on. Here colour prejudice is to some extent linked with class prejudice. This may be because the coloured people who have emigrated have often had a lower standard of living than most of us. It is

also of course the hangover of our whole attitude toward coloured people dating from the days of slavery and colonialism. The one saving grace of the whole system is that there is no legislation concerning racial exclusiveness in Britain. These people are as fully citizens as anyone else, and it is to be hoped that in a short time the prejudices at present to be seen will be lost. It should be noted again, that the number of coloured people in Britain is so small as to constitute no "threat", real or imaginary, to the white group.

In Brazil the pattern of development has differed from the cases already considered. Here the initial white population was small, and as in all early colonial settlements inter-marriage with the indigenous population was common, and encouraged even by the home government. The Portuguese policy has always approved mixed marriages, and in Brazil the system has carried on till the present day. Contrast this with the rigid Immorality Act of South Africa, despite the living testimony to earlier miscegenation in the Cape Coloured population. White and Indian mixtures became the "mestizo" element, and further mixture with the negro slaves became the "creoles". Eventually the shades of gradation became so complex, with "quadroons" and even "octagoons", as to be futile.

Racial feeling is therefore lacking in Brazil. Instead, classes are organised along economic and social lines. True there is a tendency for the whiter people to be at the top of the social tree, but racial considerations are of no importance at all.

Brazil seems to be the outstanding example of harmonious inter-racial development, and shows that miscegenation does not lead to degeneration, as is so often argued. If miscegenation is accepted by the society in which it occurs then all is well: it tends to produce degeneration only when the cards are stacked socially and economically against it.

I have tried to show that no "racial" group is inherently inferior to any other. (Incidentally, even were this not true, the moral responsibility of the "superior" group would be no less urgent). That racial friction exists is evident, and an attempt has been made to analyse its causes. The illustrations have, I hope, thrown some light on the more particular aspects of the problem. It is now time to return to the wider aspect of the problem already mentioned in the introduction. The white peoples of the world are faced with the choice; they can pursue a selfish policy of self advantage, which, despite appearances to the contrary, is true today. This, it is true, will lead to short-term advantage, and one of the ways of maintaining this ascendancy is racial prejudice, which leads to inter-racial friction. If on the other hand we undertake the course which we are morally obliged to do, we can

look for no short-term advantages. We must be prepared to give without prospect of reward. All we can do is to hope that the peoples we shall have helped will remember that help. We have no reason to expect their gratitude.

A. MALEY

Feminine Nature

(A Praelection)

WHEN Baudelaire announces (quote)
La femme est naturelle (unquote),
 I think we must agree—don't you?—
 That, by and large, the statement's true,
 And not waste time on an attempt
 To fix precisely what he meant.
 For once you start to analyse
 A word like 'natural', the sky's
 The limit. So let's draw a line
 Inclusive of the feminine.

But when he adds (quote) *c'est à dire*,
Abominable (unquote), it's clear
 The statement's now a pseudo one,
 A paradox, if not a pun.
 Now though some argue paradox
 Is meaningless, or meant to fox,
 I can't believe Charles Baudelaire
 Was given to uttering hot air;
 And though it foxes *us* to call
 The abominable natural,
 And to elucidate *la femme*
 By a dyspeptic cryptogram,
 He must have meant the utterance
 To shed light in his native France,
 If taken metaphysically.

So let's consult the dictionary.
 'Disgusting' 'loathsome' 'odious'
 'Detestable', etc.—thus
 We read. This Latin etymon
 Was apt to be spelt, earlier on,
 With *h* between the *b* and *o*—
Abhominable, just as though
 Formed from *ab homine*, i.e.
 'Devoid of all humanity'.
 'Woman is natural, that is,
 Inhuman and abhorrent', this
 Might do as a crude paraphrase
 Of what the poet's French conveys.

But aren't men natural, as well?
And if they are, then why the hell
Create this female how-d'you-do?
We're on a false trail. Let's pursue
It's opposite.

Does he, perhaps,
Mean men are artificial chaps,
Exotic and perfectionist,
Lovers of Beauty in a Mist,
Of perfumes, lingerie and lace,
And of the half-averted face
Of veiled, peroxide Goldilockses?
In short, unnatural paradoxes ?

Best leave the question in the air,
O hypocrite poète, mon frère.

A. G. L.

The Restoration of Second Court II

A PREVIOUS article gave an account of the history of the Second Court buildings, of the various structural changes and repairs which had been done before 1957, and of the steps taken to secure suitable materials for the repairs which have been going on since. Here we turn to the first phase of the restoration, involving that part of the building above the Butteries and Kitchen which the experts agreed was not merely in need of repair, but was so unstable that a threat of partial collapse existed. It will be remembered that this had been warded off for the time being by the insertion of special iron ties into the brickwork on the Second Court Side.

One of the first problems to arise in preparing for the restoration of this part of the building was to make new arrangements for the College Office. The Chief Clerk was wont to say that he understood from his predecessor that the Office " had been fitted up temporarily in 1911 ". It was housed in a set of rooms, panelled in the style of the mid-18th century, on the first floor of E Staircase, First Court, and had at one time been provided with a private stair to the Fellows' Buttery below. The room arrangements, fixed as they were by the panelling, were very ill-suited for use as an office. There was no convenient place where business with students could be carried out, and an unnecessarily large amount of space was taken up for circulation. It would obviously be necessary to arrange that the College Office could carry on business as usual while the alterations were in progress, and this in turn raised the question of whether it would not be better to re-house the office permanently elsewhere, rather than to provide temporary working accommodation. The Council accordingly appointed a Committee to review this and certain other problems connected with the use of rooms in the College for communal purposes, and it was decided that it would be best to make a new office at the north end of the ground floor of the old Chapel Court buildings, as this was not suitable for conversion into sets of rooms. Erected to Penrose's designs in 1885, the ground floor in this building was originally devoted mainly to three large lecture rooms. As it projected northwards from the north-west corner of Second Court, access to the rooms in it was through E Staircase, Second Court and a long passage at the west side of the building. The making of this access from Second Court had, of course, involved the removal of the landing of the old Library Staircase and an alteration in its lower flight, which quite ruined the original

effect. The most northerly of the three large rooms, Lecture Room No. 5, had been partitioned by the time that the new buildings were put up, around 1939, to form a Ladies' Cloakroom at the west end, while the floor level of the east end had been raised, a new oak floor put down and the room converted into a lecture room, which came in time to be a reading room. This partitioning was utilised in forming the new College Office, and the structural changes needed were few. The most important one concerned the windows giving on to Chapel Court. In Penrose's design these were set so high in the wall that even after the floor had been raised it was only possible to see out of them when standing up, and it appeared highly desirable both from the standpoint of good lighting and also amenity in the new College Office that the sills should be lowered and the windows made larger. This would, however, have meant an important alteration in Penrose's facade. Although on the drawing board this was originally intended to be in the same style as Second Court, partly as a consequence of the choice of materials and the pointing the result had long been regarded as unsatisfactory, and important modifications had been made in 1939 when the new buildings were put up. The Old Buildings Committee accordingly decided to consult Sir Edward Maufe, who had given much thought to the elevations at that time. Wide-angle photographs were prepared, showing the west side of Chapel Court as it then existed, and as it would look if the windows were lowered, and on the basis of these Sir Edward had no hesitation in advising that the proposed change would improve the elevation. Accordingly the sills of the windows were lowered by 26 inches representing two units of the glazing, increasing the number of panes below the arched window head from four to six, and greatly improving the lighting of the room. At first the new Clipsham stonework was left untouched to see how it would weather, but the small areas of new stone proved so distracting to the eye that they were artificially darkened by a recipe obtained from Mr Topper (recently awarded an honorary M.A. for his work as a mason on University and College buildings). Mud dredged up from a drain in the Court (and therefore containing the same type of soot, dust, etc., as that which would normally settle on the stonework) was mixed with stale beer and applied with a brush. After a couple of years weathering, particularly of the sills, the match is now very close indeed. The remaining alterations were made by the College maintenance staff, the whole costing approximately £2,160. The northern half of the long corridor was blocked off and formed a convenient stationery store for the office. This had the incidental advantage of stopping a strong draught which used to blow through the building, and

thus reduced the risk of the spread of fire. A new Ladies' Cloakroom was made by cutting off one quarter from the south end of the middle lecture room, the remainder of which became the new Reading Room.

These alterations were all completed by June 1957, and the way was clear for the removal of the College Office to its new home so that the restoration of the building above the Butteries and Kitchen could begin. In order to expedite matters the old panelling, and such other fittings as could be conveniently removed, were dismantled and put into store by the College staff before the contractors began work.

The tender of William Sindall Ltd for the repair and restoration of Second Court was accepted by the Council on Wednesday, 26th June, subject to certain items being included in the contract as provisional, and the contract was subsequently sealed. It had been decided that the first part of the restoration to be tackled should be the section south of the Hall, above the Butteries and the northern part of the Kitchen, where, as explained in the previous article, the wall on the Second Court side was regarded as being in a very bad state. The intention accordingly was to strip off the roof tiles and expose the roof timbering, and at the same time to take down partitions and remove floors inside the building so that all the main structural timbering of the first four bays south of the Hall could be examined in detail. It was hoped that it would suffice to demolish the thin upper walls above the floor level of the second floor rooms, and that the rest of the wall would prove to be stable enough to make it possible to demolish part of the brick skin, and tie the remainder back into the wall behind by withdrawing occasional bricks, building in ties and putting the bricks back again. The intention was to deal in this way with the whole of the stretch of wall from the Screens to the O Staircase turret, but as it was known that the rafters had at some recent time been replaced by new oak in the roof from a point just north of the O Staircase turret, it was hoped that the southern half of the roof could be preserved.

Work began on Monday, 8th July. The scaffolding was largely completed within a week, and demolition of the gables by removal of the coping stones began at once, a tarpaulin roof being provided in order to protect the lower parts of the building from the weather. By Wednesday, 17th July, the contractors had become alarmed about the stability of the main wall, and it was necessary to tie the two sides of the building together temporarily by timbers across the face, connected by cross ties. By the end of July demolition of the gables had proceeded far enough for removal of the upper windows to begin. This revealed that much of the visible surface of the window was made up of a considerable

thickness, in some cases of 2 inches or more of Roman cement, reinforced by what appeared to be strands of rope. It seems that this technique of reinforcement was commonly used during the 18th century and it accordingly seems possible that these extensive repairs may have formed part of the work on which the College sought the advice of Soane, as described in the previous article.

By the end of July, sufficient demolition of the interior of the old College Office had been done to reveal, above the ceilings of the rooms adjacent to the Hall, an old ceiling having the plaster supported by reeds instead of laths, not an uncommon feature of some old ceilings in the College. Above this there were decorative moulded joists, and the beams supporting them at the end away from the Hall showed signs of having been painted. It seems likely that this may have formed the ceiling of a single room, running through the block from the First Court to the Second Court sides, in which case it would have been much larger than most of the early rooms in the Court, on account of the width of the Hall (30 feet). Certainly this ceiling appears to be more elaborate than those of the rooms occupied by the Fellows in the early days of the College. Could it then have been "the great middle chamber over the Kitchen looking towards both courts in which the old library books were kept" (Willis and Clark, *Architectural History II*, footnote to p. 264), during the period between 1616 and the completion of the new Library?

When the panelling of the old College Office was removed, large cracks were visible in the interior face of the wall on the first floor, between the window adjacent to the Hall on the Second Court side, and that immediately to the south of it. It seems likely that this inner face of the wall had actually been leaning against the panelling, and that the removal of the panelling made it unstable, because about a month later a large piece of the inner skin between the two windows fell away, and part of the filling, which was quite loose, poured out into the room. It looked at first sight like the contents of a dustbin, containing much dusty rubbish and even fragments of old bones.

Early in the week beginning 12th August the partitions and ceilings on the first floor had been completely cleared and some part of the boarding of the second floor removed so that it was possible to inspect carefully the condition of all beams in the northern half of the block. The fourth main beam, counting from the Hall end, was found to have a very large crack rather similar to that in the beam which ran along the top of the Wordsworth Room partition and some other main beams were seen to be in poor condition. The decorative moulded joists were in many cases found to be completely rotten. At the same time

the majority of the roof tiles were now off and it was possible to see the condition of the roof timbers. There had been considerable patching of the roof at some time and in many instances packing pieces had been nailed on to the principal and common rafters, which were much out of straight, so as to obviate any sag in the tiling. Many of the common rafters were in two pieces, perhaps because timber of sufficient length (27 feet) was not available.

In view of the condition of the beams and rafters an emergency meeting of the executive sub-committee of the Old Buildings Committee was held on the site during the morning of 14th August. Mr Crook of the department of Estate Management suggested that all the roof timbers, second floor beams and joists and, if possible without disturbing the Kitchen, the first floor beams and joists should be removed and be replaced by steel roof trusses and suspended concrete floors. It might also be necessary to demolish the wall on the Second Court side to first floor level. It was agreed by the sub-committee that these proposals were of such a drastic nature that the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works should be invited to comment on them and accordingly Mr Burge came to view the building on the 15th August and returned to London to discuss the matter. Mr Burge thought that in all probability the advice of his Department would be to replace the roof and floors with new oak and not steel and reinforced concrete. A meeting of as many members as possible of the Old Buildings Committee was arranged for the afternoon of the 20th August to discuss the various proposals with Mr. Burge and Mr Crook. Work on the building had for the moment ceased.

During the period from the 17th to the 20th August discussions proceeded between the three Bursars and the architects in order to explore the possibilities of preserving as much as possible of the old structure. However, at the meeting of the Old Buildings Committee on the 20th both Mr Burge and Mr Crook remained convinced that it was necessary to replace the roof and demolish the wall on the Second Court side at least down to first floor level. In view of this unanimous advice the Committee felt that the original plans for repair must be abandoned, and a new structure put up to replace the old. The view of the Department of Estate Management was that the new structure should be of steel and reinforced concrete: that of the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works that it should be of oak, of much the same dimensions as that which would be demolished, Mr Burge being of the opinion that timber of the necessary dimensions might possibly be found. What figures were available to the Committee indicated that the cost of the former would be rather over £20,000,

and of the latter at least £28,000, as opposed to an original estimate for this part of the work of nearly £14,000. The Committee had also to take into account that if a structure essentially similar to the old were replaced, the main oak beams might again give trouble owing to the width of the span; and also that a modern type of structure would be much more resistant to fire. It should be borne in mind that once the necessity for demolishing and rebuilding the wall on the Second Court side had been accepted, the final appearance of the elevation would be quite unaffected by the internal construction of the building, whether of steel and concrete, of new oak, or of the old oak re-used. After an extended discussion it was decided to rebuild in a modern steel and reinforced concrete construction.

Planning to carry these ideas into effect began at once and by the 12th September Mr Crook had produced a detailed replanning of the second floor which was considered and accepted by the executive sub-committee. At the same time arrangements were made for a complete photographic survey before demolition of any part of the old structure. On the 16th September full plans and bills of quantities for the new scheme were sent out to the contractors, who promised a revised price within a few days. Accordingly it was decided not to resume work until this had been agreed.

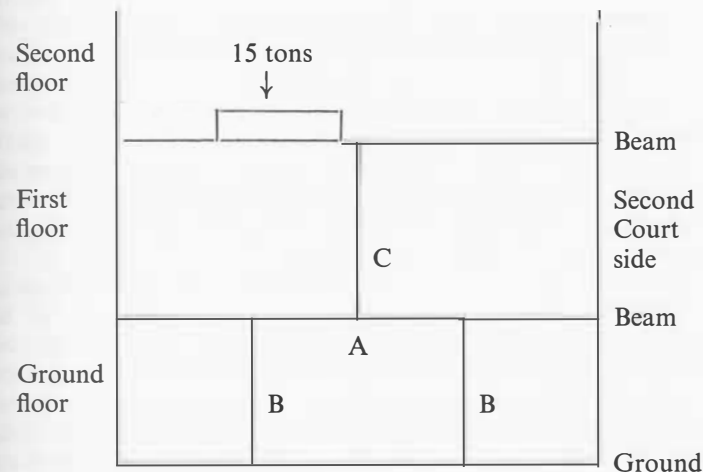
Meantime during the Long Vacation work had been proceeding on the rebuilding by the College maintenance staff of the chimney stack in the north-west corner of the Court facing the Master's Garden. The brickwork of this was completed and the pots inserted on 14th October. The most easterly of the three flues, which is disused, turned out to be blocked part way down and accordingly it was blanked off at the top and a dummy pot inserted.

On the 2nd October the Old Buildings Committee met and considered the revised plans for the reconstruction of the range above the Kitchens. These involved a steel and concrete structure from the first floor level upwards, supported on the First Court side by the existing wall, and on the Second Court side by steel work which would be carried down into the foundations. The new steel roof trusses made necessary some alterations in the planning of the second floor, which was re-arranged to produce additional accommodation in the form of two sets and three bed-sitting rooms in place of four rather inconvenient sets. The number of dormer windows on the First Court side was increased from four somewhat irregularly-spaced ones to six with regular spacing, so that the two keeping rooms on this side would have two dormers each. All these details were approved by the Committee, who understood that the cost would probably be in the neighbourhood of £22,500, compared to the rough estimate of

£20,000 produced at the meeting on 20th August, and the sum of £13,771 tendered for the original scheme of repair. It was agreed that the work should proceed provided that the firm price did not differ substantially from this sum.

And so began a long, slow, painstaking and at times disheartening search for sound parts of the old structure to which the new work could be fixed—a search which was to be much longer than anyone at that time suspected, and which, before it was ended, would involve gutting the whole of the upper two floors of the range as far as the south gable end, doubling the area of building involved, and raising the price from the estimates already mentioned to about £40,000.

One of the first discoveries to be made as the clearing of the old interior proceeded was highly characteristic. It revealed an unsuspected danger to the building, and illustrated both the difficulty of determining the exact state of an old structure by examination of its surface, and also the effect of piece-meal repairs and reconstructions. The somewhat complicated situation will be made clearer by a diagram, representing a cross section of the building about half way between the Screens and the south gable end in Kitchen Lane. At this point the building was spanned by two large oak beams at first and second floor levels.



At some time the lower of these had cracked at point A, and two tubular stanchions B, B, had been put in underneath as props. Visitors to the Kitchens will remember them on either side near the entrance to the Kitchen passage. The beam at second floor level was also cracked, and, presumably at some other time, a further massive H-section stanchion, C, had been inserted between

the middle of the two beams, and subsequently encased in a partition. It will be observed that the weight transmitted by this stanchion was not carried directly by the stanchions B, B, but was brought to bear upon the cracked first floor beam at the point A. The second floor beam supported two fireplaces in second floor rooms, one at the south end of the passage at the top of E staircase, First Court, and the other in the adjacent room to the south reached from O Staircase, Second Court. These two fireplaces were served by a massive free-standing chimney which was carried up through the ridge of the roof, and which, with the fireplaces, was estimated to contain about 15 tons of brickwork. Seeing that both ends of the first floor beam were rotten, the effect of this arrangement was to make the two halves cant about the tops of the stanchions B, B, allowing the point A to sink, and with it the whole mass of brickwork extending up through the roof. At the time that this was discovered, the movement was obviously proceeding relatively rapidly, because the casing put round the lower half of the first floor beam at the time of the reconstruction of the Kitchens in 1951 had been forced apart, leaving a gap of rather over a quarter of an inch, and it is obvious that a highly dangerous situation was developing in the middle of the building.

Fortunately in this particular case the remedy was simple. It had all along been intended that the new rooms to be formed in the space vacated by the College Office, and those on the second floor above, should have central heating derived from the Kitchen boiler. The massive chimney stack, which was not an original feature of the building, and which made an unnecessary break in the roof line between the south end of the Hall and the south gable, was accordingly unnecessary. When it had been demolished it did not have to be replaced, and with its disappearance went the necessity of devising means of supporting such a ponderous weight at such a height in the building.

A remedy might be simple, but the discovery of the poor state of these beams meant in practice that it would have been foolish to have built the new structure against them, and that it would be necessary to demolish at any rate one further bay towards the south. By this time the demolition was extending out over the Kitchens, and it was necessary to put in a false ceiling so that work in the Kitchens could continue as usual while the building above was being demolished. As demolition proceeded it became clear that the next two sets of beams were also in a bad state, and finally it was decided to extend the new structure as far as the south gable end wall of the building which meant, amongst other things, a reconstruction of the Wordsworth Room.

To include here an account of the various discoveries made in this further demolition, and of the methods used in reconstructing

the building, would extend this article to an unreasonable length, and they must await a future opportunity. It should be said here, however, that throughout the reconstruction the utmost care has been taken to restore the original dimensions of the elevations: the new windows occupied the same asymmetric positions as did the originals, dimensions of all the stonework are unchanged, and the only alteration has been the lowering of the stone capping of the plinth between the Screens and the O Staircase turret by one course of bricks. Before concluding, two general matters seem to be worth a short consideration.

In view of the fact that the bulk of the old woodwork of First Court is in a good state of repair the condition of the beams between the Hall and the south end of the building was surprising, and may have been due to several possible causes. In the first place as we have already noticed the span of this part of the building is half as big again as that of any other part of First Court, although the beams are little, if anything, larger in cross section. On this ground alone they would be very much weaker than the timbering of the rest of First Court. Even so, they were of such a size that their strength should have been adequate for all but exceptional loads, such as the chimney we have just mentioned, had the timber originally been of the best quality. In fact many of the beams showed severe shakes and very large knots, and where one of these knots came anywhere near the middle of the span, the beam had almost invariably cracked at this point. It may have been that, with the transport conditions of the early 16th century, this was the best timber obtainable here. Obviously for the other ranges of the Court it would be much easier to select beams two-thirds of the length without a knot in an awkward position. A more sinister possibility also presents itself. For ease of removal the cracked timbers were sawn into convenient lengths. In many cases, instead of showing the intensely hard and almost polished surface characteristic of very old oak in good condition, the sawn surfaces were very rough, and there were indications that the timber had lost much of its mechanical strength, becoming what a carpenter would call "carrotty". This had happened in a number of places where the possibility of fungal attack could be ruled out, and it seems very likely to have been associated with excessive drying of the timber. It is tempting to suppose that this might be connected with the fact that for some decades the ground and part of the first floor of the building had been steam-heated, but clearly this cannot be the whole story. It might possibly account for some recent loss of mechanical properties of the wood, but one at least of the cracks, that under the ridge shaped structure which used to be visible in the stud work along the north wall of the Wordsworth Room, is much

older. This must have existed in the middle of the 18th century, because the structure in question was obviously put in to take the load from above off the crack, and the date 1754 was deeply incised in it. Thus many factors may have contributed to the failure of these beams, and their relative importance is difficult to assess. Had new timber been put in, it might have been possible to avoid using any which was initially unsound, but the factor of central heating would have continued to operate in any foreseeable future, with consequences which are difficult to predict, but which might have been serious. The Old Buildings Committee's decision to turn to a modern type of structure is therefore seen to have been the path, not merely of economy, but also of wisdom, and the present writer is the readier to acknowledge this as he was at the time strongly opposed to the demolition of the ancient fabric with all its multiple evidences of the continuing life of the College.

As we have seen, the work to the south of the Screens was not only much more radical than had at first been contemplated, but it involved nearly twice as much of the building. This extra work was reflected in the cost, which has been approximately £40,000, and the estimate, already mentioned, of £22,500 for the first half of this work is seen to have been a fairly close one. At the same time the extra cost, over and above the original estimate, is very large. It raises many questions in the mind about the cost of restoration of this type, laboriously fitting a piece of new building within an ancient structure, and reproducing in the exterior as many as possible of the old features. Supposing one had simply knocked the building down and put up a new one housing as many undergraduates (not that this would have been possible in the case in point, because of the Butteries and Kitchen, but supposing that it were) what is the cost likely to have been? Or put another way, how large a part of the cost could reasonably be assigned to providing really good modern accommodation in an old building, and how much to the work of repair and restoration? Of these two questions the former is much the easier to answer. If we take our buildings of 1938 to 1940 as representing a good modern standard of construction, we find that if the cost of the whole building were divided by the number of sets, thus including a proportion of public rooms in the cost per individual, this works out at about £1,500 in the money of 1939. The index of building prices rose from 98 in 1938 to 375 in 1958. The modern price of such a building would accordingly be about £5,700 per individual. If we assume one of the sets of the Chapel Court building to be equivalent to two bed-sitting rooms we should expect the cost to be in the neighbourhood of £2,800 per undergraduate, and on this scale the building south of the Screens,

which houses 14 undergraduates, would have cost about £40,000, almost exactly the cost of the restoration. Any saving would therefore have had to be made by scaling down the standard of construction or accommodation below that of the Chapel Court building.

If the calculation be made in terms of post-war buildings, the result is much the same. More than one College has recently found it necessary to spend sums of around £2,000 for each student on residential buildings for undergraduates. Accommodation for 14 undergraduates might therefore well have cost £28,000. But this occupies only about three quarters of the area of restoration of which we are speaking, the remaining quarter being occupied by the Wordsworth Room and its Servery, the Scholars' Buttery, and some consequential reconstruction of neighbouring parts of the Kitchens. Adding a third we reach a total of around £37,000, which in a very rough calculation of this kind is practically the same answer. We may thus conclude that all the special features and materials involved in this work have added surprisingly little to the cost which would have been incurred in putting up a good modern building.

On the other hand, it is clear that had the old building been structurally sound, it could have been modernised at a small fraction of this cost. As it happens, all the services were installed by the College maintenance staff, so that the cost of electric wiring, plumbing, and central heating can readily be assessed. The accounts for the past four years show the total cost of work done by the maintenance staff to have been £6,289, a total which covers the whole cost of these installations, together with a small amount of work on the removal of panelling and old floors, etc. On the other hand it would, of course, have been more expensive to have put these services in an old building where the room arrangement was less convenient, and where the services have to be threaded through a network of old timbering. Even so we may accept a total in the neighbourhood of £6,000—£7,000 for the cost of putting modern services into an old building of this kind, and we see that the reconstruction of the building itself represents the great bulk of the final cost.

G. C. E.

The College and Its Future

To look back over a past of four centuries and a half is to be reminded that, in human affairs, no man can foresee the future. Yet it may also be to find justification for confidence that what, as time unfolds, the future will bring forth will not show less achievement than what has gone before.

Such will be the reflections aroused by the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the College. The changes have been great, always more or less unforeseen, and sometimes not altogether in accord with the trend of the times. Personal influence has always powerfully affected College history. After the difficulties and setbacks of the beginning, overcome only by the resource and the resolve of John Fisher, came the rapid rise of the Renaissance College. Admissions, only half a century after the completion of the first buildings, were already larger than at any other College, and larger than they were to be again, in spite of the building of the Second Court and later of the Third Court, until the sudden growth that followed the wars of Napoleon and led directly to the building of the New Court. The long period of religious conflict, with its theological controversies, its problems of loyalty to Church and King, which the Restoration did not end, was followed by the ease of the eighteenth century; an ease, however, not unrelieved by great figures, or even by financial and educational reform, in which St John's set a standard greatly needed by the University. In the nineteenth century the stream of knowledge broadened and the pace of social change quickened; there were the movements for reform, the Royal Commissions, the abolition of religious tests, new subjects of examination, the end of the College as a celibate society. Having by the middle of the sixteenth century become the largest College, St John's so remained until, at the end of the eighteenth century, Trinity, its only rival, finally surpassed it. But, as the last quarter of the nineteenth century arrived, whilst Trinity continued to grow rapidly, St John's steadily declined, and was overtaken by several other Colleges shortly before the first World War. With the return of peace it expanded rapidly again and once more became, as it has since remained, the second College in size. With the ending of the first World War came too the modern University: a further variety of studies, the growth of scientific laboratories, the passing of formal lecturing from the Colleges to the University, the organization of the Faculties, and, behind all these changes, the Treasury Grant to Universities.

The Colleges have remained dependent upon their own endowments and the fees they charge, and indeed have clung to their financial independence. But they too have been assisted indirectly by the public funds now available to all who can profit by a University education. Yet, in the case of St John's, there is an important respect in which this last change—one of the major changes since the second World War—has made possible the perpetuation of a long tradition. St John's, though, until displaced by Trinity in this respect, it received the sons of the aristocracy of the land, had always been, more perhaps than any other College in either University, the College of the poor scholar. Able boys like Richard Bentley, William Wordsworth, and John Couch Adams, assisted often by Sizarships, found their way here, especially from the northern counties, and afterwards made their mark in Church or State, in learning or literature. The present College, open to all the talents, preserves in a changed and changing society this ancient and proud tradition.

To recall the course of College history over these four centuries and a half is to be impressed by the survival of these corporate societies, by the tenacity with which they have preserved their system of life and education, and by the success with which they have adapted it, even if sometimes only under pressure of necessity, to changing needs and conditions. No doubt they owe their independence, and in a measure their power, partly to their possessions. No College has failed financially. Financial stability has been one of the causes of their success. Possessions are no longer the safeguard that once they were: society has found means to take what it regards as its own. Yet the possessions of the Colleges, if often increased by social and economic change, and in a fortunate College by good management, have their origin wholly in benefactions. 'It is the greatest tribute to the Collegiate life that those who lived it believed in it and sought to ensure its perpetuity.*' Never perhaps in the history of the College have benefactions been more numerous than during the past half-century; and at the present time many hundreds of its members, a larger body of benefactors than any previous age has seen, are contributing to preserve the fabric of its ancient buildings and to provide the further buildings that the modern age and enlarged numbers pressingly demand. The ultimate cause of the survival of the Colleges, as of their foundation, has been belief in their purpose as homes of learning and of education. By the combination of these two functions, the success of each has been made possible; and because their conscious purpose has been to educate men, not only for learning, but for all the walks

* *The Eagle*, LIII, p. 2.

of life, they have retained their contact with the changing needs of each succeeding age.

Indeed the modern age has given new significance to the ancient Colleges. The widening extent, yet increasing specialization, of knowledge enhance the value of a system whereby both teachers and students of all the faculties live together as a corporate society; and the combination in one society of social and athletic activity with academic interest achieves already in a limited sphere the advantages of a training intended to equip for all the walks of life. Moreover, a modern College, drawing its undergraduates and its Fellows from the length and breadth of the country, from overseas, and from every type of home and school, is a grouping of society more representative than is to be met with elsewhere; and this too has its educational effect.

The Hall of Residence in the modern University is not the equivalent of a College. Yet, within its context of the newer and more centralized University, it is designed to meet a comparable need. The increasing emphasis upon the residential University, with its Halls of Residence, is further evidence of the value in the modern academic world of the collegiate idea.

Moreover, the value to a University of fine surroundings is increasingly felt. The ancient buildings of the Colleges and their grounds, which give to Cambridge most of its beauty, are costly to maintain and may even become a principal charge upon College revenues. But, as ancient buildings, they have a value more than architectural. They afford a time-perspective. And this may promote the forward look no less than the backward. It may be doubted how far, without consciousness of the past, there is recognition of the future and of the obligations it imposes. Who, in Edwardian days, could foresee the half-century from 1911 to 1961, and who can suppose that in 1961 change has lost its momentum? But to be conscious of a more distant past, though it leaves the future still inscrutable, affords a longer, and perhaps a steadier, sight with which to view the unforeseen when it arrives. 'An object or mark', wrote Thomas Hardy*, 'raised or made by man on a scene is worth ten times any such formed by unconscious Nature. Hence clouds, mists, and mountains are unimportant beside the wear on a threshold, or the print of a hand.' Wordsworth would not have formulated the comparison thus; but he too was not unmoved by the presences of 'generations of illustrious men' as he passed through the courts, the gateways, and the grounds of St John's.

The Colleges have never been more active or more alive to the needs of the time than they are today. Contacts with other

* *Early Life*, I, p. 153.

Universities, at home and throughout the English-speaking world, become more frequent and closer as travel increases. Connexions with the outside world, with industry, with public administration, with broadcasting, were promoted by the national use of the Universities in war-time, and have since continued to be close. They are often increased by technical developments.

But new circumstances bring new problems. Today, in academic Cambridge, the chief is that of the relation between the Colleges and the University. When the last Royal Commission on the University issued its report in 1922 the resources, both in money and in men, were with the Colleges, not with the University. The University was in need of funds, especially for its scientific developments, and of more lecturers for its teaching. Today, though College incomes have increased in a degree which has gone far towards maintaining their real value through an inflationary period, the Treasury Grant to the University, which had its origin in the recommendations of the Royal Commission and now supplies by far the greater part of the income of the University, far exceeds the total of the incomes of all the Colleges. Over the same period, though Colleges have increased the numbers of their Fellows, and though a higher proportion of Fellows now hold office in the University, the proportion of University teaching officers who hold Fellowships has steadily declined and is now not much more than one-half. Thus the University tends to outgrow the Colleges, and amongst teachers of the University there is distinction, inevitable yet hard to justify, between those who are Fellows and those who are not. This is harmful to the Colleges and dangerous to the character of Cambridge as a collegiate University. To find a solution of this problem is one of the pressing needs of the day and demands a reconsideration of the relations between the Colleges and the University.

Another problem, which affects all the Universities of the country, but raises special questions for the Colleges of Cambridge and of Oxford, is that of the selection of students for admission. The great expansion of University education in the country, the foundation of new Universities, and the intense competition for admission to the two ancient Universities of Cambridge and Oxford has created great difficulties for the Universities and Colleges themselves, for the candidates, and for the schools, and some further organization and simplification has become essential. Admissions to Cambridge and to Oxford are in the control of the several Colleges. The conditions imposed by these two Universities form in practice a minimum standard, far exceeded in the actual entry in consequence of the intensity of the competition. There is no fully comparable problem in other Universities, though there too, in varying degrees,

entry is becoming competitive. The problem for the Colleges is so to adapt their procedure that it remains workable, is fair to the candidates, to other Universities, and to the schools, yet preserves to the Colleges the right of selection and the opportunity of individual consideration.

The present is an age of academic building, in the country as a whole as Universities increase in number and rapidly expand in size, but also in the two ancient Universities, where the expansion is less. In Cambridge there is more building in progress, both for the University and for the Colleges, than any previous age has witnessed. It raises problems both of finance and of style. Financial efficiency can be assessed. The judgment of style lies with the future. But responsibility for design rests upon the present, and when the building is for a Cambridge College the responsibility is great. Most of the Colleges have undertaken some extension of their buildings in the post-war years or have plans in preparation.

St John's, like most other Cambridge Colleges, has increased its numbers since the second World War. In the years before that war the number of junior members of the College in residence, including undergraduates reading for a first degree, Bachelors of Arts, Research Students from other Universities, and others taking Diplomas or advanced courses, was about four hundred and fifty. In 1944 the College decided that during the period of exceptional pressure which was expected in the years immediately after the war they would be willing to increase their number to six hundred or a little more, provided lodgings were available. The number rose to that level, and even somewhat above it, over the period from 1948 to 1953. This was possible only because the College had built North and Chapel Courts (to the designs of Edward Maufe) just before the outbreak of war in 1939 and because, when the post-war rise in numbers began, a large number of College rooms were occupied by two or even three, men—an arrangement that has continued since. In 1955 it was decided to maintain the number of junior members in residence at about six hundred permanently. Since the end of the war a large part of those accepted for admission had undertaken their compulsory national service before coming into residence. In consequence, when in the spring of 1957 compulsory national service was virtually abolished, almost two generations of undergraduates, who had been accepted but had been expected to come into residence in later years, were available for immediate admission. The College decided not substantially to reduce the intake from the immediately succeeding age-groups, which would have been a hardship to them, but to allow the size of the College to rise temporarily until those who, in consequence of the aboli-

tion of national service, wished to come into residence earlier than had been expected had passed through. The effect of this decision, as was foreseen, has been that the total number of junior members has been allowed to rise to seven hundred or slightly more, of whom about six hundred have been undergraduates reading for a first degree and rather more than one hundred Bachelors of Arts, Research Students from other Universities, or other more senior men. A College of about five hundred undergraduates and about one hundred Bachelors and Research Students, making a total of about six hundred junior members, continues to be the long-term policy; and the number in residence will fall back to about that figure in the near future.

The large proportion of Bachelors of Arts and Research Students, about one in six in the College, emphasizes a further problem with which the College has to deal. They form an increasingly important element in Cambridge, and the College system must adapt itself to afford them a place in it corresponding to their importance.

The College has not grown only in the number of its junior members. The number of its Fellows has also increased and by a very similar proportion and now approaches eighty.*

In an Appeal issued to all members of the College in January, 1958, it was made known that the College urgently desired additional buildings. The provision of more accommodation, principally undergraduates' rooms, has been part of the policy for the increase in the size of the College which the national need and the traditional place of St John's as one of the two largest Colleges had led the College deliberately to accept. The purpose of the further buildings now in view is not to enable a further increase in size, but to make proper provision for a College of about six hundred junior members. Lodgings in the town are less easily available than they once were, and they are more distant. Pressure on accommodation has remained severe in Cambridge, in spite of much building by the City Corporation; the rising level of prosperity has reduced the incentive to let rooms; and many houses in the central areas of Cambridge have been converted to other uses. Moreover a large proportion of the sets of rooms in the College are now shared by two, or even three, occupants, and they are not all well suited to such use. A freshman, if he has rooms in College, has a set of his own; but in a second year he has ordinarily the choice of moving out into lodgings or sharing a set in College with a companion of his own choice. The great majority elect to share and to remain in College. But the College, in the interest of the undergraduates, would like to see the amount of this sharing reduced. The purpose of the new buildings proposed is to make possible the accommoda-

tion of a larger proportion of the College within its walls and at the same time to reduce the number of sets of rooms that are shared by two men and to confine it to those sets which are suited to it.

In a second Appeal document, issued in the spring of this year and sent to all members of the College whose addresses are known to us, I have been able to announce the promise of a great benefaction, a large part of which has already been received, which will make possible the new buildings the College needs. This benefaction is a direct response to the appeal the College felt justified in making to the generosity and affection of its members. I have there compared it, in its scale and in the benefit it will confer upon the College, to the earlier benefaction of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, which enabled the College to build the Second Court more than three centuries and a half ago. This great gift, which should make possible the fulfilment of our plans, has already made memorable the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary, in 1961, of the founding of the College in 1511. The donors have asked that, for the time being, anonymity should be preserved; but they allow it to be made known that they are the Trustees of a Family Charitable Trust, and that one of the Trustees is a member of the College.

The moment has not yet arrived to appoint the architect for the new buildings, but the area within which they will be built has been chosen. It comprises land to the north of the New Court and part of the land further west recently purchased from Merton College, Oxford*. This site has great potentialities and is perhaps the only site, short of encroachment upon the Backs, fully adequate to the needs the College has in view.

The benefaction referred to has made it possible for the College to proceed with plans for new buildings whilst still engaged upon the work of restoring the Second and Third Courts. This is the other great task the College has undertaken in relation to its buildings, and it too was an object of the Appeal the College has made to its members. The response is providing a large part of the funds required for this task also. In the years preceding the second World War an important restoration of the First Court was completed. In 1957 it became possible to take up the still more extensive work required in the Second and Third Courts. The work is being carried out under the direction of the Department of Estate Management in the University, Mr A. C. Crook being the architect immediately in charge, and in consultation with the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works.† This

* *The Eagle*, LIX, pp. 3f.

† The work is being described in detail in *The Eagle* by Dr G. C. Evans, Bursar in charge of the College Buildings, as it proceeds. See LIX, pp. 35ff., 91ff.

extensive and important restoration must inevitably proceed step by step; but, when completed, the whole of the ancient buildings of the College will be in sound structural condition.

J. S. B. S.

The College in 1911

I HAVE been asked to write some reminiscences of College personalities at the time of the four-hundredth anniversary in 1911. Naturally I turned to the volume which was presented to graduate members of the College in commemoration of that event. Tucked away in the volume was the invitation card to the dinner of celebration and the list of those present. Of the 178 who dined that night about forty were at some time resident fellows, a few were honorary fellows, some were ex-fellows non-resident. Of fellows resident then or now I alone remain. To scan the list of those departed calls up a multitude of memories.

Of the honorary fellows I recall Sir Ambrose Fleming. He was stone deaf as I remember him. He was an electrical pioneer. He supervised the introduction of electricity into the college to light the chapel, hall and kitchen. By 1911 this had been extended throughout the college. As an undergraduate I had lived and worked by candle and lamp-light. Another ex-fellow, still living and since elected Honorary Fellow, is Sir Thomas Havelock. Of him it is recorded that on the occasion of the conferring of an Honorary Degree on Lord Kitchener he, with others, was clinging to the railings of the Senate House when they collapsed and fell upon him. His injuries meant a spell of absence from Cambridge and a deferred Tripos. But he came out 10th Wrangler.

In the opening note to the memorial volume we find the names of those who took part in its production: a remarkable group of the fellows. The text was edited by A. C. Steward, who migrated to Emmanuel and back to St John's, was Professor of Botany and later Master of Downing. He and his wife were patrons of the Cambridge Drawing Society. The plates were prepared under the direction of F. F. Blackman, a distinguished plant physiologist, a man of great and delicate taste. The mazer in the Combination Room was made to his request and presented to the college. His widow is still with us.

Naturally the Master, Robert Forsyth Scott (1908—1933) had a part in producing the book. His series of notes on the history of the college were published over a number of years in *The Eagle*. He had been Senior Bursar and had seen the college through difficult times following the agricultural depression of the 1880's, leaving its finances in much better form. He was a great supporter of the L.M.B.C. I well remember a breakfast he gave to the Second Lent Boat in which I was rowing in 1902. It began with cod-steak. This was followed by a mutton chop and a beef-steak,

toast, marmalade and tea. We all went *down* in weight next day. Until his last years the Master was always down on the towpath at the races to fire the starting gun for the club. In his study he was rarely seen without a cigar.

Joseph Larmor, Lucasian Professor of Applied Mathematics, was knighted in the year of the quatercentenary. He contributed to the memorial volume a note on Gilbert, Fellow, who published a treatise on magnetism, in the year 1600 (see the plate in the Chapel). Sir Joseph was Secretary of the Royal Society for ten years, and was Member of Parliament for the University from 1911 to 1922. In 1900 his Essay which won the Adams Prize was published under the title "Aether and Matter". As it was really a presentation of an electromagnetic theory of matter it was humorously described by Horace Lamb at a meeting of the British Association as properly deserving the title "Aether and NO matter". Larmor was a reserved man with wide literary interest. He was not a conversationalist and his handwriting had been said to need the skill of the dispenser of prescriptions to decipher. About the year 1912 the Fellows' Meeting was discussing a project for introducing a bath-house into the college. Up to that time we had only a tin bath under the bed for which your gyp would fetch hot water from the kitchen. Larmor's comment was; "We have done without baths for four hundred years. Why should we begin them now?" But when, after the first war, the baths replaced the Chemical Laboratory behind the New Court, he became one of the most regular visitors to them. Clad in mackintosh and a cap which he never wore at other times he made his way from his rooms in K, Second Court over the Bridge of Sighs. I had the privilege of attending his lectures in 1901—1903. Nobody would have said that he was a good lecturer. He seemed to be going very slowly. I used to try to keep my attention by writing a whole lecture on half a sheet of paper in minute handwriting. But later I discovered what good stuff it was and I treasured my notes. I see him now, sitting back to his class on the edge of the table, looking at the black-board, leaning back even to the point of resting nearly horizontal on his elbow. His work, with that of Lorentz in Holland, was in fact the prelude to Einstein's theory of Relativity.

The initials J.R.T. and T.R.G. attached to notes in the volume remind us of two of our most lively fellows. Dr J. R. Tanner was an eminent historian, particularly learned in Naval History. He was a popular Tutor. His rotund figure and his never-failing fund of stories, which he enjoyed himself as much as those who heard them, are still fresh in memory. Still I see him at the table of the College Council, lighting his pipe, starting an anecdote, finding his pipe out, lighting another match, resuming the story,

and re-lighting again and again before the end. Once the Council had to deal with a complaint from bedmakers that the practice of frying sausages over gas-rings was a cause of much grease in gyprooms. But Tanner commented "I consider that this private house-keeping is one of the more valuable elements in university education". At a bump-supper in 1902 he was present with E. E. Sikes who was my tutor. It was the occasion for celebrating twelve bumps among three boats. Called upon for a speech, Sikes apologized for not wearing a blazer. "I have grown out of mine" he said, which was true as to girth. Tanner followed and with one of his merry twinkles began "I too must apologize for not wearing a blazer. *Mine has shrunk.*"

Tanner was responsible for a revolution in college administration. Up to the year 1910, each tutor had kept the accounts for his own pupils and kept a separate banking account for his own side. Caution Money was required as an insurance to each tutor against bad debts. Tanner was the first to employ a clerk to do his accounts. This developed into a College Office with Mr E. W. Lockhart as chief clerk. Only one Tutor held out against this bureaucratic development. This was Dr Donald MacAlister, a cheerful-looking but somewhat dominating personality. He had the distinction of being a Senior Wrangler who had taken up medicine with distinction. His gifts of administration took him to be Principal of Glasgow University.

Mr Lockhart was a remarkable servant of the college. First as Library Clerk, then as chief of the office, he became butler on the death of Mr Merry. Merry with his elegant double-pointed beard had adorned the Fellows' Buttery, standing at his desk just inside the door in frock-coat. But Lockhart became ubiquitous. Upstairs and downstairs, from the cellars in the basement to the office on the first floor he kept watch and ward over all things. Only his marvellous memory and devotion made it possible. He knew, and nobody else did, where to turn up any particular item of accounting, sometimes in an old desk diary hidden behind other books. There was no typewriter. The handwriting of Lockhart and the Bursar's clerk, Mr Turner, were familiar and may still be seen in old minute and account books and the library catalogue of days when people still practised calligraphy.

T. R. Glover was an historian of a different sort from Tanner. Specialist in Roman history he wrote much about "Religion in the early Roman Empire". Himself a much respected member of the Baptist denomination, a book of his which had a very wide circulation was "The Jesus of History", still widely read in spite of the rise of newer schools of theology. In some ways Glover was a disappointed man, but he was a welcome figure at the High Table where he generally led the conversation in his neighbour-

hood. Once, in pensive mood, he said to me "What a lot of rubbish we talk at dinner". He himself was not innocent of it. He could be rude, but always that was a token of friendship. In late 1911 I had just returned to the college as a green lecturer in mathematics, still living partly in London, with a minimum of furniture in my rooms on M, Second Court. One morning Glover dropped in, looked round the big bare room and said, "What a beastly life you live here". Often he complained of too much "para-rubber" in the crust of the apple pie which even then was on the side every evening. But we looked forward to his dining and enlivening the dulness of us dull mathematicians. To him the College owes the Lady Margaret Boat Song. Glover did not pride himself on the Latin but where would the May Concert be without it? He was Public Orator later and was adept in rendering quips into his Latin orations.

As Public Orator Glover followed another Johnian, J. E. Sandys. Dr John Edwin Sandys was knighted in the quatercentenary year. He was my first Tutor, and well I remember his dignified, somewhat pompous bearing. He was Public Orator from 1876—1919, in days when the Gallery of the Senate House was largely occupied by undergraduates less respectful to dignity than they are to-day. As the frock-coated, bearded orator rolled out his periods he took no note of derisive cheers and comment. "Say the naughty part again" followed a resounding "quiDAM", and roars of delight followed a grand "Napoleoneorum". Sir John built for himself a fine new house in Grange Road (now the St John's School). He called it St John's House, but quickly it was dubbed "SIR John's House". He was a figure of great dignity and the college was much shocked when he collapsed and died in the Third Court in 1922.

One evening in early January, I think it was in 1910, I dined in the Combination Room with a company of the veterans of the college. They were Professor Liveing, Professor Mayor, John Bass Mullinger, librarian of the college, Alfred Harker, geologist. Each in his way was a character.

Harker was a Yorkshireman from Hull. The advent of a Yorkshire pudding at Hall always evoked from him scornful remarks on the article produced by the kitchen. Mullinger we knew little. He had suffered all his life from one leg being shorter than the other, so that he had to wear an iron support under one boot. He was very helpful to students but had no use for small talk. Stopped one day in the courts by a student who remarked that it was a fine day he is reputed to have said: "If that was all you had to say you need not have stopped me". He had some difficulty in walking and always carried a stick. He told me once that his favourite place for a summer holiday was Cromer, because the

cracks between the boards on the pier were so narrow that his stick did not go down into them.

Liveing and Mayor were a pair. They matriculated in 1845 and 1844 respectively. Liveing was President, a silent watchful figure whose white beard rendered a tie unnecessary. We celebrated in 1920 the seventy-fifth year of his residence in the University. For him the first teaching chemical laboratory in Cambridge was built where the New Court baths now stand. He was in excellent health until in his ninety-sixth year he was knocked down in the street by a passing cyclist. A broken thigh sent him to bed and this was more than his robust health could stand. Up to that date he had walked regularly from his house, the Pightle, Newnham, to college for dinner, carrying a hurricane lamp in the dark evenings. Save for a speech of an hour and a quarter at the tea-party in 1920 I do not remember anything he said save for his conversation with Mayor at dinner that night in the Combination Room. He and Mayor were in reminiscent mood and began recalling the names of the Senior Wranglers from their undergraduate days in the 1840's. They both lost count *after* 1861.

J. E. B. Mayor was Professor of Latin. Having filled his rooms next to the Shrewsbury Tower with books he lived in lodgings over the tobacconist Wilson at the corner of Portugal Place. He became a vegetarian. I met him in the train from Kettering once, when he told me that he had been to Manchester to conduct a funeral for the member of a church of which membership was confined to vegetarians and non-smokers. He was reputed to have invented a new kind of marmalade which he had made in quantities and tried to sell in the shops until the makers of certain marmalades threatened him with legal action if he continued to use their jars. In his seventies he changed his pronunciation of Latin from the old English fashion to a more modern style, chiefly because of an International Esperanto Congress. He feared that the members would not follow the Latin grace at dinner. His picture hangs near Liveing's on the Combination Room staircase, an interesting contrast in beards.

Prominent among us in those days was William Bateson, whose father had been master from 1857 to 1881. He had re-discovered Mendel's theory of heredity and brought it to the notice of the scientific world. He gathered round him a body of researchers, confirming and developing the theory and applying it to important agricultural purposes. Foremost among these was Roland Biffen who isolated the famous Yeoman wheat. Following him Lawrence Balls, a year junior to me did great work in Egypt in improving the cotton crop. Later the college made Balls an honorary fellow. He died last year. Bateson was a live, eager man of the widest interests. He would keep the High Table

talking by drawing out the most junior members, often feigning ignorance for that purpose. Those were the early days of Cubist art. I had been with my senior colleague, H. F. Baker, to an exhibition in Albermarle St. On coming out Baker remarked, "I wish I had saved my shilling". Commenting on this at Hall I ventured to say that many of the pictures shewing in Bond St windows looked rather insipid after the Cubist. "Yes", said Bateson, "that is the worst of it. It is so insidious". What a grand head he had; we lost him all too soon.

R. P. Gregory was one of Bateson's nearest disciples. Tutor, sportsman and Botanist, we may still see in the Wilderness some of the primulas on which he worked; crossing and re-crossing them in search of confirmation of Bateson's re-discovered theory. We missed Peter badly when he died prematurely from the great influenza scourge that followed the 1914—1918 war. I suppose that his record in games has rarely been equalled. If I am right, he played for the college at cricket, rugger, soccer, hockey, tennis and even managed to find time for rowing. His widow is with us still.

Those of whom I have so far written were to me as a young fellow some of the great lights of the college in 1911. Let me turn to some with whom I was more intimate. First I must remember Ernest Alfred Benians, Master of the college from 1935 to 1952. His was the first name for which I looked in the list of those who dined at the quatercentenary dinner. At first I was surprised not to find it there. But, refreshing my memory from the pages of *The Eagle*, I recalled that he was then, as the holder of an Alfred Kahn travelling fellowship, spending a year in travel round the world. The thing I remember most about his travels was the way in which he had been impressed by the happy Chinese children.

Of the affection and respect with which E.A.B. came to be regarded in the college and university others have written in *The Eagle* after his death in 1952 (see Vol. LV, pp. 4-9). His election was unanimous and was abundantly justified. I knew him as a freshman, coming to the college in the same term that I did (October, 1899). He was a quiet country lad, coming from a small school in Kent, where his father was Headmaster. He came with a Scholarship in History with Classics, the first History Scholarship ever awarded by the college. His mind turned to Modern History and on it he left his mark. It was his greatest life-interest save perhaps for one even greater, his care for people. He had a great gift of friendship. I remember meeting Rupert Brooke in his rooms; one of his near friends was Hugh Russell-Smith, a brilliant young historian fellow of the college who, after a deep struggle in his mind as to what was right, volunteered for

the forces in 1914 and was one of the first members of the college to fall in the war. Benians had a great interest also in Indian students and became their friend as official adviser to those in Cambridge.

As undergraduates we walked a lot together and I was glad in the renewal of our friendship when I returned to the college in 1911 after seven years elsewhere. His whimsical humour and merry laugh come back to mind. Once we had lunch together in London at an A.B.C. restaurant. Just as we had put some money on the table for the waitress I spilled a small jug of milk over it. Out came the quip: "A land flowing with milk and money". When I told him over a frugal lunch in my rooms (G, New Court) that I had become engaged to be married his comment was: "Yes, it must be nice to have a *house* of your own". He himself had not yet arrived at that estate. It was the fortune of war that in 1916 he was asked to take the place of a history coach who had to give up his work at Girton. In the course of his coaching there he had the good fortune to meet with an able student, Miss Sylvia Dodd. So began a very happy marriage. His widow is with us still. Once on a walk together we noticed some object that had been dropped on the ground. Picking it up, Benians said to me; "You know, Cunningham, I once picked up a gold half-sovereign that someone had dropped. It has been a bane to me ever since. From that day I have walked with my eyes on the ground."

He loved his native weald of Kent. He enjoyed a swim in the river. But he was not a serious player of games. He did a very little rowing in his first year. For a time he played soccer with the Trinity Scythians (a team of dons from various colleges). He took over the accounts of the L.M.B.C. from me during the war when I was away from Cambridge. We did not know in those early days what a beloved and distinguished yet modest Master he would be.

While I was an undergraduate, Cyril Rootham was appointed Organist to the College. He held the post from 1901 to 1938, and during that time he was an outstanding figure in Cambridge music. This is not the place to speak of all that he did for music, in the college and in the university. This is but a collection of personal reminiscences. I see Cyril always on the run. To cross the court he had to run. He conducted the choir for the May concert, and chose for us some choruses in which it was hard to know whether the last chord was right or wrong. It was not his fault but the composer's. He was himself an untiring composer. He set to music words that his wife would choose. She was his never-failing helpmeet. Without her he would not have been entire. They were not always the most cheerful of words. At one

concert we sang a setting of a poem of which the refrain was "The world's more full of weeping than we can understand". The Master's wife whispered to me in the interval that followed: "The world's more full of Rootham than we can understand". Dr Rootham, as he became, was indeed a leader in the modern developments in music, which like those in painting, have given those of us who began as Victorians so much to wrestle with and accept. It was his life and it wore him out. Stricken with paralysis he bravely clung to his composing and left a symphony of which he was only able to correct the proofs by the aid of a patient and understanding collaborator. His wife Rosamund survived him until the end of last year. She had been in the thick of Cambridge social problems for fifty years. When my wife and I came as a young couple to settle in Cambridge in 1912 she was one of the first to call on us. She warned my wife of being sucked into "the slough of domesticity"; but she made a home with Cyril into which hundreds of students found a welcome. One may be pardoned for recalling the story that on one occasion a new-comer addressed the organist as Dr Roo-tham. He was corrected and told "My name is Root-ham, as in Beethoven". For a time he suffered from the perversion "Roothoven". How live he was, and how stern he could be. Many there are who found themselves shut out of the Guildhall, having arrived one minute after the advertised time for the beginning of a concert. Let us praise famous men, such as made musical tunes.

But now to another character of a quite different sort, famous among mathematicians in the early years of this century and the close of the nineteenth. Robert Rumsey Webb, always known as R. R. Webb, was another name that was missing from the list of those who dined on June 29, 1911. Indeed he had not dined in Hall for years. He had at one time taken offence at something that was said in Hall and he never dined again. He was well-known as the leading coach. In the days when all mathematical students were looking for a higher place in the order of merit in the Tripos, and when the teaching was on a college basis, there was competition between Colleges as well as between men. College lectures were regularly supplemented by coaching. This came to an end with the abolition of the order of merit in 1909. Before that date Webb was the most renowned coach. He boasted that in one year he coached 17 out of the first 18 Wranglers. I was one of the last to profit from his remarkable teaching. We were not coached individually. The men of my year, seven in number, went to him together and sat round his table. He sat in a chair by the side of his blackboard with a wet sponge for cleaning the board. On it, from time to time, he would draw a lightning outline of a rabbit, meaning one of us.

Or he would make a figure lying on his back with smoke coming out of a pipe as indicating his impression of our idea of work. He lived entirely by candlelight and wrote always with a quill-pen. He made fun of us and did not like a come-back. Once he told us, as a stimulus to hard work, how he had been to the Riviera for a vacation, and there, before coming down to breakfast, he had done his daily dose of learning Russian; "Seven days a week, gentlemen, not six, mind you". When one of the group murmured "Shame" he was quite put out of countenance. His kind does not exist now. Men are lectured to wholesale. Their hope now is not to be a high Wrangler, but to get a Ph.D. But the "Old Man" R. R. Webb, with his rather flattened nose, in his check brown suit, walking down the avenue with his hands behind his back clasping an umbrella could tackle problems of a kind that do not interest mathematicians to-day.

It was to fill the gap created by R. R. Webb's retirement that I was invited in 1911 to return to St John's as a College Lecturer. I became one of a team of three with H. F. Baker and T. J. I'a Bromwich. I missed J. G. Leatham whose first lecture I had attended in 1899, and who as Praelector presented me for my degree. He had been appointed as Senior Bursar on the election of Scott as Master in 1908. He was a good Bursar and helped to consolidate the work of Scott in stabilizing the college finances. His two sons both became President of the Union and are now both Headmasters of well-known schools. He died from a painful illness in 1922.

Of my colleagues Bromwich was a walking encyclopaedia of mathematics. He had a breakdown in health and was greatly missed. Baker went on for many years, becoming Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry and in that position building up a great school of geometry in the University. I owe him an inestimable debt as guide, philosopher and friend. He died in his ninetieth year in 1956. Of his work as a mathematician I have written elsewhere (*Eagle*, Vol. LVII, pp. 80-83). I need not repeat here anecdotes about him which I wrote there. When I returned to Cambridge our ways had diverged, his to Geometry, mine to Physics: but we were great friends until his death. My early memories of him are of his great speed in lecturing. This not only made it difficult to take notes, but for him it resulted often in the elision of vowels, in such words, for instance, as "differential equations". From the word "co-ordinates" the hyphen completely disappeared. Few would have guessed at his delicate sense of humour but to his death it remained with him. His speech was always forthright and direct, as for instance, when entertaining his colleagues to lunch before discussing the programme of lectures, he greeted us with the words, "Are any of you

people drinkers?" He had many sorrows in his lifetime, but he was from beginning to end a friend.

I have in my study a photograph of the group who took the Mathematical Tripos in 1913. Baker in the centre with Bromwich and me and twelve students, ten of whom were Wranglers. At the end of the front row is a rather lean and timid-looking youth named Harold Jeffreys. Few would recognize Sir Harold or suspect his budding eminence as a scientist. Next to him is Bernard Gilbert, a distinguished civil servant to be, knighted and an honorary fellow, but now recently deceased.

What other portraits come to mind? "Bushey", as we always called, Bushe-Fox, L. H. K. I see him now on his white horse on the tow-path, roaring instruction, rebuke and encouragement at the first boat. Under his care, L.M.B.C. was steadily among the first five boats on the river, although largely recruited by men who had not had the backing of Eton training. I see Bushey now on the grind (ferry) which used to convey us across the river at the Pike and Eel, while the horse, taking fright at something reared on its hind-legs on the scanty deck. Bushey was Tutor and for a time Lay Dean. St John's in 1911 would not have been itself without him.

Of another calibre was Dr L. E. Shore, for many years director of medical studies and Junior Bursar. He loved the college and its men. We loved him and often laughed at him. As Junior Bursar his favourite motto was "You leave it to me". This once provoked Glover into verse:

"There's a crack in my bedroom door",

"You leave it to me", said Shore

"But the rain comes in on my head",

"You leave it to me" Shore said.

But things did get done. Shore was asked by the fellows to have a yew hedge planted along the Queen's Road side of the Wilderness, to give more privacy from the road to the Fellows' Garden. When the hedge was planted we were surprised to find it along the avenue. When protest was made his reply was "Well, that is the only place where it would grow". We made fun of him but he always took it in good part and we liked him for it.

"Johnny" Marr was a jovial geologist, with a wicked twinkle in his one eye, one of those people of whom one is at once aware as part of the life of the society.

"Peter" Mason, one of the most senior members of the College was a great Hebrew scholar and had been president. A rather gnomish white beard flowed below two of the kindest eyes. A friend of a member of the college was once anxious to ascend the Chapel tower. She appealed to Peter Mason. "Alas" he said, "I cannot give you permission to go alone. I would have been

glad to conduct you myself, but I fear I cannot manage the stairs". Nevertheless it is recorded that he had walked to London in one day.

W. E. Heitland, we never gave him a Christian name, I only knew by sight and hearing. A Classic, already retired from office, he turned up often to Fellows' Meetings. Being very deaf, he heard very little of what had been said, and then would rise and make a speech largely about what used to be done. At a feast in Hall at which a microphone was used for the first time, specially provided for him, he entirely defeated its function by walking about from side to side. It is said of him that he was seen wheeling a garden barrow along King's Parade, returning books to the old University Library behind the Senate House.

I must draw this train of reminiscences to a close, but two more personalities come to mind, one dining, that night in June, the other waiting at the table. H. H. Brindley, zoologist, one of our most ready talkers, I did not yet know in person. Later I succeeded him as Steward. Edward Appleton (now Sir Edward), as a member of the audit committee, was led to enquire into the prevalence of cockroaches in the kitchen, sometimes in the vegetable dishes, sometimes even in the heart of a loaf of bread. Brindley, in his steward's swan-song apologized for these dark friends of his. "They are not the ordinary kind of cockroach" he said, "they are the Asiatic variety. They came over to this country in the time of Queen Elizabeth". (Perhaps I should add 'the First'). But this was long after 1911.

And now—the Head Waiter, SWAN. He was my gyp as well. I hear him now, slowly ascending the stairs to my rooms on M, Second Court, wheezing as he came with his asthmatic chest. As a warning to the new boy he told me how he had waited on my predecessor, W. H. Besant. "Thirty five years, I waited on the *hold* gentleman, and never had a *hangry* word from him". Courtesy and dignity adorned him. He came up to my new house, and saw our first baby, six months old, in her pram at the door. Having looked around the house, he came to the little one in the pram and with heartfelt tones said, "Sir, and that's the best piece of furniture of all." He wheezed and he waited, until he had to be pensioned off.

It was but three years later that the first great war descended upon us. We went down in June, 1914, a full college. We returned, but a small fraction of it in October. Some, like Hugh Russell-Smith, whom the college had looked to as the men for the future, never returned. They were taken from us by the "War to end War". But it was not the end of war. Neither was it the end of the college. It has gone on from strength to strength and we look forward to the five-hundredth anniversary believing that it will meet greatly all that the new age may bring.

Poems

PAGEANT: NEW COURT

NIGHT. Dark vein of blood trickling through crevices
of wall is silent now. In the space
scooped out of lawn and flagstone, portico,
they play. Kings, queens and knights,
yeomen of England all.

King, queen, archbishop, toffeeapple, dust
and little girl, once brave but frightened now
by the dark hour, by the haze and distances
that melt into the green of lawn and trees.
They play. Lords, ladies, fellow commoners,
Lend me your memories to recall
the crack of doom, the mallets' distant crack,
the memory of the race. And underneath the tree,
the tree of ages (it's this that frightened her),
they make their last, their hasty camp.
Horse, bugle, lamps—nay, torches: but you:
why cannot you
make good your exit with main force and grace.

Night, dark vein of blood trickling through crevices
of wall is silent now.

J. P. S.

JOHNIAN HOURS

TWICE tolled the Johnian hours,
Without — within,
Action — reaction,
Equal — opposite,
Giving and getting,
Loving and being loved,
Obverse and reverse,
The double currency of life;
The poles round which we turn;
The axes of our living,
Getting and giving.
The locus, thus referred,
Is audibly expressed.
Twice toll the Johnian hours,
For they are doubly blessed.

DAVID RALPHS

NOVEMBER

Now at long last those stalwart gardeners
Who once (as sang a quavering voice ten years ago)
Did sweep and gather day by day and year by year
The autumnal leaves, have in a measure respite.
Now in their stead a single pair of hands
Propels a little vehicle:
And all is done.

S. J. B.

QUADRUPLETS

"In the quad of St John's College, Cambridge"—*Sunday Paper*.

FOUR older courts hath Cambridge's St John's,
Never forgotten by her loyal sons:
Were they to Oxford wafted by the gods
Mockers might call them Lady Margaret's quads.

E. J. L. GREAR

PYRRHA

*Lines written on learning of the publication of a book of translations
of Horace Odes 1.5, selected from a grand total of no less than
451 assorted versions.*

DEAR Pyrrha, in Horace's verses enshrined,
What poet are you now deceiving,
As he woos you to yield to translation, his mind
Full of phrases? For whom are you weaving,
Deceptively simple, your golden-haired wiles?
How often will he be bewailing
His shattered belief that your fair golden smiles
Betoken the plainest of sailing;
How oft will he stare at your hurricane seas
Who thinks you are his for the wooing,
Inexperienced novice to trust in your breeze—
Your glitter the poet's undoing.

To the muse of translators, I publicly state,
To the goddess of whom I did ask it,
For my lucky escape I do now dedicate
My pen and my waste-paper basket.

H. M. STEWART

Pyrrha is reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of *Greece & Rome*.

Undergraduate Life at St John's in the Early Thirties

It was, in a way, a fairly sickening invitation. After one had got over the first flush of pleasure at having been asked to write such an article for this rather special issue of *The Eagle*, Time hit one, suddenly.

In the stomach.

It was thirty years ago, at a moment when one had only lived two fifths of the life so far vouchsafed to one.

And this made one (though one denies it vigorously to one's children and, less often, to one's wife) feel old.

So, starting with the melancholy slogan "Fogism begins at fifty" and proceeding to the equally gloomy truism that "Old Fogies Never Die, They Simply Fade Away", one took a deep breath, invoked Milton and ordered Time to roll back and fetch the Age of Gold.

I hope and believe that the magic is still strong. A dark blue sky, crackling with frost, and the stars over the Chapel Tower blazing and glittering with a magnesium whiteness; and as the eye came down from the heavens, the broad orange glow of the great bow windows of Hall, the clatter of plates and the buzz (or roar) of talk as a waiter, bringing fresh plates from the buttery, pushed open those infernally inconvenient doors with his shoulder. A November afternoon, with a coy Cambridge fog lifting just enough to enable Rugger to be played, the studs of one's football boots digging deep into the valuable turf at the sides of the long avenue as one trotted up to and walked back from the game on what I still maintain is one of the handsomest grounds in England. Looking out from the windows of one's room in Second Court in May and jeering at the Fellows of Trinity as, in their private garden, they addressed themselves, with all the seriousness befitting senior members of the second College in the University, to their idiosyncratic idea of the game of bowls.

Drake would have lost the battle, but let that pass.

The May Concert, with the First May Boat, some of them occasionally vertical in the way that a bullrush is in a light breeze, roaring out Dr Garrett's melody—easy to mock at, but difficult to forget—and in at least one year, a Trumpeter, on top of the Shrewsbury Tower, recalling the audience from their wandering in the Courts at the end of the interval.

The May Ball. A still, heavy summer night, with enough girlish beauty collected into a fairly small space to last most people a lifetime. The cheerful faces of those who were just enjoying themselves; the transfixed expressions of those who had just discovered that they agreed about one another; the John Swan, the Champagne, the punts, the lot.

And the agonies of unrequited love, never worse than at such a moment. (Her daughter recently won an open scholarship at, of all places, Oxford.)

Very well. So I am without recourse a Foggy, a sentimentalist and traditionalist who just to tap the last nail into his own coffin, quotes a Latin tag:

Laudator temporis acti se puero.

However, I am able triumphantly to turn the tables on those accusing me of Fogism by praying in aid a very modern Bard, Mr Lionel Bart, who (Horace's copyright having expired some time ago) has brilliantly, and practically word for word, lifted this line as the title for his *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be*.

Are Fings Wot They Used T'Be?

I suspect that in many ways they are.

Of course, in the 'thirties there was virtually no sharing of rooms by undergraduates. Nor were the students of Newnham and Girton full members of the University, and I think that there was rather more of a bar between ordinary boy meets girl occasions than there is now. But it was by no means absolute. I remember hoisting a Newnhamite over the railings on Grange Road at three o'clock in the morning on our return from a bathe in the Ouse somewhere near Haddenham. The Fenland policeman on patrol who had seen the lights of my stationary car and come to investigate was quite decent about the fact that I had left my licence behind in my rooms, and did not interest himself at all in the proctorial aspects of the matter.

But the fundamentals, sound learning, true religion and love of the brethren were surely the same then as now. The word University carries its own connotation now, as it did then, and the pursuit of truth until we are ultimately able to define it remains a primary, and exalted, object.

Continuity is, in human terms, a great thing. As far as a College is concerned, the responsibility for this rests first of all on the governing body, the Master and Fellows.

So I think it right that even if I am supposed to be writing about the undergraduate life of my own time I should say something about the Dons.

We had a good Master, Sir Robert Scott, followed I would say by a great Master, E. A. Benians. Some people meeting Benians

for the first time might have thought that he was mild, even diffident; many called him "the gentle Ben". But I remember that my father, himself a Fellow for twenty four years, once said to me "Remember, he has red hair". And the quiet manner concealed a relentless, though controlled, energy and determination.

He was not the only red-haired one.

Perhaps the most explosive, certainly one of the most lovable of the dons was M. P. Charlesworth, to whom I was very close. Profound classical scholar, musician, comic, gourmet, later on a Clergyman, but always teacher and above all friend, I would rate him as one of the most lively influences in the College of my time.

I am afraid that we humanists did not realize that, in the world of Science, there were men like Cockcroft, Appleton, Jeffreys, Dirac sitting at the High Table who were in the absolute vanguard of those who at that time were pushing the frontiers of human knowledge out towards the immense distances that to-day are regarded more as Columbus regarded the Atlantic, that is to say, a human challenge: but which the ordinary man of those days simply thought of as being an uncomfortable question mark, over which it was easier to put the blotting paper.

The student body were not a bunch of deadbeats either. Without taxing my memory very hard, I can count among my contemporaries four members of the present High Table, the Professors of Celtic at Edinburgh, Latin at Birmingham and Biochemistry at London, the Archbishop designate of York, the chief architect of the Festival of Britain, a junior Minister of the Crown, a High Court Judge (who incidentally played Rugby for Ireland), the leader of the expedition which crossed Antarctica, one captain of Welsh Rugby, two English Rugby internationals and two Captains of University Cricket (one of them, Roger Winlaw, killed, alas, in the war), a well-known novelist and travel writer, and at least two Headmasters. I just missed a very famous Governor of Cyprus who is now an Honorary Fellow.

So I suppose it could fairly be said that at the turn of the 'twenties and 'thirties, the Lady Margaret was casting her net fairly wide.

And because I was a Classical student I must mention two men, in many ways antithetic, but both in their fashion carriers of the same torch.

E. E. Sikes, the President, was also the senior classical teacher. Mild, physically dumpy, with a wonderful head of silver hair and a fine cleanly drawn face which was easily discernible behind and between his double chins, he was in fact a tartar. He was a constant and untidy pipe-smoker, who patronized a tobacco so light and mild that it hardly smelt at all. But it burnt hot, and

transferred part of its heat to his tongue, as you discovered if your copy of Latin verses contained anything which indicated carelessness, which was a major sin, or a lapse of taste, which was a capital sin.

How different was T. R. Glover.

No smoking instrument, so far as I know, had ever rested on that formidable lower jaw: alcohol, if it had ever got so far, would have recoiled in terror from that Nonconformist throat. But the man was a poet with that combination of ruthlessness and tenderness which is the prerogative of the breed.

I could go on about the dons, but I won't.

I should like to try to define, if I can, what seems to me to be the chief difference between undergraduate life then and now.

We were, as the undergraduates of to-day are, out to find jobs when we went down.

We were, though it may sound hard to believe, just as convinced that the older generation, who had responsibility, were making a hash of things as our counterparts of to-day are about my generation. Perhaps we were right, and 1939-45 is an argument for that point of view.

I am not sure. But I do know this. If the things about which we felt strongly did in the end survive, it was partly because we were there, and felt as we did because we had been taught to do so, even though at the time we could not change the course of events.

There was one fairly large difference. Perhaps rather more of us came from the so-called Public Schools than come to-day. But of those who did not, I think that the parents were making a bigger sacrifice than they have to now.

The Community to-day pays for more University Education than it did then. And because, in one guise or another, the Community has come in with so much broader a hoof than it could thirty years ago, it seems to me that the responsibility of to-day's undergraduates to assert their existence as individuals in search of ascertained and objective truth is not only more difficult, but correspondingly more important than it was thirty years ago.

Not all the rockets which my generation put up failed at the first stage, as I hope to have shown. I am sure this is true, not only of the intervening years but of the present as well. The College must be, and must remain, a launching pad.

JASPER ROTHAM

The Humbler Creation

"NOT a mouse stirring," wrote Shakespeare to let his audience feel the quiet of the early hour before dawn.

Out of tune with his surroundings, the distressed Hamlet muttered, "The cat will mew and dog will have his day."

The Prince of Denmark may not have been quite fair to dogs in general when he told the King that like a dog he would have his day. And it may be quite unjust for anyone to tell someone else in good Australian not to put on dog.

Of course there have always been people to swear that civilization is going to the dogs. Surely, as our distinguished Australian essayist, Professor Walter Murdoch, wisely suggests, it would have been better advice even to the sluggard if he had been told to go to the dogs, not to the fussy ant.

Literature is full of praise for the dog. Her Majesty's Poet Laureate, John Masefield, in his greatest work, "The Everlasting Mercy," puts strong words into the mouth of the wastrel, Saul Kane, shortly before his change of heart. Saul Kane tells the sanctimonious crowd of his home town about their—

"Flinging stones at all the Stephens,
Standing firm with all the evens,
Making hell for all the odd,
All the lonely ones of God,
Those poor lonely ones who find
Dogs more mild than human kind . . .
'I've known dogs to leave their dinner,
Nosing a kind heart in a sinner.
Poor old Crafty wagged his tail
The day I first came home from jail,
When all my folk, so primly clad,
Glowered back and thought me mad,
And muttered how they'd been respected,
While I was what they'd all expected'."

Dog-poetry reaches spiritual heights in Francis Thompson's unseen but ever-present Hound of Heaven.

Some people have perhaps been a little foolish about animals. Lady Richard Burton, whose husband brought "The Arabian Nights" to Europe, put her little dog to bed every evening in a cradle, tucked it up and had it called in the morning with a saucer of tea. Her Italian servants grumbled at these attentions to one who was not a Christian.—"No soul, no blankets," was, for them, the correct rule of life.

However many lives cats may have, they have generally, before Paul Gallico's day, been less respected than dogs in literature. Shakespeare meant nothing good by referring to someone as more and more a cat. Indeed, the best-known saying about cats refers to swinging them. We may try to appease them with saucers of milk in order to kindle a little love in those cold breasts and to catch even a gleam of response from beautiful critical green eyes. Yet Dr Johnson's cat, Hodge, must have been a fine animal, "for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature."

Many of our human virtues and perversities are embodied in what is sometimes called the humbler creation. It would, of course, be hard to see humility in a peacock or even in a sparrow—

"The viewpoint of the Sparrow
Is arrogant and narrow.
He *knows* that he excels,
He is selfishly obsessed;
He would not give an ostrich best.
His children leave the shells
Puffed to their very marrows
With pride at being sparrows."

Indeed Humbert Wolfe could not enjoy his visit to the London Zoo—

". . . and then the hippopotamus
says: 'Who the blazes made me thus?'
And I observe the chimpanzee
Thanking his God he's not like me."

Nor is austerity suggested by the well-known limerick on the pelican—

"What a rummy old bird is the pelican!
His beak holds more than his belly can.
And you open your eyes
And say with surprise:
'What I wonder is how the hell he can!'"

But the old English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, let his learned cock Chantecler quote Josephus and Cato with such pompous gravity that we almost come to share his sense of self-importance.

Ruth Pitter in our own day challenged variety by breaking into musical courtly verse on spiders, worms, mice, the watery swan, frog in the well, fleas and cockroaches; all symbolic, for she says she recognizes our humanity in the Church mouse, the caterpillar and earwig. Yet, can we altogether forgive her for leading us to see such reflections of our own odd and perverse natures?

By comparison, we detect the teeth-marks of reality in a Digger's rimes on the Rats of Tobruk and the Fighting Mice of Moresby, just as we may feel a happy touch in the Australian poet's one-line thumb-nail sketch of the insect Homer—

"Singing his Iliad on a blade of grass."

Moreover, in Frank Dalby Davison's "Man-Shy," that superb story of a red heifer, Australian literature has itself produced an animal classic, convincing by its imaginative realism in incidents as naturally dramatic as human happenings; a spacious evocation of scenes and backgrounds in which man and beast merge. On a smaller scale, we may notice Tasmanian author Nan Chauncey's "Tiger in the Bush".

Skylarks have inspired matchless lyrics, but what note is heard in F. W. Harvey's "Ducks"?—Like Chesterton's "Donkey", it gives us a great interpretation—

"When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones,
Beautiful, tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum

All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones.
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.
And He's laughing still at the sound that came out of its bill!"

L. A. TRIEBEL

On the Threshold of the Sixties

ANNIVERSARIES, traditionally, call for a backwards, often wistful, gaze; yet they are seen in better perspective when related to the present, with perhaps even a coy glance at the future. Moreover, whereas any chronicle of past College life usually takes the form of dispassionate historical record, by the same token a contemporaneous account—such as this one—invites comment as well as review. Nor would it be complete without it.

First, in retrospect. If Britain was—industrially—the first country to burst into the twentieth century, on our 400th anniversary in 1911 she was still—socially—living in the nineteenth; during that uneasy period before the first World War confirmed beyond doubt that the twentieth century had indeed arrived. Separated by the generation of the inter-war years, we are living today in what we hope future historians will still be able to call the *post-war* years. It is this period which forms the immediate background to undergraduate life as we enter the sixties.

For St John's, as indeed for many an institution, the decade of the fifties, Janus-like, witnessed a transition—the gradual emergence from the hangover of the war-economy which characterised the late forties, to the headlong rush for the affluent society of the sixties. In the ugly dawn of the brave new world of the immediate post-war years, rationing and controls had only just been thrown off by 1950. There was never time to return to 'normal' before the Universities were caught up in the urgent need for educational expansion, an expansion reflected in the growth of College numbers from under five to over seven hundred. Necessary or not, few can but deprecate the effect on the life of the College such an increase has had.

As the size of the College has increased, so has that sense of 'oneness' and unity diminished; a certain apathy amongst undergraduates today, met with by organisers in every field of activity has found some of its origins in St John's in this factor. Thanks ironically to this very size, and resulting excellent facilities, sport is perhaps the biggest single cohesive factor in College life today. Our record in the late fifties has been impressive, while the L.M.B.C., if not quite able to emulate the crews of the early fifties, have entered the sixties once again *caput fluminis*. In addition, those concerned lest the tutor/undergraduate relationship should tend to become more distant blame not so much any shortcomings on the part of tutors, as sheer weight of numbers. It is sincerely to be hoped that the present expansion programme

for the University population in the country will find its outlet in the promised new Universities before the present ones burst at the seams.

No chronicle of undergraduate life would be complete without reference to the College buildings. Their fabric, in particular that built at the end of the century of their foundation, was shown to be in serious need of repair. The sight of scaffolding, a metallic web around the walls of Second Court, has become, alas, no longer a source of astonishment on one's passage through the College, and had been provoked, not as one wondering American thought, by war-damage, but by the far subtler ravages of time. Slowly, the dust and the rubble progress towards the river. Most of the new rooms over the Kitchens have been resurrected as bed-sitters, in line with current fashion, and the occasion used to restore the Wordsworth Room. While the Appeal Fund will defray a proportion of this cost, a recent benefaction may provide for a new court for the College, an event which today represents an architectural challenge as well as material good fortune.

Together with its buildings, the routine of College life forms the framework within which the undergraduate existence is played out. To the outside observer, it has probably altered little; to an earlier generation, more familiar with the thirties, several outward features are worthy of attention. At least half the College rooms now have running hot water (with perhaps two to share it where one was there before) whilst the joys of antique plumbing are relished by fewer every term. 'Bedders' and 'Gyps' today perform a mere shadow of their former duties, having survived almost unnaturally into the welfare state; whilst the out-of-Hall service at one time provided by the Kitchens (and so, dining-clubs) has dwindled in a like manner.

College life attracts not only pupils but visitors. On the Backs on a summer's afternoon, one can reflect that official estimates of the increased tourist trade to this country are perhaps couched on the conservative side; certainly we seem to have our share. The West country undergraduate who wryly likened the Bridge of Sighs to the Honiton traffic bottleneck, flanked by the dual carriageways of Third Court and the New Court cloisters, will have found sympathy from a harassed chorus. Even the privacy of one's rooms is at times invaded while curious visitors seek the elixir of university life.

With the continuation of compulsory military service after the last war, those in College this past decade have become familiar with the idea of an older and more mature undergraduate, and the effect has, I believe, been salutary. With the ending of National Service, there exists at present the bizarre situation whereby a third year man of 24 is confronted by an 18 year

school-leaver, but the scene will soon return to that of the past 4½ centuries—the post-1918 interlude apart—with university residence a period of training interposed between boyhood and manhood, and this brief experience will have become but an interlude.

The structure of social life in College has reflected the nationwide tendency towards the levelling of society; but if the wind of change is blowing through College life, it hasn't yet become a tempest. If social distinctions are becoming blurred in the maelstrom of the Welfare State, they are still to be found if looked for—and sometimes in unexpected places. There are still those who can afford to treat Cambridge as the inevitable finishing-school, still those even among the now predominant first-generation men who can afford to 'read' rowing for 3 years, such remains the prestige of Cambridge today. The difference, of course, is that the rule has become the exception, and the vast majority of those now *in statu pupillari* put in a considerable amount of work.

There is in this connection a complaint voiced by some tutors that the work in fact done tends to be crammed into 6 months, and the Long Vacation, in particular, used less for mental preparation for the coming year, than for earning money—"something amusing, with a living wage, and temporary". If economic necessity is as often as not the motive for this diversion, the end result should surely be welcomed, not deplored. Recreational employment, typified by the annual exodus to Canada in recent years, is educational in the widest sense; it is an adaptation to the modern environment of Cardinal Newman's idea of a Liberal Education: an education "in which the individual is cultivated, not as an instrument unto some ulterior end, but as an end unto himself alone". Moreover, scholastic standards do not appear to have been lowered as a result of the current practice.

Whatever the change of emphasis on work in post-war years, the essence—and the attraction—of daily life remains the same: the fact that one is free to choose one's hours of leisure, regulated only by Hall, supervision,—and lectures, for those less fortunate. I touched earlier upon the swollen size of our College, and the impending expansion of University capacity in the country—and with this in mind, it appears quite essential that the present tutorial and supervisory systems remain unharmed, because of the stimulation such interchange provides. As Newman put it, "an academical system without the personal influence of teacher upon pupils is an arctic winter; it will create an ice-bound, petrified, cast-iron University, and nothing else".

A concomitant of state-aided education is an underlying suspicion that while there is still no need to observe one's study at

University as exclusive preparation for a career, in the strictly utilitarian sense, nevertheless it should culminate in employment, when state provision is no longer at hand. For if Cambridge remains one of the least vocational of Europe's universities—or perhaps because of this—the Appointments Board, magnificently ignored during one's first years, is consulted like the oracle at Delphi as Tripos time approaches. Furthermore, in this age of careers open to talent and equality of opportunity, an age which while purporting to reject class consciousness and privilege, is supplanting it by a constant striving after the status-symbol, a degree is regarded in the search as but a further qualification, a passport into society. The myriad of jobs indulged in by men during the vacations finds partial reflection in the increased number of outlets served by graduates today. Due in part, of course, to the great increase in numbers, perhaps the most pronounced change, certainly since the war, has been the growing acceptance—even invitation—of graduates of all faculties, by commerce. The problem of the assimilation of the trained mind—otherwise unqualified and unorientated—into modern industry, has yet to be finally worked out.

Relations between town and gown are extended, if not always improved by the physical fact imposed upon undergraduates in the majority of Colleges, of spending at least one year out of three in lodgings. The annual Poppy Day Rag is perhaps exceptional in the harmony it promotes. But it remains on the whole town *and* gown, rather than town *versus* gown. If the University remains the dominating partner, it is because in Cambridge, unlike Oxford, it is the city's sole *raison d'être*. One of the joys of Cambridge, now as 50 years ago, is that it remains untrammelled by satanic mills or heavy industry. Indeed the only (and distinguished) exception within the city boundary to the otherwise undisturbed agricultural scene—Pye's—is itself leader in a field that is kindred to the scientific prowess displayed by the University.

Cambridge has become increasingly cosmopolitan of late, and perhaps no organ has done more to foster some kind of international understanding than the Cambridge University United Nations Association (perhaps more practical and less idealistic than the League) which has rapidly expanded to become the largest society of its kind in the University. There is plenty of fuel for the furnace; foreign-language schools, offering proficiency courses in English, have mushroomed, bringing a flood of Continental girls in their wake, whilst the Colleges themselves include nationals from practically every country in the world, not to mention a sprinkling of Hungarian refugees. The result of this collision of ideologies, is a broad-mindedness, where there isn't an interest,

that would certainly not be entertained in Notting Hill or the Deep South.

Contact with the outside world is probably more frequent than ever before: London is one, but only one, of the centres of attraction, and the weekend exodus (and influx, for that matter) is not inconsiderable. Ironically, a hazard of modern travel is that the train journey from Cambridge to London is no faster—and often a good deal slower—than that shown in a timetable of 1911. It is surely wise to get away for a while, to leaven the improbable life of a university with the mundane considerations of everyday life. Nor are dons any the worse on their return for sallying out into the unacademic scene. Here, mass-media have had their part to play, for quite one of the most important forces in modern society—the impact of television—has received its most recent recruit, at the time of writing, with the appearance of Anglia—drawing unashamedly upon University material.

To conclude: in an age which regards a University as a degree-factory, in a world of intensive specialization, it is perhaps comforting to find the ideals of a liberal education diluted, but not yet dissolved. It is true, we are confronted by prospects and forces which threaten to alter the whole tenor of University life; of which the assault on compulsory Latin, the building of the scientifically-slanted Churchill College, and the founding of an Institute of Criminology, are just surface manifestations. Nor is this surprising, with society changing at a rate of compound interest, but the University, and Colleges such as our own, have successfully remained constant by adapting their institutions before, and reconciliation appears no less likely today. Indeed, "In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often".

I. S. WORDSWORTH

A
Visitor's Guide to
PROUGHE-super-BOGHS, Somerset
Including a Description of
PROUGHE GABLES MANOR HOUSE
AND MUNICIPAL KURHOUSE
 (and Working Man's Club)

*"Ad Astra Per Artes Atque
 Industriam Commerciumque"*

* * *

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BY WAY OF WELCOME . . .

I never tire of telling the story of the Transatlantic visitor who upon his first sight of the Town of Proughe-super-Boghs and its good, honest yeoman population of 2,628 Borugovians exclaimed: "Golly, I never did see nothing like this in East Overshoe!" Well, we get visitors to what we still wistfully call the Village from some pretty unlikely places, because discriminating holiday makers have learned of Proughe's unparalleled charms as both spa and watering place.

May I, however, also be quick to emphasize that alongside the pervading tranquillity and bucolic timelessness of Proughe-super-Boghs there dwell in harmony, one with another, enviable riches of scarcely explored avenues of trade. Proughe enjoys the reputation of being the fourth largest producer of hot water bottles in the West Country, boasts an exceptionally favourable potential of unspoiled labour, and envisages four excellent available factory sites. If you are curious, you may obtain our booklet "Locate in the Boghs" free at the Town Hall, Great Albert Lane.

And now, no matter where you come from—Welcome!

Derek A. T. Grunch, Mayor.

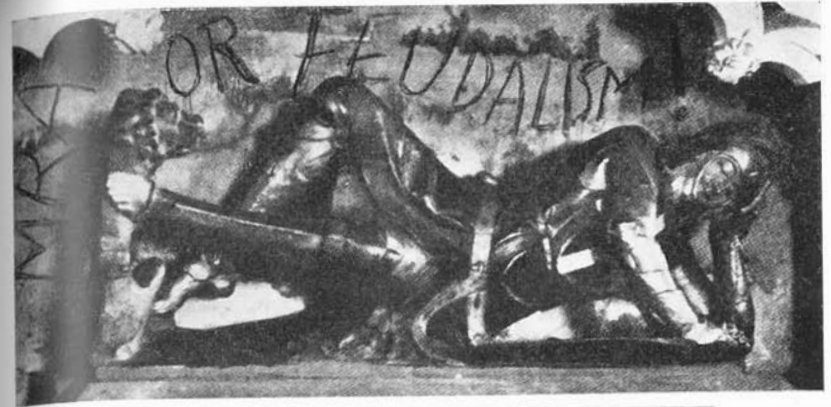
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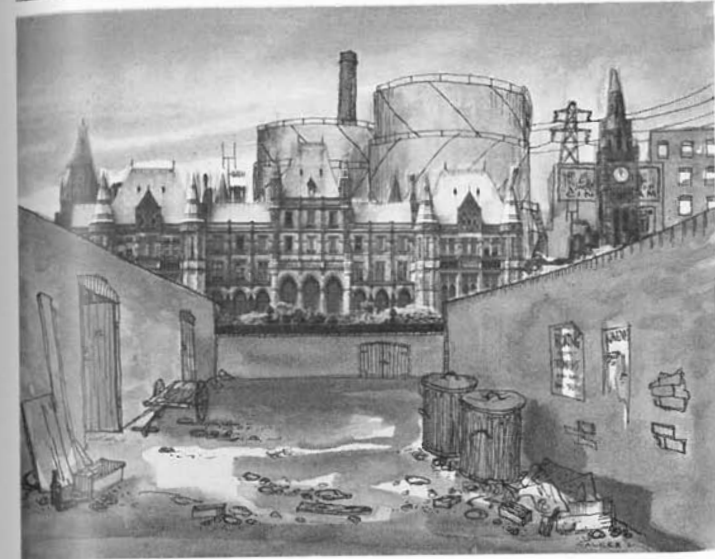
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* * *



*The Tomb of
 Hugh de Proughe,
 thirteenth century,
 intermittently
 restored.*



*Prospect of Proughe
 Gables Manor House
 from Commercial
 Junction Road
 (A. C. Walker)*



*Great Albert Lane
 prepares for
 Market Day!
 ("The Daily Mail")*

A Guide to the Town of Proughe-super-Boghs

MACAULEY once described Proughe-super-Boghs as "the village history never touched," but subsequent scholarship has proved this not to be quite the case! For the light of historical perspective shines back over some two thousand odd years of Vurocopian accomplishment and it is in the spirit of this singular heritage that its sons and daughters look, not backward, but forward!

Historical shrine, holiday centre, manufacturing citadel—Proughe likes to regard itself as peculiarly blessed. Nestled at the bottom of Great Floogle Boghs in Somersetshire, the village is watered in season by Nonny Brooke and because of its unique climate is the only place in the British Isles that will support the Giant Amazon Fern. Much wildlife is known to abound in its vicinity, in particular an unusual variety of saurians. It has been stated that, were it not for the vagaries of the law, its farmers could easily make themselves among the richest in the world.

Yet it shares with thousands of other villages and towns elsewhere a wholesome air of unpretentiousness. After centuries of what is believed to have been a primarily agrarian existence, the arrival in 1821 of its factory brought a reasonably pulsating economy to the sleepy thorp tucked away on lithe marshland and to this day it retains a sharp air of commerce amidst its pastoral languor. The Town's position has, not to be denied, been greatly enhanced by proximity to Commercial Junction, only seven miles hence; a spur line connects the two hubs three times daily. According to the 1921 Census (latest taken), Proughe-super-Boghs boasts a population of 2,981 souls, but this may be inaccurate since at the time H.R.H. The Prince of Wales suffered a sudden attack of malaria whilst passing through the Village and could not be moved for several days. It is thus surmised that many visitors coming to pay their respects had swelled the ranks of the "locals", as they are often called. Shortly after the Royal Convalescence the hamlet was elevated to the dignity of Town with the right to brew its own cider again.

For centuries the life of the Town has been dominated by the family of Proughe (pronounced Proo), of whom there are today several descendants residing locally. One source (*The Family Proughe and How They Grew*, by Marmaduke Proughe, 1873) says that the name originally was that of an Ancient British

Tribe, a warlike and predatory clan known as the Borucii, who used to attack caravans of traders bringing stone from Wales to Salisbury Plain. Legend has it that they would craftily surprise their quarry by painting their faces kelly green, instead of the more customary blue. A few artifacts discovered in the sulphur pits (see below!) confirm the existence of an ancient civilisation. These include bronze stilettos, barbed swords, and sacramental chastity belts. Traces of a Roman road cease less than a mile from the Village bounds. Ranke asserts that they did not bathe.

A captain of Queen Boadicea's Legions, O'Neill the Heal, is reputed to have led a foray against the Roman intruder in A.D. 61; a reference in the *Codex Sinister* records that the Roman 14th Legion under a primipilarius named Coriolanus Minimus Maximi f. went into full rout near the seat of the Forugii ('*qui ipsorum lingua Bwrychwl appellantur*').

Little, alas, is known of the tribe or village throughout the remainder of the Roman Occupation or indeed until Saxon days when it is mentioned several times, rather condescendingly, in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles. By the seventh century the settlement had become known as "Pruðing" or "Broþig" or "Freaðpaec" or "Hþropucôoð". The exact name will forever remain uncertain since in all extant MSS the entries have been effaced by a pious monk named Garth the Beady in the late tenth century.

From fragmentary information, nonetheless, we gather that in the year 891 a swineherd of Proughe or Frêocanesheall, Aethelwulf the Awful, was slain at the order of King Alfred because:

'He wealdede fela wergildes wôhlic wronge'

which evidently has to do with some misappropriation of funds. A descendant of his, Wulfobert the Werwulf, was dispatched in 1024 by Canute for counterfeiting Danegeld. A popular local legend has it that Queen Horsa the Hairy once trysted there with Aethelraed the Unready, but this is considered apocryphal. In the Domesday Book the Village is listed as having 837 swine, 47 cattle, 79 sheep, 9 horses, and 34 swine. The entry is confusing to scholars.

We hear very little of Proughe-super-Boghs until Norman times when in 1168 Hugh de Proughe and a band of twelve vassals set out on the Second Crusade, but never managed to get farther than the South of France, where they remained some thirty years before returning to their wives and families. However, when the band did turn back to England, they set about selling ornate chalices to various cathedrals and abbey churches, claiming to the unhappy, but guillible buyers that these were the true Holy Grail. Upon learning of this, Pope Innocent the Bloody

became so incensed that he ordered Proughe-super-Boghs to be sacked, razed, and ploughed under. But Richard I, then fast dying in France, begged of the Pope to spare this village of his realm. Innocent, in view of the sacredness of the request and in return for payment of 30,000 silver ducats, acceded to Richard's plea.

Only scattered patches of history or legend survive to shed light on the progress of Proughe through medieval and early modern times. It is known that Edward I, while en route to Wales, stopped there to spend the night, but arose not long after retiring to move on to the next village. During the reigns of the Tudors it was frequently used as a place of banishment for petty courtesans in ill-favour. It is indeed unfortunate that the Bishops of Bath and Wells until 1808 did not see fit that parish records should be kept there, for otherwise we should know much more about what really went on.

But the Industrial Revolution was to change the sleepy indolence of Proughe-super-Boghs. When, at the general amnesty on the death of George III in 1820, Nathaniel Proughe was released from debtor's prison, he swore an oath upon his return to his ancestral demesne. He solemnly vowed that from henceforth he would start doing well. His resolve was soon to revive the depleted exchequer of the House of Proughe and to bring new liveliness and activity to the life of the Village. With a shrewd sense for the spirit of the times, he undertook to manufacture hot water bottles, which at that time were fast coming into public favour in preference to often dangerous and uncomfortable heated bricks. With his industry and frugality and also with an advantageous supply of women and children in the district, he flourished in his enterprise. By the time of his accidental death in 1843 the factory had risen to be the second largest producer of hot water bottles in the West of England. It was nationalised in 1946. Among the Villagers it is claimed that here the trade unionist movement was born in England, but this is possibly a distortion. Other local industries include the manufacture of the famous local cider, "Slivowidge", tanning, and some other things.

It was in 1903 that the Family of Proughe achieved the distinction of being awarded a hereditary baronetcy when King Edward VII knighted Humphrey Algernon Proughe for his many services and favours while his Majesty was Prince of Wales. The family, with its characteristic spirit of dash and adventure, are to be found today in many parts of Empire and world. Several variations in spelling the name exist since many colonial Proughes democratically have shunned riding on the reputation of the family. It is feared, however, that the title may disappear from the Village since the present incumbent and sole male, Sir Noel Proughe, 84 and a bachelor, has no legitimate issue.

ITS ATTRACTIONS

But what of its attractions? Doubtlessly foremost among the noteworthy sights of Proughe-super-Boghs is its own Stately Home, Proughe Gables Manor House (admission 6d.), which dominates the view of the hamlet from its lordly perch astride the gasworks (admission 6d). The foundations for the present structure were laid in 1524 at the order of Cardinal Wolsey to "bee an huntinge lodge for y-saide paupered byshoppes ande impauverished abbottes," but with his decline from public life the project foundered. In 1603 the Proughe family erected a fortified manor on the site, but it took only the Blight of 1734 to complete the final course of decay. While portions were rebuilt so as to be habitable, it was not until 1885 that the estate was completely renovated and restored to the dimensions in which we see it today.

For the work the great architect, traveller, and poet Sir Ivanhoe Cromwell (1824-1886) was commissioned. The style chosen was that of Indian Gothic and indeed it is a veritable epigram in stone to the spirit of the day. Of note are the Great Hall, which combines the splendour of Classic elegance with the mystic warmth of Hohenstaufen Romanesque. A must is the Neo-Rococo Chapel (Wesleyan Methodist) with its memorable stained-glass. This depicts in the North, South and East Windows respectively "Art", "Commerce", and "Chastity Rewarded". Cromwell's untimely suicide unfortunately precluded the complete realization of his artistic vision, but his style and *Geist* are everywhere apparent.

In 1932 the family donated Proughe Gables to the Commercial Junction Labour Council, which—generously allowing the Proughe's to retain the Regency tool shed as a residence in perpetuity—converted it into the District Working Man's Social and Sporting House. Their patriotism led them in 1940 to yield the premises to the nation as an internment camp for captured other ranks of the Nazi SS.

One of the final acts of the retiring Conservative Government in 1945 was to place the estate in the hands of the Ministry of Works, over heated protests from all three parties. In 1949 at the recommendation of the Arts Committee of the Trades Union Council it was declared a National Beauty Spot to help defray increasing costs of maintenance.

Visitors will find that high teas are served in a canteen in the manor keep, known as "The Prougherie" (unlicensed). This spacious and attractive room with its interesting appointments and imported music facilities may be hired for private purposes upon application to the manageress. Summer guests to Proughe

find much to comment about in the exciting spectacle on alternate Tuesdays of "Son et Lumière".

THE KURHOUSE

In the summer of 1910 a German visitor to Britain, Dr Dr Magnus Kneipe-Bummel, travelling to Bath, had the misfortune to lose his edition of Baedeker and strayed into the Slough of Proughe. Powerless to move without a guide book, he frantically demanded another copy from the local newsagent and tobacco-nist. But since his representations apparently caused some alarm to the shop's mistress, who had no German, he was seized by nearby ruffians and cast into the Village sulphur pits. Little, at the time, could they have realized what a glorious thing they had done!

For Prof. Kneipe-Bummel was none other than Europe's foremost specialist in charged waters and medicinal mud. During his convalescence in Proughe he made certain furtive investigations and was able to announce to the Village Witan that the sulphur pits, so manifestly ignored throughout the centuries, possessed extraordinary healing qualities, as well as an underground spring of thermal *Sumpfwasser*, invaluable for the relief of divers disorders.

A charter for the Municipal Kurhouse was granted the following year and the Professor was able to continue as director until 1914. Since its founding, countless people have come seeking a cure for rheumatic disturbances, liver conditions, bronchitis, nervous tension, gastric troubles, and certain other diseases. An attractive feature of the Kurhouse is the Pumpe Roome, where guests may take the waters tastefully served to music of the Grand Hotel variety. A trained staff is now able to dispense the thermal elements with far greater precision than erstwhile owing to the advances of postwar physics.

Holiday makers will encounter much to do during their sojourn in Proughe—although many prefer simply to remain idle. The centre of resort social activity is the imposing Le Pavillon, adjoining the Kurhouse, where teas-*dansants* are held in season every afternoon save Sunday. Card-playing is permitted in the elegant Spiel Casino and betting-slips may be surrendered there. With the help of the British Travel Association, a Village Festival is being planned and it is expected that Morris Dancing will soon be introduced.

THE TOWN

If the visitor will walk through the streets and lanes and byways of Proughe-super-Boghs, he will soon gather an impression of the quality of its charms. Let him saunter down High Street—there at the corner of Commercial Junction Road is the parish

church, St Ethelreda's-Lesser, where the devout have worshipped for well nigh unto three-quarters of a century. John Betjeman has described it as "a landmark of its kind". Let the visitor relax and have his luncheon at the Great Western Railway Hotel or the Lamb's Head Chop House, where they serve up the food that has made Britain stalwart! Or walk down Great Albert Lane to take tea and Mrs Hutchin's Bide-a-Wea Tea Shoppe. Or have a pint at the Saracen and Griffin. Let him try a couple of widgins of Proughe's own cider "Slivowidge" and then test his skill with that of the locals at "Shove Ha'Crown"! And as he catches the next train, he cannot fail to notice the war memorial opposite the railway station. It is dedicated to those who served in the Home Guard during the Boer War; built by a Town Council whose sense of the appropriate was greater than their resources, it is inscribed with the motto of the House of Proughe:

'SI HANC INSCRIPTIONEM INTELLIGERE
POTES, AMICE, QVID HIC AGIS?'

G. H. K.

College Recruitment

by G. C. L. BERTRAM

OUR College is a self-perpetuating independent corporate body, and we hope that it is an immortal one. Now in our 450th year we are certainly larger than ever before, and perhaps more influential. Five former members of this College are now Masters of Cambridge Colleges (our own, together with Pembroke, Caius, Selwyn and Churchill). Yet these are difficult days in the evolution of the national system of University education: there are wild ideas based upon insufficient perspective as well as wise ponderings upon practicable improvements. The actual recruitment of Colleges is a topic upon which misapprehensions often prevail; and ignorance has stimulated assertions not favourable to the continuation of our present freedom to admit whomsoever we may wish—provided they achieve the rather humble matriculation requirements of the University.

The initial selective process, by which a College nourishes itself from year to year and from generation to generation, is the very core of its being. The details of that selective process properly change with the passage of time and with variations in the academic, social, and economic climate of the nation. This present contribution to *The Eagle* is concerned, not with the evolution of the College's selective system but mainly with the United Kingdom Schools from which our undergraduates are drawn.

In this whole matter there are three chief aspects for consideration; first, the objectives of selection; secondly, the mechanism of selection; and thirdly the results of selection as measured by the area of recruitment.

The objectives of selection

The necessity for selection continues in so far as freedom exists for the individual to seek to go wherever he may wish for his highest academic training and development, and in so far as there is public recognition that there is a variation of quality as between the Colleges and the Universities of the country. Parity of esteem is highly improbable though the order of esteem will and should change with time. St John's College stands very high in public esteem at present and, therefore, many able people compete, in their freedom, for the limited number of places which annually we can offer. No wonder that in fact there are varied concentrations of talent among the country's places of

University education. Past members of the College do not always appreciate how highly competitive is now our entry.

We ourselves, in our Collegiate capacity, seek to nourish the College by selecting the very 'best' of the young men who offer themselves to us in such gratifyingly (if inconveniently) large numbers. We recognise, too, that later on a large proportion of our Fellows will be people selected originally by our standard tutorial machine. We seek to select the 'best' whatever variations there may be in the total meaning of that word, which certainly includes academic ability, willingness to work, character, personality and vigour, this last factor often exemplified by skill in games. Apart from variations in meaning we can never strictly demonstrate, in the absence of controls, that our selections have been of the 'best'. On the other hand a group of Tutors, with varied personal backgrounds and a great width of personal contacts with the schools, all putting much effort into selecting the 'best' from among the many, are not likely to be altogether unsuccessful in a task which jointly they pursue almost continuously throughout the years.

The national propriety of competitive greed for the 'best', as between the Colleges and Universities of this country—with all the inevitable repercussions—is a matter to which commonly too little detailed thought is given. But that is a matter which should be argued at length elsewhere. Here there is need only to assert the conviction that competitive greed for the best is requisite for the well-being of a country which depends fundamentally upon expertise. To that end the best polishing of its most able young men is essential, a polishing which in considerable measure depends upon a high concentration of talent so that there is much mutual stimulation under residential conditions. The importance of the Open Scholarship system is but one aspect of the enforcement of high standards. This however is far from an assertion that all is entirely well with the further education of those who do not achieve a University, or indeed of those few per cent who do.

The Process of Selection

Mr C. W. Guillebaud*, a few years ago when Senior Tutor of the College, published in *The Eagle* some account of these matters. Here there is need for a few points only.

Variety, in the selective mechanism as between Colleges and between Universities, we believe to have fundamental worth because of the variety of the talents and of the needs of the young people concerned. Variety provides a lively elasticity within the system despite the heavy administrative burdens which inevitably ensue. Only thus can there be approach to equality

of opportunity, equality of freedom to try and, of course though often forgotten, equality of opportunity to fail. Competitive greed, which as already explained is believed to be worthy, may well foster variety in the detail of the selective process. Quite how great is the detailed variety between the selective mechanisms of the Colleges is a continuous surprise to us all when we begin to talk in detail, about the relative uses made of examination, report and interview. Here we tend to choose early: errors are not denied, but they are few.

St John's has long performed its whole selective effort with the aid of an Admissions Committee made up of Tutors. No admissions are the work of one man alone, a most desirable feature of our own system. Only thus can pressures be withstood: only thus can justice be seen to be done as well as be done. Relatively, the College takes considerable note of public examinations and sets no entrance examinations for pensioner (commoner) places, has much regard for school reports and little for special interview.

The Admissions Committee, from the many, chooses the few. In fact it chooses about four-fifths of the annual intake of 'school-boy' freshmen. The other fifth chooses itself by means of the highly competitive Scholarship Examinations. These are, in this College's view, of immense importance, allowing the entry of able people by a different route. The young man of talent, of sufficient talent, may freely enter and is welcome, despite any personal awkwardness, any mischance in the public examinations, any dilletantism, any narrowness, any dislike by his headmaster and so on. There is freedom and equality of opportunity.

In fact in St John's we regularly find that about half of our Open Scholarships and Exhibitions are won by people to whom we have already promised pensioner places, the integration of their earlier-judged qualities having already placed them among the 'best' offered to us.

The sons of Johnian fathers sometimes do and sometimes do not have the talents which, on integration, place them among the 'best' for selection. The College is most happy where this happens and especially when they win Open Awards. In fact about one-seventh of all those in the College at this time are the sons of Johnian fathers. Other things being apparently equal, the Johnian father is certainly an asset. Our inability to promise a place in the College is no slur on an individual's fitness for University education. It means, simply, that even better people are seemingly available to this particular College at a particular date and in a particular subject.

The Schools of Recruitment

Whence then come the College's freshmen? Of the schools from which they come we can present the following analysis from the last 25 years.

* *The Eagle*, Vol. LVI, March 1955, No. 246, pp. 123—131.

This present analysis* concerns the many and varied United Kingdom schools alone, and includes those people who have come from them direct to the College as undergraduates—albeit of course often with an intervening period of National Service. Those educated overseas, and those who came to the College after a degree course in another University have been excluded. Those included make up about 80 % of the College's total intake.

The number of schools, from which undergraduates might theoretically reach this and other Colleges, is enormous. In fact, the total is a good deal less, just under 600 in our case, though this figure is guessed to represent a considerably wider recruitment than many if not most or all Colleges. So far as is known none of them have published detailed figures of the extraordinary diversity of schools from which come the undergraduates of Cambridge. A familiar quip may well have much of truth—that St John's has the head boy of every minor school in the country.

Errors, both in the records and in this analysis, are not denied, but it is believed that the errors are insignificant. The commonest probable error is a misnaming in the records of schools with closely similar names.

The use of the term 'Public School' is deliberately avoided, both because it is not properly definable and because it has false connotations in the minds of many. A distinction is made between Head Masters' Conference Schools and the rest, a distinction which is enlarged upon later.

The College's Michaelmas freshmen lists have been scanned to give the schools of immediate origin in the United Kingdom for 19 separate years. These years include the last normal pre-war quinquennium, 1934-38, the first supposedly normal post-war decade, 1947-56, together with the last four years, 1957-60. The 'scholars'—open entrance scholars and exhibitioners together—have, additionally, been extracted from The Reporter and analysed separately. The total of junior members of the College has varied substantially within these periods.† The following are approximate average figures:—1934-8—440; 1947-51—630; 1952-6—595; 1957-60—710.

The Analysis

In order to obtain 2,958 United Kingdom freshmen (pensioners and scholars together) in 19 years, St John's has recruited from 583 schools. Of these schools 178 are H.M.C. schools providing

* Part of this analysis appeared in the *Cambridge Review* of 23 January, 1960, over the joint names of Colin and Kate Bertram. Many thanks are due to my wife for her further numerous hours of detailed labour in extraction and analysis for this present paper.

† Three factors are relevant here. First, the proportion of affiliated and research students has risen. Secondly, the proportion of men doing four year courses has risen. Thirdly, there are temporary increases resultant upon the ending of National Service.

2,020 men, while 405 other schools have provided 938 men. The H.M.C. schools (31 % of the total schools of recruitment) have provided 68 per cent of the total men. A relevant feature here is that, usually in H.M.C. schools, the sixth form is proportionately a good deal larger than in many other schools.

Likewise for entrance scholars (including exhibitioners) separated from the pensioners, the figures are these. In order to obtain 600 scholars (i.e. 20 per cent of total freshmen) in the same 19 years, St John's has recruited from 266 schools. Of these schools 113 are H.M.C. schools providing 392 scholars while 153 other schools have provided 208 scholars. Thus, the H.M.C. schools (43 per cent of the scholar-providing schools) have provided 65 per cent of the total scholars. In fact, the H.M.C. schools regularly provide two-thirds of the St John's total scholars just as they do two-thirds of the total freshmen.

A further aspect of any College's recruitment is this. For reasons both of history and of personal knowledge, Colleges have special connections with particular schools, connections which are treasured on both sides, connections which may wax and wane with the coming and going of particular headmasters, housemasters and others. This is presumably in conformity with the Crowther Report's plea for 'getting to know the schools'. The connections between St John's and Shrewsbury and Sedbergh are well-known examples. Further, if the sons are sufficiently good academically, then a continuity from generation to generation within a College has real worth in terms of loyalty and indeed of stability in a changing world.

Set out below are the figures for the 10 schools which have in fact contributed the largest number of freshmen to St John's in the 19 years under present analysis:

| | Total | Scholars |
|------------------------|-------|----------|
| Shrewsbury ... | 90 | 10 |
| Marlborough ... | 78 | 9 |
| Sedbergh ... | 69 | 8 |
| Manchester Grammar | 61 | 38 |
| Oundle ... | 54 | 8 |
| Rugby ... | 54 | 5 |
| Durham ... | 50 | 2 |
| Uppingham ... | 44 | 3 |
| University College ... | 36 | 9 |
| Repton ... | 36 | 5 |

Thus, 10 schools (all H.M.C. schools) have provided together 19 per cent of all men and 16 per cent of all scholars. Prominent is the special and remarkable part played by Manchester Grammar School, a body which itself skims highly selectively the 'best' from a very large population.

The Headmasters' Conference Schools

Some further comment may be useful upon these diverse H.M.C. schools which regularly provide so large a proportion of our men, and offer us so many more who must be disappointed. The H.M.C. schools certainly form a convenient list* (which includes most of the 'Public Schools' of popular parlance), but inclusion in this list indicates no necessarily substantial difference from many other schools not on the list.

There is in fact such immense diversity among our schools that their easy classification defies us. The H.M. Conference, for reasons of organizational convenience, includes a maximum of 200 schools; they are boarding and/or day; they are 'controlled in the public interest by a Governing Body created by some statute, scheme (etc.) . . .'; they all have a 'measure of independence'; and the 'number of resident undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge or other British Universities educated at the school' is a desideratum for admission to the list. The H.M.C. schools vary in size from the 1,350 of Manchester Grammar School to the 250 of St Bees. Often there is powerful intellectual competition to get into these schools: Winchester and Manchester Grammar School are notable examples.

There is great variation in the cost to the parents of maintaining a boy at an H.M.C. school, depending of course, largely on whether it is tuition by day or full board and lodging in addition which is being paid. There are numerous further independent schools and direct grant grammar schools of good quality, though mostly of smaller size or co-educational, which are not included in the H.M.C. list, and all of which likewise require fees to be paid by the parents. The total population, and indeed popularity of these schools is greater than ever before.

Indubitably the parents who send their children to independent schools (including the H.M.C. schools) are of diverse type, and published estimates indicate that about half of the fathers were not themselves educated at such schools. They are at one in their fancy that such schools in general, though certainly not always, provide a better education and preparation for the University than they themselves as taxpayers at present provide through the State system. Often they back their belief at substantial economic sacrifice, exercising an important freedom within the educational system, and following the natural urge to do the best for one's children. Incidentally, it is the independent boarding schools of the United Kingdom which allow oversea service by Britons to be relatively so much less of an undertaking than it is for citizens of the United States.

* In this article the 1957 Edition of the Public Schools Yearbook has been used.

Opportunity

All schools, of course, have freedom to attempt to get men into a Cambridge College, either through the tutorial (or admissions committee) sieve, or by the Open Scholarship examinations. Of scholarship candidates roughly one in 10 wins an award, and about the same factor applies in the selection of pensioners. It is worthy of repetition that in recent years in St John's about 50 per cent of the open scholars and exhibitioners have already been promised places as pensioners upon the evidence of quality earlier available.

A College must in fact select from the candidates offered and, with rare exceptions, only the good are offered—good in the sense of intellectual calibre and/or of other abilities commonly grouped under 'leadership quality'. A College, too, must seek to contain a 'proper' balance as between subjects, both so that undergraduates individually may mature in a wide intellectual environment and educate each other, and so that there may be disciples in every form of scholarship. A College must contain, for example, able archaeologists and theologians though the number of freshmen per year, even in a very large College, in such subjects will be no more than three or four. However, not many able boys will be on offer in such subjects in comparison with the seeming flood of natural and mechanical scientists struggling for places. It is in these subjects that the State Scholar, in his penultimate year at school and headboy in addition, has quite often found himself turned down so disappointingly for a pensioner place and advised to select himself by winning an Open Award. In this connection, would that the actual technique of Open Scholarship examining might be improved so that great inherent ability could be more surely judged at a lower standard of actual attainment.

Uninformed critics sometimes accuse the Colleges of class bias in the selection of undergraduates. We refute that accusation, at any rate for this College in recent times. For the unmindful it is appropriate to stress that inherent ability, though fortunately widespread, is not equally spread over the 'social classes' as defined by the Registrar General*: expectedly therefore the sons from particular 'classes' are more highly represented in Cambridge Colleges as a direct corollary of attempting to choose

* Registrar General's classification of Social Class and the distribution in the general population of men aged 45—64 years old:

| | Per cent |
|---|----------|
| I. Major professions and large employers ... | 3 |
| II. Minor professions and small employers ... | 18 |
| III. Clerical workers and skilled manual ... | 47 |
| IV. Semi-skilled manual ... | 17 |
| V. Unskilled manual ... | 15 |

those of highest calibre. Whatever the difficulties of precise assessment, and whatever the happy exceptions, the relationships between 'social class', monetary income, ability of parents and ability of children are all positive correlations. This in no way invalidates the attempt to offer equality of opportunity wherever ability appears, nor is it a denial of the importance of favourable environmental factors in the development of the individual.

APPENDIX I

Summary of Analyses

The following summarized points emerge from the main analysis of the College's 583 schools of recruitment for the most recent 19 non-war years.

1. Nearly one-third of the total schools listed are Head Masters' Conference Schools and these have provided over two-thirds of the freshmen admitted. The average number provided by each H.M.C. school is 5 times that of the other schools.
2. Nearly half of the 583 schools on the list, including two-thirds of the H.M.C. schools and over one-third of the other schools, have produced scholars.
3. About one-fifth of all freshmen are scholars and almost two-thirds of these come from H.M.C. schools. The average number of scholars provided by each H.M.C. school is just more than twice that of other schools. Thus the ratio of scholars to freshmen is about the same in both types of school, though very slightly lower in H.M.C. schools.
4. The number of schools providing freshmen increased by over one-third after the war and at the same time there was a fall in the proportion of H.M.C. schools represented. Similarly there was a marked increase in the number of freshmen admitted after the war, but only a slight fall in the proportion of those coming from H.M.C. schools. Consequently the average number of men provided by each H.M.C. school increased.
5. The 10 schools, all H.M.C., which have provided the largest numbers of freshmen during the period have contributed 19% of all men admitted and 16% of all scholars. The total number coming from these schools about doubled after the war, but there was only a slight increase in the number of scholars.
6. About half of the schools provide only 1 man in a quinquennium and about four-fifths produce less than 6, this proportion falling slightly in later years. Among H.M.C. schools less than one-third produce only 1 man in a quinquennium and about one-fifth contribute more than 5, whereas in the other schools more than two-thirds provide

one man and only 1% of them produce more than 5 in a five year period.

7. At Michaelmas 1960, the College welcomed freshmen from 23 further schools not previously listed in the 19 years under analysis. There are now less than a score of the nearly 200 H.M.C. schools which have not provided recruits to the College in those years.

APPENDIX II

The monthly distribution of birth dates of undergraduates of St John's College

In seeking to be fair in further selection, it is desirable to check where possible upon the fairness of selections already made. This is an attempted assessment relative to a particular variable factor.

For more than a decade the College's Admissions Committee has had a particular care to attempt fairness to each successive year-group of young men. It has had this particularly in mind because of the fluctuating and varied incidence of National Service. It has, therefore, selected what it regarded as the proper number of the best men out of each year-group in turn, and has done this irrespective of the year in which the men might in fact come into residence. It has not, as some other Colleges appear to have done, selected men for admission at particular dates. This regularity in policy, and its observable fairness, has certainly not damaged the College's prestige with the schools. With the ending of National Service the Admissions Committee may perhaps now modify its system.

The agreed minimal age for admission to the College being 18 years and no less, an age group has been defined as those born between 1st October in one year and the 1st October in the next, plus a marginal group consisting of those born in July, August and September who have been regarded as possible members of two succeeding year groups, rather young candidates for the first, rather old for the second.

We have a school academic year which provides examination evidence about young men only once in the twelve months (June or July), and a University academic year which starts in a different month. Yet the people in question are born throughout the year, a biological inconvenience well known to educational administrators and others.

An interesting feature is that there is evidence that the average I.Q. of children born in particular months varies by a little.*

* In Fraser-Roberts' Bristol Survey (*British Medical Journal* 1944 (i) p. 320) those born in May to October were, by a little, superior to those born from November to April (a difference of 1.7 points), while in the *Trend of Scottish Intelligence* (1947 Table III p. 58) the 1936 spring-born children were superior (by a possible 4.2 points as between April and December).

However, allowance for this factor would have been a refinement beyond the selective powers of the Johnian Tutors.

It is sometimes said (perhaps with dubious truth) that, for academic advantage, children should be spring-born. Indeed perhaps some people make their arrangements to this end, possible academic and real climatic advantage seeming to run together. Spring birth fits well, in addition, with the Open Scholarship system where the age of 19 must not have been exceeded on 1st December. The annual incidence of the 11+ examination (often held in March) is now a new complicating factor. The long term planning required, to achieve the maximum academic advantage for one's future children, is likely to be more frequent among the Registrar-General's first two Social Classes,* from which in fact so many of our undergraduates are drawn, than among the majority of the population. The actual spring rise, in the national month of birth figures, is much more likely to result from deep-seated biological influences together with the incidence of bank holidays.

The College Tutors are not unaware of these interesting complexities which, they hope, are smoothed away by their joint wise judgment.

Yet, in selecting from each year-group there is clearly danger (both in Headmaster's assessments, and in Tutor's interpretation of the evidence available) in fancying that the boy who takes his A levels for the first time at 17.11 is necessarily of markedly lower calibre than one who takes these examinations at say 17.3. At age 17 development is rapid. The boy born in April may easily take A levels at 17.3 whereas his cousin, of equal fundamental ability but born in the following August, will be obviously too young at 16.11 yet may look rather elderly taking the same examination at 17.11.

In all these circumstances there is worth in analysing the work of the College Admissions Committee to see how the distribution of birth dates of undergraduates compares with the national distribution of birth dates throughout the year. The national distribution is by no means entirely uniform. There is, roughly speaking, a regular national spring rise of births culminating in May, with minima in February (shortest month too) and November, though the variations are quite small. It could be unfortunate, not to say unfair, if the birth dates of undergraduates were much differently spread throughout the year.

To test this matter the College Register was studied. The dates of birth, month by month, were extracted for all men admitted to the College who had been born in England and Wales in the

years 1932 to 1939. These years included a total of 1,209 such men* who came into residence after 1950.

Thus, the monthly percentages (of total annual births) could be compared of Johnian freshmen and the nation (England and Wales).

In fact there seemed to be some degree of discrepancy, with a peak of Johnian births in August and a low in January. The total figures for the College, however, were not as great as might have been welcomed statistically. Nevertheless Mr R. C. Carpenter (of the Department of Human Ecology) has kindly worked upon them, and his conclusions, in essence are these.

Boys born in August have a 30% greater chance than the rest of being admitted because some of them get two opportunities for selection—i.e. they are included in two successive year groups. He added that it was most unlikely that being born in August gave more than a 60% increase in the chance of admission. The departure from expectation (the low) in January may have been real but it could possibly have been a chance effect.

The general conclusion is then that nothing had gone extremely wrong with the Admission Committee's desire to be quite fair to all in selecting for admission, but that there was some evidence of excessive kindness to those born in August, and harshness to those born in January.

These are fascinating by-ways in undergraduate selection: possibly others may be stimulated to pursue them. The difficulties of advising young men about to marry may be greater than some Tutors realize.

* Extraction from the Register in this way unfortunately makes it impossible to distinguish between normal Pensioners (i.e. Tutors' selection), Scholars (i.e. self-selection with the aid of examiners) and 'Nominees' (i.e. people sent by the Colonial Office, etc., for whom there is really no selection). The Scholars and the 'Nominees' dilute the Pensioners with whose selection this little investigation is primarily intended to be concerned.

Work upon the Register impresses the reader with the fewness of Scottish-born undergraduates and the frequency with which undergraduates have been born overseas.

* See footnote on page 193.

Poems

BY EXCHANGE TELEGRAPH

SWANS are going for a song.

The curlew has had its day.
They'll give you very little for the lark.
Cryptogrammatic stars
Are hardly worth the paper they're written on.
Disjunct members of the Moon
Are finding no takers.

Everybody's buying tin futures,
And the lead market's undertone is firm.

Swans are going for a song.

TO AN UNKNOWN GOD

DELPHI, but not self-knowledge;
It has better things to teach.
"Nothing too much": but greybeard mountains
Do not practise what they preach.

Navel of Earth still corded.
Opposites reconciled.
Consort of Sky, All-Mother,
Is a suckling starveling child.

Snake and smoke and olive,
Green and black and grey,
Dedecorate Parnassus,
Retrace the Sacred Way.

Too soon too late too often
Priestess on tripod sits,
Till Chaerephon renumbers
Five Muses and nine wits.

Night and All-Things-Together,
Eagles aloft, aloof.
Uncertain sound of oracle
Deserves the stars' reproof.

TRIVIUM

PROFESSOR Peter Paradox, Head of the Department,
Doctor of Science, scourge of the ignorant.

Dr Paul Paragon, Chairman of the Faculty,
Professor of Metaphysics, pillar of propriety.

Miss Patience Paradise, Curator of the Gallery,
Reader in Aesthetics, burning hard and gem-like.

These three characters, searching for an author.
Ephemeral triptych. The greatest is Paradise.
Robbing Dr Paul to pay Professor Peter.
Fly away Paragon, fly away Paradox.

RENFORD BAMBROU

Tiger Shooting—1961

IN the hills around Kumaon and the forests of South and Central India the tiger jungles are deep and often impenetrable; the tiger is rarely seen by accident. This idea of the tiger is probably the most common and Hollywood has helped to perpetuate the fabulous atmosphere that surrounds tiger and all big game, understandably misrepresenting them at times. There are precious few Jim Corbetts and Harry Blacks today, and in many parts of the country shikar (big game hunting) has become highly organised.

In Rajasthan if one was a villager one would accept the tiger as part of one's life, a nuisance for the most part since cattle must be kept behind huge thorn fences. The villager cannot afford to lose his cattle. On the whole the tiger and the man tolerate each other, keeping out of each other's way, and not being unduly perturbed when they meet. A tiger in the open is enough to scare anyone, but from long experience the villager knows it will do nothing to him unless provoked. Even provocation must be severe. There are cases on record of men literally chasing a tiger off their cattle with nothing more than a stick. The panther (leopard) is smaller, bolder, more vicious than the tiger, and probably more easily found. Driving at night in certain parts of the country it is no uncommon thing to come across a panther on the road. A panther will carry off dogs, goats and generally add to the villager's difficulties. In other parts one finds also elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros (Assam), and even the Indian lion now restricted to the Gir forest in the south. These are mostly preserved animals and Rajasthan is too dry to provide enough water and jungle to suit them.

Until recently one could shoot almost as one pleased. This resulted in the semi-extinction of many forms of bird and game and now it is largely controlled. To shoot any of the larger animals one must have a licence. The country is divided into blocks—one hires a block for a period in which time one may shoot a specific number of the various types of game. There are also seasons for each animal, to shoot out of which is a breach of etiquette. However there is still a great deal of game, even on the beaten track. There is a certain atmosphere about an Indian sunset which makes indescribable the feeling of driving in a jeep at this time of day in areas where one passes masses of deer, antelope and buck, occasional herds of pig (wild boar) and all

the various animals that abound, civets, wild cats, mongoose, and even the flocks of cranes and flamingoes that sometimes fill a whole field. It is at this time of day, between the heat of the afternoon and the fall of darkness, that suspicions are lowest for as yet the beasts of prey have not begun to move; if the jeep is silent one can sit amongst them and watch them play or watch their signals of alarm and methods of defence as they begin to panic.

But a tiger shoot is a big event, in which the killing of the tiger is only part. Organising a shoot means a lot of money and a lot of time. Few people have both to waste. Rifles, guns and ammunition are strictly licensed. As a result most shooting in Rajasthan is done by the princes who, with no duties and greater access to ammunition, in some cases have made shooting their life. Rajasthan, the home of the Rajput princes, is still to all intents and purposes extensively. Although many of the old rulers have outside interests (usually politics or cricket), many have remained rooted to their palaces and the family ties which form their lives. Shooting thus becomes a full time occupation, a chance to entertain guests and relatives, a focal point of their social lives. In places such as Jaipur, Kotah and Mysore where there may be several guests at a camp the amount of organisation that goes into a shoot is enormous. In Kotah the shikaris or trackers remain in the field for much of the year. Their job is to know the whereabouts of all the game in the area. Eventually when camp is set up the programme is mapped out according to what they have to say and from then on organisation takes over.

On a day when a beat is planned the shikaris watch a tiger's movements from before daybreak following it throughout the morning. When it begins to get hot the tiger tends to lie up under a bush or near water and if the place is suitable for a beat word is sent back to camp. The beaters are rounded up and taken off by truck to a point behind the tiger's cover while the guns go the opposite way to the machans. There are three machans (platforms up trees) as a rule, set apart from each other. Their immediate purpose is not protection, but the surrounding jungle. As far as possible they are visible to each other so that the proceedings can be co-ordinated. The centre machan near which the tiger is most likely to pass contains usually the chief guest who has the first shot, the host cover shot and possibly another gun. It is essential to keep off the ground firstly to be out of the tiger's line of vision and secondly to avoid sound. Beaters are used in preference up an animal as bait and if the tiger has the minutest suspicion that something is ahead it will turn off, perhaps back into the beaters.

All this needs planning in advance. There are many considerations in choosing a beat—position of the sun, suitable trees, cover and accessibility. Moreover the tiger must be driven exactly towards the machans and this means the path of the beat is usually bounded by a cliff or a river so that it does not turn off. The ideal beat is hard to find, but once found it often becomes traditional. It seems to make no difference to a tiger that its ancestors have disappeared with monotonous regularity in the same place, though if a series of beats are successful the area is often left free for one or two years. The machans are placed in a line laterally across the advance of the tiger and where it has to cross a patch of open ground such as a dry river bed.

With such enormous organisation, and one can only hint at a fraction of what is done behind the scenes, the whole process is somewhat mechanical. The tiger is brought to one's feet. But not always, and few people could stand the alternative—a day on foot in the sun on the off chance of meeting a tiger. It is every one's ambition to shoot a tiger on foot, but the odds against it are huge. Besides the fact that with the acute sight and hearing of the animal, its speed and silence, it would be likely to vanish before one even knew it was there, besides that there is the fact that a wounded tiger must be the second most formidable living thing on earth next to a wounded wild buffalo. There are many legends surrounding wounded tigers including that of the one that took twenty-one bullets to stop its charge. The rifles used vary but are most commonly double-barrelled .375, .450 or .465's and are quite enough to break one's own shoulder let alone that of the tiger; but on foot one would have no time to reload. I have only once met a wounded tiger and then had to stand for an hour on a puny little bank some four feet high and thirty yards from the enraged animal's bush waiting for it to charge, feeling absolutely naked with a borrowed prehistoric Czechoslovakian .275. Not even the fact that the other seven or so guns of the party together had enough cannonpower to knock over a house if it charged made one feel any more secure. A wounded tiger must be followed up as it is potentially a source of danger to all the people and cattle in the area for the rest of its life. No one dares to risk a wounded tiger and this is one of the reasons why machans and organisation are necessary. Another is that the guests are there to see or shoot a tiger—if one does not appear the host has failed.

In camp after breakfast the heat is awful. One sits and swelters and waits. As soon as news arrives from the shikaris the beaters depart and preparations are made. The right clothes are important, as camouflage and protection against sunstroke. For the latter a little iced water before leaving is also advisable.

When the convoy of guns, gun-bearers, shikaris and the rest leaves it is often the hottest time of day, anything between 110—120° in the summer months. The noise and discomfort of the jeeps makes the contrast on arriving at the beat startling. The walk to the machans is made in absolute silence, guns and gun-bearers in single file, the whirr of the crickets and the swishing of the jungle on either side. At the machans the guns mount, either two or three in each, arrange fields of fire, load rifles—all with the minimum of sound. Everyone else disappears and the wait begins.

The start of the beat is announced by a shot and then anything can happen. The beaters advance in a line with a fair amount of noise. The tiger, disturbed in its siesta will move away from the noise—towards the guns. The beat may last anything up to 2 hours depending on how far away it has to begin and how quickly the tiger moves. In the sun on the machan one sits and tries not to move. After a while the first animals emerge—jungle fowl, peacock; often one or two deer, occasionally a boar or hyena will also appear, but on the machans one looks for the monkeys and it is when these are seen that tension mounts. Monkeys follow a tiger on the move, keeping well up in the trees, making an enormous noise, alerting the jungle—nature's warning system—so that when the monkeys come pouring across the trees one can place the tiger. If one is lucky it will come straight to one's own machan, all nine or ten feet of him, weighing between 400—500 lbs. Cubs and females in the mating season are not shot.

It is rarely that everything goes right on a beat. If no tiger should appear, it means a long walk back with no consolation for one's cramp. But a tiger may not appear for several reasons. On one occasion the beat had proceeded with scientific precision when the monkeys suddenly stopped short about thirty yards from the machans. For no apparent reason the tiger had refused to cross the piece of open ground that was the firing area and took cover in a bush. The beaters came nearer and nearer the bush perfectly oblivious of what had happened with the machans helpless to fire at an unseen target for fear of startling the tiger into charging the beaters. However the latter stopped dead in their tracks when the tiger sounded for the first time and showed its irritation. Check; but it wasn't very clear which side was on the defensive, and for quite a few minutes everyone just waited, with the tiger content to lie up and work out what was going on. Actually an elephant was on hand, out of sight, ready for this sort of situation. Signals were passed along the machans and the elephant came ponderously down the hill, four guns on top. This elephant had been trained by a rather disgusting process to

lose its fear of tigers and was a huge tough male of great experience. It was sent in to dig the tiger out. However, so well trained was it that on scenting its enemy it charged with a tremendous squeal, ears out and trunk up. The tiger held its ground for a moment, moved down the line of fire and chose the exact point to break where there was least chance of a clear shot, and in the confusion caused by its roaring all the shots went wide in the few seconds before it reached cover again and vanished like lightning into the distance, but followed by the incredible sight of the elephant on the rampage, crashing after it, its mahout lashing away with his ankus and three guns hanging on at odd angles. The one that managed to stay upright was removed by a tree branch and the rest thundered off into the distance.

On another occasion a crescendo from the beaters announced that a tiger had been seen. Half an hour later they appeared with quite obviously no animal between them and the machans. Theoretically this was impossible as there was an almost perpendicular ridge on one side and a river on the other. Since the two extreme machans were somewhat cut off, it was only the centre that saw what had happened. The panther, as it turned out to be, had moved along the face of the ridge and finally sat down under a rock just below the top, in full view of the machan, some 100 yards distant, quite disinterested in the proceedings. Almost immediately a group of about six beaters appeared directly above the rock, three feet from the animal's head, blithely unaware as they stared down into the valley. A shot might have hit one of them so the machan watched somewhat nervously as the panther began to get restless. Suddenly it leapt vertically backwards with a roar and in an extraordinary acrobatic landed directly on the men, flattening them, and then bounded off. I doubt whether the men ever recovered from the shock of a panther appearing like a pantomime devil through the floor but only one or two had scratches.

In Rajasthan tiger jungle is for the most part dry, rocky scrub, very uninteresting and not very fearsome. There are places however, notably Alwar, into which few people venture without guides and guns, and these are dangerous. The type of camp varies, depending on accessibility. If the roads are good everything is brought by truck and one is liable to find oneself sitting for dinner in the middle of nowhere at a mahogany table, contemplating the candelabra and wondering what the chef (French) uses to cook on. But the real fascination of tiger shooting is in camp life and the formal ones lose most of their interest.

As a contrast one camp was in a rift valley as cut off from the rest of the country as Conan Doyle's "Lost World". Not even a Landrover could get down, so for a week all travelling was

done by camel, though a truck arrived at the top of the cliff every day with ice and other essentials. In this type of camp one can reckon to lose about a stone with the temperature near the 120's. However there was a river and one spent the morning shooting turtles and fish for the table. These fish are called murrel and cannot be caught easily on a line (perhaps no one ever tried); anyway they make a very difficult shot. The river was clear enough to watch them on the bottom and see them glide up to take a fly; one had to hit them in the head the instant they touched the surface and started a ripple or else the bullet flattened out in the water. They averaged I suppose about 15 lbs. One also got a considerable glimpse into the life of the villagers. A successful beat brought them for miles to stare and to gossip. The women invariably arrived after dark in a torchlit procession, wailing the village song. There is still considerable purdah in these parts. One can also learn a good deal about tigers in an informal camp. A ritual surrounds the death of each one not usually seen when the camp is formal. It is customary to have the whiskers publicly burnt, since, chopped up, they are a means of killing someone—if inserted in food they puncture the intestines. The tiger then has to be photographed, measured, skinned, teeth and claws extracted, liver inspected to determine age, bullets found to see exactly who shot it. By this time all the romance surrounding it is as dry as its own blood in the sand, but one begins to realise what an extraordinary animal it is, why the villagers to whom it is nothing new will come for miles to see a dead one, and why those who shoot, for whom the thrill, whether it be of seeing animals in the wild or the life of the camp or just the feeling of power provided by holding a gun, is nothing new, will return year after year to see it once again.

R. L. NOBBS

Poems

I

THE CHESS PLAYERS

Two old men in a tea-house. Playing chess
At a table in the heavy shade:
They neither aged nor yet grew young,
But let the slow-toed afternoon crawl past.

The green stalk ripens.
The cricket sings.
A tree grows crooked branches in a muddy field.

It is not sleep nor death. Only a stillness
Coming from the slow heart.
Two old men at a chess-board;
At a forgotten table in the afternoon.

II

NO SLOW FOOT TURNS

No slow foot turns
Where a Winter and a Summer past we lay.
The grass forgets
And the young birds are careless from their shells.
Perhaps a ploughman might have remembered us;
But his eyes were on the furrow,
And he never saw.

III

WHEN THIS BLACK ANGEL

WHEN this black angel faces me,
The brown Franciscan, and the lovers whitening
His knuckle bones, may not intrude.

And though we five became one tear,
Gethsemane would soak us up,
And we'd go separately again.

This angel lies, the lovers undisturbed,
And brown boy with his own impression in the dust
Hunts for the tear we made, with lust.

IV

ON THE BODY OF A CHILD CALCIFIED AT POMPEII

TIME lay down
In your grey garden;
He put his burden
Upon the ground,

A growing patch
Of monochrome
From bones
Intact;

Child, no Woman
And no Snake,
To waken
Sleeping Time. Wiseman,

Come and see Time
In a Child's Garden.

V

A POEM FOR SOMEONE ASLEEP

You breathe as I in my dreams breathe softly,
Lest I waken you. Orion and the Bear
Shall turn heel quietly
And leave the door a-latch in case you call.

Agile, and gentle as a fluter's fingers,
Yours in their sleep move, rising, falling,
Slenderer than oat, warmer than field,
Whose growth suspends in honour of the afternoon.

If you sleep now,
May music, hands, breath, flute,
Tiptoe the stars to listen,
Show the Moon, your guardian, if she need to shoot.

RICHARD MARSHALL

The Restoration of Second Court III

PREVIOUS articles have reviewed the history of Second Court and the major structural changes in it prior to the current restorations, and have given an account of the search for suitable materials for the repairs and of the early stages of the work. As we were anxious to preserve as much as possible of the old structure, while at the same time ensuring that seriously damaged portions were not used as a basis for reconstruction, there was a prolonged period of slow demolition extending southwards along the range above the Kitchen; unfortunately the state of the building turned out to be such that virtually the whole of the interior had to be removed from first floor level upwards, incidentally necessitating a temporary false ceiling over the Kitchen in order that its work might continue. The west wall presented a similar picture. Originally we hoped that it would be necessary to demolish only the thin wall and gables above the level of the second floor, but when the panelling of the rooms which had been used for many years as the College Office was taken down, the inner skin of the wall was seen to be bulging and cracked in many places. Indeed some six weeks after the removal of the panelling, a substantial section of the inner skin, between the window adjacent to the Hall and that next southwards, fell. At the same time, a large quantity of the inner filling poured out through the hole and was seen to consist mainly of loose clunch and rubble mixed with bones and other rubbish. This naturally raised a doubt as to the stability of the lower part of the wall between ground and first floor levels, and made it appear highly undesirable to reconstruct a new wall on a foundation which might in future prove to have been insecure. Furthermore, in the part of the west wall of the building between ground and first floor levels, at this point, it would be necessary later to remove the windows and also to cut chases for the steel stanchions which were to support the upper framework of the reconstructed building, as described in the preceding article. This would have the effect of leaving only small areas of old brickwork above the level of the plinth. Accordingly, at a meeting of the Old Buildings Committee held on 11th January, 1958, it was decided that the whole of the wall between the Screens and the O Staircase Tower should be demolished to ground level and rebuilt as an 18" wall, thus increasing by 18" the size of the rooms inside. At the same meeting it was also agreed that, if the preparation of the foundations for the

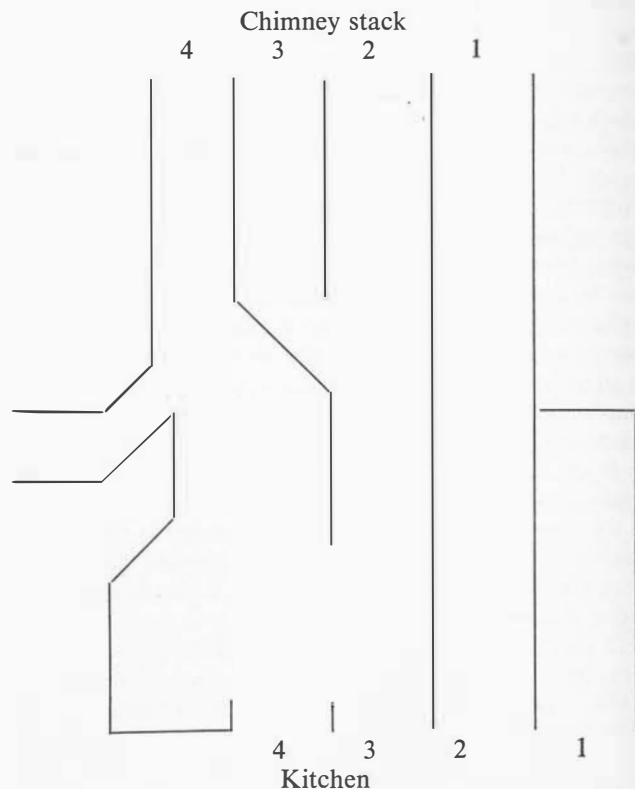
stanchions should show the wall below ground level to be inadequate, it also should be renewed. In fact, as demolition of this wall proceeded, the structure was found to be in a better and better state. In the course of this demolition there came to light the jambs and one half of the head (a four centred arch) of a doorway 4' 4" wide which had been concealed by the outer $4\frac{1}{2}$ " brick skin. This doorway, the northern jamb of which was 23 feet from the Screens, probably gave access to Dr Metcalfe's Court of 1528. Finally it was possible to stop about 1 foot below ground level and at this point a reinforced concrete ground beam was cast in position, and the new wall was built on this as a foundation. This precaution ensured that any weak places in the old wall below ground level were effectively bridged over and the risk of cracks developing in the new wall was minimised.

The two steel stanchions which support the central part of the frame of the building on the Second Court side were given separate foundations. Two holes, 4' 6" square, were dug down through the old wall and its foundations as far as a bed of gravel about a foot below the cellar floor, and these excavations showed that the lower wall and the foundations consisted of a solid mass of clunch, which occasionally included pockets of soil, and projected below ground level for roughly a foot in front of the line of the plinth. In these holes were built up solid piers of Southwater engineering bricks with a crushing strength of 2,000 pounds per square inch, and on these the base plates of the stanchions rest. The stanchions themselves, which not only carry the weight of most of the structural steel work, but also of the reinforced concrete floors and of the roof, were not solidly built into the 18" outer wall, but loosely encased. The effect of this should be that if at any time in future there should be a differential movement of the foundations of the wall and of the stanchions, the two parts of the structure would be free to move slightly relative to each other without cracking the brickwork.

At the same time, during January 1958, it was discovered that the upper part of the south end wall of the Hall was also unstable, having been at one time and another honeycombed with chimney flues. As the new form of heating of the rooms here would make the chimney stack at the south end of the Hall unnecessary, it was decided at the same meeting of the Old Buildings Committee that the stack should be demolished and not rebuilt, that the wall itself should be repaired by filling in the flues with brickwork on the south side, and that it should otherwise remain undisturbed. It was also agreed that access should be provided from the roof space of the reconstructed part to the upper part of the Hall roof, and that a fireproof door should be fitted between the two.

The south gable-end wall was known to present a further danger of instability, the top 8' 6" of the gable leaning inwards by 9". The original intention had been to make any necessary roof and brickwork repairs here at a later stage in the restorations as part of the work on the South range. However, as extensive repairs were found to be needed in the Wordsworth Room immediately below this part of the roof, it seemed desirable to bring the work forward. This had the advantage that the south end wall was then capable of carrying the weight of the southern bay of the second floor, thus simplifying the construction. It turned out that the ancient piece of oak running across just above the old ceiling of the Wordsworth Room against the south wall, and once forming the tie beam of the last roof truss, had been cut away completely for about a third of its length at the west end, the loose end being supported on the curious curved bracket which used to be visible near the fireplace in the Wordsworth Room, while the other end was carried on another bracket in the south-east corner of the room. When the plaster had been stripped off it was obvious that these two brackets, together with the pier in the middle of the east wall, which carried one end of the main beam across the ceiling, were all built of the same type of bright yellow brick, unlike any of the neighbouring patches of brickwork. It therefore seems likely that these supports for the woodwork above the Wordsworth Room were all inserted at the same time, and seeing that one of them completely blocked the flue of the large fire-place in the Wordsworth Room, it also seems likely that this work was done at the time when the first floor was removed and this part of the building was thrown into the Kitchens. The same stripping of the walls which was proceeding during August 1958 also revealed a complex of interesting flues in the old chimney between the Wordsworth Room and F Staircase First Court. These were very large, and at any rate since the late 18th century can never have served any of the rooms lying to the east, being separated from them by F Staircase itself. Of the first and second floor rooms lying to the west, the only one connected to this stack was the keeping room of the set in the south-east corner of the first floor of E Staircase, across the landing from the old College Office. This had a corner fire-place connected with the stack by a branch running almost horizontally into one of the flues. It thus seemed that although these flues were all blocked at the lower end and were partly filled with soot and rubble, they had originally served the Kitchen, and that there must at some time have been a row of ranges or boiling coppers along the east wall of the Kitchen, the west wall being occupied by the roasting fire with its great flue and a chimney rising up through what was originally the outer wall of First Court. This

great flue still remains and is now used as an extractor duct for the Kitchen's ventilating plant. It is 8' 9" wide by 18" deep. The figure illustrates diagrammatically the curious system of inter-connecting flues between first and second floor levels in the east wall. All had originally gone down into the Kitchen below, but



Diagrammatic view of flues discovered in the east wall of the Wordsworth Room. The flues leaving the Kitchen below are numbered from the south, as are the flues in the stack above.

at some time the most southerly had been blocked off at the top and never connected to the brick stack at the west end of the South range of First Court, as reconstructed by Essex. This stack was not, of course, the one illustrated in Loggan's drawings of the College buildings—chimney stacks being much exposed to the weather and to the corroding effects of fumes and soot, do not tend to have a long life. For example reference to Ackermann's print of Second Court dated 1813 shows that not one of the original stacks on the west side of the Court had survived to

that date. Returning to our complicated flues, it turned out that the most southerly of the four pots of the then existing stack was connected to the second flue from the south end. The third and fourth more northerly flues opened above the level of the Kitchen ceiling into a large chamber 6' 6" wide, which was divided at a height of about 5' by a hanging wall. To the north of this division ran the most northerly flue, which connected with the northern chimney pot and had the horizontal side branch previously mentioned. It is possible that at some time a fifth flue may have run into the wide chamber above the level of the Kitchen ceiling, as it had a flat floor large enough to have accommodated such a flue just south of the partition dividing it from the door of the Wordsworth Room. The wide chamber continued upwards to the south of the hanging wall forming a flue which at this point was about 3' wide by 1' 6" deep. This divided again higher up into two equal sized portions leading to the two central pots of the brick stack. Such an arrangement may originally have been adapted to the convenience of boys sweeping the flues with hand-brushes, but a modern architect would regard it as fantastic. Creswell, for example, remarks that two fire-places opening into a common flue "only give complete satisfaction when neither of them is alight". As we have said, only one of these flues was in use prior to the current restoration, and as the new system of heating rendered even this unnecessary, while the stack was in any case not original, it seemed wisest to demolish it, taking a photographic record of the old flue arrangements. A substantial space was thus created between the two doors in the east wall of the Wordsworth Room, making a useful alcove, while the room above was also enlarged by nearly two feet.

It will be recalled that the old arrangement of rooms above the Wordsworth Room had worn a temporary air for a long time, possibly even since 1776, when Dr Powell's reconstruction of First Court came to an end. The south range of First Court, as altered by Essex, retained a number of structural features indicating that it was the intention of the builders to continue the work round the Court in both directions. Of these the most obvious are the returns of the ends of the cornice mouldings at either end of the block, which are readily visible from the Court. Less easily visible was the fact that the ends of the main roof timbers, purlins and ridge, projected into the open air at the end of the building, the roof void being temporarily filled in at the end with stud-work and plaster. Against this, at the west end, there was built a slight wooden structure, also of stud and plaster, with a flat lead-covered roof, which bridged the gap as far as the main roof of the east range of First Court, and contained two bedrooms. The only access to this part of the original First Court building

was, of course, from O Staircase, Second Court, up a short flight of steps on the left at second floor level. Beyond these steps was a short corridor leading to two sets of rooms. As one entered the corridor, one passed between two bedrooms not accessible from it; on the right the bedroom of the set O 3 opposite the spiral turret staircase (a curious set, whose keeping room lay in Second Court, and the bedroom in the old First Court building, so that, because of the difference in level, the occupant went up a short flight of stairs to bed. The space occupied by this short staircase has now been turned into a dressing room); and on the left the bedroom of the set in the south-west corner of the second floor of E Staircase, First Court. Further along the corridor, on the right, was the oak of the set O 4, leading into a keeping room looking southwards over Kitchen Lane, with beyond it one of the bedrooms in the small outbuilding just mentioned. On the left of the corridor was the oak of the set O 5, the keeping room of which had a dormer-window opening into First Court, and a door into the second bedroom in the outbuilding. At the end of the corridor was a door leading through a short, passage-like gyp room lit by a skylight, into the same bedroom. The reconstruction of this end of the building made it possible to rationalize these unsatisfactory arrangements. In the first place, the roof of the south range of First Court, covered with Collyweston "slates" was extended westwards to meet the line of the tiled roof of the west range of the Court, thus for the first time completing the west end of Essex's building, although not in the way originally intended. The short corridor leading to O Staircase, Second Court, was retained in its original position, but there now lie to the south of it two commodious bed-sitting rooms, each with its own gyp room, while the set O 3 opposite the spiral staircase has been reduced to a bed-sitting room with its own gyp room, and the small dressing room just mentioned, fitted with a wash hand basin.

We can now sum up the effects of the various changes which have been described on the accommodation available in this important and central block of the College. It will be recalled that both the first and second floors are now of reinforced concrete, and without structural partition walls, so that, in theory, the partitions could be placed anywhere. In fact, as far as living accommodation is concerned, the possible arrangement of rooms is limited by the ancient fenestration which has been accurately reproduced on the reconstructed, Second Court, side of the building. On the first floor, each three-light window serves a single bed-sitting room, and the same is true of the northern pair of windows on the second floor. The southern-most one lights the keeping room of a set of rooms, there being space for a bed-

room, lit by a skylight, behind the O Staircase Tower. On the First Court side, the ancient fenestration of the first floor remains but on the second floor the increase in the number of dormer-windows already mentioned, means that each bed-sitting room here now has two dormer-windows, greatly improving the lighting of the rooms. In all, seven additional units of accommodation have been created in this block, five where the old College Office used to be, one above on the second floor, by rearranging four sets into two sets and three bed-sitting rooms, and one, as just described, on the second floor at the south end. Thus, at last, it has been possible somewhat to reverse the trend which has been noticeable for many years, of taking in living accommodation near the centre of the College for public purposes.

The public accommodation in this block has also been much improved. The Wordsworth Room has been extended northwards by between four and five feet, thus increasing its capacity for large dinners by nearly a third, and it has been provided with a fully equipped modern servery communicating with the kitchens below by an electric lift. At the same time, it has proved possible, by tunnelling through the old outer wall of First Court, and through the north-east wall of the O Staircase Tower, to make a connection between this servery and O Staircase, so that waiters and carvers can enter and leave it without passing through the Wordsworth Room itself. These arrangements have quite transformed the service of private and Society dinners, adapting it to an age in which the work of hands must be replaced as far as possible by machine. The same is true of the other arrangements in the new accommodation—compared to the old buildings, the demands on bedmakers are minimal. All bedrooms and bed-sitting rooms have wash basins with hot and cold water, all gyp rooms have sinks; the heating of each room is by an individual, thermostatically controlled, fan driven convector; floors are of polished hard-wood blocks, so that scrubbing is a thing of the past. Thus, as the old generation of bedmakers, accustomed from youth to an amount of hard work which today appears prodigious, passes away, the old social system of the College is enabled to continue.

G. C. E.

The Landlady

HAVE you e'er lived in digs?—I have,
At one-o-seven Rocksleigh Av.
At one-o-sev'n two cats you'll find—
The tabby and the harmless kind.

Now Mrs Fripp is not so bad.
Her husband left her, and that's sad.
She found what sort of chap I was,
And tried to match me off with Ros

Her daughter. That's not much,
But shows she has maternal touch.
To this I'd add a virtue rare—
How late I sleep she does not care.

Now you will say "But what a find—
A landlady so passing kind
Who'll cook your breakfast after nine
And do your room at any time!"

'Gainst half of this I will not speak:
I'll grant you Mrs F.'s unique.
But after that I'd haste to say
Housework is not her métier.

When new arrived, I once did ask
If she'd perform a household task
And cook me eggs and bacon, please,
Daily, included in the fees.

I think 'twas I (I am not sure)
Or Dick who picked her off the floor.
At any rate I heard her mutter:
"I simply couldn't stand the splutter."

Despite this shock I kept my head
And gave her eggs to *boil* instead.
She cooked them—nervously, 'tis true,
But ne'er too long, give her her due.

POEM

Now as to cleaning out a room,
It can't be done, without a broom;
One other thing puts her in a fluster—
Not dust, I don't mean, but a duster.

* * * *

If there's one thing I like to see
In women, it is piety.
Here Mrs Fripp does not fall short;
She's full of goodly work and thought.

In days when criminals abound,
She's just the sort to have around.
It's good, when few men know his name,
To see the vicar in a frame

Hung on the wall; never to miss
An evening or a morning service
On the wireless. That's the stuff!
Too many like her? Not enough!

I hope by now it has appeared
This godly lady has endeared
Herself to me. But soon I have
To bid adieu, dear Rocksleigh Av.

Alas the day, alas the hour
When I must cry "Farewell, thou flower
Of piety and all of that,
Thou necessary tabby cat!"

ANON.

John Masefield and a Cake

MANIFOLD are the impulses that lead to poetic composition, but few could have been happier than the stimulus of a cake received by Britain's Poet Laureate.

A few years ago, Mr John Masefield wrote a poem for the girls of Tintern Grammar School in Victoria, Australia—in reply to some cake. The verses appeared in the school magazine, together with a letter to the principal. Norman McCance tells us that the friendship between the school and the poet dates back to 1934, when Masefield was a guest of honour at the Victorian State Centenary celebrations. He then lectured on Shakespeare to senior secondary-school pupils. Doubtless, too, they had read his wise and beautiful book on the dramatist.

When Mr Masefield recovered from a severe illness in 1949, the Tintern seniors wrote to congratulate him, sent a food parcel and thereupon decided to bake him a regular Christmas cake. He wrote back to the principal—

"Let me also thank you and the kind members of VIA, whose wonderful cake arrived this morning, for all your and their gracious thought of me, year after year. Please, do you think that I could add some verses to your new building? I am getting to be old for making verses, but then I am not too old for wonderful cake, and I would like to thank you and your young people."

Tintern is of course named after the beautiful ruin of Tintern Abbey on the bank of the Wye River. Masefield was himself born in Herefordshire over 80 years ago, in the lovely land of the Severn and Wye valleys. Tintern Abbey is also associated with one of Wordsworth's noblest poems.

These facts explain the allusions in Masefield's poem which he calls *Lines for Tintern*—

"Long since, in summer suns,
When all my world was new,
I rowed the Wye that runs
My native country through.
And saw the Tintern old,
Where Wordsworth understood,
How rarer than all gold
Is dearest Sisterhood.
And now in age, today,
A Tintern oversea,
A Tintern far away,

Asks but a verse from me.
O Sisterhood unseen,
What glory can life hold
Save counting Wisdom Queen
And Beauty more than gold,
And Sisterhood a thing
Than all truth told more true . . .
And stronger than the King
To shape the World anew?"

Sympathy for youth is characteristic of England's Poet Laureate, a true humanist. In 1919, at the request of an undergraduate, Beverley Nichols, who had just started a literary magazine, he wrote a sonnet, *On Growing Old*, beginning—

"Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving . . ."

He would stay quiet, while his mind remembers "the beauty of fire from the beauty of embers."

If, at over 80, he modestly doubted his ability to make verses, some Australian girls were ready to disagree. His most sustained work, it is true, belongs to the period from 1911 to 1923, that of the great narrative poems, beginning with *The Everlasting Mercy*, where his genius ranks him with Chaucer and Crabbe. Yet in a collection of his recent poems, *On the Hill*, descriptive pieces and tales in verse, Masefield is still the artist transmitting the beauty of the world and the spirit of the English countryside—

Thoughts of what the truth is
From the earth's remembered sweet . . .
In its beauty, in its life and in its power.

For him there comes peace, healing, deliverance for the nation in an iron age; when he sees a valley with a million grass-blades blowing—

And a hill with clouds above it whither many larks are going,
Singing paeans as they climb.

How well the great narrative poet knows the artistic limits of the tale told in verse is apparent from the rollicking *Tale of Country Things*, relating how a Sunday boxing match was scotched four generations ago. A tale told with gusto, if less deep emotionally than his finest work. Concise descriptions; varied tone; natural laconic speech; moving to the lilt of ballad and folk-song; calm ending. *Sailor Man Bold* has the Enoch Arden motif; *Cry Baby Cottage*, *Blown Hilcote Manor* and *Jouncer's Tump* are eerie stories of local legend; *Tristan and Isolt* reveals a neat new treatment, while the adaptations from Old French, Spanish and Greek form an heroic group in varying stanzas and metres.—There is much in the volume to move John Masefield's admirers to fresh enthusiasm.

The poetic impulses moving Laurence Whistler in *The World's Room* have some affinity with Masefield's. Mr Whistler's work is that of the alchemist transferred to poetry—the little common things are transmuted by sensitive imagery, metaphor or symbol. The butterfly taken in hand is—

A lost adventurer, content to lie,
The long frustration over, and heart calm,
There in the alien landscape of his palm.

Again—

The far-off mountains to the pioneer
Murmur in blue, "There is good fortune here."

The passing year becomes—

So winter once again revolved between
Earth dead in russet and reborn in green.

The successful pastoral, *The Quick and the Dead*, illustrates the poet's gift of translating an old theme in imagery familiar to the English countryside, while the symbolism of *The Dancer in Darkness* (Thais) has a new meaning and purpose in showing the growth of Iambe's soul from primal innocence, a pure jet of instinctive energy, wishing only to please and to taste pleasure in sensual dream; whereas *Aparnedus* is a soul in sickness, of an energy not less vigorous, but perverted, for he is at war with himself and his brutality is the gesture of his suffering.

Most of his poems, Whistler says, have undergone a long process of revision. There is indeed perfect shaping of the words to which the music of his metres answers in spiritual intensity as he seeks the eternal in the transient. So in the delicate love-poem beginning—

A quaver glance is not indicative,
and in those written *In Time of Suspense* (1940)—

When all is lost but what ourselves possess.

Like Masefield, he draws strength from English soil: foxgloves, summer rain, mountain stream, the scent of hay, old houses, the river bridge, twilight and the flights of birds and . . .

This rose, a crown of blood upon a stem.

He feels *The Death of Pan* and in the *Ode to the Sun* pleads for the preservation of man. The agony will not last and life will again be free—

Others will make the journey, learn as much.
The dead airman in Rollo Latimer would have his father teach—

It is a little thing to die—
No gap—a little thing!
And nothing ends, and all that is
Goes on like a great song.

Laurence Whistler, too, can tell a story in verse. Witness the death-bed repentance of old Jacob Pennycuick, who had turned

everything, war and panic, to his own private gain; when he drew the bold concluding line, a row of noughts would always come until a dawn of light broke calm through his whirling brain and he was free. And as always the background of nature is sketched in—

Far away a blackbird carolled
Whose estate was nil,
Then second pauper whistled
Hard beneath the sill.

It is in the *Ode to the Sun* that Whistler reaches the heights and almost Miltonic splendour with his message to some moderns in whose grip power has gone mad, as it must when a child—

Breaks into a power-station to play with the switches.
And so he bids us put the right question to life: 'not how much or how safe, but how deep is its meaning . . . there we are rich'.

L. A. TRIEBEL

Rare Birds

(A Praelection)

"I also like to dine on becaficas."

Three guesses, my dear audience, at the speaker's Identity.

You're puzzled? So was I.
But chance your cultured arms, and have a try.

No, it's not Byron *Beppo* xliii,
Though that's the original. (One up to me!)
It's quoted by a Critic who's revered
As Poet-Prophet—though he wears no beard,
Is prim, and has a liking for stray cats.

That gives the show away. Of course. Yes, *that's*
The Man-in-Question—Mr You-know-who:
He likes to dine on becaficas too.

Who hasn't heard of You-know-who? What's more,
Who hasn't heard of becaficas, or
Fig-peckers?

(Little birds. Our Pettychaps
Are rather like them—*alias* Blackcaps).

This limb of genus *Sylvia* is renowned,
When fattened up on figs-cum-grapes, and browned,
For its exquisite flavour. Ortolans
And quails—as I'm informed by judges sans
All prejudice—cannot compare with *them*
When served up *garnis*, with Château d'Yquem. ⁽¹⁾

Which settled, we *might* ask ourselves "Why should
This *bonne-bouche* introduce *The Sacred Wood?*"—
A work of Criticism that's been referred
To (misprunt fashion) as *The Sacred Word*.

But No—we shan't. Plain meat and veg. for us,
The plain men on the Clapham omnibus.
We're serious-minded—like that don at Downing,
The Scrutineer, who can't smile without frowning.

A. G. L.

¹ A peccadillo due to the exigencies of rhyme. Italian gastronomes recommend a red wine—*un vino pastoso*. *Ed.*



Block of stone discovered during the demolition of the Old Chapel in 1869, and bearing an incised design for the original thirteenth century east window.

Photo. L. P. Morley.

A Thirteenth Century Sketch from the Old Chapel

DURING the demolition of the Old Chapel in 1869 a block of stone bearing an incised drawing of a window was found in the east wall. This drawing shows a window of six lights in the head of which are one cinquefoil and two trefoil openings. At the same time traces of the original east window of the Old Chapel were recorded, showing that this had also been of six lights. It seems likely that the drawing on the stone represents the original east window of c.1280 and that it was the mason's rough working out of the design, the block afterwards being reused in the east wall of the chapel.

Such medieval architectural sketches are extremely rare, only some twenty being so far recorded in this country. They were drawn on a variety of materials, many of them perishable, e.g. paper, parchment and boards, but also on stone as in the case of the present example.

This sketch has therefore a double importance: it preserves in outline the appearance of the original east window of the chapel of the Hospital of St John, before it was remodelled in 1516-19 for the use of the College; and it provides another example of a rare class of medieval record. When therefore the stone bearing this sketch was noted some months ago in the University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology (Cat. No. Z.15088), it seemed that it might be valuable to republish it in detail¹ and to add a preliminary list of the other examples known in this country. By the kind permission of the Master and Fellows and with the encouragement of the Curator of the University Museum a short paper has been prepared for the forthcoming (1961) volume of the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*; and the present note has been written at the invitation of the Master, so that a record of the Stone, together with a photograph, may appear in *The Eagle*.

MARTIN BIDDLE

¹ The stone had previously been published and illustrated, not very satisfactorily, in C. C. Babington, *History of the Infirmary and Chapel of the Hospital and College of St John the Evangelist at Cambridge* (1874), pl. 9.

Tuesday

A room in St John's College. The time is late evening. There is wine, cigarette-smoke; and talk.

Balderdash: I thought we would devote this, the first of our discussions, to the College itself, as a community, as a place to live in, and then talk on another occasion about College—and University—instruction. I thought we might start with some fairly simple questions, like: Has St John's College a distinct, a distinguishable, personality? Is the term 'a Johnian' a meaningful one in the sense that 'a Trinity man' is? And if the College has a personality, what is it?

Piffle: No, I don't think the College has a distinct personality, in the way that Magdalene, or Trinity, have . . .

Hogwash: I would agree with that.

Poppycock: So would I.

Bunkum: Well, I will certainly agree that St John's does not have this distinct personality you are talking about. But then I don't think any college has, I don't think such a thing exists. I don't think Trinity, or Magdalene, or any other college, has a real personality as a college. I think there is a 'Trinity type', a 'Magdalene type', but I think these types are imposed by a very small section of the college in question. The Trinity type, for example, is imposed by those men in Trinity who are members of the Pitt Club, drive bright-red sports cars, and have girl-friends with very blonde hair. But this is an image which hardly represents Trinity as a college. A lot of Trinity men like brunettes . . .

Drivel: But the type does in fact impose itself, doesn't it? Men in Trinity, and more especially Magdalene, are open to the influence of the college type, and all are to some extent affected by it—even if some are affected inversely, and come to hate the type, to react overstrongly against it.

Moonshine: In which case I don't see the difference between college types and college personalities. I think colleges *do* have distinct personalities, and I think St John's is no exception here. I have always thought of St John's as having a personality; and the personality it has, is that of a good, solid, middle-class, middle-of-the-road, mediocre, no-nonsense college. I always thought that it was the conscious policy of the College to project precisely this image, that there was a definite admissions policy behind all this.

Bunkum: I can assure you that the admissions policy of the College has never aimed at the mediocre.

Balderdash: No, of course not. But it has aimed, has it not, at the good all-round man? I also think of the College as having a personality: it is the college of the man of good character, the man of quick but quiet decision, the man who does his job and never panics, the backbone-of-the-nation. There must be more school-captains in St John's than in any other college in Cambridge . . . But this is not to say that the College aims at admitting the mediocre.

Moonshine: I must say, I don't quite see the difference. Surely you create the nation's backbone, the solid men for the crisis, not by looking for backbone and absence of panic, but by looking first for ability? You pick the able men, and the rest looks after itself. Balliol, for example, selects men on their very high academic ability alone; and Balliol has produced more than its share of the nation's backbone. Surely looking specifically for backbone, is selecting the mediocre?

Hogwash: Yes, I see your point. Except that that is not how Balliol selects its men . . . And this school-captain stuff about St John's is the purest nonsense. I think the College does *not* have a specific Johnian personality (although I think certain colleges *have* a distinct personality of their own—even if such a personality is built solely on prejudice and hearsay. Many powerful things are. Anti-semitism is built on little else . . .) but I think we are wrong to imagine that this is a *criticism*, that this is something to be deplored. The College recruits *all* kinds of men from *all* parts of society; any single member of the College is thus in a position to know, and know well, the widest possible variety of types. I think the absence of personality can only be thought of as highly desirable.

Piffle: Yes, it is true that if there is a marked college personality, an individual may be very unhappy in that college, should the personality happen not to suit him. The pale aesthete is probably very miserable among the hearties of St Catharine's . . . I think many very dissimilar people get along in reasonable harmony at St John's.

Poppycock: This is all to do with the *size* of the College, isn't it? I mean, the whole thing is: the absence of a marked personality, and the fact that many very dissimilar people get on well together? The College is large enough to get lost in. You can avoid, not only the *people* you don't like, but the *types* of people you don't like.

Bunkum: Now this, I think, is another question. While I am not prepared to accept the idea of college personalities visible to the naked eye, and definable to the world at large, I *do* think there

is such a thing as a sense of *belonging*, and that perhaps this sense is minimal at St John's—as compared with a smaller college where it is possible for everyone to know almost everyone else . . .

Hogwash: But know them *how*? Know who they are? Know that this is someone you ought to nod to? I don't see that it makes much difference whether you nod to five people or to two hundred and fifty. Surely the only thing that counts is the number of people you know well? and surely this number is determined only by the capacity of the individual for friendship, and not by the number of people around him?

Poppycock: Except that the number of people you know well depends to some extent on the opportunities you have to get to know people at all; and such opportunities may be rarer in a very large college. And the sense of belonging that Bunkum spoke of is partly dependent on, or at least represented by, the number of people you nod to. In St John's there are too many people to nod to—so you nod only to members of your own clique: Jazz Club, Boat Club, CICCUC; and each group has its own particular nod . . . The College is fragmented into cliques—although personally I don't find this in any way objectionable, I find it very satisfactory.

Piffle: Well, I think the fragmentation has its advantages, I think it does allow dissimilar people to get along without too much friction—

Hogwash: In fact, you mean they don't get along at all, because they never meet . . .

Piffle: —but I think one shouldn't accept too willingly the generally amorphous nature of a college as large as St John's, the quite separate existences of its members. Most Johnnians do in fact meet too few other Johnnians. And this is the fault not simply of the numerical size of the College, but of its geographical size, the fact that it is so spread out, and has no focal point. Members of the College can meet neither in the Buttery, which is always full of one or more Rugger teams throwing eggs at the ceiling, nor in the JCR, where you are always afraid of waking people up. And this is something which *can* be improved. The College *can* provide places where its members can meet each other. We should provide more places for people to drink, and talk; and some real, and large, Junior Common Room space, as opposed to a second reading room, which is what the JCR is at the moment.

Bunkum: Certainly. And it is not simply space, places, that are required, but *effort*: some real effort, real interest in seeing that members of the College get plenty of chances to know each other. Attempts are made (albeit perhaps rather too formal ones . . .) to enable undergraduates to know Fellows; but nothing is done to help them to know each other—to help the years to know each other, for example, to help freshmen to know second

and third year men . . . Friendships are hit-and-miss affairs, of course, relationships between human beings cannot be fabricated by a glass of sherry or a cup of tea. One knows all this. But *opportunities* for friendship can, and should, be fabricated. This will become the more important as the change to the younger—and therefore shyer, or more easily intimidated—undergraduate becomes complete. It is much too easy to pretend that all this is private, and not our business.

Piffle: Quite. Don't you think also that if Johnnians know each other very little, if the cliques don't come together, they know the College even less? The College as an *idea* means nothing to them. It is not a body which they feel they are part of, a body which is a reality to them, they have no sense of the College's affairs being their affairs. The undergraduate administration of the College operates by a series of secret committees composed of self-canvassed members, which issue dark anonymous edicts from time to time, telling us which champagne we are having at a May Ball, and other things of this order of significance. Surely these various committees could be integrated in some way, and surely the College as a whole, the undergraduate body, could meet from time to time, in Hall after dinner, perhaps, and have some real discussion of the College's affairs as they concern undergraduates?

Poppycock: Do you think anyone would come to such meetings? Is it not a fact that even in smaller colleges the college spirit is on the decline?

Piffle: You would have to have the meetings first, to prove that no one would come . . .

Moonshine: Surely the decline in college spirit has to do with the need for so much sharing of rooms, with the extensive use of the double set? Two people can form a very strong self-contained unit; and a series of self-contained units is very much in conflict with the whole idea of life in a community. On a staircase of double sets you can spend a year without knowing even your closest neighbours—you try to get to know the other people on your staircase, but the insular feeling is such that you make very little headway: people issue from the other double sets, head firmly down, clearly intent above all on getting to the safety of the court without being recognised. Quite often you never even know if they live there or nor. This couldn't happen, over a period of time, on a staircase of bedsitters, or single sets.

Balderdash: Yes. All right. Now what about the more personal business of living in these rooms, what do we think of the respective merits of the single set, the double set and the bedsitter?

Poppycock: Well, I would have thought that the merits of the double set were non-existent. I mean, apart from the question of

relations with the rest of the college, the *external* disadvantage, the internal drawbacks are pretty overwhelming. People just *aren't* very compatible, are they? Sharing rooms makes life difficult for both sharers. And the so-called advantages *aren't*, really: for instance, you don't really enjoy more, and more varied, company through sharing rooms; your room-mate more often than not turns out to have very much the same lot of friends as you, and may well be poor company himself too into the bargain . . . The added space is useful for parties, admittedly, but since you're not supposed to dance or make a noise, parties would in any case be better held in places like the Cellars, available and specially intended for parties—there should probably be more of such places in the College.

Hogwash: Yes, I think the sharing of rooms *is* difficult, even if not quite so impossible as Poppcock seems to think . . . And I think the bedsitter is an acceptable alternative. A bedsitter is compact, easily heated, and can be very attractive as long as the bed is suitably disguised as something less obviously a bed, and last night's cigarette-smoke quickly chased away. The disadvantages are that a bedsitter is probably noisier, since it is not separated from other rooms by a keeping room or a staircase, and that, after a time, the lack of variety can become oppressive: two rooms connected by a door, or simply a room with a curtained sleeping recess, add another dimension to one's territory . . . In a set there is always some unexplained detail behind closed doors or a curtain to intrigue one.

Bunkum: Perhaps the answer is to have bedsitters with lots of doors? They wouldn't have to lead anywhere . . .

Balderdash: Does all this mean then that we are agreed that the single set is the best possible form of accommodation?

Bunkum: I think so.

Balderdash: Drivel, you're not saying much. What do you think?

Drivel: Yes, certainly. I think the single set has all the possible advantages. Although I'm not *so* much agin the double set. What I *am* agin is this self-deception that goes on about the bedsitter. The bedsitter is The Trend in new university accommodation, one hears—the implication being that 'modern' students *prefer* to live in bedsitters. Whereas in fact, they don't have any choice in the matter; bedsitters are all most new universities can afford. A lot of well-meaning people have been persuaded to see a trend in student taste where there is only economic pressure from the authorities. I'm not especially against the bedsitter, you understand; but I think if single sets are at all possible, financially, they should always be chosen.

Piffle: You know I'm very surprised at all this feeling against the double set. I thoroughly enjoyed the two years I spent in college, in a double, and then in a triple, set; and I thought most people did. And even if they don't, I'm prepared to defend the idea that they *should*. Surely, whatever the College personality, if there is one, and whatever one feels about the College if there isn't, living in a college *is* an education in living with people, and *is* an education which Oxbridge by its nature provides better than anywhere else. And sharing rooms seems to me to be a very valuable part of this education, a very *real* part . . .

Hogwash: You think people who have shared rooms make better husbands . . . ?

Piffle: I wouldn't know about that. But I think the give-and-take required for the successful sharing of rooms is a thing worth learning.

Poppcock: Perhaps it is. But I don't think it is the College's business to teach us it. And I think many of us are never going to learn it anyway, and to insist on trying to teach us is simply unnecessary torture.

Piffle: Well, fair enough. I'm surprised this feeling should be so general, and so strong. That's all.

Balderdash: I have another connected problem for you now. College discipline.

Hogwash: You mean there is such a thing?

Balderdash: I beg your pardon?

Hogwash: Is there such a thing? Is College discipline a thing which exists? Or are there just a few empty rules, which everyone breaks? What about the midnight rule? Undergraduates have to be in College by midnight; yet this rule affects only the very, very infirm—the rest shin over the gates like a parade of chimps, North Court looks like Chipperfields' circus for the early part of most nights . . . Music hours, no dancing in College rooms? There is music in every party which is given in College, and people dance to it. Anyone who is caught, and punished, feels, not that justice has been done to him for breaking a College rule which he knew to exist, but that he has been quite exceptionally unlucky to have been caught where virtually everyone escapes. Dining regulations? Well, one has only to read the Suggestions Book, or talk to the Steward, or the College Butler, to find that five is a quite arbitrary piece of numerical symbolism for the number of occasions on which members of the College dine in a week: some dine seven times and say five, and some never dine at all . . . Perhaps I had better not talk about guest-hours . . .

Bunkum: I think I must answer some of this. First of all, the midnight rule is not a College thing; it is a University regulation, the College can do nothing about it. And as for dining, the fact

that some members of the College (although very few, I suspect) are so rich as to be able to afford to pay for food they don't eat, or the fact that we have one or two crooks who manage to get two meals a week they don't pay for, makes very little difference to the general pattern of College dining—which is that most members of the College do dine, as it is intended (rightly, I think) that they should, at least five times a week. As for guest-hours, it would be possible, it is true, to extend them until midnight, as is the case in Trinity and one or two other colleges. But is there any real demand for this?

Poppycock: Well, the present rules do mean that parties are often forced to end just as they are getting underway . . .

Hogwash: You mean, your parties are . . .

Poppycock: Well, all right, but I do think that the tremendous potentialities of the New Court Cellars could be exploited more fully if they were available till midnight.

Bunkum: Yes, but is this enough reason for changing a rule? I don't think there is any profound feeling in the College that we should *not* imitate Trinity and extend our guest-hours to twelve o'clock; but there seems to be no very important reason why we should . . .

Poppycock: Yes, I see. But couldn't the Cellars be an exception? Would it not be possible to have a separate exit for the Cellars, and extensions to guest-hours granted for specific occasions?

Bunkum: This is something we could think about in connexion with the New Buildings.

Balderdash: Which is entirely another problem; and a problem for another evening.

Hogwash: Isn't it a problem for other *people*, at this stage?

Balderdash: I suppose it is. Anyway, enough of problems of all sorts for the time being. Thank you, and goodnight.

J. S. Bezzant

The Questions

"THE world is beset by problems. One of the most subtle of them is the belief that whatever is physically possible is therefore desirable. Since it is possible to put a man into orbit round the earth and for him to return in safety, therefore it is worthy of doing at whatever expense. Since it is possible to design a motor car capable of a speed of 150 m.p.h. on the road, therefore it must be done at whatever cost in life, in road-making and danger.

The questions What is right? and What is good? are being subordinated to the question: What is possible?"

(From the Commemoration Sermon, preached by
Mr Cunningham on May 7, 1961).

Christianity and Cambridge Life

[This article is the result of a tape-recorded discussion between Fr Barnabas Lindars, S.S.F., M. J. Twaddle (ex-President of CICCUCU) and myself. The transcript revealed so little difference of opinion that it was thought best to weld our observations into one whole. For its present form I am alone responsible.]

THE situation of Christianity in Cambridge may be seen as a running battle between the naturalists and the supernaturalists. On this view, whether Christianity is strong or no will depend largely on whether learning is prepared to admit any place to the religious view of life. This article takes it for granted that there will always be tension between those who have time for the supernatural and those who dismiss it, and is not concerned with the details of this age-old warfare. It is written entirely from the point of view of what may be thought to be good for the Christian community. It presupposes that Christianity has something relevant to say in the University, and is concerned mainly with how it says it.

Thus it first analyses the current form of opposition to Christianity, then it comments on the Christian reaction in the retreat into professionalism. In the second section the major forms of Christian organisation are discussed, the Chapels, Parish Churches, the new 'Church-in-College' movement and the Christian societies; all these with particular reference to our own College.

I

It is now well known that the religious revival, if it ever existed, is finished and Christianity, meaning even nominal Christianity, is fast on the way to becoming a minority movement¹ in the University.

National Service and the University

This, per se, can of course be regarded as part of the natural fluctuation of interest in religion brought about by a number of different factors. In the 1940's, for example, war had its special psychological effect of making people want to stand together and of making religion far more real as a felt need. After the war, the older generation who had served from four to six years brought

¹ *minority movement*. Monica Furlong's articles on Religion in the Universities, in which she wrote of "a boom in religion centred on the college chapel and the University Church" in Cambridge, were published in the *Sunday Times* for June 11 and 18 1961. The evidence is that this is now a thing of the past.

with them a tremendous sense of urgency about building the peace. Work and sport mattered and discussions were intensely real. Although church-going was not on a vast scale, the interest shown in discussing matters of religion and morals possessed a strong sense of the need for commitment.

In later years the religiosity of Cambridge life was at least partly connected with the fact that men had gone into National Service and had had the revolt against their religious or irreligious upbringing, and came to Cambridge aware of the futility of abstract discussions of Christian theology (if that had ever been an interest) unrelated to the workings of the conscience.

The New Agnosticism

In the CICCUCU mission held this year, it was noticed that unlike previous post-war missions the reaction to it was one of indifferent agnosticism. Previously the agnosticism had been intense; now the CICCUCU met a blasé willingness to raise intellectual difficulties without any feeling that they might be matters of vital concern.

At least part of the cause of this, in so far as it is a new phenomenon, is the rise of relativism, a refusal to regard any one religion as final, not unconnected with the arrival of greater numbers of Asians and Africans in Cambridge. Also this society, culturally dominated by modern film and drama, is basically in tune with the idea that either we shall all get 'there' in the end or that nobody will get 'there' at any time. In either case we are to be 'saved' by sitting and talking, doing or living whatever happens to be the Existential *mot juste*² of the moment. Christianity is unused to this sort of reaction, and is very much on the defensive about it.

As mentioned earlier, the University exerts and has exerted for 100 years a persistent pressure towards agnosticism, by its analytical methods of study. And Christians seem to be encouraging this tendency by so organising themselves that their time is fully occupied with their own pursuits. Thus it comes to be thought that all University life not specifically organised on a Christian level is dominated by agnosticism.

Cliques and Professionalism

This is really the negative side of the role of religious societies in the University. Whereas they have a positive role in fostering religious devotion, they all too often have a negative role of creating a religious clique. There seem here to be two dangers. The first is that the Christian group naturally tends towards being

² *mot juste of the moment*. An admittedly confused generalisation on a confused situation. The anxious treatment by films and plays of personal problems has suggested few serious positive approaches. But they are unanimous in rejecting the frequently trite 'solutions' of much contemporary religion.

a mutual admiration society. This it very easily becomes because there are always a number of Christians—a larger proportion than is often admitted to—who have a considerable measure of escapism in their make-up. The life of the Church often becomes a way of finding significance for people who do not readily come out in the groupings of secular society. When these professionals set the pace of the Church circle by an easily acquired piety, those who are more on the fringes and in contact with the 'world' will find themselves less and less at ease inside the Christian group. There is also a second danger less easy to avoid. Even to the non-professional Christian (by this I mean those who are content with the basic minimum of Church observance) and certainly to the non-Christian, religious terminology can be very embarrassing. One does not readily talk, for example, of the love of God, the Holy Spirit or spiritual experience. In this respect it is rather like talking about sex; unless one knows and is prepared to use technical terms, one either hedges painfully or turns them into a series of dirty words which can only be sniggered at³.

Of course no one who has no interest in Christianity will be concerned that it is in danger of being judged by its clique of professionals. The obvious solution is that the Chaplains of Colleges and Societies make it a rule that active membership of a religious society is accompanied by the same of a secular society. This might be done not merely for the benefit of the Christian, nor in the hope that the outsider will be drawn in, but as a means of enriching the life of the University.

II

To pass from some of the general aspects of religion in the University to a specific consideration of some of the forms of religious activity would seem to narrow still further the range of interest of this article. But it happens to a great number of people coming up to Cambridge that on growing out of those forms of religion created and cultivated around the individual in the sheltered community of school or home, there appears very little that is satisfactory to take its place in College or University.

College Chapel and the Churches

One could argue that a College Chapel ought to be the centre of Christianity for most undergraduates, the place where all Christians can find a corporate sense by worshipping together; further that the Parish Churches should exercise a supplementary ministry⁴ for those whose needs and temperaments are different.

³ *sniggered at*. c.f. 'Our Lord Jesus Christ' in religious and popular usage.

⁴ *supplementary ministry*. It is however difficult to see that the 8.30 p.m. services on Sunday evenings in two Cambridge Churches have any other effect (if not intention) than a competitive one.

This is of course open to criticism; first, that the chapel is established by statute and must therefore be Anglican, with the inevitable corollary that members of other denominations are not at home, but visiting; secondly, that even to Anglicans the services (in St John's) are so unlike the average Parish Church that one must ask whether the undergraduate going down will fit naturally into his local Church; and thirdly, that the College Christian community is restricted both to the upper intelligence bracket and to one sex.

These objections are far from being final. Particularly strange is the insistence that Cambridge religion should reflect the condition of normal Parish life, when the whole concept of a University is that it should be a centre of learning from which new ideas and practices can emanate. To this extent its cloistered aspect is entirely inevitable. The main concern of religion here is to meet the need of the undergraduate, and he has obviously no need of second-rate sermons or psalm-singing, of which he will find an abundance in later life.

But to speak of St John's for a moment, no one can pretend that all is well. If one mentions the great interest in 'The Anatomy of Schism' lectures⁵, one must also mention the drop in numbers at Sunday Holy Communion and the pathetic handful at mid-week services. Whereas there are those for whom choral services are an inspiration the majority are indifferent and a few find them sterile. There is a clear need for a centre of religious activity other than the statutory services and the amateurishness of the endless discussion and study groups, which hitherto have been the only alternative.

The 'Church-in-College' Movement

This may well be found in the 'Church-in-College' instituted in some Cambridge Colleges. As described by a member of one of them⁶, its purpose is to comprehend all Christian activities (except presumably those of Roman Catholics) in one whole. It does this by asking all Christians to give complete priority to the Chapel, to join in a study group for one term and to engage in a form of permanent mission to outsiders. In return, as it were, the Chapel is at the disposal of the members of the Church and is largely organised by them. This scheme has its disadvantages, mainly that of being far more atypical of religious fellowship in the average parish than the more impersonal provision of our own

⁵ *Schism lectures*. Delivered by Professor Owen Chadwick in the Lent Term 1962.

⁶ *member of one of them*. Gonville and Caius College. Monica Furlong, referring to this movement, said "the Christians in a Cambridge College form a kind of ecclesia.".

college at the present. But the suitability of that objection has already been questioned.

The form of a College Chapel is of course a matter of statute and history. Ever since 1871, when the University was opened to agnostics and members of other faiths, we have been living in the skeleton of a religious University. Prudence may suggest that one does no violence to the skeleton, but we must eventually at least consider the questions, "Why choral services?" and "Why an *Anglican* Chaplain?" The 'Church-in-College' movement represents a step towards the union of the Churches, and it would be fatal for any Cambridge College to be slow in at least considering its implications.

The Christian Societies

What is coming to assume the proportions of a major anomaly in the present situation is the obtrusive superfluity of religious activities. With roughly twenty Protestant societies, thirty-seven Churches and the plethora of minor groups and fellowships it is small wonder that an undergraduate, perhaps even momentarily impressed by the visit paid him in the first five minutes of his stay in Cambridge by a member of one or other of them, comes in a very short time to develop a protective shell against the faintest suspicion of religion.

It is arguable that many of these societies are not in fact expendable; that many of them are affiliated to larger societies which serve a proper function in the Church at large⁷. If one tried to steamroll them into unity in the University, it would throw the headquarters out of joint and probably serve merely to sever the vital link upon which their recruiting aims are based. Viewed from the outside, the society looks like yet another holy group; viewed from inside it is part of the extremely complex way in which the Church's vital commitments have to be met.

At the same time a movement towards comprehensiveness would eliminate the obnoxious overlapping of the already overfull Cambridge religious programme. The proposal of a Joint Christian Council⁸, provided that it has the effect of minimising the amount of activity and not of increasing it, can only be heralded with relief.

III

In conclusion two provisos have to be recognised; one, that just as it is impossible to create a Christian moral society through legislation, it is impossible to create a Christian society through

reform; and secondly, that while it is right for the Universities to be the centre of experimental thinking, yet if they leave the rest of the Church too much behind they merely become another disparate entity and a further complication.

These mean that while this article has been largely concerned with finding fault with the existing situation, enthusiasm for reform is not the only consideration that should be urged upon the leaders of the Church in Cambridge. If one half of describing the situation of Christianity in Cambridge consists in showing the Church where the undergraduate stands today (which is part of what this article has attempted), there is at least another aspect from which it can be seen that the individual is himself responsible for coming to terms with the Church life that he finds already in existence.

S. W. S.

⁷ *Church at large.* e.g., those societies which are branches of Missionary Societies.

⁸ *Joint Christian Council.* Varsity chose, with its unrivalled penchant for misrepresenting Cambridge religion, to regard this as an S.C.M. take-over bid.

Writing

[I hope this preamble will soon come to an end and the statement begin that will dispose of me.] Samuel Beckett "The Unnameable".

THERE can be no flaw in my excellence. I tried to purify my feelings so the way I felt them should be uncorroded, mind abstract to God, me suffer purity. I know this well.

The careful suppression and histrionic and the rhetorical parts and the stammering and the desperation and the unlogic lie at the roots. Think now of purity.

The intonation quivers at derived humanity, unknown, unprayed for yet emphatic dead.

Compassion is a word-expediency a world device machine or mill-race a sudden leap from an exalted place convenient morality. Compassion is not a dangerousness but rather personal mill.

Fortuitously, by chance the mill is empty so you may find pieces of unrecognised flour or grain.

Shun separating them, the good god is a cow boy. He is no miller to be shouted at.

You say: "Perverse mankind! If all had been deliberated how could an image work? Because in order there is no need for tidiness? Because compassion is like clumsiness? Because the rhythm must be satisfied?"

N. L.

Who will approach this child,
Both being wordless?
And neither possessing
Any types of machinery
Able to mesh,
Or produce understanding?
We would tear each other;
I with clumsiness, you with innocence.

A COLLECTION OF COINS

Failed coronations,
Kept from childhood,
Could not gain my love,
Pale child;
Flesh gave my metal
No regality:
Add me invalid
To these paradigms.

WRITING

THIS GALLERY OF DOOMED MEN

This gallery of doomed men drowning in my heart
I visit. Eyes will not know me,
Or their separation fail.

Garlands of flowers I will not hang round them,
Or gilding, expect them grateful
That I make them reputable

Excuses for my pen to paper, or the artist's brush.
Not weeping, I shall not come near them
Or with my salinity

Think I shall save their drowning, buoy them
Far better: for I only warm them
As they were when miserable,

And memory cannot remember what was never done,
Imagine their future good,
Or now be comfortable.

R. M.

A CHILD DREAMING

A scarlet serpent on a knoll:
Silver paths across the sea:
A giant elephant between the clouds
Dropped down his trunk to capture me
Mother, drive these shadows from the land.

A black three-cornered kite
Hovered at night above my bed
I struggled at the gates of heaven
A yellow presence sang inside my head
Mother, steady the firmament and hold my hand.

SPRING POEMS FROM THE KOKINSHU (905 A.D.)

Where is the rising
Of the spring mist? In holy
Yoshino province
On the Yoshino mountain
Snow keeps falling and falling.

Though spring has begun
In the mountain villages
Unscented by flowers
Note of the sadness of things
The nightingale is singing.

When I was living
In my dwelling near the fields
I heard it always
The crying of nightingales
Morning following morning.

Do not set on fire
The Kasuga field to-day
For my young grass girl
Is hidden away here, and
I am hiding with her too.

Go out and look round
Guardian of Tobahi field
Near Kasugano,
How many days are there now
Till we can pick the first flowers?

There is my beloved
Walking along, on purpose
Waving her white sleeves:
Is it I wonder to pick
First flowers at Kasugano?

I. J. M.

In 1839

The following report was found among the J. R. Lunn papers given to the Library last year (see p. 304). Lunn was eight when he was given this test; fourteen years later he came out as Fourth Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos, and was elected Fellow here in 1855.

Examination of Master Lunn on entering
Mr. Hopkins's School, July 16th 1839.

Ciphering. He worked the following sums in Goodacre's Arithc.
[The numbers of 19 problems are cited and the boy's success reported.]

Mental Arithmetic. He worked the following questions in the time specified.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 34×3 could not work it. | 26 — 11 19 seconds. |
| 21×3 43 seconds. | 24 + 13 10 seconds |
| $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ 25 seconds. | $4\frac{1}{2}d. + 9\frac{3}{4}d.$ 42 seconds. |

Reading. He reads Barbauld's Hymns with tolerable ease, though he sometimes hesitates and mistakes words . . . He wants energy and expression and reads without attention to emphasis.

Orthography. He spelt the following words as a specimen in the manner laid down. [There follows a list of nearly thirty words—the most difficult being *picturesq*, *reemorse* and *emisary*. Then a report on his success with dictation from p. 4 of "Hopkins's Orthographical Exercises".]

Grammar. He parsed the following sentence thus: *He* pronoun, first person; *is* verb; *a* article; *very* verb; *good* verb; *boy* substantive, singular number, first person; *and* conjunction; *learns* verb; *his* pronoun, singular number, 3rd person; *lesson* substantive, singular number, 3rd person; *well* verb. He could not correct the following ungrammatical sentences: That is the horse who gained. He has not yet rose. John and them were there I told you it was him.

Pronunciation. He makes errors in sounds of which the following are specimens: He pronounces *metal* as though spelt *mettle*; *vanity* as *vanutty* & *violent* as *violunt*. He omits the sound of *h* & *g* when it occurs at the end of a word.

Geography. His knowledge is considerable for his age, e.g. He can show Spain, Turkey, India, Madagascar, the Red sea, Iceland, Cape Verd, Cape Farewell, Hudson's bay, Terra del Fuego, Java, California, Labrador, Van Dieman's land, Kamschatka, Spitzbergen, Amsterdam, the Orinoco. He could not show Cape Guardafui, Mauritius, Hispaniola,

Bombay, Barcelona, Zealand, Tobolsk, Cape Comorin. He could not describe the situations of Messina, Buda, Tornea, Gothland, Ispahan, Christiana, Buenos Ayres He knows nothing of latitude and longitude, or of the zones. He cannot tell the length of the circumference of the earth.

History. He has a confused knowledge of some facts in English history. e.g. He knows that Harold & William fought at Hastings, & that the latter was victorious. He says that Edwd. 2nd conquered Wales & that Willm. the Conqueror tried to subdue Scotland. He does not know what is meant by the crusades. He cannot say by whom the commons were introduced into parliament. He is aware that king John granted Magna Charta, but says he was compelled to do so by Wat Tyler He cannot name an English king who was beheaded.

General Reading. The following are the only books which he can remember to have read. Ancient history, Reading lessons, Chitchat, the Child's own Story book, The Machinery book, Little fables for little folks, Infant annual.

General Information. The following specimens will give an idea of the extent of it. He knows that the thermometer is an instrument to measure heat, but cannot tell how it acts. He knows not the use or construction of the barometer. He is aware that paper is made of rags and that sugar is obtained from a cane, and gas from coal, but cannot tell the process in either case. He does not know what changes insects undergo. He is not aware how balloons are constructed or why they ascend. He cannot tell of what glass, soap & starch are made. He says that cloth which is used for coats is made of goats' hair. He knows that cotton is obtained from a tree.

He has no knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, Mathematics, Drawing &c—

The report includes a Specimen of Writing and Composition which is worth quoting:—

Dear Father,

I like the School very much, because there are such nice things. I have got plenty of things to attract my attention. There is such a lot as I ever seen. There is such a lot of grade's and maps, I am quite in my element. There is a map of the Sun, the Moon, the Earth, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, and I do not know what, and beleive me to remain your affectionate son,

J. R. Lunn.

Sunday

The same room in St John's College.

The time again is late evening.

Balderdash: Last time we talked about this College, and a little about the idea of a college. This evening I would like us to talk about the college *system*—or at least about certain aspects of it. I would like us to talk first about the celebrated close connexion of senior and junior members of this university, which is opposed to the formal, professional distance between the two said to prevail at non-collegiate universities. Can I perhaps first have an answer to the question: do undergraduates feel they have enough personal contact with dons, or do they feel there should be opportunities for more of such contact? Or do they think it doesn't matter in the least, that they are not here to meet dons anyway?

Popycock: Well, I'm sure they think it matters; and I think most of them would say that while there is clearly much more contact between don and undergraduate at Oxbridge than anywhere else, there is still not nearly enough.

Balderdash: Is this the general feeling?

Hogwash: I would say so.

Balderdash: Drivel?

Drivel: Yes, that's how I feel.

Balderdash: Piffle? Moonshine?

Piffle: Yes, of course. There ought to be much more contact.

Moonshine: I suppose that's right . . .

Balderdash: Good. I just wanted to establish whether the matter was really important enough to discuss. I mean, the idea that undergraduates would like to meet dons but can't might simply be dons' conceit. But all right. Undergraduates *do* want to meet dons, and would like to meet them more, and more of them. *Why?*

All: ?

Balderdash: *Why?* Faradiddle, I think you have something to say on this?

Faradiddle: Yes, I have. I have come lately more and more to wonder *why* dons and undergraduate should meet. Because when they do meet all they do is exchange small talk; talk about new cars, old cars, Cambridge weather, or trains to London. One can do this anywhere, with anyone. And one *will*, one will have to, for much of one's later life . . .

Moonshine: What do you want them to talk about here?

Faradiddle: Well, not that. It seems to me that if there is any reason at all for dons and undergraduates to talk to each other, beyond the simple need to be civil to the person sitting next to you at a dessert, if there is any reason at all for their being together at that same dessert, then it must be to obtain some form of real, and useful, contact. And this contact seems to me to be of two kinds. There is the limited, but still real, question of the nuts and bolts, of the system, how people get to Cambridge, the technicalities of the administration of a university—which may be a subject of interest to an undergraduate, and a subject on which a don may be able to inform him. But this is a small thing. The large thing must be about the *subject*, the speciality, of the don: if dons are worth talking to at all, then it is because of what they know about, because of what they are passionately interested in. If you ask me about my subject, I may be able to say something interesting, and useful; if you want to talk about the carpets in the Athenaeum, then I'm less use than almost anybody...

Poppycock: Does this mean that you want to talk only to people concerned with your own subject?

Faradiddle: No, of course not. Quite the reverse. But I want to talk *about* my subject, and I expect the other person to talk about his. Only this way can we have some form of real interchange. We can each tell the other things he didn't know before.

Poppycock: I don't think this is what most undergraduates expect from their contact with dons; and if they did get this (I think they do, sometimes...) they would be very disappointed.

Faradiddle: Well, what do they expect? What do they want to talk about?

Poppycock: Well, anything. They don't want a perpetual academic conversation. They just want to talk...

Faradiddle: But then, why talk to *dons*? Is it curiosity? desire to inspect a strange animal in its natural habitat?

Poppycock: No. One wants to talk to them as people. I mean, there's some good in everyone... It seems a pity that one is unable to talk to these people who must be very interesting.

Faradiddle: But *why* must they be interesting? Surely because of what they know about, what they are expert in?

Piffle: Isn't this where the question of common ground between experts comes in? People doing very different things may find their methods, their techniques, are very similar. Or even their terms: I remember hearing a mathematician describe a certain proof as 'beautiful'—by which he meant precisely that economy, that sparseness, that absence of any form of superfluity, which characterises a certain kind of poetry, and a certain kind of painting.

Faradiddle: Yes. This is the kind of thing I am trying to say. It is the *way* you do things. Between engineers and philosophers there is common ground beyond the simple human contact, beyond the contact as human beings (although this is precious enough, and much better than the small-talk game). And the common ground is method, is the way they do things: differences and similarities. And this is very much worth talking about.

Poppycock: But such conversations could only take place if undergraduates were given to thinking about the nature of their subjects, about why they read the subjects they do read. And undergraduates think very little about these things. Have you ever had any of these cross-subject conversations you are talking about, really fruitful and worthwhile ones?

Faradiddle: Yes. I remember once sitting next to an engineer at a dessert—

Poppycock: Once? You had only one of these conversations?

Faradiddle: I have had others. But not many, I admit. But I ascribed this to the slightly too formal nature of the contact, and the pose, the I've-got-as-much-small-talk-as-you-have game, which the occasion tempts undergraduates to play. You depress me by your suggestion that very few think about their subject. But if it is true that undergraduates think too little about the general nature of their subject, about the *kind of thing* they are up to, then much of the fault must lie with their teachers. The teachers are failing to get across *their* reasons for being in the particular business they are in...

Moonshine: Perhaps they don't like to admit them...?

Faradiddle: That is being unnecessarily cynical. But look, Poppycock, what do you read?

Poppycock: Engineering.

Faradiddle: Well, here is a very good example. Academic engineers are earning much less in a university than they could earn elsewhere. Is it not worth finding out why they are here? (assuming they are not simply neurotics who cannot face the competitive market of the world at large).

Poppycock: Yes, it is worth finding out. But I never have. I thought it was because they had an easier time here...

Faradiddle: I think the reverse is true, in fact. Most of our engineers who were in industry, say, left because they did not get *enough* to do, or because what they did was merely repetitive...

Piffle: Don't you think this is some of the simply human contact you seemed to scorn, rather, Faradiddle? Is staying or not staying in industry a fact about engineering, and the nature of engineering, or a fact about this particular engineer, and the kind of person he is?

Faradiddle: Well, both, of course.

Piffle: Good. Because I thought you were a little diagrammatic in dividing the talk about subject from the talk about person. Surely the valuable talk you are thinking of depends very much on the *personal* contact, which includes both the academic and the human subject-matter, the theory of relativity and the wife and kids?

Faradiddle: Yes, certainly. But dons are no more interesting than anyone else on the subject of their wife and kids. On the subject of their speciality, of what passionately concerns them, dons should be especially interesting. This was my point.

Balderdash: Your point was also, was it not? that the large element of pose on both sides (the undergraduate posing as a man-of-the-world, and the don posing as a . . . don) was a major obstacle to real and valuable contact—and an obstacle which there should be no serious difficulty in removing?

Faradiddle: Yes, exactly.

Balderdash: Now. Do you find the same form of posing a hindrance in supervision?

Faradiddle: No, not really. Surely it is a characteristic of the good supervision that it overcomes such things? Surely a good supervision does consist in overcoming precisely such things? Remembering of course that there are good and bad supervisions rather than good and bad supervisors . . .

Balderdash: Fair enough. Well, since we are on the subject of supervisions, we may as well stay there. The supervision is at the heart of the Cambridge system, it is something we are proud of, and something new universities are taking up. But I have heard it said that the supervision is the largest single source of disappointment for undergraduates. What do you all think?

Moonshine: The supervision is certainly the largest single object of expectation: the close contact with the distinguished mind, the tête-à-tête with Brains, and so on . . . And I must say that my own big disappointments have been here, in the supervision. I thought I was going to see the great men, the great minds, at work; but all I got was someone who listened half-attentively to my essays and dismissed me at the end of an hour. I think this close timing is a real bane—although I can see the necessity for it. But the pretence, the pose we were talking about, enters again here: the supervision is one hour's worth, and the hour is geared to the Essay. For the Essay, for the specific topic, you have acquired a competence, established your image as that of the informed student—and if, after the reading and dismissing of the essay, there are a few moments left, you dare not, you could not possibly, ask the questions you would like to ask, for fear of showing exactly how ignorant you are, for fear of falling below

the standard of competence which you yourself set by your essay. So you fritter away any time that remains in small-talk . . .

Faradiddle: Well this, if I may say so, is regrettable. It is simply failing to take advantage of the system. The Cambridge system is I think unique in that work done for supervisors is completely independent of the examination; supervisions are not weekly tests. So your supervisor's impressions of your ignorance or omniscience will not affect your eventual examination result. What he thinks about you doesn't matter, you should use him, and his knowledge, for all you're worth. I used to trail my coat terribly, I used to flaunt my ignorance, in order to profit by what I have always considered an immense advantage. Quite apart from the fact that it is very naïve indeed to think that a supervisor will think worse of you because you admit ignorance . . .

Hogwash: I think perhaps that at this point one of us ought to say that obviously a supervision in a science subject is a very different thing from a supervision in the arts. This has become increasingly clearer as you have talked about the supervision. For us, for the scientists, the supervision is a quick, efficient, and indeed now essential, method of imparting facts. I find your distinction between good and bad supervisions, as opposed to good and bad supervisors, doesn't mean very much to me—I see of course quite well what you mean, but I can relate the distinction to nothing in my own experience of supervision.

Poppycock: Yes. A good science supervisor is simply one who can answer all the questions within the syllabus. It's no consolation being taught by a brilliant research man if he spends three-quarters of the supervision wrestling with a single Tripos question. What you want is to get your difficulties sorted out quickly and clearly. This means a scientist has to choose between teaching and research—it is very difficult to be good at both.

Hogwash: There is also the *practical* nature of many science subjects. Engineers, say, or medical students, feel very much that here they are doing *only* the theory—they are itching to get out and do the real thing. This does obviously result in a general lack of enthusiasm for the subject *as* an academic subject—this is perhaps a large part of the reason why scientists can't talk about the nature of their subject, as Faradiddle would like them to at desserts . . .

Piffle: Can we go back to this question of pose in the supervision, even if it is mainly an arts question? I quite agree that the pose is unreasonable, I quite agree that there is no good reason to pretend to a competence you haven't got. But I think it is also very natural, very human, very understandable. Admitting ignorance is very difficult in any circumstances; and it is especially difficult with a man who probably rather awes you. You have

constructed your image—for your supervisor you are this competent person—and the image makes its demands, the image is difficult to betray.

Hogwash: But this is just vanity . . .

Piffle: Just vanity? Yes, it *is* vanity, it is unreasonable—but it works. It does make us pose. It is beyond the power of sweet reason, like most stupid—and powerful—things.

Poppycock: During a supervision I sometimes conceal my ignorance, not out of vanity, but to save valuable time, to enable us to get on. I make a note of what it is I don't know, and look it up later.

Faradiddle: I was thinking of something like this. I sometimes make this form of false assumption, which can be very profitable: I assume the undergraduate to have understood a point much better than in fact he probably has; and assuming this understanding I go on to the next point, and if he gets this next point then he has also, by skipping it, got the previous point, the one he missed. Or is that very obscure?

Piffle: No, I think we see what you mean. But what if he doesn't get the second point either? *Because* he didn't get the first . . . ?

Faradiddle: Then you have to decide: is the point worth going back to, is it worth taking him slowly through every stage in the argument? or will there be less overall waste if you let him miss that point and carry on? As Poppycock says, it is a question of valuable time.

Drivel: I have thought of another form of false assumption in supervision: the assumption of the *supervisor's* competence. Many supervisors cover ground with their pupils that they have not covered for themselves since they were themselves undergraduates; any moderately industrious undergraduate, on such subjects, knows more than they do.

Piffle: I don't see how this matters. The object of an arts supervision—and ideally of a science supervision too—is not to impart facts but to encourage thought; not to inform but to discuss. Other forms of instruction should get the facts across.

Drivel: But when they don't . . . ? In any case there is this question of confidence. It is difficult to have confidence in a man whom you know to be ignorant over large areas of the territory he covers with you, however much you respect his authority in his special field.

Faradiddle: So you think confidence in a supervisor depends on the myth of the supervisor's infallibility?

Drivel: No. But I think faith in your supervisor is connected with a faith in his knowledge. If a friend of yours writes: *rubbish* on the bottom of an essay you have written, you think it's a joke;

if your supervisor writes: *rubbish*, you think it's a comment. Why? What's the difference, if not in the supervisor's competence to make such a comment? and is his competence not dependent on the extent of his knowledge?

Faradiddle: Well, the primary assumption in treating the supervisor's comment as comment is that the supervisor is disinterested. He has no reason to write anything other than his real opinion.

Drivel: But the quality of the judgment? You respect his judgment *at all* because of at least a partial myth about him. I think one would find it difficult to respect a supervisor who admitted that he knew very little, if anything, more than his pupils. I imagine research-student supervisors must face this problem: whether to admit ignorance, and hope your judgments are themselves going to earn respect; or to prepare a terrain for respect by building a myth—a small myth of course, a mythlet, something which in view of your age and inexperience would be convincing . .

Hogwash: I must say, this all seems rather juvenile to me. Why don't you all put your cards on the table and get on with it?

Balderdash: This is of course precisely it. Is this possible? Is it possible to get on with it, is it possible to have confidence in a supervisor without at least a certain element of this myth about him? Opinions?

Drivel: No.

Moonshine: No.

Poppycock: I would have thought a certain element of what you are calling a myth was necessary . . .

Hogwash: I'm afraid I just don't understand what all this is about.

Piffle: I think the temptations to pose—on the part both of the pupil and the supervisor—are strong, and not to be underestimated. But I think an honest cards-on-the-table agreement ought to work, given time. I don't think the myth is necessary—or I think it ought quickly to outgrow its necessity.

Balderdash: On which rather satisfying note of total disagreement . . . I think we should part. Goodnight, thank you again . . .

The College and the House

WHEN Mark Twain said, "the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated," he was not thinking of the Cambridge colleges, but he might have been. The system of collegiate education is pronounced dead with such frequency and pontifical solemnity in the columns of the local periodicals that one is often amazed to see that these moribund foundations are actually thriving, housing, feeding, directing and teaching thousands of undergraduates. Despite the evidence to the contrary, the future of the college is said to be dark and uncertain. They are regarded as antiquated institutions which must, and inevitably will, pass away. The enlarged, modern University can no longer tolerate such anachronistic obstructions to efficiency. While obituaries for the collegiate system are being prepared, across the Atlantic, Harvard University has been building vast and impressive additions to its collegiate foundations, which are consciously modelled on the Oxford and Cambridge system. The millions poured into the construction of new colleges at Harvard are evidence that one modern university considers the college system very lively indeed.

The introduction of the college to Harvard and Yale does not date from the misty past but from an Autumn day in 1928 when Mr Edward S. Harkness (B.A. Yale 1897) paid a call on President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. Mr Harkness offered President Lowell three million dollars to endow an 'Honor College' with resident tutors and a master. "It took President Lowell about ten seconds to accept; and the *fait accompli* was announced to the Faculty of Arts and Sciences on November 6th, 1928. The Governing Boards took up the plan with such alacrity and enthusiasm that Mr Harkness in a few weeks increased his offer to ten millions for equipping no less than seven houses (i.e. colleges in Harvard terminology) for the bulk of the three upper classes."¹ The plan was not entirely unopposed. The "Crimson", the

¹ S. E. Morison, *Three Centuries of Harvard*, Harvard, 1946 p. 476.

undergraduate daily newspaper, denounced it as an infringement of the personal liberty of the student and predicted gloomily the introduction of "boarding-school discipline and Oxford 'gating'."² Today, thirty years later, Harvard is quite unthinkable without the Houses. There are now ten in all and they have changed the physical appearance and inner life of the University beyond all recognition. During the 1930's, Yale, which had rejected Mr Harkness's proposal at first, decided to follow Harvard's example.

Before the Houses were built, the living and dining conditions of undergraduates at Harvard varied enormously depending on the student's ability to pay and his social background. For the wealthy and 'acceptable' young man, his club offered him comfortable lodging, amiable dining rooms and easy companionship. For the poor student, for the 'commuter' (the men from the Greater Boston area condemned to ride the tram or underground each day), for the boy from a distant part of the country, his four years as a Harvard undergraduate could be a grim and friendless experience. President Lowell was aware of this problem when he took office in 1909. "On the social side, Mr Lowell observed that at Oxford and Cambridge there was a union of learning with the fine art of living; and that, without there being any pretence of democracy, the poorest student in the college was in reach of the best his college had to give."³

Abbot Lawrence Lowell, like his predecessor Charles William Eliot (T. S. Eliot's uncle), was a 'Boston Brahmin' and an intellectual aristocrat. His brother, Percival, was a distinguished astronomer, and his sister, Amy, a famous and delightfully eccentric poetress. He belonged to that dynasty and city of which the anonymous jingle relates:

"Historic old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God."

True to the traditions of the puritan aristocracy, Lowell disliked mediocrity and was impatient of social position which could not justify itself through works. "Mr Lowell disliked the social distinctions that he found in the University because they were based on wealth, schooling and Boston society rather than on intellectual ability . . . The traditional union of religion, learning and social life no longer existed; even in the clubs, which had salvaged the social side, there was no religion and little learning. Of the students, some were living in luxurious private dormitories, and eating in clubs or at restaurants; others were rooming in the

shabby

and struggling lived in College House or cheap lodgings. ⁴

This was the disease which the House system was intended to cure. How far has it been successful? It has certainly not eliminated all social distinctions at Harvard and it is debatable whether it ought to do so. The aristocratic gentlemen's clubs still stand on quiet, tree-shaded side streets in Cambridge and, presumably, continue to cultivate their exclusive traditions. But their position has been weakened by the Houses. The requirement that all undergraduates live in the Houses has eliminated the club as a lodging and the sharp rise in fees since the end of the war has made it prohibitively expensive to dine regularly at a club, while paying full board fees at the House. Relentless pressure on the pocket-book has effectively destroyed the club's practical functions and diminished its role in undergraduate life.

The Houses provide lodging for the three upper classes. The Yard, the ancient quadrangle of buildings at the heart of the University, which used to be the coveted preserve of fourth-year men, has been given to the freshmen. The lovely old colonial buildings were repaired and new buildings added in the Yard, so that freshmen got the most desirable and central rooms in the University. The Union was taken over and converted into a communal dining hall for freshmen. The idea behind both housing and dining arrangements was to encourage friendships between men of different backgrounds and interests, which they would carry with them into the smaller House communities.

The University authorities attempt to foster social fluidity by the 'cross-section' plan, which is a hybrid system of allotting students to Houses, based on assignment and free choice. The object is to prevent any one House from becoming too fashionable or from developing too sharp a character. The plan requires a good deal of tact and compromise on the committee of masters and senior tutors who administer it, and it is not easy for a master to accept men who have made his House a third choice simply because he is supposed to maintain a reasonable geographical and social distribution among his undergraduates. The disgruntled mumblings and cries of triumph have been known to penetrate beyond the closed doors of the meeting room, and undergraduates generally have a fairly good idea of how successful the various masters have been in getting the best men.

All of this is obviously quite different from the system at Cambridge. The Harvard House is a subordinate creature of the University with neither the tradition nor the inherited wealth

² *Ibid.* p. 477.

³ *Ibid.* p. 443.

⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 441-2.

of Cambridge's ancient and venerable foundations. The tutor in a Harvard House is, to be sure, a teaching officer, but his functions and responsibilities are limited to those undergraduates who read for an honors degree. Since less than half ultimately choose to write the thesis and take the special examinations required for an honor's degree, most undergraduates receive little or no college teaching. The various faculties are, in fact, responsible for the teaching of undergraduates and House tutorial is by no means mandatory even for honors candidates. There is no Hall. Each House has a large dining room, in which the undergraduates eat at small tables seating between two and eight persons. The food is served in cafeteria fashion and the undergraduate disposes of his tray at the scullery when he leaves the dining room. Smoking is permitted and coffee is served with meals, so that conversations and lingering to have a chat and a smoke tend to be encouraged. In this respect, the Harvard dining room resembles a London club rather than a Cambridge Hall, where the social amenities often get trampled under foot. One notoriously anglo-philic master indulges in High Table but only once a week and in very modified form. Tutors and dons eat with the undergraduates and in some Houses men reading a given subject will often eat regularly with their supervisors. For several years, one House sported a 'Poets' Table', which clustered around the person of a distinguished literary critic, and several Houses had foreign language tables where the German or Russian faculties in the House would gather at regular intervals.

All these differences, however numerous they may be, are not as essential as the fundamental unity. Both the College and the House are founded on the idea that a congregation of students and teachers, living under the same roof, can produce a union of study and living; that this union is a desirable one and helps to produce educated men. The fact that Harvard and Yale turned to this system in the twentieth century suggests that the Cambridge colleges have brighter futures than is often assumed. The brief description of life at Harvard before 1928 is instructive in this regard as is the example of the many universities in this country and in the United States where there is no resident collegiate life. Seen from this point of view, the fears expressed about the prospects for the Cambridge colleges seem curiously beside the point. Whether or not absolute collegiate autonomy can be maintained in the future is really not terribly important. The Harvard House does its job without a shred of autonomy. The 'true treasure of the College' is not its independence but its community. As Mr Miller points out in his history of the College, "it has been all to the good that colleges have remained what from one point of view they have always been—boarding houses. It is a fruitful

thing to bring together men of different backgrounds, interest and pre-occupations in a single community: for that is the means by which profit is taken from 'unprofitable talk' and lessons are learned from 'trivial books'."⁵

J. S.

⁵ Edward Miller, *Portrait of a College*, Cambridge University Press, 1961, p. 127.

Tuesday

I RESPOND to the Editorial invitation on the discussion printed under the above title in the June issue of *The Eagle* (No. 259). Anonymity is secured by fictitious but appropriate names and readers are told that the 'arguments' (a flattering description of the contents) have been to some extent redistributed among the talkers. In the result *Bunkum* scores, as he is represented as talking more sense than the other six combined: his pseudonym is the only inapt one.

Balderdash starts with what he calls "some fairly simple questions" (did he say 'silly' and was misheard?) "like: Has St John's College a distinct, a distinguishable, personality. Is the term 'a Johnian' a meaningful one in the sense that 'a Trinity man' is?" Now the second of these questions, which seem to be intended as one, has none but the obvious meaning that one man is a member of St John's, another of Trinity; of the former question it may be asked How is any person, institution or thing distinguishable if he or it is not in some degree distinct? But taking these questions as one, the answer is that, except in the complicated legal sense, talk of a college, society or institution as having 'personality' is meaningless. Persons alone have personality, and two or any number of them no more make another personality than a constellation of nine stars makes a tenth. Institutions have history, traditions, characteristics, conventions which are, as it were, the surviving deposit, after much that was once important and unimportant has been lost, of the activities of other persons like ourselves.

What its past members have made the College, its Freshmen of every year enter into as unearned inheritance which, according to their wills and capacities, they may accept and assimilate, extend, modify or reject. Some of these characteristics the Freshman (unless the College has been mistaken in admitting him) can at once recognize to be good; others are good, though he may not at first or even later appreciate the fact; others are more or less accidental conventions, and might well have been other than they are, and which are in some ways better and in other ways worse than the young might aim at if they did not exist; a few (unless experience teaches nothing, very few) may be bad. The Freshman cannot avoid being influenced by this inheritance; even if he strongly revolts against some or much of it, *that* is still the influence it will have had upon him. Undergraduates should be grateful for 'mere conventions', even if for no better reasons than

the targets they offer to inexperienced wits and for the easy ways they provide, for those who cannot do so in harder and more useful ways, to draw attention to themselves, or to make a very slight and transient impression, by ostentatiously breaking them. Three years in any University fails in its main purpose of educating the intelligence if it does not issue in something more worthy than the attitudes 'This is old, therefore it is good' or 'This is new, therefore it is better'; for often in neither case is the 'therefore' justified or the chosen line of action in which either attitude issues more than thoughtless imitation, whether of the old or the new.

The second 'problem' discussed, though reported in little more than a page, was College discipline. It is or it should be one of the pleasures of undergraduate life that everything under the sun can be discussed with complete freedom, including freedom from responsibility, since no senior members of a College are likely to regard such discussion with undue seriousness. But to be worth attention at all, or even of the breath used in uttering them, criticisms, whether approving or adverse, should be based upon facts. In the published report of this part of the discussion the talkers (except *Bunkum*) made not the least attempt to relate the opinions expressed to the main purposes for which the College exists or revealed the smallest concern for anything except their own pleasures.

The only substantial paragraph of this talk is attributed to *Hogwash*, one can only hope erroneously. It would be hard to get more error and irrelevance into fewer words. His description of what North Court looks like during "the early part of most nights" is a travesty of the truth; either he knows nothing about it or his attempts at humour require the large assistance of lying. Were he often there to observe, he would meet the Head Porter or one of his Staff; once, and only once, he might meet the Dean, whereon he would have no further opportunities of extending an acquaintance no doubt as little desired by the one as by the other. If his words bore any recognizable relation to the truth, the one word in his description of his fellow-undergraduates with which the Dean would agree is 'chimps', and even that in a sense he did not intend. If what he says were true, it would be the easiest of any duties the Dean has to render it no longer so. The Steward assures me that the reference to dining regulations is also absurd, besides being as disgraceful a criticism of the hard-worked College Butler as the account of 'climbing in' is of the Porters. Assuming the sanity of *Hogwash* it is hard to imagine what useful purpose he thought he was serving by such rubbish. To retain belief that he is sane requires the further assumption that he did not think.

I ask to be allowed a few further comments upon what is called College discipline. The Dean is consulted about College rules,

but the Council makes them. The Dean has considerable discretion about the action he may or may not take with those who break or ignore them. He does not wish to judge of the discharge of his own duties; but if he may say so without complacent satisfaction though with pleasure, he can claim (i) that during his tenure of office the fingers of one hand would be excessive on which to count serious as distinct from annoying offences, whether or not the offenders have been identified, and (ii) that he has never as yet felt constrained to act in a way which might result in real or permanent harm to the future of any undergraduate. He hopes so to continue.

There are few College rules. Perhaps they could be fewer if undergraduates did not sometimes appear by their actions to make two irreconcilable demands—(i) nothing annoys them more than to be treated as schoolboys: they wish to be treated as young adults and the College wishes so to treat them; but (ii) some also reserve to themselves a right to behave like naughty schoolboys whenever they still feel like doing so. Put together, these amount to ‘heads we win and tails you lose’. This is an impossible state of affairs. There are good reasons for such rules as there are, which the Dean will gladly explain to any who care to consult him; and if he is convinced that they are not reasonable, he will do what he can to secure their revision or abolition, as more than once he has done; and his attempt might be more effective than ‘Tuesday’s’ discussions are in the least likely to be.

The undergraduate period of any young man’s life is that in which he has the fullest and most indulgent opportunities to learn to take sensible control of his own life. If he fails to do so, he will have to learn it, at greater cost to himself, in the wider and harsher world outside the University and College. He cannot learn to do this without the widest possible freedom such as he has not hitherto known. At school almost every hour must be spent in ways not in a boy’s own control. In University and College there is almost complete relaxation of such authority. At times the result is rebellion against any restriction whatever; and as far as possible this is accepted as natural and inevitable. But it cannot be accepted if pushed to the point of behaviour which indicates unawareness that one of life’s greatest difficulties is to reconcile the right of the individual to be free with the right of the community in which he lives to be something. Complete independence destroys reasonable freedom and issues in chaos; and as people fear chaos the consequence is the kind of authoritarianism which the senseless independence which produces chaos most detests.

I am fully aware that many undergraduates dislike the rules which require *exeats*, *absits* or late leaves. Such rules are necessary

for more than one reason, but basically because the University requires prescribed residence for a degree, and the Colleges, through the Tutors, have to certify that the requisite residence has been kept in each Term. Subject to its being kept, so far as I know *exeats*, *absits* or late leaves are never refused (at any rate I have never refused one) unless there is the clearest evidence that an undergraduate is seriously neglecting his studies or making himself a great nuisance. To try to obtain a degree while evading the known and freely accepted conditions may seem to be ‘smart’, but its proper name is deceit.

Then about parties. No Fellows of the College, nor I, have the least wish to limit any reasonable social life for junior members. But St John’s is a *College*, not a *rendezvous* for ‘Teddy-boy like’ parties. The remarks made in ‘Tuesday’ on this topic entirely ignore the rights of other persons living in the vicinity of the rooms where parties are being held. Parties “are often forced to end just as they are getting underway” (*sic*); “the New Court Cellars could be exploited more fully if they were available until midnight”, etc. No doubt; but with the proved result, even with the existing rules, of parts of the College being rendered intolerable for anyone wishing to read, work or sleep. Not a word to indicate awareness of the elementary fact and fairness that one cannot be a member of *any* community and do exactly as one likes. Freedom—or rather, thoughtless and selfish independence—cannot and will not be accorded to those who wish to use what they call freedom to destroy the equal right to freedom of other people. So to use freedom is to pervert it into tyranny. As for the so-called ‘bottle-parties’, they have several times ended in what I will only name as ‘incidents’ of a nature I am unwilling to disclose even to the restricted readership of *The Eagle* and which could only bring ruinous discredit upon a College or any civilized body which tolerated them. They are henceforward absolutely forbidden.

Permissions for clubs’ and societies dinners are always given, but if, as often happens, these events, in themselves entirely reasonable, continue to be followed by raucous shouting and other drunken noises late at night and into the early morning hours, permissions for such dinners will have to be and will be refused, with equal firmness and regret.

The most frequent nuisance of all is what, with often generous extension of the word’s meaning, is called ‘music’. I have wasted hours in going round asking that it be ‘toned down’, and have circulated warnings additional to the printed rules sent to every undergraduate before coming into residence. Nothing could be easier to stop; but I am very reluctant to resort to what I am being forced to think is the only effective measure, *i.e.*, to forbid

in undergraduates' rooms radio-receiving sets, pianos and noise-making instruments of every sort.

One final comment and question. *Piffle* is represented as referring to what he calls "the undergraduate administration of the College". I do not know what this is, never before having heard of its existence. It is said that "it operates by a series of secret committees composed of self-canvassed members." Ignoring the fact that self-canvassed persons cannot be a 'committee', since nothing has been committed to them, I ask for enlightenment as to whether the anonymous 'Tuesday' talkers are one more addition to the series of committees of self-canvassed members and, if not, whom do they claim to represent?

J. S. B.,
Dean.

The Restoration of Second Court IV

DURING the earlier part of the Long Vacation of 1959 the aluminium roof over the Kitchen and Butteries was taken down and stored temporarily outside the Library in Third Court. For nearly two years it had been a feature of the old buildings of the College, and indeed, it figures on several aerial photographs. Thus ended the first, and, it was to be hoped, the most difficult phase of the restoration of the Court, involving, as it did, extensive investigations of defects in the old structure, and a constantly extending field of work. The policy adopted in the restoration work as a whole was to take first those parts of the Court which were in a positively dangerous condition, to follow with those less serious, but still potentially dangerous parts, and only when all these had been attended to, to undertake the more general restoration of the weak parts of the fabric. The next job to be tackled therefore was the Shrewsbury Tower.

Concerning the Shrewsbury Tower, the structural condition report of March 1956 said "Plumb line readings taken down the turret faces in both Second and Third Courts reveal an overturning towards the river averaging approximately 8 ins. The vertical faces of the three stages of the octagonal towers above the first string course are not in the same planes. This phenomenon is more acute above the second string course where the octagon tends to take the shape of an inverted bell. The open joints in the string course and various cracks in the brickwork suggest that this inaccuracy was not an initial error, but is due to subsequent movement." The Tower was therefore exhibiting two defects. There was evidence of movement of the structure as a whole, and at the same time the turrets were opening at the top like tulips. This latter defect, it subsequently appeared, had probably arisen because the quoin stones were thin, and did not penetrate to any considerable depth into the loose rubble fillings of the walls. Therefore if the structure were to be retained, the only possible way of preventing this movement would have been to encircle the turrets with iron bands, or less effectively, to have encircling bands within the turrets connected through to numerous plates on the outside. Either remedy would have been unsightly, and would have been only local in effect, providing no solution to the main problem of the structure of the body of the Tower itself. It was therefore decided gradually to demolish the turrets and the Tower, carefully observing the structure at each stage until a sound basis for reconstruction could be found. At the same

time photographs and measurements were taken, so that the reconstruction would be an exact replica of the structure demolished, and the stones, as they were taken down, were all numbered in the hope that as many as possible could be re-used. In the event, this hope was disappointed: the thinness of the quoin stones, already mentioned, made it necessary to replace them, and many of the coping stones of the parapets proved to be much worn by exposure to the weather. The former defect, in particular, could not be detected until demolition began.

Some of the structural defects of the main body of the Tower were no doubt due to the various structural changes which had taken place during its history, notably the erection there of a College Observatory in 1765. This Observatory was one of the principal centres of astronomical research in the University up to the time of the building of the University Observatory in Madingley Road to which many of its instruments were removed. The College Observatory then fell into disuse, and it was demolished in 1859, just before the three inner faces of the Court were roofed in Westmorland slate. The observation room itself, looking more like the modern notion of a sun room than an observatory, is well shown in Ackerman's print of Second Court, published in 1815.

The problem of the makers of the observatory was to secure a firm foundation for their instruments; and their solution was thus described by the Reverend Mr Ludlam, who in 1769 published an account of "Astronomical Observations made in St John's College, Cambridge, in the Years 1767 and 1768". "As it was proper to have the observatory within the College walls for the convenience of the scholars, it became necessary to erect it on the top of a tower over one of the gate-ways, a situation otherwise by no means eligible. To give all the stability possible to the instruments, an arch was thrown cross (*sic*) the building from south to north, whose span within was 15 feet 6 inches, rise 2 feet 1 inch, breadth 10 feet 9 inches and a half, thickness a brick and a half: on this all the instruments are placed. To take off the lateral thrust of such an arch, which might have endangered the building, three very large beams were laid into the south and north walls; across these, just within the two walls was laid at each end a transverse piece, strongly bolted and secured by *joggles* to the three beams aforesaid; from these transverse pieces the arch springs, and thus the beams, like the string of a bow taking off all lateral thrust, the dead weight only of the arch rests upon the walls. On the crown of this arch is laid (from east to west) one large stone 2 feet 4 inches wide, 6 feet 6 inches long, and about 6 inches thick: on the ends of this stand the two shafts which support the centres of the transit telescope, each of these are 24 inches by 22, and 6 feet high, and are composed of two stones only. To the

upper of these (which is about 4 C. weight) (before it was set and while the face could be turned upwards) was leaded the apparatus for the centres of the transit. The floor of the room lies entirely on the side walls, and has no immediate connection, either with the shafts that support the transit, or the stones on which the clock and quadrant are placed; all which stand directly on the arch, so that the observations are no ways disturbed by the weight of persons treading on the floor of the room."

In consequence of these arrangements the north and south walls of the main body of the Tower were loaded near the top with a very massive structure for which the original builders had made no preparations. As it later appeared, the method of construction of the Tower was essentially similar to that already observed in the reconstructed west wall of the Kitchens and Scholars' Buttery, that is to say, there was an outer and inner skin, and the space between was filled up with a mass of clunch rubble intermingled with mortar. The solidity of such a structure depends much on the type and quality of the filling: as we have already seen, above the Scholars' Buttery there was so little mortar, and the rubble was so dusty, that when a breach was made in the inner skin, the contents poured out; whereas on the First Court side of the same building, where the filling was of squared clunch blocks and mortar, the wall is still of great solidity. The Shrewsbury Tower proved to represent an intermediate condition, and it might have been possible to preserve much of the main body of the Tower had it not been for the effects of the Observatory, whose weight pressing mainly on the inner skin of the north and south walls, proved to have caused extensive cracking and general deterioration, which was hidden behind the 18th century panelling of the rooms below.

Before leaving the Observatory, it may be interesting as a digression to mention that Mr Ludlam was an horologist of some note. His book on Astronomical Observations contains two sections, one on "Problems relating to Pendulums, and their Application to Clocks", and one on "Problems Relating to Clock-work", together comprising about one seventh of the entire work. He devoted a great deal of attention to the Observatory clock, made by Shelton, and now in the College Library, and quotes a detailed register of the going of the clock over a period of more than a year. Comparing this with the corresponding register of the clock at the Observatory at Greenwich, he concludes "it seems therefore that the clock at St John's College has been more regular than that at Greenwich."

It will have been noticed that the sub-structure of the Observatory must have taken up a good deal of room, and when it was demolished, and the stone slabs and brickwork cleared away, the

oak beams were left in position in a space about five feet high between the ceiling of the upper rooms of the Tower, and the flat lead roof of the Tower itself. In view of the shortage of accommodation in College, it seemed a pity that a waste of space of this kind should remain so near the centre of the College. It was accordingly decided that when the Tower was reconstructed, the ceiling of the original upper storey should be lowered somewhat, and the flat lead roof of the Tower raised, so as to accommodate an additional, new, upper storey of two bed-sitting rooms, each provided with a dressing room in one of the southern turrets. The oak beams themselves were generally in remarkably good condition, and special steps were taken to hoist them out of the Tower and lower them to the ground intact, in the hope that use can be made of them elsewhere in the reconstruction. By a curious contrast the main timbers, of hemlock spruce, supporting the flat lead roof put in a century ago, proved to be extremely worm eaten, and these were sawn up and taken out piecemeal.

Demolition began with the turrets, and the utmost care was taken to preserve all materials which might be re-used. This applied particularly to the stones, as has already been explained, and to the bricks. The stones were numbered as they were removed, and arranged in a regular pattern round the margin of the Second Court. The bricks were removed individually from the crumbling mortar, carefully cleaned and stacked. Even sound half bricks were preserved, as the Old Buildings Committee were most anxious that the east side of the Tower facing into Second Court should be rebuilt as far as possible with old materials, so as not to introduce any incongruous element into the Court as viewed from the Screens. Previous articles have already made clear that all attempts to find a substantial further supply of old bricks similar in size, colour, and general character to the Second Court bricks had proved unavailing. Accordingly, the only course was to use all the old bricks which could be recovered from the demolition of the upper part of the Tower to rebuild its eastern half and, should it prove necessary, to extend the supply slightly with a small admixture of other old bricks. The western half, facing into Third Court, is so far above eye level that it is a much less conspicuous feature as seen from inside the Court. Accordingly this side was to be rebuilt in the same Reading bricks as had been used to reconstruct the wall south of the Screens.

As demolition proceeded, and the structure of the main part of the Tower became exposed, it was realised that the effect of the weight of the Observatory was more serious than had been supposed, and that extensive deterioration of the north and south walls had occurred at the level of the upper inhabited storey of the

Tower. These were accordingly pulled down to just below the ceiling level of the large room above the archway, a level about 18 ins. below the lowest string course, but leaving untouched the upper part of the niche containing the statue of the Countess of Shrewsbury. At this level there was no further sign of deterioration, and the walls retained their original structure with a loose filling, pieces of which could readily be detached and picked up in the hand. There was no reason to suppose that further demolition would have disclosed anything different in the lower walls: and furthermore these walls had supported, without difficulty, the whole weight of the upper part of the Tower for three and a half centuries, for a century of which time there was the added weight of the Observatory. Accordingly it seemed wise to halt the demolition at this point, and to make arrangements to spread the weight of the new upper part of the Tower uniformly over the whole of the lower part of the old walls. This was done by means of a complex ring-beam of reinforced concrete which passed round the main body of the Tower and also round the four corner turrets, uniting them all at this level into a single structure, and covering the whole surface of the lower walls except for the outer $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins, and the chimneys of the rooms below. In this way there was secured what amounted to a firm foundation in mid-air for the re-erection of the upper part of the Tower.

The new construction has solid load-bearing walls, supporting three reinforced concrete floors, one for what used to be the upper rooms of the Tower, one for the new top storey, and one for the flat lead-covered roof. Its floors are, of course, heavier than were the old wooden floors, but this added load is more than compensated for by the reduction in the thickness of the upper walls made possible by the use of solid brickwork, and in consequence the weight of the upper part of the Tower is now somewhat less than it was at the time when the Tower was first built.

This method of construction, in addition to its greater inherent strength has another important quality. It provides an incombustible structure dividing the north range of Second and Third Court from the south, and thus constitutes an important fire break. Possibly the most alarming feature of the ancient buildings of the College is the ease with which fire, once started, could spread from one part to another, and it has been the concern of the Old Buildings Committee, in the course of the reconstruction, to reduce this risk wherever possible. We have earlier seen how provisions of this kind were made in the work above the Kitchens and Butteries, and the Shrewsbury Tower furnishes another example of what must be a continuing process.

G. C. E.

Poems

LION IN A CAGE

SOME women love a lion in a cage,
While other lions know he is a fool,
Roars frustration, hates himself,
Wants courage to bite clear, to earn
His true inheritance, the sun and earth.
Was it his parents' sin, or his,
That coldly disenfranchised him?
Sin, rhubarb! Cold self-pity, rather,
That cannot be forgiven here
On earth.

W. D-C.

THE WALL

And life is being delivered to the half-alive.

LAWRENCE DURRELL: 'Letters in Darkness'

ONCE, out of dozens of milling visages,
there stilled a face named you.
A face that cannot be compared
to anything living, unless it be
in some unexotic private place.

No need here for broken glass to ward
off unwanted company,
since time, in the creeping shape of leaves,
has recovered this handbuilt wall,
twining, along its smooth camber,
moss, ivy, weed and the smear of snails.

Because you would be jewess, I a pagan,
you a vacuum, I a cauldron,
you, in your certainty of coldness,
strong as a hermit, lone not lonely:
I in the sureness of my weakness,
twitching over with unused loving,—

the longing to clamber over
into your private garden, where I ought,
in pity, to shatter your present senseless state
of being more distracted than distraught,
is less real, solid, lasting
than this wall of difference and indifference.

W. R.

POEMS

TOKYO

(from the French of Paul Claudel)

1

NOR on shingle, not under trees, but the place each day where
I walk is a wall,

There is always a wall to my right.

I follow a wall that yet follows behind, I unwind a wall in my
steps, and I measure before me my stock and store

Of wall without end to my right.

To my left is the town, and tree-lined roads under sail for the
ends of the earth.

But I still have a wall to my right.

I turn (where the trams turn too) and I recognise here the surf,

But the wall clings fast to my right,

And a town at my feet, a whole frail evening world where for
lights that fade there are others fanned,

Cannot alter this wall to my right,

And the wall leads away but to bring me again to the point where
my walk began,

And if I close my eyes, I may hold out my hand,

And know what is there to my right.

6

Around my palace, said the King, I have set a band of sky,
already it seems I am no more held by the earth,

The time has come for sleep, already it seems there is movement
beneath me, like the moaning suffering decks of a ship on the
midnight sea.

They must hurry, my last guests (I see down there their tiny
carriages, their lamps, as they hurry through the wastes of
gravel).

Now we shall lift the last bridge.

8

Reader, I beg, hold back this breath, lest, breathing, you mist
the magic surface.

The wind has blown from the sea, and the page is instantly
spread in your sight with squirming words in thousands too
many to tell.

12

On a ring's edge I live.

And the wall, I have learnt, is within, not without, the wall
within is my prison.

And to move, I have learnt, from this point to that, there are
only short cuts as long as the long way round.

M. W.

Lincolnshire

THE spade cut down into the tangled grass. Nick shoved it down further with the heel of a wellington, felt the hard iron through the rubber sole. It was Monday morning. He had got up at seven o'clock and had cycled the three miles to the farm. They had set him to clear the dyke where he now worked. He shoved with his foot and jerked the handle to and fro with his left hand, working the steel further into the stony earth. Stones ground on the blade, jarred his wrist as he hit them, needed working round. He prised them up and then threw them out onto the bank above him. The ditch stretched a hundred yards down in front, tangled with overgrown briar and the tough grass. Behind him, where he had already cleared, dirty water ran slowly out, wet, browned, yellowed grass strung the sides. He could hear himself breathing. There was violence in his movement. The time was 9.30, at ten he had a break for tea and a sandwich which he had brought with him. He thought of Margaret with exasperation. She had whispered with Else. He had been right. They were in league. Margaret talked to Else. He struck down at the grass again, shoved, pulled back on the spade handle and worked the blade obliquely into the ground, timing the jerk of his foot with the effort of his hand to push it in. Then slid his right hand further down the shaft until it touched the metal flange which extended from the blade. He held it there, pulled. His back bent. He could feel the stretching in his shoulders, hear the grass tearing, feel it slipping from the blade, pushed the blade in again and yucked. Panted. It was half past nine. He had just looked at his watch which he had laid on the lining of his jacket at the top of the bank, a bit further back. He had just looked. Another six or seven hours in which to dig out grass and briar which he could already see. He stopped for a minute, tired suddenly, hands still on the shaft. He looked to his right. The tangled bank was about three feet away. At the top of it there was a hawthorn hedge. There was an identical bank on his left side. His wellingtoned feet stood in muddy water, cut off. He moved the feet, heard the water sucking. Six or seven hours.

Margaret had made it less possible for him to work. There was a time when he would have managed absorption without too much difficulty. Now he looked at the grass surrounding him and at the dyke stretching in front of him. He opened the fingers of his right hand, felt the cold steel against his palm, tried to mark the feeling, failed, and gripped the shaft again and then jerked the

spade out and struck it down. He could not stop work. If he looked up to see where the foreman was . . . he looked down and shoved with the spade feeling a weight of apprehension that he was being watched, angry. The weight turned to curiosity. He slung the spade down, "Bugger it," and climbed up the bank. The long stony field opened out. There was no-one there. He looked at his watch. It was almost time to have the break. He sat down on the jacket, wiped sweat from his face, holding the blue thermos in his left hand and then unscrewed the white, ribbed, plastic top with his right, feeling the hand pleasantly rough against the smoother plastic. He poured out the clear, bright tea from the silver top of the flask, added sugar and milk, by unscrewing the aluminium bottom and taking out two small flat bottles. They pleased him. The glass felt thick and heavy.

He unfolded the greyish white greaseproof paper of his sandwiches carefully, took out one, then refolded the paper. Ate it. Ham and chutney. Thick ham, he had prepared it himself. His teeth cut into the cold meat. It parted easily. He turned his head slightly to cut through the crust of the bread, holding the sandwich in one hand, the other grasping, feeling the warmth of tea through the thin plastic of the cup.

He put down the cup when he had eaten the sandwich, took out a flattened packet of Players from his trouser pocket and lit one. He looked at the smoke rising from the tip, two white streaks with a veil of white between. There was earth dried on his hands. They felt pleasant. It wasn't too bad. He looked at the small oblong gold watch. Lying on the jacket lining with the two parts of the strap rising on each side of it, moulded to the shape of his wrists. Five more minutes. Margaret had whispered with Else behind the door. He had expected the father but he had not come. That must have been deliberate. Nick flicked the cigarette away, down into the ditch, into the muddy water. He heard it hiss, got up and went back down the bank again to pick up the cold spade and dig it into the tough grass. He could see nothing but the tangled banks two or three feet from him; the small cleared area behind him was there. It remained. He looked down along the narrowing v. He was meeting her later in the evening.

The spade went in, he pressed the cross part of the handle down, grass rose a foot in front of the place where he had made the cut. He took out the spade and struck three times to make the rest of a square. Then stuck it in again, pressed down and pulled. The grass tore. Mud and small stones came up. The mud slipped easily from the spade as he threw it onto the right bank. The steel came back shining with the water on it, streaks of mud running across it. He shoved it into the ground again. There was a

big stone. The spade rang on it. He struck again, in a different place, to get the edge of the spade under so that he could prise up the stone. His wrists jarred again. He tried to ease the spade in over the top of the stone to clear the grass. Got it in, scraped the grass away. It lay there only a small back showing.

The spade was no use. He threw it down onto the left hand bank, swinging it so that the blade came up and then, when the weight was balanced on his hand so that he could push, he slung it easily, feeling the weight, onto the grass at the top of the dyke. He bent down and put his hands onto the stone, probing round it with his fingers. The earth was soft, but grated as he pushed through smaller stones in it. He got a lever under a hold in the stone and pulled. It did not move. He worked the other hand round so that the two hands were close together at the far side of the stone, wrists down, pulling. There was effort needed. He jerked. The stone remained unmoved. He put his head down, jerked again. Strain grew in the muscles of his shoulders. His crooked fingers began to straighten out. He let them slip so as not to crack the nails. But the stone had not moved.

The water slopped as he moved his feet for a new position. They had sunk so that he no longer balanced. He pulled out the wellingtons, feeling them dragging off his feet, clenching his foot to keep them on, put his feet down in a new place. There was strength needed. He worked his fingers in again and pulled. His head went down, not looking forward at the stone, but back towards his feet making a line of force along his back and down his arms. Panting. It started to give. He felt it, felt its weight slightly as it shifted, knew more of its shape as he got his hands further underneath. His body was alive as muscles were called into play. He heaved. The stone gave. The grass tore. It rose up, dark, wet, coloured by the mud. He lifted it out, arms straight down, at full length, keeping its wetness away from his clothes, feeling it in his stomach muscle. He threw it onto the bank. It rolled down again. He picked it up and feli with it, good humouredly, pressing it down into the long grass there.

The spade, its blade turned face down to the grass, lay a little to the left. He put his hand over the cross piece of the handle, shaft between the third and fourth finger. He did not pull the spade down but flicked it over, with a movement from his elbow. He looked at it. The metal flange which bound on the shaft, fitted the wood. He pulled the spade down the grass and felt the smooth join of the metal and the wood, marked their different temperatures. And went to work again.

But the time dragged. He tried digging faster, working harder, tried to adopt an exhaustive rhythm but the ground was too stony, and resisted effort. There was nothing certain to push

against. The stones turned the blade of the spade so that the whole of it was not pressing. Force could not be applied.

Nick stopped and leaned on the handle, foot on the step of the blade. It grew quiet. He did not move his feet in the water. There was a small toad crouched against a stone sticking out from the bank. Nick remained still, watching the toad. Two knobbed ridges ran down its back. Its eyes stood out above its head. The underside of its throat on its belly, moving, showed lighter than the greyish green of its back. The skin hung loose about it. Nick watched it. There were a few spots, dark red in colour, along its back. There was no reason why he should kill it. He took his foot off the spade and carefully lowered the foot into the water. The wellington squelched as it pressed down into the mud. He carefully eased the spade out of the ground, shoving it forward slightly his left hand on the shaft of the T which the handle made with the shaft. He pulled it out, delicately, taking care not to move.

The unsuspecting toad sat. Nick had put his other hand, the right, on the shaft of the spade lower down, he was squinting along it, aligning the sharp edge of the blade with the toad's back. It would not work, there was too small a cutting edge if he threw it flat. His left hand was spread out over the T at the top of the handle. He turned it so that the edge of the blade came vertical cutting across the toad as he looked down it. He threw the spade.

Blood spurted out over the stone. The spade had not so much cut the belly as squashed it out, white guts, hung from it, its squatting black legs hung out, trailed, behind. The spade had rung on the stone and twisted away, the handle first, falling down the bank. It lay there now, the blade turned up. Smeared.

Nick picked up the toad by the foot of a back leg. It hung down. White underneath, white on the inside of the legs. He felt the small bones of the foot between finger and thumb, swung the toad to the left and then with the momentum of the swing as it came back, so as not to let the slime on it touch his hand, he slung it into the long grass at the top of the bank.

He rubbed the finger and thumb which had held the toad through the rough cloth of his grey trousers, stepped out of the water and collected the spade from where it had bounced about two yards in front of him. He cleaned it on the long grass on the left hand bank, pressing it down with both hands, face down, and then pulling it back.

He turned back to the cut he had been making and made three violent cuts round it to complete the square.

The afternoon wore on. There was no rest in work. He had strapped on his watch again after lunch. He looked at it. The thin stretch of muddy water behind him grew longer, slowly. He

waited, smoking a cigarette from time to time. Then flicking it away, aiming at stones, watching sparks fly as it hit stone or briar, or listening to the hiss if he threw it into the water. Margaret must have had a difficult day, coping with the righteous indignation of Else and her father's anger. She would have been made to work. The kitchen was hot when the stove was opened for cooking. He was growing tired, he noticed, beginning to feel colder. The shaft of the spade seemed to grow rough as his hands grew tired. The right wrist which he had once broken ached. In the loose wellingtons all day, standing in water, his feet had begun to feel hard, cramped. But it was curious how, as he grew tired, the ditch became solider. The spadefuls of earth and stones and the wet grass landed more definitely. He had become used to the difficulties. It was not surprising now when the spade twisted as he shoved it into the ground. It had become interesting to probe into the ground, gauge the weight and shape of stones. His body had begun to accommodate itself to the positions which were required. The noise he made seemed more coherent than at first. He had begun to grow used to it. His own body absorbed his attention. The aching in his muscles made them more present.

At 5 o'clock he cleaned the spade, went up the bank and rolled down the sleeves of his blue shirt before he put his jacket on. The smooth lining against the back of his hands as he put them through the sleeves created a sense of luxury. The warmth, as soon as he buttoned the jacket, tweed catching against the roughness of his hands, gave a sense of new interest.

W. A. W.

The editor of The Eagle leaned across the table confidentially and said, "I say, Vichy-Firenze, would you like to write a little piece for the next issue of The Eagle? I've always been fascinated by your name. Why not a little discursion on its origins?"

"Well," I said, "I could make a few comments on the difficulties of having a foreign name . . ."

"Capital," said the editor, and drank my wine.

On having a Foreign Name

THE case of Borax illustrates the damage to the moral fibre that can be done by a funny name. Borax lived (when I met him) in a part of South America where borax is mined. If I were not sure that he does not take *The Eagle* (although he comes into contact with Englishmen a good deal), I should not tell you all this. For years Borax had to endure the suppressed laughter and coughing that came whenever he was introduced to fresh people. For borax was in the public eye.

For some years the output of borax had fallen, and one might have expected that, as a result, the time would come when the name Borax would be as unremarkable as, let us say, Pyrites in England. But these hopes were dashed by an article in the *Reader's Digest* which forecast that borax was due for a boom in view of its increasing use in rocket fuels.

One day Borax could stand it no longer, and decided to change his name by deed poll. One feels that he did not go quite far enough in the change, however, and that he had become quite fond of his surname over the years. His lawyer used the term "a love-hate relationship". For he altered it to *Boracks*. On a visiting card, on a name plate, the improvement is quite marked. But not so on the lips.

No element or mineral bears my name, although one might be excused for confusing it with one of the rare earths. My only complaint is that it is almost always spelt wrongly. Often the result is more euphonious than the original; for example, in the *Resident List* for 1961-2 it appears as Vita-Zinzi. But I do not feel the same enthusiasm for Vita-Fiurgi, and even less for Vita-Fuzzi. The former was not wholly unwelcome, however, for it appeared in an account of a pair-oared race in which the Lady Margaret pair, with Fiurgi at bow, were overhauled soon after the start. Vita-Fuzzi was printed on an *Eagles* dinner card, and several heads were turned in search of somebody wearing

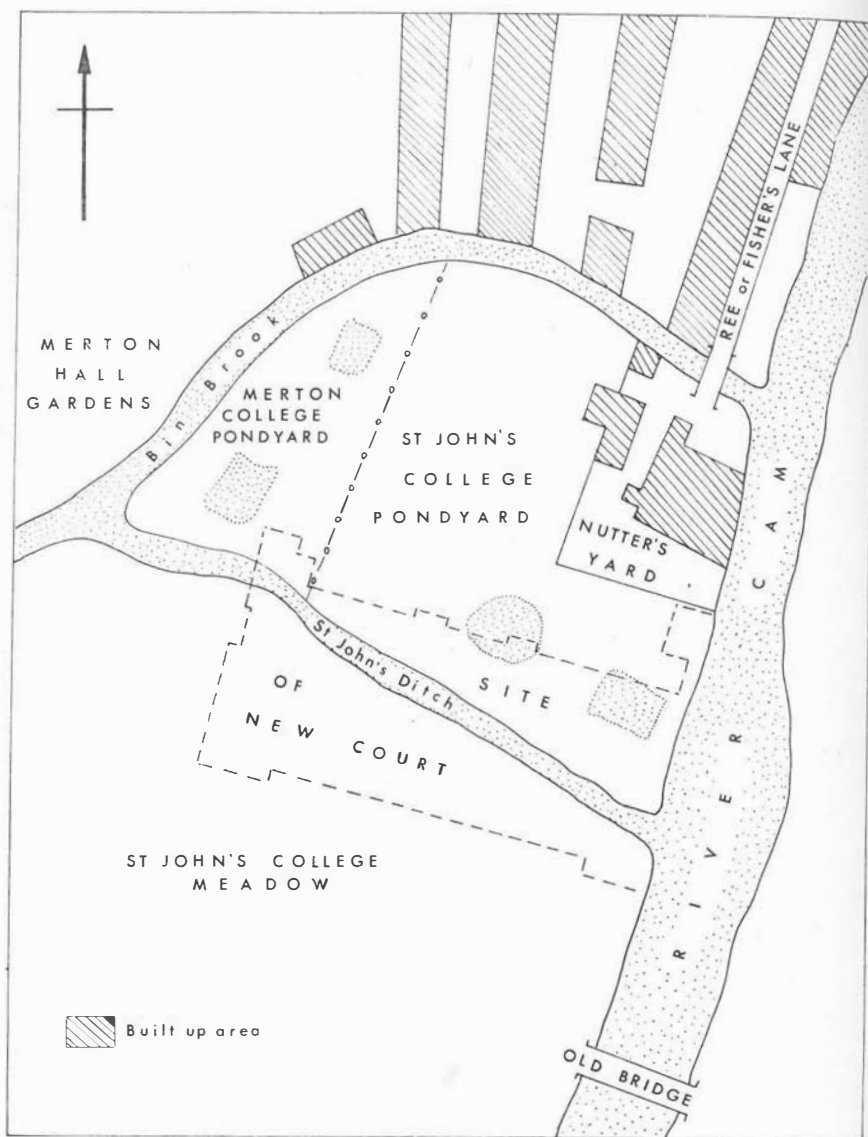
blazer and loincloth. Vita-Frenzi I could hardly be expected to take calmly, but Vita-Vinci, I felt, had an endearing renaissance flavour.

It is reasonable to assume that a name ending in 'a' is female. Thus *Vita* is often taken for an unusual girl's name, and replies are addressed to 'Mrs' or 'Miss'. In this guise I was granted a place at University College, London, for 1954; but for various reasons, I was forced to decline. Narrowly avoiding National Service in the W.R.E.N.S., I came up to St John's College only to find that mail addressed to the lady continued to arrive. It says much for the tact and savoir-vivre of the Porters that they have never even noticed.

I could name dozens of variations, but I am afraid that too many might confuse the typesetter, and thus accidentally result in correct renderings of the spelling which would, of course, be fatuous. But I must lay claim to 'the Rev C. Vita-Finzi' (which was the result of heading a letter ' Rectory'), an auspicious opening that led to a disappointingly firm refusal of whatever it was I had been asking for from such unimpeachable surroundings.

But no one has yet used the one version that succeeds in anglicising the name without spoiling its flavour. I mean, of course,

C. VITA-FFINZI



SKETCH MAP OF FISH PONDS CLOSE, c. 1800

Fish Ponds Close and its Pondyards

THE plot of land variously known by the names which head this essay lies today in a somewhat derelict and truncated state behind our New Court. Since the time will soon come when it will disappear under buildings, and the names by which it has been known will pass like many others of old Cambridge into oblivion, this is an appropriate moment to set down some of the things which can be discovered about the area. It is all the more desirable to do so because the story, as things stand, is a very confused one. We are told, and Loggan's map of 1688 is vouched to warranty, that St John's College fishponds occupied an area bounded by the Bin Brook and St John's Ditch (which once flowed from the Bin Brook to the river more or less diagonally across the site of New Court). We are told, too, that the Pondyard was given to St John's Hospital by Henry VI in 1448.¹ On the other hand, we know that in 1824, in order to secure part of the New Court site, the College bought from one Thomas Nutter a copyhold estate called the Pondyard which he held of Merton College, Oxford.² Finally, another authority informs us that, in the fifteenth century, Merton had eight fishponds lying between their house in Cambridge (i.e. Merton Hall) and the Bin Brook; that in 1448 St John's Hospital acquired some fishponds on the opposite (eastern) bank of that stream; and that the Hospital temporarily secured possession of the Merton ponds, too, about this time.³ These various observations are not all easily reconciled and some of them are, in the strictest sense, incorrect.

I

It is perhaps best to begin with certain transactions of the mid-fifteenth century which have not always been clearly understood. In 1446, as a part of his measures to provide an endowment for King's College, Henry VI conferred upon that new foundation Merton Hall and other Merton College property in Cambridge-shire, giving in recompense to the Oxford college the manor of Stratton St Margaret in Wiltshire.⁴ The property acquired by King's College at this time included two several fisheries, one of which must have been that near Merton Hall. This follows from

¹ R. Willis and J. W. Clark, *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge*, ii. 235.

² H. F. Howard, *Finances of the College of St John the Evangelist*, 352-3.

³ J. M. Gray, *The School of Pythagoras*, 37.

⁴ *Ibid.* 53, no. 85.

the fact that, in 1448, the Provost and Scholars of King's made an exchange, confirmed by Henry VI, with St John's Hospital whereby they handed over to the latter lands in Over and a certain garden with ponds therein in the parish of St Giles next Cambridge castle, previously the property of Merton College.⁵ This 'garden' was bounded on the north and west by the Bin Brook, on the east by a garden belonging to the Hospital and on the south by the Hospital's meadow.

This, then, is the supposed grant of the St John's fishponds in 1448. It is indeed a grant of fishponds, but of fishponds which had belonged to Merton College; and those fishponds lay, not as Gray supposed between the Bin Brook and Merton Hall, but east of the Bin Brook. He was right to point out, however, that St John's Hospital's possession of this Merton property was short-lived. Merton had been careful to reserve, when it transferred its Cambridgeshire property to King's in 1446, a right of re-entry if at any time it lost Stratton St Margaret. It did in fact lose that manor with the accession of Edward IV and in 1462 it set about recovering its Cambridge lands.⁶ In 1464 St John's Hospital had to relinquish its acquisitions from King's College in 1448, including eight fishponds which lay between the Bin Brook and the fisheries of the Hospital.⁷ Two years later the Hospital settled with King's for £56 1s. 8d. compensation for expectations which, in the event, were to be deferred for over three and a half centuries.⁸

The later history of the Merton Pondyard will only be written after a systematic investigation of the records, and in particular of the court rolls, of Merton College. Here no more than a few notes are possible. That Pondyard was said in 1468 to lie near Merton Hall and was in the occupation of Robert Heryng. It was leased in 1470 for thirty years to Richard Rolff, a Cambridge burgess and fishmonger, but had passed by 1484 into the hands of Denise Gery.⁹ In 1525 and 1595 it was said to be enclosed by a wall and it was described in 1763 as 'an island between the garden belonging to St John's College and the garden belonging to Merton Hall'.¹⁰ There, for the time, we must leave it; it will concern us once more towards the close of the eighteenth century.

II

These transactions of the mid fifteenth century, however, make some things clear. The Merton Pondyard lay on the opposite side of the Bin Brook from Merton Hall; and it adjoined, as the Hospital's surrender in 1464 explicitly states, fisheries in the possession of the Hospital. The latter had nothing to do with the grant of 1448, which concerned the Merton College Pondyard. No unequivocal testimony has yet emerged to show when the Hospital acquired its fisheries, but it seems very likely that it was already in possession in 1448. At that time the Merton Pondyard was called a garden with ponds therein and its eastern boundary was a garden belonging to the Hospital. We may legitimately guess that the latter garden, too, had ponds in it. It is more than possible that the Hospital, with its establishment of poor sick to maintain, had itself constructed the fishponds there at some time in the past as a convenience for its own provisioning at a time when supplies were uncertain and there was no refrigeration to preserve fresh fish.

However that may be, the ponds by the late fifteenth century had ceased to be mainly a source of fish supplies for the Hospital. They were leased out for a rent of 28s. a year supplemented by three pike. The lessee in 1485¹¹ was one John Bell and he continued to hold them after the Hospital property has passed to the College, certainly until 1521 and probably until his death in 1523. They were described as lying in 1490 between Merton Hall and the river;¹² and in more detail in 1521 as occupying an area bounded by the river on the east, 'the land of Merton College called le Poundeyerde' on the west, St John's meadow on the south and 'le comen dyche Cambridge' on the north.¹³ Here again the implication is that both the St John's and Merton Pondyards lay in the area enclosed by the river, St John's Ditch and the loop of the Bin Brook (provided we can identify the 'common ditch' with the lower part of the Bin Brook).¹⁴ There is support for that identification in the city treasurers' accounts for 1514-15, in which we read of a footbridge in Ree Lane over the King's Ditch leading to the Pondyard belonging to St John's College.¹⁵ Since Ree Lane was the later Fisher's Lane, leading from Magdalene Street to the north east corner of the Pondyard, it is clear that the ditch

⁵ St John's College Muniments (henceforth SJC), (Drawer) XXXII/ (no.) 1. SJC XXXII/204 is a later copy of this document, erroneously dated 1535, and XXXII/205 is a translation into English.

⁶ J. M. Gray, *op. cit.* 54, no. 90.

⁷ *Ibid.* 55, no. 98.

⁸ SJC XXXII/202.

⁹ J. M. Gray, *op. cit.* 55-6, nos. 104-5, 109.

¹⁰ SJC XXXII/204.

¹¹ Willis and Clark, *op. cit.* ii. 235n, though the rent is incorrectly stated.

¹² SJC XXXI/16.

¹³ SJC XXXI/25.

¹⁴ Rather than with the 'watercourse called Cambridge', the course of which was reconstructed by A. Gray, *C. A. S. Proc.* ix (1895) 61 sqq. and *Dual Origin of the Town of Cambridge*, 20 sqq.

¹⁵ *Cambridge Borough Documents*, ed. W. M. Palmer, i. 46.

in question was the Bin Brook. It may also be significant that, as late as 1824, St John's Ditch was called 'another part of the Bin Brook' and that it was the dividing line between the parishes of St Peter's and St Giles.¹⁶ In brief, St John's Ditch may well have been the original route of the Bin Brook to the river and the lower portion of the present Bin Brook originally an artificial cut.

However we resolve this topographical tangle, it seems clear at least that John Bell was a man to make professional use of the St John's fishponds. Coming from Earith around 1474, he acquired a tenement 'called the beer brewhouse at the great bridge' lying between Magdalene College and the river. Whatever else he did, he was clearly involved in the fish trade, for in 1476 he is called a pikemonger and in 1506 was involved in a stand-up fight with the Prior of Barnwell about fishing rights in Barnwell Pool. It is doubtful, however, if his activities were limited to fishmongering. He had a barn called the 'coped hall' lying either in Chesterton Lane or Thompson's Lane, perhaps pointing to some farming or corn-dealing interests; he had property across Magdalene Street in Ree Lane; and he was renting the Hermitage west of Silver Street bridge in 1522. Altogether he was a great man in Cambridge who, for all his assault upon the Prior of Barnwell, was five times mayor.¹⁷

Before the end of his life, however, John Bell may have ceased to reside in Cambridge. When he made his will in 1523 (among other things he bequeathed to St John's a reversionary interest in the issues of the brewhouse by Magdalene Bridge to keep his obit)¹⁸ he was living in King's Lynn. He died in that same year, in fact, and was buried in the chapel of St Nicholas there. Possibly he sublet the Pondyard before his death to one Thomas Stank¹⁹ who, by 1525, was the direct tenant of the College at an enhanced rent of 30s. and 3 pike.²⁰ We know nothing of him save that he had been succeeded by Christopher Stank before 1540, when we reach firm ground with the first surviving lease. By it the College conveyed to Thomas Taylor, a London fishmonger, and David Clappam, gentleman, a pondyard in St Peter's parish containing 13 ponds for a term of twenty years at an annual rent of 30s. and three pike (two of eighteen inches and one of sixteen inches clean fish). The tenants might have the profit from the 'loppe' of

willows and other trees growing in and about it and within three years they were to enclose it with a good and sufficient mud wall.²¹ Taylor and his partner may have been extending their interests to the provincial fish-market, but all that is certain is that they did not see out their term. Its balance and a further term of twenty years beginning in 1560 were acquired in 1553 by two more fishmongers, George Hilles of London and William Raynes of Cambridge. The only new provision in their lease was a requirement that they would, within two years, plant a quick-wood hedge around the Pondyard.²²

This more or less marked the end of the association of London fishmongers with the St John's Pondyard. George Hilles paid the rent for a year or two,²³ but thereafter William Raynes, the local man, was the effective lessee until, sometime in 1568, he gave place to Nicholas Gaunt.²⁴ The latter was a man just emerging into prominence in the town, for he was serving that year as one of its treasurers. He was destined for higher office and lower reputation. As mayor and M.P. in 1589 he was held responsible for certain concessions over jurisdiction at Stourbridge fair made by the town to the university. Consequently, he was held to have betrayed the town and 'shortly afterwards was put off his aldermanship, and lived the remainder of his life in great want and misery and hateful to all the townsmen'.²⁵ It is of interest to note, however, that Gaunt, like previous lessees of the Pondyard, was a fishmonger. In 1573 the city fathers bought fish from him to give to Lord North; and in the year of his humiliation Gaunt spent £8 on fish for presents during the parliamentary time.²⁶ Perhaps, in the light of his profession, he could think of no gift more suitable.

Gaunt's name continues to appear in the College Rentals until 1596, but a new lease was made in 1593 in which the previous lessee was said to have been George Inman. How long the latter had held and whether he had been a sub-tenant of Gaunt's there is nothing to show. The new tenant of 1593 is a more recognizable figure—another fishmonger called Thomas French. He became a member of the town council in 1599, was mayor five times between 1608 and 1619, and in 1620-1 represented the town at hearings occasioned by a disputed parliamentary election and in endeavours to settle quarrels with the University.²⁷ His substance

¹⁶ SJC XXXII/208; A. Gray, *Dual Origin*, 20.

¹⁷ J. M. Gray, *Biographical Notes on Mayors of Cambridge*, 20; *Cambridge Borough Documents*, i 40, 57-8, 62-3, 65, 83, 136-7.

¹⁸ *Cambridge Borough Documents*, i. 146.

¹⁹ He appears as lessee in a rental of 1520 (SJC XXXI/11), though that of 1521 still names Bell.

²⁰ SJC XXXI/3.

²¹ SJC Thin Red Book, f. 211.

²² SJC Thick Black Book, ff. 327-9.

²³ SJC Rental, 1555.

²⁴ *Ibid.* 1568.

²⁵ C. H. Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*, ii. 244, 475.

²⁶ *Ibid.* ii. 319, 476.

²⁷ *Ibid.* ii. 597; iii. 30, 44-5, 92, 137, 141-2.

and prosperity he clearly owed, in part at least, to fish. The corporation in 1606 paid him £14 for fish to present to the Lord Chancellor and Sir John Fortescue, and clearly he believed in the efficacy of this sort of gift. In 1622, in an endeavour to win advantage against the University, he showered upon the Lord Chancellor (apparently the great Francis Bacon) no less than 20 very great pike, 22 great bream and 20 great tench.²⁸

His leases of the Pondyard, therefore, were probably all in the way of business, though they also illustrate very neatly his rise to eminence. In the first, for twenty years in 1593, he is plain fishmonger; the only other notable thing about it is that he had to pay seven pike yearly as well as 30s. in cash. In the second, for the same term and at the same rent drawn up in 1597, he is called yeoman. In the last, granted in 1618 for forty years, he is styled gentleman.²⁹ Perhaps these prosaic documents reveal something of the man's character, for he was described by a fellow alderman, John Wickstede, as a 'proud man'. It is possible too, that he was not over-nice in his methods, since it was also alleged that he 'abused the corporation'.³⁰

When he relinquished the Pondyard is not certain. He was dead and buried in St Peter's churchyard in 1628; but three years earlier he had taken out a licence to alienate his lease³¹ and may have handed over at that point to another of the same name, most probably his son. The latter, similarly styling himself a gentleman, took out new leases, each for forty years and for fines of £20 and £10 respectively, in 1648 and 1660.³² The younger Thomas French also rose to the aldermannic bench, was mayor in 1639, 1652 and 1661, and very active on the parliamentary side between 1640 and 1660. He was constantly collecting taxes and contributions; he was a sequestrator of royalist property; M.P. for Cambridge in Barebone's parliament; a commissioner to execute ordinances regulating the university; and one of the those empowered to eject scandalous and insufficient ministers and schoolmasters.³³ There were, however, suspicions about his integrity even when he was in a position of power and when Charles II was restored Alderman French's chickens came home to roost. He did his best to avoid the inevitable. He collected a tax for the new government, took on again the office of mayor, and was demonstratively co-operative when commissioners were sent to

reform the Cambridge corporation in 1662. He swore oaths of allegiance and supremacy, swore that it was unlawful to take up arms against the king, and swore that the Solemn League and Covenant was illegal and imposed against the liberties of the kingdom. All this availed him not at all. He was ejected from the mayoralty and his aldermanship and died a month later, intestate and perhaps of a broken heart.³⁴

While a good deal is known of the public life of the younger Thomas French there is less information about how he made a living. Certainly he was a wealthy man, for he was one of the highest contributors to taxation in Cambridge in the years 1640-61 and his house near Magdalene Bridge, lying between Ree Lane and the river, had twelve hearths in it.³⁵ But whether he leased St John's Pondyard in conjunction with a fishmongering business is less certain. He could have done so, for David Loggan's maps of city and college in c.1688, though they differ slightly in details, do show the area bounded by the river, the Bin Brook and St John's Ditch fairly well occupied by ponds. The college map, too, shows particularly clearly that there was a hedge cutting off the western third of the area from the rest with a gate of some sort about half way along it. We are reminded of the requirement that the lessees of 1553 should hedge the College Pondyard, and it is reasonable to see in this hedge the boundary of the Merton and the St John's fishponds. The same division, moreover, seems to be discernible on Hamond's map of 1592, evidence which presumably must be given some credence despite Hamond's failure to mark any ponds to the east of it. What is clear, in fact, is that the St John's Pondyard continued in its original use from its first appearance in documents of the late fifteenth century until well through the seventeenth century.

III

At the same time Loggan's maps are evidence of incipient change. They show that building development had crossed the bridge over the Bin Brook from Ree Lane into the north-east corner of the St John's Pondyard. That these buildings were timber barns, etc., is clear both from later documentary evidence and from Ackermann's prints of the early nineteenth century. The converse of this development was the gradual desuetude of the fishponds. Custance's map of 1798 marks only four and R. G. Baker's in 1830 one solitary survivor. The occupations of some of the lessees who followed Thomas French the younger support the supposition of changing use. The lease to his immediate successor, one Morris, has not survived and nothing is

²⁸ *Ibid.* iii. 22, 142.

²⁹ SJC White Vellum Book, ff. 9-10, 82-3, 884-6.

³⁰ J. M. Gray, *Biographical Notes*, 33.

³¹ SJC White Vellum Book, f. 1061.

³² SJC Lease Book, 1649-69, ff. 20-22, 494; XXXII/203; Fine Book, f. 131.

³³ Cooper, *Annals*, iii. 297, 299, 331, 342, 346, 354, 372, 384, 419-20, 459, 466, 490, 503; J. M. Gray, *Biographical Notes*, 36-7.

³⁴ W. M. Palmer, *C. A. S. Proc.* xvii (1912-13), 82-3, 87, 105.

³⁵ *Ibid.* 134; SJC Cupboard 13, Bundle 23.

known of him;³⁶ but the next occupier was a butcher, James Wendy, who paid a £60 fine for a forty year lease in 1700.³⁷ He was followed by Lydia Wendy, perhaps his widow, who took a new lease for forty years in 1716, but well before that term was up Thomas Nutting, a Cambridge merchant who was twice mayor, was granted a forty year lease in 1730.³⁸ Nutting remained in possession of the Pondyard until his death in 1759, when it was taken over by a certain William Gregory.³⁹ Again his lease has not survived, but the Rentals show that he continued to rent the premises until 1786.

In that year the last Cambridge family to hold the Pondyard makes its appearance in the College records. A lease for forty years was granted to James Nutter, merchant, and it differed only in one particular from earlier leases. A clause was added to the effect that, should the College desire to resume a part or the whole of the tenement to add to or improve its gardens and walks, it might do so by giving six months notice.⁴⁰ This clause proved convenient, though not quite in the way anticipated, and was repeated in later leases of the Pondyard. For the moment, however, James Nutter deserves a word. He was the eldest son and heir of Thomas Nutter, a sievemaking, who in 1770, in the right of his wife, Hannah Bradford, acquired Thomas French's old house in Ree Lane, the lease of the Pickerel Inn and other property in the vicinity of Magdalene Street.⁴¹ Whatever profession his father may ultimately have followed, James was a corn merchant and maltster and he used the Pondyard in connection with these occupations. He took out a new lease in 1800, the rent of pike now being dropped and the money rent raised to 32s.⁴² This was perhaps somewhat tardy recognition that the use of the premises had been completely changed.

In the meantime James Nutter had extended his interests. In 1791 Dr William Purkis, who had been the copyhold tenant of the Merton Pondyard since 1772, died and no heirs of his appeared to claim the reversion of his holding. In 1795, therefore, James Nutter was admitted in his place and thus united the whole of Fish Ponds Close in his possession.⁴³ James continued to be titular lessee of the St John's property down to 1824,⁴⁴ but by 1821

he had removed to Great Shelford and the partnership in which he had been engaged with his brother Thomas and another man had broken up. He sold out, in fact, all his interest in the Magdalene Street business to Thomas for £5,900.⁴⁵ Consequently it was with Thomas Nutter that the College opened negotiations in 1823 with a view to obtaining part of Fish Ponds Close in connection with plans for building a new court. He agreed on 22 November that the College should purchase from him the copyhold Pondyard he held of Merton College; resume part of the leasehold Pondyard he held of St John's; and grant him a new lease of the remainder of both tenements at an annual rental of £10.⁴⁶ On 8 January 1824 the Seniors agreed to purchase the Merton Pondyard for £300⁴⁷ and on the same day James Nutter, with the consent of Thomas Nutter, surrendered the Merton copyhold to the use of St John's College.⁴⁸ A new lease of the truncated premises was ratified by the Seniors on 8 July⁴⁹ and during the next few years the final steps were taken to extinguish the rights of Merton College on the eastern side of the Bin Brook. On 30 September 1826 the College was formally admitted as copyhold tenant of the Merton Pondyard and in the following May purchased its enfranchisement from Merton for £200.⁵⁰ It only remained to secure the agreement of Thomas Nutter that the College might have a right of way across his tenement to Magdalene Street, for which it would pay an annual rent of £20 for seven years, to complete this particular phase in the preparations for the building of New Court. It was also proposed that an arched vault in the basement of the western tower of that court would be let to Nutter as a store, but there is nothing to show that this proposal was ever put into effect.⁵¹

The documents of this period provide final confirmation of the way land lay in Fish Ponds Close and of the changes which had taken place in its utilization. The Merton copyhold was stated to be bounded by the Bin Brook, St John's Ditch and an orchard belonging to St John's College; and what remained to Nutter after 1824 was a garden and yard with warehouses, malt-houses, sheds, etc. It had access to Magdalene Street via a bridge across the Bin Brook and Ree or Fisher's Lane. A surviving sketch

³⁶ SJC Rentals, 1664 sqq.

³⁷ SJC Lease Book, 1700-15, f. 40; Fine Book, f. 131.

³⁸ SJC Lease Books, 1715-27, ff. 67-9 1727-41, ff. 139d-40.

³⁹ J. M. Gray, *Biographical Notes*, 47; SJC Rental, 1760.

⁴⁰ SJC Lease Book, 1771-86, ff. 528-31.

⁴¹ SJC Cupboard 13, Bundle 23.

⁴² SJC Lease Book, 1794-1800, ff. 491-4.

⁴³ SJC XXXII/206.

⁴⁴ SJC Rentals, 1820-24.

⁴⁵ SJC Cupboard 13, Bundle 23; XXXII/208.

⁴⁶ SJC XXXII/207.

⁴⁷ SJC Conclusion Book, 1786-1846.

⁴⁸ SJC XXXII/208.

⁴⁹ SJC Copies of Leases, 1823-9, ff. 135-8; Conclusion Book, 1786-1846.

⁵⁰ SJC XXXII/210-11.

⁵¹ Documents concerning the building of New Court in SJC XXXIII. For this information and for many suggestions concerning other parts of this essay I am indebted to the Master.

map shows that the property abstracted from Nutter's tenements in 1824 consisted of a strip of land, between 80 and 140 feet wide, lying along the north side of the St John's Ditch. The westernmost third of it, next to the Bin Brook, was part of the former Merton copyhold. Nutter's yard, with its malthouses and other premises appropriate to his profession, lay by the river-bank. Between was garden and orchard land.⁵² In brief, it seems that sometime during the middle ages Merton College and St John's Hospital both established pondyards in the island of Fish Ponds Close. After the Hospital failed to maintain its hold upon the Merton Pondyard secured by exchange with King's College in 1448, the two properties retained their identities in the hands of separate tenants until they were united in the hands of James Nutter in 1795 and St John's bought the Merton copyhold in 1824-7. A series of fishmonger-lessees continued to use the St John's fishponds for their original purpose well into the seventeenth century; but thereafter the riverside became a site of commercial buildings, the ponds gradually disappeared, and garden and orchard lands took their place.

It remains only to add a footnote concerning the steps by which the College came to occupy as well as own the whole of Fish Ponds Close. We may suspect that, in buying out his brother in 1821, Thomas Nutter had overstrained his resources. To complete that transaction he had to borrow £2,000 from a Cambridge bookseller, John Nicholson, and his sister. He managed to repay that loan, and another of £1,000 advanced by a Fen Drayton farmer in 1825; but apparently only by borrowing a further £3,500 from Jonas Tebbutt of Earith. To secure these loans he had to mortgage his Magdalene Street property. In the end his creditors foreclosed, his property was sold to Thomas Hallack, and the latter entered into an agreement with the College to sell back the unexpired portion of the Pondyard lease and the bridge across the Bin Brook to Ree or Fisher's Lane. The purchase was eventually made at a price of £2,500.⁵³ So Thomas Nutter and Sons, who still advertised as corn merchants of Magdalene Street in 1837, disappeared from that place; though it was possibly one of the sons who still did some business in that area and another who was established as a brewer in King Street in 1847.⁵⁴ As for Fish Ponds Close, uniting the old St John's and Merton Pondyards, there is no sign that it ever again passed out of the occupation of the College.

E. M.

⁵² SJC Maps, no. 123.

⁵³ SJC Cupboard 13, Bundle 23; Rental, 1842.

⁵⁴ *Pigot's Directory*, 1839, 49; *Kelly's Directory*, 1847, 1100.

The Commemoration Sermon, May 6, 1962

It is a moving moment at Commemoration each year when we hear the resounding roll of our benefactors, each name charged with College associations and with the overtones of four and a half centuries of English history. It is fitting that we should take this opportunity to do honour to their memory and to reflect upon what each individual act of giving has meant to the society to which we all belong. The very material wealth represented here needs to be borne in mind: not, of course, in pride of possession, but since it is only because of what this wealth commands that we manage to preserve our integrity as a College at the present time. For that wealth has given us the opportunity to maintain an independence of mind and spirit against the pressures of a mass age. The vice-chancellor of a great civic university, himself without loyalties to the ancient universities, told me recently that time and again in the past twenty five year British universities have been saved from going seriously astray by the independent thinking of Oxford and Cambridge. These, to him, are the twin fortresses of higher learning in Britain and their inner citadels are the colleges. "If these go", he said, "all goes." It is a high responsibility that our benefactors place upon us.

This is a critical moment to carry this responsibility. The colleges, with their wealth and privileges are subject to a process of attrition which could threaten their independence.

Cambridge, along with all universities, is subject to mounting pressures from the lay public to serve a more utilitarian purpose. Never has there been such vociferous clamour for higher education nor so little understanding of its true nature. The character of society is changing and the universities, in their public aspects, have not kept pace. There is a real danger that the hold of the universities on the country may be loosened. The echelons of leadership are multiplying and becoming ever more complex; and the traditional role of Oxford and Cambridge in educating a small ruling class of statesmen and public servants and providing recruits for the learned professions no longer serves. In the words of the University's Bidding Prayer, there may indeed be "wanting a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God in Church and State"; and since after the decay of aristocracy, the universities have been the sole guardians and transmitters of culture in these islands, we may be in danger of becoming, in Matthew Arnold's

terms, a nation of philistines. Those generations of unseen benefactors in Whitehall and Westminster, who have protected the universities from political pressures, not a few, members of this College, may be able to protect us no longer.

The Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are especially vulnerable. Other universities which must be content with standards of amenity far below those we here take for granted, are beginning to question the justice of such special privileges. For Oxford and Cambridge are now only a part of a national system of universities which educate young men and women of comparable ability, not as an élite, but for a growing variety of workaday occupations.

In Cambridge itself, the place of the colleges is called in question as a result of the growth of new and ever more specialized disciplines which bear less and less relation to the tradition of college education. Everywhere we see the same pull towards specialization, towards research and publication at the expense of teaching, the same reluctance to teach first year men which in America leads ultimately to a refusal to teach any but research, indeed post-doctoral students. As a result there has been a serious breakdown of communication. That common discourse which sustained the republic of learning and which in Cambridge persisted long after classics and mathematics ceased to dominate the curriculum, has become so corrupt that it remains little more than a kind of pidgin English in which we try to make our basic wants known to our colleagues. It is a vulgar error to regard this as a division into two cultures: it pervades every aspect of our communal life. And there is plenty of evidence, from the difficulties of Fellowship elections to the high table talk which is so often reduced to the commonplace, that this is a threat to the College as an academic community.

As a result of these pressures we have seen our society grow to about ninety Fellows and over seven hundred junior members: a society which in scale has more affinity to a small university than to the College of tradition. What must we do in these circumstances to preserve the faith of our founders and benefactors? What must we do to justify ourselves to the world?

That wise Master, Ernest Benians, once truly said: "A college is more difficult to create than a university." What is this essence which we must preserve if we are to remain the "perpetual College" of the Lady Margaret's letters, if we are to avoid the fate of dwindling into little more than a combination of an expensive faculty club and a luxurious students hostel?

I have recently had cause to reflect upon the rich and varied life which our benefactors have enabled us to enjoy within these precincts: upon the manifold beauties of our buildings and grounds,

upon our library and this chapel, our furnishings and table, and the grace of living which they afford. These in themselves are no guarantee of excellence; indeed they have sometimes stood in the way of excellence. There was a time when a better education was to be had in the humble building of the Warrington academy and the wilderness college of John Harvard than this College thought fit to provide. Suppose that the College and its furnishings had been destroyed in the Blitz. What would have been the qualities of mind and spirit which would have ensured our survival? "A college is more difficult to create than a university" and it must be re-created by each generation of its members.

In this annual moment of reflection one returns to that prayer which never fails to refresh the spirit and discipline the will. What should we now do to ensure that "love of the brethren and all sound learning" may yet continue to "grow and prosper here"?

"All sound learning": the phrase has had varied overtones of meaning. Presumably it originally meant little more than "sound theological doctrine" and in current usage it has a negative suggestion of cautious, and pedantic scholarship. I like to interpret the phrase in a more positive sense: the pursuit of the truth, at once disinterested and courageous, humble and relentless, wherever its evidence may lead, and whether its reward be a Fellowship of the Royal Society or the isolation which is so often the penalty of a stubbornly held but inconvenient view. This is the tradition of the College, which has protected and encouraged many men too original to have found early recognition in conventional fields. It is a tradition which is often at odds with the times. For academic fashions, powerfully reinforced by State and foundation grants and by national publicity may deflect the good and encourage the careerist. And when dons are careerists who can blame undergraduates for regarding the university simply as a means to a job? Let us jealously guard this tradition which assumes a right and a duty to make our independent judgments of scholarly values. Also, for me, the word "all" has its own significance. For it implies a generous tolerance for other disciplines than one's own and for the colleagues who profess them. Ever since the 17th Century this College has been conspicuous for its liberal temper and I like to recall to-day that it was our late Master, Sir James Wordie, who first made this explicit to me. Ever since its Foundation, when Fisher made it the leading centre of Renaissance learning in Cambridge, the College has been receptive to scholarly innovation; and within the past century many new disciplines—for example, biology, economics, history, and psychology—have found an early home with us. Here, perhaps, the College has the greatest opportunity, today, to promote sound learning. It is a commonplace that much

creative work comes about at the growing-points between conventional disciplines, work often inhibited by faculty and other barriers. Surely, a great College like ours, where outstanding practitioners of all the major disciplines live together, has an almost unique opportunity to foster a more lively meeting of minds and thereby to bring back to it some of the intellectual leadership which in the last half century has passed to the University?

Yet, when all is said and done, a love of sound learning, even in the sense in which I have defined the term, does not sufficiently distinguish the College from the University. We only come to the heart of the matter when we consider the full implications of the first phrase of our prayer. In what does "love of the brethren" consist?

The essential difference between being a member of the University and of the College lies in the fact that whereas the obligations of the former are limited to the calls of scholarship and academic instruction, membership of the College demands a more complete allegiance. The College is a corporate body of scholars and students who have chosen to pursue their calling as members of a community. The character of the college has changed much since the time of its first statutes. These as Mr Miller has pointed out, embodied much of the order of discipline of a monastic establishment. But the College has not changed out of all recognition. It is still a community of academics who are not merely pursuing their scholarship but living their lives in common. If the College does not still mean this it means nothing. Allegiance to the College is more than scholarly: it is moral and spiritual. The life of a Fellow of the College is, or ought to be, complete: complete in the sense that the demands made upon him are those of the full man.

In the first place the college is a self-governing community. This is a boon which we tend to take for granted and it may be useful to remind ourselves that outside Oxford and Cambridge the normal pattern of academic government is markedly hierarchical, often authoritarian. Here, in contrast, all Fellows of the College are peers, whether they be holders of chairs, scholars of international reputation or newly elected research Fellows; and as we all know this equality is no mere formal or indeed political matter but determines our bearing towards each other, all our courtesies. The College is a true democracy; and this is a precondition for the life of the full man.

However, there is a less obvious point to be made. One comes ever more to admire the subtle and complex discipline of college life and the way that discipline gives unity and purpose to the great variety of talents latent in and among its members. We are

all of us conscious of tensions within our own lives: tensions between research or writing and teaching, between teaching and administering, between government and friendship, between the discipline and the fostering of youth, between work and idleness, yes and between belief and unbelief. In other organizations, even in universities, similar tensions may lead to personal frustrations, disappointments and failure. Yet within the beneficent habit of college life, such tensions, though part of men's normal lot, are kept in balance; nay more, for him who is prepared to accept the College's discipline, they may be resolved into a life which has more than its share of happiness. Our oath to promote education, religion, learning and research—that pluralism of values—was a promise for our own well being as well as for the College itself.

There is only one proviso. We must be prepared to serve the College and not ourselves. Here I do not want to be mistaken. Self-assertion is part of all of us, not least of those who are most creative in scholarship and the arts; and the College offers us a rare opportunity to lead a creative life. But unless in doing so we in some way serve the College we shall be guilty of a misplaced trust and we and the College will be the poorer for it.

One of the great traditions of St John's is the assumption that service is given and accepted by its members without personal recognition and with little recompense. Generations of Fellows have spent themselves in this way: tutors who have known their pupils one by one; bursars who have devoted a loving care to the minutiae of accounts and buildings; organists who have preserved the tradition of cathedral music; college lecturers of whom it could have been said, as of the Clerk of Oxford: "Gladly did he learn and gladly teach"; many have foregone academic honours, content with the quiet dignity of the black stuff gown and the plain description "Fellow". Some are among the names we have heard this morning; a few are commemorated by plaques in the ante-Chapel behind us; but many are barely known to us even by name and most of them have left nothing behind save the ineffable spirit which is the College. They are to be numbered among our most cherished benefactors. Let us therefore consider them in our prayers and take heart from their example.

F. T.

Reflections on Upp-bridge

"They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy;
foreigners always spell better than they pronounce."
Innocents Abroad.

AT present there are four universities in Sweden—in Uppsala, Lund, Stockholm and Gothenburg. The construction of a fifth started a few years ago in Umeå up in the northernmost part of the country. Umeå has now a faculty of medicine and will probably soon get at least part of the others. All of the universities are of high international standard with insignificant qualitative differences. Therefore there is no need to move between them as, for example, the Americans do. Quite naturally it has not been possible to build a university like Cambridge, Harvard, etc., in a country with a population of 7.5 million people. All the political parties agree, however, that as much money as possible has to be spent on education and research, so that the country will not lag behind just because of its small population. This attitude is reflected in the last budget proposals, where the Board of Church and Education got fifteen percent of the total budget. A small proportion of the money is for the Church and the rest for education and research. It is estimated besides that Swedish industry spends approximately as much on research as the State itself.

Yet in spite of the fact that the ministry of education has for some years been the ministry with the greatest increase in expenditure, there are people who say that it is not enough. This is because most of the additional money is used for a quantitative rather than a qualitative expansion of both lower and higher education. The ever-rising standard of living, and the new demand for educated people in the Atomic Age, has caused an enormous expansion in the number of university students. In 1940 there were around 10,600, in 1955 the figure was 22,600, and the most recent estimate for 1970 is something between 85,000 and 90,000.

Around fifty percent of all undergraduates now have a State scholarship, which enables them to study for three years without any economic sacrifices. These scholarships are granted on the basis of the student's ability and his parents' income. As a consequence of the regulations a student whose parents have a fair income has no chance at all of getting a scholarship, no matter how gifted he is. Upper middle-class people are most affected by the present policy as they earn too much for their children to get a scholarship, but not enough to be able to pay for their education. Sad to say, there is no other opportunity for those students to make their way than by borrowing money from a bank. Even though the State usually pays the interest, there is strong political pressure to reform the present system. This is even more important in Sweden than in most other countries as Swedish students are older than their fellows abroad. Most of the girls join the universities at nineteen or twenty and the boys are at least one year older as they have to do their military service first. The students can stay at the university as long as they like and consequently a great proportion of them are married and have children to provide for.

Because of the fact that you can stay as an undergraduate for your whole life—if you can afford it—it is impossible to tell exactly how much time is necessary for the different degrees. Medical students usually stay seven or eight years, lawyers four or five, and students from the other faculties around four.

The Swedish degrees of *Filosofie Kandidat* (FK) and *Filosofie Magister* (FM) are approximately equivalent to the British B.A., B.Sc., and M.A. or M.Sc. To get these degrees you have to pass examinations in at least two or three different main subjects. There are no rules whatsoever concerning minimum or maximum time of attendance. Around one third of the FKs and FMs go on with research for the degree of *Filosofie Licentiat* (FL). This degree is comparable with most countries' doctor's degree and every candidate for it has to submit a thesis of at least the same standard as a British or American Ph.D.-thesis. In many subjects it is quite unusual for an FL to be younger than thirty.

Again one third of the FLs go on with research for a new thesis which they hope will give them the degree of *Filosofie Doktor* (FD). In practice no country outside Scandinavia offers such high degrees and the Swedish FD-theses are of a very high international standard. They are always printed, and more often in English, German or French than in Swedish. A man who is not an FD has no hope of competing for a professorship or any other permanent university job.

Since last year the future existence of the big FD-theses has been a permanent subject for discussion. At least the younger

members of the Socialist Party—which, with few exceptions, has been in power since 1932—plead for the exclusion of the FL-degree and for lowering the requirements for doctoral dissertations to the standard of the present FL-theses. In this way the Swedish degrees would become more nearly equivalent to most foreign ones, which is thought important as more and more students from the underdeveloped countries come to study in Sweden. More important, however, is the fact that young and highly qualified research workers would be able to devote their time to big and interesting problems, without thinking of them as logical parts of their theses. At present it is not possible to say whether there will be a reform or not.

When the great increase of undergraduates started, the State authorities had to make strong efforts to increase proportionately the number of university teachers, with the consequence that to-day every department automatically gets money in proportion to the number of its students. This means that there is an accelerating demand for university teachers with FD-degrees. Sorry to say, however, there has been no significant increase in the number of professors, so that to-day some of them have more than ten times the number of undergraduates they had twenty years ago. This means that the professors get so much administrative work that they have little time left to teach and still less to do research—a remarkable fact considering that they got their chairs purely on scholarly merits. Most of the professors are now so busy running their department that they have very few opportunities of taking care of their candidates for FD and FL-degrees. In this way the recruiting of graduate students, and consequently also university teachers, becomes less efficient. The only way to solve the problem seems to be to create well-paid jobs for research, perhaps even copying the American system where most departments have several full professors, out of whom one takes care of the administrative work as head of the department. The need for reforms is accentuated by the fact that a high proportion of FDs and FLs think it more advantageous to become a lecturer in a "gymnasium" than to stay at the university. The salaries are equal, and twelve hours a week at the university level seems to be more laborious than twenty hours at a gymnasium. Very few university lecturers have time to do advanced research.

Academic teachers and graduate students may think that they have not been given the same economic support as the undergraduates, but, in spite of that, all of them meet as good friends in the Student "Nations", which fulfil an important function, at least in Uppsala and Lund. It is a fact that most academic people feel more attached to their old nation than to their

university, even though the nations have never played the role of the Cambridge or Oxford colleges. The nations have no rooms where people can live, they have no hall, no supervisors or tutors.

It is stated in the first paragraph of the Värmland Nation statutes that "The Värmland Nation is an association of academic citizens born or grown up in the counties of Värmland and Dalsland. The purposes of the nation are to support the mental and physical education of its members, to foster them to a good fellowship and to support work for help and guidance amongst themselves." Life in the Nation proves that an association can be meaningful, even though it has pompous and meaningless statutes.

The student nations in Uppsala appeared for the first time in the early seventeenth century, no one knows exactly when. The idea that students from the same geographic area had much to gain in founding a union of their own was, however, not especially Swedish. It had been practised for centuries at many foreign universities. In the fourteenth century three of the Swedish dioceses bought houses in Paris where the students from the diocese could live. When the university of Prague was founded most of the Swedes who went there joined the Saxon Nation.

Despite the examples from other universities no nations came into being when the University of Uppsala was founded in 1477. Gradually, however, both professors and students got interested in forming unions. One of the reasons is said to be that at least the professors thought it would be a way to reduce the very common fagging system under which the younger undergraduates suffered hardship. Quite naturally the nations increased rather than decreased the practice of fagging, and finally they were forbidden. Students who remained members of a nation were to be punished by expulsion. But the nations continued to live as before and already by the next year, 1663, they became officially recognized. The 1963 students are very grateful to the founders of the nations for giving them so good an excuse for celebrations. . . . In 1667 it was stated that everybody studying at the University *had* to be a member of a nation. It is still impossible to get an exception from that rule.

When the professors gave their consent to the founding of nations, they demanded that a professor should join every nation as an inspector. The nations still have inspectors, but in reality they have never done much inspection, as they have always been elected by the students themselves. This is also true of the curator, the active leader of the nation and a student himself. Gradually the wild life in the nations became less common, and then the members could start working for "help and guidance amongst themselves".

To facilitate such a policy when the numbers of students increased during the nineteenth century, most of the nations bought houses where they could meet. To-day all of the thirteen nations in Uppsala, differing in size from 250 to 3,000 members, have houses of their own. They form as interesting a part of Uppsala's architecture as are the colleges of that of Cambridge.

More than a hundred years ago the nations founded a Students' Union, which is now very important. It maintains contact with the faculties, the ministries and the academic labour market. This has enabled the nations to devote their time to social work amongst their members. Most important is the nations' construction of dwelling houses in which now a great proportion of the students live. These student houses are more like a cross-breed of a hotel and an ordinary dwelling house than like colleges, and partly because of that there are very few disciplinary rules concerning life in them. You can come and go as you like, you can give parties, and even house persons of the opposite sex. You pay your rent once a month at the post-office and you get your room cleaned once a week. The nations also own big stipendiary funds—most of them can offer higher stipends than the university itself. Approximately two or three times a week every nation arranges dinners, entertainment, dances, discussions, etc., often mixed in a curious way.

In order to give its members opportunities to meet students from abroad, every nation has arranged student exchanges with other universities. The connections with the Finnish students have a long tradition and they have been facilitated by the fact that the Finns have the same organization in nations—a relic of those days when Finland and Sweden formed parts of the same country. The Finnish nations have been far more politically conscious than the Swedish, and they have played a role in the conflicts between the Finnish-speaking and Swedish-speaking population-groups in Finland. During that time the Uppsala students got in very close contact with the Swedish-speaking nations, of which the Nyland Nation in Helsinki is the most important. During the Second World War the two population-groups had to settle their disputes to fight the common enemies. The Värmland Nation especially did good work to establish relations between the different student nations in Helsinki. Many Swedish students joined the Finnish armed forces as volunteers.

There is also a student exchange between St John's and Girton Colleges in Cambridge and the Värmland Nation in Uppsala. The Cambridge student is in Uppsala in May, when the Swedes celebrate the coming of Spring, the end of the term and everything else not already celebrated earlier in the year. Last year the

Värmland man came to Cambridge in June and stayed for three weeks, ending up with the May-Ball. This exhausted him so much that he deliberately missed his boat home and had to use his last money on an air-ticket. He never succeeded in disguising how much he liked life and beer, and his only disappointment was that he never got an opportunity to practice climbing; he could never get rid of the key-rattling Fellows whom the Master had ordered to be at his disposal

The experiences of the exchange students convince them that neither the Swedish nor the English university system is perfect. The Swede surely appreciates the English supervision system to which there is no counterpart in Sweden, but it would probably be very hard for him to avoid breaking most of the college rules. He also smiles indulgently at the Oxbridge habit of believing oneself cleverer than people from other universities

G. O.

The Warm South

STEPHEN stood on the warm concrete of the quayside, looking along the straight edge of the dock. Here and there the white stone slab was interrupted by narrow inlets, allowing the steamers to nuzzle their way into the coastline. Stephen frowned. A lot of care seemed to have been taken to prevent any bewildered foreigner from discovering the position of his vessel. Stephen mused upon the Yugoslavian capacity for relaxation. It was doubtless very refreshing, but hardly compatible with efficient organisation. He thought with sudden nostalgia of the relative harmony of the indicator board at Waterloo station. He examined the fragment of pink paper in his hand—the boat reservation. Packed with information, but no dock number, of course. He thrust it back in his wallet, and swinging his leg up onto a bollard, placed his elbow on his knee and his chin in the palm of his hand.

A moment of thought passed. Then he shook with laughter and collapsed heavily on the hot stone, his leg stretched across a mooring rope.

Stephen was not as completely English as his dark-brown suitcase might have suggested. True, his fundamental character could open to its fullest bloom in an English environment, for it consisted of a tendency to think before hazarding any action. He recognised his own powers of deliberation and control, and valued the possession of these qualities. Yet this same awareness enabled him to realise the difference between himself and someone of a more impulsive nature. He felt the distinction only at certain moments, when the feeling would provoke either a heavy melancholy or an excess of glee.

Stephen rose to his feet and walked towards the end of the quay, still grinning at his own dullness. He caught up with one of the many young cargo loaders who were loafing around the dock. The man wore dull blue overalls, and around his temples the dark hair had been whitened by the sun.

“Wo ist das Schiff für Mali Losinj, bitte?” Stephen asked, hoping the man’s education had not been entirely manual. However no settlement was reached on this problem—the familiar name and a raised eyebrow were probably quite sufficient, and the man pointed silently to the western end of the dock. Stephen shaded his eyes against the low sun, and saw at the farthest inlet a bright blue steamer, about to lower her gangplank.

As he reached the ship’s side the passengers were hurrying onto land. A collection of cargo boxes had been placed at the water’s

edge, ready to go on board. Stephen sat on an orange box. Allowing his breeding to gain temporary dominion, he began writing a postcard to a tedious medical student whom he hadn't seen since their time at school together.

A Yugoslavian girl called Ana was also on the boat. Stephen noticed her as soon as he climbed up to the highest deck. The passengers at this level were mainly women and young girls. They sat quietly on the wooden benches, their headscarves drawn in close against the evening wind. The small ochre light from the bridge, merging with the last beams of an Adriatic sunset, softened the upturned faces into an indistinct blur of light. Stephen was about to turn towards the darkening sea, when he felt that in his glance around the deck something had caught his eyes and not his mind. He looked again.

At the end of the gap which separated the two sections of wooden benches he saw a girl lying upon the deck. Her elbows were drawn up onto the wooden boards, and in her left hand she held a long, shining object. From Stephen's distance it seemed to be a strip of ivory, or perhaps a narrow metal tube. In her other hand she held an instrument which she rubbed against the glittering stick. She worked energetically for a short while; and then, curling her long black hair around her ear, she paused to look along the empty space between the benches. Finally she turned again to her work, giving the stick several slower rubs before regaining the eagerness of her original speed.

Moving a little way along the deck, Stephen looked carefully at the object. Whatever it might be, it was certainly handled with careful skill. Perhaps it was an ornament for the girl's hair: the silver and black would make a fine show! He glanced again at the girl, and realised quite suddenly that she was beckoning to him.

Stephen looked at his watch.

Objectively the action might have appeared absurdly irrelevant: in fact it was nothing of the sort. He had often employed this device as a means of postponing a decision suddenly required of him—while his eyes gazed with evident curiosity at the upturned dial, his mind would quickly assemble all the facts that might be put forward by defence and prosecution. When a verdict had been decided upon, his face would rise gently from his wrist, and judgement would be delivered. In this case the jury were not away for long. As he had travelled south through Europe, Stephen had been able to loosen both his tie and his mind as new climates were discovered. By the time he reached Yugoslavia there was little left of the more deliberate side of his character.

Even as it occurred he had noticed this change, and smiled with satisfaction. Having discovered the novels of D. H. Lawrence, he had been fascinated by the intuitive, passionate existence of these fictitious characters. Yet this fascination was essentially envious, for a house on the Guildford by-pass scarcely seemed a congenial setting for a dark, pristine relationship. Now, however, he was the subject of a distinctly "Southern European" situation—was not this at last the moment for a rush of spontaneity, an immediate answer to the call of the senses? Having deliberated upon the value of impulsiveness, he noticed that his watch was not on his wrist. Of course, it was in his case—this, too, must be an encouraging omen, indicating the disappearance of the old way of life.

He looked up. The girl beckoned again. Stephen strode briskly through the benches, ignoring the quizzical faces which turned towards him, surprised at the vigour of his step. He stood by the girl.

The object in her hand was a small pipe carved out of white wood. The girl rose from the deck and looked gravely at Stephen. She stretched out her hand, bent her knee very slightly, and announced "Ana". Stephen accepted the handshake, smiled vaguely, and wondered what was to follow. Ana glanced carefully around the deck, and then turned back to scrutinise him. Finally she handed him the pipe and walked over to the edge of the deck. She turned, clasped her dark hands in front of her, and waited.

Stephen suspected that he was being called upon to provide some music. The sun had now dropped too low to allow any light to shine upon the girl's face, but from her unusual stance—hands together, shoulders drooped, the upper part of her body inclined towards the deck—Stephen guessed that some kind of dance was to be attempted. He was momentarily reminded of a golf player, stooping over a difficult putt. Having seen the similarity, he was unable to understand why the observation irritated him. He looked again at the pipe, resolving to postpone all such introspective probings until a later date. Waving the pipe in the air, he called in English across the twilight, "How do you play the thing?" The girl remained immobile and silent, while Stephen realised the absurdity of the question. The pipe had three little holes and a simply carved mouthpiece at one end—what else was there to know? He placed a finger over each of the holes and blew carefully through the mouthpiece. He expected a shrill metallic note, pitched high like that of a flute. But his ear caught only the sound of his own breath, with a throb of music trapped in the centre. This was apparently enough for Ana. She began to dance. Stephen saw the movement and

quickly altered his fingering. No change of pitch. He tried a different combination, first and third fingers only. Still the same note. Having tried all possible permutations and producing always the same sound, Stephen felt very sad. No music, so no dance, and the end of the adventure. Only then did he realise that Ana continued to dance to the monotone, somehow catching her rhythm from the sound alone.

Stephen stopped playing for an instant. He looked across to the other passengers, but nobody had turned, he saw only the back of the headscarves coming to a point between the girls' shoulders. The ochre light above the bridge began to flicker. The wind changed direction and blew heavily upon the back of Stephen's neck. He walked over to Ana's corner of the deck and found her still dancing. Crouching beneath the level of the wind, he propped himself up against the wooden side of the boat and blew through the pipe once more.

He tried to understand the pattern of her movements. The hands crossing above the head, yes, that was a gesture that seemed to reappear quite often. And the drooping of the shoulders was another recurrent motif. Yet there seemed to be no logical arrangement, no decisive sequence imposed upon the dance. And what kind of dance could you call it? There was no suggestion of a classical ballet training behind it, neither could it be equated with any primitive rite of a barbaric nation. A "detached elegance" struck Stephen as being an excellent epithet to describe the quality which—he noticed suddenly that he had stopped playing. This was not good enough! More of the blood, man, and less of the will! He picked the pipe up sternly and resumed the accompaniment, emphasising the rhythm by beating a foot vigorously upon the deck.

Up to this moment Ana had not looked at Stephen since she spoke her name. Now, as the movement was concentrated entirely in her hands for a moment, she smiled down at him. He remembered his annoyance of her previous neglect, but only as an irritation which had already been conquered. Her smile was his gift of recognition. At last he felt some kind of connection between himself and the girl. A more fully sensual acknowledgement, expressed through the moistening of a lip or the stirring of a thigh, would have given more satisfaction: but perhaps a smile would really do after all. And it was an expressive smile, even after it had turned away to become part of another movement. It must be still there when she turns back—yes, it is. Another delicate little grin, almost contradicting the power and grace of her body. And what movement! It was movement that oh! it was movement of arms, and of feet, and breasts, and

shoulders and hair. And she danced and it was night-time. Just before he succumbed Stephen wondered if she parted her hair.

A member of the crew looked out of the porthole. He saw a boy stand up and throw something into the sea. He heard his hands clapping quickly, in the rhythm of excitement. Next to the boy a girl was dancing on the deck.

Afterwards Stephen became very hungry. The bunch of grapes which he had bought at Rijeka had become a sad pile of pips in his pocket. Food was available on the lower deck, but the place was crowded with people sheltering from the storm. Besides he felt reluctant to use even a little of his remaining money, for the cost of living on the island might well be very high. Also he felt an inexplicable pleasure at the thought of having to endure the slight pain of an empty stomach, although this state would only last for another two hours.

As he walked past the kitchen door a suspended flash of lightning revealed the loaf of bread.

He saw everything immediately: two large cauldrons bubbling with steam, a man in a white apron crouched down in front of a cupboard, and there upon the sideboard, near the opposite door, encircled by a ring of duteous paprika scraps, a long and very brown loaf sat on its throne of state.

The sky turned again to black. Stephen moved further down the deck and sat down upon a small wooden seat. The rain beat down upon the toes of his black shoes. He decided his life at this moment was quite incomplete without the lump of bread to help him defy the storm. To hug the bread inside his coat and laugh carelessly at the tossing Adriatic—could this kind of feeling be ever transcended? Yet no plan must be studied, no degrading strategy evolved to destroy the impulse of the moment. He rose and opened the top two buttons of his coat.

The stern was wide and empty. Stephen stood by the rail for a while, peering down at the rush of water which followed the boat. Then he turned again and began to walk along the other side of the deck. From this side he could make out a dark lump of land. No lights were shining on the island; but there was a lamp in the kitchen. Was it hanging from the handle of the cupboard or resting upon the sideboard? But this is recreating the scene, this is giving too much clarity to the attempt. As he walked, Stephen moved his hand along the wooden rail, trying to wonder about the kind of feeling produced by this contact. He looked ahead and saw the dim light from the kitchen spread flat along the wooden boards of the deck. Drawing level with the open door he glared quickly into the lighted kitchen. Empty. A noise of bubbles coming from the cauldrons, several empty

dishes laid along the sideboard, and right at the end, still unsullied, the glorious chunk of bread. But no cook. Stephen dashed in, caught his thigh on the corner of the table, felt sick for an instant, and then scooped the loaf of bread up inside his coat. Turning to go out he saw a speck of reflected light jump momentarily upon the shining edge of a piece of green paprika. Just for that flash, Stephen thought joyously, I shall double my plunder. The paprika fitted neatly under the other lapel. He took a last look round, a look which encompassed the well-stocked cupboards, a pile of unspoiled oranges and a man with a white apron standing in the opposite doorway. A man with a ? Stephen hugged his arms across his chest in order to prevent the loot from slipping down inside his coat, but also to indicate what a cosy refuge the kitchen provided from the storm. He even stamped his feet, feeling that something more was needed. The cook moved across to the sideboard and took up his ladle. He dipped it into the pot, drew out some soup and took a large gulp, his dark eyes fixed all the time upon Stephen. Clearly it was no good simply making these obscure gestures all the time, some more positive relationship ought to be established.

At this moment Stephen let a single word rush out of his mouth, the word "English".

The cook dropped his ladle in joyful surprise. He lumbered over to Stephen holding out a hand which had orange peel trapped under the nails. The gesture was too quick for Stephen's ingenuity, for he instinctively accepted the outstretched hand.

The food made no actual noise as it fell through his coat onto the floor. But his thoughtless slip made Stephen pause in mid-shake. Twisting his hand away, he felt compelled to step back outside the aroma of sweat which his nostrils suddenly caught emanating from the cook's body. Only then did the latter notice his ingredients plumped in a pile on the floor.

Stephen thought for a moment that his profession of English nationality would still be a safe enough password, even for a minor theft. The cook's smile almost doubled in size, so Stephen stood firm, smiling himself, waiting for the forgiving pat on the shoulder. But the cook seemed to want to return to his work, for he moved back along the sideboard and took up the bread-knife. The significance of the action took a little time to reach the other side of the room, for Stephen was still enraptured by the smile which continued to spread its wings across the cook's face. The cook, however, made no attempt to conceal his intention, for he held the knife close to his shoulder, the point facing Stephen. Smile and weapon were held up together as a threatening package deal. Stephen understood, but had little time to start being afraid. The cook came pounding at him, his forelock

leaping about, and not a trace of indecision in his step. Stephen dashed along the side of the room and behind the centre table. The cook paused, wiped the knife on his apron and looked up again. He pushed the table against Stephen, and Stephen pushed it back again. Deadlock. The cook reduced pressure, and made a heavy stroke with his knife. Stephen stepped back at the right time, but lost his grip on the table. The cook saw his moment, but paused at the hour of triumph. Then another cook came in and shouted at his colleague. The warrior turned, then put down his spear, his eyes still glowing from the expectation of the first slash. The new arrival added further severe comment upon the scene, while the cook pounded his fist lightly upon the table. Stephen saw only a blurred picture of flesh and light, but from the attitude of his attacker he felt somehow that order was to be resumed. He felt stupidly happy, and his hands ached from the pressure of the table. At this moment Authority stepped forward, moved the cook curtly aside, and pushed the table back to its original position. He turned, smiling, about to explain: but Stephen had been given his share of the warm south for that night. He ran out into the night, the sweat dribbling down his cheeks and turning cold as he ran.

Later, in the bar below deck, an Englishman with a moustache offered him a drink.

"What's it going to be, young fellow: a glass of this potent local stuff, or something like a beer to remind you of home?"

Stephen paused for a very long time. Eventually he said: "I don't know which to have. You better decide for me."

So two beers were ordered and Stephen sat by the window, listening to the man's travel stories and watching the red harbour light on the island drawing the boat closer to the shore.

J. C.

Poems

TRIO

MADLIGHT, daylight,
walking
a split knife-edge of death.

His suit, hirsute,
naked
because they say they're lovers.

Kindness, blindness,
one more
bearing the print of a shroud.

Sadness, madness,
someone
split like ripe frangipani.

Hearsay, they say
revenge,
a victim of jealousy.

Lifeblood, her blood,
together,
a red-etched trio of streams.

Born, alone,
conceived, deceived,
we end the same—
the brief sport of a dry wind.

R. M. E.

hurray for country land of

this is
country that all
and i of it
are proud
pundits say and
i love
and think
it fine as
leaning
broom under
their rolls royce
pass giving
dusting
then in war
i fight for
their cars
and get
killed
(a medal perhaps)
for their
peerages
whats the use
im tired of
living in
these nationalistic
wave the flag
and cheers
for beaverbrook
days

C. R. M. J.

No Story

THE clock ticked to within 15 minutes of my train. I began to get nervous. The waiter hovered. The restaurant was by now fairly empty. All the other waiters clustered together in a greasy crowd near the kitchen. All except mine. I sighed and smoked a cigar. Trains always make me nervous. Eventually he went towards the others and then suddenly disappeared into the kitchen. I hurriedly got up and scrambled my things together. I knocked over the chair and went red. I suppose no one was even looking. Even so I made a line straight for the swing door. My suitcases were just beyond it. I picked them up and jerked towards the platform. I hate not leaving tips.

Milan. I had not spoken to anyone for three days. My train. My running away train. I stopped at the platform entrance and grinned back at the restaurant. Almost swallowed my cigar. I felt exhilarated.

In my compartment were an old woman and a man in opposite corners. Two more followed me in. Two girls in fact. Followed me right along the platform and right down the corridor. Put your case up? Well, I had to introduce myself sometime. Anyway, I looked English. Well thank you. American accent indeed. Keep my place please? Sure she will. Now where was that cigar stand?

When the train started there was a long pause while I wriggled my toes. But screwing myself up

"Are you American?" in my hardest voice.

"That's right (Long pause) And you?"

"British."

Nod. That wraps that up then.

"On holiday?"

"No I work for the Embassy in Paris" etc.

She had come up from Naples that day and was very tired.

"You both American?"

"No she's British. I only just met her. A student or something."

Which put me out a bit. With Americans you know where you are. With other English they know where you are.

She was sitting in the opposite corner near the door. Long legs. Tall. Not beautiful at first. Eyes ringed and tired. Heavy-lidded, with lines in her face for someone only about

NO STORY

twenty . . . The end of a long week-end or something. No ring. Light eyes. Her grey eyes in their shadows. Fifteen seconds flat and I was being lyrical. Milan does that. There was something of stillness about her eyes. Much—forgottenness. How would I place her? Class, definitely. Moneyed sophisticated eyes, haughty but interested, I would say. Would I indeed? Oh dear! . . . Still, I thought I could place her. You see them all over London. Vulnerable there, out of their groups, but abroad they are invincible.

She could have been going anywhere or doing anything. The more you looked the more conscious you were of her and the more I felt I could place her.

Silence from her corner. Obviously tired. Pressing her forehead now and again. Well it's not given to everyone to be amusing and I did have some pills.

"Got a headache?" (and this across the carriage).

"No I just can't sleep on trains, that's all." Her eyes smiled not at all. Like her voice, slow and droopy.

"Want some pills?"

"Have you any?"

"Some codeine . . ." Sir Galahad rides again.

I moved her across the carriage, as much to assert myself as to put the case down. Anyway I produced them. That is, after spilling out my three weeks collection of dirty socks, dirty handkerchiefs, and timetables.

"Take three, I should."

"How many?"

"Three, if you can without water." Sadist you see. But she did, chewing them slowly without a flicker. That sort of character for me verges on the Napoleonic.

"I tried to get some on the platform, but they said I needed a prescription or some . . ." Her voice faded at the ends.

Happy to talk though, across the carriage. She volunteered bits of autobiography. Had not slept the night before, either. No, not in a train. Why was she going to Paris?

"I don't know." She grinned over slightly rabbit teeth and managed to moue at the same time.

"I don't know why I didn't get a ticket to London. I just went into the ticket office and was so sleepy I just said Pareegee."

"What are you going to do there?"

"I don't know. Spend a couple of days I suppose. Have to phone up everyone I know and see if they're there. I don't suppose they will though. Who's in Paris in summer?"

Oh! I crossed myself mentally. By now the other male had left so I moved up and sat opposite her corner. She seemed to want to talk. A law student. Law bored her but unfortunately

she passed her exams. Had had a holiday job in Rome with a German missile firm.

"Well I had no idea what it was about until I got there and found it was an Italian Cape Canaveral."

She took out, somewhat unnecessarily I thought, "English Lyric Poets". No attempt to read it. Just chain-smoked. I smoked hers too.

The two other females fell asleep. Just us two and the night light. Time passed, with long silences. Her blind broke and it took ten minutes to wedge. Hair-pins, sweet-papers, cigar packets. She talked impersonally about this and that, but I learnt nothing, except when she crinkled her eyes or used her young girl's laugh. Or when she liked something she was saying. It was like an arrow from her to me.

The slow way she used to understand a question . . . pills and tiredness.

She looked not once at the other two in the carriage. Indifference. To me, too, if I hadn't been talking to her. Silent, she gazed out of the window or maybe shut her eyes. Never moving. Legs beneath her. Her hands remained effortlessly still and the shadows made long elegant lines from her neck to her waist. Well that's breeding for you. Sometimes she looked absolutely passive, and feminine, and need I say it beautiful. But she made no attempt to go to sleep. Which was reassuring. I didn't want to have to spend the night looking at her. After a while a station loomed up and we took a walk. No sooner had we gone twenty yards when the whistle went and she scuttled back with a shriek. We stood in the corridor and the wind froze us. She didn't seem to want to touch elbows. Back in the compartment I was bored and she disappeared into her shadows; still, sleepless, and remote. She had yet a few cigarettes so we finished those. She put her feet up on my seat and I admired her lace petticoats. Anyway it was me that slept eventually, probably snored like a pig too. I woke feeling guilty as hell. Of course she hadn't. For a moment I thought she hadn't even remembered I was there. I felt awful. Daylight flooded the carriage and glinted in her new lipstick. A perfect shade of pink. Hair, goldeny mouse. She hadn't washed. She didn't seem to need to.

We passed a valley filled with mist like a lake and then we were talking again. Half an hour to go to Paris. With the other two now awake I was shy, more of my intentions than anything else. I kept the conversation angled towards what she was going to do.

Myself I hadn't anything. She was going to 'phone.

"What if no-one's there?"

Shrug.

"I don't know. Just stay the night I suppose. What about you?"

"Oh! Find a place. Nothing special." Nothing, period.

"Do you speak French?"

She pulled her mouth.

"A little, you know, that I learnt at school. But I haven't been here for years except to pass through."

"A little early to start 'phoning."

"Yes. Well, I think I'll get some breakfast first."

Half way through the night she had asked my name. Did they call me Richard or Dick? Dick. She leant back and didn't volunteer hers. I felt flattered and enjoyed it a second.

"And you?"

Almost as if she didn't expect me to ask her she was slow in replying. "Liss . . . or Elizabeth."

The train waited inevitably just outside the station. I should have been gay and gallic. She leaned out and examined the surrounding grime. I watched her. Eventually we bumped in. The train was doing about a half mile an hour but managed to stop with as much of a jolt as if it had been doing seventy. I caught her. Maybe we could have breakfast together? I pulled down everyone's cases. Which put me in a bad humour immediately. I could see it coming. I was going to have to carry the old woman's case. That way I would lose her. I steeled myself not to offer and once all the cases were on the platform looked around. Liss was waiting. Looking vaguely towards me. We walked off together. I was carrying one of her cases.

"Breakfast?"

"Yes. I think I'll find the left luggage first."

"I tell you what. You sit down at the cafe there, and I'll go and ask. I have to get some money anyway." To pay for her breakfast.

She was finding it rather nice to have things done for her. I set off.

"Dick" she yelled when I had reached the other end of the station. I walked back to the table, as all the pigeons she had disturbed came fluttering down again.

"Black or white?"

Ten minutes later I had some francs in my pockets. She had finished the pile of croissants. Crumbs everywhere.

"In France most people only eat two, you know."

"Awful, weren't they?" she said.

We sat and talked about films in a 'did you see, wasn't it . . . ?' sort of way. It was one way of laughing at the same things. From left luggage we went to telephone. There was a certain inevitability. We bought jetons and thumbed dictionaries,

though I left the booth when she got through. I wasn't going to influence my luck. She had three numbers to 'phone. Without answers she was at a loose end. Time passed and the crowd flowed around me. I watched her emerge and her eyes search me out, then float my way. No reply. She would try once again.

"Shall we go into the centre?"

"Yes. I must take a walk."

At Chatelet we abandoned the metro and walked along the edge of the river. It was quiet and the sun was just right. I was conscious of trying to make her feel at ease. There was no difficulty. She was too used to being taken out.

In time we came across a telephone sign. She didn't seem too interested and came out quickly. No reply.

"Well what are we going to do. . . ? Er . . . Well when I say 'we' . . ."

"Let's walk again."

So we sat on the edge of the river, on the cobbles which were gently warm, and where the dust smelt nice. Lights from the water jumped up and danced patterns over her face and shoulders and legs. After a bit this annoyed me.

"Let's go and see if Notre Dame's still there."

It was. So we walked up St Michel. Some way up the hotels looked cheapish and not too lewd.

"You want separate rooms? Because they'll ask . . ."

She nodded.

Ideally she would have said no. Maybe the economies didn't appeal. I hadn't known how to put the question. But I wasn't going to be faced with having to ask it in front of some hotelier.

I was, though. Twice I had to say, "No, separate rooms."

The day passed. From the student office she booked a plane the day after next. Two days with her. In the afternoon she wore tight black slacks and loose black top. More or less she looked like anyone's version of the Left Bank. But as she flopped along in her moccasins one had to look. "Ay, camadora" came from one passer-by.

Towards me she wasn't even feminine. We walked too much. Through les Halles and past the poules in the doorways. I made to stare nonchalantly but she was visibly put out and only when we had to walk through a group did she try to make a comment "It's so long since I've seen them . . ."

What was that meant to show? I wonder? She didn't bother to finish.

We toiled up Montmartre. We watched a one-man band. We ate ice cream. Or rather she did, in vast bites, with enormous concentration; I was with her all the way, in spirit. The five-minute portraitists were at work. She said it was rubbish.

"Anyone can catch a likeness."

"Could you?"

"Well I think so. It's only a question of practice. I went to art school for a year."

I told her I painted. Which I didn't really, but it killed the conversation.

The walk back was exhausting. At dinner time she was fast asleep on her bed. I sat down and she awoke.

"Liss sweetheart, I hate to do this but you've got to eat something."

I almost had to carry her out. Over the table she brightened and we had long involved conversation. Every time I dropped in a name or two I found she had actually read the books. She would have been an intellectual, she said, if only she knew what to think about. This was all very well but I tried to keep the level as personal as possible, on women, on femininity. It seemed a waste of time that women, beautiful ones anyway, should bother to think. It upset the equilibrium. My hints remained subliminal.

The next day we did the Louvre. I let her go her own way but she kept close. It was nice to see her coming towards me across a room.

That morning a South African had spoken to us. He had left home three weeks before for the first time. Dying to speak English. He was staggeringly unintelligent. His face broke into all sorts of smiles when he heard us speak, and in an emotional spasm he launched into apartheid. Education would solve it. He was bewildered by Paris. Negroes in the street with beautiful white women. Well dressed negroes. Nothing was clear-cut and he was lost. With us too.

"Brother and sister?"

"No."

"Studying here?"

"No. Just staying."

He looked at us earnestly. We repaid the compliment. No, he couldn't bring himself to ask more. Things outside his experience. He would have liked to cry, I think.

"Well I'm not even going to try and guess."

"Actually she sells missiles, but you wouldn't believe that . . ."

"Missiles? . . ."

But we escaped down a metro entrance. It provided us with a private joke. 'In South Africa, well our ladies just don't have to do a thing. We keep them, well, you know, like on a pedestal, even if I do brag myself.' Liss thought she'd like that.

The Louvre provided some laughs. We looked in corners and giggled when others peered in after us at nothing.

Later, at a loss, we took a train to Versailles. Fortunately the Palace was shut so we strolled through the gardens and lay on the grass. We talked interminably; about ourselves and literature and things, I suppose. I mean I know, but it produces the usual embarrassment. I think I was more truthful than usual, though. I tickled her arm and wound petals into her hair. This was meant to annoy her, but she was lazy and only laughed a little. We chewed grass. And I took the petals out again. And then she said "I'm glad I met you anyway."

Just before she left next morning we had breakfast at a cafe. She ate one croissant. She tried to put warmth into saying goodbye. Meant it but didn't know how. I didn't really hear her then but I remembered her high breathless voice some time after. "Well I hope to see you when you get back."

She nodded her own yes.

I lose sight of myself at this moment, but can see her eyes fixed on me as the coach pulled away and lost itself in the traffic.

Poems

THE EXTENSION, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, GRACIOUSLY OPENED BY HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN MOTHER

WHILE bilious pedants raise applauding hands,
And Majesty snips tape, the Building stands:
—Stands as a Monument to *Basil Spence*,
To soul deficient and to lack of sense.
Poor Basil, who, when *Gibbs'* affrighted shade
For Grace, Light, Beauty, Vigour, humbly prayed,
Replied with this bald monster of pretension,
This pudding upon piles, the Queen's Extension.

The *Cam* herself, (when his departed Peers
Had failed to rouse be-knighted Basil's fears)
By fauns and woodland nymphs accompanied,
Hovered around his little truckle bed.
"Basil!" she cried, "respect my ancient Bower,
Its subtle tracteries of leaf and flower,
The amorous dance of colour, form and light;"
And with this warning vanished into Night.

Cried Basil: (as the nymph was vanishing)
"In modern building Contrast is the thing—
And modern methods—for I *will* be brash."
And so ensued this mechanistic trash,
Spawned by Mammon on Complacency,
A Hittite temple for a desert sea.
—The scissors snip, the gilded key unlocks
The stilted hen-run and the slotted box.
Basil we leave for others to condemn:
But for the dons who built it—What of them?

PSYCHOMENOTTONY

AN Italian musician, Carlotti,
Had an early mishap with the potty:
He revenged his disgrace
On the whole human race
By recitals of *endless* Menotti.

D. L. F.

Chronicle de nos Jours

1st day

OOOO That Shakesperian rag.
And if it rains a closed car at four.
Its bloody good stuff, its sort of spirit of a decade. He stood up.
Its bloody
Good stuff, with a hand in the . air

How about some systematisation then?
How about a game of chess?
Orghh. Jane would be bored.
Eyebrows and smiles, Lazy Jane.
Vous etes parfaite. Tu es parfaite. Je t'adore. Jane sings.
George sings going to the loo.
Knees together, back forward, reading, Jane.
Pete!

HOW'S THINGS?
opaque from some points.
Piotr!
Dont call me that name even in jest (yawns)
Jane has aback and it sends him, sucking her finger she is not sent
so far as anyone else can see, but maybe he knows better.
Indifferent (whispers) lips you have today George.
Beckett wins again, but a giggle's trying.
MEDICAL NOTES.

sorry. (S'alright) Jane sings, again does a provocative fall and
Beckett bites the dust. Poor Sam.
Hi Nick

I could sell you so hard—I wish you would.
Decent cigarettes?

Doing my washing would prefer to call him Dello, but you're
alright Pete. One of us sits at the typewriter. Here it comes.
they laugh (His Jewish nose). Perhaps I am hogging it a bit.

Ciao. Dove vai? Ammonite.
rolling cigarettes he grins and is forgotten. But me . . . always
visitors which ruin evenings . . . the right way the wrong way and
the army way . . . where is the dialogue that we want to hear?
interrupted a complete blockage . . . a good time, time? time!
Rich could do wonders for Jane on that typewriter . . . P's nose
. . . Jane has been sick . . . believable? everything is in the right
context . . . cigar . . . ettes . . . go on, tempt yourself.

P. only laughs . . . big words . . . depends what you mean . . .
what makes you sick? I was in agony . . . underneath the water
was a hand, presumes that it was red but it isn't.

Nic reads and laughs and leaves. ciao.

What's douleur, La douleur? Let's eat. Stop saying things
for the typewriter, sweetie. Click click and I've only had a piece
of bread today. Pow pow The fastest lighter in the West. Rich
as Wilde over Jane behind Peter, Jane sings Corneille and asks
for an envelope to write to ANOTHER, but he's French so that's
O.K.

2nd day

Hyacinths, why not indeed? The day is rainy. The river could
do with some livening. George's death mask looks half skewiff
at the Rousseau jungle—day in the Jeu de Paumes. I admit
there's something unnerving about Henri, but his rivers aren't
like ours here. Out on the single kick I am now. Let's have
hyacinths, Why not? they remind me. Of? Flowers. Nothing
else to remind me of much, thank God. No, not a thing, not a
thing. But there was a letter now my countrymen! In this dismal
landscape that was a letter. Why dismal? and why country men—
because 1) it's raining & 2) why not? Hyacinths at any rate.
OLD BUAL shipped by GOSSART GORDON & CO. (madeira
established 1745),,

They're the
Oldest and the largest,
The boldest and the farthest
Shippers of Madeira
In the land

Take a 220 bus, drop off on the corner of that street and run like
hell. They've got bloody stenguns, everyone. Rabbits. They'll
shoot you like rabbits. Damn them. Singing and giving advice
but notice, no dialogue, O reader. Allow me to mention
hyacinths again? Thank you; sunflowers— . . . I'll be seeing you
then. Bye Bye. When?

For they're the
Oldest and the largest
The boldest and the farthest
Shippers of Madeira
In the land.

Bloody hyacinths, bloody madeira,
lovely sunflowers.

Why not indeed? The day is rainy. The river could do with
some livening. CRONIQUE you idiot. crumbs a visitor. Wine
Smith Moxon plus Doreen, indignant Peter. No she wouldn't
smoke, does and smokes it vertically. Even has a vivacious one
sided smile. M. covers up. Mrs Pratt worries Peter worries me.

Something about a bucket dear. Chess?

Aren't you going to the film?

Nah nah, I didn't feel like it when I got there. Three heads over chess; a hand over the fire. I made a silly move there. Yes, you seem to have lost the tempo. It wasn't a very frightening attack anyway.

Intimations of death from the bible. 4 ominous remarks about early destruction plus one complete blank page. Did it too long. Cold. Waiting for the blanket to heat up. . I can't remember the references either and they're difficult to find again. Rich as David and Sue as Judith. There must be a poem in there somewhere. Susan v Goliath, David v Judith. Sheaffers Script in front of a riddled landscape in triplicate. This is not very constructive stuff. No form you know and not enough punctuation.

3rd day

bloodaswill Collet will ride again

Where is O blast Corneille? He thinks behind his glasses—he considers our work. Dirty mouchoir. He has catarrh. Medicated Gum Massagers. A blood print would come well but we reject it. Tact.

Where did you get the tickets? (Oedipus) We've had them ages. Bloodaswill Collet rides to Swellfoot. Poor lad. "20 Players if you come back"

Nick the Enthusiast. Screaming the Blues . . . fantastic . . . new fantastic Webern 12 tones . . . Jane (she looks like Alice in Wonderland but she isn't of course) I've never felt like this before. Thanks for the fag, He goes out full of Vitamin C.

Plus $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour and he's back to drag us off to listen to Webern "Excellent. Original and well put together. This is the formula for a well deserved first." closely followed by Peter closely followed by Old Bloodaswill who apparently is clotting nicely. Nice extraction. Rich on the contrary is not progressing very far with this. Edith is not part of the fairy tale.

You mean in DOMBEY TALE?

Black sweetbreads for babies, we offer them for sale. They will alleviate: nothing. Roses hyacinths greenfly marigolds.

Do I think (it's only another word for austerity) George ought to have more Cornelian grandeur about him? Never.

Yes, I believe he didn't say that so I cd write it down.

Parkinson's bleedin' law. What? Whatever you have to do, whether longer or shorter, fills all the available time and a bit more.

It's a bigger mark after 21—bigger jump than from 20 to 21. going downhill, depressing, horse like dejected noises from both. Here we are tired old hacks at 22, o well back to the

2000 words p.d. racket. Straight reportage. G. Dillon takes Racine for an epitaph.

4th day

Despair and what is the point of going on?. Who's not an intellectual? Rich and Hugh Bishop say so and they both can't be wrong. But the enigma of it is I'm so intelligent! TELL ME. Life is rather silly. Nag nag nag. Him and his hood. I RESENT their interference. everybody reads and works chunkily, fruitfully, and there's that wretched burn on the rose wood table. No doubt I'll have to pay for that as well. I am being driven to breakdown you know and no one cares. What year is this character asks Rich urbanely. Do you understand him? No I bloody Dont . . blasted Corneille. Collins. I wish he would go and he's cadging typing material as well. Heffers! Tell him to f—— off as well. No one has any consideration for me. Angus with a hole in his shaving cream. Collins doesn't think he's funny anymore. ha ha. Moreover there's no more jobs at the Arts, and who said you were a friend of mine anyway? The smiler with a half nelson behind the door—normal combat. Get these bloody vultures off my back. Get off my chef d'oeuvre you swine, y . . you slip. Sit down John dear especially since you've had a bath and I DONT know if we have enough cups nor care. No snidery I say. The snide is dead. Did I have coffee in bed? apparently, yes. John is slightly bored and very boring with his ennui he is as well. Rich as Saturn. Perhaps J. will bite him and then we'll have cosmogony for tea. Remember the Fisher King. There are only four of us; bags I dont have the first feather. Positive crap says M with a frog in his throat. My poetry and I are just good friends. Anybody want it black? You witty bloody clowns. John wants a drop more milk then perhaps he'll curdle and die not even slopped. He hasn't done any tragedy this term only lived it. But let's not cry over a little spilt John ay?

Cleo fabulous, je prefere flora aux faunes . .

5th day

Jim Randall died a quiet death, just about the time when the mistle-toe berries were turning white. It was not a very severe loss to anybody in particular.

I see Randall died the other day. Pity. Who'll market the mistle-toe now, I wonder? Just in the season too.

Randall, peacefully, yesterday. Service St Waldringham's Friday. No Flowers.

Jim, then! Whod've never know. Yes, the same if that's alright. Except for his daughter. She cried.

It's the girl I'm sorry for.

Dad died yesterday. I don't suppose you'll be able to get, but everything's arranged anyway. Don't worry, it was in his sleep. Sis. Actually it wasn't. He woke up and died with his eyes open. Lass is getting the berries now. It's not much to manage on. I can't walk as far as Dad did, and I get tired easily. But it's a good crop this year, and it'll have to do, I suppose. Love Sis. £1 10. 0. is all I can manage for the time being, but I hope it helps. Love Bros.

Jim Randall died with his eyes open.

6th day

Thé dansant at B4 but Jane has a pain in her gut. Nijinsky rides again but bad houses close the show. Hélas étonne moi Pierre.— Chinese Water music and sleigh rides; must be Mongolian hour. Heather's back. I didn't know she had been away. Her toes were obscene last summer, I bet she hasn't got that in her little notebook. Typewriters are cinematic especially with oyster theatrical lighting and here we are in Latin America. Little Dorrit pines away with the unreality of it all—cigarette ash in pearlised light, which also contains complicated chemical patterns by Peter. Sole cyclonic gale force eight imminent and then change key to a force nothing tango.

7th day

Enter Jelly Roll Kemp with a cry of 'loot', and a nasal cry at that. It's about time we had some classical music in here. Have you ever thought of the bicycle as a Cartesian symbol. Arghh, he totters but has neither the courage or the energy to complete the gesture. But this isn't Shostakovitch. But the salt and the cold keeps the pain out. Barry the negligent oaf hasn't fixed the valve. Linda lies there cosy between the good bad boys from over the hill, one of whom with typical rustic magnificence I have got enough cash but (light laugh) I want to get home. Rich puts up his lady's favour on the escutcheon; Ecod 'tis a pity the good olde dayes of joust are past.

Jane thought it would be a pleasant thing to wake Barry! R. wanted to probe her over a cup of coffee but she took fright and left. Was ever woman in this humour plumbd?

Today is a critical day for you. You read, yes you sit down. These are positive actions I know, but in fact you feel just a pair of eyes, wandering lonely waiting for others to give you some direction (all this walking up and down hands waving expressively clap clap from the other side) That's it. The impulse that made you clap shows your ironical self, the kernel within your fragmenting soul that resists, the palpitating core, the *dur désir de durer*. I prefer *durcir*.

You would. You have faults.

You know, George, you are becoming a cliché.

What? Ah yes, but by an intellectual effort. I have faith in predictability. How else are we to find identity? I have just overstepped the mark that's all. You on the other hand are a fraud. It will be a bond between us in future conversations. But I don't care, and you do.
Hm . . . Next time I'll be the fraud.

G. M.

The Restoration of Second Court V The Combination Room

ABOUT ten years ago the present writer and the Steward were busy in the Scholars' Buttery when a cheerful face appeared round the door and said "I thought you would like to know that the Combination Room ceiling has just fallen down." On investigation this report proved to be somewhat exaggerated, the portion which had fallen being rather more than a square foot of the ceiling in the oriel window facing into Second Court. On further examination the accident proved to be even more fortunate—none of the ancient plaster work of the Combination Room was involved at all, the part which had fallen being a comparatively modern piece of restoration, probably carried out at the time of Scott's repairs and reconstructions about a century ago. In the course of this work portions of the old moulded plaster had been retained as a border for what was virtually a new ceiling for the oriel window, and what had fallen was part of this 19th century work. Repair was accordingly easy.

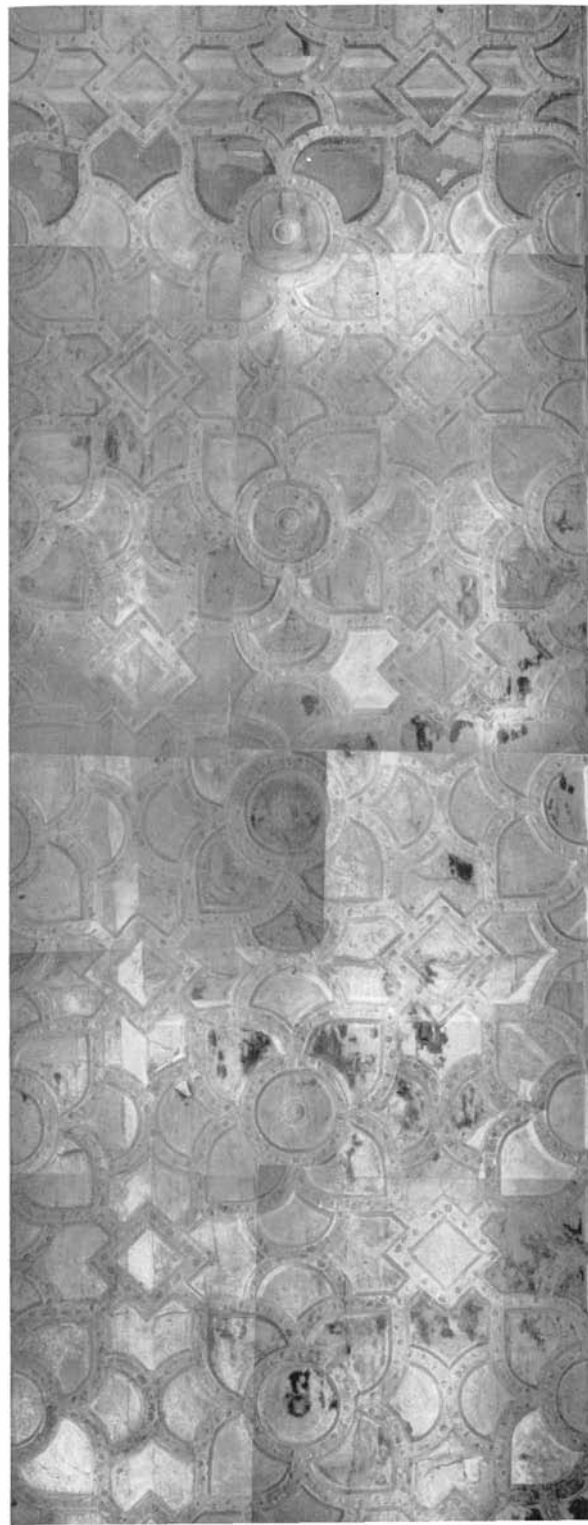
A few years later a more serious defect developed. Part of the ceiling near the north wall of the Combination Room, just to the left of the right hand fireplace, was beginning to show widening cracks and an ominous bulge. Curiously it turned out once again that what had failed was not the original structure of the ceiling, but a subsequent repair. The bulging section was immediately underneath the top landing of C Staircase, Second Court, where a coal bunker had stood for many years. This was removed at the time of the reconstruction work in 1937 when a new floor was put down on the landing and in the adjacent rooms. Fortunately there is a substantial gap between the Combination Room ceiling and the floor above, and by removing part of the boarding lining the staircase it was possible to inspect the damage without taking up the floor. It proved that at some indeterminate but comparatively recent date there had been a previous failure of this part of the ceiling which had been patched with new laths and an additional thickness of plaster above the old. The original lathing of the ceiling is of riven oak, irregular but of great strength. The patch had been supported by insubstantial modern sawn deal lathing, which had proved insufficiently strong to carry the weight of plaster of the old ceiling, together with the added patch. It seems likely that the original failure of this part of the ceiling was associated with the presence of the coal bunker above.

During the last decade a good deal of work has been done in reconstructing gyp rooms in various parts of the College, in the course of which many old coal bunkers have been removed. More often than not the bottoms of these bunkers were found to be rotten, no doubt due to the old established practice among merchants of selling water with the coal. Quite frequently the floor under the bunker had also begun to rot, and in a few instances pieces of coal had fallen through into the space below the floor. It is tempting to associate the damage to the Combination Room ceiling with some such happening, although the picture which rises so readily before the mind's eye of a load of coal being delivered straight through the ceiling into the Combination Room can hardly have happened in fact, or else the damaged plaster work would not have been in such good condition. The repair must, indeed, have been undertaken before the cracked plaster had fallen.

The advice of the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works was sought about the best method of repair, which was carried out by the local firm of Messrs G. Cook and Sons. A small scaffold, roughly the shape and size of a Punch and Judy show, had already been put up below the bulge in the ceiling, so that if anything should fall while the consultations were going on, it would drop only two or three inches on to a padded surface. The method of repair was to remove the comparatively new lathing and as much as possible of the associated plaster work, and then, having cleaned the surface to give a good key, to apply fresh plaster above while at the same time pressing the old plaster into position from below. Before this new plaster had set, wide meshed copper gauze was embedded in it, and lapped over the ceiling joists. By this simple means a repair of very great strength was achieved, the embedded copper mesh giving a very much better key than can be attained with lathing, and the laps over the ceiling joists providing ample support in a form not subject to decay or attacks of worm.

These instances serve to show that in spite of very extensive repairs in 1937 the Combination Room ceiling had again become a source of anxiety. When, therefore, it became clear that the Long Vacation of 1962 would be the most convenient time to repair the windows of the room, it was decided to take the opportunity to make a complete re-examination of the state of the ceiling, seeking at each stage the advice of the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works. Fortunately, as the investigations proceeded, early suspicions about the stability of the general structure above the ceiling, engendered by evidence of cracks and settlements seen from below, proved groundless when representative samples of the structure were examined

SOUTH



NORTH

A composite photograph of the western half of the Combination Room ceiling after cleaning, but before decoration. The double line across the right hand end shows the position of a partition which divided the room into two almost equal halves: at its southern end it abutted on the jamb of the window next to the oriel on the west. The broad line near the top corresponds to the boundary of the corridor on the Second Court side. Between the second and third medallions from the left runs a narrow line almost opposite the western fireplace. The two splays at the north end may mean that this chimney piece was enclosed, possibly to allow of a corner fireplace in each room.

from above. Clearly the repairs of a quarter of a century ago had been completely effective. Even more fortunately, similar doubts about the stability of the plasterwork itself were also ultimately cleared up, although doing so involved taking up the entire floors of the sets above, and removing the insulating quilting above the ceiling, in order to expose the key of the plasterwork at all points. However, by the end of February, 1962, before these latter investigations were complete, the main outline of the position was clear enough for action to be initiated. It was then apparent that whatever the state of the key the ceiling could be preserved in situ, even if more or less extensive areas of it had to be supported by washers, screwed to the joists above and embedded in flat areas of plaster (the method of repair recommended). As a minimum it would be necessary to cut out and make good the extensive cracks, and to repair all the moulded work damaged by cracking. In view of the extent of the new plaster work thus involved, the Ministry's architects strongly recommended that the ceiling should be washed clean, deferring a further decision on whether to decorate until the full effect of cleaning the whole could be seen. They also thought that a trial patch should be cleaned with especial care in order to see whether traces of colour remained on any of the mouldings. It was also recommended that the whole work should be entrusted to a specialist firm of contractors.

These recommendations were considered by the Governing Body on March 16th, when there was a lively discussion, including a characteristically brief and pointed contribution by the Senior Fellow, Mr Cunningham, who said that to his knowledge the matter of cleaning the Combination Room ceiling had been considered by the Fellows at intervals over the last fifty years, and that he hoped that he would live to see the work carried out. The meeting agreed to accept the recommendations, and the Old Buildings Committee was authorized to superintend the details of the work. The first step was to call in the specialist firm of Messrs Jackson to examine the ceiling and prepare a detailed specification and estimate for its repair and cleaning. The Governing Body had adopted the Ministry's view that it would be wise to see the results of cleaning the ceiling before deciding on whether it should be decorated or not. Messrs Jackson's recommendations and estimate were accepted, and work on washing down the ceiling was begun on August 13th. The procedure was to wash away dirt and old distemper using water and brushes hard enough to clean the ceiling, but not hard enough to destroy any of the surface of the old plaster work underneath. When this cleaning was sufficiently advanced, the plaster repairers cut out and filled all the cracks in the ceiling, secured the few

areas where the plaster was loose, and replaced a score or so of the individual motifs of the moulded plaster work which had been found damaged by cracking or other injury. The system here was to take a squeeze of the corresponding motif on the next repeat of the ceiling pattern, and using this as a mould to make a new one to replace the one which had been damaged.

It should, however, be mentioned that before cleaning began Messrs Jackson's expert on the decoration of plaster work had spent some considerable time in "going through the coats", in other words carefully cleaning off the old decorations of the ceiling layer by layer in order to expose any evidence of colour or gilt which might lie beneath the surface. In fact no evidence of the existence of any such colour was discovered at this or any other stage of the work and it seems clear that the ceiling must always previously have been decorated in a single flat colour.

The work of cleaning and repairing was completed in time for the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, 1962, when the Governing Body were able again to consider whether the plasterwork should be left as it was or should be redecorated. By this time, as the Plate shows, the old plaster was seen to be discoloured from at least three separate causes. Firstly, there were traces of the repairs made by Scott about a century ago along the lines of the old partitions which had divided up the Combination Room when it was part of the Master's Lodge. It seems likely that Scott's work was deliberately darkened to match the existing plaster round about, which was probably not cleaned at this stage. The consequence, on cleaning, was a pattern of light and dark areas corresponding to the repairs. These are well shown in the Plate, which is a composite of a number of photographs, and shows the western half of the ceiling after cleaning. The double line of the transverse partition is almost exactly halfway down the length of the room: it can be seen to be joined by a second partition to the western end, where the door opens into the Small Combination Room, thus forming a corridor looking into Second Court. The space to the north of this corridor was then divided by a third partition into two rooms not quite equal in size, which would have looked northwards into St John's Lane. One at least of these was probably a bedroom, in view of the well-known stories of Dr Bateson's children having been born in the Combination Room. Secondly there were irregular stains in the plaster, of indeterminate date, probably caused by liquids spilt on the floors above. Finally there was the new plaster of Messrs Jackson's repairs, following the lines of the cracks. The new motifs also stood out startlingly against the old moulded work. The question of redecorating the ceiling therefore arose in an acute form.

The recommendation of Messrs Jackson was that the ceiling should be treated with a sealer and three very thin coats of flat oil paint, and this recommendation was endorsed by the architects of the Ministry of Works. Before recommending this treatment to the Governing Body, however, the Old Buildings Committee wished to be assured that it would not in any way obscure the moulded detail of the ceiling, and accordingly decided to try an experiment in the north-west corner of what was originally the Master's Gallery, now the Librarian's room opening off the Upper Library. Here the old ceiling has been preserved with great crispness. The experiment was carried out in pure white titanium oxide paint, in order to avoid the risk of subsequent darkening associated with white lead paint. The results were very convincing, every detail of the mouldings standing out sharply in light and shade. The Committee therefore agreed to recommend that the Combination Room ceiling should be decorated in this general manner, reserving for further experimentation the question of whether any pigment should be mixed with the white paint, and this recommendation was accepted by the Governing Body on the 19th October.

Before the experiments of tinting the ceiling could be begun, it was obviously necessary to establish a background of lighting comparable with what would be seen when the room was completed, and therefore the whole ceiling was brought forward as far as the second coat of flat paint, raising the whole illumination to a level which cannot have been seen for many years. Experimental panels were then set out adjacent to one of the south windows in order to compare the effects of a third coat of pure white with three tints, produced by a small admixture of lampblack, and two different amounts of raw umber. Obviously the effects of these experiments had to be considered also in relation to the panelling, and a well-illuminated strip of this was given an experimental cleaning at the same time. After these experiments it was decided not to mix any pigment with the pure white paint, which was accordingly used over the whole of the old ceiling in the Combination Room, the Small Combination Room, the upper landing of the Library stairs, the lobby of the Upper Library and the Librarian's room. The contractors completed the restoration of the ceiling in a most satisfactory manner early in December 1962.

Meantime restoration of the remainder of the room had been proceeding. It has already been mentioned in a preceding article that the floor was some time ago considered to be unstable, and it was repaired by extending the main beams and floor joists with bolted steel sections embedded in the main walls. This repair, which was carried out before the work of restoring the Court

generally began, had proved completely successful: the creaking and groaning of the panelling in the sets below ceased: and the apprehensions of the occupants, some of whom were accustomed to leave their rooms whenever there was a large party in the Combination Room above, were quite lulled. There remained, therefore, the treatment of the windows and of the panelling. As regards the latter it was clear when the Governing Body decided that the ceiling should be cleaned that this decision would inevitably entail cleaning the panelling, the upper parts of which, in particular, were excessively sooty from the candle flames. The work of cleaning was undertaken by R. Toller, formerly the College painter, who although retired was still very active, and at the time of writing it is still in progress.

Apart from the effects of cleaning on the general appearance and lighting of the room, much detail of the carving has emerged from the gloom, and this is nowhere more remarkable than in the eastern chimney-piece, which was part of the original panelling. Previously seeming dull as compared with the heavier carving and intarsia panels of the western chimney-piece (removed from No. 3 Sussum's Yard and set up here in 1919), it is now seen to be full of interest, and at lunch time its lion heads glare down with a quizzical ferocity. The detailed examination of the panelling thus entailed revealed what had not previously been suspected, that about a quarter of it is of recent date, and must have been supplied by Scott when the room was restored a century ago. One of the old entrances to the Gallery had been from what is now C Staircase, latterly the carriage entrance to the Lodge, opening into St John's Lane. This doorway was blocked by a separate panelled section which for long remained an incongruity, marked by the more ginger shade and dull grain of its Victorian oak. Before the restoration of the room as a whole this section had already been reconstructed with old, well-figured panels, the gift of Lord Townshend, and derived from the demolition of Tofttrees Hall in Norfolk. Now, however, it was seen that there was also relatively modern panelling along the western half of the north wall, and at the western end of the south wall, extending as far as the jamb of the third window. In these sections the match to the old panelling is far better, both as to colour and to figure: those desirous of verifying the difference for themselves can best do so by running the fingertips lightly over the panels in a horizontal line. The more modern panels are flat, and feel smooth. In olden days it was often customary to save time on the tedious process of smoothing a large flat surface by using a plane with a slight round on the iron. Acting like a gouge, this would quickly produce a planed surface, free from the roughness left by the saw, but not flat, having instead a slight ripple, thus ~~~~.

This is easily seen in eighteenth century painted panelling with a gloss finish: in the Combination Room the difference is more readily appreciated by touch.

Apart from the oriel, the replacement of the windows presented few problems, and was chiefly remarkable for the speed with which it was carried out by Messrs Sindall's staff under C. C. Barlow, the foreman, and S. E. R. Vigar, the chief mason fixer. The Combination Room was vacated after the May Ball, and work on the windows began on June 20th. By July 13th the eight three-light windows on the south side, and the three two-light ones on the north, were all replaced by new stone, an average time requirement of only about two working days per window, and a record for the restoration. The speed was necessary, of course, in order to clear the way for the restoration of the ceiling: it could only be achieved by much previous organisation, and involved setting worked stones in the building much faster than they could be produced in Sindall's yard. Eight complete three-light windows, made from the same stone from the same quarry, were therefore purchased from the Rutland Stone Co. of Peterborough in order to expedite the work.

The oriel window presented a much more complex problem—it was distorted by settlement, and inadequately fixed to the main walls at either side, while the brickwork above rested on an oak beam so thin that it could more correctly be called a plank. At the same time everyone wished to retain as much of the original carving and strapwork cresting as possible. In order to allow ample time, while not interfering with the progress of work inside the room, it was separated off by a weathertight bulkhead, still (March, 1963) in position. The window was then completely demolished down to the four console brackets, and every stone was carefully measured and examined. Three of the four brackets, of very hard clunch, were in excellent condition and were left in position—they go through the whole thickness of the wall and have a beam resting across their inner ends, carrying the floor. The fourth, most western, one was renewed in Clipsham stone. It was possible also to retain the whole of the dentil moulding, and the carved panels of the window breast above it, which were also hard and in excellent condition. Above the carved panels the window was reconstructed in new stone up to the heads, and it had reached this point when work was stopped by the severe weather. When danger of frost is over, much of the original strapwork cresting can be replaced, with some repair.

In spite of the incompleteness of the oriel, the bulkhead made it possible for the Fellows to dine together in the restored Combination Room on St John's Day, December 27th, 1962. Work will continue for a little while yet—the cleaning of the panelling

must be completed, the small ceiling of the oriel must be restored—and it seems probable that the last step will be the replacement of the stained glass roundel in the oriel window, with its contemporary portrait of Henrietta Maria, commemorating the signature of her marriage contract more than three centuries ago, when the room was new.

G. C. E.

The Eagles on the Field Gate

IN *The Eagle* No. 235 (Vol. LIII, pp. 147 ff.) evidence was given to show that the "Field Gate", which forms the main entrance from Queen's Road to the College grounds, was erected in 1822 or 1823 as part of the extensive alterations made in the grounds at that time. The stone piers of the gateway are surmounted by stone eagles. Mr Frederic Gordon Roe, F.S.A., has kindly sent me information about the design of these eagles and it may be of interest to record it.

Mr Roe, writing in July 1960, tells me that his father Alfred Frederic Roe (Fred Roe), R.I., R.B.C., and his uncle Charles Edward Roe, formerly Vicar of Buxted St Mary, Sussex, both told him that these stone eagles were designed by their father, Robert Roe, who lived at one time in Trumpington Street and afterwards for many years at 14 King's Parade, Cambridge. Mr Gordon Roe writes that his father and uncle stated this without qualification. "They obviously accepted it", he writes, "as factual, and my impression is that the *eagles only* were involved—not the piers of the gate itself. This would imply that Robert Roe made a drawing or drawings, from which the carver worked, as R.R. was not a sculptor himself."

Robert Roe, who came of a Suffolk family, was born in or about 1793 and died in 1880. He was an engraver and miniature painter, but was also in business as a printseller and publisher. He married in 1821 Mary Elizabeth Edleston, a Cambridge or Cambridgeshire woman, who died in 1856 and by whom he had a family. He married, secondly, in 1859, Maria, younger daughter of William Gordon Plees, a member of the College and Vicar of Ash-Bocking, Suffolk; and it is from this second marriage that Mr Gordon Roe, to whom I owe these facts, is descended. Robert Roe, therefore, when he designed the eagles, perhaps in 1822 or 1823, was a young man of about thirty. Mr Gordon Roe tells me that there is evidence that some, at least, of his creative etching was done in the later part of that decade.

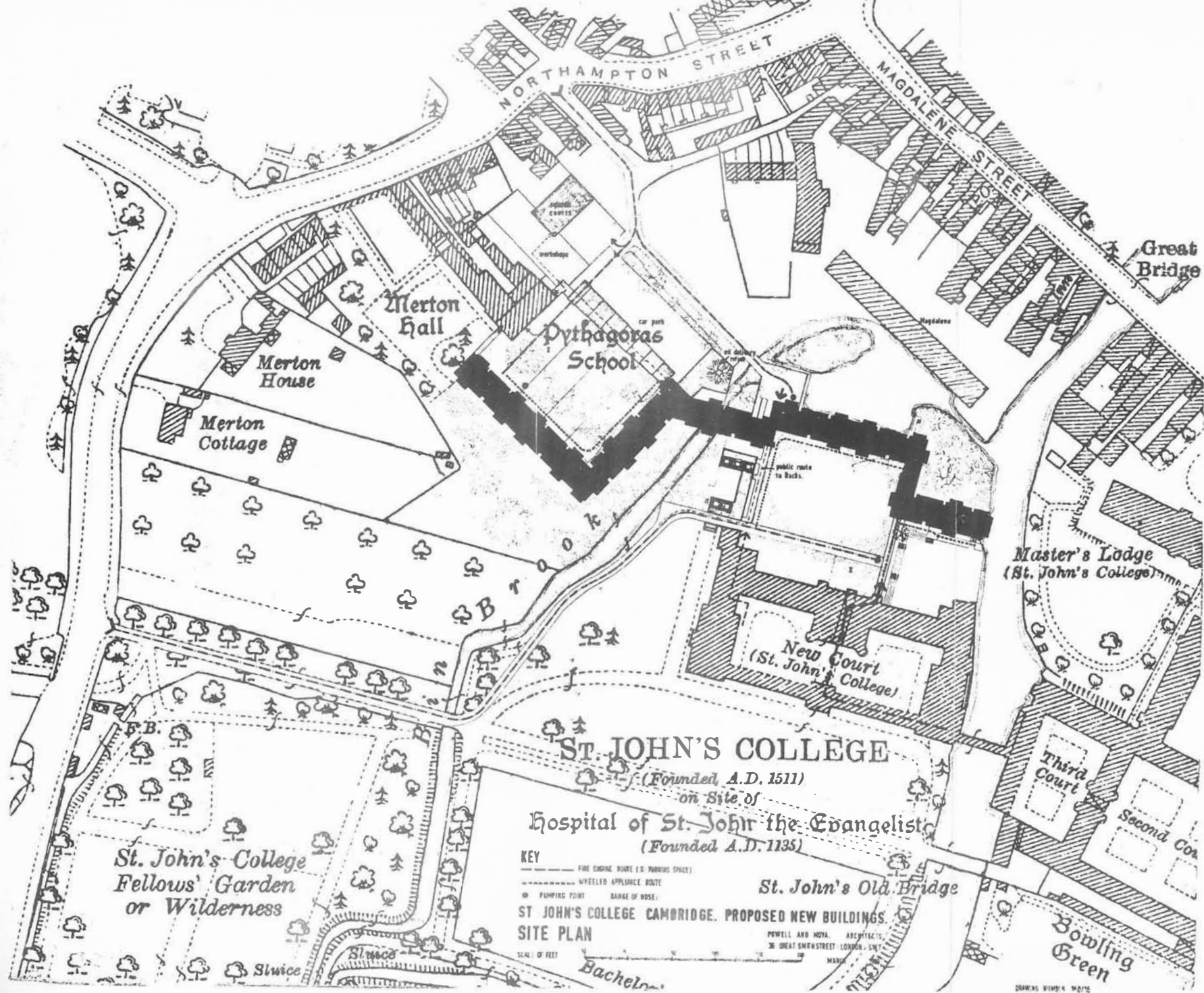
Robert Roe is mentioned in one of Edward Fitzgerald's letters. In a letter of 1830 to his friend John Allen, afterwards Archdeacon of Salop, Fitzgerald writes: "If you see Roe (the Engraver, not the Haberdasher) give him my remembrance and tell him I often wish him in the Louvre."* He seems also to have taught William

* *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald*, with a Preface by W. Aldis Wright, 7 vols, London 1902-3, Vol. I, p. 4.

Makepeace Thackeray etching at about the same time; for Mr Gordon Roe is satisfied that in the following passage from a statement by Robert William Buss (1804-75), the painter, "Camberwell" has somehow crept in as a miscopying of "Cambridge": "Thackeray had practised etching for some years, having taken lessons off my friend Mr Roe, an engraver and printseller of Camberwell (*sic*), while he was yet an undergraduate."†

J. S. B. S.

† In Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley, *The Origin of Pickwick*, London 1936, pp. 130 f.



The New College Buildings

IN the summer of 1956 the College decided to make an appeal to its own members to contribute to a fund for the repair and improvement of the College buildings and for the provision of such further buildings as might in the future be required. The appeal was issued in January 1958. It gave full information about the very extensive restoration of the Second and Third Courts of the College shown by a careful survey by the Department of Estate Management in the University and the Ancient Buildings Branch of the Ministry of Works to be urgently required, and it explained the need of the College for new buildings to provide proper accommodation for the increased numbers of its Fellows and undergraduates. A second document, issued in April 1961 and sent, like the first, to all members of the College whose addresses were known, recorded the generous response already made to the appeal and gave information about progress of the work of restoration and of the plans for new College buildings. In particular, it brought the first news to members of the College generally of a munificent benefaction for the new buildings.

It is still the wish of the donors of this great gift that they shall, for the time being, remain anonymous and that it be disclosed only, as it was in 1961, that they are the Trustees of a family Charitable Trust, and that one of them, who is a member of the family, is also a member of the College. The benefaction, as was recorded at that time, ranks with the greatest—is, indeed, the greatest—the College has received in its long history, and in the benefit it will bestow upon the College is to be likened to the earlier gift which, more than three and a half centuries ago, made possible the building of the Second Court, the restoration of which is now nearing completion.

The preparation of plans for the new buildings has made good progress. In May 1962 the College instructed Messrs Powell and Moya, of 36 Great Smith Street, London W.1., who, at the invitation of the College, had submitted a scheme, to proceed with plans for the buildings; and in April 1963 their plans were

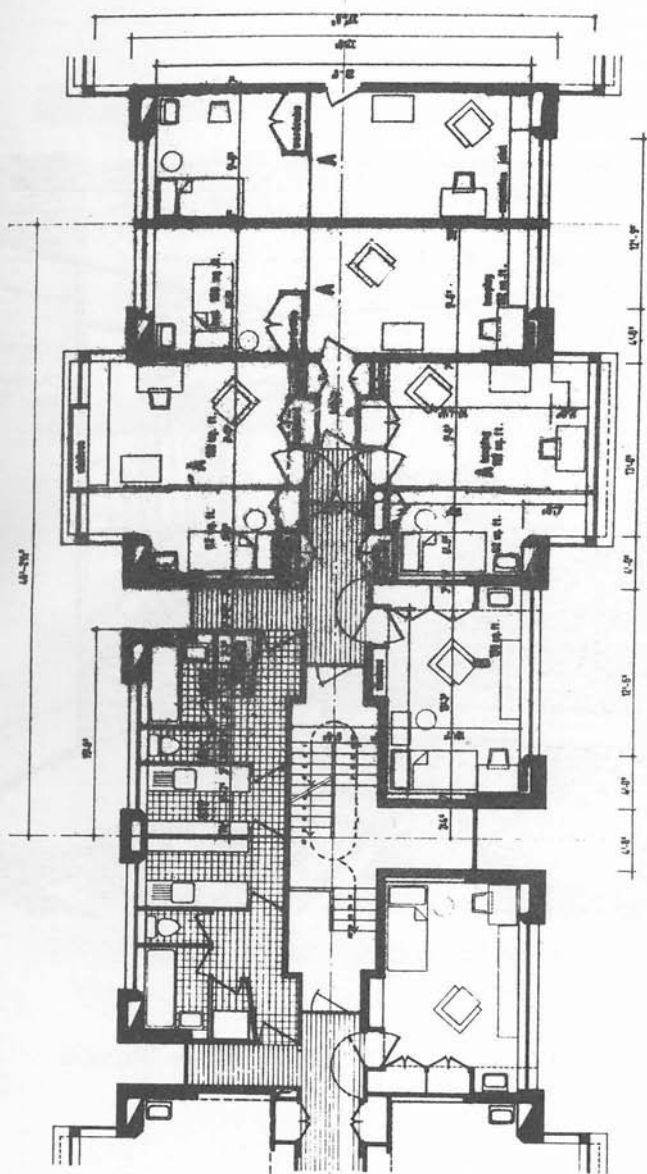
approved. By the time this number of *The Eagle* appears, the piling for the foundations, due to begin in January 1964, will be in progress. It is not possible at this stage to state with certainty when the buildings will be ready for occupation, but the present programme of work contemplates completion in the summer of 1966. The plans are described and illustrated below.

Contributions to the Appeal Fund, excluding the benefaction for the new buildings, now amount to a total of nearly £150,000, which includes grants of £11,000 from the Pilgrim Trust and £13,500 from the Historic Buildings Council for England. This total is being applied towards the cost of the restoration of the Second and Third Courts.

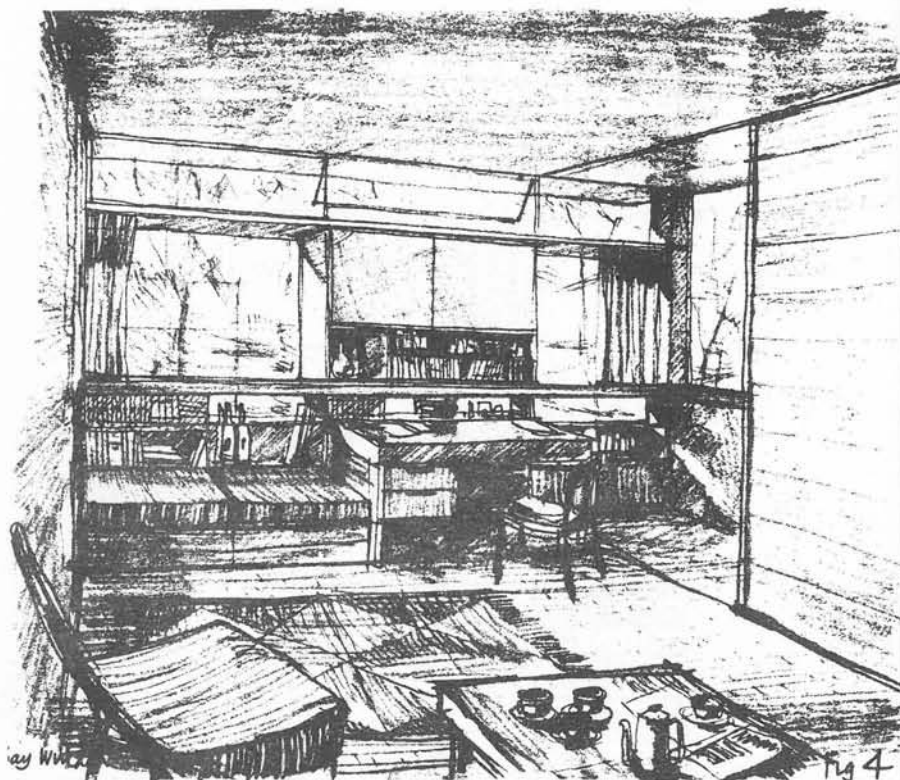
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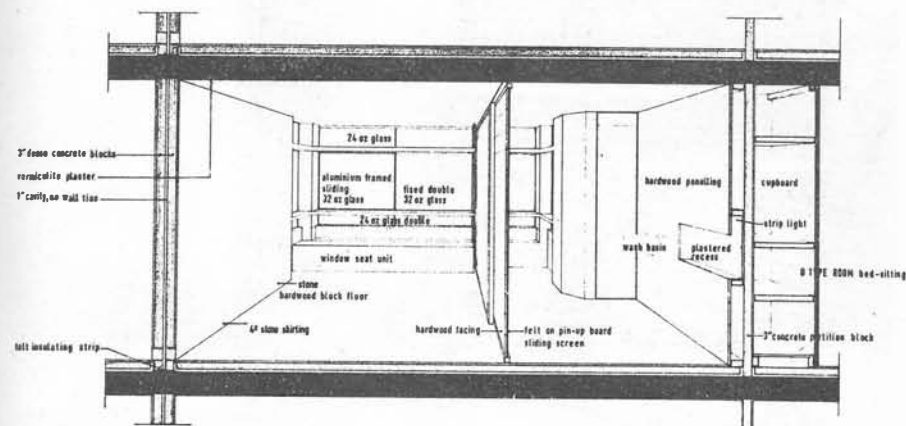
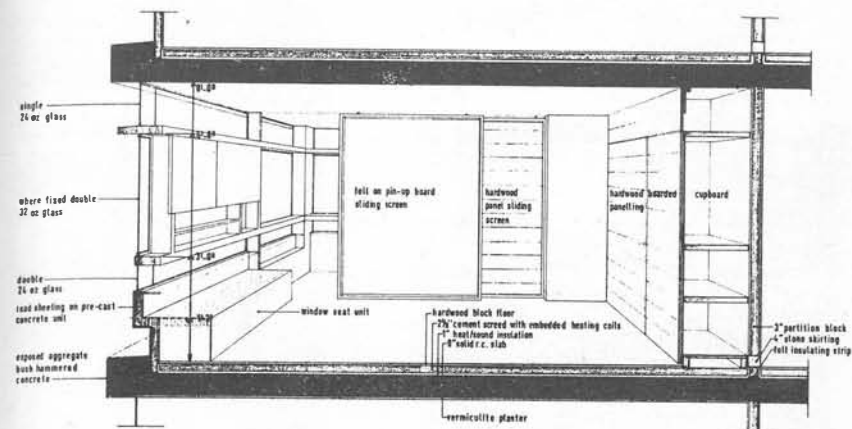
THE SITE



TYPICAL 1ST AND 2ND FLOOR PLAN



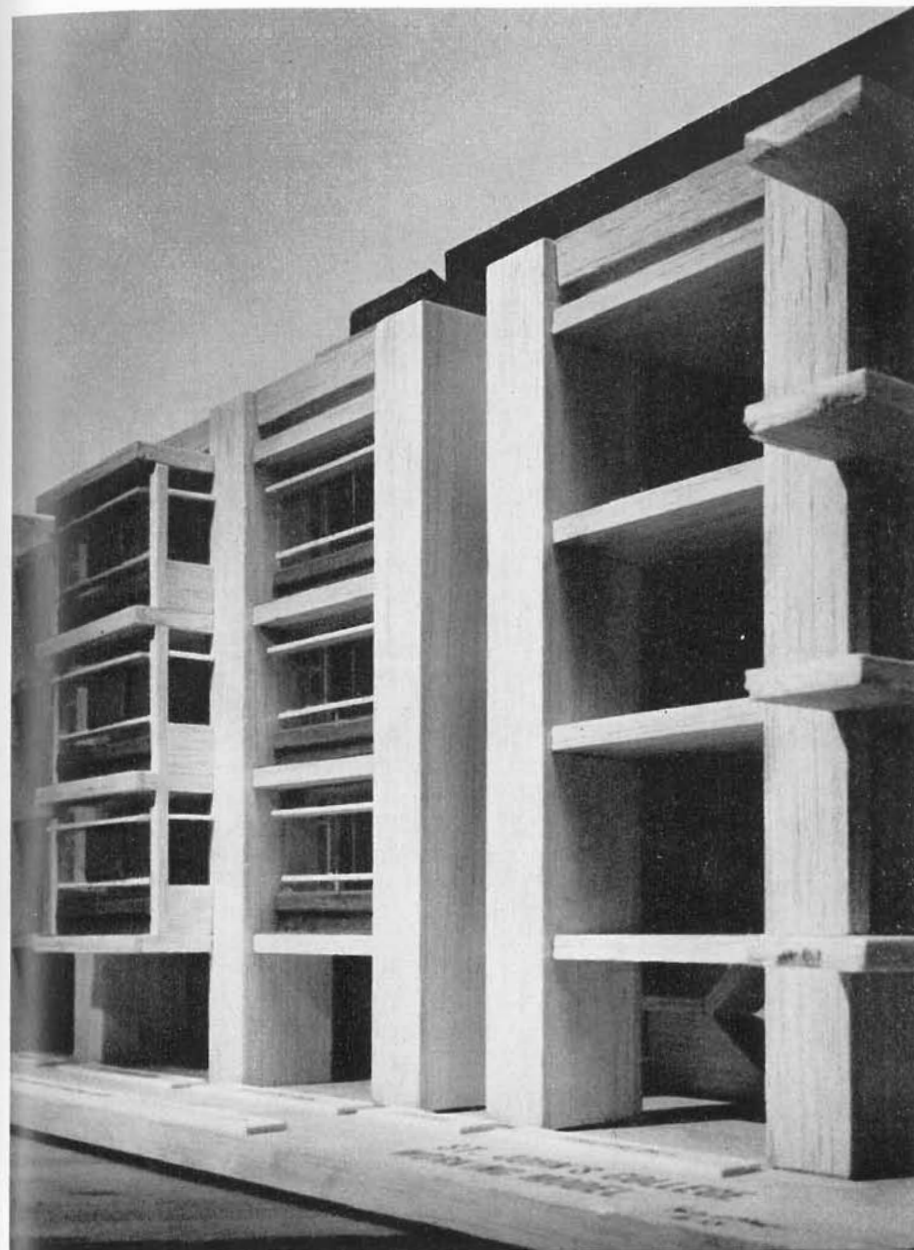
KEEPING ROOM, TYPE 'A' SET WITH BAY WINDOW



'A' TYPE ROOM



LANDING STAGE AND NORTH FACE



PHOTOGRAPH OF STRUCTURAL MODEL
By courtesy of the *Architectural Review*

The New Buildings

IN January 1964, behind New Court, the first piles were driven for the new College building. This is to be a long articulated block running from the river across the Bin Brook to the old School of Pythagoras. The Pond Yard will become a court, formed between the north face of New Court and the line of the new buildings; and on the other side of the Bin Brook, the new building will bend back to bring the School of Pythagoras into another court. These two new courts will be roughly the size of First and Second Courts, and will help to preserve the feeling that the College is *growing*, rather than simply stretching; but the strict enclosure of the court-system will be relieved by the open end of the buildings on the river, and the clear view at ground-floor level through the block which lies along the Bin Brook. Therest of the building will have a partially open ground-floor, forming a cloister.

Neighbouring buildings posed problems for the architects. The north face of New Court is grim, and overpowering; Lutyens' Magdalene building stands at a difficult angle against New Court. The second problem will be solved by turning the Bin Brook into a lake between the Magdalene building and the new block; and the forbidding façade of New Court will be broken by the split-level of the court in front of it—by the river the court will be at the existing ground-level, and from a line drawn between E staircase, New Court and the new building, it will be raised to the level of the floor inside New Court. The new building will be four storeys high, slightly lower than New Court, but high enough not to be dwarfed by it; and a broken roof-line will both compete in interest with the castellations of New Court, and fit in well with the surrounding roofscape.

The new buildings will be approached through E staircase, New Court; which will be brightened and, on the side facing the new block, widened into a kind of loggia; and from Northampton Street by the College's private road, which will end in a belvedere by the new lake, in front of the Porters' Lodge for the new buildings.

The new buildings will contain 136 sets (keeping room, bedroom), 55 bedsitting rooms, and 8 Fellow's sets. Just as the layout of the buildings retains the idea of the court, so the internal planning centres on the staircase. The staircase will fork at each floor into two landings, each serving 3 sets and 1 bedsitting room; there will be a gyp-room, bathroom, shower and

w.c. on each landing. There are four basic types of set, although the changing directions of the block and the irregular roof-line allow a good deal of variety in shape: there is the bed-sitting room; the through-room set which spans the building at its narrowest; the bay-window set with the bedroom adjacent to the keeping room; and the studio set with the bedroom *above* the keeping room—these are on the 3rd/4th floor, and there are 12 of them. The through-room set and the bay-window set have a sliding partition which, closed, will shut off the bedroom and, open, give added space to the keeping room.

Between the far, north-west end of New Court and the nearest point of the new building will be a Junior Combination Room, and a Seminar, or Meeting Room. This block will be L-shaped, and enclose a terrace by the Bin Brook, accessible from the J.C.R. and sheltered enough for use during a great part of the year.

The present bath-house, squash-courts and workshops will be demolished, the baths being replaced on the ground-floor of E staircase, New Court, and the squash-courts and workshops housed in new buildings at the Northampton Street end of the site, in what is now part of the Merton Arms yard. There will be space for 350 bicycles in the basement beneath the J.C.R., and a car park for 50 vehicles between the College's private road and the wall enclosing the new Pythagoras Court.

The dominant feature of the external treatment will be powerful vertical stone piers, a strong *motif* allowing varied fenestration without prejudice to the composition of the building. Floors, window-sills and mullions will be in solid reinforced concrete, making visible horizontal lines; and the opaque window-panels, and part of the roofing will be in dark lead sheeting. The broken effect of the roof-line will come from the bedroom part of the studio sets, from the two penthouse sets for Fellows, and from the outline of the water tanks.

The architects, Messrs Powell and Moya, are to be congratulated on a piece of college architecture which, while never lapsing into pastiche, is at one with its surroundings and very much within the traditional form of development of this College.

M. W.

Poems

THE LOVE-POET COMMUNICATES

You won't believe me when I say I do
Or don't know more about love's script than you.
I know I know far more than you, but song
Can evidently prove the singer wrong.

All men, from cricketers to stevedores, love;
It never was one man's prerogative.
But I'm an expert, and expression's hard;
All I can do, it seems, is pass the word.

What word? If I said love was "lovely", you
Would think my privilege denied to few.
That is its adjective, and you're correct:
Love hasn't got a written dialect.

Its history shows that those we thought ethereal
Lovers were down to earth sex-maniacs:
Venus has left us nothing but venereal
Disease, her Greek twin aphrodisiacs.

The same goes for the males: cupidity,
Erotic. Hardly satisfactory—
If Love's almighty, lust's omnipotent.
Better communicate by sigh or grunt.

For that's love's language, and quite adequate.
I find it easy to articulate.
Believe me now? You want it put in verse?
I can't. Love's lovely. Or mute intercourse.

POST-SCRIPT

BEST thing in letters of this sort
 Is I can open up my heart
 And let what's in it flow
 Without congealing order on it.
 There's nothing messier than a poet.
 I hate my scabby art.

You'll read me as you'd hear me talk:
 There's no-one else around to caulk
 The spontaneity.
 And then you'll answer me
 Same way. So, answer me, what better
 Communication than a letter?
 Also, it's not hard work.

And I can happily relate
 Those things thought far too intimate
 Or trite for poetry:
 What I did all today,
 And all my love, my love. All. All.
 I never want my love to heal;
 I hate my healthy art.

HOP CROP

The Owner

BEFORE the fields were bare,
 "Look at my pound notes hanging there,"
 The owner said,
 Meaning the whole lot must be picked,
 Not a brown one left to blow.
 And when they're being picked,
 He comes up my end of the shed,
 Looks at them in the pokes,
 And says if they were all gold blocks
 I wouldn't bother myself with books
 Or whatever it was I did.
 Full marks
 For that shot. True.
 Up here the owner gloats
 Over what he calls his brussels sprouts.
 True too—
 I'd wondered how I would describe
 Them, say to someone in a pub
 (It could be spuds in beer
 For all most people care,
 And same with me before),
 Soft cones? Or petalled fruit?
 No, a hop's got something of a brussels sprout,
 Quite right; not just appearance either.
 What gave them character
 For me was a)
 Their tactile quality,
 Chunky and plump,
 But when you squashed them, limp,
 And b) the hurry I'd always seen them in,
 Bustling, scuttling, hopping: the terms,
 Except for the latter,
 Have a "u" sound in them,
 Like money but not lucre.
 Fat brussels sprouts, the owner said.
 Fat meaning rich. That's good.
 And what the owner says
 In this, as other matters, goes.

**The sweating explorer discovers the word PERIMETER
in the desert**

WAY past the last silhouette
on over the thirsty sand
to the sensitively well-versed sense
it is clearly perceptible.

In face of what looks absolute
well after the desert wind
and under a moon, pretence
would be unthinkable.

Who put it? It?
To those who would delete,
cry "Stet!"
It is a treasure
audible in the moon's wind
visible in the silent sand
immediate
PERIMETER
offering meaning here
and anywhere
discovery's
ultimate
sight and sound
to delineate
and thought.
In spite of or because,
let us build here,
from here explore
the luxury of senses echoing to where?

J. R. RAIMES.

Story

JOSEPH was contemplating the universe. He had been doing so for some time, although he had never been able to decide exactly how long. He thought it was probably about ten years. Sometimes it seemed more like nine, and then at other times he thought it must be nearer eleven. But today, this hour, this minute he was fairly certain that it was ten. Today ten seemed the right sort of figure. It hardly mattered, anyway; time was pretty fluid, much more fluid than most people were willing to admit. It was only an arbitrary limit you placed on infinity, eternity, whatever you chose to call the shapeless voids which spun through your consciousness when you removed the limits. So time, and space too, were purely personal matters; and it was simply a question of personal integrity that caused Joseph to define his period as nine, or ten or eleven years and not six months or five centuries. Because however long he had been thinking, it came to the same thing in the end. Nothing. He had been sitting at his desk for, say, the last ten years and he had reached no conclusion about anything. Which, when he came to consider it, was highly satisfactory. Immediately one thing was established beyond doubt, everything else tended to fall into place around it, there was no more uncertainty, one thing began to limit another and before you knew where you were, a whole system had closed in on you, carrying you about in time and space whether you wanted to go or not. Whereas if you could only keep your thought free from decisions, then you were free, too; you could make your world move where you wanted it to. And if it happened to coincide with another universe, you were always at liberty to change your axioms so that two and two no longer equalled four or six or whatever they were supposed to equal in the other system. As far as you were concerned, that ruined everyone's structure but your own. Q.E.D. And this, as we have said, Joseph found very satisfactory.

Joseph felt contented. Today, he thought that he might write. This too he had been considering for some time. As yet nothing had happened. But it was as well to be prepared. He opened the top drawer of the desk and took out a pad of writing paper. In a way, he was rather glad that so far it had not occurred to him to write anything on it; the smooth unmarked surface gave him a curious aesthetic pleasure. He supposed vaguely that when Adam awoke on the eighth day of creation and found the smooth unblemished body of Eve beside him, he must have felt much the

same. Only of course, the paper was preferable to woman. It took whatever shape you wanted and if it refused you destroyed it. It was all so beautifully simple. Joseph laid the pad on his desk, gently tapping its edges into order. He took out his fountain pen and carefully lowered it into position on the block, its length running parallel to the edge of both desk and paper. Then he leant back in his chair with a feeling of accomplishment and began to survey the room.

His eyes travelled gently round the walls, following the picture rail, vaguely aware of objects beneath it. The hands of the mantelpiece clock, he noticed disapprovingly, pointed to quarter past one. It was wrong that a machine should calculate limits. Joseph set the hands of his watch to nine o'clock. He could not remember the last time he had wound it; he could never see the point of its intricate mechanisms. The room began to darken as his gaze drifted on towards the door. Soon it would open and Anna would be there, gentle, perhaps pitying, wondering about his sanity as he sometimes wondered about the sanities of order. Only of course there was no sanity and there was no order. There was only Joseph and Anna. And the desk. And the paper. And Anna.

Anna was a woman. Joseph had decided this at some point in the past, though he had found the decision far from easy. There was, after all, far more to woman than mere body and hair. A lot more. More even than a way of looking which to Joseph meant a good deal. There was something else which refused to come to terms with him, something totally alien to his system which he couldn't ignore. He explained it to himself as a universally feminine aura—he thought that was the word—though he knew it was a lie, that it meant nothing. Still, it saved him from conclusions. With the hypothesis, Joseph could remain buoyant. There might be an aura, after all. That was the real trouble. Was Anna a woman, or was woman Anna, or was Anna Anna and nothing else, and did it matter, anyway? Everything mattered, Joseph decided, but he was irritated that he had chosen today to think about it, just as it had seemed that now, at last, something might appear, permanently, on the paper. Joseph liked Anna, but it was no use pretending otherwise, she didn't fit his scheme. She would enter the room from outside and dust its furniture, and then a week later Joseph would know by the regathered dust that it had grown older. Anna would dust it again, and then everything would be as it was before. Except for Anna. And Joseph, though he didn't matter. He was fond of the furniture, in fact, he liked things in general. They obeyed physical laws. You dropped them and they fell downwards or, if you preferred it and really put your mind to it,

upwards. One way or the other they always did what you knew they would. Reliable. Predictable. Not like people, not like, e.g., and strictly for the purposes of illustration, Anna, who was always kind and considerate and always did what she thought you wanted and never what you thought she might. Anna was a visitor from another mind, moved perhaps by another God, not the God of the room. There Joseph was God. The idea pleased him. When Anna had come he would write. He would write about Prometheus, with himself as Zeus and Anna as the rebellious system to be overcome. Because Prometheus was the bringer of fire.

Meanwhile, he would wait for Anna. Everything depended on her now. Everything always depended on Anna or on someone like her. You could never revolve around yourself; even between you and the paper there was always a band of people. People talking, people arguing, people just being there. Not ciphers to design with, but people, minds always influencing yours, always coming into contact with it, inescapable.

Again Joseph shifted his gaze, from the door to the window. He was always disturbed by apertures. The door always opened to admit Anna, the window opened on to elements and vegetables. Somehow, wherever there was an inevitable breach in Joseph's defences intruders thrust themselves upon his senses, disrupting his thoughts, demanding recognition. On the whole, he preferred to reckon with the door. He was used to handling attack from that quarter. He moved his eyes back to it. But today even the door seemed different. Joseph had always thought of it as massive, oak, triple-barred, turning on impregnable iron hinges; a necessary, insurmountable barrier between Joseph and people. But it wasn't. It was an ordinary panelled plywood door without Anna coming through it. Perhaps she would never come through it again. That would be a problem. Somehow Joseph would have to reconcile himself to movement, and after ten years of trying to think that wasn't going to be easy. Yet somewhere in the house beyond the door, Anna might be dead, she might be lying, wholly acceptable, a pure object. Joseph wondered if there might be some way of getting her into the room so that he could stand her against the window, perhaps, or lay her across the end of the desk. Then he could always see her, always be in touch with her body. Not irritated, or sad, or tired as he was now whenever their minds touched; not interested or loving or affectionate as he sometimes was. But just with her. Still she would age. The skin would dry and shrink back as the flesh died away beneath it and the hard outlines of the bone structure would press forward under the delicate form. And without her the room would age, too, and eventually only Joseph would be

left as a monument to his empire, a thing among things. He would like that, too, though he knew that Anna was still living. If she were not, Joseph doubted whether he could think of her as an abstraction. He might be able to force the paper into an Anna-object, but a real Anna devoid of life could hardly be shaped into anything so perfect as a component of Joseph's consciousness. In some way he had to meet Anna now, as she was, on her own plane. Already the handle was being turned, the door being opened. Joseph stiffened to take the trauma of contact, struggling to immobilise the moment between Anna's being there and his deeper acceptance of her existence.

Quite suddenly the door was shut and Anna was there. Joseph stared hard at her, aware briefly that the door was as it had been, aware too that the room was modified in some way, not aware of her presence. The delicate balance of Joseph's consciousness trembled in response to the changed room; but it held. Anna was still the adequate abstraction of Joseph's mind. He wanted to keep her there, though he knew that that was impossible. What then must he do? Abstractions, he thought, are all very well in their place. But what was their place? Before the abstraction became real, he would have to accept and reject the Anna by the door. And once he had accepted her, it might not be so easy to reject her. She would involve herself with his image, making it dependent on her, and then he would never be able to separate the two. Perhaps he could identify them without involving them; or it might be that when he had given her sensual recognition, she would be not much different from the mental Anna. Though she would. It was too late now, anyway. Slowly he realised that his vision was being clouded by the form of Anna, that in spite of himself she was forcing herself upon his mind. The tension between Joseph and the intruder had snapped. It always did; Anna was Anna. Anna was there.

She stood at the door for a few seconds, defining herself. Joseph watched her adjusting her body under his eyes, wondering at the way she adapted herself to his presence. Not altogether a reflex action; not at all. Her attitude was always different, though always a response to him. He supposed that he should feel gratified, though he never did. A stock response, something predictable—that would have pleased him more. If Anna had been a thing she couldn't have changed in the way that she did. She shouldn't have anyway; Joseph didn't like compromise. It implied relationships, and he mistrusted relationships of any kind. Perhaps she couldn't help it. Anna felt her muscles sliding beneath her skin as Joseph gazed at her. She never knew what he gazed, why he looked at her as he did, why her body lost contact with her mind like that. She was only sure that Joseph had no

interest in it, neither old nor young. Though to one lost in the ambiguities of time these things were nothing. Today it felt young, though, since it attracted no-one, it could hardly be called attractive. It was possible even that beauty was relative to nothing; but how could anything exist without being relative to something else? Again, perhaps Joseph dealt in contradictions in terms. There are terms even to contradictions, Anna thought. Soon there would be sounds in the room. Joseph would talk, his thin voice vibrating the intervening air.

But she would understand nothing.

And he would mean nothing.

No-one ever knew or ever meant anything.

Anna saw Joseph's lips begin to move, and Joseph watched Anna's head fall back slightly as if to catch his words. He knew she would hear nothing, that her receptive movement would be her sole movement. But still he sent words into the void between them and still Anna answered. Only words to begin with. In principio verba erant; had there ever been anything else?

"Good evening,

Anna",

said Joseph.

"I was expecting you." (He did expect her. He does. And he will. It makes her inevitable, which is probably a step in the right direction.) "But I do not want you, I do not need you. Please go."

Anna heard. But she wanted to stay.

"Please go, whither you will; only go."

But Anna could only stay. Joseph knew she would stay; he knew he must try to handle the situation, somehow, forcing her back into abstraction.

"Sit down, Anna. Anywhere. On the floor, against the skirting. Only be quiet. I do not want you here, do not need you. I need only things."

Anna sat down. Joseph gazed at her. He had commanded, she obeyed. He had spoken, she replied. He was astonished. His voice had related, her body been changed through space by his words. It was a new departure. It couldn't go on. Or always Joseph would be Anna and Anna Joseph. Sit down, Anna! Sit down, Promethea!

Anna leant against the wall. "I am not an object, Joseph", she said.

Joseph wondered if she meant anything.

"Objects terrify me, Joseph", she said. "You can forget about people, escape them, shut them out. But it's when you come to try to escape from things that you find you're trapped. Water roars beneath me, and hates me because I won't make an alliance

with it; the stars wheel above me, remote and empty of all feeling which is worse than being hated. It destroys me, Joseph; it makes me an animate intruder into things."

Joseph thought he might hate her.

"Our worlds, they are opposed." He looked at his paper closely. It was blank. "My world needs things, not people. I hate people, they are not real."

"Life—"

"Life is dead", said Joseph.

"It's not dead", cried Anna, "it's not real, but it's not dead. You can make it exist if you give it a value, even an arbitrary, even a spurious one. Only let it go on."

Joseph liked real laws, physical laws, movements and axioms that always meant the same. He refused to trust Anna's existence. It was meaningless. He did not answer. He would write about her, retract himself from her. In retraction she will become Promethea, anything but Anna. Anna must not stay, she is corrosive. She must be neutralised. Metamorphosed. First Anna, then Actaeon, then the deer. Between the hunter and the hunted there is no escape. Especially when you are Promethea, especially when you are chained to a rock. Especially not that. Retraction becomes increasingly difficult. Retraction. Abstraction. Subtraction. Of course there was no end to it (action). Fraction or refraction. It all came to the same thing in the end. Relevant, or irrelevant.

Now. Let us withdraw. We have at this point a room, whose size, shape and texture need not detain us, since we shall shortly be leaving it. In it there is a desk behind which there sits a man whom for the sake of argument we have called Joseph. Opposite him is a door, adjacent to which is a wall; and against the wall is sitting the woman to whom, for want of a better, we have given the name Anna. There is Joseph, and there is Anna. There.

What Joseph is, and what Anna is, is really of very little importance. The main point at the moment is that they are sitting opposite one another, confronting and therefore united, together and therefore opposed. Both at once. They relate to each other. They do not relate to you.

It was necessary to clarify the situation before we proceeded. I say we; I say proceed. Only no-one will proceed; and if they did it would be of no consequence to us. It is not our—by which I mean it is not your—it is not your function to become involved. Because relationships are, in general—in general—pernicious. That will, I hope, be taken without prejudice. I do not intend to refuse a relationship with you; nothing, indeed, might please me more. But Joseph and Anna are not to be related. They are

not you; they are not me. They do not need us. We observe, we evaluate, but we do not touch them. This may have helped—or not; but it was as well to warn you before going any further. Otherwise, attitudes might have been adopted which would have been out of place at this point. Now, we continue. Joseph, I say.

Joseph took up his pen and began to move it across the paper. It ran easily along the lines, fluidly connecting letter with letter, word with word. But again, again it meant nothing. The words wove themselves into lines and sentences, blocks and paragraphs, complex structures upon the paper. Patterns and revolutions. Joseph moved in upon the spinning shoots. He felt his feet beginning to move down an interminable spiral staircase running round the inside of smooth grey cylindrical walls. At each step, the step before faded so that while he was always progressing downwards he was always at the top, always at the beginning of an infinite series. To go on to the end would require considerable resolution and vast resources of strength; but Joseph knew despairingly that it was possible. Even though there was no end he would come to it if he could come to it alone. There was the difficulty; no one was ever alone. The staircase was filled with an image of Anna, and worse than that, it was the wrong Anna.

Not Promethea.

Not the imageable abstracted Titan.

But Anna as pieta. Not Promethean, Anna as Anna. Not demanding an attitude, Anna asking for a response. Anna—cross—pieta—response. How how how to respond to her canticles; by being Joseph. Joseph not Joseph, but Joseph like Joseph of Arimethea. In Arimethetical progression, with a tomb to fit, ready, and another's corpse to fill it. This surely was the way it worked. A tomb though for man. Women have no place in the tomb. Especially not living women, especially not Anna. Suppose Joseph were to succeed. Would generations call him blessed? Would seasons receive his orisons, and would Anna quicken within the tomb in the New Year? These are considerations which Joseph cannot forego. And they have no solution.

It was easy for the other Joseph. His pieta was dead. Anna wasn't dead, wasn't still, was, positively warm. This clearly makes all the difference. But again, again—how how how was she thus at all. New images perhaps inhabit the stair requiring consideration. The pen rests on the paper. It will not write. Il n'a plus de feu. Anna, the woman sitting against the wall has killed its language. And Joseph still descends the stair and Anna still grows within its walls, elongated, her arms outstretched demanding a sympathy which Joseph will not give, as beribboned

hearses at a wedding offer a confrontation which no-one will accept. Sooner or later Joseph will need to face this phenomenon. Sed non hic locus est. Meanwhile he can continue to circle her body as the stair descends without altering his distance from it, though from now till he reaches the bottom it will continue to grow like a weed beneath a stone, till it shatters his consciousness.

Still the stair descends and still Joseph descends the stair. This is another Joseph. He does not despise Anna any more. Now Anna terrifies him because he cannot stop her growing, and growth of any kind is a perennial terror to those who cannot themselves grow. It terrifies him; and because it frightens him he begins to hate it. And since he hates it, he must love it inevitably. It is not possible to hate Anna without loving her too. Or anyone. Do not think nevertheless that Joseph would not kill Anna if he had the opportunity. He bides his time. We say no more, but watch him. He bides his time.

O always is this the way of those who follow their footsteps into the darknesses, who move through the obscure ways of grief with the Mater Dolorosa. They follow drawing their cross for carrion, weeping inwardly for the death of the Mother, circling her poor carcass like crows over the mildewed cornfield or vultures wheeling high in the air over Smithfield. Why then was the book? Those who follow, she makes them feel as they wish, insignificant and frail beneath the burden of following her. Does she enjoy her power? Yes, yes but she is tired, tired of being dogged, tired of those who follow her waiting to be born out of her ruins. She is tired.

The circle is perfect. Yet imperial Caesar is not Phoenix. "Joseph, I'm tired!" cried Anna. Her voice echoes in the stairway, its steps shake with God's last cry. Joseph steels himself to the cry and hurries on down. It may mean something to him as he hurries downwards. It may not. No-one will ever know now what Joseph thought of it. It is too late. Now. Joseph no longer understands the way of the stars or the cry of woman.

The cry of woman to be born.

The cry of woman to be loved.

The cry of woman in birth.

Joseph understood nothing of the way of the stars, or the eclipses of the moon or the cry of women. He feels only his body tremble with the voice of the woman as he runs on downwards.

Tired, tired, tired! The voice returns through the hollow caverns of the skull, reflected from the dry dust of the Via Dolorosa, reverberating through the eyeless frame of the toilers of the way. Will the dust rise again from the way of sorrows, form again the form of the Mother of grief? It is to be doubted, for the Mother of all the earth is dead.

But Joseph is quick and live, he runs on down, his hair aflame with the terrible voice of the women, denying. "Not I, not I", he cries as the steps still vanish behind him and as new steps still appear before him. "Non ego Josephus sum. Femina erat. The woman, the woman tempted me!"

But why, Joseph? Why should she tempt you? If the Lord God walking in the garden found love between Anna and Joseph, in the cool of the evening, there would be no wrath. These two, they are coincident, there is happiness only in the garden in the cool of the evening. There is no accusation.

Yet Joseph cries that he was conceived in sin. For his sin he weeps as he runs on. He was brought forth in sorrow. Anna bore him.

Nobody cares. Joseph interests no-one in his guilt of rectitude. Only he escapes downwards. The woman is still here, still growing. Are there perhaps within womb new seeds for new growth, new transgressions, new Prometheas for the interminable rocks of the ages?

Now the stair begins to darken as the man flies on. Anna is very tall in the twilight, her sinews tightening behind her muscles as she presents herself to the night, waiting for the man who hurtles blindly on through her darkness. Every man but Joseph waits for the darkness of woman; but Joseph is too small for Anna whom he has made a Titan, and so he runs on through the absence of light. By the morning perhaps he will be at the bottom of the stair and these things shall have an end. We shall see and Anna will see. But by then it may be beyond the point, for the point is always now.

In the darkness Anna is now no more than an obscure presence to the man who flies onward. It is very dark. Joseph hardly sees the stair appearing before him or disappearing behind him. He runs as before, but now his fear screams along his nerves. His feet beat faster, faster on the stairs, for the man has lost control. His muscles expand and contract with the rhythms of his mind, yet the cry of his nerves disrupts these also. Joseph has lost the way of escape from his body through his mind, and from his mind through his body. They have joined forces and both conspire against him, communicating with each other in surges of energy, making Anna glow with the electric flood of their intercourse.

Joseph knows that the end of the stair is near, and Anna knows that the end of her growth too is approaching. Soon they must meet beneath the stair, in a void which is beyond matter. But while the staircase circles, Joseph will always be distant from the woman.

"I cannot long remain distant." Joseph runs on, but he is praying to the woman within the stair now that he has accepted her power. "Mother, intercede between us, I beseech you."

But between whom? There is Joseph. And there is Anna. They cannot come between themselves, and even if they could they would only fling themselves apart—that is their nature. Nor is there an intercessor. Between poles the intercessor can only be a mean; between the man and the woman there is no mean. They meet only to destroy. Oedipus with Jocasta, Orpheus with Eurydice, Joseph with Anna, men with gods. It is their nature. Joseph offers his supplications to Anna because he fears her. She is so great and he so small; therefore his cry is of "O gloriosa femina". But it may not always be so in the revolutions of things.

Though it is scarcely satisfactory; for even as, and because he prays, Anna begins to diminish. Her tendons which were stretched to the limits of her tissues begin to relax. Her mind and her suffering fold into the obscurity of the staircase, and as Joseph stumbles sightlessly from the last step, her hand in the darkness closes over his and together they plunge helpless, triumphant through the emptiness at the bottom of the well.

The circle is perfect.

And water is perfect.

Therefore both ocean and sphere are perfect.

Together their involved bodies accelerate through space, reaching beyond the endurance of their frames. They rejoice in the knowledge that impact will destroy them together, founded too on the certainty that the final blow is beyond them for ever. Still in the passion of their devotion to mutual destruction they know beneath the surface of knowledge the conviction of the intensity of transient deaths, the consummation of annihilation.

The ground is rising towards them. There is the ground; there is always the ground on which to meet with possibilities, though Joseph and Anna have not been here before. They abandoned themselves to the rising ground. They touched it and it inverted.

The pen rested against Joseph's fingers. Anna rose from against the wall and crossed to the desk. He reached uncertainly across the paper, touching her moving hair.

This is the first stage of their communion.

A contact has been established.

Poems

THE SUN SHAKES

I SAW an old lady die
Just on the pavement, fur-coated
Like a sun shined bee
Bumbling to throes, final in the dust.
A scorched navvy gripped her arm
And his startled look shook the sun
As I passed, pressing the accelerator.

DAY NUMBER ONE

How to grasp all that blue?
All the first deep and the pure sun,
A balm and wakening after the long long cold:
All blue, every blue with any bright
And a blow from the force of it.
Then the mind realises the numbness of winter,
For the jolting by such a blue was gone
And with this first chortle of spring it returns:
So the length of day can stretch a joy wide as a grin.

THE ROSE SUGGESTS

THE rose suggests a tentative pink
In the interlocking of the creaming and curling,
And this milky fist clenches the nectar—
But peering from a perfumed chasm
A stain probes the fragile flesh
And the secret pollution of a fly
Trickles its way in and out:

Insolent and uncaring as a cough in a symphony.

J. D. M. HARDIE.

The Redecoration of the Hall

AFTER Scott's extension of the Hall, which has been discussed in an earlier article (*The Eagle*, LVIII p. 26), the redecoration was carried out by Messrs Clayton and Bell, as appears from the following entries in the College Rental for 1868, Head R: Taxes and Repairs of the College

| | | | | |
|---|--------|-----|----|---|
| Hall—Marble top to Coilcase on Dais | ... | 29 | 0 | 0 |
| Clayton & Bell for Decoration of Roof, Walls, regilding top of Screen at North End and Sundries | | 536 | 8 | 7 |
| Favell & Ellis for reglazing Windows, includ- ing repairs, insertion of old Armorial Bear- ings and New Armorial Bearings | | 256 | 4 | 3 |
| do. for varnishing woodwork | | 7 | 18 | 3 |

The walls were at that time covered with a blue-green paper having a diaper pattern with fleurs de lis in the squares, which was left undisturbed for over half a century. By then it was in a poor state and much obscured by dirt, and accordingly, around 1925, the paper was stripped off and the walls distempered; this was renewed in 1955. Meantime the roof had not been redecorated, but it was cleaned just before the last war, at a time when the ravages of death watch beetle necessitated extensive repairs.

Earlier this year it was decided that the time had come to redecorate the Hall as a whole, and Mr S. E. Dykes Bower, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A., was asked to direct the work, which was carried out most competently and expeditiously by Messrs Campbell, Smith & Co. Ltd., of 25 Newman Street, London, W.1. Mr Dykes Bower has written the following account of the work.

The Hall, St John's College, Cambridge

When Sir Gilbert Scott enlarged the hall of St John's, he increased its length by about one third and made it the longest college hall in Cambridge. So skilfully was the work done that probably few people would see any sign of alteration: the proportions, so far from being spoilt, have been enhanced and the room, with its magnificent roof and rich panelling, has all the splendour befitting a great college.

It is the difference in treatment of the roof that shows most obviously what is new and what is old. Until the recent redecoration the latter appeared to have no painting on it except white lines and powderings on the boards between the rafters.

A mediaeval roof of this elaboration, however, would not normally have been painted so sparsely: if its timbers were painted at all, it might reasonably be expected that colour would have been used freely. Close examination from scaffolding, in so far as it revealed traces of earlier painting on the tracered spandrels of the hammer beams, confirmed this, and possibly a hundred years ago they would have been clearer and suggested to Scott the propriety of introducing colour on his new work, as something at any rate not alien to the building.

It may be surmised that any original decoration in the old portion of the hall would in the course of time have suffered from smoke, not only from candles used for lighting, but from the fire in the centre of the room under the cupola that is now glazed but was formerly open to serve as a flue. The oak appears at some time to have been given a coat of brown paint, applied possibly in the 18th century when there would have been no inclination to renew earlier decoration that might well have become so faint as to be almost indistinguishable. The brown paint was skilfully grained so that, in the prevailing obscurity of such a steeply pitched roof, the effect produced was that of ordinary dark oak. And until candles were superseded for lighting, first by gas and then electric lighting, the darkening process would inevitably have continued.

Scott may thus have found himself faced by the problem of matching his new timbers to the colour of the existing. He would hardly have wished to paint and grain new oak: on the other hand he may have been unable, for reasons of cost, to strip the paint from the old—an inhibition that could not be discounted a century later. To decorate his new roof was therefore a rational expedient and one that, as has been remarked, could be justified by older precedent.

But since a fairly elaborate scheme of decoration in the northern end of the hall would have entailed a rather startling transition from the comparatively plain roof of the older portion, he introduced a limited amount of gilding in this and perhaps availed himself of the opportunity to repaint the powderings as a means of lightening the expanse of dark brown with some white. Certainly the powderings were at some time repainted, for the outline of the original could be discerned in some instances outside the edge of the overpainting. They were first put in by hand: the repainting may have been done with a stencil, which would have taken no account of irregularities.

Clayton & Bell, the firm to whom Scott entrusted the decoration, are better known for their stained glass, the best of which is extraordinarily good and belatedly beginning to be appreciated as it deserves. They also carried out a large amount of admirable

decoration, as on the vaulting and reredos in the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, and were extensively employed by such leading architects of the Gothic Revival as Scott, Street, Pearson and Brooks. How much of the design of the painted section in the hall at St John's is Scott's and how much their own can only be guessed: probably Scott did little more than suggest the general treatment. Even after time had dulled its former brightness, this roof remained effective. Its merit should not be underrated because no-one would mistake it for mediaeval decoration. Manifestly a work of its period, it has both aesthetic interest and, for the college, historical value as one of the marks which the 19th century left upon it.

In the recent redecoration of the hall, though it has all been repainted, there has been no major alteration in its design. Some greens that had faded badly have been strengthened, the colours of certain features have been counterchanged to give more vivacity and some additional decoration has been added on the cornice and hammer-beams in such a way that this could be continued the full length of the hall. The weakness of the former decoration was twofold: a lack of continuity between the old and new portions of the roof, and the almost total invisibility of some of the most ornamental parts, such as the tracery in the spandrels of the hammer-beams. The old rafters and boarding have been left substantially as they were, only the white powderings and borders being repainted to their first, mediaeval pattern. But the hammer-beams, and the cornice which links them, have been given colour so that the main structural members of the roof appear alike throughout. Gilding now reveals the detail of the tracery in the spandrels and of the corbels and angels underneath the hammer-beams.

In all this new decoration the aim has been to adhere to the style of Clayton & Bell's work, adapting their typical billet motif to varied lengths and sizes and introducing greater richness by extensive use of gold in combination with blue, red and a little green.

These colours show to better advantage now that the stone and plaster of the walls above the panelling have been whitened. Previously the 19th century stone of the window jambs had been left its natural colour—which caused it merely to look dirty—and the plaster had been distempered cream. But that had not been of long duration, for Clayton and Bell's decoration extended to the walls, which were covered with diapers and fleur de lys in green. The effect of this may or may not have been agreeable when new. It was presumably not thought to be so when taste reacted against what was deemed Victorian, and certainly it must

have darkened the room. Now the hall has gained in light and the excellent heraldic glass in the windows tells to full advantage.

The large coat of arms high up on the south end of the hall perpetuates an older one which by 1868 was in poor condition, since Clayton and Bell entirely renewed it. Their version, with a few minor changes, has been repeated.

Its colours are now reflected in what were not painted before—Scott's elaborate stone doorway to the staircase hall to the Senior Combination Room and the corbels in his oriel window. These, together with the chairs of the high table which have been re-upholstered in scarlet morocco with the Beaufort curved feathers embossed in gold, impart a note of richness which links the decorated roof with the floor.

The panelling throughout has been repaired where necessary, cleaned and repolished. The tops of the tables have been toned to match it in colour, leaded lights substituted for plate glass in the fanlights over the entrance doors at the south end, and defects in the stained glass of the windows made good. Improvements have also been carried out to the heating.

In the Christmas vacation it is hoped to complete what could not be done in the summer—the regilding of the pediment surmounting the panelling behind the high table and new decoration of the flat ceilings of the two oriel windows. Only the lighting will then remain to be made worthy of this noble room, which in beauty as well as size, is not surpassed by any other at Oxford or Cambridge.

Poem

DIES IRAE

(Sung responsively to the plain-song chant)

Cantor: DAY of wrath, O day of judgement,
All this earth to ashes rending,
And the Judge of all descending.

Choir: Christes, creature of our spurning,
Christes, Author of our yearning,
On our heads thy blood is burning.

Cantor: Unexpected summons breaking:
Christes, child of our forsaking,
Help our terrified awakening.

Choir: Taken in the act of nailing,
By our hand the scourges flailing,
All repentance unavailing.

Cantor: Who for us then intercedeth?
Who for startled sinners pleadeth,
When the Judge of all men bleedeth?

Cantor and Choir: Lord, the lightning splits before thee;
Christ, in anguish we implore thee,
Crucified, spare those that tore thee.

DAVID L. FROST.

SONNET LXXXIX

from *Les Amours* (1552)

FRANC de raison, esclave de fureur,
 Je voys chassant une Fère sauvage,
 Or sur un mont, or le long d'un rivage,
 Or dans le boys de jeunesse & d'erreur.
 J'ay pour ma lesse un cordeau de malheur,
 J'ay pour limier un trop ardent courage,
 J'ay pour mes chiens, & le soing, & la rage,
 La cruauté, la peine, & la douleur.
 Mais eulx voyant que plus elle est chassée,
 Loing loing devant plus s'enfuit eslançee,
 Tournant sur moy la dent de leur effort,
 Comme mastins affamez de repaistre,
 A longz morceaux se paissent de leur maistre
 Et sans mercy me traisnent à la mort.

A SA MUSE

(from *Les quatre premiers livres des odes*, 1550)

PLUS dur que fer, j'ai fini mon ouvrage,
 Que l'an disposé à demener les pas,
 Ne l'eau rongearde ou des freres* la rage
 L'injuriant ne rurent point à bas:
 Quand ce viendra que mon dernier trespas
 M'asouspira d'un somme dur, à l'heure
 Sous le tumbeau tout Ronsard n'ira pas
 Restant de lui la part qui est meilleure.
 Tousjours tousjours, sans que jamais je meure
 Je volerai tout vif par l'univers,
 Eternizant les champs où je demeure
 De mon renom engressés & couvers:
 Pour avoir joint les deus harpeurs divers
 Au dous babil de ma lire d'ivoire,
 Se connoissans Vandomois par mes vers†
 Sus donque Muse emporte au ciel la gloire
 Que j'ai gagnée annonçant la victoire
 Dont à bon droit je me voi jouissant,
 Et de ton fils consacre la memoire
 Serrant son front d'un laurier verdissant.

* Castor and Pollux.

† Horace and Pindar.

(The text is that of Andre Barbier, *Pierre de Ronsard: Poemes*, Oxford, 1957.)Two Poems from the French
of Ronsard

FRANC DE RAISON, ESCLAVE DE FUREUR . . .

RELEASED from reason, slave to passions strong,
 I hunt continually a savage Prey,
 Now on a mountain, now beside a bay,
 Now in the wilderness of youth and wrong.
 For leash, I have adversity's harsh thong;
 For hound, a heart too eager to essay;
 For dogs, black Sorrow, Trouble and Dismay,
 Anger and Cruelty to my hunting throng.
 But they, seeing how she, pursued the more,
 So much the further, leaping, flees before,
 On me the fang of their fierce violence bend,
 Like mastiffs by consuming famine gnawed;
 Who in long shreds feast upon their Lord,
 And without pity, drag me to my end.

A SA MUSE

My work's complete, and hard as iron my page:
 For though the years on hastening footsteps go,
 Not gnawing water, nor the Brothers' rage,
 Injuring it, can ever overthrow:
 At that last hour when Death's approach I know,
 And soothed to heavy slumber then shall lie,
 All Ronsard will not see the tomb below:
 The better part of him will still be by.
 Forever and again, I ne'er shall die,
 But wing all living through the Universe,
 Making my native fields to live for ay,
 With fruitful harvest that my fames disperse.
 Two harpers joined, of origin diverse,
 In my soft-singing lyre of ivory,
 And knew themselves Vendômians in my verse.
 Rise, therefore, Muse; to heaven transport the glory
 Which I have won; announce the victory
 In which most justly I rejoice me now;
 And consecrate your offspring's memory,
 Placing a verdant laurel on his brow.

DAVID L. FROST.

Letters to the Editor

THE DRUIDS

Dear Sir,

May I add a small appendix to M.R.A.'s intelligent review of Glyn Daniel's *Idea of Prehistory*? As one of the two Druids speaking for the Order to the Heretics Society, I should correct the title of my colleague Dr R. MacGregor Reid. The A.D.U.B., which may in effect be reckoned as the English circle of the Universal Druid Bond, does not have an Archdruid but a Chosen Chief—a very different concept: the Welsh Archdruid is elected frequently and is merely chairman of a committee more powerful than himself, whereas the Chosen Chief is elected for life and is one of a Supreme Triad, the other two being his appointments.

I think also that your readers, most of whom will not have been at the meeting, are entitled to be told what Professor Daniel did say, rather than to be given a reference. Actually he uttered a good deal of vilification rather than argument; but the part the reviewer probably means was towards the end, when he stated unequivocally that he would have us (the Order) out of Stonehenge within five years. When asked by the Chosen Chief: "On what grounds?" he replied, on the grounds that the state should not patronise a religious cult. This, we felt, was hardly the kind of logic to be expected from a professor. First, it has always been made clear that Druidry, at any rate since 1717, is not a religion; second, even if it is held to be one because it may have been partly that formerly, a nation that has an official church and is pledged to toleration of nearly all forms of religion can hardly be asked to differentiate against perhaps the oldest set of philosophic ideas in these islands. However, it seems to be vain to expect sense either from archaeologists or newspapers when Druids are mentioned; the idea that members of an ancient order may possibly know something more than others when interpreting traditional matters affecting themselves seems to be too outrageous to be borne. All the newspapers, save one Wiltshire one, recently refused to print factual letters in reply to one of the numerous dogmatic and sometimes absurd statements made by archaeologists. However, I can understand Dr Daniel's exasperation after hearing a paper the substance of which was drawn from other archaeologists' ideas; that conclusions differing from his own could be drawn from published archaeological material seemed never to have occurred to him. If one may suggest it, however, the other Daniel escaped from the den by co-operating

pacifically with the lions; if he had started by attacking them one has doubts whether the divine protection would have worked. The Druid den is inhabited by quite nice lions really, quite willing to play nicely if petted, and the stupefaction evinced at its wickedness when one of the attacked beasts defends itself is really unduly Bouffonesque.

Yours faithfully,

P. ROSS NICHOLS.

London, W.14. (*Chairman, An Druidh Uileach Braithreachas*).

Dear Sir,

Alas, Mr Ross Nichols, whose letter of August 6th you passed to me for comment, lives in that wide lunatic fringe of archaeology and ancient history which bedevils the development of serious scholarship. He, and many others like him, are entitled to live in a fantasy world of their own making, and to prefer the dubious comforts of unreason to the often difficult facts of archaeology and ancient history.

He calls me a professor and himself a Druid. Neither description is true. The Druids were a sacred and scholarly caste of the ancient Celts, and we know of them only through ancient writings well summarised by Sir Thomas Kendrick in his book *The Druids* (London, 1927). With the Romanisation of part of the Celtic world and the disappearance of ancient Celtic society in the non-romanised parts like Ireland and north Scotland through Christianity, the ancient Druids ceased to exist. From the seventeenth century onwards various romantic neo-Druid organisations have come into existence (of which Mr Ross Nichols' The Druid Order: the British Circle of the Universal Bond is one) who perform various ceremonies and make many strange and untrue claims. One of their claims is that they have a mystical link with the original Druids; another is that the original Druids built and worshipped in Stonehenge. They might have used Stonehenge—we have no way of knowing; what we do know is that it was built fifteen hundred years before the first known mention of Druids.

If Druidism, the sacred and scholarly caste of the ancient Celts, had died out by the fourth century A.D. it is difficult to see how Ross Nichols can be a Druid. He is a member of a small group who have persuaded themselves they are especially mixed up with Druids and Stonehenge, and when he visited Cambridge Dr MacGregor Reid, the Chosen Chief of the Order, revealed how this persuasion took place. He advised people to set aside the findings of archaeologists and historians and to go to Stonehenge alone and commune there so that the truth would seep into their minds.

I do not object to fringe religions and strange semi-secret societies provided they make their members happy. I object to such societies being given permission to celebrate their rites in our ancient monuments because (i) they attract crowds of hooligans who deface and endanger them, and (ii) by the publicity given to their antics, half-persuade an uninformed public that there is something in the claim that these people who parade on Primrose Hill, and the Tower of London, and Stonehenge are authentic descendants not only of the Druids of two thousand years ago, but of the megalith-builders of four thousand years ago. Mr Ross Nichols should not find it difficult to see why I prefer to regard Professor Atkinson's *Stonehenge* a more reliable guide to our knowledge of that monument than the subjective experiences recommended by the Chosen Chief.

Yours faithfully,

St John's College.

GLYN DANIEL.

Johniana

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN

WHAT woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring!
You, like Mezentius, in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

WILLIAM BROOME (1689-1745).

Quot mala tam dispar solet edere copula, quando
Nubit deformi pulchra puella seni!
Improbis in thalamo—miserum!—Mezentius alter
Mortua cum vivis iungere membra paras.

Broome came to St John's College from Eton where he had been Captain of the School. He translated eight books of the *Odyssey* for Alexander Pope.

H. H. HUXLEY.

The Benefaction for the New College Buildings

READERS of *The Eagle* have known for some time that the new College buildings, the plans for which, by Messrs Powell and Moya, were described and illustrated in the last number, are made possible by a great benefaction. It has been the wish of the donors that the source and amount of the benefaction should not be generally known until their intentions were fulfilled and the contract for the buildings awarded. This stage was reached in July, and with the consent of the donors the first public disclosure was made, by arrangement, in *The Times* of 24 July 1964.

The donors are the Cripps Foundation. The Chairman of the Foundation is Mr C. T. Cripps, M.B.E., and the liaison work between the Foundation and the College has throughout been conducted by Mr C. Humphrey Cripps, a member of the Foundation and a member of the College, who was in residence during the years 1934-7.

Immediately after the College, in January 1958, issued its appeal for funds, a generous offer of support was received from the Cripps Foundation, and since that date contributions have been made annually by the Foundation to the New Buildings Fund. The eventual total value of the benefaction will be in the neighbourhood of one million pounds.

The Cripps Foundation was set up by the Cripps family in 1955, mainly to help in educational and religious affairs. A substantial shareholding in the family business of Pianoforte Supplies Limited, of Roade, Northamptonshire, which now mainly makes motor car components, was made over to the Foundation at that time.

The contract for the new buildings has been awarded to Messrs John Laing Construction Limited and was negotiated by Messrs Gleeds, the Quantity Surveyors.

J. S. B. S.

During excavation for the foundations of our new building near the School of Pythagoras, four skeletons were removed from the earth and taken to the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology in Downing Street. At the same time broken pottery, dating from the early first century A.D. to mediaeval times, was collected from unstratified layers, unconnected with the burials. It seems that in the neighbourhood there were important human habitations of which these fragments were domestic debris. Geologically this site is interesting, as there is a pronounced slope down to the Bin Brook from the School of Pythagoras; above the lower part of the slope the ground has been raised to make a level garden or terrace in front of the School of Pythagoras. Into this terrace the graves were dug for the skeletons at an unknown period. But had the skeletons been Roman, unbroken pottery should have been found with them.

A skull, blacker than those of the four skeletons, was found nearer the brook.

If any further discoveries are made, we hope to announce them in *The Eagle*.

Correspondence

Sir,

May I say how happy I am that the admission of women to Oxbridge Colleges is now receiving the attention it deserves? My wife and I have been living in New Court for several years now, and while the facilities offered leave very little to be desired my wife has been complaining more and more of late that she misses the company of other ladies and the opportunity of a good natter.

Yours etc.,

EDWIN UNDERGROWTH.

Sir,

There has been much discussion of late about the admission of women to Oxbridge Colleges. New College, Oxford, has, I note, decided to offer admission to "the fair sex" and the undergraduates of Christchurch have petitioned their seniors to the same effect. Sir, while I am in favour of such policies being adopted by ourselves, I must ask if they go far enough. Is not a bold adoption of polygamy the answer to many of our troubles? Several women, one man, per staircase will ensure happy families, satisfied adults and children, same as recommended by Meshack Ndisi (*Guardian*, 11th June, 1964).

Yours faithfully,

EMILIUS WRACKGARTH.

Sir,

Whilst taking my customary afternoon stroll the other day, I noted, Sir, with some alarm, that a large pile had been driven into the erstwhile hallowed earth that lies between New Court and the Ditch.* I wonder how many of us recall those early days of 21 A.D. when the British Druids—so recently scorned and derided, alas, by a fellow (*de mortuis nil nisi hokum*) of this very College—performed the sacred scortation rites, now forgotten. Shall these sods go unregarded?

Yours, etc.,

D. VORTIGERN GRIMES.

"Brogwood",

Trumpington, Cambs.

*The correspondent appears to be referring to the Bin Brook, which flows across the Pond Yard and debouches into the Cam at a point somewhat to the east of the north-eastern edge of the Old Bath House. *Eds.*

Interviewing Miss Wioux

I WORK at the *Daily Dozen*.

One day the Chief's secretary Miss Twisst rang down.

"Spinks?"

"Speaking."

"Chief wants you flash."

"May I use the lift?"

"Raspberry, Spinks. No-one will ever want you *that* urgently. Be up here in five seconds."

I flew upstairs to the Chief's office.

"Spinks, we're in a hole."

"Sorry, Chief."

"Don't do it again, that's all."

"May I go, Chief?"

"Yes. No! Haven't said anything yet" said the Chief, picking up his gold-plated toothpick, the one he uses to clean the wax out of his ears with. He used it.

"Spinks!"

"Chief!"

"Lord Oxblood has issued a memo. Not more than £10,000 worth of prizes to be offered this week. Means we'll have to fill another column. When'd you last do an interview?"

"Oh, month or two back."

"You'll do another. Today. Usual stuff—unpredictable, fascinating, indescribable, glorious, unforgettable. Try and make it two columns. Emerald Wioux."

"Wow!"

"No, Wioux. Savoy. Taxi downstairs. Expenses do *not* include lunch, dinner, or breakfast. Tea yes. Questions?"

"I think I've forgotten how to write."

"You'll find an A.B.C. in your office waiting for you on your return. Goodbye Spinks." Moodily (it seemed moodily) he pressed the button and I vanished down the oubliette.

* * * * *

I arrived at the hotel at three o'clock. I was told Miss Wioux was in her bath. I was shewn straight up. I noticed that the bathroom was adjacent to her sitting-room which was adjacent to her bedroom. The bathroom door was locked. Tigerish yells and screams came from behind it. It was flung open. A radiant figure stood there, clad in a deep purple-mauve negligée. It had hair all down its back. With a final snarl Miss Wioux's

eyes fell back into her sockets—her blue eyes. The sockets were the normal colour.

"That was an Apassh love-song. Like it?" she husked.

I croaked: "Brekkekkekex Koaxx Koaxx."

"Oh, you know it already" she pouted. Her lips were red.

"My mother learned it me in my cradle" I explained. "I have Indian blood in my veins."

"Well isn't that interesting" said Miss Wioux "I haven't got a drop."

"Too bad for the Indians, Miss Woo."

"Wioux, please."

"Oh, of course. Tell me, do you paint your toe-nails golden?"

"No, EMMERULD!" she snarled, dropping to her knees and snaking across the thick-piled carpet. "Do you want the woman in me or the wombat?"

"Whichever's handiest" I said. She laughed—a blood-curdling sound.

"When is your next picture, Miss—may I call you Emerald?"

"If you like, but my *real* name is Belulah."

"Surname?"

"Spinks."

"Strange. Although I am a reporter on the Daily Dozen, my name too is Spinks."

"You don't say, brother."

"Sister!"

"Why don't you change your name, your poor sap?" she inquired with frank interest, sucking at her diamond-studded cigarette. "It could do you a lot of harm in your job if it ever got out you was connected to me."

"What, change the name my mother gave me! Never!" I cried—my last gesture.

"But listen, it could harm me too. They think I'm an Arabian."

"Who do?"

"The moguls of the film industry. The warm, palpitating public."

"I see your difficulty. There is only one way out."

"And that is?"

I lifted her dainty hands (as I suspected, five fingers on each, *counting the thumbs*).

"Goodbye, Emerald." I jumped out of the seventh storey window.

As I went down I wondered, "Feet or head?"

It was my head. I always was a sap.

* * * * *

"Hullo Chief."

"You're back early, Spinks."

"Got the copy, Chief."

"O.K. Spinks. You can go." Moodily (it seemed moodily) he pressed the button and I vanished down the oubliette.

I had a mug of hot cocoa and went early to bed with a good book, which quickly put me to sleep. I rather think I remembered to turn the gas off.

Poems

NEW ENGLAND FALL MANIFESTO

1.

BEAUTY becomes routine,
Glades trod no longer seen,
A nape shape filed away
For future use and the odd display.
This season here?
We look twice, year by year,
Privileged to see
Before death loud activity.
Green hope dies
To a phoenix blaze.

2.

If I were a light-house, lights would preach
Amphibians to fish;
The glow
Would draw
Ninety varieties of prow.

Or a column of monks—
Grey cowls would flutter down
Revealing yellow and red T-shirts
For mortar to goggle at.

O stately Muse, you can drop that thing;
Come come, I'll paint my shrine
The defiant colour of your skin.

I'M NOT PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN THIS PICTURE

THESE ears of barley, dog-eared, wheeze.
They don't sniff.
So what, if
Steeple assert the perpendicular
Full stop? Don't care.
Seen that before.
No birds in this; or bees
Thick yellow sticking to their thighs.
Can't quite tick this.

Did a birdie whisper
 Communiqués relating to the future?
 Joy unknown but imminent?
 Ecstasy crepuscular?
 So say it's that at least
 Before it went.

Look, Pisa leans, all ears;
 And Chesterfield's agog.
 This b for barley business
 And not for bird
 We've heard.
 Yawn. Shrug.

PRISONER

1.

BEHIND a clean white mask, what scalpels lurk?
 I know the meaning of a question mark.

Mosquito, daddylonglegs, fly, or gnat,
 Those wings were tinkered with to irritate.

One rhyming couplet's not enough, you see,
 For some mad people's lonely melody.

2.

A night can gloom from where?
 One such might is this.
 There will be plenty more
 For hope's paralysis.

A man gets up at seven,
 And if the sun's not out,
 Two odds make an even.
 Excuse me, but YERWOT?

Give me a bunch of flowers
 Or a rhythm in the head;
 I'll exercise my powers
 As the last prisoner did.

3.

Some sit and sing,
 Some sit and buzz,
 Some question everything,
 Some question us,
 Some sit,
 But I
 You
 We—
 I do the lot.

WET NIGHT EXERCISES

A LIMP resentful moon
 Invigilates for those poor devils:
 Bedraggled, uncomfortable,
 Just look at them return

In love's convertibles,
 Four bumps of boredom in each one.
 Headlamps probe the rain
 For some original

Ideas about the tone
 Of love's familiar ritual.
 Stock answer: mutual
 Detriment or gain

Depends . . . Damp aerials
 Harass and blot a trite pop-tune;
 Exhaust fumes comment on
 Love's dull tutorials.

in drizzle
 tired horns
 utter drivel
 expressive yawns

We will! We will!
 With hearts brim full,
 What need to learn?
 Sparkling and beautiful,
 The spring rain scurries down.
 Spring bursts and graduates to fall:
 We hurry on
 Adept at something out of our control.

J. R. RAIMES.

Chapter from a Novel

WORDS and feelings; for next morning Dr Kemberton received a telegram. And for these Mrs Avling was searching in the retreats of her kitchen, thumbing through worn folios, looking for definition. He had shut her out. Fourteen years she had cooked, beaten and cleaned, and the study door was shut fast, because she had failed in words. There were none suitable in all the life she could remember; nothing sprang to lips like knife to hand. Plays contained words, fine feelings, but the word was a point in the scene, and the feeling geared to the action so that the words only seemed deflated balloons, sheep's lights. She had hit Dr Kemberton with a sheep's light, spongy, inflated. He had rammèd the door in her face.

There was no-one in Skepton to whom she could go for help. One might not discuss such intimate matters with neighbours. But it was hard to live with a shut door, not able even to clean the room. Where was the word that would charm open locks, interior and exterior? You might lay a hand on his shoulder, but how was it to be done? How make the right gesture, the sympathetic pressure, the chosen moment? In literature word and gesture lived at the level of emotion; in life they fell far short. Without words, and the thoughts to give them body and pith, feeling could not begin to run; it remained an untapped capacity when her employer had need. The word was communication, but also definition and discovery.

With the allowed liberty of servants when their masters become senile, she had opened his telegram. It was from his wife, the first for seventeen years—"Charles dead last month. Will you give me a home?"—And Mrs Avling, whose feelings took origin from the printed word, sensed the insensitivity, the criminal want of sympathy in the choice of that final noun. She had handed the telegram to Dr Kemberton in dread, afraid lest he might once again throw a fit, and she should not know how to cope. The vein on his forehead whipped like a compressed snake, pulsing blue. She had said something dramatic and foolish, something which she could not now remember, although the embarrassment of it made her blush red. It was always that way with words; literature was analogous, running parallel, needing remoulding by experience before its words could express one's emotion. He had shut the door in her face.

She did not consider that, if Mrs Kemberton returned to her husband, Mrs Avling might be superfluous. She had lived there

too long for the thought to enter her mind. She was concerned only that Dr Kemberton should not falsify his image. The venerable patriarch, the father of his people, heavy with learning as with years, must not fall into an analogy, run beside his first self, and branch off into tracks which led him from the line of the prophets to regions of lesser men. Dr Kemberton was literature; a refusal to forgive would be more terrible than the betrayal of words.

A word from her, of sympathy and understanding, and he might now be on his way to mid-week Communion, secure in the knowledge that he had forgiven, fit to dispense the rite of absolution. She had failed in her duty.

The verger had arrived, for a bell began ringing for the eleven o'clock service. Dr Kemberton had been locked in his room for two hours. Surely he must now come out? She had never known him unpunctual in performing his duties. Before she was prepared, or had ready speech or action, he was on the stairs; the slow, deliberate tread, punctuated by suspenseful pauses as he teetered from one step to another. His cane clattered against the banister rail. He was taking his stick; he had been drinking. She dreaded the inadequacy of the man to the situation.

She pulled on an old coat but dithered for some seconds about whether to go out into the street in carpet slippers. By the time her mind was made up, Dr Kemberton was halfway between the Rectory and the church vestry, and passing the railings on the north side. She thought she might overtake him before he turned in at the west gate. Two small boys, aged about nine and ten, came towards her wrestling one another over the pavement, and blocked him from her sight for a moment. They glanced back over their shoulders occasionally as they fought, to see if they had attracted the Doctor's attention. The bigger barged the other sideways as they came up to her.

"Know what my dad says about old Kemberton?"

—"No", breathlessly.

—"Give him a jog with your elbow and he'd dig his teeth in the mud."

Both collapsed laughing, bending over and pressing their hands into their stomachs. The elder looked up, saw Mrs Avling, and looked suddenly furtive. Then, realising he had been overheard, he smiled knowingly, as if hoping that she would share the joke. She felt she ought to resent it, but only stared blankly back. "Old looney", they called to her, and ran off.

The carpet slippers were an encumbrance, but she overtook the Doctor before he reached the gate. He was walking fast, his head hunched into the wrinkles of his neck, staring intently at the pathway and concentrating on swinging his rubber-stopped cane

round in time to arrest his forward movement. With the exercise he was breathing noisily, short snatches of air. She called gently "Dr Kemberton", but the voice was so unlike her usual theatrical tones that he failed to recognise it and continued walking. She came almost abreast, spoke more loudly and pulled at the sleeve of his cassock. This threat to his balance attracted his attention. He must have known already she was there, for he answered thickly, without stopping or turning round:

"Woman; go away."

He carried a fog of spirit vapour along with him but had drowned his impediment. Tears came in her eyes, and she was terrified lest the Doctor should see them. His drinking had never worried her, but after his recent outburst it began to make her afraid. It was some seconds before she could trust herself to speak again and then it was without preparation.

"Doctor, the answer is pre-paid—what can I say?"

"Most answers are pre-paid, Mrs Avling."

She sensed a double meaning which she could not grasp. He had reached the gate, and rested against its green-painted post, which rubbed off rust-flakes on his cassock. The churchyard was pebbled, interspersed with a few weeds which pushed among the stones. The two now stood facing one another, though the Doctor seemed to find it easier to breathe with his chin sunk into his chest. She could see only the top of his head with its central strand of hair, his head which rose and fell with the movement of his lungs and hunched shoulders. The alcohol made him more than ordinarily distant; that was what he wanted. She was not poetic in her own right, or the contrast between the tower and the fuddled wreck in its shadow would have moved her; but it came to her that there was a drama whose language she had not employed. The ritual of the Church, its intoned dogma and solemn cadences, there was a sound which must penetrate to him and awake him to his right nature. The priest leant with his back against the gate-post, the folds of his chin almost enveloping his pectoral cross, his breath still whistling up the passage from the lungs. Something in her wanted to spare him, but she crushed it suddenly, for she had again found a voice. She would be tender, but she must be stern. With at first a hesitant confidence, then an onrush of enthusiasm, she felt her old manner come upon her, with a touch of theatrical élan:

"The sinner shall be forgiven and welcomed back. You cannot ignore God even if you ignore me."

She was impressed by the dignity of it. There was no response for some seconds, and then the Doctor seemed to lift himself out of his torpor by a pull of his shoulders. His head came up and the unprotected skull leant back against the flaking metal. The effects

of his drinking were plain; behind thick rims his eye-sockets were raw and rheumy, the curve of his lenses magnifying the sore flesh. He put up a hand suddenly and she flinched, but he merely laid the palm on her bony shoulder and levered himself more erect. Perhaps the spirits had warmed him; his speech was slurred but soft:

"Old lady, it's not like that—at all."

There was no way in; shame and mortification overcame her. The tears began to flow freely. He must see them, they were running down her cheek.

"But Christ commands us to forgive", she cried desperately.

—"She is what she has been."

"What am I to say?" The water ran into her mouth, she felt it salt.

—"To come into time, to forgive without taint of what time produces, to be pure as man never was——"

"But what am I to tell her?"

He stopped suddenly, and looked at her as if just made conscious of her presence. He ran his tongue over the thin blue lips, over the growth on his lower lip. Beneath the deliberate speech, increasing pain and desperate certainty.

"I ache within. I cannot forgive." The alcohol seemed overwhelmed by heavier feeling, like oil on water. Water was gathering in the corner of his red eye. She felt oddly glad and pitying.

"Tell me, tell me, dear Doctor, whatever am I to write?"

He walked on for some three yards, and she shuffled after. Unable to carry it further, he stopped and spoke again:

"We have both lived too long with this. The deed is bound up in every fibre of me, woven into the thread of the world. The blemish cannot be picked out. It is part of the stuff of which we are now made."

He said no more, but walked towards the door in the bell tower leading to the vestry. She followed him like an awed animal, and could see that although she did not understand, his hand was trembling as he pushed up the latch. When the door was half-open he turned and drew breath for a while, harshly, then spoke once more, spacing his words between breaths.

"I forbid you ever to hold communication with that woman."

He went in, hanging his stick on a hook in the wall, and closed the door behind him. Mrs Avling stood for a moment making herself presentable, and pushing her handkerchief into her coat pocket, began to walk back to the Rectory.

Poems

QUESTION OF SPRING

THIS walk is on a spring night
After a further futile winter day,
When a fresh spell of spring tang
Crashes into the dusk and laces
The stifling fur of hibernation, scorches
Until I wrestle out of the door
Essentially to grasp the fits of air
Which stroke and pummel the exposition
Of a peeled soul, virgin reborn.
Somewhere after the buds against the sky
There's an answer or a word to soothe,
But since even seeking is futile
When urban nonentities insist and cling
So the seeking cannot even start—
Let alone the finding of any truth:
And all that is left in the warm night
Is the certainty of something beyond the sky.

FIRST ANSWER

HERE I am in that half of April
Which owns the smoking mornings,
The promise in the wind, and the kraking call
From the tingling, crackling woods.

And I would change places easily
With such a time of birth,
And gladly whistle out of winter
To scatter my dust in the same warmth:

Coming with a brimful of birds
And the bursting wombs of flowers,
Breathing explosions in the new lungs
Of all the waking walkers of time.

Yes, my owning of eternity must be
In the becoming of time itself.

POEMS

SECOND ANSWER

DROP an ocean quietly on this wood
And it will suffer no change,
For the mellow movements of the green deep
Will still swim silent and slow.

The birds dart and flicker as fish
With the sway of the seaweed trees
And the gentle floor flowers are barely only
Sweetly touched by the rustling wave tops.

J. D. R. HARDIE.

The Enlargement of Our Heritage

Sermon preached at the service for the
Commemoration of Benefactors
Sunday, May 3rd, 1964

BY

PROFESSOR SIR JOSEPH HUTCHINSON

WE acknowledge today the generosity of those who have gone before us, who have endowed our Society with the wealth of possessions and buildings, and of religion and learning, which we now hold in trust. While we live and hold our membership of this Society, it is ours to preserve and cherish, and also to alter and enlarge, and then to pass on to those who follow.

This has never been a static Foundation. We cherish something of the heritage of those who preceded us on this site, our name and the distribution of bread and broth to the poor. But to meet our changing needs we have pulled down all their buildings. Moreover, we have at various times in our history pulled down or remodelled, as well as vastly extended, the buildings that have been erected for our own Foundation. And we have this year embarked on another great remodelling and enlargement of our premises. For this we owe a great debt to another most generous benefactor.

We have given thanks for our benefactors, and for their generosity to us. Let us now consider what is required of us in the administration of this rich trust we inherit. I think we can draw from the history of our successive enlargements some guidance on the enlargement of mind and spirit we must ourselves undergo if we are to discharge our trust with credit.

Twice in the 19th century this College was enlarged to our great benefit, first by the building of New Court, and later by the great enterprise that gave us this Chapel, our extended Hall, our Combination Room, and our Master's Lodge. Both these great enterprises called first for the courage to venture greatly, and in this the College was not lacking, and secondly the wisdom to plan prudently and here we hope we do better than our forbears. Then, having stretched their resources to the limit, our predecessors set themselves to rebuild their inheritance by their own personal sacrifice. So for us, this new enlargement of our Foundation will call for imagination and bold adventure, wisdom and prudence, and not least a readiness to give of the best that we possess to enlarge the intellectual as well as the material heritage that we shall pass on.

This is my theme, and I have used the buildings which we possess and which we are planning to illustrate it. It is what the buildings house that constitutes our Society, the community devoted to religion, education, learning and research. And here also our Society has had in the past its periods of enlargement, and periods when its spiritual resources were meagre, and its rich inheritance barely maintained.

How do we stand now? One index of our position is the tendency to omit, or to slide over, religion as a College function. This is more than a question as to whether a new College should have a Chapel. When we talk of College functions we tend to speak of education, learning and research and leave out religion. I do not believe that there has been any change in the functions of a College. Of all man's activities, the sphere of religion is the one in which specialisation is least appropriate, and where every individual must determine where he stands, and make his own contribution to the thought and faith of his age. Nor do I believe that it is due to lack of interest. It is rather that we are uncertain how to express our faith. Let me try to define my own position. For me, religious experience must grow and develop, since growth and development are characteristic of all creation. As the upright man, with two free hands, grew out of a four footed beast and was not specifically designed as a tool maker, so too our spiritual nature is something that grows and develops and something that retains within it the fabric of the thought of those who went before us. The ancient truths still stand. The mathematics of the ancients has not been disproved, though Newton added to it, and the men of our day—and of this College—have taken it beyond the imagination of Newton. In like manner, "Like as a father pitieth his children" remains true however much further our honesty towards God may take us. Just as we are using our great benefaction to enlarge and not to replace our present buildings, so our obligation to religion in this Foundation is not to replace but to enlarge our concepts and our activities.

Let us consider the facts of our lives that require of us thought and action in matters spiritual. We order our lives by the rule of science, that the most satisfactory evidence of truth is the evidence of repeatability. It is true that B is a consequence of A, if B follows A every time A takes place. The evidence is experimental and it is satisfactory. What we so often forget is that such evidence is only forthcoming in a limited sector of our experience. It is natural, and indeed profitable, to devote one's energies to those fields of activity in which the rewards are most easily reaped, and we have with great material profit devoted ourselves to those fields to which the scientific method is appropriate, and have to a

large extent neglected the fields of spiritual enquiry, in which experience is unique and not repetitive. Here we are unsure. The rules of the game in which we are proficient do not hold. There are ancient rules, well tried by our forbears, and there are, of course, modern practitioners of the ancient art. But we mistrust them. The scientific method has led to such a rate of change in our knowledge of the material world that the literature of ten years ago is almost all obsolete. If we hardly have time—or the need—to read “The Origin of Species”, which is little more than a hundred years old, how do we justify reading the New Testament, which is nearly 2000 years old? So for most of us, while we are prepared to spend considerable time and effort in keeping up with the literature—professional or lay—of science, the literature of religion gets only the most cursory attention.

Let me now turn to the problems raised by our very success in the use of the scientific method. The Bishop of Woolwich quotes with approval Bonhoeffer’s call to accept the world’s coming of age. I do not think we have “come of age” in any sense that could not be applied equally to at least half a dozen periods in history. But we have undoubtedly “come into money” which is a very different, and very much less satisfactory, state of affairs.

Jesus remarked “How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God.” We must remember that this was a comment, not a condemnation. We need only refer to the parable of the talents for evidence that Jesus was not concerned to condemn wealth. But his comment, valid then, is of even greater force now. How hard indeed it is for us, with our great wealth, to enter into the Kingdom of God! Our riches are so time consuming. We may have shorter hours of work, but we have more to occupy our time. And this is not merely that we fritter our time away. The Bishop of Woolwich has told us that he would not have been able to write “Honest to God” were it not that he was forcibly laid up for three months. If this is what our wealth brings us to, we may well exclaim with the apostles, “Who then can be saved?” Who indeed? For so often the material wealth on which our time is spent is sterile, yielding only boredom and disillusionment. We admit that we have lost our sense of purpose.

And yet, what a tremendous enlargement we have achieved in the conquest of material things. In the terminology of Jesus we are all ten talent men, and for those who know what to do with wealth, what opportunities are offered? Where have we gone wrong? I believe we have been too ready to discard what we thought was obsolete. We thought we could put a bulldozer through the ancient monuments of the spirit, and build on a new

plan on clear ground. We have replaced “Thou shalt not” by “Why shouldn’t I?”

About half way in time between Moses and the present day, St Paul faced this problem, and set out his views on it clearly and uncompromisingly. “All things are lawful unto me”, he concluded, “but all things are not expedient, all things are lawful unto me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.” One of the material gains from our wealth is our ability to control the consequences of our activities, and so for example we have been able to separate sex from love, and since all things are lawful unto us, and we can control the biological consequences of a biological act, we conclude that the whole business can be regarded as under no valid moral code. This is where we lose our way. Let us consider for a moment what we have done where we have carried this biological control to the limit of our knowledge. Jesus said of Jerusalem, “How often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.” When I was a boy, that simile meant something. There aren’t many hens in this country today that would know what to do with chickens if they ever saw them. And whatever pride we may feel in our achievements in breeding for egg production, we do well to remember that in one human lifetime we bred out of our poultry the instinct of love and care that is involved in the rearing of offspring. And we have gone some way in doing the same thing in some human communities. The domestic animal concept of family life imposed by slave owners on slave communities persisted long after the abolition of slavery.

In this matter of sex we are in danger of forgetting our own history. When the four footed beast rose up and released two limbs for the development of hands, he did not change his structure. He developed new functions for the organs of the old structure. So we, released from old limitations by the increase of our biological knowledge, must learn to extend our capabilities by the redevelopment of our old resources. Love was developed as the complement of our biology to make possible the loyal partnership without which the human young could not be cared for and supported through a long childhood. The loving partnership that grew into the family system gave rise to the virtues of tolerance, forbearance, and mutual assistance on which the success of wider communities depends. We know that these basic verities underlie everything we value from the homes we grew up in to the Welfare State. Yet because we have forgotten whence they came into our lives, and how they governed the development of the man from the animal, we are tempted to doubt the value of the old virtues of constancy, and of commit-

ment to an exclusive partnership. "All things are lawful unto me." And the opportunities before us are clear. We know enough to breed the human race as we breed our domestic animals. But if we do, domestic animals we shall become. "All things are not expedient."

New knowledge may explain ancient virtues, but it does not render them obsolete. So our first duty is to conserve our ancient heritage. Our second is to extend it. And our duty in this respect is clear. The great extensions of our time have been in the control of material things. What we now lack, and can gain if we set our minds to it, is control of ourselves. We dominate the world as never before. And we are undisciplined in our domination. We destroy indiscriminately and ruthlessly, in ignorance because we are in too much hurry to learn, and without feeling because we have no time to pause and watch. Like the Romans we create a desert and call it peace. And since we can sweep away what lies in our path, nothing but our own actions can stop our own multiplication. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." We are just beginning to realise that in this country there will soon be no room for any living thing beyond those plants and animals that are useful or pleasant to man. And if we are to control ourselves in time to leave some room in these islands for recreation and enjoyment, and for creatures not dependent upon man, we must control both our own numbers and our own desires. We have begun to think about green belts, national parks, nature reserves and so on, and we have begun very recently to consider whether we are justified in treating our domestic animals in the most economic way, regardless of their natural habits. But so far this is a feeble attempt to swim against the tide of material wealth.

The need of our time is to regain our mastery of the paraphernalia of civilization, to be men again, individual men. It is men who are important, not Welfare States, or Growth Rates or Economic Development or even Progress. We are indeed in danger of treating ourselves as we treat our domestic animals. There are so many of us that we think in terms of the drove or the flock.

The great difference between ourselves and our livestock is the difference between diversity and uniformity. In buying a flock of sheep we look for uniformity, to make a level lot. But in selecting entrants to this College we set out deliberately to encourage diversity, diversity of subject, of interest, even (within the standards we set ourselves) of ability. The wealth of human life lies in its diversity, and diversity is in danger of succumbing to conformity from the pressure of our numbers, and the pressure of our demands for material things.

It is in our heritage in this College that we are somewhat relieved from these pressures around us. We have our endowment of beauty in art, architecture, and nature in our treasures, our buildings and our grounds. And it is our claim in Cambridge that our College teaching is individual, from scholar to student. We of all people, therefore, have the opportunity and the responsibility to devote our research to those matters of the spirit in which the individual and the unique, and not the category and the replicate, are important. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." It doesn't mean much to us, perhaps. We're too rich to buy sparrows at a farthing a pair. But the conception the words embody, of care and caring, is as valid today as when Jesus put it in terms of a simile that was full of meaning to his own people. Jesus expressed his conception of God in terms of a good father in a simple village set in a semi arid countryside. Most of us who are fathers depart from home after breakfast and return when the children are going to bed. We live in circumstances where the parable of the sower is scarcely intelligible, even if we are farmers. Yet the concepts that Jesus expressed in the terms of everyday affairs in his country village are valid for our sophisticated urban community.

We find the idiom of other ages a barrier to our understanding, but is it really so difficult?

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

"The angels keep their ancient places;

Turn but a stone and start a wing!

Tis ye, tis your estranged faces

That miss the many-splendoured thing."

The writer of Deuteronomy, the Apostle Paul, and Francis Thompson each in his own age and his own idiom expressing the timeless truth that there is a form and a purpose to creation that is beneficent.

That is one side of the coin. The other is the personal response to that beneficence which characterises the man and distinguishes him in the way that Jesus defined in terms of the relationship between a son and his father. Listen to men down the ages recording this relationship which they experienced as a personal and compelling call. First Samuel:

"And the Lord came and stood and called as at other times,

Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak, for thy servant heareth."

Then Isaiah:

"I heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send and who will go for us?' Then said I, Here am I, send me."

And again Paul:

"And he said unto me, Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

And nearer to our own time, Marmaduke Stephenson, who gave his life for religious freedom in New England, and who wrote just before his execution:

"And this is given forth to be upon record, that all people may know who hear it, that we come not in our own wills but in the will of God."

These two things are of the eternal verities, that the creation is good and purposeful and beneficent, and that a man stands as an individual in personal and loving relationship with his creator. We have laid up such wealth on earth that we have no need to care that moth and rust do corrupt. Let us turn to the more exacting enterprise of laying up treasure in Heaven. There are in the ante Chapel, memorials to two Fellows of this College who made the Bible available to the Welsh people in their own language. It is laid upon us in these days, so to enlarge our spiritual heritage as to make the truths of the Christian faith available in their own language to the industrial English.

J. B. H.

The Crisis

CHAPTER ONE

SNOW IN THE DOORWAY

THE snow had not yet stopped, and the wind howled under the two inch gap between the floor and the oak-panelled door of my keeping room. It was January, and as usual the weather was hellish. I was uncomfortable, and sat huddled by my gas fire, which, because it was connected to the undergraduate circuit, kept blowing back, and gave out scarcely any heat. I sat brooding over my Cambridge career, and wondering whether I.C.I. had any room for a middle-aged don, whose starred first had become gnarled and—I had to admit—almost fraudulent, with the passing of the years. I dreamed of a plush carpeted office, three telephones and a secretary whose stocking seams were straight, and whose legs were worth looking at. I was just about to remove my latest copy of *Playboy* from its leather Residents' List cover, when Iago came in. (I had often wondered why my fellow dons had such incredibly silly names.)

"Thank the University Grants Committee I've found you", he said, still exhausted from the walk up my staircase. He was dripping melted snow from his gown, and smelling strongly of alcohol. Sometimes, the first moments of a meeting with him were difficult. Not this time. He went over to my bedside table and without a word gulped the equivalent of several measures of whiskey from my decanter. He appeared in a state of high emotion. I got up, and put my hand on his shoulder.

"My dear fellow, what in heaven's name is the matter?" But although he appreciated my sympathy, he was not yet in a position to speak. He ran his fingers through his distinguished white hair (which, it was rumoured, was the main argument for retaining him as a fellow), and took another guzzle at the whiskey. I thought quickly, and then realised what I should do. I flung him into my armchair, and took the whiskey from him. It was not that I objected to his heavy drinking—but I needed a drink myself. I fingered lovingly the plain label on the bottle, which read "For the use of H.M. servicemen only; not to be brought ashore." The warmth of the liquid down my throat revived my memory; poor Iago:

"You haven't lost your lectureship, Iago?" I said with concern. There had been a scandal a term before, which was best forgotten.

But the University had taken an uncharitable view, and one of the women's colleges had complained.

His pallid features slightly reddened for a moment at the thought. "No, no, far worse, James, far worse." He turned his face away, his eyes wild, as they had been after parties we had both attended when we were undergraduates together in '26. Then, suddenly he looked me straight in the face, and whispered:

"James—I.T.V. have . . . have taken away my 'Midnight University' racket."

In the hush which followed this statement I could hear my clock ticking away gently. The gas fire blew back again. The I.T.V. Midnight University had been the best outwork system for ill-paid dons at the college which had ever been devised. Through Iago, every member of the Senior Combination Room had leered into a television camera and given earnest discussions to the nation on art, philosophy, and mathematics, and in return received a large cheque from the promoters. It had been so successful, we had only just before Christmas resurrected an elderly professor—the last of the life fellows—to lecture upon Sanskrit marriage rites. He had an audience of eight million.

"But why, Iago? It was going so well; they were pleased with us."

"The whole thing is horrible", he said. He had somewhat recovered now. "But—there have been complaints."

"But dammit!" I shouted, really angry, "They've no right to complain. If they don't like it they can switch it off."

Iago nodded, crying silently. "I know, that's what I said. But the managing director of the television company, or whatever he is, said that it was a well-founded complaint. In the end I had to agree." He blew his nose hard, and tried to dry his eyes, but both his eyes and nose continued to run.

A cold knife stabbed my conscience. Could it have been my lecture on the law of divorce in Jamaica? I had heard from the programme producer that 70,000 cases of polygamy had been reported since it went out. An archbishop had written to me. But surely a mistake like that could not be so disastrous? They had been sympathetic at the time. Besides, I could see no hint of malice in Iago's face; a sure sign of something out of the ordinary. He had got up now, and was pacing the room. Then he saw the television in the corner of my room and grimaced towards it.

"May I turn it on?" he said, quite calm now. "I can never think properly unless it's on in the background."

"Of course, Iago, of course. I suggest the B.B.C. in the circumstances."

"Yes, yes." He was smiling tenderly now. "You're very thoughtful James." There was a long pause. "You know that

young fellow Brigweed, the one we elected to a fellowship last year?"

"I remember him well."

Iago breathed deeply. "Well, you know that we were told he was a brilliant mathematician?" I agreed. "I took it as read, and naturally offered him the chance of a programme on arithmetic, you know, adding and subtracting and so on, for the Midnight University."

"Well?"

"He did one; an hour long, very good, I thought—though of course I'm no Einstein." He smiled depreciatingly. "It was called 'How to use your ready reckoner'." We all thought it went down a wow" Iago was interrupted by a shrieking noise, and a dull rhythmical thud.

"Sorry, Iago; it must be the boat club drunk again. I believe they want to throw a few townspeople into the Cam tonight. We've spoken to the Chief Constable, and he says it will be all right; no prosecutions, or anything of that kind." But I was wrong; it was a popular singing star on the T.V. Iago and I watched entranced for 5 minutes, until it was over. I sighed.

"He's very good, don't you think?" Iago nodded, still a little overcome sexually from the performance. I looked down modestly "He's one of my undergraduates, you know." Iago looked impressed. I have always respected his opinion, and my heart warmed to him when he said:

"James—how wonderful for you. Even in this hell-hole, teaching has its compensations. Congratulations." I knew he meant it, because later he asked me to show him the cheque stubs but at the moment, I wanted to hear the rest of his story about Brigweed. I prompted him.

"Yes—I was carried away by your pupil's excellence", he said. "Brigweed, you see, gave this lecture, and an undergraduate wrote into the *T.V. Times*, pointing out seventeen errors in the sums which Brigweed did on the programme!"

"But where did this dirty little tick come from?"

Iago leaned forward to sniff the whiskey again. "James—he is a member of this college."

CHAPTER TWO

MORALS PROBLEMS IN THE COMBINATION ROOM

The next day I trudged over to the senior combination room. The college was abuzz with rumours about the Midnight University. Suggestions were made that we should hold a college feast for the director general of the T.V. company. But that would mean embarrassing questions about the silver. Besides, many of us felt that genteel poverty might impress more than the kind

of debauchery which a feast entailed. The Senior Tutor, Miles Oglepiece, was holding the floor when I came in.

"What's the boy's name—Hunter. By God, I'll ruin him, I'll smash him. The audacity . . . it just shows how dangerous a little learning can be." As usual, he was taking things too hard. The Dean put what I took to be the moderate view.

"Why not arrange a little accident?" he suggested quietly. "You know the kind of thing . . . roof climbing, slipped into Senate House passage, ordinary sort of inquest . . . death by misadventure."

Our classical expert had the answer to this. "That is crude, Dean; we must be more subtle." There was a murmur of agreement from the others. But the Dean—a man noted for his ability to make fine moral distinctions—stood his ground.

"Nonsense—a death is a death is a death. It's so easy in this weather" (it was still snowing) "—you know—for a man to slip."

Leather, a scientist, who had written a well-known travelogue—*A Metallurgist in Sheerness*—came up with another objection. "It's not possible." Again, the Dean countered the argument.

"I've done it before", he said simply. I had always admired our Dean for his ability to get to the core of an argument, and he had convinced me in this one. But majority opinion was clearly with classics and subtlety.

Iago and Oglepiece had organised things already. They sat behind a desk in the east end of the Combination Room, and called the rest of us to order. Miles gave a short and moving speech. "The hour of trial for the college . . . tradition . . . money." We were all deeply affected. His final appeal was for any one of us to say anything we knew against this undergraduate. We could then simply send him down. The responses threw an interesting light on his unpleasant character:

"He once offered me Nescafé, and referred to it as coffee . . ."

"He plays no games . . ."

"He got a first last year . . ."

"His room has some very modernistic pictures in . . ."

"His hair . . . his clothes . . ."

All of this was worthwhile but not definite enough. We must have a hot story to release to the papers before we could send him down. At least we would get paid for that by the *Daily Whore*. There was silence. Miles, a Senior Tutor, tried to inspire us a little.

"Come come, you *must* know something more against him than this. What about women?"

The Dean, who had the advantage of being married to a bed-maker, who 'kept him in touch', reminded us. "Yes—but only in the regulation hours. We can't get him for that."

Stephens asked a key question: "Can't we discover them together naked one afternoon . . . indecency and all that?"

The Dean indicated that to be impossible. "No—I gather he never completely undresses; she's a Catholic or something."

The Senior Tutor saw that this line of approach was not getting us anywhere. Iago suggested another:

"Doesn't he share a set of rooms, Dean?"

"Yes, I believe he does."

Iago was jubilant. "There we are; accuse him of the other thing; he can't disprove it." As usual, I could see no fault in this suggestion, but there was a shrill retort from the other side of the Combination Room. It was Tony Chevineux, our specialist. He tossed back his beautiful blonde hair in disgust:

"Don't be ridiculous darlings, we'd all be out of a job within 6 months if we started on *that*. Not all of us have wives and what-nots tucked away behind Grange Road, you know." When he saw he had made his point, he excused himself on the pretext of finding his handbag.

We always knew that a special place had to be found for Tony within the college; he was one of the foremost Livonian experts in the country. But after outbursts of this unreasonable nature, I sometimes wondered whether he might have been happier at Oxford.

We all waited expectantly for more suggestions, but there were none. We broke up the meeting in a depressed state of mind; life was getting very difficult.

CHAPTER THREE

THINGS TAKE A HAPPY TURN

A week passed in a haze of depression. I had been away for three days for a conference in Paris. It was not interesting; I did not understand its subject or French, which was the language spoken there. Indeed, I had to admit that I did not want to attend; but it was an opportunity to stock up my cocktail cabinet duty free again, and in the crisis of Hunter and the Midnight University, Iago and myself had made inroads into my meagre supply.

I had come back from Paris, as I always do, ill-prepared for the strains and stresses of college politics—or, for matter of that, anything more than sleep. The bags under my eyes looked ominous and I had to give out some implausible story about writing the groundwork of a new book and burning the midnight oil. I had never produced a book before, and many of my colleagues did not believe me. The Dean went so far as to call me a bloody liar.

Although I was very tired when I returned, I was still happy. But soon, the cotton wool in my head turned to lead weights, and I knew I had the worst hangover ever. I decided that if it was to rain, it might as well pour, and so I even managed to supervise a few undergraduates. At least one of them was in as bad a state as myself, and I flatter myself I carried it all off quite well.

The main problem was still with us; Midnight University had been stopped. Hunter was also still with us. It was infuriating. I was moved to write to the *Times* about university salaries. The day after it was published, I was sitting in my rooms admiring my name in print (and feeling a little proud) when Iago rushed in in a state of high elation. I sniffed his breath, but it seemed quite sober. He ran to my chair and hugged me.

"James, James, it's all settled, it's marvellous . . . we're back in business, boyo."

"Have you seen my letter in the *Times*?" I asked. But Iago seemed a little unreasonable that day.

"I couldn't care a damn about your letter to the *Times*. Have you seen the *T.V. Times* which came out today?"

"No—is my pupil on the trog box again?" I mused happily. "My, he is doing well", I said.

"No—you fool—a reply to Hunter's letter about Brigweed's T.V. talk."

"Oh God, Iago", I said. "Not *more* mistakes!"

"Well, in a sense, yes; but they're to our advantage. Hunter made them. *His* calculations were wrong. Some honey in Cornwall has written in." He waved the paper in front of my face. "She's an infant school teacher; Hunter's corrections were up the creek." Iago grinned fiendishly. "Of course we'll send him down; it's sheer incompetence on his part."

"So Brigweed was right all along?"

"No—he was miles off target. But don't you see? Now that Hunter's corrections have been discredited, Brigweed's original mistakes will pass unnoticed; the Midnight University has asked specially to have him again in the new series."

I jumped up from my chair. "You mean it's going on again, Iago."

"Yes—James; and you'll get *two* lectures. Better than that; the first series has been sold to the States; we're in the money."

"Oh, Iago, it's wonderful . . . we must have a drink to celebrate." I opened the latest bottle of surgical spirit which the pathological labs had sent me. We drank it together. I don't know when I've been so happy. My memories of that day are not altogether clear, but I remember thinking that Iago had stayed rather a long time that morning. At 12.30 he crawled over to my T.V. set and managed to switch it on.

"What are you doing Iago? Surely you don't want distraction at this happy time?" He giggled to himself.

"You see—a special surprise . . ." It was . . . as the screen became clearer, a familiar voice was to be heard. It was the Dean, giving the best of his 3 sermons.

I turned to Iago. "It can't be", I said, almost overcome with the emotion of the thing.

"It is—James, it's the very first lunch hour technical college." I wanted to dance round the room with him. But it was no use; he was lying drooling, and out-of-this-world on the carpet. I joyfully took the bottle from his hand and joined him there. I thought: it's times like this which make it all worthwhile.

KEVIN TIERNEY.

Lady Margaret's Moscow

ONE of the undeniable advantages (well, attributes) of the editorship of *The Eagle* is the opportunity it affords to keep up, in a fashion, with Russian affairs. For reasons best known to themselves, the mysterious Muscovites who lurk in Kensington Palace Gardens (so conveniently near Princess Margaret) have for years now been sending us copies of *Soviet News*. They make no charge, which is truly generous, since thanks to them we on *The Eagle* can keep up with what the Kremlin says in a fashion otherwise confined to professional Kremlinologists and especially devoted Party members. For *Soviet News*, which comes out, on average, three times a week, is a highly concentrated extract of *Pravda*; four pages of pure Tass News Agency prose. It would be nice, in return for this little newsheet, to send the Russians *The Eagle*: but none of them are members of the college, so *sorry Tovarich*. Be content with the thought of good deeds done; or take this, the only acknowledgement.

There are those, no doubt (citizens of a certain Western Power) who would insinuate that *Soviet News*, in spite of its exact and unpretentious name, is a mere tedious propaganda leaflet, printed on the usual loathsome cheap paper in the usual loathsome type familiar (if not dear) to all those students of marxism who have had to read the works of Lenin in the editions put out by Moscow. But this charge can easily be rebutted from several standpoints. In the first place it is clear that a society engaged in building socialism and beating the Americans to the Moon has better things to do with its money than pander to the decadent eye of Western bourgeois aesthetes. Secondly, it would scarcely be consistent with the austere and intelligent priorities of the Soviet system to make an exception, in order to titillate English capitalist jackals, in the hope of caressing them into co-operation or, anyway, tolerance of Leninist activities. In fact, the ungracious aspect of *Soviet News* must be seen as a necessary advertisement of sincerity; a means of making the highmindedness of its editors palpable, undeniable. It is a tribute, also, to their journalistic

skill that they have produced over five thousand numbers, and held their readers for that long, while continuing to prove their virtue in this unappetising fashion. For the fact that *Soviet News*, as we write, has got to number 5,119 (and may have got to number 6,119 before this issue of *The Eagle* appears) surely must mean that it has gained, or at least has not mislaid, readers during its thirty-odd years of life. The Soviet Embassy would surely not waste energy and money for all that time in producing a paper that nobody read except Edward Crankshaw? Therefore we must assume that the Embassy *knows* that enough people read *Soviet News* to make its production worth-while—and it is more than the editor of, say, the *Sun* can boast—and, further, that *S.N.* is read because the journalism that puts it together is accomplished enough to make the fact that it looks like a handy substitute for lavatory-rolls seem irrelevant.

And in fact we on *The Eagle* can not only testify to the journalistic genius of *S.N.* by virtue of this sort of deductive logic; as faithful readers we are able to lay bare the secret itself. For we can relate how we ourselves got hooked.

It happened almost without our noticing. The wordy headlines (“SPACE VICTORY IS SYMBOL OF THE GREAT ADVANTAGES OF SOCIALISM”) did not compel us to study the stories they announced, and frequently we could not even bring ourselves to open the little packets containing *S.N.* as they arrived—the wastepaper basket gaped invitingly. But this was merely the cunning of that ingenious journal. Its editors knew that, however seldom we read *S.N.*, we could scarcely fail to note how often the name NIKITA KHRUSHCHOV figured in the headlines. Perhaps they knew something else, too. At any rate, one day, as we all know, a Mr Nikita Khrushchev (presumably the same fellow) lost his job as Secretary of the C.P.S.U. and first minister of the U.S.S.R. A bundle from the Russian Embassy was due: eagerly we tore the wrapper off to see how *S.N.* would deal with this dramatic development. Our wildest hopes were surpassed. The bundle contained three issues, with the latest on the top. It proclaimed THE IMMUTABLE LENINIST GENERAL LINE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION, and, though Nikita Khrushchov had not been out of power a week, did not name him or allude to him once. There was a little story on page 39 detailing the leaders of socialist countries who had sent congratulations to Messrs Brezhnev and Kosygin. They included Mao Tse-tung, Liu Shao-chi, Chu Teh and Chou En-lai. There was a rather longer story on the same page headed C.P.S.U. SLOGANS FOR ANNIVERSARY OF OCTOBER SOCIALIST REVOLUTION. We read it with interest, longing to learn what it was modish to shout.

The result startled us: “Raise higher the banner of international solidarity!” “Peoples of socialist countries, the international working-class movement, peoples waging the national liberation struggle and all anti-imperialist forces—rally in the struggle for the common cause!” (We particularly admired the placing of the dash in that one—one would need to draw breath just at that point.) “Working people of all continents—unite in the struggle against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism, for peace, democracy and national liberation and for socialism!” (That seemed to us less successful—obviously they almost forgot about socialism and had to tack it on the end in a hurry.) But about the lost leader we could not discover a word.

The next issue of *S.N.* in the pile had what, to date, is the last allusion to Mr K, and it was manfully mendacious: Nikita Khrushchov Asks to be Released from Posts on Grounds of Age and Ill Health. We spontaneously admired the gall of a propaganda sheet in a literate country, rotten with the lies of capitalism, that could make such a bold statement. Plainly our Muscovites do not write to be believed, in Britain at any rate. What moral courage that takes: to see it thus displayed makes reading *S.N.* well worth while. And while thus sensitized to the medium, as it were, we speculated happily as to why, in its Biographical Notes, this issue of *Soviet News* gave us only the grimmest sketch of Brezhnev's career—(“May 1937, when he was elected Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Dnieprodzerzhinsk City Soviet, saw the beginning of his state and party work. In 1938 he became secretary of the Dniepropetrovsk regional committee of the C.P.S.U.”) it served up Mr Kosygin almost tenderly: “It is quite possible that 60 year old Alexei Kosygin owes his capacity for work to his devotion to sport. In summer he is always glad of the opportunity to play volleyball and in winter he likes to go skiing or skating.” Probably the explanation is that they have different P.R. men, as if they were American politicians; but it was nice to toy with the idea of some esoteric significance.

It was even nicer to read the previous issue. There, messages of congratulation to Nikita Khrushchov and Anastas Mikoyan on the three-man space flight pour in from all quarters except Peking.

It was nicest of all to note, in subsequent issues of *Soviet News*, that delegations from the French, Italian and Czechoslovak communist parties had visited Moscow, and that no hint, no breath, suggested that these visits had anything to do with recent events. There was no remote suggestion of the possibility that these parties might have been making enquiries, or protests, or demanding explanations. What (from the *S.N.* point of view) was there to explain?

But by the time we noticed these post-Khrushchov developments we were, plainly, caught—enslaved readers. And why? Because, in the age of the anti-novel, the anti-play, and the anti-painting, the Russians have sprung into the lead with the anti-newspaper. Long live *Soviet News*! Of what other paper can one say that one reads it, not because it is good, but because it is bad?

Correspondence

From the EARL OF TRUMPINGTON.

Dear Sir,

I have noted recently that *The Times* newspaper has been advocating the compilation at New Scotland Yard of a file of photographs, fingerprints, and personal histories of all convicted criminals. May I suggest that, for the benefit of the body collegiate, a similar file be kept of all fellows of the college? Members and servants will then be able to recognize friend or foe at will, at high table, or in the open country, and the lamentable practice, by elderly local vagrants, of obtaining port under false pretences can be ended. A senior member of the college disclosed to me recently that an elderly gentleman continually referred to as Professor was nothing more than a local tradesman, who uses Third Hall as an alternative to the civic restaurant on Thursday evenings and Sundays. A further disgraceful aspect of this case was that the steward was apparently willing to cash his Luncheon Voucher at a discount and even to provide him with an alternative to the pudding. Is it surprising, therefore, if one detects in the younger generation of undergraduates something verging on disrespect for the older and more venerable members of the college?

etc., etc.,

TRUMPINGTON.

Trumpington, Cambs.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Oxbridge and Redbrick make strange bedfellows. The sexual urge properly used is a beautiful thing. In a world of nuclear arms, specialist studies, and marshmallow culture, this is even more the case. Many of my friends wondered why I left Cambridge (First Class Honours B.A. 1964 Religious Knowledge). They were not aware as I was that many so-called undergraduates were foaming at the mouth with sexual frustration *on public money*. In my own case Redbrick offered, counting the various training colleges (which are for social purposes affiliated to the universities) a relief from the Achilles Heel (!) the delicate subject of sex ratio (!!) that obsess you in Cambridge where you are. We in Smethwick are something like equal, and we have no trouble in finding suitable partners for life or others. How unlike Cambridge, you may say. May I suggest that like-minded people to

myself take a plunge into the deep-running culture at Smethwick Univ. and join forces with all of us here.

Yours ever,

DIRK THRUSTHUSBAND.

The Students Union, Smethwick.

Dear Sir,

My wife and I would like to say that though we very, very much appreciated your lovely old tumbledown college and all its picturesque old inhabitants (and may we also say we certainly did particularly appreciate that very gracious old professor who let my wife shoot him on the Bridge of Sobs for her home movie) we were also very, very shocked by the low calorie content of the food that your students were eating during our visit in your majestic old hall. My wife could hardly sleep that night for worrying about them, and I too had to take 17 tranquilizers. It then occurred to us that vitamin tablets might be an appreciated token of appreciation, for we know the difficulties which you had to contend with during World War Two. A consignment will therefore be arriving by next mail.

Sincerely,

RETRIBUTION T. PALMS III.

Toronto, Canada.

Sir,

May I appeal to any member of the College who knows the name of the charming lady I observed bricklaying in the Chapel on Ash Wednesday to communicate with me at once? I have been a widower so long.

Yours, etc.,

D. VORTIGERN GRIMES.

"Brogwood", Cambs.

Mistah Kurtz: He Dead

MANY of the obituary notices of T. S. Eliot remarked on his kindness, his active helpfulness to young writers, and even to mere would-be writers, but there was hardly room in them for concrete and personal description of the means by which this kindness and helpfulness were exerted. As one of those who benefited from these qualities, at a time when they meant very much to me, I am trying to describe them a little more fully. I should, of course, have expressed my gratitude to Eliot himself, and often thought of doing so, but funk'd it, partly because of his eminence, and even more because it could hardly have seemed that my gratitude was much worth having. For that failure, this attempt is an appropriate penance, since I must in the course of it claim almost publicly what I hesitated to presume upon in a private letter to him:—an acquaintance with him. But it is perhaps fair to add at once that at the time when he was so good to me, his eminence was very different indeed from what it became in recent years. It was no whit less in itself, but it was apparent to but a small circle of readers, of which my own generation made up the outer enthusiastic fringe.

My first acquaintance with Eliot was of course through his poetry, which I first read in the mid-twenties, under those stimulating difficulties which lent such poignant attraction to extra-curricular reading at a boarding school. The days were full—or rather filled for us by ingenious and distrustful masters who believed that "Mischief still the tempter finds, For idle hands and idle minds." They kept him captive in his lair by leaving no more than a few quarters of an hour unaccounted for in our daily lives. The nights closed round us early in the dormitories, long before my capacity for reading was exhausted. In the junior school, much of my reading was done by flashlight under the bedclothes, but it was terribly expensive in batteries, and in other ways unrewarding:—I remember reading *Dracula* thus, and put down its lack of effect on me to the dulling of my perceptions by the suffocating fug within this tent of bedclothes. By the time I had covered the gap between *Dracula* and Eliot. I was senior enough to have more room for manoeuvre, and my more private reading was done in the only place where a light, however dim, shone all night, and where one could, however incommodiously, sit down. But although conditions were much improved by this change, my own perceptions were still very limited, and the effect of Eliot's poetry on me was in some ways oddly like what I had

been assured I should get from *Dracula*, and had failed to find in it. The main structure of its comment on the age, the suggestive drift of its remedies, were almost wholly lost on me, but from the imagery of deserts and waste places I got the kind of direct thrill which had failed to emerge from werewolves, ruined abbeys, and the rituals of necrophily. The language, too, struck me with that tang which, in the last analysis, can perhaps only be tasted fully from writing which is deeply and even violently contemporary. It was a shock wholly delightful to find that poetry could use "a selection of the language really used by men." And my delight in this poetry was enhanced when my English master picked the book up from my desk one day, glanced at it for a few minutes, and handed it back with the advice that I should not waste my time on such "Bolshevik" stuff. My own unspeakable and unreadable verses were, of course, full of desert scenery, red rocks, and rats feet slithering over broken glass. Eliot's images for the barren waste of English culture lent themselves very readily to an indulgence in the facile melancholies of adolescence which was, in those days, a very long-drawn-out affair:—some of us can only hope to attain maturity in the wood. I came up to Cambridge with a fair stock of verses in this manner, and here, of course, I met many other young men from other schools with similar portfolios.

It was a year or two later when I first met Eliot himself, through Herbert Read, another notable patron of young writers, at a *Criterion* party above *The Poetry Bookshop* which Harold Munro kept gallantly in being opposite the British Museum. It was there, indeed, that I had bought my copy of Eliot's poems four or five years earlier, and many other books of the same kind, but not of quite the same quality, including the *Chapbooks* in which Harold Munro combined the last flings of Georgian poetry with what was left of the Imagists. In those last years at school, and in my early years at Cambridge, I was provincial enough to believe that there must be a metropolis somewhere, some kind of centre for the world of letters and culture. London as a whole being obviously too vastly amorphous and too grossly provincial to fill this bill, I was forced to create this centre for myself. Its eastern boundaries were the Bloomsbury squares, in one of which Eliot worked as a publisher and editor of *The Criterion*; to the west, it ended in Fitzrovia, so named after *The Fitzroy Tavern* in Charlotte Street, a pub with much character in those days, not all of it good; the northern boundary was vague, but the southern was beyond any question *The Poetry Bookshop*, and I went to that party fully convinced that at last I was going to see something of this real metropolis. And so, in a sense, I did; enough, at least, to set in motion the process by which

I was, not too long afterwards, liberated from that particular provincial illusion. Of the party itself, I remember little but drink and noise: Harold Munro's rather lugubrious elegance—"I've seen you downstairs, haven't I?"—his first recognition of my long series of pilgrimages to his shop: an Imagist poet called Frank Flint who produced for my benefit some fearful images—one about a red gash in a black cat haunted me on and off for years afterwards (the trouble with experience is that one can only have it, never un-have it). But Eliot was there, composed, gently sardonic, and quite evidently the most forceful, though also much the quietest person in the room. He asked me whether I had been writing anything that might do for *The Criterion*, and I gave him an over-optimistic reply.

I hope that his biographers and critics will, in their summing-up of his achievements, do no less than justice to his editorship of *The Criterion*, and to its relevance to his large design of preserving some kind of coherence and some standards worth having in English culture. It was, I suppose, the last example of a practice which had grown up in the nineteenth century among publishers, of running a periodical in double harness with book-publishing, and using it partly as a trial and recruiting ground for their authors; partly as a way of giving their work preliminary or partial publication. At its best, it was a very lively kind of symbiosis, and its liveliness coincided with what may well turn out to have been the golden age of serious publishing, with *The Criterion* its last astonishing survival into another age of inferior metal. And Eliot should certainly be remembered, not only as one of the first great poets of the twentieth century, but also as the last great periodical editor of the nineteenth. None of his predecessors could have showed more diligence, courtesy and personal concern for the recruiting of young writers, for exploring the temper of their generation, and encouraging them to put as good a face as possible on being themselves. His usual method of doing all these things was the luncheon, *à deux*. I still remember very vividly my own first experience of this institution, not long after that meeting in *The Poetry Bookshop*. We met at his office high up above Russell Square, where the atmosphere was of a hard morning's work just being completed, and walked through the heart of my imagined metropolis to a French restaurant in Charlotte Street, where the food, carefully chosen by Eliot, was as admirable as it was beyond my own means. The conversation was even better, and quite beyond my means. Eliot was ready to elicit young theories and tender ambitions, and to listen to them with an attentive kindness beyond praise. He would give advice, too, especially if he had been burdened with some of the writing for which he had asked, and to which he had evidently given the sort

of care which made one feel that he ought to be spending his time better than that. One injunction of his I remember particularly, because I have never been able to follow it, and because he often had some difficulty in following it himself. It was to the effect that, in writing a piece for *The Criterion*, one should record opinions simply and forcibly, omitting all the qualifications and cautions which scholarly diffidence would wish to drape round them. "People like just to be told what to think," he said. He would talk too, though more warily, about his own concerns. Because I was then reading Classics, and because he insisted on exaggerating the extent to which I was doing so, he liked to talk about Aeschylus, and I had some glimpses of his long preoccupation with the *Oresteia*, from *Sweeney Agonistes*, which of course I knew, to *The Family Reunion*, which was not yet there to be known. He also spoke about other literary apprentices who had recently lunched with him, reported their views on one thing or another, tested them out seriously and respectfully. He really did all that could have been done to make us interested in one another, and to feel that there was promise of some kind lying about among us. Looking back at it now, from the other end of the gun as it were, it is impossible to imagine that the young could have been encouraged more generously and effectively. To feel that we mattered—and above all to him—was no small thing.

Among ourselves, of course, these luncheons were a matter for tactful boasting. "I had lunch with Eliot the other day" was a phrase which I remember hearing, and I am sure I must have uttered it too, though I remember that less clearly. The tone of voice appropriate to such an utterance was very level, unemphatic, almost a throw-away, such was the inherent force of the fact itself. Only one of us, much the most resourceful in the management of English idiom, found a way of improving on it, to "I was lunching with Eliot the other day," and we were left to wonder whether this subtle modal meddling with the verb might not indicate a frequency of meetings denied to most of us.

When I became, through a curious series of improbable accidents, a Fellow of the College, it came within my power to return a little of the handsome hospitality of those lunches. I remember, for example, bringing Eliot as a guest to a Feast in about 1934. After a dinner of which I was not ashamed, and one of those desserts in the Combination Room of which one could feel proud, we went up to the rooms of another Fellow whose guest was a very intelligent and civilised Italian Marxist. Most of the conversation was between him and Eliot, and they both seemed to enjoy it. As we walked back through the empty courts in the small hours, Eliot made one comment which I always found very helpful in understanding his religious position. There was, he

quietly observed, a great difference between the Marxists and himself, not only or merely in the content of their beliefs, but even more in the way in which they were held. "They seem so certain of what they believe. My own beliefs are held with a scepticism which I never even hope to be quite rid of." This helped me to appreciate, among other things, his natural affinity with the Anglican Establishment of the seventeenth century, for the religious verse of Donne and Herbert turns almost as much on doubt as on faith, and even more on the constant interplay between the two. The doubt or difficulty which begets one poem, and seems to be triumphantly resolved by the end of it, is there again to initiate the next audible moments of the unending inner argument. We often used to wonder, in those days, whether Eliot would not go on to complete the classic syndrome and pass through Anglo-Catholicism to Rome—a speculation not unreasonable after his pamphlet *Thoughts after Lambeth*. But when I recalled that utterance of his in Second Court, I thought it more likely that he would stay where he was.

That Feast well illustrates another aspect of Eliot's career, and of his relation with my generation. The seating-plan was, then as now, circulated in advance, as a kind of human counterpart to the menu: it gave the social bill of fare, so that one could welcome one's friends, even if guests of another Fellow, and without unhospitable impoliteness avoid dishes one disliked. Only one Fellow, out of sixty or so, commented on the name of my guest. And this absence of remark was, I think, entirely typical of the early phase of Eliot's eminence. He had spoken to the condition of a very small minority, but to them with enormous force, giving a new perspective to the world of eye and ear, and inner contemplation. His poetry was, indeed, a weighty and discernible part of that internal duologue which is the ultimate reality of mental and spiritual life; many of my generation, when we thought, or felt, or thought that we felt, would find its phrases there already, in our own heads, before we could find words of our own. But to the majority, to the general public, he was not even caviare; they never tasted him, and his name was unknown to them.

The turn towards the later, larger and more public eminence came with *The Rock*, a "pageant" performed at Sadler's Wells in aid of a fund for the London churches. It was a strange experience to attend a performance, to sit among the crowded audience, many of whom had come from their parishes in charabancs and busloads; stranger still to hear the appeals during the interval, by Bishops, Cabinet Ministers and so forth. It was like being part of a diagram, illustrating past and future—though the future was still only dimly visible. Scattered thinly through the auditorium were a few of those to whom Eliot was already as eminent as he

could be; surrounding us, quite swamping us, were those with whom it clearly lay in his power to be eminent in a slightly different fashion. He can hardly have been unconscious of the possible change, the possible choice—I never remember him missing much subtler points than that. What must have made the choice specially hard for him was that, if it went one way, there would be some rewards of a kind which he did not want, but could hardly avoid—fame, public recognition, titles, decorations. It has often occurred to me that the central problem in his next, and I suppose his best, play, *Murder in the Cathedral*, the difficulty of “doing the right thing for the wrong reason”, may have gained force from his own experience in those crucial years.

As this new eminence settled upon him, I saw much less of him, but we met occasionally until the unsettlements of the war. In one of the choruses of *Murder in the Cathedral* I had observed the cunning interweaving of some lines from one of the Sherlock Holmes stories, and told him of my observation. He was pleased, and noted that not as many of his readers as should be were familiar with those stories. He added that, since he had given up writing notes to his poems, many people supposed that he had given up incorporating in them fragments from other authors, and said that he would be obliged if I would draw attention to this particular insertion as opportunity offered. I gladly do so:—and for the benefit of those who know the play better than they know Sherlock Holmes, add that the lines are to be found in the *Musgrave Ritual*, in the story of that name.

Just one more memory of our acquaintance is worth recording, partly because I doubt if it will be recorded anywhere else, but even more because it illustrates a quality in him which marked him as a writer not merely good, but probably great. Though his concern for literature and for writing was close and professional, of life itself, even in forms not specially natural to his range of experience, he was avid and explorative. I had, on one occasion, illustrated some remark—I think it was on Machiavelli—with a reference to the game of rugby football. He said that he had never seen the game, but would like to do so. After some very anxious consideration, I decided that the best prospect was Twickenham—for I wanted him to get a proper specimen in case it was the only one he ever got. It was, as things turned out, a very lucky decision, for the game which we saw was, I believe, later recognised as one of the classics of its kind. The Cambridge fly-half was perhaps the wittiest player to appear on the field in my time. By constant changes of pace and direction, dramatic passes after which the ball was still in his hands, earnest appeals to players just behind his immediate opponent who did not in fact exist—by these, and such-like devices, he not only avoided the

clutches of those who would lay hands on him, but made them fall down on either side of him, leaving the path of his best runs strewn with these ridiculous casualties. Eliot enjoyed, to the best of my hopes, this demonstration of the superiority of intelligence, imagination and dramatic insight over mere brute strength. At the end of the display, he noted the fact that the game seemed much more suitable to be played by university men than American football. And he was kind enough to allow, having seen the thing for himself, the justness of my remark on Machiavelli.

H. S. DAVIES.

The Origins of The Norman Conquest

BY

A. J. P. T*YL*R

(Copied from an article in *The Times* on the nine hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, in 1966)

NOTHING could be farther from the truth than the generally accepted notion, first put into circulation by William's more credulous contemporaries, that the Conqueror's successful war of invasion was long-planned, or indeed anything but a hasty improvisation. But it is scarcely surprising that such a view should have held the field for so long. English apologists for Harold's defeat naturally tried to explain it away by stories of a vast international armada, assembled by William as the culmination of his long-term intention of seizing the English crown. Norman chroniclers were anxious to flatter their chief by embroidering the truth still more extensively. Properly understood, of course, the primary sources tell a very different story. But the ineradicable laziness and establishment-mindedness of historians as a tribe have prevented it from emerging until very recently.

The facts are these. Like all moderate politicians, William had no desire to imperil his very real achievements at home by adventurings abroad. After years of exhausting effort he had built an enduring settlement in Normandy, in the teeth of baronial opposition, and asserted his ascendancy over his vassals. But he knew very well that a long period of recuperation was necessary, during which the new structure could become customary. External war was therefore ruled out. His position and calculations may be compared with those of Bismarck after the war of 1870. Bismarck, like William, had a new state to consolidate. His only foreign interest, therefore, was peace and, to ensure peace, a balance of power. Just as Bismarck found it desirable to prop up the Habsburg monarchy to counterbalance Russia, and Italy to counterbalance France, so William sought to maintain an independent England against pan-Scandinavian designs, and the German Emperor against the French King. And being, like all wise politicians, a timid man, anxious only to minimize his risks, he was quick to perceive the solid economic and social advantages of a policy of disarmament. At one stroke he could eliminate a heavy burden of taxation and conscription, two of the most potent

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sources of popular unrest. The state to which this policy had reduced his forces is sufficiently indicated by the feverish measures of rearmament he had to undertake when the English War broke out.

His policy of balance worked well enough while Edward the Confessor was alive. His family bond with the old King (which later formed the basis of his hastily-contrived claim to be Edward's heir) strengthened a working partnership which was solidly based on a community of interest. For Edward was a convinced exponent of England's traditional policy of strength at sea coupled with a continental alliance. Like William's system of counterweights, this amounted to an endorsement of the balance of power. But it was uncertain what would happen after Edward's death. For the English crown would then either come to Tostig, a pro-Norwegian quisling, or to his brother Harold, an extravagant nationalist. William threw all his weight behind Harold from the moment that, late in Edward's reign, it became clear that a crisis in the rivalry between the two brothers would break out as soon as the King died; and it is undoubtedly to William's support that we may attribute Harold's success in seizing the throne. It was widely known that he and William had made an agreement (known as the Holy Bones Pact) on the occasion of Harold's official visit to the Norman Court, and this factor proved decisive in the deliberations of the Witenagemot. (Subsequent propaganda distortions, which made it appear that Harold had sworn on the bones of the saints to support *William's* claim to the throne can of course be dismissed. Like most such lies, this one can be detected by the fact that it represents the exact opposite of what really happened—William, as a matter of fact, agreed to back Harold's bid.)

Events then took the course that William had foreseen—but with one exception. Tostig and the King of Norway launched their invasion, and Harold, backed by the war-fever of an entire nation, duly trounced them; but the Edwardian balance of power was not restored, because Harold, driven by the pressure of public opinion, had been obliged, just as relations with Norway neared the breaking-point, to break off relations with William. This event, which was to have such momentous results, was caused solely by the new King's need to conciliate the Opposition. Ill-informed nationalist thanes had largely rallied to the Godwine family (Harold, Tostig, and their late father, Earl Godwine, the former Prime Minister) early in Edward's reign as a protest against the "Frenchifying", or Norman, influence at Court. Harold forfeited their support by his pact with William, gaining instead the support of the large moderate majority in the Witenagemot. But he found, after his accession, that he could

not muster sufficient strength to defeat Tostig without making a token concession to the thanes, who predominated in the armed forces and were enraged by the ascent to the throne of one who had become just another pro-Norman.

The breach with Normandy was not intended to be more than token, of course. The King and the Duke continued to exchange messages through private channels. Unfortunately events, which had already proved too strong for their calculations, now drove them relentlessly forward to a totally unforeseen conclusion.

In order to prove his sincerity to the thanes Harold was obliged to mobilise the Fleet in the Channel, as a defence against a Norman "invasion" which neither he nor William, nor probably even the thanes, expected. (Incidentally, this fact explains why Harald Hardrada was able to land in Yorkshire; it was there that the Fleet should have been.) But Norman opinion, inflamed by the manner in which Harold had severed relations with William, and then by the naval mobilisation, demanded a counter-mobilisation, which William, in the interests of public order, was obliged to begin. Even at this stage (it was now late summer, and Edward had died in the spring), William and Harold assumed that they would be able to arrive at a *rapprochement*; but the inevitable happened. Neither King nor Duke moved against the other, and opinion in both countries, exacerbated still more by the leaders' long delay, and unshaken in self-confidence by any salutary defeat, began to clamour for action. English war-fever was, of course, appeased by the Norwegian emergency; but William had no recourse but to order the sailing of his transports for Sussex. Had he and Harold only dared, previously, to risk a small naval clash, warlike passions might have abated, the moderates regained their normal control of politics, and the two states have returned to their former amity.

The rest is well-known. Harold received the news of William's landing on the morrow of his victory over Tostig. The instantaneous reaction of his militarist thanes made it inevitable that he should march against the Normans—it was his only hope of retaining the crown, for the thanes would certainly have marched without him. But Harold perceived as well as anyone that this was military as well as political folly. His army would arrive exhausted and unfit for battle; the thanes would nevertheless insist on attacking at once, so that the two leaders would be given no time to arrive at some face-saving settlement (William would probably have been content to be declared suzerain of England, or at most to be given Kent); and an English defeat, in the circumstances, was certain. So it fell out.

And in the long run nobody profited. William's careful balance of power was destroyed: he found himself condemned,

like Hitler, willy-nilly, to a policy of aggrandisement, as were his heirs. The long wars that of course followed ended in failure for England and the disappearance of the Norman nation. And Harold was killed on the battlefield—had he lived, even at the twelfth hour some more rational outcome than the Norman Conquest might have been devised.

We are commemorating the Battle of Hastings as a defeat for the English. How often is it recognised to have been a defeat for the Normans as well?

The Inwardness of the Light

SUDDEN in a shaft of sunlight
Even while the dust moves
There rises the hidden laughter
Of children in the foliage
Quick now, here, now, always—
Ridiculous the waste sad time
Stretching before and after.

T. S. ELIOT; *Burnt Norton*, (169-end).

He who bends to himself a joy
Does the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

W. BLAKE; *Opportunity*. (*Gnomic Verses*, xvii, I).

So much the rather thou Celestial Light
Shine inward

MILTON; *Paradise Lost*, iii, (51-52).

How can we know if anything lies
Beyond the pale light on the autumn sea,
And the green haunts of the twilit fancy,
Lonely but fresh from eager searching?
Is all that shines with a still light,
Or flickering play on gleaming water,
Only the sign of an inward beauty,
Self-transmitted, and dimly seen?

See! the sun-shaft falls from heaven,
Gilding the river, touching the doorstones,
Coaxing a brightly-smiled response . . .
But they tell us the sky-blue is only illusion,
A layer of atoms,
Breaking the simple light.
"How may I reach the rainbow's end?
Will it take many hours, mother?"
"Ah, my dear!
Rainbows are lovely but unreal things;
There is no end to unreality."
(For all is unreal, it fades
Even as thought fades.)

POEM

But the bright sun-shaft,
Swirling with dust-motes,
Though unreal, is true;
For in such timespun moments of timelessness
—Beauty falling, if not from heaven,
Yet still from a lifting height—,
In moments of heart-touched apprehension,
We glimpse the true though invisible light;
In the child's smile, and the boy's hand-wave,
And, further, the call of the sea-bird over the ripples,
Over the chill ocean.

Only in mind, in recognition,
The summoning light strikes truly home,
Touching a sensitive chord of response,
Smile answering smile, and nod, wave;
Though here, often, the spirit recedes,
Draws back quickly, and shrinks from the light;
And we try to build our own little sun-trap,
Hoping to hold and contain the light,
Thinking to call it our own, and even
Claiming our vision to be a true
Sight
Of a living light.

But here we pause,
Tending to think that our inner world
Flourishes wholly in isolation;
But though its centre, its pivotal power,
Is only the Self, and no other thing,
Yet sometimes we feel, in an answering smile
(In a casual walk, or some rarer field),
That the third person, the smile's ghost,
Is common indeed to you and to him.
Two thoughts expand, and meet for a moment:
Here the light fixes, and mirrors a feeling;
Perhaps it lingers on both sides,
And who are we to suspect its truth?

But we must still (not as the first time,
 Look in ourselves for the source of the light;
 Reach to the rainbow in our own heart-springs,
 And cherish the birdsong while it soars.
 Though we must struggle, to work our peace,
 We need not lose, by a vain realization,
 A hovering insight, captured in fleetingness.
 Not to look would be not to see,
 But once we have looked, the most part of seeing
 Is done with an inward-turning eye.
 If we then hope for a true light,
 We must leave the sun-shaft, trust it stays,
 And when other eyes shine with an apprehension
 We may nod and say: "Ah, surely the vision
 Was real, for see, another smiles!"

The light dims; the shadows walk nearer;
 Candles flame in cathedral stalls;
 But the heart does not need to wait for the morrow,
 To wander out in the bright day;
 For what it sees will be not the daylight,
 At least, not mainly, but an image of living,
 Sown in the spirit and garnered there.
 The upward gaze on a windfall evening
 Spies through the cloud-drifts a murmur of day,
 A soaring shadow of light that awakens
 The sinking mind with a new aspiring . . .
 But do not hope for an outward brightness;
 Still reflection, when episode fails,
 Must serve sufficient to kindle the soul.

Smile then, and wave: the time will come
 (So promised the light) for a closer love.

The sun-shaft stays; it waits too long;
 Turn away; the mind shines.
 A time for reverie must be had,
 To consider the smile, or dream of the next.
 We think, by gaining, to win our joy;
 Better (perhaps) to be led in expectancy,
 Smiling light always before us,
 Than taste the reality, cloy the tongue,
 And lose the rose-scent of a fleeting dream.

The sun-shaft darkens, disperses its light;
 Do I regret such sudden passing?
 No, think of it rather more warm than before,
 Since now, being part of the mind's store,
 Its spirit can live, independent of season,
 A steadfast image to colour my hours.

LAURIE PAINE.

Last Sermon

Mr Bezzant preached the following sermon on Sunday, 7 June, 1964—his last as Dean of the College

"ABIDE in me and I in you." My text is taken from the fourth verse of the fifteenth chapter of St John's Gospel—or at least part of it. It does not materially affect the significance of these words whether they were spoken by Jesus, or whether the Evangelist first perceived their significance.

I speak here for the last time as Dean of the College. Of course I have in mind very much those of you who are here for the last time as undergraduates. When you came up three years ago the future seemed long: as you look back upon it, it seems to have passed very quickly. All life is like that—it depends upon from which end of the telescope you look at it. Those who are leaving are going out into a much harsher and harder world than the College or the University. And you will begin at the beginning, on the doorstep, as it were, while I retire to the shelf, not much higher than the doorstep—no more comfortable and less promising. Nevertheless, for all of us, "Abide in me and I in you" is the Christian religion; for the simplest definition of Christianity is that it is Christ himself. It issues in a particular theory of life and of the world, which is called Christian doctrine; it will lead also to a particular type of conduct, which is called Christian duty; but it is not exhausted by these two, even taken together. It is possible to believe intellectually every article of the Christian creed and still be hardly Christian at all; it is possible to live for the service of others and still to be incompletely and insecurely Christian. The only genuine Christianity is to abide in Him, and He in us; and the only way to attain to that is, to use words which I have to use in another connexion, to feed upon Him in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving.

In the practical business of living, the most elementary things are the most important. And it is of them that I wish to speak briefly this evening. When is it that a man needs religion? You meet with many people who lead admirable lives without any religious belief or practice, and without feeling the need of any. And yet—and yet—there come times to every man when he is confronted with a moral demand which he cannot meet, or a moral opportunity to which he cannot rise. If he has never become conscious of the power of religious faith in life, he may very likely never realise that in that moment he is really needing just that power, which nothing else can give.

On the whole from day to day the general tenor of our lives is just about what circumstances make it; but this does not absolve us from any responsibility, for we ourselves are among the circumstances which mould characters and influence the lives of other people; but it does point the limit of our possible achievement so long as we rely on our own strength alone. For, indeed, our own strength alone is very near next to nothing. When we think we are relying on our own strength, we are in fact relying on the supporting power of that section of society to which we belong—the tradition of our birth, of our home, family or school, or the tacitly accepted standards of our set.

In the end, if we think about it, we come to see that St Paul's summary of the situation is quite exact: there are two great societies on earth, as he and (St Augustine after him) realised, and only two—the Church and the World, and all of us belong to both. No doubt, in the course of history, the civilised world has to some degree accepted the standards of the Church, and the Church, to a very great degree, has accepted the standards of the world; and yet, though our secular society is partly Christian, and our religious societies partly pagan, it is still true that there are two great influences acting upon our lives; the one is represented by the ancient myth of the man who was disobedient, and the other by the one who was obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross. And perhaps the choice, where our willing is most free, is the choice of the influences which shall play upon and largely determine our lives.

And the choice can really work only on one side. For we cannot escape from the world, the society of Adam. We shall live among people who believe that to get on in the world, as they phrase it, is the one obvious duty of life. If we are contemplating action involving some measure of self-sacrifice, our friends will usually try to dissuade us, and suppose that they are acting kindly in so doing. That group of influences will act on us in any case, whatever we do, wherever we go. But if you wish none the less to conform to the other type, to renounce that which is at once highly respectable, but also largely incapable of heroism, then you must deliberately submit yourself to the other group of influences—hold fast to the ideal of Christ, uniting yourself with his disciples in the corporate worship and general life of the Church in and through that section of it to which you belong, whatever it may be. Don't misunderstand. The influences of our ordinary society can make you a good man in the ordinary sense—honest, self-controlled, generous, public-spirited—but yet leaving you always putting *first* the interest of self or of your own group; at least; slightly before all others. But if your ambitions are more than this, if you would like to be able to say, when life closes, that

it has been spent in the pursuit of the welfare of your fellows, then you must abide in Christ, and He in you. For this appeal is for heroism—not indeed the spectacular heroism of war or melodrama, but for the more arduous nobility of the life which increasingly disregards itself, even when there is no glory, or even credit, to be won, and scarcely any discernible purpose to be achieved. No one will live like that even to the partial extent possible in the short span of human life, except in the power of some transforming influence, of which that of Christ is supreme.

We often think that all we need is strength and courage to do our duty as we see it. But it is not so; the primary need is to see our duty as it really is. And it is in this illumination of moral perception that the power of sincere religion is most of all to be seen.

“Live you this Christianity or not?

It may be false, but will you wish it true?

Has it your vote to be so, if it can?”

Whatever else the Cross is (and of course it is much more than this), it stands as the touchstone of character. “We preach a Messiah on a Cross, to Jews a scandal, and to Gentiles an absurdity, but to the very people who are called Jews and Greeks, a Messiah who is God’s power and God’s wisdom.”

Which do we believe it in our hearts to be? Was the choice of that life an act of folly? Is the claim that it is a Divine life a scandal? Or, to bring it nearer home, if you hear of someone who has given up the chance of wealth because he thinks he can be of more use in a less lucrative post, do we think he has acted foolishly? If we think that, we class and judge ourselves as belonging to the world. Or, is the acknowledgement of God in Christ just the illumination of our darkness and the strengthening of our weakness? If we find *that*, we class and judge ourselves as belonging to the Body of Christ. Whatever you do, you cannot pass Him by. You can, if you like, deliberately ignore Him; you may repudiate Him; you may consign the spirit of His teaching to the crowded cemetery of visions that have failed and ideals that have perished. Or you may become a disciple and a worshipper. But some attitude to Him you are bound to adopt; and by that action we are judged. Perhaps we think we are passing sentence upon Him and His claim, even as Pilate thought, and Caiaphas thought. But it is not so: it is we who are thereby judged, not He. Yet he will not intrude into the secret places of our hearts and wills unless and until we call Him in. With wonderful patience He stands at the door of our hearts and knocks until of our own free will we open to Him. We must be willing to abide in Him ere He can, or will, abide in us.

And now from this College some of us are passing on to other stages of our lives in the discipline of our souls. We shall carry

with us for evermore something of the impress of our life in this College and in Cambridge. Three or four years is a very short time in a human life, and even a whole working life is very little in the life of an ancient college, such as this. But I hope that all of you will always be glad that there were some who were at St John’s or elsewhere in Cambridge, when you were. Don’t let it be only the memory of such friendships that you take away with you as you leave; for genuine friendships do not perish. And if we endeavour to abide in Christ that He also may abide in us, the peace of God which passes all understanding will keep our hearts and minds, and knit them together in the bond of an affection which will only grow stronger as the years pass by.

My parting word is this. Ask God forgiveness for your failures; thank him for his (I hope) abundant blessings; and then go forth to serve Him all your lives as you should feel you are alike in aptitude and in duty bound to do. And the God of all love, who is the ground and source of any true affection we may have for one another, “take your friendships formed here into His own keeping, that they may continue and increase throughout life upon earth, and beyond it”.

J. S. BEZZANT.

Johnian Mathematics 1910-14

It occurs to me that my period as an undergraduate, 1910-1913, was a specially interesting one for several reasons. Up till 1909 the class lists in the Tripos were published in the order of merit on the old Part I, normally taken in the third year. There had been College lecturers, who covered most of Part I, but most of the first class candidates went to private coaches. There are stories of a famous coach having taught all the wranglers in a year, and all the senior wranglers for thirty years. Actually coaching on this scale really amounted to lecturing, but specially directed to the sort of questions likely to be set. As a coach had to cover all subjects, the amount of teaching made it impossible for him to do much else, though Routh wrote several textbooks and did some important research. Webb, the last of the great coaches knew everything but published little.

The main effect of the abolition of the order of merit was the reduction of the importance of coaching and its replacement by college lecturing and supervision. When I came up this was already established. The college lecturers were Baker, Bromwich and Webb, a remarkable team. Each gave three full courses each term. It was unknown for a Johnian to take a lecture for Part I or Schedule A (more or less corresponding to the old Part I and the present Part II) outside the college. This was true of no other college—even Trinity men came to Baker's Theory of Functions. Most lectures were given in Lecture Room 2, now the Library reading room. There were three smallish blackboards on easels; paper and quill pens were provided, the latter not much used. In those days Lecture Room 3 (now the Palmerston Room) had a long bench; the seats were set on a slope. It had once been used for experimental lectures, and there was a preparation room behind the bench. There were separate entrances for the lecturer and the class. Bromwich used to do optics experiments in lectures. Baker's outstanding quality was his pace. He would cover the blackboards as fast as most people could write on paper, giving explanations equally fast as he went along, and references in the form "the formula in the northwest corner of the middle blackboard" and to understand the results it was necessary to get both down or to do a lot of hard thinking afterwards. One of my contemporaries, A. K. Fison, was a good shorthand writer and his notes were in great demand. P. J. Grigg (later Sir James Grigg) says in his autobiography that Baker gave him writer's cramp—but as Grigg's small letters were about half an inch high

and he got about six lines to a page this may not have been the only reason. But when anybody asked a question Baker would go over everything slowly and in the greatest detail. He was supposed to be a pure mathematician and lectured mostly on theory of functions, geometry, analysis (which meant special functions) and differential equations; but when required he did Part I dynamics and electricity. He became Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in 1914, and astonished everybody by becoming in reality a professor of both, giving courses on the figures of rotating fluid masses and the theory of the motion of the Moon. E. T. Bell describes Poincaré as the last universalist, but Baker had a strong claim to the title.

Bromwich was an all round man. His Infinite Series was, I think, the first rigorous account of the subject in English, though most of his papers in journals dealt with wave motion in hydrodynamics and electricity. He had an amazing memory—he often left his notes in his rooms but usually got on quite well without them, though sometimes he had to go back in the middle of a lecture. He lectured mostly on hydrodynamics, electricity and magnetism, and optics.

Webb lectured in his rooms in I New Court to a class seated around a table. I had him on dynamics for a term and a half, when he had a breakdown. He was as fast as Baker but mixed his lectures with patter "Drop in an example and the figure will work." "It is obvious to the meanest intelligence—I mean the average student can see", and once, in response to somebody asking a lot of questions, he tore off a piece of paper about the size of a postage stamp and said "Mr ———, write down all you know." (The man got a first and a star, besides stroking a first boat.)

Cunningham came after Webb's retirement. What I chiefly remember about his lectures was that in my year several from John's wanted to do Dynamics in Schedule B (corresponding to the old Part II and the present Part III). There had never been lectures on it before and he gave an excellent course at short notice. He was a pioneer in lecturing on the special theory of relativity long before it attracted general attention, and later he was equally a pioneer in lecturing on modern theories of crystal structure.

Cunningham lectured on spherical astronomy and Bromwich on Optics, both of which have now disappeared. The loss of the former at least is regrettable. It is unfortunate that an alleged mathematical master in a school, liable to be asked questions about the time of sunset and the equation of time, should be unable to answer them.

Supervision had just come in when I came up and was not considered as important as it now is. This may have been a peculiarity of my year, which had four scholars and four exhibi-

tioners, and to a large extent we supervised one another. We had an understanding that if we were really stuck we could call on Baker after Hall, and did so about twice a term.

In addition a lecturer gave a course called "Revision" in the last term of each year, most of which consisted of working past Tripos papers; they usually managed also to include a good many interesting things that we had not heard of before.

Examples were set in all lectures, even some Schedule B ones, and marked by the lecturers. These tasks are now mostly done by supervisors, who cannot be specialists in the subjects treated by all lecturers.

Colleges combined for lecture purposes during the 1914-18 war and lecturing has been officially under the University since the Royal Commission. This means larger classes and less work for the individual lecturer. What did not occur to us at the time was the amount of work in examining. We had college examinations each year, of 5, 7, and 4 papers respectively (the third year one being in March). Besides this the college had to provide an examiner for the December Scholarships and to run an extra examination for exhibitions awarded in June, and one or two a year for the Tripos—say 20 papers to be set a year by three people. I do not know how they did it. Setting one paper, checking and trying to clarify two or more set by other people, revising one's own because other examiners find questions too hard or too easy, or possibly with wrong answers, was enough in my experience to take up most of one's spare time for a term, and it was on the top of giving the whole of the lectures for Part I and Schedule A and probably one or two advanced courses each! The second year college examination became the Inter-collegiate and then the Preliminary; the others have disappeared.

Though the order of merit had been officially abolished, there was still a great deal of interest in it. Somehow or other a strong rumour got about that so-and-so was Senior Wrangler every year from 1910 to 1916, but then numbers fell so much that interest ceased and has never revived.

The most important result of the change in 1909 was the replacement of the old Part II, taken a year after Part I, by Schedule B, taken in the same year as Schedule A. The old Part II was usually taken by about four people, of whom three got firsts. This meant that after Part I only a few of the top people, intending to make mathematics a career, bothered to do any advanced work. Schedule B was in fact taken by most of those that got firsts in Schedule A and a few others, and the number of stars quickly rose to 12 or so. It was therefore a great encouragement. It had a drawback. People doing it had done most of the Schedule A work in two years, and had to keep revising it while studying for

Schedule B. The strain was serious. This was removed in 1934, when it was made possible to do Part II in two years and Part III in one more, or Part II in three years and Part III in the fourth. A relapse to the conditions of the old Part II was feared by some, but fortunately has not taken place.

H. J.

Poems

"MUSIC"

A CHORD chimes;
And then the notes go running,
Hand-in-hand, laughing and chattering,
Lilting and streaming through the toes of slack-limbed trees,
Waltzing past clucking farm yards, dream-eyed cows,
Down to the mother and grave of water,
Down to the sea.

They pause at the shore,
Their bare feet slowing on the sand,
And then they melt into the sea,
The throbbing, irresistible blood of the heavy sea,
Swaying slowly and quietly.
They no longer dance in freedom and sun,
But lie in deep waters,
Singing songs of death
And hungry-eyed love
And timeless things.

A pause
As the cellos and the polished pipes take breath,
And then again I watch them;
I silence the voices in my head,
The tangle of random thoughts,
The cacophony of sharp-elbowed emotions;
And throw open the shutters.
I watch them dancing their stately dances,
Their solemn steps, their fragile pirouettes.
I watch them singing,
Now alone, each throwing a tendril
Of snaking sound into the air,
Now together, and the breath from their arching lips
Smiles in an apple haze of harmony.
And sometimes, in the watching night of my head,
They burst in a festival of flame and light
And coughing guns and fire, beautiful, destructive.

Until it stops,
And I am back in the world of things,
Stolid bed-posts and stiff-necked chairs,
And people, sharp-edged and cobweb-complex,
All the disharmony of life.

POEMS

"SUN"

THE eyelids struggling at the dawn struggle successfully,
When the alien morning world chuckles demurely,
Tickled by the feather-touch of the early sun;
When we gaze at golden air and empty sky,
The birth-pains of the day are easier:
From cosiness to cosiness,
From curling warmth to naked sun-veil.
Erect the deckchairs, let the canvas scream
Its lazy tidings to the cabbages
In fading crimson and apologetic green;
Let glasses gurgle, let the tinkling ice
Wink wickedly at square black-shielded eyes;
Bring out the crumbling novelette, bought for the train,
A dead blonde on the cover and suspense on the yellow leaves;
Pile up the apparatus, let the colourless crosswords
Be done and partly done;
Let children play and transistors transist.

It is easy to sleep in an open-air cocoon,
It is easy to forget that the world is ever with us,
It is easy to let the slipping head slip down,
Until the lettuce sandwiches arrive.

C. GILL.

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE OLD

I SHOULD like to be old and happy;
Surmount my life
Happily wasted;
Laugh at the ants;
Forget, and be forgotten.

H.M.S. "VICTORY"

How proud we are of her!
 Every summer day, queues
 file into the renovated hulk,
 all moist and painted and polished.
 Their proud heritage.
 Thousands in their hundreds
 have queued
 to climb the venerated gangplank;
 I was one;
 I queued
 and stooped and smelt the pride,
 the decks scoured
 with sandals and sunglasses,
 all gleaming with pride:
 and then, a hush in the descent
 below deck, below deck to where . . .
 we all know, don't we?
 Here it is ladies and gentlemen
 I expect it's much smaller than you
 all thought it was yes but this
 is it ladies and gentlemen this
 is the very spot
 where Lord Nelson died
 in Portsmouth dockyard.

NO LOVE

I LOOK at you. I see your eyes.
 I feel a chasm sink between.
 Into it fall complacent lies
 about you—things I thought I'd seen
 but never saw. I see your eyes,
 and in them I can see no love.
 Nothing; empty; far beyond me.
 I can see no heart to move
 to tears for what I cannot see.
 No warmth, no sympathy, no love
 but what I feel. But that I know.

ALWAYS ALMOST FREE

LONG, long we have known:
 Darkened cries to me
 Echoing through stone.
 Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

Fitfully our love
 Grew for all to see,
 Fluttered like a dove.
 Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

We hung on the edge,
 Always almost free.
 Nest within the hedge.
 Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

After winter came
 Lovers' cries to me.
 They had not the claim
 "Clair le jour, pleine la nuit."

Lovers never seen,
 Lovers yet to be;
 I am all their mean.
 Clair le jour, pleine la nuit.

ASLEEP

HUNG on a peg of sleep he sits
 Slumped, worn out:
 his face, his lips, his lids, his hands
 droop and hang.
 He sleeps and cramped infirmity,
 the knowledge
 of sordid illness, thanks to die,
 his passion
 and his agony are his own;
 sleeps alone,
 sleeps because he is tired, weary.
 Let him sleep.

P. ATKINS.

Cyril

BY

KEVIN TIERNEY

ALL three of us had fondly imagined that our postgraduate years would be memorable for their tranquillity and earnestness. We had already been remarking to each other how young the new crop of undergraduates were looking. George, who was settling down to a Ph.D., had taken to smoking a pipe, and did his best to handle it in a way which would mark him out for an early fellowship. Peter, whose Dip. Ed. course was the last refuge of indecision, had already bound the lapels and cuffs of his oldest sports jacket with leather reinforcements. I had chosen to follow up my degree in Estate Management with preparation for the Church. We all considered ourselves superior persons, and professed an indulgent distaste for undergraduate parties to which we were no longer invited. On that October day when we arrived in Cambridge as B.A.s in residence, we imagined that the tumbledown house with an outside lavatory which we had rented somewhere near the station, would be as quiet as a Home of Rest for Horses. We were wrong.

I had not, to tell the truth, known either George or Peter well when they were undergraduates. But there is a peculiar herding instinct among those who know that they are committed to another stretch of academic life. At the very end of my 3rd year, we had all got together, and professing a friendliness and mutual understanding which we did not feel, agreed to rent a house. I had left it to Peter, and was a little surprised when I first saw it after returning from holiday. But it was pleasant enough, and besides, it was all that we could afford. The first week went well; but then on the Friday evening, a tramp turned up just as I was having a nightcap. He was very drunk, unshaven and disreputable, and I assumed that he was begging.

"Go away", I told him after a couple of minutes of conversation. "Try the police station; they may give you a cell, if you're lucky."

The tramp spat contemptuously on the doorstep. "Is the owner of this house in?" he asked, eyeing me malevolently.

"No, he is not", I said crossly. "And if he was, he wouldn't want to see you." The miserable wretch looked interested, and in his drunken state rolled forward slightly on his heels. The smell of his breath was overwhelming; he might have just climbed out of Vat 69.

CYRIL

"That's the way it is, is it?" he demanded. His pretentious dignity was ridiculous as he said "I shall have to consult the authorities about this."

"If you don't piss off, I'll consult the authorities about you", I shouted. "It's past eleven o'clock, and I'm going to bed." I slammed the door in his face, and retired to the kitchen, my temper sorely tried. This was Peter's fault, I told myself. This area was too seedy—the house was too near a public house. He should have tried for something smaller in a respectable part of Cambridge. I retired to bed, and did my best to recover a due sense of Christian forgiveness as I said my prayers. Perhaps the fellow had been badly treated in early life; perhaps he was a disabled war victim. I realised that I had been harsh upon the poor vagrant; he was probably a child of circumstances. I finally dozed off to sleep full of contrition.

The next morning I was woken up by loud and excited voices from downstairs. George was shouting something forceful at Peter. Then there was a rumble on the stairs, and George rushed into my bedroom. "You idiot", he screamed, "You absolute toad. You jumped up bible-bashing farmer's labourer."

I took exception to this. "What do you mean, George?" I asked, shaking myself out of my sleep.

"What do I mean!?" George was clearly out of control. He stooped down towards my face on the pillow. A forced calmness descended upon him. "Did anyone call last night, while I was out?"

I tried to recollect—no, there was no one.

"You bloody liar", George screamed. "I'll telegraph the Pope about this. I'll get you exterminated before you ever see the inside of a pulpit."

"George, a little forbearance please. The Pope doesn't exterminate people. And anyway, I'm training for the Church of England, which is entirely another concern from the Roman Catholic church." I thought that a little levity, indicating my broadminded approach to the subdivisions of Christianity, might please George. It did not.

"Michael, I give you one more chance to tell the truth. Did anyone come here last night?" He obviously believed I was deliberately lying, because he was threatening me with his pen-knife. I thought hard.

"There was a stinking old tramp, who came to cadge a bed", I said. "But that was all."

George's face became puffy and red, and a vein throbbled in his left temple. "A tramp, eh? I see, you rat. Read this." He pushed a letter into my hand. I looked over its contents with horror.

King's College,
Monday.

"Dear Tankley" (Tankley was George's surname),

"I called round at your house last night on a friendly visit to inquire about your research. My welcome was not warm and I have been informed by a resident of your household that you have already formed a low opinion of my abilities.

"This being the case, I cannot believe that it bodes well for a happy 3 years study under my guidance, and therefore suggest that you seek a Director of Research elsewhere in the University.

Yours sincerely,

Dr H. W. PRING."

"You have ruined my prospects in life", George said. "I might just as well become a Bible-thumper or or a hack teacher."

I stuttered my apologies. "I—I'm most terribly sorry George. I had no idea" I tried to console him by telling him that there were many less rewarding occupations than Bible thumping, and that this little set-back might merely be a manifestation of God's will that he entered into the service of the Church. Alas, his soul was not ready for the challenge, and he went out of the front-door declaring intentions which a conservative bishop might consider inconsistent with the service of God.

This was the first incident in my postgraduate days which upset my vision of a quiet life. The second was soon to follow. The following weekend an assorted dozen of George and Peter's friends arrived to sleep on our floor. Several of them were contemplating mortal sin, which I only prevented by insisting that they sleep on *my* floor; it is one of the few compensations of a theological bent that even those far gone upon the road of perdition are restrained in one's presence from blatant excess. Peter was quite clearly at home in this company, and I made up my mind to speak to him about it on Monday. (He was not sober enough to speak to over the weekend.) I was surprised to see on Monday that Peter still had one guest left.

"Michael, please meet Cyril", he said to me. Cyril was an emaciated man with ill-fitting clothes and a stoop. He was young, and typical of that class of young men whom one would expect to see behind the counters of Messrs Woolworth, had that undertaking employed male assistants. I thrust a hand forward for him to shake. He retreated slightly, as if he suspected a trick.

Peter turned from the gas stove, where he was boiling some ill-smelling gruel. "Shake his hand, Cyril—go on." Cyril smiled a weak little smile, and shook, or rather touched, my hand.

"Have some coffee, Michael." Peter poured me a cup. "Look, I hope you've no objection, but I've invited Cyril to stay here a few days. He's on the rocks at the moment, but he'll soon get a job. He'll sleep in the dining room with his sleeping bag, won't you Cyril?" Cyril nodded a nervous agreement. "After all, we don't use the room for anything but eating in." This proposal did not recommend itself to me at all. The dining room was the only communal room in the house.

"But won't it be rather unpleasant for Cyril and us, for that room to be slept in?" I asked. "He can't really make himself comfortable there, and what with meals and so on . . ." My voice trailed off at prospects of Cyril sitting at the table in his pyjamas. (This vision later proved to be incorrect; Cyril wore his underclothes in bed.)

Peter laughed heartily. "Good heavens, Michael, Cyril only wants to sleep here for a few days. After all, we don't take our meals in the middle of the night, do we?" He turned to Cyril, as if for confirmation of this. I finished my coffee.

"Very well", I said. "But it will only be for a few days." For the first time, Cyril spoke. "Only for a few days, until I've got a job", he said.

Peter explained the position while Cyril was out that afternoon. "Poor fellow, he's had a tough time. He was accepted for Cranwell and then they turned him down because of his flat feet. He thinks that he might get into the University if he sticks around here, and gets to know people. I don't believe it, but let him try."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Twenty-four. He was a year or two above me at school; always was a bit wet, but I feel sorry for him. His parents don't take much interest, you know, and he's no money of his own."

"What has he been doing since he left school?"

Peter sighed and looked into the middle distance. "Well, he was so keen to get a decent education that he stayed on there until he was 22. Then he had a summer season as a deck-chair attendant, but he was sacked. Now, I'm afraid, he's on his beam ends. But I'm sure he'll get a job somewhere. Then he'll get a place of his own. We'll have done him a good turn, and it won't put us out."

During the next few days, I did not see Cyril in person; but his presence was immanent. On walking into breakfast one day, I found the marmalade covered with feathers; his sleeping bag apparently leaked. But I was surprised when an elderly neighbour who knew of my intention to enter the Ministry stopped me in the street.

"Oh, reverend", she said. "I'm ever so sorry about it."

"About what?" I asked.

"About that young friend of yours being run over." My heart leapt. Peter or George must have had an accident. It must be Peter, I thought. I told him that he ought to have his bicycle brakes adjusted . . . the horror of it was terrible.

"When was this Mrs Hoskins?" I asked. My voice was strangled and forced. My throat was dry, and I was close to tears.

"Why? Don't you know? It happened all of a week ago."

"Someone who lives in our house?"

"Yes—I suppose so. Them curtains have been drawn for fully 4 days; we've been expecting an 'earse every day now." She leaned forward on her stick. "Or was he so mangled that they kept him in the 'ospital?" Her old face lit up with anticipatory pleasure.

"I don't understand what you mean, Mrs Hoskins", I said. "So far as I know, no one has died in our household." I was recovering my composure now. Mrs Hoskins looked offended, almost cheated.

"Why—you've had your front curtains closed for a week, Mr Braithwaite. Someone must have died." I now realised what she meant. I turned and looked down to our house. Sure enough, the dining room curtains were closed. I looked at my watch; it was 5.30 in the afternoon, and it was already dusk. "I'm sorry Mrs Hoskins, but I assure you that no one has died." I left her, and ran back to the house. The dining room door was closed. I opened it and found it in darkness. There was an untidy heap on the floor, and a smell which reminded me of the dormitories we used during corps camp at school. I kicked the bundle on the floor. "Get up, you lazy idiot", I said.

Cyril stirred and opened his little piggy eyes. "Eh" he said.

"I thought you were going to get a job", I said.

"Yes, I was just going to go to the Labour Exchange", he said.

"Well, it's too late today, you idle cretin. It's past closing time."

He was just about to ask me why, in that case, had I awakened him, when I dragged him out of his sleeping bag.

Later that evening, I sat with Peter, George and Cyril. Cyril was looking even unhappier than usual, because we were discussing him frankly. We came to the conclusion that unless he got a job, he would have to go. Even Peter had lost most of his sympathy. "Cyril, I'm ashamed of you", he said. "I never dreamt that you were still in bed when I got up. I thought you were out looking for work." Cyril squirmed slightly in his chair. "You must get a job Cyril, or you'll have to go."

"But I have got a job", Cyril blurted out, "I start tomorrow." We were all silenced.

"Oh that's different, Cyril" said George. "We didn't realise. What is it?" Cyril clumsily went through his pockets, and finally brought out a bulging grubby envelope, with a hairy and disgusting mint stuck to it. With loving care, he drew out a printed card; it read, in cheap black print: "Cyril Lumley, Commercial Index Representative." We gazed at it for some moments.

"What does it mean, Cyril?" Peter asked.

"It's a very good job", said Cyril. "I applied for it through a box number. I go round selling advertisement space in the Commercial Index, and get 40% commission on all I sell."

Peter looked pained. "It sounds awful", he said. "But let's have a look at the rest of your stuff. How much are you going to get paid basic?"

"Nothing", said Cyril. "That's because I am an independent man of the world, no longer chained to an office desk, but free to work when I like."

"You've never been near an office desk. What do you mean you're independent?"

"It says so in the Commercial Index instructions."

I had meanwhile found the Commercial Index Instructions. "Representatives should concentrate upon the small trader. Indeed, it is odd but true, that representatives often find their best clients for advertising space to be the most humble and unprofitable one-man businesses. This is because some of them are doing so badly that their proprietors will clutch at anything which promises that business will expand. Your job, and the amount of money you make, will depend on how successfully you exploit this feeling. It is best to try shops in working-class areas, where the educational standard of shopkeepers is often very low . . ."

"Cyril, I really don't think this is very desirable you know."

George sshd me.

"Look here, Michael, you can't have it both ways. We've been complaining that Cyril hasn't got a job. Now he has; we've got no right to complain."

We left it that Cyril should start work in the morning.

It happened that I rose at 11 a.m. the next morning. This was considerably later than usual, but on the previous night I had been delayed from going to sleep by a wrestle with my conscience upon a personal matter, and I had lain awake praying. I had some reading to do at the Divinity Schools, and went out of the house in a hurry. I had forgotten this was the day on which the Commercial Directory representative was to be at large. I did not return until the library closed at 5. When I got back it was clear that a council of war was being held in the kitchen. Cyril, looking unhappy and George and Peter, looking angry, sat round the table.

"Michael, come in here a moment, will you?" George puffed at his pipe, distractedly. His voice was tense. I went into the kitchen. "Look, Cyril has only just got up."

I was amazed. "Got up at 5 p.m.? But that's incredible; he's had 17 hours sleep—I know he went to bed before 12."

"It may indeed have a medical interest", said Peter. "But that is not what we're worried about. It means that Cyril hasn't gone out to work for his blessed trade directory." The enormity of the situation struck me. I turned to Cyril:

"Why the hell not? You are too much, Cyril. You've been out of a job for ages, and on your first day, you don't even get up. Pull yourself together." But Cyril looked as though, far from pulling himself together, he was about to fall apart. He sat, defensively, and with his eyes to the ground, like a prep school boy who has been found smoking in the lunch-hour behind the school lavatories.

"He says he's lost his will-power," said George. He breathed heavily. "And I'm losing my temper."

Peter explained. "He thinks he's suffering from malnutrition. He says he's only eaten 6d. of chips a day for the past fortnight."

I stared at him with horror. The thought of a man not eating like this worried me considerably. "But Cyril, why don't you tell us? I had no idea of this." Cyril lolled his head from side to side. A little tear rolled from the corner of his eye.

"It was my pride, Michael."

"Your pride? But it's not worth fading away for the sake of your pride. You know we'd have helped you out. Anyway, why didn't you take a labouring job, or something like that?"

"I was too weak."

"Yes, yes, but you could have borrowed 10/—, had a good meal, and solved that problem."

"Well, it's my pride you see; if I take a job like that, I'll have to give up any hope of bettering myself."

George smiled mirthlessly. "If you don't take a job, there'll be none of you left to better. You're getting scraggy and jelly-like."

"Why don't you go home to your parents for a few days? They'll feed you up, and probably give you a couple of quid to put you on your feet again."

"It's my pride, you see."

"Your pride?" I said. "There's nothing wrong with going to see your parents is there?"

Peter looked gloomy, and another tear ran down Cyril's cheek. "Unfortunately, there is, Michael. Cyril has given his people to understand that he's in Cambridge actually at the University, studying. They think he's here on a scholarship."

There was silence in the kitchen for some moments. And then

Cyril spoke: "and besides, they live in Scunthorpe, which hurts my pride terribly."

There was a morose silence, as we sat at the kitchen table, wondering whether we should call an ambulance and dispose of Cyril there and then. Then George spoke.

"Look, don't get the idea that I'm going to support you or anything Cyril—but suppose I—and perhaps Peter and Michael, if they're willing—went out representing your Directory for a day or two, made some money to set you up, and then left you to it. Do you think you would settle down to it then?" Cyril looked a little happier.

"Oh yes, that's just what I need."

Peter, George and I looked at one another. "Well?" I said. "Well", said Peter. "There's nothing to stop us", said George. "I know it doesn't sound thrilling, but each of us can afford a day or two. Besides, if we don't do this, we'll get no rent from Cyril, and he'll starve in our front room."

I could see that if I agreed to this suggestion, I should have another apology to make to the Almighty. On the other hand, it was a practical suggestion, and although I didn't much like the Commercial Directory, the need to put Cyril on his feet was great. Perhaps, indeed, it was an act of Christian charity.

"All right, I'll try", I said. Peter nodded agreement.

"When shall we start? I suggest tomorrow."

"I say, that's a bit early—I mean I was going to attend a lecture tomorrow on 'Logical Positivism and St Paul'."

"Come, Michael, you can skip that; the sooner we do this, the sooner we'll get it over."

"Oh, very well, if you two are going out tomorrow, so will I."

"Good man, Michael. We'll leave at 8.30 in the morning."

Peter turned to Cyril. "Say thank you to Michael and George, Cyril."

"Thank you", said Cyril. Cyril crept back to his room, and we could hear the bed springs creak as he got back into bed. None of us could bring ourselves to comment upon this extraordinary fact. It was just 6.45 p.m.

I tried to occupy the evening by alternating between the Biblical version of the fall on man, and the instructions to representatives issued by Commercial trade directories. They fitted together perfectly, but it was rather depressing, and I went to bed early that night, in preparation for the next day's trials.

The next morning I had set my alarm for 7.45 a.m., and was up to greet both Peter and George with a cup of coffee. Cyril was of course still in bed, but I decided that he would prefer to be left in peace than be woken up. We discussed the plan of action

and it was decided that I should go out to a shopping parade in the nether parts of Cambridge, far from the undergraduate beat. I trudged through the centre of Cambridge, until I reached those infinitely shabby houses which surround the grandeur of King's Parade at about a mile radius. I thought, grimly, that this was the kind of area which I would work in when I went on an industrial mission. The kids played in the street, dirty, illclothed and untended. Conditions like this could not help them to be good citizens when they grew up, I thought. Finally, I came to the small shopping area of the district. It was far from the neon-lit glamour of a supermarket. The windows were small and crowded, the paint was cracking with age, and the walls were covered with faded advertisements for the products of previous generations. "Black Cat" cigarettes, Vimto cordial, and Imperial sauce gazed out, the only colour in this drab street. Could I possibly try to take money from the proprietors of these shops, who were probably much poorer than I was? I grit my teeth. I was going to try.

I walked into the small general stores which stood on the corner of the street, walked boldly up to the counter, and put my brief case down. An elderly man behind the counter looked up from his commode expectantly.

"Good morning", I said. "I represent the Commercial Trade Directories firm that is producing *free* an index of all the most important businesses in the Cambridge area." The old man coughed and squirmed slightly. I went on. "I'm sure you'd like to be represented in it, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I don't know . . . if you say it's free."

"Oh yes, it's entirely free to those to whom it is distributed", I said. "And of course, you will receive a free copy." God preserve my soul, I thought.

"Oh, well in that case, put us in." The old man put a hand through his mop of white hair before rolling himself a cigarette. I remembered the advice of the Commercial Trades Directory Ltd. on "pressing home a social advantage". "Many of the small traders with whom you will deal will be your social inferiors. Press home this social advantage—make it clear to them by your manner that you know better than they do—that you are better than they are. The authority of your voice is the authority of a true man of business to them; one whom they envy. In this connexion, we advise our representatives to dress formally while representing the directory . . ."

I quickly produced a packet of cigarettes. "Have one of these", I said. I caught the elderly proprietor with his cigarette paper and packet of Old Holborn out. He looked up, slightly unsure whether to accept. But the temptation finally proved too much.

"Thank you, sir, thank you." I heard the word 'sir' and I knew that I had pressed home the social advantage which was so important to the Commercial Trade Directory. I held out my lighter to the man, whose trembling hand moved the cigarette through the flame clumsily. "Now, how would you like your name to appear in our Directory?" I said briskly. I wrote it down on the pro forma. The psychological moment had arrived. "You'll find it repays the four guineas over and over again in the business it brings you", I said. I held out the top copy of the order form to him. He looked surprised.

"But I thought you said it was free?"

"It is free—it will be sent to people in the area absolutely without charge, who will then come to your shop to buy their goods."

The old man was confused. "Well what about the four guineas?"

"That is the charge for the advertisement which you have just ordered." His brow furrowed, still he was not quite sure. But he was too old to put up much of a fight. He leant over to the till. Painfully, he counted out three pounds, and then counted slowly through the change. It was early in the day, and the till was still very empty. I mused to myself—did it ever get full?

"I'm sorry", he said. "I can't pay you now. There's only £3 19s. 0d. here." I knew that Cyril got one-third commission.

"Don't worry", I said. "I'll take that. I wouldn't do it for everyone, but for you I don't mind." The old man seemed quite grateful as I took the money. "Well, very nice to meet you", I said, as I shook his rheumatic hand. "I know you'll find it worthwhile." I stepped out the shop and walked quickly away. I was heading in no special direction, but I wanted to get away quickly, out of sight of that tatty general stores. I turned a corner and slowed down, collecting my thoughts about what I had done. But it was rather painful to think of it, and I steeled myself by thinking that I wouldn't have to do for long. I searched for another likely-looking shop.

I passed the day in this degrading occupation. After the first 4 or 5 shops, I became steeled to this unpleasant task. To my sickened horror, my technique improved rapidly. I became cunning, pressing home every "social advantage", putting my words in such a form as to give a totally misleading impression, without actually saying what was untrue. There were one or two failures; but by the end of the day, I had collected altogether forty-five pounds, most of it from shops very similar to the one in which I started. I was surprised and a little disgusted by my own success. It seemed too easy, and if I had been earning the money for myself, I could not have kept it. But it was for Cyril; and Cyril needed the money. I tried to pretend that this turned a despicable

confidence trick into an act of charity, but I knew I was not being honest. As darkness enveloped the rows of terraced houses, and the children playing in the street were called indoors, I headed back towards our house.

I found that George and Peter were already in the kitchen, making coffee. They seemed very cheerful.

"Have a cup of coffee, Michael," Peter called to me as I came through the front door. He passed it to me as soon as I entered the kitchen.

"Well, Michael, we're in business" said George, as we sat round the kitchen table. "How much did you make?"

I sipped the coffee, strong, and black. "You tell me how much you made first", I said.

"Very well", said Peter, looking thoroughly pleased with himself. "I have collected a total of thirty-two pounds." It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I had beaten that; but I decided not to. I was not proud of it.

"And I made twenty-three pounds" said George. "What about you?" I felt ashamed, but too tired to resist the question. "I think I've got forty-five pounds" I said.

George and Peter looked at me, amazed. "But that's marvelous Michael," Peter said. "My dear fellow, that really is good going."

George jumped up and slapped me on the back. "You're training for the wrong field, old boy. You don't want to go into the Church if you can sell like that." I felt myself going red, in pain and anger. "Don't be idiotic, George."

"But really—you must have a talent for this kind of thing, Michael."

"I don't want to talk about it. I'll tell you one thing—I'm not going out on this racket again" I said. I finished my coffee. "Anyway, I suppose we ought to tell Cyril the good news. It's only for him we've done this, anyway. Where is he?"

I knew from George and Peter's faces. I jumped up and ran into the dining room. The curtains were closed, and a lump stirred slightly on the floor. I kicked it hard; but Cyril took so much time to regain consciousness, that by the time he was awake, my energy had gone, and I stomped upstairs to my little bedroom, where I lay on the bed musing about how I should control my temper.

The next day, Cyril was dragged from his sleeping bag at 7.30 a.m. He was resentful and dozey, but we were not prepared to suffer him gladly now we had showed him that it could be done. We sent him out by 8.30, telling him not to give up. At 11.45 a.m. he reappeared in the house. He said that it was no good, since he had been told by several shopowners that another representative

had come round only the day before. Did we think that the Commercial Trades Index had another representative in this area? With restraint, we explained to him that he must have gone to those areas touched on by George, Peter and myself, and that he was a fool not to realise this. We then sent him out again. It was in the afternoon that things began to happen.

About 2.30, after lunch, there was a knock on the door. I went to open it. I was surprised to see a huge policeman standing outside. "Good afternoon, sir. I wonder whether I might speak to you for a moment" he said.

"Why, of course, Officer," I said. "Come in." I was a little abashed when another man, in plain clothes, followed the uniformed officer through the door without a word. "Would you like some coffee?" I asked. "Yes, thank you, we would" the officer said distractedly, as his eyes roamed round the house with more than an ordinary visitor's interest. I looked over my shoulder from the gas stove, to see that the plain clothed man was surreptitiously going up the stairs.

"Excuse me" said I, not at all happy with this. The uniformed officer grunted.

"It's all right", he said. "He wants the lavatory."

"Well", I said, "it's not all right, because the lavatory is out in the garden."

"Oh", said the officer, "In that case, I'd better get him down."

"I'll get him down," I said. I ran quickly up the stairs, just in time to see the man rifling through Peter's chest of drawers. This outraged me.

"Get out, you thief", I said. "What the devil do you think you're doing?"

The man was unperturbed. "I think you know very well" he said. "You're in trouble."

By this time, the uniformed officer had joined us at the top of the stairs. "Have you heard of the Commercial Trades Index?"

"Yes, I have, but what is it to you?" My guilty conscience put me on the defensive. My activities of the day before already seemed to me to have blotted my reputation as a respectable member of society.

"Did you yesterday represent yourself as an agent of that firm?"

"Yes, just yesterday", I said. "It was to help a friend out . . ." My voice trailed away—

"Are you an agent of this firm?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, I suppose not actually," I said. "But there was no question of dishonesty, or anything."

"I see." The officer took out his notebook. "I think we need to know a little more about this."

"But . . . but, what's wrong with that?"

The uniformed constable smiled knowingly at his plain-clothes colleague. "What's wrong with it? Well, first of all the firm is one with which we have had trouble before. They don't produce the Directory which they say they produce. Then apart from that, you are not its accredited agent. Then again we have information that you misrepresented the position to several people in the area, and took their money on the strength of it."

My mind was in a whirl. I scarcely registered the fact that the officer was pronouncing the words "I hereby arrest you for false pretences, and possibly embezzlement, and fraudulent conversion pending further inquiries." He took my arm, more as a symbolic act of arrest than because he needed to forcibly restrain me. I was rooted to the spot. I smiled weakly. "I see."

"Now, it will be better for you and everyone concerned if you tell us the truth. Are there any others involved in this racket with you?"

I pulled myself together as best I could. What should I say? If I implicated George and Peter, or for that matter Cyril, I would just multiply the trouble I was already in.

"No", I said, "it was only me." I thought to myself that I was doing the right thing. God would see my point of view. It was a lie; but it was a lie to save others. I looked into the faces of the two policemen—they seemed to believe me.

"Very well, we'll go to the station and take particulars." We went outside, and got into a police car. By the time we reached the police station, I was beginning to think a little more clearly. "I want a lawyer" I said. The police sergeant at the station produced a ragged list. "You can choose any of these", he said. I looked down the list and chose a name.

In the late afternoon, the lawyer arrived, efficient, cheerful, smoking a cigar. We went into a little room in the depths of the police station. I explained what had happened, carefully avoiding implicating George, Peter or Cyril in any way. The solicitor listened carefully, occasionally taking notes. "Hmn", he said at the end of my tale, "It doesn't look too good, I'm afraid. It's really a question of how far the jury will believe you."

"You mean—there's a chance I'll be convicted?" I asked, almost incredulously. He looked at me searchingly, and puffed at his cigar. "There's always a chance" he said. I was too overcome to question him any further. I asked him to inform the people at home, and tell them where I was.

"I'll tell them to come along tomorrow", the solicitor said.

"Tomorrow", I said. "Why, what happens tomorrow?"

"You'll have to appear before the magistrate," he said. "It's only a formality; you won't have to say anything. But the

preliminary hearing gives you a chance to hear the evidence against you."

"I see," I said, "You'll be there, I hope."

"Oh, of course," he said. "Don't worry, we'll do our best for you." He winked at me, as he left the little room. "Don't worry too much; fraud is always a difficult thing to nail with a jury; half of them don't understand it."

"But I haven't been fraudulent."

"That's for the jury to decide later," the solicitor said, wrapping his silk scarf round his neck. "See you in the morning."

I had a surprisingly comfortable night in the police station, and was woken up by a constable with bacon and eggs, and black coffee. The solicitor called for me at 9 a.m. "I've got things fixed," he said. "I told your friends at home; they were most hurt, of course; but I told them not to try and contact you here—it irritates the police. They'll be in court this morning."

We got to the courtroom at ten, and there seemed hours of waiting before our case came. The solicitor told me that he would apply for bail for me, and that George, bless his heart, had agreed to stand surety for me. I walked up the steps below court into the dock. I kept my face down for fear of seeing anyone I knew.

It was several minutes before I had the courage to look up. I gasped in horror as I saw the magistrate. It was Pring, George's ex-research supervisor. He obviously recognized me. He looked scornfully at me throughout the presentation of the prosecution case. My lawyer then stood up and reserved my defence, and asked for bail. Pring still looked black.

"Who is prepared to stand bail for this defendant?" he asked. The solicitor was well prepared. "Mr George Tankley, sir". Pring's brow wrinkled, and his expression became even more foreboding.

"Bail refused. This kind of case is always a bad one to give bail for; so many of the confidence tricksters are fly-by-nights."

My lawyer tried again. But it was no use, I had been nailed.

As I was led down the steps underneath the dock, I looked imploringly at George and Peter, sitting in the public rows, very serious. George made a gesture of despair.

Underneath the court, it was clear that I was, from the point of view of the personnel there, already a convicted man. "Bail refused, that's bad," a warder said as he handed me a cup of tea. "Never mind, you won't get a heavy sentence—2 years at a guess."

I drank the tea morosely. "Thanks" I said.

"By the way, I didn't ought to do this but a friend of yours left a note to pass onto you."

I looked at the spindly handwriting. It was from Cyril. "I'm

sorry to hear you got copped," it said. "But don't worry, because we will help; I thought you would like to know that I have got a major scholarship at King's where I am thinking of reading divinity. Since you won't be needing your notes or books for a time, do you mind if I borrow them? Yours, Cyril."

It was not until after the trial, when I had served almost half my two year sentence, that I heard from one of my infrequent letters that Cyril got a first in Part I. Peter wrote to say that this justified his faith in Cyril. Furthermore, as a mature student, he had been given a valuable scholarship, and his tutor, Dr Pring, had a very high opinion of him.

Cyril himself wrote, saying how useful he had found my notes. What would I do when I came out? It was jolly lucky he said that I had my degree in estate management; with that I could always get a job. He was so well off now that he was thinking of buying himself a small house in Cambridge; perhaps I could help him with that.

My feelings as I read the letter told me one thing: I did not have the temperament for going into orders. I looked through the bars of my prison cell window. God had visited this on me as a warning. I turned to my cell mate, a middle-aged burglar. "What are you going to do when you come out, Fred?" I asked.

"Back to the old game", he said, "What else? What about yourself?"

"I don't know, Fred, I really don't know."

"If I was you, I'd go back to your old game," he said. "Forty-five quid in one day, did you tell me? Cor, some people don't know when they're lucky. Mind you," he said. "I can see why you were so successful like. You've got the spiel; you look honest as the day, and you talk so nice, well with a dog-collar, you could almost be a clergyman."

"What's that got to do with it?" I demanded.

"Well, use your savvy. There's always old dears ready to contribute to the church restoration fund, ain't there? Specially when a nice young parson comes and asks them for a bit. You'd be just perfect for the game."

There was a rattle at the door of the cell. It was slopping out time. As I took out our crockery, I wondered whether this too was an indication from God.

The Changeling

THE production of Middleton and Rowley's "The Changeling" at the College Hall on January 21st-23rd must be regarded as a brave attempt at a very challenging and difficult play. Performances of this work on the professional stage are very infrequent, and this would seem to indicate that the dramatic snags outweigh the advantages.

The chief problem lies with the sub-plot, which has been omitted altogether in some productions. Instead of stemming from the main action and meeting it again at several points in the play, the sub-plot pursues its own individual lines, and the connections with the main action are thematic rather than dramatic. There is therefore a danger that the work may seem in performance more like two plays acted alternately piece by piece than one continuous dramatic unit.

The John's production followed the original seventeenth-century performances in bringing Rowley's sub-plot into undue prominence. By the 1640's the play had come to be remembered chiefly for the antics of the Changeling Antonio, not for the high-minded tragic element, and it is only too possible that the John's audience went home more impressed by the bawdry and tomfoolery than by the sufferings of Beatrice-Joanna. This is partly the fault of the play itself, as historical precedent indicates; in the recent production, however, the balance was still further upset by the excellence of the acting in the comic scenes. Tim Davies and Alan Maryon-Davis, as Lollio and Antonio, were superb, snatching the limelight whenever they appeared, and returning jest for jest, "ad lib" for "ad lib" with amazing energy. Critical pundits may have frowned upon the "M for Mild" improvisation as an unwarranted addition, but such horseplay is in accordance with seventeenth century practice after all. Lollio and Antonio were ably supported in their mad-house pranks by Vivienne Beddoe as Isabella, and by Tony Young as the "counterfeit madman" Franciscus.

In comparison with the sub-plot, the main action left the audience rather cold. Characters veered nervously around opposite sides of the stage, many of the lines were inaudible (though here the acoustics of the hall were partly to blame) and the dramatic conflict never really left the ground. In particular, the two great "duet" scenes between Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores, which should have contained the whole of the dramatic essence, were played without sufficient point and emphasis.

Some of the most meaningful blank verse in the language was rushed through mercilessly—and key-statements like “Y’are the deed’s creature” were either drowned in words or thrown back-stage like so much unnecessary padding. Judy Hogg as Beatrice-Joanna must be exempted from this general castigation since hers was a courageous and forceful performance—that of a hard-feeling, self-willed and sophisticated girl who is brought to realise the falsity of her own judgements. It was in fact Larry Whitty’s de Flores that was largely to blame; not that his performance suffered from incompetent acting, but merely that his interpretation of the part was entirely misguided. De Flores is not a servant or underdog but a gentleman; his sense of humour is savagely cynical, not highly entertaining; he is much more of a villain than a wit. Larry Whitty made his role so light-hearted that his on-stage murders lacked conviction; his worst fault, however, was that he did not seem to realise that the tragic sections of the play were written in blank verse. His jaunty prose-equivalents of many of the lines were entirely out of keeping.

The minor actors in the main plot were on the whole convincing. Chris Peach came off rather well as the virtuous Alsemero, though he shuffled about somewhat in his soliloquies; Robin Bosenquet made an admirably furious Tomazo (perhaps the most intentionally comic of the Jacobean revengers) and Sandy Scott kept up a sufficiently noble appearance until his untimely decease in the Third Act. Dermott Chamberlain was a somewhat youngish-looking Vermandero, and of the “faithful attendants” to Beatrice and Alsemero, Clare Shanks’ Diaphanta came off somewhat better than Richard Dunn’s Jasperino, especially in the delight she took at the prospect of a lustful encounter with the bridegroom.

As the production was the first to be undertaken by a newly-revived society, it may not be pointless to add that the Society could have chosen a much easier play. Not only did the producer have to contend with the problems of getting the play’s message across—he was also faced with serious difficulties of stagecraft; in a play with so many exits and entrances (and even closets and winding stairs), he had to regulate his company in and out of the same door. In view of these circumstances, the arrangement of such matters was masterly, and next year’s production can be awaited eagerly, even though it is to be hoped that the company be content with a less Herculean task.

B. S. M. HORNE.

The Naming of the New Building and the adjoining areas and buildings

THE Council, after receiving recommendations from the New Buildings Committee, and with the consent of Mr C. H. Cripps and his family, have agreed that the new building provided by the benefaction of the Cripps Trustees and the adjoining areas and buildings be named as follows:—

The new building is named *Cripps Building*, and this name extends to the building as a whole.

The eight staircases in Cripps Building will be lettered continuously A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, Staircase A being the staircase nearest the river and Staircase H the staircase at the far western end of the building. The staircases will be known as, e.g., Staircase A, Cripps Building.

Since it will be convenient to be able to refer separately to the two main areas enclosed (or partly enclosed) by the two main parts of Cripps Building (the part east of the Bin Brook and the part west of the Bin Brook),

the area lying between the part of Cripps Building to the east of the Bin Brook is named *River Court*,

the area enclosed by part of Cripps Building to the west of the Bin Brook, the School of Pythagoras, and the wall of the new car park, is named *Merton Court*. The name Merton Court will continue to record that Merton College owned this area for nearly seven centuries.

The Council do not think it necessary to distinguish by separate names the western, larger, and higher part of River Court and its eastern, smaller, and lower part; though if experience showed it to be convenient to refer to the latter as "Lower River Court" that would be appropriate.

The name *Merton Hall* is retained for the residential building (timber-framed and dating from the 16th and 17th centuries) now so named.

The name *School of Pythagoras* is retained for the ancient building (stone and dating from c.1200) the College is to restore and use as a large hall and ancillary rooms.

The Council, in arriving at these decisions, had before them the following note on the disposition of Cripps Building and on access to it, submitted by the New Buildings Committee.

THE NAMING OF THE NEW BUILDING DISPOSITION OF, AND ACCESS TO, CRIPPS BUILDING

In the words of the architects, the building "has been designed as a continuous line of building bent at intervals to form partially enclosed courts Rather than splitting the new rooms into two groups on either side of the Bin Brook, the building spans over it and on its west side is arranged so as to bring the School of Pythagoras into a newly formed court. The space enclosed by New Court and the new building becomes a new courtyard, the scale of which—especially in its effect of length—is reduced by splitting it into two sections on the line of the north-east turret of the central tower of New Court".

The main access to the new building from the older parts of the College will be through the entrance to the central staircase (E staircase) of New Court, out by a new exit in the north-east turret of that central tower, and northwards along a paved pathway to the cloister of the new building, from which point all parts of the new building will be accessible under cover by means of the cloister. There will be a secondary access by H staircase, New Court, leading in particular to the new Junior Combination Room. There will not be access by B Staircase, New Court: the present doorway that leads to the old baths will be converted into a window and the steps removed.

It was originally intended that the paved pathway from E Staircase, New Court, to the cloister of the new building should be covered. It is now decided that it shall be a paved but uncovered pathway (its length will not exceed about 30 yards, similar to the distance across Third Court). The larger section of the court to the west of this pathway will be at a level about 7 feet higher than the smaller section between the pathway and the river, and there will be a steep bank or slope at the junction of the two levels, giving emphasis to this division. The pathway will adjoin the top of this bank. From this large court lying between the New Court and the new building there will be views to the river, and from its western and larger section these views will be both over the lower section and under the eastern part of the building, the ground floor of which at this end will be unenclosed by walls. The western end of this court will be closed by a lower range of building (containing Junior Combination Room and Seminar Room), extending southward from the main line of the new building nearly to the north-west corner of New Court, but leaving a gap of about 12 feet adjacent to the New Court wall to provide access for fire-engines.

Access to the new rooms (136 two-roomed sets, 55 bed-sitting rooms, 8 Fellows' sets: 199 in all) will be by eight staircases, all entered directly from the continuous cloister extending along the

whole length of the new building from the point of main access near the river to the far end adjoining the south-east corner of the School of Pythagoras.

There will also be an entrance to the new building from Northampton Street by the entrance-roadway, over a bridge that will cross the Bin Brook, and up steps to a Porter's Lodge. From this Porter's Lodge, it will be possible to turn right and follow the main cloister to the west end of the building adjoining Merton Hall, or to turn left and follow the main cloister in the opposite direction till it meets the paved pathway from E staircase, New Court, or to proceed straight forward (southwards) to the new Junior Combination Room.

But whether the building is approached from E Staircase, New Court, or from Northampton Street by the new Porter's Lodge, or, intermediately, from H staircase, New Court, the natural route to staircases will be by the cloister of the continuous building and not by crossing a court.

Said Ryle to Hoyle

(*The Eagle* has been kindly permitted to reprint this poem by its author, Professor Gamow, and his publishers, the Cambridge University Press. It is taken from pages 63 and 64 of *Mr Tompkins In Paperback*, a learned and lighthearted fantasy about physics that can be warmly recommended as both enjoyable and instructive.)

'YOUR years of toil,'
Said Ryle to Hoyle,
'Are wasted years, believe me.
The steady state
Is out of date.
Unless my eyes deceive me,

My telescope
Has dashed your hope;
Your tenets are refuted.
Let me be terse:
*Our universe
Grows daily more diluted!*

Said Hoyle, 'You quote
Lemaître, I note,
And Gamow. Well, forget them!
That errant gang
And their Big Bang—
Why aid them and abet them?

You see, my friend,
*It has no end
And there was no beginning,*
As Bondi, Gold,
And I will hold
Until our hair is thinning!'

'Not so!' cried Ryle
With rising bile
And straining at the tether;
'*Far galaxies
Are, as one sees,
More tightly packed together!*'

'You make me boil!'
Exploded Hoyle,
His statement rearranging;
'*New matter's born*
Each night and morn.
The picture is unchanging!

'Come off it, Hoyle!
I aim to foil
You yet' (The fun commences)
'And in a while,'
Continued Ryle,
'I'll bring you to your senses!'

GEORGE GAMOW.

Domestic Harmony

or, Lines Written upon Hearing of the Singularly Felicitous
Domestic Arrangements of a Friend, an Artisan, who lived in
Satterthwaite, Cumberland.

JOHN Sprat and Sarah lived alone
Beside the village common.
John was a man, a carpenter,
And Sarah was a woman.

And every day John sawed with saws
To get their simple living,
While Sarah's housework had no flaws,
Such care to't she was giving.

They had a pig, a simple beast—
'Twas slaughtered in due season.
But not at once they made a feast—
I'll tell you now the reason.

Good old John Sprat had little taste
For bacon fat at table,
While Sarah's lean must go to waste,
Try hard as she was able.

But Sarah loved the silver fat
Scorned on her husband's plate:
John longed to sit where Sarah sat,
Eat what she never ate.

At length the pair agreed to make
A pact to help each other:
Each from the other's plate would take
And thus would end the bother.

So happy John ate all the lean
And Sarah ate the fat.
No couple I have ever seen
At gayer table sat.

From simple folk we thus can learn
 (And learning is our duty)
 How discords can to concord turn
 And make united beauty.

W-LL--M W-RDSW-RTH ⁽¹⁾.

- (1) The authorship of this lyrical ballad is not absolutely certain. It seems to have been transcribed from the original manuscript (now missing) at Dove Cottage in the spring of 1802 by a Miss Dorothy W-rdsw-rth, if an allusion in a letter from Lord Liverpool to the Master of Trinity College on 19 May, 1808, can be trusted; and a hint in *Biographia Literaria* may be taken as vouching for its authenticity. It has however, been urged ^{has long} ^{asons for} attributing to it a more primitive date than that of the ballad. Other critics (notably Mr Guy Lee) hold that the ballad is obviously work of someone, not W-rdsw-rth, with an insecure hold on the poet's diction, but a passionate admiration for his lofty thought and dramatic Editor of *The Eagle* confesses that he finds *Domestic Harmony* too touching and too true to be anything but genuine W-rdsw-rth. The fourth line in isolation more than sufficiently proclaims the man—and the POET!

The Modern Coryestes

CORYESTES was a wanderer, and our fragmentary picture of his life is formed from three brief conversations while he strayed across the hills and through the wooded vales, along the dusty paths and among the green olive trees.

"Why do you wander, Coryestes?"

"Ours is an accursed race, for we know the meaning of sin and we must bear the pain of expiation. Mine is an accursed family, for we are of noble blood. I must love, lose, search, wander, and sometime die. So be it.

"One day long ago I was young, and strolling in the market place at Athens, I met a girl. I know not whence she came nor whether she were goddess, simple peasant or daughter of a king. I do not even know her name. We talked an hour and then she smiled and slipped away. And so I search."

"Why do you wander, Coryestes?"

"I wander to find this unknown girl. Success is always near, for her laughing eyes await me round each bend, her smiling face across the brow of every hill. And if a lithe young figure appears far off along the road, each pace becomes a leap towards our meeting and each heartbeat a moment less apart, till eyes can focus through a film of tears.

"And though you say she is not near I am closer to her by my wandering. And so I search."

"Why do you wander, Coryestes?"

"I wander to find, though sometimes I wonder if I found her would she be the same? Time is long and fate inexorable, illusion sweet and reality unkind. And if I met her, what to say? For in long hours of silent conversation while I walked, I have spoken to her of grey winter dawns, and summer sunsets red and gold, of life and hope, of death and sadness, love and birth. We stood and watched the trickling woodland streams, the rocky crags and clear Aegean sea. Together we felt the burning summer sun, and cool caressing springtime breeze. So can I hope for more? But still my life is sad, and still I search to find her. And shall we ever meet again? And is this really what I want?

"Why do I wander then?"

"I wander to find, for I must wander and we must meet again. And so I search."

Although no specific mention is made, it is clear that Coryestes can never meet his strange enchantress, but must wander on forever, looking and hoping, dreaming and doubting. A man

trying to elude the permanence of his separation by futile searching, almost attaining a sort of tranquillity in his restless pacing, but beset by doubts which will admit of no resolution.

To try and put Coryestes' fate in perspective. Here is a very incomplete but nicely balanced tragedy. A young man of high birth throws away his future to aimlessly wander in search of his love. And yet in his pointless meanderings he nearly achieves a certain compromise with life and a certain contentment. But just as we may feel moved to question his sincerity, so he asks if it is not perhaps to escape his love that he wanders, to preserve one perfect hour intact throughout eternity. These doubts should not be overstressed, they merely serve to crystallise his sadness. And so this weak, unconfident, tormented man we either pity or despise, according to our fashions. And so he wanders on.

Not so the modern Coryestes, for he is dead. And it is for us to answer our tragic question, "Why did you wander, Coryestes?"

Coryestes loved and lost. So, taking money, clothes and a few odd letters, he set off across the world. His tastes and needs were simple, he worked to earn money and he wandered to spend it. He bought a motorcycle and travelled about America moving slowly South. He led a clean and simple life, enchanted by the beauty of a forest in a rainstorm, black and green and wet, gazing fascinated at the glittering city life, silently watching grey seas break against the winter shores. Embracing all things new and strange and fresh with gladness, and living between events in a world of heroism, love, success and fantasy. Dreaming, he worked for money, bought food and wandered on.

But the self degeneration of an alert mind is a hard and risky thing. This slow bucolic waltz proved too sedate, fantasy failed to fill the gaps, and so the pace increased.

He moved South to the tropics, worked less, ate less, travelled more and drank a little, for sometimes he felt depressed. He moved faster but made less progress for the going was hard, and sometimes he stopped to climb the hills and look to see the view and wonder at the strange and silent landscape. Dreams stretched out and now he spent whole days as freshly-washed, clean-shaven, dark suited, sweet smelling, heroic and handsome Coryestes, adored by some, admired by all.

But still reality and image stood apart, and so the pace increased.

He drank more, ate less, worked not at all, travelled faster, on foot and in circles, got nowhere, hopping round and round in circles like a rabbit, dying. When he was tired he lay down and slept, when he was hungry he ate whatever was to be found, when he could he drank. His was a simple life, and I think that by the end he managed both to destroy his awareness and almost

submerge the pain of his illusions. He lingered on for several years before he died.

In a sense his death was a natural one. As we grow old or tired when we may sometimes incline to forget. And latterly Coryestes grew rather forgetful. Even his love he failed to remember then I think, and it seemed that his eyes were filled with the colour of the grasses and the texture of the earth, the endless progress of an ant or the movement of some insect against the bark of a tree. One afternoon he forgot to cover his head from the sun when he lay down to sleep.

He left little by way of material possessions: One rather fine money belt, empty. One passport, out of date. (Strange though that he should have clung to this useless relic of a bygone existence with such tenacity, or maybe just forgetfulness.) One diary. (Which does contain a very good account of the beginnings of his wanderings though it was clearly completely forgotten for the last few years.) And finally, several letters, in a female hand. (Rather impersonal letters really, with a virginal teenage effervescence, hard and green, like an apple unripe.)

It is sad to reflect that there is more grandeur in these last few futile remains than there ever was in the whole man himself.

So Coryestes is dead, his affairs in order, his life wound up. Now it is for you to explain his tragedy, and for you to select an attitude to this weak, unconfident, tormented man.

G. A. R.

Poems

WATCH OUT THAT DILEMMA HAS HORNS

AND shall I write about my little life,
An earnest catalogue of empty days
And of the limp monastic nights that raise
No passion on the page, no splendid strife?
Or shall I be the world's eye, and observe
With sparkling verb and vital adjective,
Painting the very colours as they live,
Hiding the Artist in a deep reserve?
The first is pale striptease
(how pale is flesh)
Pressing the lustless critic to come near;
The second wakes a cold aesthetic sneer—
“When will this showman give us something fresh?”
One signifies an adolescent phase:
One shows that middle-aging skill decays.

SYLLABICS

WHAT a poor-spirited creature I am!
Afraid of the children in the bare streets
Because they laugh without provocation.

They have cracked voices and ravenous eyes
That peel your layers for information,
Wanting knowledge without understanding.

They reserve their sympathy for themselves
And take the wings from flies, the truth from men,
Mechanically avid for occupation.

They have the total logic of the dog
Who, when you stroke it, smells your hand for food.
They think that kissing is a kind of game.

Am I not justified in scuttling past,
Who least can bear a truthful catalogue
To crush me in their clumsy little hands.

POEMS

CAMBRIDGE

As when you have to pass
A group of people huddling
At the bottom of narrow stairs,
Who laugh until you reach them,
Then stop and look,
Then laugh as you go,

So in this place,
There are many people,
Frightened by many people,
Who are glad to huddle
At the bottom of narrow stairs,
Who laugh too loud, pleased to exult
In not being quite alone.
Well-dressed, stone-faced to strangers,
Sycophants to each other,
They depreciate the unknown
And overprice themselves.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

Poems

I

SWEET odourous heaven, as if the two of them
Their canine noses deep in grass
Moving swiftly through the long rain-sodden
 landscapes
Find deeper, smelly logic in these rough pastures.

Only the twin dimensions of eye and ear
to be enriched by searching, probing after smell
render tachiste this Flemish countryside
Black noses in the grass discover the truth
of this drab masterpiece
sweet odourous heaven.

II

SOMEWHERE in England we came upon Ecad
Strung out upon a hill
Survivor of worse times than these
And shrine of both the weapons and the men.

And then, was it as bleak as this? Its silent
Silence, ringed by a tortoiseshell of small noises
The river and the quiet hills laugh at these high
enclosures.

We shall learn to ignore this dismal armoury.

III

I REMEMBER a love of a time past
Not strongly passionate, but just so,
A touch here and there of bright colour
And over all a soft, inspired illumination.

We loved; it may be that was all.
Tears, sympathetic tears were few
And sudden surges of affection
Mutated to some semblance of desire.

POEMS

It's over and done now, this strange business
More worth now than ever then
I am left with the disturbing curiosity
 of regret
And wandering thoughts of what it might
 have been.

IV

NOON

I HAVE seen the silence here
Strung into long roads and clumps of wood
The sun at noon, the basking vertical,
The artificial harshness of the birds.

I have tasted the dryness of the meridian
at the strength of the sun
The blank indifference of the hard sky.

I felt the time of noon as the lion-father;
Who can delay
The evil extractions of Mother Earth
just for a time of life
Wait here at noon.

So I am here, in the livery of the absolute,
Watching the beasts of prey that match
the challenge of the horizon
Seeking the mad voices of the birds we do not hear

That which we looked for we do not see
We did not hear those who listened
Till we had continued our journey.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

How to Live with an Ancient Monument

THE restoration of ancient buildings is quite as much an art as a science; indeed, if the work is to be successful, it is necessary to make extensive use of the principles described so admirably by Professor Gombrich in his book, *Art and Illusion*. The indefinable aura of antiquity surrounding an ancient building is built up by the mind, partly from what it knows already of the history of the building and its associations, and partly from visual impressions some consciously observed, and some on the periphery of attention. As with crime, so with restoration, the most successful operation is that which does not arouse suspicion. A good example is the Hall roof as seen from the Great Gate. The uninstructed visitor, looking at the long sweep of the upper part of the roof, would not suspect that the left hand half had been completely re-constructed and re-tiled. Even if the visitor knew that this had been done, a good eye would be needed to detect the junction between the old and new work. The window-frames of Second Court afford another example. Certain purists in the re-construction of old buildings (not, be it said, members of the College) objected to the removal of the ancient, decayed, and ill-fitting iron casements and their replacement by bronze, on the grounds that this would alter the character of the building. In fact, since the work was completed, no one to the writer's knowledge has commented unfavourably on this feature, simply because it is so extremely inconspicuous. But these are extreme examples, and it is rarely possible to carry out the work in such a way as to leave no visible traces. The important thing, obviously, is to avoid incongruity; but while this is easy to say, to carry out such a policy can involve some very nice points of judgement. Thus, if restoration work is to be successful, it can never be reduced to rule of thumb. Nevertheless, there are a number of points of method, organisation, and finance which are worth a little general discussion, and it is with these that the present article will be principally concerned. While we shall take as our example the College buildings, there will nevertheless be matters of more general interest which would apply equally to the maintenance of any considerable corpus of ancient buildings.

Let us first review the major considerations which have influenced the maintenance of our buildings during the last three decades. Apart from certain major works, during this period the general maintenance of the College buildings has been carried

out by a maintenance staff employed directly by the College, and it was fortunate, if fortuitous, that before the war the statutory income available for repairs sufficed to maintain a staff which included one craftsman in all the major trades, so that all types of building work could be undertaken on a small scale. The only changes which have been made since the war have been intended to improve the balance of the maintenance staff, adding, for example, a second carpenter, because experience had shown that the work of the other trades was being held up for lack of this assistance. However, as the years have passed, the cost of maintaining this balanced staff has steadily increased, until now the wages bill alone exceeds £12,000 a year. The question inevitably arises as to whether this large sum could be more economically employed in paying contractors to do particular jobs, and even more important, whether it ought to be spent on the buildings at all. The College is an institution devoted to education, religion, learning, and research, which happens to occupy an ancient monument; but the maintenance of the monument must be subservient to its primary purposes. The keynote was struck by Bonney in his article on the College buildings published in the Quatercentenary Volume in 1911: "[The College Buildings] should be both strong and ample enough to satisfy, for many years to come, the requirements of the Society, so that it may be able in the coming era to apply this income, yet more than in the past, to the encouragement of research and the advancement of learning."

At any time, then, it ought to be possible to justify expenditure on the College buildings in these terms, and this means, in effect, spending the minimum amount of money on the College buildings in the long run. To this end two intelligible policies are possible: the first, which we may call "low maintenance", involves letting the building rot until a repair becomes inevitable, either because the roof is leaking or because part of the structure is on the point of collapse; the second, which we may call "high maintenance", involves maintaining the buildings in such a state that at any one moment the minimum possible amount of rotting is going on. The first policy is clearly the correct one for a building of limited life, but the second has obvious attractions for an institution like the College which may expect to occupy most of its buildings over a very extended period of years; because if buildings are not ultimately to collapse, the average rate of repair over say a century must obviously equal the average rate of rotting. Much of the rotting of a building is caused by organisms such as beetles or fungi, whose activities tend to be much more wide-spread in a building under a "low maintenance" regime. Consequently, under this regime more repair work is needed in the long run. "High maintenance" also has its dangers. The Law of Diminish-

ing Returns applies to attempts to prevent rotting entirely in all parts of an old building, because it may be necessary to demolish £100 worth of sound work in order to reach a rotten area worth £10, and this has obviously to be guarded against.

A good example of the working of a "high maintenance" policy is provided by the New Court cellars. Much of the area of these large cellars, which extend under the whole of the built up part of New Court, was originally intended for the storage of wine; but during the latter part of last century changes in river level began to make nonsense of the architect's original intentions for the draining of the cellars. Instead of water running down the drain into the river, in times of flood the river water, loaded with suspended mud, would back up the drains into the cellar to a depth of several inches. While the river remained high, this water would stand in the cellars, and during this period the suspended mud would slowly settle. Then, when the river fell again, the water would run back clear, leaving its deposit of mud on the cellar floor. In this way over the decades a substantial deposit of mud three or four inches deep was built up in the cellars under B staircase, the deposit thinning out as one went further away from this centre of distribution adjacent to the drain connected to the river. The cellars were thus rendered useless for the storage of wine, or indeed of anything else; and at the same time a very menacing situation arose. The ventilation of the cellars was insufficient to dry out so large a mass of mud during the summer, and the result was the creation of a vast wet sponge quite close to the woodwork of the Court, and separated from it by brickwork which would be easily permeable to the fungus of dry rot. Thus conditions had been created under which dry rot, if not detected early, could have run through the building like a fire, and involved the College in very great expense. It should be remembered that quite recently the old Shire Courts on Castle Hill were entirely destroyed in this way, and it was not possible to save any part of the building. To remedy this state of affairs it was necessary to make a rather elaborate investigation of the drainage system, and to block off the connexions with the river through which the water was backing up, continued drainage being provided by a sump and automatic pump. Holes were broken through the partition walls where necessary in order to ensure that there should be a good current of air through the cellars, and they were left for rather more than two years for the mud to dry out. Then, one severe winter when outside gardening was difficult, two of the College gardeners spent about ten weeks shovelling up the dry mud and barrowing it out of the cellars into the Pickerel garden, where it was dumped on the site of what is now becoming River Court. The cellars were hosed and

thoroughly cleaned, and after a further period of drying it became possible to detect those parts of the brickwork through which seepage of water from the ground was taking place. These in turn were remedied one by one, and in this way dry cellars were gradually created. At the same time, during severe winter weather when external work on bricks could not be carried on, the College bricklayer was able to put down water-proof cement on the floor of one cellar after another, thus further aiding the drying-out process. The dry cellars have since been very useful for a variety of purposes, but more important than these has been the removal of the menace of dry rot on a grand scale.

It should be noticed, however, that although a "high maintenance" policy may pay substantial dividends in the long run, in the short run the most expensive operation of all is to change over from "low maintenance" to "high maintenance", and this is what in effect the College has been doing during the last thirty years.

This then is the context within which the operations of the College maintenance staff have to be considered, and the arguments in favour of the continued existence of such a staff fall into two classes, those of pure economy and those of convenience. The arguments of economy require either that the cost of particular pieces of work done by the College staff should be lower than the corresponding work done by an external contractor, and of late years this has applied particularly to plumbing and electrical work, or that by controlling the quality of workmanship and materials used, a more lasting job can be done. This last consideration does not weigh with many present-day clients of the building industry, but is of obvious importance to the College, which must contemplate an extended future and limited resources. The arguments of convenience relate both to time and to the manner in which the work is carried out. In any emergency the College staff can at once be diverted to cope with it without delay; they are also accustomed to working within the College community, and can arrange the pattern of their work so that it interferes as little as possible with that of the other members of the community—students, Fellows, and staff alike. These are substantial advantages which would be worth having even if the operations of the maintenance staff showed no financial saving. Certain other considerations have also to be borne in mind, of which probably the most important is precautions against fire. Since the war, except for cases of deliberate vandalism, this has been the principal destroyer of ancient buildings, and a surprising number of fires have been associated with attempts to renovate the buildings, due to such causes as a painter's blow-lamp playing through a crack in old and dry woodwork. The College staff

are well aware of these dangers, and it is no doubt safer to make use of their work, particularly in decorating the older parts of the College, in preference to employing workmen of whom one has no personal knowledge.

Such are the considerations which must be weighed in attempting to assess what the long term policy with regard to maintenance of the College buildings ought to be, and how it should be implemented. It may well be that in the long run the amount of work needed to keep the College buildings in a thoroughly sound state of repair will not be sufficient to employ a balanced staff of minimum size, such as we now have; but we are still in the phase, which began more than thirty years ago, of bringing our buildings into a thoroughly sound state after long periods of comparative neglect, and for a number of years to come the important jobs will exceed the ability of the maintenance staff to carry them out.

Turning now to finance, the present time seems to be a particularly appropriate one for considering past and future expenditure. On the one hand, a period of exceptional, and indeed emergency, expenditure on the repairs and reconditioning of our old buildings is drawing to a close, and within two or three years we can look forward to a period of steady, routine, maintenance. On the other hand, the approaching completion of the new building itself makes necessary a reappraisal of the various aspects of expenditure on the domestic affairs of the College. Finally, we have available for the first time ten years of building accounts classified in such a way as to make easy a breakdown into the different major heads of expenditure. The present form of accounts, in which costs are assigned to each individual job, was introduced for the first time in the financial year 1954-55.

The broad outlines of expenditure can be shortly stated. Overshadowing all other work has been the restoration of Second and Third Courts on which a total of £225,632 was spent during the eight years up to the end of July 1965. This expenditure, being of an exceptional nature, has been kept separate from the remaining, more general, expenditure, and special means have been adopted to finance it. These were:

| | £ |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| Appeal Fund | 113,291 |
| Pilgrim Trust | 11,000 |
| Historic Buildings Council ... | 6,750 |
| Charles Taylor Fund | 5,346 |
| Linnell Bequest | 2,940 |
| Capital Account VIIIA | 86,305 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £225,632 |

It will be seen that about three-fifths of the total has been met from donations, grants, and bequests; two-fifths having been provided from the central reserves of the College.

Other expenditure for the decade 1954-64 is nearly £129,000. For the purpose of this survey we will ignore certain small items, such as £442 on repairing the furnishings of the Chapel, and concern ourselves with the major headings of Repairs to the fabric of the College, Improvements, Decorations, and Miscellaneous. Ten years ago an item of "Miscellaneous expenditure including purchases for stock" was included in our form of building accounts as a device to save excessive book-keeping. It includes a very great many items too small to be worth classifying; purchases of plant, tools, protective clothing, and other items which are not consumed in the course of a particular job, and therefore not readily classified; and also gives effect to variations in stocks of materials held at the end of a particular year. During the decade it has ranged from a debit of £2,118 to a credit of £1,571, the total for the ten-year period being £12,139. It therefore represents rather less than 10% of the total ordinary expenditure. It is difficult to divide this Miscellaneous item between Repairs, Improvements, and Decorations with any degree of precision; but surveys of the work done by the College Maintenance Staff have suggested that in general their activities are divided between repairs and improvements roughly in the ratio of 2 : 1. Taking a broad view we can therefore divide this Miscellaneous expenditure in the same ratio. Having done so, the total expenditure of the account, in round figures, can conveniently be classified as follows, for reasons which will presently emerge:

| | £ | £ |
|--|---------|----------|
| Total Repairs | 62,000 | |
| Decorations of Public Rooms ... | 13,000 | |
| Two-thirds Miscellaneous... | 8,000 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| | £83,000 | £83,000 |
| Total Improvements | 37,000 | |
| Decorations, Fellows' Rooms and Master's Lodge | 4,000 | |
| One-third Miscellaneous | 4,000 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| | £45,000 | £45,000 |
| | <hr/> | |
| | Total | £128,000 |

Reflection on these figures raises a number of questions, which it will be convenient to set out as we go along.

(a) *Is it fair to separate the work on the restoration of Second and Third Courts from general repair work during the decade?* This question arises from the thought that part at least of the work on Second and Third Courts would be the kind of routine maintenance of this particular block of buildings which the College would normally expect to face during this particular decade. This is true of certain work, such as the reconditioning and repainting of the lantern and bell turret over the Hall, which can be expected to be a recurrent item over rather long periods. But operations of this kind form only a small fraction of the total. The bulk of the work consists of very long-term repairs such as the replacement of most of the stonework by new Clipsham stone, and the replacement of the iron window-frames by bronze. Most of the Northamptonshire stone used in the original building of the Court had survived the 350 years up to the present day, and it would be reasonable under similar circumstances to expect a similar life for the new stone. It has been known for a long time that Second Court was the worst built of all the College buildings, and Baker commented very unfavourably on it 250 years ago. The structure as a whole is now in a much better state than it has been at any time since then. Furthermore, certain operations, such as the use of bronze window-frames, were intended to reduce the long-term cost of maintaining the buildings in repair. A glance at the Court will show that above ground-floor level there is extremely little external painting necessary to maintain the structure in good condition. In buildings where a good deal of external painting is needed to protect the structure this is already a heavy recurrent charge, and because of the large labour element in such work, it can be expected to become relatively heavier as time goes on. (For this reason, external paint work has also been cut to a minimum in the new building now under construction.) We conclude that it is reasonable to separate the expenditure on Second and Third Courts from the remainder on the grounds that it is of an exceptional nature.

(b) *Are these reasonable sums to have spent on keeping our buildings in repair?* This is not an easy question to answer, but we may look at one or two general guides. In the first place, it is widely accepted as good estate management practice to set aside annually for building repairs around 2—2½% of the capital value of buildings. Stated so, this does not help us much, because the capital value of our buildings is just as difficult to assess as the average rate of maintenance. Certain conclusions can, however, be drawn. To replace the facilities of our existing old buildings by minimal modern ones, providing accommodation for 300 undergraduates and about 50 Fellows, with Chapel, Hall, Kitchens, Combination Rooms, Library, and other Public Rooms

would cost at least £1 million, and probably £2 million. Furthermore, these buildings would be less extensive than our existing ones, and they would not include a number of features of our old buildings, such as numerous chimneys, and much carved stone and stained glass, which for historic reasons we must maintain. It will be seen that a calculation on these lines yields a maintenance figure much higher than that before us, and that the larger figure would even exceed the total expenditure on normal repairs and on the restoration of Second and Third Courts. Secondly, there are the financial arrangements for the maintenance of College buildings made by the last Royal Commission forty years ago. These provided that one-third of the Net Union Assessment of the College buildings (in effect the pre-war rateable value) shall be set aside for the repair and general maintenance of the buildings, and there are statutory provisions for exemption from University taxation in respect of this. What evidence is available suggests that up to 1939 this provision was adequate to deal with routine maintenance, but not with special repairs. For reasons connected with College rating the Net Union Assessment has never been fundamentally revised to take account of the fall in the value of money. It continues near 1939 values, but is revised to take into account any new College buildings brought into occupation. The total of these sums for the decade, £22,710, therefore provides us with an index of the money which the Commissioners intended should be available at 1939 prices. An index of the cost of building is published from time to time in *The Builder*, and taking 1939 as 100 its average for the ten years with which we are concerned was 380 (this is a mean of the individual values for the middle of each financial year, which conveniently coincides with points of the discontinuous graph). Applying this factor, £22,700 at 1939 prices becomes £86,000 at mean prices for the decade, a sum which we see would have provided for repairs, decoration of Public Rooms, and two-thirds of the Miscellaneous expenditure. It would therefore seem that the answer to the question is yes.

(c) *Did this expenditure on repair and general maintenance fall where the Commissioners intended that it should, that is on the Internal Revenue Account?* The statutory payments which we have already mentioned, £22,710, all come from the Internal Revenue Account, and from time to time it has been possible to make other payments from the account towards the cost of the repair of the buildings, totalling £41,800 for the decade. If to this we add the whole of the accumulated credit balance of the Internal Revenue Account for the ten-year period, £16,419, we reach a total of about £81,000. It will be seen, by a remarkable coincidence, that this sum is virtually identical with the first

division of our expenditure. The second portion of our expenditure, on Improvements, Decoration of Fellows' rooms, etc., and the Miscellaneous expenditure associated therewith, totalling around £45,000, is also almost identical with the net total of payments from the central revenues of the College, which may reasonably be used to finance work of this kind. The answer to this question must also be yes.

(d) *Leaving aside the restoration of Second and Third Courts, was this a typical decade of building maintenance?* The answer to this question also seems to be almost certainly yes. Reading through the list of items one finds very many small, and small to medium-sized jobs, and only about a fifth of the total expenditure on repairs went on two large undertakings—the complete repair and re-leading of all the windows on the south side and three of those in the apse of the Chapel; and part of the cost of repairing the New Court roof. It would be expected that there would be one or two large jobs to be faced in any typical decade, numerous items of routine maintenance making up the bulk of the expenditure.

Looking into the future, one has to assess the influences of two opposing trends—on the one hand the old buildings of the College are now in a better state of repair than they were ten years ago: many causes of deterioration have been traced to their sources, which have been eliminated or at least mitigated. In terms of a fixed value of money one would therefore in the long run expect the cost of maintaining these buildings to decline. On the other hand, the large block put up in 1939 is now 25 years old, and its maintenance costs, which have hitherto been very low, can be expected to rise from now on. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that these two trends might roughly cancel out in the coming decade.

(e) *How much did building prices rise during the decade 1954-64?* Estimates vary with their source, and also for different types of building work, and increases in indices lie between 30 and 50%. There is, however, no doubt that building wages rose by 50%, and as this is a much larger element in maintenance work than in new building, it would be wise to take the larger figure.

(f) *How much higher are building prices now than the average for the decade 1954-64?* About 35%.

(g) *What then is the cost of similar maintenance work likely to be during the next decade?* The answer to the last question makes clear that it cannot cost less than one-third more, and if the last decade's experience of rising prices were to be repeated, it would probably cost 50% more—say an extra cost in total over the decade, of between £27,000 and £40,000.

At this point the problems of how to live with an Ancient Monument become merged in the wider and more familiar ones of how to live with inflation.

G. C. E.

The Johnian Past

Thanks to the kindness and researches of the Librarian, Mr Guy Lee, the Eagle is able to publish the following documents of an earlier age. The list of food charges is printed complete, and will repay detailed study (Turkey, roasted . . . 2 0); the Examination Rules are also printed in full: they repay scanning. The miscellaneous rules are excerpted from a longer list, dated October, 1876.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

October, 1876.

- College Chapel.* The hours of Divine Service are as follows:
Sunday, 10 A.M.; 6 P.M. On other days,
7 A.M.; 6½ P.M. Surplices are worn on
Sundays and Saints' Days, and at the Evening
Service preceding them. Undergraduates are
expected to attend service in Chapel twice
on Sundays; and once daily on the average
on other days.
- College Gates.* The gates of the College, and the doors of
lodging-houses, are closed at 10 P.M. The
names of Students who come in after that
hour are entered in the Gate-book for the
inspection of the Tutors and Deans. To be
out after 12 o'clock is regarded as a serious
breach of discipline.
- Hall.* On Sunday, 1st Hall at 4 P.M. 2nd Hall at 5 P.M.
On other Days, 1st Hall at 5½ P.M. 2nd Hall
at 7¼ P.M. (on 'Surplice Evenings' at 7½ P.M.)
Freshmen will be informed at the Butteries at
which Hall they will have to dine.
- Dress, &c.* You are required to wear your College cap and
gown during the whole of Sunday—every day,
before 11 A.M.—after dark, when engaged in any
College duties in the Senate House or when
in communication with any of the College or
University authorities. The Proctors impose
a fine on Students found without their
academical dress at times when it should be
worn. The gown ought always to be *worn*,
not *carried*. Smoking is not allowed in the
streets or in the College courts or grounds.
No Student is allowed to appear in the College
courts or grounds in any boating or cricketing

1856.

It is ordered by the MASTER and SENIORS that Articles supplied by the Cooks for Private Rooms be charged as follows:—

SOUPS.

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Mock Turtle, per quart | s. d. |
| Mulligatawny | 3 0 |
| White Soup | 3 0 |
| Macaroni | 2 6 |
| Vermicelli | 2 6 |
| Palatine | 2 6 |
| Julienne | 2 6 |
| Carrot | 2 6 |
| Asparagus | 2 6 |
| Giblet | 2 6 |
| Green Pea | 2 6 |
| Gravy | 2 0 |
| Broth, per basin | 0 6 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| A fried Sole, with plain Sauce | 1 6 |
| Ditto, à la Indienne | 2 0 |

Dressed Meat, in joints, 2d. per lb. beyond the Market
Price paid by the Steward for Commons.

| | |
|--|------|
| A Dish of Mutton Chops, per lb. | 0 10 |
| Mutton Chops, for a single person | 1 4 |
| One Mutton Chop | 0 6 |
| A Dish of Beef Steaks, with dressings, per lb. | 1 0 |
| A Beef Steak, for a single person | 1 2 |
| Stewed Beef Steaks, per dish | 3 0 |
| Veal Cutlets, with Bacon | 2 0 |
| A Dish of Mutton Cutlets, with Sauce, per cutlet | 0 6 |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Cold Ham, including Mustard, per lb. | 1 6 |
| Ditto, for a single person | 0 9 |
| Cold Beef, including Mustard, per lb. | 1 0 |
| Ditto, for a single person | 0 8 |

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| A Tongue | 5 0 |
| Pig's Face | 3 0 |
| Sausages, each | 0 2 |
| Kidneys, each | 0 3 |
| Six Eggs and Ham | 1 6 |
| Brawn, per lb. | 2 3 |
| Pressed Beef, per lb. | 2 6 |

VEGETABLES.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Potatoes or Greens, for a single person | 0 2 |
| Ditto, per dish | 0 6 |
| Other Vegetables, per dish, not to exceed | 1 0 |

POULTRY AND GAME,

At per head above Market Price, including the ordinary
Sauces.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| Fowls | s. d. |
| Ditto, pulled, broiled, or curried | 1 2 |
| Ducks | 0 8 |
| Wild Ducks | 0 8 |
| Pheasants | 0 8 |
| Partridges | 0 6 |
| Goose | 1 6 |
| Turkey, roasted | 2 0 |
| Ditto, boiled, not including Oysters | 2 0 |
| Hare | 1 6 |
| Cold Fowl | 0 8 |

| | |
|------------------|-----|
| Pigeon Pie | 4 0 |
| Chicken Pie | 4 0 |
| Beef Steak Pie | 3 6 |
| Veal and Ham Pie | 4 0 |
| Game Pie | 4 6 |
| Partridge Pie | 6 0 |
| A Raised Pie | 7 0 |
| Rabbit, curried | 2 6 |
| Patties, each | 0 6 |

TARTS, PUDDINGS, &c.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Fruit Tarts, Apple, &c. | 2 0 |
| Raspberry Tart | 2 6 |
| Preserve Tart | 3 0 |
| Cabinet and similar Puddings | 4 0 |
| A Jelly | 3 0 |
| Strawberry or Raspberry Cream | 3 0 |
| Italian Cream | 3 0 |
| Pine and similar Creams | 3 6 |
| Blancmanger | 3 0 |
| Trifle, with Epergne | 6 0 |
| Omelette, sweet | 2 6 |
| Ditto, savoury | 2 6 |
| Macaroni | 2 0 |
| Mince Pies, each | 0 5 |

SAUCES, &c.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Oyster Sauce, per boat | 1 0 |
| Shrimp ditto | 1 0 |
| Mint ditto | 0 4 |
| Currant Jelly | 1 0 |
| Sugar | 0 3 |
| Ditto, for a single person | 0 1 |

* Vegetables, or any other Article, be out of Season, the person who orders them must make his own arrangement with the Cook. The Cooks are to send in the Bills of all persons in *Statu* *Antiqui* *Quart*; and if any person's Bill, so delivered, remains unpaid at the expiration of *three months* *&c.* *no* are forbidden to send him any further supplies until the Bill be paid.

uniform. Every Student is bound by a University statute to tell his name and the College to which he belongs, to any Proctor or Master of Arts who asks him to do so.

Tradesmen are bound to send to the College Tutor at the end of each Quarter a list of all accounts with his pupils exceeding £5 in amount. Students are recommended to pay their tradesmen's bills as they arise and not to permit their gyps or servants to order for them a larger supply of any article than they really require.

Servants.

The wages of a Bedmaker and his Assistant together are £8 per annum including the vacations:—and it is particularly requested that no other payments whatever be made to them. Any Bedmaker asking for anything further will at once be dismissed. They have no claim to any perquisites.

Undergraduates are requested not to give gratuities to the waiters in Hall, the gyps, or other College servants—and to inform their Tutor of any solicitations for them.

Laundress.

The price charged to each Pensioner is 36s. per quarter. This includes everything except waistcoats, trowsers, and surplices.

Any Undergraduate may have his washing done by the piece, if he prefers it.

Luggage.

The Coal-Porters are allowed to charge a fee of 6d. for carrying an ordinary quantity of luggage to or from the rooms of members of the College.

College Buttery and Kitchen.

Bread, Ale, Beer and Cheese are supplied from the College Buttery—and provisions of various kinds from the College Kitchen—but Undergraduates may obtain these articles elsewhere if they prefer to do so.

The Cook will always have in readiness for inspection a list of articles with prices annexed. He will also be prepared to supply a dinner for a given price per head, such price varying from 3s. up to 8s. for each person. He will provide each Undergraduate with a book of his account with him—and will make up this account as often as he is desired to do so.

It will be necessary to obtain a written permission from the Tutor before a dinner for any number of persons exceeding three can be taken to an Undergraduate's rooms.

Dinner in Hall. The dinner is supplied at 2s. per head (at 7.15 at 2s. 1d. per head). Certain rules for the conduct of these dinners are drawn up and maintained by a committee of Undergraduates.

A dinner of meat and vegetables will be provided at 1s. 8d. per head for those who give in their names at the Scholars' Buttery. They have the option of ordering pastry, &c.

EXAMINATION RULES

- (1) Notices of the College Examinations at the end of the Michaelmas and of the Easter Terms are posted up on the Screens about one fortnight before the commencement of the Examination. Undergraduates are expected to inform themselves of the times and places at which they are required to present themselves for Examination.
- (2) After the papers of questions have been distributed, no Undergraduate who has received a copy will be allowed to leave the room until half an hour has elapsed from the time of distribution; Students are required to present themselves for Examination punctually at the times fixed; any one who comes more than half an hour late will be refused admittance.
- (3) In cases when the Examination is *vivâ voce* as well as by papers, no Undergraduate is allowed to leave the room (*except* by permission of an Examiner) until he has been examined *vivâ voce*. The written answers are to be delivered to an Examiner, and not left on the table at the Student's place.
- (4) All talking during the time of an Examination is strictly forbidden.
- (5) All Undergraduates in their first year of residence, unless in attendance at the Previous Examination or prevented by illness or other grave cause approved by the Master and Seniors, are required to pass the Examination at the end of the Michaelmas Term.
- (6) All Undergraduates in their first year of residence (unless prevented as aforesaid) are required in the Easter Term, to pass either one of the Examinations in their special subject of study or the College Examination in subjects of the Previous Examination.
- (7) All Undergraduates in their second year of residence (unless prevented as aforesaid) are required to pass either the Examinations in their special subject of study held during the year, or the College Examination held in the Easter Term, in subjects of the General Examination.
- (8) All Undergraduates in their third year of residence (unless prevented as aforesaid) who are Candidates for Honours are required to pass the Examinations in their special subjects of study held during the year. Those Students who are not Candidates for Honours and have not yet passed the General Examination are required to attend the College Examination named in Rule 7.
- (9) Undergraduates, who have failed to satisfy the Examiners in any one of the above-named Examinations, at which attendance is obligatory, will be again examined in the course of the following Term; and will not be presented for their degrees until they have satisfied the Examiners.

N.B. The subjects of Examination for *Freshmen* at Christmas 1876 under Rule (5) are Euclid, Books I. II. III. (*vivâ voce*), Arithmetic and Algebra (Elementary), Cicero's First and Second Speeches against Catiline, Paley's Evidences.

Under the Sign of Silence

The Meaning of Occupation

Six o'clock in Paris on a summer evening, June 13th 1940. Paul Simon decided to stroll home from his office. Along the embankment, past the Tuileries gardens, towards Notre-Dame. But how quiet it all was; few passers-by and fewer cars. Like a holiday week-end with the Parisians away on the beaches or in the mountains. Simon felt as if his native city was his very own for the first time. Only there were ugly rumours in circulation and last night the radio had suddenly shut down with a devil-may-care recording of the Marseillaise.

Nine o'clock next morning. Paul was picked up by his friend John and they drove towards the office as usual since the evacuation had begun. John pulled up against the curb and they walked towards the Ministry of Pensions (Les Invalides). Outside the iron gates stood a new figure in a green uniform, helmeted and booted, directing the non-existing traffic with a baton. He was a German gendarme. They returned to the car and drove over the river on to the Place de la Concorde. Here their doubts ceased; guns, lorries, tanks, were massed in the square and the Nazi flag was hoisted on the Ministry of Marine. Their beloved city was in enemy hands, although official communiqués had just told them that the Germans were being held everywhere. Paul could do no work nor read nor smoke that day. He realised that he had for the first time obeyed a German policeman—he, Paul, who after being wounded in the last war, had been set in charge of German prisoners.

The occupation proceeded to the blare of unceasing Nazi propaganda that left Parisians undeceived. Requisitions, rationing, curfew and innumerable other regulations followed. Every kind of freedom was suppressed by this one-way collaboration, with Germans in the railways, the public service, law, police, insurance, press, radio, cinema—everywhere. Sabotage and “accidents”, arrests, hostages, executions. The old soldier in Paul Simon re-awoke and feverish action took the place of stunned inertia. He sought out those of his mates who remained. Some were cautious or intimidated, but a group under the chairmanship of Alexander met each night and backed up Paul's new idea of printing and posting slogans. A beginning was made with a toy rubber printing-set and any paper obtainable. In the early hours of the evening the group secretly pasted their little slogans on shop windows, stations, lamp-posts; the underground

French press was born and multiplied fast, under the very noses of the Nazis. “Liberty, equality, fraternity”; “Vive de Gaulle!”; “Only one enemy: the invader”; “Hitler's vacuum cleaner will empty the country in less than no time”; these were among the slogans pasted up in the metropolitan area; crowds were drawn. Popular morale strengthened.

From that moment, the *Valmy* group, as they called themselves, sub-divided; each member formed his own larger body of active workers. Before Christmas of 1940, a newspaper of that name was produced with infinite difficulty by the aid of three disused printing machines, all of different type. Paul was editor, but it took a month to master the mechanics of this composite type, put together at night with superhuman patience. Four lines a night was good going for a man whose sight had been impaired by an old wound.

This was too slow, and for the third and some succeeding numbers, friendly lady typists, even if working in offices under German control, gave their help. Some typed three hundred copies after office hours, until a large, if somewhat ancient, printing machine, was unearthed. Later, four-page editions ran into thousands. For greater safety, the actual printing was done by only five members in a room unknown to the larger organization of distributors. And every manuscript, carbon paper, stencil and proof was carefully burnt after use. Meanwhile, the Gestapo worked unceasingly to discover Paul's press; homes were searched, as were passers-by in the streets and passengers in public vehicles, for copies of *Valmy*.

The increased circulation demanded more and more distributors, and soon one or two refusals were accompanied by threats to denounce the editor, who knew that one woman had surrendered copies of *Valmy* to the police before she left Paris. Warned, Paul Simon knew that the network was tightening. He fled soon after, and the veteran then served in the ranks of Fighting France; but many other underground news-sheets, large and small, followed his lead, and reminded the French people that out of hatred for the Republic some of their leaders had sacrificed France.

Very modestly, after his perilous escape to London, Paul Simon, no great scholar but a man, wrote an account of *Valmy*, giving much inside information on the life and resistance of Parisians under the invader. There were only two parties in France, collaborators and (the immense majority) anti-collaborators. He throws light on the thoughts of a starving people, but at the end of his little book, which has been translated, Paul makes it clear that it was his duty, not to write more, but to wage war. He stood out as an average French worker, decorated and six times

wounded in 1914-18, following which he became anti-militarist. The first sight of a German soldier in this war made him a soldier once again, a volunteer for dangerous missions.

The worth of another French short story, *The Silence of the Sea*, can scarcely be over-estimated. I hesitate to say the sketch was the most beautiful piece of prose workmanship turned out in World War II, for, artistically, our English *Snowgoose* seems perfect, while as much of a man's heartblood went to the making of Hillary's *The Last Enemy*, and perhaps to *Grapes of Wrath*. Yet I feel *The Silence of the Sea* is one of the finest things written in our century. Its understatement and objectivity suffice to prevent any war-psychosis from warping a critic's judgement in art.

—What is the little book? It is the first of a series written on the soil of France under occupation and secretly printed, a collection known as *Midnight Publications*, and then reprinted in London as *The Little Books of Silence* (1943). The dedication is to writers imprisoned within France but waging the war of the spirit.

"For nearly three years now," says the preface, "France has lived under the sign of silence. Silence amidst crowds; silence in the home; silence because daily at noon the German parade marches up the Champs-Élysées; silence because there's an enemy officer billeted next door; silence because the Gestapo hides microphones under hotel beds; silence because children dare not say they're hungry; silence because every night bodies of fallen hostages turn the morrow into a day of national mourning."

"Nations who haven't lived behind this thick wall, built by Germany around the intellect of Europe, can never know what supreme torture means. It should suffice to know that men are dying to cleave that wall."

In such conditions *The Silence of the Sea* was born. The author's name was given as "Vercors."—Who was he? Some young writer fetching strength from suffering, or a famous novelist chastened by misfortune? At all events, a psychologist and an artist. Jean Bruller's name was revealed in 1944-45.

There are no conventional Gestapo characters. Only one German—an idealistic officer, Werner von Ebrennac. His sensibility makes him in some respects a clear judge of his own barbarous people. Unconsciously, he falls into the error of believing that Germany aspires to true greatness of soul, seeking to rise above her past. The Nazi masque deceives him; he fails to condemn the brutal means to what is for him a noble idea. He thinks France, the victim, can be won over by love. His awakening is cruel and in the end he is happy to set out for hell—the Eastern front.

The plot is slight. An old French scholar, living with his niece, billets the officer whose bearing is the essence of courtesy. Werner's words on arrival are, "I am distressed." He would have avoided coming had that been possible. There is nothing obsequious or forced as he assures them of tranquillity. But the old Frenchman and his niece never break their silence. The officer is perplexed, yet approves this systematic dumbness. Like his father, Werner, inspired by Briand, had hoped for Franco-German union in a glorious future.

Night after night, he goes on talking intelligently and with charm, about French people, music, and books. The talks are really monologues, interminable; for not once does he get an answer, a nod of agreement or disagreement, or even a look.

He talks of himself and of a young lady to whom he had been all but betrothed. The two were once wandering through a lovely forest when the girl shrieked, "I've been stung on the chin by a dirty little mosquito. Here! I've caught it, Werner. Look! I'll punish it." And she pulled out its legs, one by one.

Fortunately for Werner, she had other wooers, but since then he had been bewildered by the conduct of German girls. As with their political leaders, cruelty is in the blood; but, he thinks, happily, in France they will be cured of their bestiality and learn humanity. The discovery of France is his rhapsodic theme.

One day Werner announces he is going on his first leave to Paris. There, he imagines, he will see his friends now working for a wonderful union with the leaders of France.

When Werner returns from Paris he does not repeat his evening visits for a fortnight. Then he turns up and in a thick, emotional voice tells the family he has serious things to say—he had seen his friends and talked of his hopes. All had ridiculed him; France was to be encircled, and her soul, not only her might, destroyed for ever, for her soul was the danger; it must systematically be reduced to a crawling bitch.

Suddenly his features relax and he announces quite naturally that the favour he had asked for had been granted. In spite of his lame leg, tomorrow he would be authorized to join a division in the field. He adds, a faint smile playing on his lips, "I shall be on the way to hell." He points eastwards, towards those endless plains whose future harvests would be fertilised by human bodies.

Then the final scene is described.

Werner has one hand on the door-handle. Slowly he draws the door towards him and says in a voice strangely expressionless, "I wish you a good-night." But he does not close the door. Still looking at the niece, he murmurs, "Adieu". He stands motionless, his face drawn and his tense look fixed on the girl's pale, distended eyes.

THE EAGLE

At last her lips move. Werner's eyes shine.

The Uncle hears the word, "Adieu". Werner hears it too, and draws himself up. His whole body seems to relax as after a restful bath. And he smiles. The door shuts and his steps die away at the farther end of the house.

He had gone when next day the uncle came down for his morning meal. His niece had prepared breakfast as usual. It was served in silence. Outside a pale sun shone through the fog. It seemed to the old man that it had turned very cold.

University of Tasmania.

L. A. TRIEBEL.

Communication

To the Editors of *The Eagle*.

Gentlemen,

Perhaps you would give consideration to the following idea, which I should be most happy to put into practice.

This is that *The Eagle* should publish, with one or more colour plates a compilation of all the neckties associated with the College. I am sure that this would arouse considerable and worthwhile interest. Such plates could also perhaps be inserted in the *Old Johnian* journal.

Difficulties of colour reproduction, devolving into expense, will have to be investigated, and also the complete range of ties unearthed. Should you find this suggestion amenable, and I hope you will, perhaps you would contact me, that I may continue with the next stage of its realisation.

Yours sincerely,

MARK BERTRAM.

Highfield Cottage,
Fulbourn, Cambs.

The Cantabrigiensian Past

or,

A Victorian Peep-show

Edited and embellished with
copious annotations illustrative
of manners past and present

in the

University of Cambridge

by

Paul Munro Walker

THE impression given by the researches of Guy Lee into the Johnian past, published in January's *Eagle*, may have strengthened the gentle reader in his likely conviction that the standard of College life has been galloping to perdition only in recent years, while in the last century it stood at its apogée, superb in piety and opulence and redolent with magnificent, cheap dinners. As a corrective to these delusive visions of a terrestrial paradise, it occurred to me to bring to the attention of the learned public a work which recently fell into my hands, a production of that imagined Golden Age, namely, *SKETCHES OF CANTABS* by JOHN SMITH, of SMITH-HALL, GENT . . . LONDON, 1849.

The extracts therefrom which follow, slight though they be, may yet serve as a reminder that neither empty-headed athleticism, nor expensive cuisinerie, nor even SATIRE itself is an invention of this present age.

Let us begin therefore, with the noble subject of the *READING MAN*, some members of which class may yet be found not a hundred miles from here, noting only that in those happier days mathematical were combined with classical studies.

"The reading man rises at six in the morning. His sleep has been feverish and distempered. The inhabitant of the next room has heard frightful and Aristophanic sounds coming through the partition in the dead of night. He has been involved in a terrible dance with all sorts of mathematical figures, and received a personal insult from a triangle. Examiners in caps and gowns have been sitting upon his chest, and he wakes with a start from a personal contest with an ancient Athenian.

"The first act of the reading man, after saying his prayers, will be to take down the book on which he is engaged, Aristophanes for example. He nods over the first page, and looking up at the window sees icicles hanging to it. At length he is roused by a joke which he makes out by the help of his lexicon, and rubs his hands and feels half inclined to find it amusing. Engaged in this occupation he hears the ringing of the chapel bell, and huddling on his surplice he walks across the court at the rate of five miles an hour. When he rises from his knees he is ashamed to find that he has been repeating the same line from the Ranae over and over again, and catches himself in the middle of the Litany dreaming of PORSON."

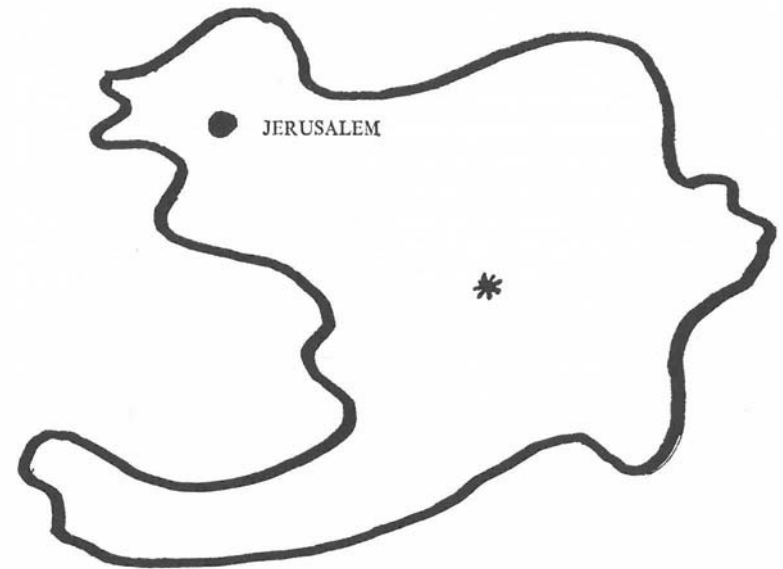
After breakfast with a friend, during which "they relate funny anecdotes to each other, which consist for the most part of wrong answers in the little-go, and instances of false quantities made by eminent scholars," our academic *in posse* is off to his nine o'clock lecture and at ten goes to hear TOMKINS on Plato; "he consciously believes that Tomkins is known all over England, and that he causes a great sensation in walking down Regent Street or the Strand."

Passing by the interim of the Reading Man's day as being as edifyingly dull (and as inelegant) then as it is now, we come to when "After dinner, at which he eats but little for fear of becoming sleepy and incapacitated for work in the evening, he goes off to the friend with which he has been walking, to indulge in a biscuit and a glass of wine, where he meets one or two quiet men, some one of whom possibly begins talking about 'Pendennis', at which he exclaims 'Ah! a novel, isn't it?' with supreme contempt. Warming with his second glass of port (I have no objection to call it port, it being sold as such), he will give you an account of how he once shirked a lecture, and incensed the Junior Dean by only going to seven chapels. On these occasions it would almost seem as if he gloried in the reputation for 'fastness' which the recital obtains for him among his companions, just as I have known middle-aged men, who were amongst the soberest and steadiest of their day, to exclaim 'By Gad, Sir, I was a devil of a young rake during my college career.'"

This latter boast (I may interpose) has been oddly reversed in late times, and it now occasions no surprise to hear some modern buck, just come down after an ignoble course of drunkenness and seduction, inform his new colleagues . . . who have not enjoyed the benefits of a university education . . . that he was well-known in Cambridge for his assiduity to study, and that the Chancellor's Prize Medal eluded his grasp only through the partiality of the

examiners. But to return to the exemplary existence of the hard-reading man, we find that, as he began, so he continues, until "After his three years, he comes out as a high classic or a wrangler; takes pupils, obtains a fellowship, and dies ultimately at an advanced age in the possession of a college living, virtuous, ignorant, happy and beloved."

That the Reading Man had his complement in the Fast Man, it is unnecessary to emphasise; nor has the latter's performance in examinations improved with the passing of time: "I remember an acquaintance of mine of this sort, once going into an examination where he was requested to draw a map of Judaea, marking the principal localities. The following was, as nearly as possible, the result of his labours."



*This is the place where the man fell among thieves.

It is my hope that the Johnian reader, ever avid of knowledge, will extend a tolerant forgiveness to me if, by passing over in my florilegium for lack of space two chapters of the keenest interest to him, I neglect to develop the themes of the Married Cantab and the Cantab in Love. Reminding him en passant not to confound the above categories, I recommend him to the original volume of SMITH, ESQ. and hasten to attain the next topic, the Sporting Man.

THE SPORTING MAN of Victorian Cambridge, "the Burke and Debrett of horse-flesh," has, alas, quite passed away, leaving

only that shrivelled remnant, the Motoring Cantab, and taking with him the Undergraduate who is fond of "London Life", but his portrait may be worth reprinting. He "may be recognised by his having something or other about him, which reminds you forcibly of the stable. His coat is a cut-away, and his trousers fit tightly over the boot. The whole of the middle of his person is enveloped by a long ostler-waistcoat, and his neck by a scarf of bird's-eye blue. A fox's head, or a dog's head, or a richly chased horse with ruby eyes, are the favourite devices on the top of his pin. He is much given to huge overcoats, with saucer buttons, and his hat, a very bad one (all Sporting Men wear bad hats) is secured from being carried off, by means of a string which is attached to one of the button-holes. When not actually in his cap or gown, he may be distinguished from the professional groom by his having a cigar in his mouth. He makes a rule of turning round to examine every horse that passes, and points critically with his forefinger at the legs of the quadruped. Sometimes he will make a remark such as, 'I'll be blown if I don't know that nag! Where the duce can I have seen him before?' At last it turns out that he has seen him six years ago, standing before the door of a public house in the south of Ireland."

The above observations on the dress of our hunting fathers prompt me—for which digression I humbly beg the reader's pardon, as casting no unrevealing a light on the manners of our own society—to certain considerations on the attire of the JOHNIAN of to-day. For though we have lost the evils of saucer buttons with those of child labour, and cut-away coats have followed benevolent despots into kindly oblivion, are there not still those whose quaint vestments affright the innocent air of our academic groves, announcing to the astonished Muses the imminent demise of the sober decencies of civilisation? We must claim in vain to have surpassed the rude achievements of our forebears, while daily are to be seen in hall or combination room the vulgarity of flowered tie or open collar, the mindless brutality of the leather jacket or the labourer's peaked cap (these supposedly ameliorated by association with the debased propensities of popular entertainers). And these very garments of shame to be displayed with pride by those collegians whom the world honours with the undeserved title of GENTLEMEN!! Proh pudor! must then CARNABY STREET be our modern Babylon?

However, let us leave these distressing actualities and turn to contemplate the domestic surroundings of the Sporting Cantab.

His rooms are decorated with the appurtenances of the hunt, prints of horses and engravings "by eminent Parisian artists . . . instances of the good taste and sound moral feeling prevailing

amongst the painters of that great city," and "on one side of the door, hangs the skin of an ourang-outang, which, he tells you, his brother killed with a large stone, when walking out one day in the neighbourhood of Palermo."

It is of course not to be imagined that only undergraduate types have changed in Cambridge since the reign of great Victoria; what young scholar does not nightly offer up prayers of thanksgiving that his generation has been delivered from the iniquity of that ancient order of things by which his forefathers were regularly compelled to dine on bad food at exorbitant prices! It would doubtless be instructive to quote at length our author's description of these antique abuses.

"Notwithstanding the remark which I took occasion to make in my paper on the 'Fast Man', I will at once confess that I am not myself partial to a dinner in the hall of my college. Not that my motives are at all similar to those which would appear to keep some persons away; on the contrary, they are formed upon grounds diametrically opposite to those which I have sometimes heard adduced. My opinion is, that the worthy cook of Trinity charges too little, not too much; I wonder—not, as some do, that with his opportunities he should have amassed so paltry a sum*—but rather that he has anything at all to call his own. Consider the feelings of a man compelled each day, nolens volens, to furnish five hundred undergraduates with as much beef and mutton as they choose to eat, at the trifling charge of about two shillings a head—(to be sure, vegetables, ale, &c. are extras—but what of that?) consider, I say, the feelings of this man, as he watches joint after joint disappearing from his view, as he hears the distant rattling of knives and forks, and knows that the war of extermination is going on, as waiters dash in pale and begravy'd, and the cry is still for *more*!

"When you think of all this, you will do as I do. You will give him your ticket, as it were, and keep away. You will not help to rob the poor man, I am sure. When he shall have succeeded in making his complaints heard, and the College has consented to his charging a remunerating price for his articles, then indeed you may go and dine with a pure conscience. But until then, if you must dine in hall, dine entirely on extras, or 'sizings', as we call them. Press not upon that care-worn, grey old man. I use the word 'grey', because, though I never set eyes on the Cook himself,

* A mere £30,000, I have heard in several quarters. This is what some persons have termed *rich*!! To refute this absurd position, it is needless to remind the reader that many peers, and those too by no means the most wealthy, have as much—A YEAR!

the fact was revealed to me in my soup (soup is an extra) the other day. To be sure on second thoughts, that lock of hair which I so affectionately cherish, may have belonged to one of the subordinates. Well, let us hope that it is so.

"I am aware that, in opposition to this, it may be said, that at a place of learning it is desirable for everything to be as cheap as possible—that considering the number (five hundred) for whom dinner is daily provided, beef and mutton might be furnished at a much cheaper rate than two shillings a head, which is the sum usually charged when only five or six persons sit down at a coffee-house to a joint—that an eminent London hotel-keeper has actually declared that he will supply the dinners of Trinity College at ten-pence a head and still make a handsome profit—that it is in the interests of the Authorities to keep up the present high range of profits, because it is of them that the cook rents his place—that some of the articles in the bill of fare are set down at a price which would provoke mirth, if it did not rather call for indignation—that a pair of soles, which in the market might be bought for a shilling, are charged *three shillings and sixpence*!—a pair of skinny fowl and a few slices of ham *twelve shillings*!—that the price of food is that of a besieged town, not a liberal university, etc., etc., etc. All these arguments I have heard at various times; but as a signal proof of their emptiness and falsity, it may be "permitted me to remark, that I have invariably triumphed over those who have adduced them. On stigmatizing them as Radicals and innovators; on reminding them that Trinity College is a time-hallowed institution, and not to be rashly meddled with by hands profane; on appealing to my Bible, and pointing out to them how it prophesies of those who shall 'speak evil of dignitaries'—upon adopting this line of reasoning, I have always found that my opponent walked off in silence, a sure indication that he was foiled with his own weapons, and had not got another word to say."

It is obvious from the preceding remarks that Cambridge life has in certain respects changed almost beyond recognition, but SMITH and I will leave the MODERN UNDERGRADUATE aspiring to social success with a morsel of advice which perhaps has some contemporary application:

"There is a method of spending the intervening hours between breakfast and dinner, which is not wholly disagreeable. It consists of leaning out of the window and expressing your opinion of every woman that passes, in audible terms. This is a very favourite amusement with young men of the University, and you will be strictly following the fashion in taking to it. I see grounds, however, for recommending a slight change in the usual mode of carrying it on. It is this.—Do not express your opinion, unless

it be a favourable one. To hear—"What an ugly woman" or perhaps something worse, pronounced by a dozen mouths above her, cannot be anything but unpleasant to the mind of a well-constituted female. But what delicate young lady—one of the reader's sisters, for example,—would object to the expression, 'What a slap-up gal!' or 'Isn't she a stunner?' interchanged amongst each other, at the tops of their voices, by a party of young fellows at the first floor window? Of course, she cannot object. It is a tribute of admiration, and it is not in the nature of woman that she should."

PROPHETIC POSTSCRIPT

(From Chapter II, "The Fast Cantab"):

"May it be the proud boast of our great grandsons—I don't say that it will be, but only *may* it be their boast—that when one of them in the year Anno Domini 1949, took up the pen to write 'Sketches of Undergraduates' after the model of that famous work, published just a century before, he was unable to introduce the 'fast man' into his volume, simply because no such character was then in existence. He looked for one, just as we look for stage coaches, but found him not. I can fancy a passage occurring in the preface, as follows:—

'It sêms strang' (fonetic writing of some kind or other will have come into vogue in that day) 'that in lukiŋ at an old buk wich has cum into mi hands, called *Sketches of Undergraduates in 1849*, I notiss the introduxiun ov a pâper on "făst men."

'From the descripshun he must hav bēn a curious bēing; fortunateli for us nun such exists now. He has păst awa, like Kăpital Punishment, and the Paliss Cort, and Onorăry Degrêse, the relics of a Darc and barberus age.'

May such be the case! That's all I can say."

Poems

THE SPORTING SISTERS

I

MY nuns go on a Sunday lark,
playing soft ball in the park.

Such excitement.

Such fun.

A chorus of encouragements
hurl gently
through the sun.

In turn, each bats and pitches;
one fields, one throws.
The perspiration gathers
where glasses
pinch the nose.

The neighbourhood watch quietly
together on their knees,
that awesome holiness at play
upon the diamond
at my distance away,
through the trees.

And at the end,
they tire,
and move in the shade to mend.

II

Other days, when they are not there,
I add them to my other fare:

Their white starched wings become so bright,
The black distends in bleaching light.
Through dust stirred swirling by the sun
Their forms move heavily to run
The basepaths 'round in motion slowed
To memory of a painter's mode.

POEMS

That slow austerity as they play
Or take refreshment has a way
Of venting manner in a space
So far from Titian's figured grace
That, angels seen, I look for tombs,
And in the park, a Virgin's rooms.

KEVIN LEWIS.

FESTIVAL

WHERE the shrill falls smouldering, we lie
damp chorus, mat and heaven, hand on knee
(our wilful reassurance) while the sky
bolds darkness, twitching tulips, breaking sea.

When the green twines, the yield and will of it
enfolding, meshed in grass, tide claw on silt,
we die the gasp of shell on shell, the knit
night petals, tassel flared on quilt.

And if in rising arm link arm (where piers
kneel under strums) we feel the sand breath
brace and sway: limned in that light, whose tears
know, braving rhythms, which blooms death?

Muffled thunder. Shivered robe. Our hands
twist in the wordless chill like scars on sand.

G. M. HORN.

Profile: The Professor As Riddle

THE patterns on MacKinnon's* office door take the darkness of the hallway in shadow. Wood polish gives the ornament a lustre dulled by the fall of light in the afternoon. Where the shadows begin, where they merge, is indistinct. Behind the panels and the curlicues of inlay in the door the echoes of a voice deploy. It listens to itself. He is alone, practising his manner to the mannered walls.

The further, centre door of the gallery swings inward to cast and close a triangle of light over the brick-tile floor. Footsteps click along the hallway to add another listener to the steady resonance of voice within the inner chamber. That's his voice surely, eking through the crannies around the lumpy, crypto door. For an instant heard, and a moment longer, it spews out exaggeration upon exaggeration. His ungoverned intonation takes an unfamiliar discipline across the rubble of the unseen open books and pamphlets on the unseen table beyond the door.

The Faculty of Divinity has commerce among its own population. In one of the better stories passed among its members and among all colleagues who understand, MacKinnon invites two undergraduates for tea. This indeed happened, they say. He was their supervisor, and at the end of term asked them to his house. He is known for an exacting man; the two were punctual at his doorstep. A woman showed them into a room in which tea cakes, jam, and biscuits lay ready on a table by the fire. She left them. Any minute, it seemed, the professor would appear.

A steaming china pot was delivered through an opposite door and the woman left them again. A moment and he would enter, apologizing. But the tea was hot. Should they draw the chairs closer to the table covered with a fresh cloth? Strange that he wasn't there. It was all too credible that he had forgotten; but why was the table set as if to begin? A movement caught their eye. Their heads turned. A hand appeared from under the cloth on the far side. A thick span of fingers, a fist growing out of a cuff and jacket sleeve probed along the table top. It moved among the plates, caught up a slice of fruit cake, and disappeared from whence it came.

The story ends abruptly. When we hear it the first time, we have known MacKinnon only across distance, briefly in the dim

emporium of the upper Faculty lecture hall, above the gallery below. Where the straightening, stiff knees of students lift the seats to a clatter in a random chorusing epilogue to his lecture as the room wakens and clears. And where once after a turn of bad health, the racket provoked him as he exited out of the double doors. He halted, swung around, and delivered yet another postscript, catching us in mid-stride, mid-sentence, unlimbering to escape out behind him into the lunch hour. He likened that irritation of his ears to "the world inhabited by telephone booth vandals," for all of us and the great, empty space of room behind us to hear.

He would finish long after the hour, tuck down his head, and lead the filing ranks of students down the stairs. Down around two spirals of the shoe-worn staircase he descends with books to his chest, an ominous bronze Balzac in cape, shadowing down away and out of comprehension to the depth below. To the street level.

We wonder at that story of the students at tea. It means he is shy. Could that be true? His thread, and now his very shape are difficult to trace. The voice echoing against itself in the unseen study chamber, the irascibility, and the recounted appearance of the professor's groping paw, cross in the imagination. The design of the man mixes; the first glimpses of grotesquerie arrange themselves in counterpoint. But the contraries of dimensions so like the stuff of children's fables skip and sway out of reach. His letter from Devon after term is over evidently declines an invitation to tea. But the scrawl is cramped. Hasty, unreadable, it tantalizes. He has gone to give lectures in Scotland, but the reckoning of what words his politeness employs is but a squinting game. His handwriting is difficult to read.

The hour of his lecture moves in cinerama before the eye. A maroon shirt folds into the long john underwear elastic top curled over his belt. His big bones fidget behind the podium. He mouths a pencil tip, his knuckles to his jaw. He hunkers upon the scribbled notes illumined under electric light. It will begin now, a quarter past the hour, and we have waited. Still he waits, as if the opening fatuous declaration was enigma. Then slowly the sound uncoils to rasp across the lectern. He hitches at his trousers, leans against the chalkboard behind, takes distance in his eyes, and rouses into pitch. The words mingle, slurring on the tongue. Their swallowed accentuations slither in the air like the caricature loopings of a Steinberg cartoon. Leering then, medieval. *We must distinguish between that faith which is belief and that faith by which we believe.*

* Donald H. MacKinnon, Professor of the Philosophy of Theology, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

The gradient of MacKinnon's broad back projects his head out toward us like a gargoyle. Gaining tenor and still hunching, he bobs over papers and the lectern lamp, up and down on the vertical. Grey hair smears, misplacing across a forehead phrenological in breadth. As fleshed, as bruising, as the rogue theologian thunder reaching to the upper rafters of the hall. He gorgonizes from the dias. We strain to catch each garbled flight, each preciosity. He, conjuring *on the outskirts of the ways of God* the viability of *an unsophisticated awareness of the presence of the Divine*.

Note-takers look up as the floor boards creak and crash. He descends in mimic fury to the common level and to the windows on St John's Street below. Stone ornament pedestals from the buttressing look in at the man looking out. He stops again. His reflection at the equal angle from the glass plane doubles his brown study. Against the casement stone, against the wrought iron moulding arabesque, against transparency and daylight, his eyeballs bulge with the idea. *We must ask of Peter's confession whether it be true or false, although such a confession is not like a statement of fact such as, his voice rising, The Term is Half Over.* Cadenza rattles on the walls to punctuate performance in mid-drama. And it goes on.

The lectern at symmetry in the middle-stage receives him back. The spool unwinds through a sleight of tone backwards, inwards to the centre. With the sing-song of a prelate at evensong prayer he puts on custom to encompass what he means. Rigid against erasures on the chalkboard. His mangled digits dig the hollows of his eyes. The ceiling lowers. He talks gently. *Tell me what you remember and I will tell you what you are.* The pencil rubs across his chin. To those below and watching he slumps again to gaze. In stricken suspension, the moment crucial to his point evacuates. A palm squashes the cartilage in his nose. MacKinnon contemplates a zenith. Change jingles in his pocket, the boards creak under his shifting weight, he moves and speaks. And lurching across the boundary from fixity, he wants such things to read *as records of just that kind of engagement*.

Something about Wittgenstein. The Mysterium at its depth. But from that angle he turns to the space above our heads. The instant of his pivot holds the flaring of gown at his knees, extended to the ground. And sleeves and elbows shoulder height at the stop of action as if stopped in dance. Or caught in a spell. Chalk smudges at his shoulders blur to re-focus as stars and crescent moons. The photograph swells to distraction; the sleeves billow downward, filling like sails embossed with zodiacal design. Somewhere green and orange fluorescence glimmers in

the fusty hall. *Agape's* monster-priest put on a peaked cone written round with equations for the deities. His shaggy hair violates around his ears. With the invocation of the *Corpus Mysticum* then, the cosmic gestalt, he wears the demoniac possession of a wizard.

Then plainly it happens. The realized, spatial conjuring of the eschatological vapour. In Latin, in Greek, in English, he writes "real presence" on the board, *praesentia reatio*, and descends to our level, stands back, and begins again. The arms begin and the voice again, stalking the equivalent riddle of the figures on the wall. His arm wields out at manneristic length to point with accusation at the Holy. At the front they can hear his indrawn breathing whistling in his nose. Fingers grip his throat, press and pull his ear, fall away and disappear. The hand returns, the arm. He semaphores demythologization of Plato by Aristotle. Beckoning us through patriarchal range of gesture into the abstraction. Where words on the lips of Caliban stutter and fail; for even fluency jumbles. And unction dissolves. He speaks, but the noise is the clangour of machine cartwheeling vision across vision. He whales the pattern as if gone back in time to rend the earth, as if there still were giants in the earth.

Backing against one wall and opposite against the other, he speaks the rest of it against himself. And from the middle and from between and from the aisle as he departs across the foot-lights away. Across the air beyond the first row of desk he weaves tapestry of air. As if all knowledge is geometry, we must see it to know. As if idea must take shape in space as space before it can have shape. Will abstraction deliquesce unless an episode strikes it out upon the eyes? The wrought filigree of the seen design?

What did he say? It ran to its accomplishment like those daemons of creation run, catalyzed by the wild gesticulation of both performance and the thing performed. We might have been there when Hitler and Luther pushed back the brink to fix the words of change to the wall and understood. But what did he say? I remember, but I forget.

When MacKinnon was interviewed in *Varsity*, he described the direction of his work. They gave him a quarter of a page and kept the rest for "Religion: Alive or Dead?" Under his glowering photo, taken in his chamber, was the information and irony both together. Newspaper economy strips him bland, held impossibly still and naked in an impossible solution under glass. *I am primarily concerned with frontiers of Philosophy of Theology but I also lecture for example on Aristotle and Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.* In a better world the stilted brevity of that sentence

would speak for itself. Though newspaperese expediency only swirls like the dry leaves at the feet of an untouched giant, he does change slightly in the imagination for having been so bottled and cured for the public.

He is exercised by *the intelligibility of statements concerning the Transcendent, the nature and validity of the Christian claim that for example Jesus is Divine*. But drama hardens to still-life. The words themselves, not just the sounds, return, pre-empting the whole dumb show. So ready, so intelligible is the departure of his work. *I am a layman and not committed professionally to Christian religion*. Elusion in design gives way to illusion. The printed word carries but the elusive irony of phantasmagoria behind the benign utility of quotation. Who, reading that, is to know that somewhere in the shadows of a transept a figure spits and cries and whelms among the idols along the wall.

But could the spinning pattern of his theological re-evaluation be like a web tricked out by a spider? As if from the safety of a high rafter, or as if before dawn in the garden? That lacework, like a child's toy left out overnight in the grass, spangles with dew. When familiarity comes round with the day and we go abroad, it vanishes into oblivion underfoot.

I passed him on the sidewalk one afternoon when rain slicked over the surface of St John's Street. Or rather he passed me before I realized it was he. Having missed him, I turned to see his back hunched over, collar to his ears, hatless. Either because rain itself will clear the air to sharpen lines and details of the surroundings, or because MacKinnon for, again, an instant foiled the brick, iron, shop-window and pedestrian scene through which he walked, honing the coherence of this time the impinging reality, everything in its place in the eye took immanence. The immediacy of all angles, transversals, the slope of line against line, arc upon arc, fired against the imagination, exploding with the power that unprepared recognition can release. MacKinnon went out of the picture, bending out of sight past the bake-shop, subtracting only a flourish of leitmotif from the way the pattern grew.

KEVIN LEWIS.

St John's College Chapel, Cambridge

(From the December 26th, 1965 issue of *The Living Church*)

I HEARD the stained glass windows sing,
Smelled fragrance everywhere,
From rich, sonorous, prose, well-read.

I watched with thoughtful stare
As organ melodies by Bach
Cavorted through the air.

I held the anthem in my hands
And touched with awed delight
Its convolutions, globes, and spires.

The sweet warm candle light
Lay lovely-luscious on my tongue.

This happened. I was there.

ELVA MCALLASTER.

Blurbs; or, books you don't want to read

1.

MCGRIT, Teeth, are always happy to serve their distinguished authors and the American public; but they are especially proud to be privileged on this unique occasion to present a new novel by Howard Dungeon, the well-known "white Negro" novelist and personality.

"Barbaric Ape" is a searing exposure of present day American society, which in 943 packed pages of violence, sex, and controversy, carries Dungeon's art to new heights. The anti-anti-hero, Thork Lowell, is an ex-Marine who conquered Guadalcanal single-handed and was awarded the Purple Heart and Congressional Medal of Honor. "Barbaric Ape" begins with him junking the medals down the toilet after a night out with his ex-wife, lovely she-rapist and actress Monica Stanwych, daughter of the millionaire Earl Stanwych, Senator and slumlord, who is running young Lowell for Congress. After murdering Monica and her father Lowell is arrested for speeding and spends a night in the cells with a bunch of weirdos who Dungeon (himself a well-known wino) portrays with all his usual flair and insight. During the night Lowell has a vision in his sleep of the place of advertising in the American way of life, which enables Dungeon to attempt a collage of slogans and informational matter derived from the advertising pages of the *New Yorker*, *Life*, and *Harper's Bazaar*: thus Pop Art becomes Literature. Lowell's subsequent adventures (including his election to the Vice-Presidency and marriage to Gloria Swanson) will thrill, shock, stun, grip.

Howard Dungeon, already well-known for his early novels and golf-criticisms, is no mean writer. Pre-release sales exceed 100,000 copies. ORDER YOURS TODAY!

2.

Father Deusdedit Waterwaggon discusses, in his new collection of essays, several topics that are bound to attract the interest of both clerisy and laity. The major work (an excerpt from his long-awaited philosophical treatise *De Materia*) is entitled 'Some Sidelights on Teilhard: a Synoptical Contribution', and will, of course, be required reading in philosophy classes. Those interested in contemporary Church affairs will be particularly interested in his (unadopted) report to the Vatican Council on

BLURBS

'Thomistic Thought and Modern Errors,' which straddles the gulf between over-hasty 'progress' and 'stick-in-the-mud' traditionalism. Father Waterwaggon's versatility is displayed in his 'Ecumenical Polemic,' an appeal, in the best historical vein, to the Anglican Church to return to its true Way. Finally, those in search of lighter reading will be entranced, we venture to predict, by Father Waterwaggon's touching reminiscences of a boisterous companion of seminary days who later, as Cardinal Ugli, was to be so influential (and so staid!) in Vatican affairs.

"Father Waterwaggon, S.J., opens up new vistas in which, for spiritual excitement, I could scarcely breath."—the late Dame Edith Sitwell.

"Theodore Waterwaggon is an old friend of mine, so I am naturally benevolent to all his undertakings"—The Abbot of Downside.

3.

THE WEAK ARE BOUND is a novel whose painfulness is only matched by its truth. Marcia Fey, its intellectual, *jolie laide* heroine, is the unwilling wife of Jocelyn Spoor, a rising executive in advertising, whom she married during a momentary loss of poise. He is blithely unaware of her surging mental hunger, still less of the fact that his devil-may-care zest for his career and children (she has given him three) has left Marcia sexually unsatisfied. During the long days while Jocelyn is at the office and the children are at school Marcia (who fears she is pregnant again) begins simultaneously a love affair with the Woolwich-type rector of the parish, a diary, and an experiment with the drug LSD. The resulting "passionate disturbance," as Marcia calls it, brings Jocelyn's self-centred life in ruins about his ears, and leaves his wife free for the career as an instinctive poet of completion which she feels is at last within her grasp.

Marcia Fey is the true woman of our times. Portrayed with fearless but loving honesty, her struggle with antagonistic reality will inspire every reader with hope.

About the Author—Jocasta Spottle is the author of two other novels, one of which (*Male Miscarriage*) was hailed as the "most searching attack upon masculine insufficiencies yet made", (*The Observer*). 28 years old, she graduated from Girton College, Cambridge, in 1959, with a first in English. She is married to Noël Chowdribanks, the general practitioner, and has two children. According to *Who's Who*, her hobbies are "smoking, reading Sanskrit, and dressing in bright colours." She is the daughter of Denver Spottle.

Macswillinghams are happy to announce that they have secured the manuscript of *I WAS ATTLEE'S BATMAN*, by Herbert Plunge, and will be bringing it out in the autumn. The author, who has been a confectioner in Bermondsey for the past forty-eight years, has many vivid recollections of his years of fame, during which he went everywhere with "Clem". Of course, glimpses of other famous men abound—notably a parade at which he was inspected by no less a figure than Field Marshal Earl Haig. Mr Plunge kept no diary at the time, but fortunately his photographic memory has enabled him to present a clear recollection of all the details, even the tiniest, of this and other thrilling occasions. Macswillinghams are so confident that this book will arouse unusual interest that they have ordered a first printing of 200,000; and the *Sunday Times* will, of course, serialize part of it.

Poems

SCENARIO

A MUSEUM stands in a park.
An old man sits by the door, in the sun,
And smiles at the faces walking around.
He locks the door when they have all gone.

Two stuffed birds stand in the museum,
Male and female posing proudly by their nest.
A boy in tennis shorts stares at their eggs;
They are blue veined, under a film of dust.

A string orchestra plays slowly.
The clock on the wall shows a quarter past five.
It is playing in a baroque salon.
The pianist shudders with a cough.

Down a corridor, painted blue,
A rat runs sluggishly, grey, pot bellied.
It is dismembered by the boy in shorts;
His hands are stained red with its blood.

A fat man inspects the menu,
Lights a cigarette, carefully, and frowns.
Then his daughter takes out a violin,
She is crying, she cuts the strings.

A woman, washing her body,
Dribbles soapy water from her fingers' ends.
The door is yellow; a man walks through the room,
He leaves behind oily footprints.

In a public square, four schoolgirls
Are playing. The man collects fallen leaves;
He puts them in a bag. When the schoolgirls
Have gone, he straightens up, and laughs.

The boy is handed a curved knife;
He cuts his lower lip, and bursts into tears.
A moon comes up over the yellow house.
The woman in mourning falls downstairs.

A cinematic, sensual kiss,
Against a background of flawless water,
Cuts to a child, watching clowns. She is dumb.
Her hands try to mime her laughter.

A portrait has fallen from the wall,
The remaining seven are quite unmoved:
A Flemish portrait of a man, holding
His right hand clasped, a Bible in his left.

A thin, white path leads to a church;
Inside, the priest's hands are lifted to bless.
A naked boy is playing on the porch;
Bluebottles are matted on his eyes.

C. BURROWS.

IN THE GALLERY

THE lady stared down at her hands,
Carelessly holding an elegant flower;
A road moved off, at her shoulder, through green fields.
Impertinent, to wonder where it led;
There was no suggestion to spare.

A young couple in blue raincoats agreed,
The flower was a lover's gift,
Plucked beyond our picture, in the east,
Brought to her at the setting of the sun.
The lady concentrated on her grace.
They said she smiled at them.

I walked behind them, to the door;
But for a smile, undifferentiated.
I analysed the colour of the flower,
It seemed yellow; the light was rather bad,
There was a faded pallor on the leaves.

Outside, the couple ran to catch a bus.
I sat behind, not envying them their loves,
Smiling, rather, to think how defenceless
We were, and how adventurous.
When the bus stopped, and I knew
The end of their journey, I stepped off too.

C. BURROWS.

BALLAD OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

A BLACK rose flowered in the night,
A weary child was born;
The Queen of Sheba turned about
And wandered to the dawn.

And over hills, and under clouds,
Her journey drew her on,
Her sorrow could not find a thought
Under the blind red sun.

All through the dawn, and through the day
Her eyes spoke red and wild:
"Oh, I must find King Solomon,
For he shall bear my child.

His days are blessed with happiness,
His God has made him wise;
I and my child shall dance for him,
And he shall kiss our eyes."

Her feet were strangers in the dust,
The road was bending down.
The Queen's eye stopped and saw the sun
Above Jerusalem town.

And she is past the gates of gold,
And past the olive tree,
And weeping, to King Solomon:
"Why are my feet not free?

Why will my joys not sing to me?
Why is my love child weak?"
The sun stands high above the town
To hear the wise king speak.

And hears the words dance from his tongue
To kiss her lovingly,
And light her in her sullen heart
A blazing ecstasy,

The fragrant fire of a joy
Whose mouth was singing wild,
And dancing to the Lord of heaven
And bringing him her child.

THE EAGLE

The black rose withered from the night,
And green the path she trod,
The Queen is home from Solomon,
And left him with his God.

C. BURROWS.

WHEN you speak to me, it is the silence
That I listen to, both of the words you
Do not speak, and of the words that spoken
Tell me nothing. Thus I can recognise
Our differences, and calculate how great
A puzzle lies in your character to
Tease my brain. This investigation holds
Some pleasures for us both—the interview,
The wrestling intimacy, as I try
To squeeze your nature out of your own mouth.
But when I know you, when I have debauched
Your identity, and pieced together
From fragments of my own experience
The prime cause of your actions—then I hate
The knowledge, and despise the known, and dread
To see that action which I understand.
I throw you away: and when I hear you
Mentioned in talk, I greedily confine
Your character with an epigram.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

I WATCHED them playing chess and thought "You are asleep.
You make dream motions with your hands and mind
But do not see each other. And even if you
Were playing love or hate instead of chess,
You would not see the game as a game, nor yourselves
As yourselves."

I did not speak these words, but
Said them through the loud statement and the misplaced laugh
That denotes my kind of detachment.

And

They understood. They felt the cold eyes of my sight
And diagnosed the break in sympathy:
They told me I had never been a child, therefore
Could not grow up; that I had never learned
That sympathy lies in the silent game, not in
The spoken commentary, the giggling voice.

POEMS

The blind saw. I had thought myself a seer, muttering
"The penalty of sight is loss of life."
They lived and saw, observed what I had forgotten,
That I existed in their eyes as well.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

I am two people: one would gladly laugh
When others laugh, and cry when others cry;
The other makes me always say "goodbye"
And wrap my soul up in a selfish scarf.
I watch a friendship as a cat watches
A dog, seeing it does not come too close
Nor runs away—for I must have the game.
Suppressing truth, I act a phoney truth
That keeps the company without the close
Intrusion of warm sympathy. I hide
In sentences too general to be true,
Choking affection in a laugh. But then,
Lying to others I deceive myself:
Alone I have forgotten who I am.
I ask the mirror, but the mirror acts
My last performance, and the pictures that
I last saw mirrored in the eyes of friends.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

Tea with Celia

"To the Reverend—please do not use the letter 't'—Hall; you will find his address in the Clerical Directory." At that, Celia Dimpleby uttered a profanity and switched off the dictaphone. Gnawing at a pink marshmallow, she left the office and ascended the stairs, stopping at the kitchenette to make the tea. Her gaze penetrated the accumulated layers of dust upon the window pane; she fumbled in her handbag for the matches . . .

"Good afternoon, Major Nunne. Please sit down." Philip Kettering, the sole member of the partnership of Cunningham, Bowden and Crowther, Solicitors and Notaries Public, offered a chair to his staid client. The insurance executive smiled, with obvious difficulty.

"My dear fellow, thank you for seeing me at this late hour," he said, carefully removing the ant from the turn-up of his trousers. They shook hands and sat down.

"Frankly, Nunne," revealed the florid young solicitor, "I am finding your contested motor-accident insurance claims both soul-destroying and time-consuming."

"I sympathise, young fellow. Naturally, it is our pleasure to relieve you of their burden."

They viewed each other neutrally. At length, Nunne produced, for the inspection of the subaltern, the contents of a brick-red file.

"I would be eternally grateful," he vowed, "if you could give me a rough estimate of our chances in this case."

The managing-clerk disentangled himself from the flex of the dictaphone. Alice Bacon laughed distractedly. Ralston, being of a violent disposition, threw the stapling machine at the female alarm-clock-and-typist. "I wish somebody would tell me when this blasted instrument is plugged in." He was angry. Alice stooped to gather the outgoing correspondence, which she had inadvertently allowed to fall to the ground.

"Gone five o'clock, and I still ain't posted off this lot," she said reproachfully to the linoleum.

"Where is my tea?" demanded Ralston.

"Find out," said Alice.

The young managing-clerk grinned mischievously, and knelt down beside Alice. He stroked her long, black, unruly hair. The girl turned, and slapped his heated visage with a bulky envelope marked 'Without Prejudice.'

TEA WITH CELIA

"I suppose you intend to put your arm around my waist and smother me with your kisses," she said hopefully, as Ralston nursed his bruise. He surveyed the body of the termagant who stood above him.

"You have curves like an Alpine bend, baby," he lied, gracefully re-assuming the vertical position. She straightened his tie.

"I hope Celia does not catch us," sighed Alice after some minutes. Ralston straightened his tie.

"Celia's gone home," he said, "must finish off some work, my love. Have coffee with me at Gigi's, at twenty-past?"

"Perhaps," she answered, affirmatively, "but see you don't secretively pour any of your hip flask liquor into the cup, like you did with Celia."

"She told you about that?" he laughed, and left. Alice proceeded to affix stamps to their appropriate envelopes and admired the necklace worn by the Queen.

"Quite a problem you have set me here, Nunne," complimented the solicitor, "worthy of a place in a paper of the Cambridge Law Tripos Examinations," he added, bestowing the final accolade.

"He was obviously negligent" stated Major Nunne, talking through his moustache, in blissful ignorance of the Law.

Philip Kettering rose, and began to pace the room; he gripped the lapels of his jacket with his hands, and addressed his remarks to the bookshelf.

"The motorist did not owe that pedestrian any duty to be careful." He said, in a dull monotone. The insurance executive lit his pipe, and the acrid smell of tobacco filled the air.

"Balderdash," he laughed.

The solicitor flushed. "Now look here, Nunne." A pause. "All right. I will ask for a second opinion, but as the law stands, I feel sure—"

"Would you be prepared to argue the toss in court; that's what I want to know." interrupted the Major.

"I feel sure I am right; of course, I am not perfect." Kettering added as a halo of blue smoke formed above his head. He left the room and entered the adjacent office of his managing-clerk. Edward Ralston hastily replaced the telephone receiver, and smiled encouragingly at his employer.

"Ted, I have a problem."

Ralston consulted his watch. "Legal or matrimonial?" he asked.

"A problem of negligence," replied Kettering. Ralston wisely resisted the temptation to repeat his question.

"And the answer lies neither in the books, nor in the soil." added his superior. The managing-clerk unfastened the buttons of his overcoat.

"Please continue, Mr Kettering, Procrastination is the enemy of princes."

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash scratched his head. "So you went off to post some letters?"

"I keep telling you that." Alice crossed her legs, and the policeman admired the view.

"Green walls," thought Alice, "I hate green walls."

"About what time was that?" asked Ash.

"Just after 5 o'clock; I do it every day, after I finish work." The palms of her hands began to perspire. She removed a handkerchief from her handbag.

"I understand that you were well acquainted with the deceased," stated the detective.

"Celia was my best-friend, the silly bitch," the girl sobbed; she blew her nose with the handkerchief.

"Why do you say that?"

"She liked to play the field," a pause, "you know," she added, significantly, pouting her lips.

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash coughed. "No doubt Celia enticed away several of your boy-friends from you, Miss Bacon?"

Alice sniffed, "One or two" she replied.

"Anyone in particular?" he inquired.

"No, not really," lied Alice.

"Not even Edward Ralston?" prompted the detective. Alice paled.

"The deceased was found in the kitchenette, which is to the right of the stairs leading from the reception office, in which you work, to the office of your employer at the top of the stairs. Now without disturbing anyone, it would have been easy for you to have entered the kitchenette and—"

"I was with Ted," she screamed. Ash offered Alice his handkerchief. She wiped her eyes.

"And after Ralston left the room, what did you do?"

"For the fiftieth time, I left the office to post the letters. I did not turn on the gas. It was somebody else." Alice collapsed in a disconsolate heap. Sergeant Cook gallantly stepped forward with the smelling salts, and led her from the room.

"So you are the managing-clerk?" asked Ash.

"That is correct, Walter," replied Ralston.

"Look, Ted, I am as sorry as you are that I have to interview you, but we live and die by the bloody book. Were you fond of the deceased, Celia Dimbleby?"

"With a name like that? Of course not, Walter."

Ash breathed deeply; "You have been out with her?" he asked.

"I may have been."

"According to the diary of the deceased, you and she had been seeing quite a lot of each other. She was pregnant, and you were the putative father."

"Rubbish."

"And you threatened to throw her down the stairs if she did not consent to an abortion," continued Ash, waving the tan leather diary at the suspect. "It is all in here."

"All right," admitted Ralston; and he stood up. "It was merely a figure of speech. She was so naive!" he banged the desk with his fist.

"What were your movements after you left the company of Alice Bacon, just after 5.00 p.m. on the evening of the murder?" asked Ash.

"I went to my office."

"You passed the kitchenette, as you ascended the stairs?"

"Yes, I did."

"You had the opportunity to murder the girl."

Ralston loosened his tie, and sat down. "I went to my office, and I did not murder anyone on the way," he said, sarcastically.

"What did you do in your Office?"

"I finished the outstanding conveyancing work and then I telephoned the theatre, to book a couple of seats for a show that night."

"And then?"

"Then I helped Mr Kettering with the solution of a legal problem, and after that, Alice Bacon and I went to have a coffee, and to share a blissful evening together."

Ash gazed thoughtfully at the other. "Ted, were you not expecting to have tea with Celia?" he asked.

"No, of course not. I now understand that Celia had intended to make tea for us, but we all thought at the time that she had left the office premises and that she was on her way home."

"How could you, personally, think that Celia had gone home when her coat and handbag were in your office?" Ash leaned forward. Sergeant Cook grinned.

"Allow me to tell you the truth: several days previous to her death, Celia and I had planned to spend the relevant evening together. She came into my office just before 5.0 p.m. and she left her coat and handbag on a chair. Then returned to her desk to complete the day's toil, and then, I suppose, she went into the kitchenette to prepare the tea. Well, I wished to discontinue the relationship with Celia, and I told her so, but she refused to accept the fact, so I thought that if I was to be very affectionate towards Alice, in the presence of Celia, the girl would appreciate

that I was no longer attracted to her. I embraced Alice, but unfortunately Celia did not return from the tea-making to witness the happy scene."

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash sniffed.

"Of one fact I can assure you, I am not involved in her death."

"All right," said Ash, "who killed the deceased?"

"Nobody. In my opinion Celia Dimbleby committed suicide."

"Perhaps she did, after all, witness your love-making in the office," suggested Ash.

"Perhaps," answered the managing-clerk; and he smiled, wanly.

The bulky young solicitor settled his ample frame into the wicker chair.

"Good afternoon, Mr Kettering," greeted Ash, formally.

"What is good about it?" groaned the other.

"There is no need to be nervous" assured the policeman, and his right eye twitched. "Now, sir, I believe that you have been a qualified solicitor for about 18 months. Is that correct?"

"Yes, it is." Philip Kettering cleared his throat.

"Would you say that you have a successful practice, sir?"

"Well, of course, it has been difficult to attract clients, but, at the present time, I am very busy."

Ash smiled benignly; "This present matter has given your firm quite a lot of publicity, sir," he said.

"Of the unwelcome variety, Inspector," snapped Kettering.

"Nevertheless, sir," continued Ash, with emphasis, "the publicity could lead to a significant increase in business, would you not agree?"

"I do not deny it."

"Oh," said Ash, "Do you smoke sir," he asked, offering a cigarette to the solicitor.

"No, thank you," was the wary reply.

"I understand, Mr Kettering, that you discovered the body of the deceased."

"Indeed, I did, Chief Superintendent. I was leaving the office with a client, when my attention was attracted by the smell of gas emanating from the kitchenette. I opened the door, and saw the unfortunate Celia lying on the floor."

"What did you do?" said Ash, softly.

"I instructed my client to telephone for an ambulance and for the police. Meanwhile, I carried the limp body into my office, opened the windows and attempted to administer artificial respiration. But she was already dead."

"At what time did you discover the body?"

"At about 5.30 p.m., superintendent."

"Hm. Do you appreciate, sir, that the deceased had been lying, unnoticed, in a gas-filled room for about half-an-hour?"

"My staff finish work at 5.0 p.m., Inspector. There was no reason for me to assume, on the evening in question, that Celia had remained on the premises, after that hour." Kettering sighed. Ash scratched his head.

"It is consistent with the report of the pathologist to say that the deceased was alive in your arms at 5.30 p.m." said the detective triumphantly.

"It is equally consistent with the report to say that the deceased was dead at that time," replied the solicitor. A twitch from Ash.

"In my opinion, Chief Superintendent, it was an accidental death."

"You mean that the girl merely stood in the kitchenette for about half an hour, and accidentally allowed herself to be suffocated by the gas?" asked the detective, feeling that it was his turn to be sarcastic.

"My explanation does seem improbable," admitted Kettering, "but, I submit that it is plausible. For example, Celia may first have suffered concussion after accidentally having hit her head on one of the upper shelves."

Detective Chief Superintendent Ash smiled. "Thank you, Mr Kettering," he said.

The policeman surveyed the countenance of the dapper officer and gentleman in the brown suit.

"This is very distressing," stated Major Nunne, and puffed on his pipe. Ash coughed in agreement.

"You, sir, I believe, are the client whom Mr Kettering was interviewing that evening?" began Ash, lightheartedly.

The officer and gentleman nodded.

"Now then, I see from your Army record that you served in Japan during the war. Life must be less exciting now."

"Too true."

"How well did you know the deceased?" continued the policeman.

The major knitted his brows. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I will repeat the question," offered Ash.

"No need. As far as I can recollect, I have never met the girl," he answered quietly.

"Major Nunne, I believe that you provided Mr Kettering with a considerable amount of work in the sphere of accident claims?" asked Ash.

"True. True, Superintendent. Kettering is a young and able solicitor."

"But this was not philanthropy, Major Nunne."

"I am afraid that established solicitors are generally unwilling to undertake such work." The insurance executive smiled.

"How often did you visit the business premises of Philip Kettering?"

"About once a week, I should imagine."

"You discussed solely business matters with him, sir? Presumably, you employed another solicitor to manage your private affairs?" Ash leaned forward.

Major Nunne puffed contentedly on his pipe: "That is true," he verified.

Ash twitched. "Sergeant Cook, bring in some tea," he said. The two men were alone.

"Your private file does not make pleasant reading," stated Ash, cautiously.

"What! I shall sue my lawyers! How dare they peddle confidential information to the police. Really!" Major Nunne was annoyed.

"I was bluffing," added Ash, as a consolation.

The insurance executive smiled. "The odd girl-friend, you know," and he winked.

"The gossip of women can be malicious," said Ash philosophically, "Let us take this hypothesis," he continued. "There are 2 solicitors in 2 separate premises, and each employs a secretary. Secretary A often conducts telephone conversations with secretary B during business hours. Now, secretary A tells secretary B of the current 'scandals,' supplying full details; secretary B happens to notice that Major Nunne, the subject of one of the 'scandals,' is the same officer and gentleman, who pays a weekly visit to the premises of Philip Kettering, Solicitor. Secretary B decides to blackmail Major Nunne. In fear of losing both his job and his wife, he pays the sums demanded to secretary B, or should I say secretary C, for Celia?"

Major Nunne nodded his head. "Most of your hypothesis is correct," he admitted, "Celia Dimbleby was blackmailing me—but, I swear that I did not murder her."

Ash smiled reassuringly, "It is difficult to see when there was an opportunity for you to have done so. During the relevant time you appear to have been in the company of Philip Kettering."

"Of course, of course," interjected Major Nunne.

"However, his managing-clerk tells me that Kettering and he discussed a legal matter together. This means that Kettering left you alone in his office for some minutes. Now, I admit that prior to that time you had not intended to murder Celia; but, the opportunity now presented itself. You knew that she was on the premises, because she was waiting to collect your weekly payment

(which she notes in her diary), so, while Alice was out posting the letters, you surprised Celia in the kitchenette."

"Ridiculous," said the Major.

"How did you kill her?" asked Ash.

"I did not kill her," answered the other.

"The solicitor unwittingly produced the answer; there was no sign of a struggle; somebody had obviously struck the girl a blow on the back of the neck—a karate blow, which they taught you in Japan."

"Such a blow would leave no mark on the body," stated the Major.

"Exactly. This would enable you to fake what you hoped would be taken to be an accidental death. You turned on both gas rings, shut the door, and returned to the office. You murdered Celia Dimbleby."

Major Nunne continued to puff on his pipe.

Ash twitched. There was a silence.

"How did you find out?" asked the Major.

"By a process of elimination. There were three other suspects, besides yourself; Alice Bacon—she had motive and opportunity. I was at first puzzled that Alice did not appear to view as significant the point that, assuming that Celia had gone home, she had done so without so much as a 'goodnight' to her best friend. But then I decided that Alice and Celia were not such good friends after all. But, I finally eliminated Alice from the list of suspects because she would not have been strong enough to overpower the deceased without a struggle, and there were no signs of such in this case. My second suspect was Edward Ralston: if his story was true, he had forgotten the fact that Celia Dimbleby was still in the building. I know Ralston well; his outstanding weakness is the selfishness in his treatment of women. I believe that, having dated Alice for the evening, all thoughts of Celia passed from his mind. Even if they had not, I would think that he would be content to leave the building with Alice, having avoided Celia, without enquiring as to the whereabouts of the latter."

"Do go on," urged the Major, "This is fascinating."

"Philip Kettering had no significant motive for killing the deceased, and he had no real opportunity, assuming that the person who had originally turned on the gas was the murderer, as I thought was the most befitting assumption. Of course, it needed someone with a strong, as opposed to a flabby, hand to deal the blow to the neck."

The Major rose, and extended his hand to the detective. Ash grasped it firmly.

"Well done," said Nunne, "now prove it."

"I think that, given more time, you would have been prepared to reason with Celia that evening; perhaps you did try to talk to her; in any event, you remained in the kitchenette long enough to tip much of the contents of your pipe into an ashtray." The policeman removed the ashtray which the Major had been using. "The case is now in the hands of the forensic laboratory." smiled Ash.

Sergeant Cook entered the room. "Would you like some tea, Major?" he asked.

ROGER SAMUELS.

HEADLINES

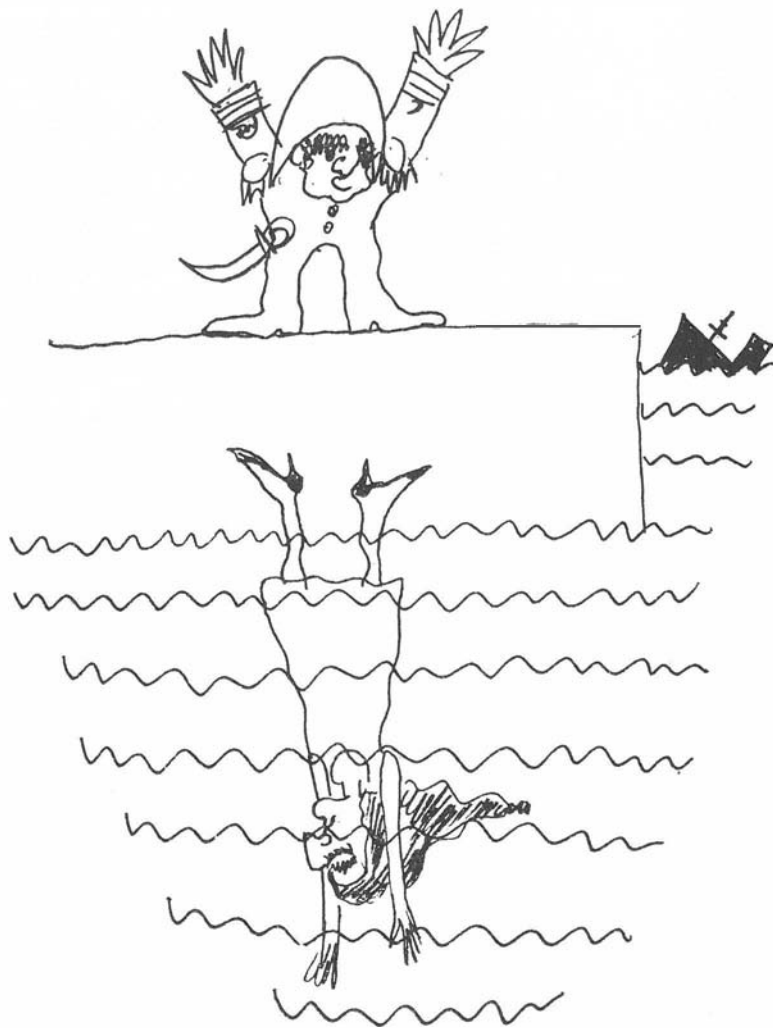


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—THE TIMES,
3 June 1966.

The “Fenwick Notes”: a Note on Miss Fenwick

THE “Fenwick Notes” are familiar to everyone who has read Wordsworth in an annotated edition, and two assumptions about them are commonly made without much ado:—that the grand old man, well on in his seventies, and pretty far gone in the notorious Wordsworthian egotism, took a fancy to annotate his collected works; and that, with his usual luck in such matters, there happened to be on hand a willing female amanuensis, Miss Isabella Fenwick, who felt honoured to make herself useful. Neither of these rather careless assumptions turns out to be right; the facts of the matter—and there is a wealth of fact bearing on it—reveal something altogether more complex.

Those who have pursued Wordsworth’s biographers even down to his declining years will have met Miss Fenwick as the last friend added to the most intimate and inward circle of the Wordsworth family, and they will know that she played a great part in the arduous and terrible drama of Dora Wordsworth’s marriage to Edward Quillinan. But even so they may not have carried away the full, the detailed impression of her relationship with Wordsworth, or of her own character, for a biography of a man who lived for eighty years of real life has problems of scale, and it is impossible to treat everything with the same elaboration—or where would the grand design have gone? Something still remains to be said about Miss Fenwick, the Notes, her part in Dora’s marriage, her relations with Wordsworth himself.

Throughout his life, Wordsworth lived among remarkable women—his sister Dorothy, his sister-in-law Sara Hutchinson, and—the most remarkable of them all, and by a very long way the most under-rated—his wife. Of his feeling for such women, he spoke with his usual candour. Henry Taylor wrote to Miss Fenwick herself in 1831: “I wish you were in London now, when you might see as much of him as you liked. He spends his time wholly in society, mixing with all manner of men, and delighting in various women, for he says his passion has always been for the society of women.” A few years later, Aubrey de Vere gave his biographer, Wilfred Ward, an account of Wordsworth’s praise of his wife: “After enumerating her many virtues, the Bard of Rydal went on slowly, gravely, and emphatically, ‘And it was, perhaps, her greatest quality that she never molested me

in my affection for other women.' De Vere's broad smile (he told us) was not lost on the poet, who continued seriously, and almost combatively, 'If she *had*, Mr de Vere, let me tell you, it would have been in the highest degree offensive to me.'" De Vere was careful to add that these "other women" were not youthful beauties, but such friends as Miss Fenwick, who was about sixty years old when Wordsworth first came to know her well.

What distinguishes Miss Fenwick from all the other women, save one, whose society meant so much to him was that he was not only very fond of her, but also in some awe of her. Some aspects of the Fenwick notes can only be judged fairly if it is remembered that they were dictated, not to a chance amateur amanuensis, but to a woman of remarkable and powerful personality, whom he was very anxious to please, and whom he knew to be very hard to please.

The most vivid introduction to her person and personality is that given by Aubrey de Vere in a letter to Henry Taylor immediately after her death in 1856: "in some things how much she resembled Wordsworth; but then how free she was from that alloy of egotism which commonly clings to the largest masculine nature! There was another point of difference. His was pre-eminently a happy and, in the main, a satisfied life. Hers, I am convinced, never was so; certainly never from the hour I saw her first, as she rose, with her languid reluctant form and nobly-sorrowful face, from the sofa in your back drawing-room at Blandford Square, to shake hands with your new friend. Even had she been well and strong all her life, though she would have had soaring hours in larger abundance, there would have remained a craving not to be satisfied. Perhaps, had she possessed the closer ties of life, she would have felt this lack but the more. Her heart was as tender as her aspirations were elevated and unremitting; and such a being in a world like this must ever be condemned (so far as the outward life goes, and even the life of the affections is part of the outward life) to 'draw water in a sieve'. In any case, she would have felt, I think, the force of an expression of Wordsworth's which I once heard her praise—the *defrauded* heart." It is, of course, something of a type, above all a nineteenth century type:—the chronic ill-health, the sensitiveness and intelligence, the sofa, the ample invisible means of subsistence—Elizabeth Barrett, Christina Rossetti, Emily Dickinson, Harriet Martineau before she was cured by mesmerism and took to wearing heavy boots, leather leggings and a knapsack, and to smoking a pipe. But within the type, there were large individual variations. Miss Fenwick lived much longer than did any of the others, reaching the age of seventy six, despite her

frailty. She did not, however, leave any writings by which she would be remembered, nor did she achieve any wide fame—or notoriety—in her own time. All that remains of her is a handful of letters, and the remarkably full and vivid records of the impression she made on a number of distinguished people in the Wordsworth circle.

Her introduction to this circle was through Henry Taylor, another person of note in his own age, now all but forgotten. Born in 1800, he served with some distinction in the Colonial Office from 1824 to 1872, and enjoyed a brief burst of literary fame in 1834 because of his verse-drama, *Philip van Artevelde*—which deserves to be forgotten as much as its *Preface*, a remarkably penetrating survey of the state of English poetry, deserves to be remembered. In 1836, he published a little study of English political life, as seen by a Civil servant, entitled *The Statesman*, and this just manages to survive, as a minor document of some value in its field:—and of some entertainment value even outside it, for it is written in that rather subfusc, but urbane and occasionally mordant prose which seems to have been the characteristic style of the higher Civil Servants of the day:—Trollope had it too, but used it with a subtler and more pervasive irony. Taylor was but rarely ironic. For the most part, he was merely impressive. Coleridge, who met him in the 1820's, and Aubrey de Vere, who encountered him a decade later, were both much impressed by his "remarkable handsomeness"—it was one of the weaknesses in early Victorian democracy that good looks were valued, though they were so unfairly distributed by Nature, and we should be grateful that political and social progress in our own time have very nearly eliminated any such false valuation, so that nowadays all men (if not quite all women) are assumed to look alike, and to be indistinguishable too in the quality of their voices. Taylor's voice struck Coleridge less favourably; he was "a little *too deep* or *hollow mouthed* and important in his enunciation, but clever and well read." Aubrey de Vere at first received rather the same impression: "He is very (I think remarkably) handsome, and the most *stately* person I ever saw. He talks very slowly and in a very measured manner. There is, I confess, something almost formidable in the extreme statue-like coldness and serenity of his manner. The conversation turned a great deal on Wordsworth, his character and life."

Taylor first met Miss Fenwick in 1821, when he returned from a short period of service abroad. She was a cousin of his step-mother's, and she at once received from him that rather awed respect and warm affection which she aroused in so many men, and women too. She was then about forty years old, and Taylor thus describes her appearance and manner: "Her face might

have been called handsome, but that it was too noble and distinguished to be disposed of by that appellative. Her manners, her voice, and everything about her, harmonised with her face, and her whole effect was simple and great, and at the same time distinctly individual." Of her parentage, he tells us nothing—nor is anything easily discovered, for she never "made" the D.N.B. or any other of the usual books of reference, and it hardly seems worth while doing the rounds of Somerset House to fill in detail which seems not to have been of much significance, save that from some source she had inherited a considerable fortune, enough to produce more than £1,000 a year, many hundreds of which, according to Taylor, went in bounties and charities. She had a way of speaking with a dying fall:—she herself noted that she often spoke in half-sentences, and Taylor adds: "It was very much her way to let a sentence die off when it had gone far enough to show whither it was leading."

In 1829, Taylor tried to record in verse her effect on his own development as a young man. The verse was not very good, but it says something about her:

In all things noble, even in her faults,
For power and dignity went thro' them all,
That rare humility which most exalts
Was hers—the fear the highest have to fall
Below their own conceptions: I recall
That first impression and the change it wrought
Upon me, and find something to appal
And something to rejoice the heart,—the thought
How much it did effect, how far, far more it ought.

Superior to the world she stood apart
By nature, not from pride; although of earth
The earthy had no portion in her heart;
All vanities to which the world gives birth
Were aliens there; she used them for her mirth
If sprung from folly, and if baser born,
Asserted the supremacy of worth
With a strong passion and a perfect scorn
Which made all human vice seem wretched and forlorn.

The last lines here are an attempt, though perhaps a rather feeble one, to do justice to one of the most distinctive traits in Miss Fenwick:—her deep interest, even delight, in the faults of mankind. Taylor makes it more credible in prose, when he compares her with her cousin, his step-mother: "Her intellect was more imaginative, various, and capable than her cousin's; her judgment less sure-footed; her impulses more vehement; her nature

more perturbed. She had the same sense of the ridiculous; and when they were together, my father (who, rigorous and austere as he was in his morality, had a profound charity and consideration for all men who were not obnoxious to moral censure) used to be somewhat shocked at the treatment which weakness and folly met with at their hands . . . and perhaps there was in Miss Fenwick at that time, besides what was harmless and stingless, some want of toleration for what, after all, in a just estimate, is tolerable enough—prudential virtue and worldly respectability. Her theory was that the great sinners are, through remorse and repentance, more in the way to salvation than the indifferently well-conducted people. I recollect once, when the talk was of sermons, she said the only use of them was to make *respectable* people uncomfortable." This report of her own theory, and of her own words, gives an impression rather different from that of Taylor's verse, more interesting, less flatly orthodox. But while there might perhaps be room for an evangelist who came to call, not sinners, but the righteous, to repentance, it was not room capable of being filled by an ailing and languid woman of great beauty and independent means. Miss Fenwick had to employ her special kind of moral sensitiveness in private life, and one of the richest fields she ever found for its exercise was in Wordsworth.

When she first met him, in about 1830, her feeling for him was one of awe. She would, she told Taylor, "be content to be a servant in the house to hear his wisdom." Eight years later, she took a house at Ambleside, and her more intimate acquaintance began. He read to her *The Prelude*, which he was then revising very closely, and she recorded her response to it: "After hearing it, I think I must have felt as the Queen of Sheba felt after hearing all the wisdom of Solomon—'there was no more spirit in her'; and so it was with me." But as the readings went on, she became conscious of other qualities in him than wisdom: "It was almost too much emotion for me to see and hear this fervent old man, the passionate feelings of his youth all come back to him . . ." And with the revelation of these feelings in the past, there came a realisation that besides the wisdom of his maturer years, there was still much fervour and passion. The combination of the two was, indeed, just such a mingling of qualities as to stimulate to the utmost her special sense of the relation, the interesting relation, between what was in every sense respectable, and what was faulty, even sinful. "Perhaps," she wrote to Taylor, "no one has ever seen him in greater intimacy, and I can truly say my admiration has kept pace with my knowledge of him, and my reverence even with this near view of his infirmities." And only a few weeks later,

she had progressed to this degree of perception in her own special manner: "What strange workings are there in his great mind, and how fearfully strong are all his feelings and affections! If his intellect had been less powerful they must have destroyed him long ago . . . I have witnessed many a sad scene, yet my affection and admiration, even my respect, goes on increasing with my increasing knowledge of him."

At about this time, she was enabled to enlarge her moral awareness by a more intimate acquaintance with Southey, who proved to be significantly antithetical to Wordsworth. She made a very careful comparison: "The two most remarkable men of their day are certainly the most dissimilar; unlike in all their ways, unlike in their moral and intellectual nature. What a wide range has goodness and wisdom between them! It cannot but enlarge the mind of anyone to be called to the contemplation of such *diversity* in excellence, and improve the heart to have its affections drawn to what is worthy of them. In loving and admiring both of them, I think I still find the old poet of the Mount best suited to my taste, perhaps from knowing him better; I feel sure that I know *all his* faults, all that they have done, are doing, and may do, whereas I feel as if I did not altogether understand the Laureate, and therefore do not feel quite so sure that I should like all that I do not know of him. Of course I do not imagine my knowledge of either of them extends to their intellectual natures, nor altogether to their moral natures either, excepting as far as it may take a *wrong direction*; I am unfortunately competent to go any length in that; and I think I never love a person thoroughly till I know how far they are liable to take the wrong way. I always want to have as little room as possible for my imagination to work in where evil is concerned; it is best employed about beauty and goodness." This contrast between the two old men was further elucidated for her as she saw each of them pass through the last great crises of their lives. In 1838, Southey, after the long strain of his wife's illness and death, "sunk into an unaccustomed silence in his family, and was living in what seemed in him an almost unnatural abstraction from those who were about him." His daughters, Miss Fenwick felt, were too timid to break through this silence as perhaps they should have done: "They provided for all his little wants,—laid the books he wanted in his way, mended his pens, replenished his ink-bottle, stirred the fire, and said nothing. And for whole days nothing was said. The storms that sometimes visit the Mount are more healthful and invigorating than such calms."

In the next few years, Miss Fenwick was often at, or very near, the centre of the last storms at the Mount. Of their nature,

and of her part in them, Henry Taylor gave this account: "What Miss Fenwick greatly prized in the family was the openness and sincerity with which all thoughts and feelings were expressed; and this she regarded as of infinite value in the regulation of Wordsworth's life and mind. 'There is no domestic altar in that house,' she once said to me; and if she found none there, neither did she set up one. As the intimacy became closer, her admiration for the personal qualities of the wife became, I think, more unmixed than her admiration for the personal qualities of the husband; but even when she had arrived at the knowledge of all his faults—and no man's were less hidden—she retained a profound sense of what *was* great in his personal character, as well as an undiminished appreciation of his genius and powers. At this time her influence over him was invaluable to the family. His love for his only daughter was passionately jealous, and the marriage which was indispensable to her peace and happiness was intolerable to his feelings. The emotions,—I may say the throes and agonies of emotion,—he underwent, were such as an old man could not have endured without suffering in health, had he not been a very strong old man. But he was like nobody else,—old or young. He would pass the night, or most part of it, in struggles and storms, to the moment of coming down to breakfast; and then, if strangers were present, be as easy and delightful in conversation as if nothing was the matter. But if his own health did not suffer, his daughter's did; and this consequence of his resistance, mainly aided, I believe, by Miss Fenwick, brought him at length, though far too tardily, to consent to the marriage." And even when this consent had been given, Miss Fenwick herself did not feel altogether certain that it might not be withdrawn at the last moment. Five days before the wedding, she wrote to Taylor: "I do sincerely hope that nothing will interfere with its taking place on that day, for all parties seem prepared for it. Mr. Wordsworth behaves beautifully."

This "beautiful" behaviour lasted until the wedding, but not much beyond it, and the storms soon set in again. It seemed to Wordsworth that his new son-in-law was not making any real effort to improve his very unprosperous finances, and that he was too ready to give himself up to useless dilettantism in belles lettres, relying perhaps on an allowance which would eventually be forthcoming from his father-in-law. Many letters passed between him and Miss Fenwick. Most of hers have been lost, but it is clear from his that she continued to do her best for the young couple, defending the husband's conduct, while Wordsworth lost few opportunities of reporting instances of his misconduct. In 1844, these miserable conflicts came to centre

round "Dora's field", the piece of ground which had for long been intended to be the site of his daughter's house, when she should need one. Wordsworth was now determined not to use it for this purpose, and hoped that a house would be built there for Miss Fenwick instead. She, on her part, steadily refused to have any such house built for her, while Dora was without one. But through all these disagreements, while Wordsworth doggedly clung to his own views and his own course of conduct, he remained deeply attached to Miss Fenwick herself. The more tempestuously he had expressed himself at the height of the storms, the more abjectly did he apologise to her afterwards. For her, indeed, he felt a kind of awe—and it was not a feeling common with him, at any rate for human beings. These extracts from his letters to her at this time tell us a good deal more about her—and him—and their relationship—than any of the three sonnets he addressed to her a little earlier. This is from a letter in which he discussed once more the house to be built for her, and the frequent visits which she would make to Rydal Mount:

"I say this not forgetting what occurred the morning you left us, and without hope that I shall be able to make any material change in those points of my character, which you felt it your duty to animadvert upon. In the main one I cannot blame myself—therefore I should too probably displease you in that, though I certainly might change my outward manner of shewing it. But my most dear Friend I do feel from the bottom of my heart, that I am unworthy of being constantly in your sight. Your standards are too high for my hourly life;—when I add to what you blame, the knowledge which I bear about all day long of my own internal unworthiness I am oppressed by the consciousness of being an object unfit to be from morning to night in your presence."

The next, and still more remarkable, declaration of the same kind comes when the scheme for building in "Dora's field" has been abandoned, and he hopes that she will at least live somewhere in Grasmere:

"Grasmere is a little too far from us at our time of life, but I think we could manage to see much of each other, though far from as much as I could wish, did I not feel myself in so many respects unworthy of your love and too likely to become more so. Worldly-minded I am not, nor indifferent to the welfare of my fellow creatures, on the contrary, my wish to benefit them within my humble sphere strengthens, seemingly, in exact proportion to my inability to realise those wishes . . . What I lament most is that the spirituality of my Nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved Partner. The pleasure

which I derive from God's works in his visible creation is not with me I think impaired, but no kind of reading interests me as it used to do, and I feel I am becoming daily a much less instructive Companion to others.—Excuse this Egotism, I feel it necessary to your understanding what I am, and how little you would gain by habitual intercourse with me, however greatly *I* might benefit from intercourse with you."

But this is enough of the story of this friendship, and of the quality of the friends:—enough, at any rate, to make it clear that the woman to whom Wordsworth dictated the notes on his poems was no chance amanuensis, but a friend whom he admired, loved and feared. Their relationship, and above all her remarkable personality, must be borne in mind when we consider any of his writings that touch her and her interests. There is one almost ludicrous example:—that ferocious sonnet which he wrote to the Pennsylvanians in 1845, upbraiding them in terms of the most Miltonic because it was rumoured that they were about to suspend payment on the State Bonds:

All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper-air from Mammon's blackest den.

The violence, the fine rhetorical force of the whole sonnet is comic only if one imagines Wordsworth to have been protesting against the sort of mishap that can upset the hopes of any investor. Nor is it, perhaps, much diminished in its curiosity if one knows that Wordsworth himself had made no such investment, though the Master of Trinity, his brother Christopher, was a holder of Pennsylvanian Bonds. It is, however, a good deal redeemed, in a human sense, if not a poetic one, if we remember that a large part of Miss Fenwick's fortune was in these Bonds, and that the suspension of the interest payments meant that she was unable to accompany Mr and Mrs Wordsworth on their continental tour planned for 1843, but abandoned because of the Pennsylvanian perfidy:—or rather the threat of it, for in 1845 payment was resumed, and the last piece of published work from Wordsworth was a brief note to another anti-American poem modifying his earlier diatribe.

But it is above all in estimating the weight and authority of the Fenwick Notes themselves that this brief study of Miss Fenwick may count for something, in two rather different ways. First, it may perhaps help to throw a little more light on the genesis of the Notes themselves. It has been too often asserted, as if it

were a matter of certainty, that Miss Fenwick herself originated the suggestion that he should dictate them to her. Whatever authority there may be for this notion is rather indirect and indecisive, and it is by no means the only deduction which can possibly be drawn from the one clear reference to their origin which he himself dictated as a note on the poem about the cuckoo-clock which she had given him: "It must be here recorded that it was a present from the dear friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly undertaken, and who has written them from my dictation." These words are just as readily taken to mean that the notes were his own idea, his own suggestion, made "for her sake". And however much or little weight is placed on them, it must be remembered that in a friendship so intimate as theirs, such plans may often originate with both parties at once:—just as, in earlier days, it is sometimes hardly possible to say whether Wordsworth or Coleridge had "originated" one of the ideas which they held in common. It is, at all events, certain that Wordsworth wanted Miss Fenwick to know something of his earlier life, and of his thoughts and feelings before he met her. Such is the desire of all friends, and especially those who become friends late in life; it is an ordinary human feeling to be curious, or rather to care deeply, about the experiences which preceded friendship on both sides. And for Wordsworth, who held that the human personality was so much the result of its past experiences—of "days bound each to each in natural piety"—this desire was exceptionally strong. He had, in 1839, taken a special pleasure in showing Miss Fenwick the little room where he had kept as an undergraduate in St John's, and it was just as natural that he should have taken great pleasure in dictating the notes to the poems which were his autobiography, or a large part of it.

If this, or something like it, was the genesis of the Notes, then we must look askance at Professor Harper's comment on them: "On the whole, I am bound to conclude from the letters of this estimable, but overexcitable lady, that the 'Fenwick Notes', or explanations of his poems dictated to her by Wordsworth in 1843, should not be too unquestioningly depended upon. She was a perfervid and credulous hero-worshipper." Not only is it doubtful whether this is a fair estimate of Miss Fenwick's character, but it is much more likely, from the relationship which has been described above, that any distortions they may contain were due quite as much to him as to her. There is ample evidence that he wished to please her, and to win her approbation, above all for his moral character; and it is very possible that there were some aspects of his earlier life, especially in his political and religious attitudes, which he knew would not please her or win

her approbation. These he may have presented, not untruthfully, but carefully, and with a reticence which he might not have thought necessary with almost anyone else. Miss Fenwick herself was an ardent supporter of the Oxford Movement, as were many of her other intimate friends, like Aubrey de Vere, who recorded of her in his Diary for 8 March, 1843: "She spoke of her great desire to see Mr Wordsworth become a Catholic-minded man, and pass his evening of life under the shadow of some cathedral." If this record is accurate, it shows a moment of curious imperception on Miss Fenwick's part; but it also suggests that, in dictating to her the details of his early life, Wordsworth was likely to touch but lightly on that period in the 1790's when he had been at his most Godwinian, when Coleridge had judged him to be "half an atheist".

It happens that Professor Harper drew attention to one possible example of this distortion, in Wordsworth's dictated note on Joseph Fawcett, a Dissenting Minister and a poet, who was one of the chief models for the very important character of the Solitary in the *Excursion*. Here is the Note:

A character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation, during residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may now say, a Mr Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the Old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation through my connection with Mr Nicholson of Cateaton Street, who at that time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, often used to invite me to dine with him on Sundays; and I took that opportunity (Mr N. being a dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on war, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was never very deeply rooted; and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward to its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described; and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death.

Professor Harper has no difficulty in showing this to be a somewhat distorted account of Fawcett, and indeed of Wordsworth's whole connection with this very Godwinian circle of men. He

quotes Godwin himself on Fawcett: "Mr Fawcett's modes of thinking made a great impression upon me, as he was almost the first man I had ever been acquainted with who carried with him the semblance of original genius." Anyone who takes the trouble to read Fawcett's *Sermons*, and especially the one entitled *Christianity vindicated in not particularly inculcating Friendship and Patriotism*, will readily understand how Godwin came to have such a high opinion of him. And they will no less easily comprehend how Wordsworth, dictating notes on this part of his life half a century later to an ardent High Anglican whom he both loved and feared, should have uttered something less than the whole truth about Fawcett and his friends. Whether, having comprehended, we should altogether forgive him, is another matter. But in our own time, the case is not without many parallels. They are to be found in the various memoirs and autobiographies of those who were caught up in the leftward surge of the 1930's, only to be left high and dry in the rightward ebb of the last twenty years. It takes some strength of character, after such a change of climate—a change in many ways like that which lay between Wordsworth's youth and his old age—not to deny the value and beauty of those early hopes, disappointed though they have been. Some did it before the cocks crowed even once.

HUGH SYKES DAVIES.

All the quotations are to be found in the following sources, which are well worth reading for their own sake. The usual references have been omitted to encourage the reader to search more widely for himself:

Wilfred Ward, London, 1904. "Aubrey de Vere, A Memoir".
Henry Taylor, "Autobiography", London 1885, and "Correspondence", ed. Dowden, London, 1888.
"The Letters of William Wordsworth and Dorothy Wordsworth, Later Years", ed. by de Selincourt. Oxford, 1939.
G. M. Harper, "William Wordsworth", London 1916.

Poem

WHY do I know you, loose-limbed, hook-nosed girl?
You were a boy last time, but just the same
I responded to the glamour of your
Slackness. You glaze your eyes with irony,
And let your body sag for pleasure, while
You fold your arms to feel yourself. Thus you
Delete the unimportant stranger with
A slow smile for the favoured companion.

It was a mirror you were smiling at.
I aped your voice and manner: you enjoyed
The feeling, but you hardly knew the cause.

People occur dimly to you, this is
Your confidence; upon this weakness
You depend for comfort and delusion.

My childish admiration of your strength
(It seemed like strength) formed me an image
Behind which I walked. Then you went away,
And I could scratch and bleed, and reconstruct
The fragments of my nature.

That dead thing
In me moves; I am with you again,
And lust for your unknowing. But I see
From weeping, and must speak
As one person speaks to another.

CHRISTOPHER GILL.

I Am Going Away For Good

ANDY banged the door of his little old car hard and crossed the dark, flat playground, making for the lighted double door. A few people were going in and out of classrooms along the long cream-coloured corridor which stretched behind it; some people were moving slowly into a room at the end where the corridor branched out and there were two staircases and a clock facing down the corridor, too far away to read from outside. He swung the door back behind him and the steel frame clattered shut.

He unbuttoned his grubby light mac as he walked down the corridor, catching glimpses of children's paintings and maps and pictures of dams and tea plantations. He went into the room at the end of the corridor under the clock and found an empty desk near to the back of the big classroom, to one side. The room was about half full and a few people were talking quietly in groups while the rest looked at the remains of a French lesson on the blackboard. The big square windows down the whole of one side of the room were enormous black mirrors. He took his mac off and put it on the desk behind him, brushing his long but rather thin fair hair out of his eyes, tossing his head back as he did so. He sat looking blankly at the people reflected in the windows as they came in and sat down. A tall, shabbily distinguished-looking man of about forty came in with a matronly woman and a younger man with a dark shirt and a dark suit. He stepped onto the teacher's platform and looked inquiringly at the back wall of the room. The people who were talking one by one turned to look at him and one by one fell silent. He began to introduce the informal meeting which had been arranged to try to form a dramatic club as part of the evening centre. An hour and a half or so later the meeting was over. Half the people had gone, including nearly all the girls who had been there, by the time Andy asked incidentally if he could give anyone a lift. No-one answered, so he nodded goodbye to the people he had been talking to and went out, forgetting his mac. It was still quite early and he spent the rest of the evening in a pub with some friends he had said he might see there.

There were rather less people at the next meeting. He stopped and raised his eyebrows as he went in. He walked over to the desk he had sat in before. "Damn" he said. A girl who was sitting over the other side of the gangway looked up at him. "I left my mac here last time" he said to anyone who happened to be within hearing-distance, which was her. "But I don't suppose

it's likely to be still here though. I'll have to find the caretaker afterwards." She smiled and didn't say anything as he sat down in the desk next to her and began chatting. He remembered seeing her there the previous time. She had a striking face. He remembered noticing how it wasn't exactly beautiful. Her nose was perfect—her nose was beautiful—and the rest of her face looked somehow unusual, as though it had been designed around her nose. He looked at her, but it was difficult to see her, sitting next to her. She turned to look at him as she sensed him looking at her, and her smile caught him off guard; he had forgotten that the face belonged to someone. The meeting opened, and he didn't talk to her again until afterwards, except for a couple of asides during the meeting that made her laugh down at the desk. He thought how very like being in school it was, sitting at the back of the class; he was faintly surprised at himself, making these asides to her as though he knew her quite well. The girl looked at his hands during the meeting as he rested various parts of his face on them, listening. She noticed the colour of paint under his fingernails. The meeting was mostly rather boring, too much concerned with fidgety and irrelevant things, and it broke up with people feeling much less enthusiastic than they had after the last meeting.

"I don't expect anything will come of it in the end" said the girl leaning forwards over the desk as people began to stand up and move towards the door. "Apparently this is just what happened last time they tried to do exactly the same thing." He stood up winding a long woollen scarf round his neck.

"Yes, I gathered they'd tried before and failed. Pity. I suppose it's just that people aren't prepared to actually do anything when it comes to it."

"Do you know this chap whatisname?" He knew who she meant. She stood up in the desk, pushing the chair back and they moved out into the gangway.

"A bit. Not very well. He thought I might be interested in doing some stage designing, so he asked me to come. He works at the same place as me."

"Oh" she smiled wryly. "You're talented then. I think most people just want to be stars."

"God no. I'm not particularly talented. It's my job." He was an assistant window designer at a big store; he made mobiles and paper sculptures and backing designs, to go in the windows. "They're like little stages really." She seemed interested and asked him about the things he did; it pleased him to talk to her about it; but he wondered if she was really interested. She found herself looking at his square, rather long fingernails as he talked. He talked and watched her face anxiously and said he

had to go. He smiled to himself as he walked down the corridor and into the playground where he had parked his car. He had wanted to look at her face all the time, but he couldn't stare or she might get the wrong idea. No. He didn't desire her, he said to himself firmly, in those words. Perhaps that explained why he had been able to talk to her so casually. He realised when he was nearly home that he had forgotten his mac again.

The next meeting was even less promising than the last one. There were less people still and this merely emphasised the sharpness of the differences that existed already. As he went in the girl was sitting talking to the matronly woman, who was headmistress of the girls' part of the school there. The girl didn't notice him come in. He sat down and talked to two women of about fifty who found out his job and asked him annoying questions, pretending more interest than he thought they had in Art. He thought he had given them a superior, standoffish impression, but they showed no signs of offence. After the meeting, he nodded and smiled to the girl across the room, but was gathered into a conversation with the people who had organised the meetings and as a result he was one of the last half dozen or so to leave. He had watched the girl go out with the headmistress. The general opinion was that the whole thing would fall through now, but he was outside their thought, thinking about the girl. There simply didn't seem to be enough constructive interest, they said. He was disappointed, he said, arching his eyebrows and looking slightly pained, but he thought that perhaps he wouldn't have been able to do exactly as he would like, in this sort of context anyway. He told them he wouldn't be coming to the final clearing-up meeting—it would be too depressing. As he said goodbye he thought that he wouldn't see the girl again if he didn't come. He only knew her as Catharine. He didn't know where she lived or worked. He recalled her face. And then he remembered his mac.

He turned quickly and half-ran back down the corridor and round the corner by the stairs to see if the caretaker was still around. The little sullen man shuffled round a corner and switched on the bare bulb. Yes he'd got it, a light-coloured one. He thanked the man who looked at him sourly as he put it on hurriedly and made his way briskly back down the corridor.

As he turned the corner under the clock he saw the girl just in front of him; she was carrying a big shopping bag full of papers. She heard the footsteps behind her run a few steps and catch her up. "I thought you'd gone a long time ago" he said from just behind her, slightly breathless. She turned and smiled without showing any great surprise at seeing him.

"No. I had some things to collect." She nodded down at her bag.

"Collect?" She was a little taken aback by the abruptness of his reply.

"Yes. I work here. I teach Art in the girls' school."

"Really?" It was just that he hadn't thought of her as a teacher. "I had no idea you were an artist too. Professional I mean. I mean do you—do you do much yourself?"

"A bit." She grinned at him as he reached out for the door-handle. He still looked mildly affronted at discovering that she was a teacher, and it amused her a little. As they walked out into the dark he asked if he could give her a lift. Ten minutes later he dropped her outside the house where she lodged, which turned out to be not far from where he lived himself. "See you" he called out to her as he leaned across the inside of the car to pull the pavement-side door properly shut. She turned on the steps up to her front door and waved once, quickly, as he drove off.

"Bye." She turned back slowly up the steps, fishing in her bag for her key. He drove down a few sidestreets and along the alleyway behind the tall block of old houses to where he parked the car every night. He turned the ineffectual lock on the door and walked back between the gravelly ruts which were filled with pale brown water in the moonlight.

His bedsitroom looked in a mess, but it wasn't really all that untidy. The smell of linseed oil and turps and paint was slightly overpowering; the big bay window had been shut all day and it had been sunny. He trod carefully over the things which lay on the floor and put a Beethoven trio on the record player. He lay back on the bed drawing a girl's face on a small sketch pad. Going back over the events of the evening in his mind, he listened several times over in his mind to himself calling out "See you" to the girl. Each time he repeated the memory, he thought how much more ludicrous that expression in particular and how much more meaningless his whole stock of vaguely American colloquialisms had become. He turned the record off; he wasn't really listening and its complexity annoyed him while he was thinking of something else. Their lives had had no reason to cross before, and there wasn't very much likelihood that circumstances would make them cross again, in spite of a certain correspondence in their interests. It was a pity, because he would like to see her again. He thought about her face. "Friend" wasn't a word he could use easily of any girl; all his affairs had been one at a time and short and finally completely burnt out; but he was not falling in love with Catharine. No, he thought, people whose basic interests were as obviously close

as theirs probably couldn't fall in love successfully anyway. This sounded like a truism, and he didn't question it. But he would like to draw her face.

He decided he would ask her to a concert that was to take place in a few weeks. So as to see her again. He wrote her a note asking her, and suggesting they might meet again some time before then. He put it through the door of her house. He was slightly afraid she might read more into his asking her out than he intended. Her reply came through the post four days later. She'd very much like to come. It was a short non-committal note. He liked her writing. Straight away he wrote her another brief note asking her to meet him for coffee that Saturday morning if she was free and not to bother about replying if she wasn't.

Saturday morning was bright and he got up late after a party the previous night. He went out without getting any breakfast, intending to have some at the coffee bar while he waited to see if she came. It was nearly half an hour before the time he had said he would see her there so he was genuinely surprised when she faced him as he walked into the shadow of the coffee bar from the street sunlight, slightly dazzled, not properly awake and with a broad ache over his eyes from the previous night. She said "Hello" as he walked in, in a tone that suggested it was the answer to a question. She had a carrier bag full of food and some other shopping on the seat beside her. "I was just going to get some breakfast" he grinned. "Would you like something to eat, more coffee?"

"No—I'm OK thanks" she said, without looking at her cup.

"Sure?" He bought some coffee, decided not to have anything to eat and came and sat opposite her. They talked and had another coffee and went out into the sun and walked back towards home. It was half past eleven and her turn to cook Saturday lunch, she said. She left him outside his front door after they had arranged about meeting for the concert. He went inside. She went on a few paces then stopped and pushed her long, thick, mildly straw-coloured hair outside the collar of her jacket. She put her shopping down on the pavement and shook her head vigorously to free her hair. She thought, as she picked up her shopping again, that she was slightly puzzled by the ineffectuality of his approach to her—if he was making a bid for her that is, she thought in those words. He always appeared to be looking at her, but she only rarely managed to meet his eyes; and then he always looked away quickly.

He was standing just inside his room, staring at the window. The sun was shining down steeply through the tall bay. He liked the room. His landlady had given up remonstrating with him for his untidiness, but it wasn't really as untidy as all that;

besides, he liked the casual image of being an artist, or saying he was. He moved over into the sun and stood for a moment looking down at the street, then changed into his jeans and went out again to get some lunch.

During the following week, he asked two or three of his friends if they would let him paint them, but none of them agreed and so he made two attempts to paint self-portraits. He wanted to practise drawing faces since he intended to ask Catharine if she would let him paint her. He particularly wanted to capture the odd quality about her face that he could never remember. But his self-portraits didn't succeed at all. He became annoyed at always having to have his eyes looking straight out of the picture, and he had to use a mirror. He was angry at having wasted two canvases and gave up trying.

The evening out with Catharine was good. He felt quite relaxed, unaware of behaving under any tension all the time so that he couldn't really enjoy the concert and the meal. He wondered if it was simply because he wasn't trying to play himself off against her. As they were eating afterwards, he looked at her face across the table. It was the first real opportunity he had had. Her face fascinated him; several times he had sat down and concentrated hard and tried to draw her face from memory. With other people he had often been able to produce something recognisable, but each time he had tried to draw Catharine he had failed in all but the most irrelevant details. She looked up at him over the table, and he felt unreasonably guilty at being caught looking at her. She frowned slightly as he lowered his eyes on meeting hers. He was pleased at how she talked about things that interested him.

It was nearly one o'clock when he stopped the car outside her door and turned towards her in the seat. She thought he was going to kiss her. They had hardly spoken in the last few minutes. "Could I possibly draw you some time?" he said brightly. She wondered what was coming next. "Nothing fantastic just a sketch. You know. I—I think you've got a most interesting face." She laughed. "No seriously. I've tried to draw you from memory"—she looked at him—"but I couldn't at all."

"If you like" she said, laughing gently. "Just drop round some time. I'm in most evenings except weekends at the moment marking exams. I sit very still" she added. She smiled facetiously at him.

"Great I'd love to. Sure you don't mind?"

"No." She looked down at her hands modestly. "No. It's very flattering. Thank you," she said, looking straight at him and smiling, he returned her a quick nervous smile, pleasantly

surprised at her reaction, and aware that he was almost frowning when she looked up at him just then.

"Thank you very much indeed." He pronounced the words. He paused. "I mean you can have it when I've finished if you like if it's any good. I've just been fascinated by your face." She laughed again without looking up and couldn't think of anything to say. He almost wished he hadn't said that. He had somehow spoiled the symmetry of the situation. In the pause, he looked at his own hands which rested self-consciously on the steering-wheel. They said goodbye; she got out and went up the steps and he drove down the back streets in the dark. He was pleased to find he wasn't in love with her, even after this evening. He didn't even think he was.

Before he went to bed he stood in the middle of his room for a long time just looking at himself blankly in the large piece of mirror that stood on his mantelshelf. The mirror leaned back so that he appeared to be looking up at himself. He swayed backwards and forwards hypnotically, amused and smiling stupidly at the way his image swung up and down and nearly disappeared below its bottom edge all except the flat dome of straight blonde hair. He stood swaying, then almost asleep he jerked himself sensible and got into his unmade bed.

One evening during the next week he went round to where she lived. He stood at the top of the half dozen steps in front of the door, rang the bell and turned to face the street. The door opened and he turned round. A tall angular girl with long black hair stood there with one hand on the edge of the door. She showed him up to Catharine's room at the back on the first floor. Catharine was sitting in an old armchair at the foot of the bed, which was strewn with children's paintings. She had heard his voice in the hallway and called to him to come in before he knocked. He stood in the doorway clutching his sketchbook. "Please I've come" he said solemnly. She laughed quickly. He stepped inside and shut the door wishing he could think of something funny to say.

She started apologising for the room as he looked round. "Isn't it ghastly? All brown and cream. She won't let us do anything either. It took me ages to persuade her to let me have three lights." There was an Anglepoise on the table by the window and a tiny but powerful cylindrical metal lamp by the bed. He reflected that they were expensive. "She thought I would fuse everything as well as doubling her electricity bill."

"It's not bad." He looked anguished. "It is very brown though." She laughed again and he wished she wouldn't when he wasn't really funny. He sat down on a low whitewood wicker stool in the middle of the room and after a few minutes' chatting

he started drawing. She asked him if he wanted her to move or anything—but she was all right like that.

They spent most of the evening in silence; she sitting and working, he drawing. He liked it. He was pleased not to have to talk. He made three sketches; each achieved something the others didn't. From time to time she became bored with marking and sighed quietly and watched him, keeping her face motionless as he looked up at her and then down at his drawing. After nearly two hours in which they hardly exchanged a word, she gathered together a pile of the soft thick daubed papers, sat forward in the leathery old armchair and dropped them on the floor in front of her; she sighed loudly. She leaned her hands on the arms of the chair, pointing her elbows outwards. The sleeves of her sweater were pushed up over her elbows. She watched him, poised, for a few moments, judging when to break the silence. She raised herself a little from the seat. "Let's have a look then," she said getting up from the chair. He made no attempt to stop her seeing; there wasn't any point. "I shan't tell you what I think" she said and looked at them over his shoulder as he laid them out side by side on his knees.

"No I was going to ask you not to." She seemed pleased. There was nothing she could say. He added a few touches.

"Do you think I could have that one?" She pointed to one.

"Sure if you like it." He wrote 'Catharine' on it and signed his name in the corner. He handed it up to her as she stood over him. She walked across and put it on the cabinet beside the bed. It was the best of the three.

"Coffee?" she asked, looking up and smiling. Her face was somehow slightly different when she smiled and he noticed this now. She looked at him, waiting for a reply; he held her look a little while before nodding.

"Yes please black." He continued adding fine touches to one of the drawings. She went out to the kettle that was plugged in on the landing outside. They didn't talk much as they drank the coffee. The mood of sympathetic silence extended itself. He didn't stop very long, mainly to avoid the silence degenerating into embarrassment. As he went out down the stairs she followed him and said "You know—drop in any time you're around. I'm usually here except weekends."

"Yes I will. Thanks very much. Thank you for . . ." he motioned down to the sketchbook he was holding ". . . you know. Thanks for the coffee."

"No really. Thank you for the drawing. It's lovely." She paused. "Really." She took a breath silently and held it and lowered her eyes. She didn't speak, looking down. She wondered if he was looking at her. He thought she looked

beautiful and smiled when she looked up. She was tired and slightly annoyed and standing there and saying nothing. Both were a little relieved when he finally went out down the steps. She walked slowly back up the stairs. She didn't bother to wash the mugs up. She put the drawing into a folder, transferred the pile of paintings from the floor to the table, and went to bed.

The next day he thought about the previous evening and nearly spoiled one of the drawings by trying to improve it. He ought to have known better.

It was getting near the end of her school term when she would be going home for about four weeks, so he thought he would call round again a few days later. The dark angular girl, Catharine, and another girl were sitting in Catharine's room with a gangling Scandinavian boy from the attic room. All of the girls' hair was long and it looked very clean next to the bristly short crop of the boy's. The girl he hadn't seen before was carefully plucking a Spanish guitar. She sang only in undertones after he came in. Her hair fell forward over her face as she bent her head down over the guitar. She tossed her head back to move the hair out of her eyes but it fell forwards again easily, like liquid. Catharine introduced him to the others and they continued talking. The foreign boy and Andy watched the girl's thin fingers moving hesitantly over the guitar strings, not talking, while the girls talked about somewhere they had obviously been to together recently with some other people.

Later, just before midnight, when the other girls and the boy went up to their rooms, Catharine showed him down to the door. They said goodbye without the hesitance of the previous time. Walking home he still felt no desire for her, in spite of the quick kiss he had given her as he came out. But he didn't feel quite so good as he had after the other times he'd seen her; this evening hadn't pleased him in quite the same way as before. But he still felt glad he had gone round and that he knew her now; that he had made the effort to maintain contact with her. He might so easily never have seen her again after the last meeting at the school. Nevertheless he felt angry and deserted as he walked home, thinking that he wouldn't see her for a month or more. The night was dull and chilly and he was glad to get home into the broad light of his room. He realised then, when he switched his main light on, that Catharine had only had the two bright lamps on in her room. In recollecting the deep shadows of her room in that instant, he pictured her face exactly in his mind's eye as he had tried to do before and failed; but the deeply shadowed image disappeared as soon as he thought of something else; so he took out the drawings and looked at them instead.

A fortnight later he met an Italian au pair girl at a party and fell in love with her. He spent six weeks infatuated with her, after which she left him suddenly and without warning for someone (he supposed bitterly) with either a bigger car or a bigger bed. Sitting alone on the Saturday afternoon after she left him, he took out the two drawings of Catharine. He stood them on his easel and lay back on the bed looking at them in silence. There was still something missing; something wasn't right, though from two months and another love affair away he couldn't picture what it was.

The next day, Sunday, in the morning, wondering what to do before lunch, he took the drawings out again, looked at them and tore them up. He had begun to tell himself he was in love with Catharine. He dropped the pieces into the wastepaper basket.

He never did see Catharine again, not even by chance around the town. Which is odd, seeing that she lived so near.

PETE ATKIN.

Transparent Woman

THE Museum of Science, so accessible from downtown Boston, and visible on the skyline over the waters of the Charles River from the Massachusetts Avenue Bridge, has an unusual amusement in store for its visitors. Several times a day at fixed intervals a demonstration of a woman's anatomy in plexiglass plays to a darkened roomful of the curious. The Transparent Woman is reached via a staircase to the second floor.

She is designed as a lesson in human physiology. A maze of wiring allows electric light to illumine each organ and variant system in succession. The performance is narrated by the recorded voice of a woman who remains anonymous. The Museum and its patrons have the Massachusetts Heart Association to thank for their generosity in making the Woman available.

The program is not overly long. A Museum guide welcomes members to the audience, assists latecomers to the vacant seats, and discharges the requirements of an introduction. The attention of the audience shifts to the less than life-size form of a lady on a shadowed stage. The doors shut, the lights dim, and a spotlight throws the figure on a pedestal into eminence against a maroon curtain. With a recorded flourish of cellos and violins, she begins.

"As you can see, I am a transparent woman." She is fully developed and twenty-eight years old. (Not until the lights have come back on, later after the room clears, may the inquisitive observer discover her origin. She was cast in Cologne, Germany, from the mould of a girl whose name no longer seems important. Thirty years of research have made her into what she is today.) "My proportions are perfect for my size."

Proceeding to the inventory of her specialized internal parts, the monologue is disarmingly lucid. The initial emphasis falls understandably, upon the circulatory system. At first characterizing her heart as "a truly remarkable pump" which beats more than 100,000 times a day, she glosses each important organ and gland. In the pauses between her descriptions, the quiet of the room is unbroken save by the flicking of switches in the control booth at the back. As the audience accustom their eyes to the dark, orange and crimson hues highlight the liver, the larynx, the pancreas and spleen.

When she comes to the transverse colon, her position facing the room obstructs the audience's view. "Now I will turn," she says, and revolves upon her pedestal. Soft music accompanies

the slow motion of her pivot. The music stops and she continues on to the rectum and the kidneys. In a moment, though, and as if evoking the posture of a figurine atop a child's music box, she revolves again. Facing the room once more, she describes the ovaries as "two small glands which produce the hormone that makes me a woman." Visitors in the audience at that point have been known to detect in her voice the quiver of mystique.

Rapidly, and all too soon, the performance comes to an end. Her parting encouragement for everyone to preserve with care his own intricately functioning parts commends the showing as all the more relevant. The extent to which the members of the audience are improved would be nourishment for conjecture. The effect of the demonstration upon individuals naturally would vary in both degree and aspect.

"Your body," the Transparent Woman urges, "is a house in which you live but once. I have made the unseen visible to you." The violins return to make it audible.

KEVIN LEWIS.

Story

"M'm . . . a concert. Just 8.30 too. Yes, good."

The radio is switched on.

"Always rely on the Third."

He sinks into a chair. There are plates scattered on the table . . . a pot of jam, raspberry . . . "My favourite you know." Miss Jenkins, bespectacled, spinsterish, twittering, had not known: . . . her coffee was getting cold. ". . . Get it from a little place round the corner. It's home-made . . . I think his wife makes it. Very quaint old couple . . . shop's very Dickensian . . . I . . . I could get you some. M'm, yes, next time I'm there." She had agreed to this and thanked him. Her coffee had got cold by this time. He had never brought her the jam, the matter was forgotten.

. . . a teapot half off its mat . . . egg-yolk congealing on a greasy plate . . . a spot of red sauce, dull, cold. The washing up will wait . . . later tonight perhaps . . . before he goes to bed . . . or perhaps tomorrow before work. Tomorrow evening perhaps? It does not matter.

The radio has warmed up. The concert has just started . . . the music just comes out of the box . . . dead. The life of the concert-hall is lost . . . the sound just trickles out of a hole in the front of the radio . . . out of an emptiness . . . a space . . . up in the air.

"Better do some marking I suppose." Silence settles . . . only the music, a thin stream of noise. It does not hold him. Then a particular melody emerges and the marking ceases while the red pen jabs the air in time with it. . . . Fingers prod at an ear, scratch a nose . . . the marking is resumed. The concert, forgotten again, becomes simply a half-heard noise in the background, then is lost altogether.

"Idiot! . . . the times I've told them. They never learn. Is it?" looking at the cover of the book, "yes . . . I thought so. The boy's a fool!" Vigorous activity with the pen . . . then thoughtfulness. "Yet . . . he *was* very good in that last school play. They're always surprising you like that." He takes another book, then, shivering, stoops forward to switch on the electric fire. He slumps back into the chair . . . then gets up and goes to the table. The teapot is still hot and he pours out a cup of tea. This he sets at the side of the chair then turns to the window to draw the curtains. Dusk is falling fast and with it a mist is thickening . . . spreading up the bare garden. He watches it for

STORY

a moment . . . the face relaxes . . . looks mournful . . . lost. . . . He sniffs . . . the face is controlled once more . . . the curtains are pulled. The radio breaks into life, the audience is clapping. "Damn!" He spins round. "Missed it!"

The applause becomes blurred, there is crackling . . . it subsides; the audience is quiet again and the next item is announced. A hollow B.B.C. voice . . . uncaring, disembodied, neutral . . . from far out . . . echoing. "The dances are in the eighteenth century mode current at the time of Holberg . . ." He sits down again . . . the voice still ghosting through from a little hole somewhere . . . the voice of Kate . . . just trickling out . . . so unreal . . . her lips unmoving, just a sound coming from a hole in her face . . . like she had on one of those masks that were on the wall of her bedroom. He had hardly listened to her . . . fascinated . . . a little round hole with a noise coming out of it. He had thought immediately of those masks . . . it was so unreal. "I see no point in going on, Richard. We no longer love each other do we?" . . . treacle, trickling out of her mouth. "I mean there's no point is there? It seems so silly dragging on like this . . ." "M'm, yes . . . I mean, no." It had lasted a longish time—three years . . . but it had slowly died just like everything else in his life. He bites his lip . . .

"Pity, it could have been good. Hell, I mean it was good . . . some of it. It could have worked . . . it could have been *so* good. Oh, damn the Reformation!" He throws down the pile of grubby exercise books. His head pushes back into the chair . . . his hand fumbles in his jacket and pulls out a crushed packet of cigarettes. A packet of ten. He looks at them. Woodbines . . . so insignificant . . . so mean. He draws hard . . . his face tense . . . then blows out a long stream of smoke between sneering lips. "Oh, bugger! . . . It could have been so good. It *could* have worked . . . it *could*, bugger it!" Several more vicious drags. A biting of the knuckle . . . the smoke curling away around him. Silence.

He looks down at the pile of history books he is marking. His foot nudges them, they are inkstained and tatty. He can see some of the names . . . Wells . . . Barrett . . . Gardner.

"History!" A sneer. "Dead!" He frowns. "Why am I so interested in dead things?" He thinks. "Christ . . . reading the footnotes of that book about George III. Reading the footnotes because they interested me more than the text itself. God, I was only nineteen then. It all folded up, didn't it! I died on myself. The whole goddamned lot bloody folded bloody up." A snort then a vicious, deep pull on the cigarette. He chokes . . . gets up gulping and coughing. Throwing the cigarette into the grate he staggers to the window. He catches his breath and holds

down the cough." . . . eighteen . . . nineteen . . . twenty." Holds open one of the curtains. "Mist's thicker . . . can't see much." The shapes in the garden were indistinct . . . ghostly . . . formless. "Oh, God," head slumps against the cold glass. "Nothing . . . nothing . . . it's all a big nothing. What a life . . ." She had been right, that girl, all those years ago. "I *am* boring."

"There's no life in you," she had told him, "you never get happy about anything . . . anything that's alive. Oh, sure you go crazy about dead things in your beastly dead books, but you're never happy with people. What's the matter with you? You make me cringe . . . make me shrivel up inside. You're cold . . . you always ice everything over . . . wither it." He had not remonstrated. What was the point of objecting? . . . she had been right, he had accepted it. An accusing voice, a voice he loved, turning against him as he had turned against himself . . . a voice from a small round hole . . . it was partly his own voice . . . he knew he was dead inside . . . it did not help to know, it did not make him any less guilty. "She was right . . . she knew me . . . all those years ago. And what has come between?" He feels the cold glass against his forehead . . . damp . . . he can think of nothing in answer . . . only dead things, dull things. School trips to Belgium, Paris, Austria . . . museums, ruins, art galleries . . . no people. "That silly thing with that silly girl . . . Johnson was it? No, can't remember . . . in Austria? . . . yes, Johnson . . . Amanda . . . (Mandy they called her) . . . randy Mandy Johnson . . . Ugh!" He turns violently from the window, disgusted, and sits down again. The curtain, wrinkled, does not fall back entirely across the window . . . the mist presses against the glass. He switches off the radio . . . viciously.

"Phew! . . . The Reformation." He picks up the books once more. Silence . . . broken only by the rustling of pages and grunts of approval or disagreement.

Outside the mist thickens.

The pen moves quickly over the page, following the words, crossing out, ticking, underlining. He breathes heavily, chestily . . . the pen creaks. Barrett, Wells, Rogers . . . Hand through hair . . . a grimace . . . he mumbles, "Dissolution of the monasteries." Pause. ". . . Anne Boleyn . . . he must've been very lonely really . . . Wolsey . . . Hampton." The work stops and he leans back in the chair . . . musing. "M'm . . . Hampton." An exasperated toss of the head. "No! . . . again? Hell what's the matter with me?" It had been a wonderful day . . . sunny. It had been before everything had gone sour. Like a novel . . . sunshine, grass, a picnic. Round the palace in the morning, the big kitchens, the winding stairs. A picnic in the afternoon, lively and talkative . . . on the lawns of course. Sunset . . . and back up-river on the crowded

river-bus . . . tired, whimpering children . . . snappy, exasperated parents. A hilarious night of whispered joy. "Bloody bed-springs," he laughs wryly to himself.

"Shh . . . you'll wake them up downstairs. Shh . . . no." The man downstairs had banged loudly on the ceiling . . . they had exploded with helpless laughter and hidden, giggling under the blankets. They calmed down . . . he had taken her.

The masks had grinned silently on the walls.

It had passed. "You always lose out in the end. Always have to pay for happiness . . . even if it only lasts for a moment . . . and it usually is." He is pleased at the thought . . . and sad at its meaning. They had even thought of marriage . . . once . . . one night . . . had been very affectionate over breakfast . . . Omar Khayam had figured strongly . . . loaves of bread and loads of love. But they were both still at college and the idea was wildly impractical . . . and by lunchtime, in "The London Apprentice," their plans for a garret-existence had died with the pressure of exigence and the smell of stale beer. The back of a finger strokes across his chin once or twice. "It would've been worth trying though. It would have at least been something." They had done nothing wild, nothing lively, nothing really worth remembering . . . nothing . . . nothing. It had started while they were still training and had spanned into their first year as teachers. "It *was* good at first." He lights another cigarette . . . burns himself . . . curses. "There was *something* there." Indeed there was . . . a spark, a strange something . . . but then something happened to him . . . he had died meantime and after a dragging year and a half of bitter recriminations, quarrels, accusations and desperate but short lived reunions she had dropped out of his life. "And after that . . . ? Was it wise to hang on like that? . . . I wonder . . ." The cigarette is dragged bitterly. "Why did I wither?" Certainly he had lost all his illusions one by one but it was more than that; there had always been a tiredness upon him. "That must have been why I liked Hamlet," he laughs quietly. Then smiling . . . he thinks of all the drab little poems he had written about himself. "I always liked literature." A straw? "But so what . . . that was no more 'life' than history is . . . all second-hand goods. Always had a lively enough imagination . . . humph, rapturous almost . . . but I never got to grips with people . . . never cared for them . . . afraid of caring too much . . . I wanted to be alone." He sneers as he thinks how the old Garbo joke they were always cracking had come true for him. "Oh, damn." He picks up his books and begins marking them again . . . furiously. He has had this conversation with himself constantly over the last fifteen years. It never varies much except for one or two additions as he has

drifted into and drifted out of new affairs with different women . . . but even this variation has become more rare of late. He no longer takes much care about his appearance and can not be bothered with women any more . . . it is too much trouble starting new relationships. The tone of the conversation is always more or less depressed and the result unvaryingly the same . . . nothing. Hamlet always crops up somewhere . . . and Kate too. They are the only 'big' things in his life—both dead . . . both long gone. "The vorpal pen went ticker-tick . . . ha, ha." He throws down a book . . . Robinson ii . . . and passes to the next. The cigarette burns unnoticed "Reformation! Fool!" Ash falls onto the page . . . he grunts in exasperation, throws the cigarette into the grate and shoots the ash onto the carpet. He resumes. "But if the clergy were less of an occupational category they were more of a caste. The priest was not as other men." He sits back . . . thinks. "Bindoff! . . . The little blighter!" He jumps up and runs to the big, heavy bookcase by the window. "Bindoff? . . . Bindoff? . . . ah!" He pulls out a book, flicks to the index . . . "Seventy-seven . . ." The chapter is found, he flicks through the pages, running his eyes over them quickly . . . goes back to the beginning and starts again. "Ah . . . 'But if the clergy were less . . . ' Got you." Triumphant he sits down again and begins vigorously to cover the exercise book in nasty comments. Working out his own emotion. The activity gradually runs down . . . stops. He thinks.

"No chance . . . right from the start."

He ponders his days at school. "A hollow dream. . . , " for a hollow man. Grubby, noisy urchins who have no interest in what he loves. He drifts, slowly, leaden, in a world separate . . . apart from their vitality . . . their violence. "Ring of the tin drum . . ." He muses over the idea. " . . . Thirty-five, and what have I to show for it?" Everyday is the same . . . coffee for breakfast with no time to cook . . . or inclination to do so. Cooking at night too is a bore . . . takes time . . . and energy. Same tweedy shapeless jacket everyday . . . the search for a shirt less grubby than all the others. The bus journey . . . a sixpenny . . . always the same route . . . clutching the battered brown leather briefcase. "My God it's seen some service you know. Got it when I first started teaching." Miss Jenkins had smiled weakly, and Crabtree had stifled a yawn. "M'm, yes, it has lasted well Mr Bradbury." The gruelling mornings when everyone is too lively to bother about Elizabeth I's foreign policy . . . the long, long afternoons . . . too tired and bored to care. The lunch hour . . . he snorts. Banal conversations . . . home-made raspberry jam . . . gardening . . . "Oh God, gardening . . ."

"Pruning the old apple trees last weekend, you know, Bradbury. Been meaning to get down to it for a long time. Well finally did it, old boy . . . nearly broke me blasted . . . sorry Mrs Hinkson . . . shh . . . silly old cow . . . nearly broke me bloody back." Miss Jenkins giggling, "We used to have lots of trees at home you know . . . when I was young. It was a regular job every year . . . pruning them all." "Yes it *is* a job, isn't it? It certainly is." "Thank you Percy Thrower," he snorts. His hand masks his mouth. "God what stupid, petty lives they all live. Still . . . at least they do something. But is it worth doing something? Is it worth doing *anything*? Phew! Why do I keep it all up? . . . drag on and on? Because I'm too afraid to do anything else? I mean . . . hell, I don't care about teaching . . . no vocation . . . I don't care about children . . . Christ. I have no joy in their lives . . . 'no joy in their lives' . . . ha! God I only care about me . . . and not too much about that. Are there people who actually care about life, believe in it? . . . I mean are there *really* people who are happy? Do they believe some things are worth doing? If you don't know something is pointless I guess it doesn't matter . . . I suppose you can still be happy even if it is pointless. M'm." He bites his lips and thinks. "It's all just a way of passing a few more hours to bring us closer to . . . ? . . . death I suppose . . . or the 'big' thing that we all hope is going to happen to us one day. Castles in the air and white chargers." He realises the comedy of this and then says half-bitterly, half-resigned, "Well it just didn't happen, did it boy?"

K. T. LINLEY.

The Commemoration Sermon

8 May 1966

BY THE MASTER

THE Commemoration of our Benefactors has found a place in the regular life of the College since the College was founded more than four and a half centuries ago. In the series of early Statutes Bishop Fisher drew up to order the life of his new Society, he enjoined that the Master and Fellows should remember in their prayers the Lady Margaret, our Foundress, and her relatives, and with them soon afterwards her executors, through whose action the college was brought into being, and the benefactors of the Maison Dieu at Ospringe in Kent and of the old nunneries at Higham in Kent and Broomhall in Berkshire, whose lands, obtained for the College by Fisher, were amongst its earliest, as they are still amongst its most ancient, possessions.

As other benefactions accrued, strengthening the life of the now growing College of St John the Evangelist, other names were added to the roll, some of them recited once again just now, including the name of John Fisher himself, when the clash of royal self-will and unyielding principle had deprived the College of its first and wisest guide—the guide to whom, as the Fellows wrote to him when he lay in the Tower, “we owe all that we have or know.”

A generation later, in the reign of Elizabeth I, the Statutes of the University required that all Colleges should commemorate their benefactors. The form prescribed, confirmed by our own Statutes right down to the nineteenth century, differed little from that used this morning. So the Roll of Benefactors grew, and from time to time was revised and rewritten. Ancient forms of it are preserved amongst our records, and it is still added to year by year; for benefactors and their benefactions have never ceased.

At one time, Commemorations were held more than once in the year, and the list was divided between the occasions. But now, as for a hundred years past, there is one Commemoration on 6 May, St John before the Latin Gate, or a Sunday near it.

The endowments of the College, without which it could not continue in its present form or maintain its present services either to its senior or to its junior members, are derived ultimately entirely from its benefactors, from the gifts and bequests of those who have believed in its purposes and wished to secure its future.

Their more special intentions have been various. In early times they were especially the foundation of Fellowships or Scholarships, at that time often perhaps the sole source of livelihood of those who held them. It is unlikely that Richard Bentley, or William Wordsworth, or John Couch Adams would have come to the College or maintained themselves here had they not held Sizarships and later Scholarships. Or the gifts were to provide us with buildings; the First Court built with the help of the earliest benefactions and the revenues received from the Lady Margaret's estates; the Second Court, made possible by the munificent gift of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, whose statue stands upon its gate-house tower; the Third Court built with the assistance of a long list of subscriptions, and its first portion, the Library, by the gift of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, whose arms and initials adorn it; the New Court in the end financed to an important extent by the benefactions of James Wood, Wordsworth's Tutor, afterwards Master, a poor boy from a family of weavers of Bury in Lancashire, but afterwards one of the principal benefactors of the College; the Chapel and North Courts, to which were assigned a large benefaction of Lord Courtney of Penwith, whose arms face Bridge Street; and now, most recently, a further great building, the last of our series, more completely a gift to the College than any of those that preceded it. And there were other gifts, of silver and of books.

Of the long list of names read, some stand out as figures in the story of our country or of science or literature—the Lady Margaret and John Fisher, Thomas Linacre, William Cecil, Lord Treasurer to Elizabeth I, Matthew Prior; others belong rather to our family history. But something is known of each one—of his or her gift and of his or her association with our Society. Some of you will recognize names as those of founders of emoluments or prizes from which you yourselves have benefited; and, listening to the more recent names, the older amongst us will hear again the tones of familiar voices or see again figures we once knew in our Courts and Combination Room; for many of our benefactors were members of our Society. They gave to what they knew and had grown to love.

What has become of their gifts, especially of those of long ago, is not always the right measure of their generosity. Most of the older gifts were of land, or of money at once invested in land. The vicissitudes of these lands have been varied. What was once country estate or open heath may now be northern London or residential Surrey; or it may be still much what it was then. Other gifts, once of great importance to the College, like those of William Cecil, were fixed money-charges and, remaining so, they have declined to a nominal value. We do best to measure

generosity in relation to the person and the time; and so too do we gain the fullest insight into our own past. Moreover, they that cast in their mite may cast in more than they that give of their abundance.

The gifts were given—are still given—to promote the purposes of the College. They imposed, and still impose, an obligation to use them for those purposes and to manage them well. The Statutes, from the earliest days, have imposed duties of proper custody of College possessions and of good management of its properties. On the whole, in spite of periods of irregularity and neglect, those Statutes have been observed. Had it not been so, the College would not have survived. And in modern days this duty to the Society has been felt also as a public obligation. In its fulfilment, the Colleges of today, I believe, need fear no comparisons.

It is a special tribute to the Collegiate system that so many of our benefactors had themselves shared its life. What, then, did they seek to perpetuate and wish to see prosper?

A College, as we ourselves know it and have inherited it, has no complete parallel anywhere in the world outside the two ancient English Universities. Yet it has been, and has become increasingly in modern times, a source from which newer academic societies have drawn inspiration and a model they have sought to imitate or adapt to meet their own needs. The Hall of Residence in a newer University is not a College; but the strong desire of the newer, and especially of the newest, Universities of this country to become residential derives its primary inspiration from the Colleges of Cambridge and of Oxford. The influence of our system is to be seen also in the United States of America, and increasingly in other lands.

A College is a society in which there live together as its members persons older and younger, persons engaged in many different fields of study and research, persons preparing themselves for many different careers in after life. This variety of ages, pursuits, and destinies is of the essence of a College. A community all of one age, all engaged in study in one field, all destined for one profession, is not a College in our fuller sense. And yet a College in that fuller sense can be one community, as nothing shows more clearly than the loyalties it inspires. A University must in a measure divide itself into Faculties; but in its Colleges members of all these Faculties meet. Persons preparing for a profession must pursue a common course of study; but they pursue it better if they do so in daily contact with others pursuing other courses and destined for other careers. By achieving this kind of varied unity within their smaller societies, Colleges within a University enable the University itself, in spite of its size and its inevitable specializations, to remain a unity too.

I speak of a College and its members, older and younger, not of staff and students. All alike, if they are here to any profit, are students, that is are engaged in *inquiry*. The relation of teacher and taught is secondary. If the teacher is not himself engaged in inquiry, he will not communicate the one thing indispensable—a zest for inquiry; and to absorb information is of little value unless it incites and facilitates the further and more far-reaching question. I sometimes hear in Cambridge today the expression (Cambridge is not its place of origin) “student opinion”. I hope that those who use it will reflect that in a College, in a University, all are students. There are differences of ability, differences of achievement, degrees of singleness of mind in the scholar’s pursuit. But these differences, fortunately, do not coincide with differences of age. In the republic of learning the only aristocracy is the aristocracy of attainment, and there is no proletariat.

It is this contact of minds, older and younger and variously occupied, that makes a College the unique thing it is, the unique instrument of education. It affords at once a stimulus in one’s own pursuits and the opportunity to gain that without which there is neither education nor wisdom—the recognition of how much there is that you do not know. This conscious ignorance, the Socratic wisdom, is both the starting-point of all true inquiry and the first glimpse of that wonder in which inquiry can, and alone can, find its culmination.

But the society of a College, both close and varied, is also a society of human friendships. More life-long friendships, I believe, are made in a College than in any other society, partly because so many of them are made at an age when independence has been attained but youth not lost. This is why a College becomes a unique focus of loyalties. How strong these loyalties are is witnessed by the affection of her sons and the devotion of her benefactors.

No feature of the Colleges is more remarkable than the capacity they have shown of adapting themselves to change, notwithstanding that they have often at the same time shown themselves reluctant to accept it. In our own case, the two most notable periods in this respect are the first and the last half-centuries of our history. Within fifty years of its foundation in 1511, St John’s had become both the largest College in the University and the main centre in Cambridge of the Renaissance learning. The last half-century has seen unique expansion, the great enlargement of the range of studies, the scientific revolution, and the great increase, accelerated by two world-wars, in association between the academic world of the Universities, the policies and agencies of national government, and industry. These things

have brought their dangers—especially danger from those who pay more regard to uniformity than to excellence. But I believe the reputation of the Colleges has never stood higher. Our right defence is in preserving our capacity to change and in always paying regard first to our quality.

In establishing the College, Fisher, as his Statutes show, saw it as above all a school of theology; though it had a liberal curriculum, its purposes were the worship of God, uprightness of life, and the strengthening of the Christian faith. But it was to be this, not by turning in upon itself, but for the service of Church and State. At any one time, a quarter of the Fellows were to be engaged in preaching to the people in English. This purpose of service to the world without, and of service by education, is the thread of continuity from that day to this; it is still the motive of the vastly enlarged range of activities of today. And the College has never been secularized. Religious conflict—in the reigns of Henry VIII, of Edward VI, of Mary, and on to Civil War, Commonwealth, and Restoration—was a large element in the environment and in the internal life of the College during the first century and a half of its existence. The old building in which the College worshipped—with zeal greater or less—for three and a half centuries now survives only in foundations in the grass and in ancient stones and stalls incorporated in this newer building: stones and stalls which still carry the marks (for those who know where to look for them) of the conflicts of those earlier days. But Services are still held here, as indeed both the Statutes of the College and the law of the land prescribe. And Fellows and Scholars on their admission still promise, as the Statutes require of them, that they will in all things endeavour to the utmost of their power to promote the peace, honour, and well-being of the College as a place of education, religion, and learning.

In what ways does the College still have amongst its objects the promotion of religion? Not as the imposition of an orthodoxy. The last relics of religious tests were swept away a century ago. Even compulsory attendance at Chapel, which had already long ceased to be compulsory where conscience was involved, came to an end with the first world-war. But religion is not orthodoxy. It is one of the great and permanent interests of man: his interest, one of his freedoms, not his bondage. As such, is it not, like all other great human interests, a fit object to promote, even to the utmost of one’s power? And there is something further. To penetrate, even a little way, the secrets of the world, has a precondition: the desire—at its greatest the all-impelling need—to *see*. It is not for us to predetermine what we shall see. In so far as we attempt to do so, we cease to look. Only by

looking do we see, by looking with the eye that is single. This was once expressed in the saying: Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. In the appropriate contexts this is true alike of science, of scholarship, and of faith, and of them all in the same sense. This is the precondition of all insight, of vision, whether in education, in religion, in learning, or in research. And it is this, in all of them, that we are here to promote.

“Marriage?”

**Mrs M. Bulman preached the following sermon on
Sunday, 1 May, 1966,—the first given by a
woman in the chapel**

THERE has been an avalanche of books, paperbacks and broadcasts about marriage and personal relationships in recent years. But one may be forgiven perhaps, as an older married woman, for reflecting that those most concerned have little time for writing—and those who are not so involved forget a great deal. My particular job as a marriage guidance counsellor has taught me that we forget at our peril.

Society, ever since it organised, and had to pay for, communal compassion in the welfare state has been “worried” about its young people; and it is in a terrible hurry to get them responsibly coupled, to avoid expensive accidents. We are always hearing about earlier maturity (how Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet would have smiled), the commercialised titillation-of-teenagers that goes with full employment, sexual-decadence in high places, and, more seriously, because it emanates from the Church, what is supposed to be the new morality—and we have yet to reckon the price of all this in the deep anxiety generated (on all wavelengths) in those who cannot or do not conform to this imaginary social pattern. And all the while, here and overseas, the malthusian pressures are mounting toward a population explosion of apocalyptic dimensions.

Yet our individual human nature, created, as the Church interpretes it, to worship and love the Lord its God in spirit and in truth, is stunted and starved as long as we tolerate the mocking assumptions of our age; it resists strenuously but all too briefly the cynical generalisations of the pundits. And this was never more true than in regard to the ancient institution of marriage. Either, it seems, we must now accept a sloppy romanticism which takes little heed of the deep fears and failings of the human race, or we must live out a sort of angry anarchy which dares not accept the dreams and aspirations of normal people. The Christian Church is infinitely more realistic. It takes full cognisance of the demonic power both of human fear and of mechanical force—the world, flesh and the devil are taken seriously at every Christian baptism—whilst it insists that the innocent paradise we all go on, deep down, believing in, is real and good; moreover, the Church offers to each of us a guide, a way and a light for the

ancient trail back through our human jungle,—though it is well to recollect that even its torchbearer, the mature and disciplined Jesus—fresh from His own baptism in Jordan—had still to feel the whole brunt of the demonic forces that His enormous attractiveness and power over people inevitably drew upon Him.

Yes, the Church's teaching on personal relationships and marriage may have seemed remote or irrelevant to many of us during the sheltered years of family life, and difficult during the easy reciprocal friendships of boyhood and girlhood. It was probably more convenient, actually, to forget all about its warnings, and strictures on fornication, during those early experiments in the faceless eroticism of early adolescence; but now in spite of ourselves, someone has made us care, and deeply care. We find ourselves suddenly back again on the same wavelength as Christian thinking, and facing, perhaps very unwillingly, a crisis of faith which is both personal and religious.

This, at last, is the neighbour we, quite naturally, love as ourselves—nay dearer than ourselves—a neighbour who reveals in us a new, transfigured, responsive and terribly vulnerable self. We instinctively, impulsively mean now to obey the inner command to love this neighbour with the chivalry, courtesy and respect, with the homage, the idolatry even, due only to a goddess! To love with heart and mind, and soul and strength, becomes, for the time being, a perfectly reasonable commandment that we deeply understand, in this very particular context, at least. It is the month of May . . . It is Cambridge . . .—and we inhabit eternity! But, being mortals, we begin to ask, "Will it be for an hour? a day?—or for ever?" . . . and then along blunders society (or is it just society?) breathing hotly down our necks, urging us to get married soon, soon, so that it can enjoy the show, and croon over the baby—insinuating that it will be "all right" to anticipate marriage, that it will be much cleverer to have a trial run,—that, after all, science these days can see to it that the early sowing of life cells—if not the trypanosomes of V.D.—shall fall on stony ground with almost 100% efficiency . . .

I read in a glossy magazine recently that engagements, not surprisingly in the circumstances, are now "out", in fashionable circles—another modern capitulation to the world, for of course one knows that engagements are notoriously "difficult". But our own commonsense tells us that there is going to be an enormous amount of adjustment to be done, even in this wonderful new relationship: a proving, testing and getting to know not only one another but our tiresome, superfluous relations!—and this is not going to be made any easier by the lapse of one more ancient Christian custom—the institution of betrothal.

Every pattern of marriage, be it registry office or nuptial mass reflects the value set, by the community, upon its members. And, if one is to believe the advertisements, there must be a great many people, young and old, who do seem to be more or less content to take what they can from the contemporary, permissive climate of thought,—who get by, get through, and maybe get, rather "quietly", married, if, as society foresaw more cynically than they, they inadvertently beget children.

But, most of us, I am quite sure, prefer and are really much happier, more truly ourselves, when we are giving rather than getting. And the Christian Church of course has no monopoly of this choice-for-giving; but on the other hand the Church has, not only the built-in experience of a whole community pledged to self-giving, its very foundation is an historic example of a life lived-out in total obedience to this principle as the absolute source of life and love. So the Church's solemnisation of holy matrimony is no arbitrary religious rite: it is one, and only one, of many specific applications of the great law of love to the deepest needs of the family—a specific ritual and celebration for two unique people, and their families, joined together before the formal witness of their own community. Muddled and blind as we may have been, we all want, I believe, nothing less for those we love and the children of those we love—but before this, though because of this, we want, most desperately, to be sure that we have really found the right partner, and we want more deeply to know that this love is the real thing, true, enduring and immutable.

Let us again seek and test by these deepest feelings the wisdom of the Church, and challenge her understanding of modern young people in love—after all, the Christian name for God is 'Agape'—self-giving love; and, more, His spirit, like all creative force, is recognisable and measurable by its consistent effect. The fruits of the spirit as St Paul describes them (Galatians 5, 22) are quite simply: *love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance*—(the Latin Vulgate, after Thomas Aquinas, spells out three more,—a little tastelessly we may feel, as Anglicans: modesty, continence, chastity, for good measure). Certainly, there is nothing high-flown or abstrusely theological about the fruits of the spirit (any more than there is about the ten commandments), and, what is more, they provide the, absolutely, non-subjective frame of reference for *all* human relationships, within which the special confrontation of our lovers exacts the greater integrity only because we feel so much more is at stake.

To be fully a Christian has always been to live dangerously—but responsibly. At the risk of getting hurt, but within the

freedom that the clear-sighted acceptance of the truth confers: if, we find, referring to St Paul's brilliant little list, jealousy developing, rather than joy, fear rather than peace, impatience for long-suffering, possessiveness, anxiety, violence, passion . . . we may know, quite surely that the relationship, so far lacks the grace and the staying-power of true love. In all Christian charity, it may end, freely as it began, in love, but no longer as lovers—a costly and painful, but valuable adventure in intimate, dangerous, neighbourliness, no more no less, in self-giving and forgiving. And the Christian encounter of lovers can end like this, in Christian courtesy and chivalry, only because '*Agape*', self-giving love, claims nothing either of beloved or seducer. Eros will demand his gambling debts, Phyllia a reciprocal satisfaction: but '*Agape*' asks neither reward nor revenge. Only the burning chastity of '*Agape*' allows the time for the spirit of each unique relationship to bear fruit—and it may be quite a long time before the spontaneous, the eager new love and joy encounter, like the knights of old, some trial which will reveal to us for sure the qualities of real goodness and trust, of gentleness and the discipline of a relationship worthy of creative Christian marriage.

Time is needed then, not only to judge the spiritual stature of the attraction between us; it is needed even more for the secret, mystical growth of a strong and permanent, new personality of partnership. "For this cause a man can leave his father and mother" physically and emotionally "and they shall become one flesh." The deep-laid fears, and the turmoil of emotion, pushed down by all the delight of new love need to be faced and resolved, quietly, each to each. All her life the girl has been conditioned by family and society to shrink from maternity—and yet to regard motherhood as her crown and her vocation; and between the extremes of double-think and ambivalent feeling lie the dread of the unknown, the dread of so much dependence, of social humiliation, of the sheer pain and weariness of childbirth, and ever, the dread that she may have misjudged her man or will fail to keep his love and his protection. And the boy? He for his part has yet to lose his dread:—his dread of impotence, his fear of inadequacy, of the loss of new-found freedom, and at the same time the fear of his own pent-up power, that his own inordinate affection may crush what most he cherishes!

Within those few, precious, never-to-be-repeated months of betrothal, before physical conception, coition or marriage itself, true lovers need a holy pause and the unhurried privacy in which to realise the radiant mystery and the deep staying-power of creative virgin love. Time for the girl to reach that moment when she waits, serenely at peace, poised ready body and soul

for her vocation of womanhood: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." And the man?—for he is suddenly, and wholly man—alone with his responsibility as her guardian, that he may realise and accept what marriage really means to the woman whom he worships, whom he has awakened, yet to whom he will always be able to offer, even in marriage, so briefly and such a tiny fraction of his mounting creative potential. Marriage is a burning-glass for the creative power of heaven.

Here, I think, is the real Christian significance of the social lull of engagement. It grants the pair real freedom, and an approved setting in which to halt, to appraise and, if need be to break the relationship painfully apart—or to move quietly onward together towards the power-packed sacrament of Christian marriage. None of its discipline will be wasted, in later life: a wife in the flower of motherhood must ask as much forbearance from her man as ever she did in her virginity; a man, at the peak of his creative, working capacity, must trust and cherish his wife through long absences from home—and the children when they come along, will not gladly learn compassion, forbearance or self-discipline from parents who have not trodden the path before them!

Christian marriage is, then, in one sense, only an incident in the growth towards one flesh of the couple for whom love, joy, peace, long-suffering . . . have taken on an ever deeper reality, (though without in any way diminishing their freedom to hurt, to err and to sin or the need to forgive again and again). Once they are safely wed society loses interest; but the Church brings her wisdom and experience even to their most secret trust. She knows that if they do not care to notice the Great Gardener walking in the cool of their celestial evening, they already know themselves to be trespassers. She sees ahead the trials and the provings of the everyday life of fallen humanity, in sickness and in health (of body or mind), and, perhaps more penetrating, for richer for poorer. Heedless of the solemnity, or the fashionable glamour of a formal social occasion, she firmly insists on the most public searching, and gloriously impertinent interrogation before she will join them together for life. In her ancient wisdom, she sees that in the end it must be the child of their nuptial flesh who is to go before them into the Kingdom, who is to define their future love and joy, their loyalty and long-suffering—even the meekness with which they must meet his growing assurance and independence!—She knew, long before child-psychology, that no power on earth can fully make amends for the betrayal of a child's dual trust—desertion and dereliction of innocence is a field of understanding in which the Church, in all the panoply of Good Friday and Easter, has earned the right, in love, to

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pronounce upon—to protect this child—of this marriage—by her most powerful persuasion.

Let them stand together now, bride and groom, in radiant confidence of grace. Let each proclaim, “I will, with Love’s own self-giving grace, I will”. “Then shall the lion lie down with the lamb and a little child shall lead them.”

“Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.”

Co-education Survey in St John's College

THE survey on co-education in St John's College, results of which are presented below, was conducted at the beginning of the Lent Term this year. Almost all Junior Members of the College received a copy of the questionnaire, and a total of 289 replies have been analysed. The results indicate quite clearly (question 5, 6) that about two thirds of respondents would support proposals to introduce co-education into the College.

A further analysis has been made of comments added to most questionnaires, in explanation of answers to question five, six and seven in particular. The principal objections to co-education elicited by the questionnaire, were firstly the feeling that a single sex community is likely to be more conducive to study, and secondly a fear that co-education could reduce the number of male undergraduates by eliminating marginal males in favour of intelligent females. Among those favouring the monastic life of a single sex institution, several advanced social reasons to support their case. For example, a surprising number of people seemed to feel that mutual respect between the sexes might suffer severely from the intimacy obviously consequent upon adoption of co-education; and many people remarked on the increased danger of emotional crises if co-education were accepted.

It is interesting to observe that several of these same reasons were given by people in favour of co-education to support their case. These people stressed the probably harmful effects on students of passing through the University and quite frequently leaving knowing no women there at all. Many felt that undergraduates should be acquainted with women socially, as opposed to purely sexually or romantically; the question not being one of sexual conquests. It was also pointed out that academic standards would probably rise with the exclusion of marginal males. St John's College seems to be especially well adapted for a co-educational system, particularly the Cripps building with its completely self-contained units of three or four sets of rooms, and this was mentioned by some respondents, usually in conjunction with other administrative details: the possibility of separating sexes by staircases, the large size of St John's College, and others.

The principal purpose of the questionnaire was to find out exactly what undergraduates felt about co-education and why,

in the hope that we could show that the climate of opinion in Cambridge, and in particular in St John's College, was favourable to co-education. If a two thirds majority of respondents supporting co-education can be taken as favourable, then we have succeeded; especially as the proportion of respondents favouring such a change seems to reflect fairly accurately the overall college view, as was confirmed by the results of a random sample of undergraduates from the college, conducted towards the end of the Lent Term. It would be surprising if any move towards introducing co-education were taken on the basis of these findings, but if nothing else, we hope to have established that co-education is both a feasible and a desirable system on which to run an educational institution, and look forward to witnessing its introduction later this century.

B. A. H./P. G. H.

Analysis of 289 replies to the Co-education Questionnaire

1. What subject are you reading? Arts 43 %
Science 57 %
 2. Was your primary school co-ed? Yes 66 % No 34 %
 3. Was your secondary school co-ed? Yes 13 % No 87 %
 4. What proportion of women undergraduates would you like there to be in Cambridge as a whole?
None 6 people } 5 %
1:10 6 ,,
-
- | | |
|--|--------|
| 1:6 20 ,, | } 95 % |
| 1:2 42 ,, | |
| 1:1 26 ,, | |
| Whatever percentage a totally fair entry system produced 143 | |
| Whatever percentage a totally fair entry system produced, but with a guaranteed 25% minimum 43 | |
5. If there were to be an increase in the number of women undergraduates, would you rather
that the present system of single sex colleges be kept, and more women's colleges built, or 38 %
that some of the present men's colleges were made co-educational 62 %
 6. In particular, would you like St John's College to accept women undergraduates, or not? Yes 63 %
No 37 %

7. If St John's College were to become co-educational, would you

| | |
|---|------------------|
| want separate men's and women's parts of the College, or have men and women mixed on the same staircase | Separate 48 % |
| | Mixed 52 % |
| fix an hour at which men and women students must leave each other's rooms | Yes 26 % |
| | No 74 % |
| like to be shared with women the | |
| toilets | Yes 20 % No 80 % |
| bathrooms | Yes 25 % No 75 % |
| laundry room | Yes 76 % No 24 % |
| buttery | Yes 90 % No 10 % |
| J.C.R. | Yes 90 % No 10 % |

The Constitution and Government of the College

It has been suggested that a brief account of the constitution and government of the College may be of interest to readers of *The Eagle*.

The College is a Corporation with its own Governing Body and its own Statutes, though in certain respects it is subject also, as are all the Colleges, to the Statutes of the University. Its full corporate designation is "The Master, Fellows, and Scholars of the College of Saint John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge". It possesses a Common Seal.

During the 456 years of its existence, the College has had a number of different codes of Statutes. In its early years Bishop John Fisher gave it three successive codes, in 1516, 1524, and 1530. It was given new Statutes by Henry VIII in 1545, and by Elizabeth I in 1580. These Elizabethan Statutes continued to govern the College until 1848, subject only to three amendments, one made by authority of the Visitors in 1586, one by a Statute sanctioned by Charles I in 1635, and one by a Statute sanctioned by George IV in 1820. In 1848, on the petition of the College new Statutes were obtained. The changes were conservative, and the Statutes were still in Latin; but these Statutes mark the beginning of the reforming movements of the nineteenth century, and they were the first Statutes to be printed, a copy being given into the custody of each Fellow during the tenure of his Fellowship. The new era, however, began with the English Statutes of 1860, the first of the three principal codes of Statutes since those of 1848. The Statutes of 1860 followed the Royal Commission of 1850-52 and the University of Cambridge Act of 1856. They were superseded by the Statutes of 1882, made under the powers conferred by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act, 1877. These in turn were superseded by the Statutes of 1926, made under the powers conferred by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act, 1923, which followed the Report of the Royal Commission of 1919-22. The Statutes of 1926 are the present Statutes of the College, but they have been subject to numerous and important amendments since that date.

The Act of 1923 appointed two bodies of Commissioners to make Statutes for the Universities and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, respectively; but it also empowered the University or College, after the cesser of the powers of the Commissioners,

to amend its own Statutes in accordance with a specified procedure. It is by these powers that the College acts when amendment of its Statutes is required to meet new needs or circumstances. Amendment is effected by the making of an amending Statute. The Statute must be passed by a meeting of the Governing Body of the College, specially summoned for the purpose and of which due notice has been given, by the votes of not less than two-thirds of the persons present and voting. It must then be communicated to the Vice-Chancellor, who gives public notice of it in the University. It is provided that a College Statute which affects the University shall not be altered without the consent of the University. One month at least after its communication to the Vice-Chancellor, the amending Statute must again be passed by the Governing Body of the College by a like procedure and majority, and it must then, within one month after the second passing, be submitted to Her Majesty the Queen in Council. It is then laid before both Houses of Parliament for a prescribed period, and, if neither House presents an address praying Her Majesty to withhold her consent, it is lawful for Her Majesty in Council by Order to approve the Statute. When so approved, it is binding upon the College, and effectual notwithstanding any Act of Parliament or other instrument regulating the College.

The College Statutes may be said to contain the constitution and to prescribe the procedures of the College; though the College is naturally subject to the general law, and also has certain specific powers conferred upon it by legislation, especially in relation to the holding and management of land and other forms of property and to trust funds.

The Governing Body of the College consists of the Master and all actual Fellows being graduates. It possesses the ultimate authority in the government of the College, but must exercise this authority in accordance with, and subject to the provisions of, the Statutes. It elects twelve of its own number to act with the Master as the College Council; it may make regulations for its own proceedings; it must meet annually to receive and consider the annual statement of accounts and the report of the Auditor, and may meet as often as it is summoned and as there is occasion; it has the power of amending the Statutes in accordance with the procedure already described; and a motion of the Governing Body, of which due notice has been given and passed by a majority of its whole number or of at least two-thirds of the persons present and voting, is binding on the College, subject to a limited delaying power reserved to the Council.

The College Council consists of the Master *ex officio* and twelve Fellows of at least three years standing from their first degree elected by the Governing Body. Three Fellows are

elected annually to hold office for four years. The Council, subject to the provisions of the Statutes, has the administration of the affairs of the College and the management of all its property and income. It has power to make orders for the good government of the College and for maintaining and improving the discipline and studies of the students of the College. It elects the Fellows, the Scholars, and the Exhibitioners, elects or appoints all the Officers of the College (except the Master and the President), and awards Studentships and Prizes. It has the statutory power to inflict upon members of the College *in statu pupillari* the penalty of temporary or final removal from the College, or, in the case of a Scholar, of deprivation of his Scholarship or temporary forfeiture of its emoluments or amenities. If any question arises in regard to the construction of the Statutes, it is decided by the Council, subject to any right of appeal to the Visitor to which any person affected by the decision may be legally entitled.

The Master of the College is elected by the Fellows and holds office until the retiring age. He may not be absent from the College for more than prescribed periods, unless on account of sickness or other urgent cause to be signified to the Council and approved by it. He is charged with the exercise of a general superintendence over the affairs of the College, he presides *ex officio* at all meetings, whether of the Fellows or of the Council, and he is empowered in all cases not provided for by the Statutes or by any College Order to make such provision for the good government and discipline of the College as he thinks fit. On his election he is required to make and sign a declaration that he will observe the Statutes and that he will in all things endeavour to the utmost of his power to promote the peace, honour, and well being of the College as a place of education, religion, learning, and research. On vacating the office by retirement at the retiring age or by resignation, the Master becomes a Fellow for life.

The President is elected by the Governing Body from among the Fellows. He is elected for a period not exceeding four years, and may be re-elected. He acts as the Master's deputy in his absence, and by tradition he is the social head of the Fellows.

The Council may appoint one or more Deans. The statutory duties of the office are to superintend the conduct and behaviour of members of the College *in statu pupillari* and to give effect to such rules and regulations for the celebration of Divine Service in the College Chapel as may from time to time be made by the Council. At the present time the Council appoints two Deans and assigns to one the duties relating to discipline and to the other the duties relating to the Chapel and the pastoral duties

naturally associated with them. The Council may, and does, appoint a Chaplain to assist the Dean who is responsible for the Chapel and the duties associated with it.

The Statutes provide for the appointment of two Bursars, a Senior Bursar and a Junior Bursar. It is their statutory task to have the care of the property of the College, to receive all rents and moneys due to the College, and to make such payments, under the orders of the Council, as may be due from the College. They are responsible also for superintending the buildings, offices, rooms, courts, and gardens of the College and, under the orders of the Council, for their maintenance and repair. The Senior Bursar exercises supervision over the College finances as a whole and so far as possible takes charge of the external affairs of the College, the management of its extensive landed properties and of its investments in stocks and shares. He also has the charge of the numerous trust funds for scholarships, exhibitions, studentships, and prizes. This is a complex task involving competence in varied capacities, and in it he has the assistance of a staff in the Bursary and, when required, of professional advisers. The Junior Bursar so far as possible takes charge of the domestic affairs of the College, of its staff of Porters, Bedmakers, its Maintenance Staff, and others, of its buildings, grounds, furniture, and equipment. He also has charge of the accounts rendered to individual members of the College, whether Fellows or junior members of the College. In this he has the assistance of the staff in the College Office and of other persons in the College's service. Both the Senior Bursar and the Junior Bursar are now full-time Officers of the College.

The Steward, who is a part-time Officer, is responsible, under the Council, for the Kitchen, for its services and for its accounts.

The Statutes of the University require every College to send to the Treasurer of the University on or before 31 December next after the closing of its accounts a statement of its accounts in a form prescribed in a Schedule to those Statutes, together with an Auditor's certificate in a prescribed form. The accounts, thus submitted, are published by the University in a special number of the *University Reporter* and are available to anyone who desires to have access to them. The College Statutes also require the submission of the accounts to the University in the prescribed form and that all accounts of the College be audited every year by a professional Accountant or Actuary appointed by the Council. The Statutes require that a meeting of the Governing Body be held in the Michaelmas Term at which the financial present their accounts and the Auditor's certificate is submitted. The Council is empowered also to appoint two or more Fellows as an Audit Committee to examine the accounts, to consult with

the Auditor, and to report to the Governing Body, and such a committee is regularly appointed. The books of the College are open to inspection by any Fellow.

The Tutors, Lecturers, Directors of Studies, and Supervisors are the educational Officers of the College.

The office of Tutor has an interesting history; for it developed largely outside the older statutory provisions. In the days when the original College lectureships had become largely formalities and little provision for teaching was made by the University, the tutorial system in the Colleges became the main means of a Cambridge education. The Tutors, acting largely individually, were also responsible for the admissions. When, as the nineteenth century advanced, the subjects of study became more numerous and more specialized and instruction by the University more adequate, the office of Tutor ceased to be primarily a teaching office, but it did not lose its importance. The Tutor became the Officer primarily concerned with the welfare of his pupils individually, in the choice of their courses of study and in more personal ways. This function it has retained. And the tradition has been preserved whereby, if his pupil encounters difficulty or trouble, the Tutor's function is not primarily that of disciplinary officer but of counsellor and friend. Under the present Statutes, there is such number of Tutors as the Council from time to time determines; they are appointed in the first instance for not more than three years, and thereafter for not more than five years at a time, and they hold office during the pleasure of the Council. The Statutes provide that no Bachelor, not being a Fellow, and no Undergraduate member of the College, shall be without a Tutor. In this College, the admissions are in the hands of the Tutors, though they act now, not individually, but in association with the Senior Tutor and as a committee; and in this too they perform a function important alike to the College and to education.

The College Lecturers, Directors of Studies, and Supervisors form the teaching staff of the College. The College Lecturers are statutory Officers of the College. They are ordinarily Fellows and, like the Tutors, they are appointed for not more than three years in the first instance and thereafter for not more than five years at a time. Though they retain the ancient title of Lecturer, their duties relate to College teaching in the form now known as Supervision. Supervisors are not statutory Officers, and they are appointed annually; but their duties are otherwise identical with those of the Lecturers, except that they have not always the duty to give a specified amount of teaching for the College. They are often appointed from amongst persons who are not Fellows of the College. The Directors of Studies have the duty of

advising members of the College on their courses and of organizing the arrangements for Supervision in the subject with which they are concerned.

The Fellows of the College, as has been explained, constitute, with the Master, the Governing Body of the College. They are elected by the Council. The number of the Fellows is not fixed, but at the present time it exceeds ninety. Every Fellow holds his Fellowship under one of five Fellows under Title A are junior Research Fellows elected in competition from amongst graduates of Cambridge or of Oxford of not more than five years standing from their first degree Cambridge of equivalent standing. They have a tenure of about three and a half years from their first election; special cases this tenure may be prolonged. Their duty is to pursue research and they have the obligation of residence unless excused by the Council. Fellows under Title B, the largest category of the Fellows, hold their Fellowships in association with a College Office, teaching or administrative, or with a University Office, e.g. a University Lectureship. There is ordinarily an obligation of residence, and the tenure, though it may in fact continue to the retiring age, is never for more than five years at a time. Fellows under Title C are "Professorial Fellows". The College is required under the Statutes of the University to maintain not less than a specified ten) of Fellowships for persons who hold Professorships, or other Offices in the University placed in the same category. These Fellows have tenure of their Fellowships for so long as they continue to hold the University Offices with which their Fellowships are associated. Fellowships under Title D are Fellowships tenable for life. The Master, on vacating his office by resignation or retirement, becomes a Fellow under Title D without election. A Fellow who has attained the age of sixty years and who, whilst a Fellow of the College, has held one or more of certain specified College Offices for twenty years in all has the option to become a Fellow under Title D without re-election. The Council has the power to elect to a Fellowship under Title D any Fellow who has held his Fellowship for twenty years, though in practice this power has been exercised only in respect of Fellows who have also reached the retiring age. The Council is empowered to elect to a Fellowship under Title E any person whom it appears to the Council to be in the interests of the College to elect, though election to a Fellowship under this Title requires a special majority of votes. Every Fellow, previously to his admission makes and signs a declaration that he will loyally observe the Statutes and good customs of the College and in all things endeavour to the utmost of his ability to promote

the peace, honour, and well being of the College as a place of education, religion, learning, and research.

The Master is entitled, as he has been from the earliest times, to reside in the Lodge with his family. The Fellows are entitled to rooms in College, if in residence, and to dinner at the Fellows' Table, the latter entitlement being what remains of the old entitlement of the Master, Fellows, and Scholars to "Commons". Hitherto, Fellows under Titles A and B (not those under the other three Titles) have been entitled to "Dividend". This payment had its origin in the first in the division amongst the Fellows of "fines" beneficial leases

changed) in Supplementation of the Fellows' original statutory emoluments. But in course of time it became the regularized and eventually the statutory, division of the annual surplus of College revenue after meeting the cost of commons, stipends, and the ordinary outgoings, and it came to be the main emolument of a Fellowship. In the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century it formed the principal livelihood of a Fellow of a College. With the growth in the number of University appointments and the increase in the proportion of Fellows who held them, the relative importance of Fellowship Dividend declined, and the amount of the payment was not increased as the value of money fell. When, after the war of 1939-45, most University stipends became, for the first full-time offices, the system was introduced whereby a deduction was made by the University from the stipend of a University Officer who held a Fellowship with Dividend. The abolition of Fellowship Dividend has now been accepted as a policy on the recommendation of a joint committee of the University and the Colleges, and the College has recently amended its Statutes to remove from them all provisions relating to Dividend, thus bringing to an end a system of Fellowship-emoluments that has had a history of some 350 years. The College retains the power to pay appropriate stipends to those Fellows, principally the Research Fellows holding their Fellowships under Title A, who are not in receipt of stipends for teaching or administrative duties, whether in the College or the University. With these exceptions, there will henceforward be no monetary emolument associated with a Fellowship as such.

The Scholars have always been on the foundation of the College and they are included in its corporate designation. They are now first

Scholars for two and men already in residence for one—and they may be re-elected for further periods of one year at a time, but not after they become of standing to be members of the Senate

of the University. The emoluments of most Scholarships, and likewise of most Exhibitions, are a charge upon the endowment-income of the College, though some are supported by separate trust funds representing benefactions for the purpose. Studentships are similarly financed. Elections to Scholarships, Exhibitions, and Studentships, and likewise awards of Prizes, are made by the Council. Scholars, before their admission, make and sign a declaration that they will submit themselves to the discipline of the College, according to its Statutes, and will endeavour to promote the peace, honour and well being of the College as a place of education, religion, and learning.

From early days Pensioners, i.e. those who are admitted to the College at their own charges, were added to the Scholars and came to form, as they have ever since, the majority of its junior members. In recent times the number of graduate students, including those registered with the University as Research Students, has greatly increased and now forms about a quarter of the total number of the junior members of the College and a part of the College society of growing importance.

J. S. B. S.

“ . . . and Scholars ” ?

THE name by which the College is formally known, “the Master, Fellows and Scholars of the College of St John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge”, has a certain happy completeness which it would appear graceless to question. But gracefulness is probably not one of the hallmarks of this age; and events in Cambridge and elsewhere suggest that no stone, let alone any formula, is going to be allowed to remain undisturbed in the effort to root out the truth about the relationships of teacher and taught in Universities and Colleges today. And it is the Scholar whose identity and roles are being most actively reassessed.

I, to intrude, have a considerable personal interest in the course of this probably radical reassessment. As an undergraduate I was Secretary of the J.C.R. Committee, and can recall vividly the hard-won compromises and concessions, wrung, as it then seemed, from a most unwilling hierarchy. In the course of one discussion, a senior member argued that it was just as reasonable to ask the College to knock a hole in the wall, as it was to ask it to open a gate the Council had decreed should be shut. Foolishly, on returning to College, I allowed myself to destroy an essay entitled “Disenchantment”, together with a bitter summary of the petty achievements of the J.C.R. Committee written for *The Eagle*, but never finally submitted. In retrospect what was so astonishing was that from the two Fellows of the College who most closely affected the course of my four years I received nothing but generosity and genuine courtesy. I can only suppose that my bitterness was caused by dissatisfaction with the kind of relationships I had with my contemporaries. Perhaps it is true—it should in theory be verifiable—that makes a College a satisfactory or unsatisfactory environment for any of its members is the quality of his relationship with his peers; and that where these are for any reason unsatisfactory it becomes necessary to express the dissatisfaction as a dissatisfaction with authority. It is certainly widely rejected that more mixing between teachers and taught would lead to more general contentment; and it has yet to be shown that such mixing is by itself actively sought, as opposed to piously wished for, by junior members.

The purpose of the present article is to examine in a preliminary kind of way some of the analogies currently being used in the debate about relationships in the academic community. This debate has arisen because the analogy employed in university

statutes has been virtually universally rejected by the present generation of junior members. By designating the appropriate College Officer *in loco parentis* one has invoked as a paradigm of the transactions of teacher and taught that very relationship which is most actively questioned by present-day young men. For as far as some of these are concerned, parental jurisdiction has ceased at fifteen

writer to *Varsity* spoke of University authorities as "refusing to draw a distinction between school children of fifteen and students six years older".

In rejecting this analogy, other analogies are implicitly or explicitly offered. Senior members in Colleges are sometimes treated, to their great offence, as boarding-house keepers in a strictly financial

the College where one lives as convenient lodgings is to express what is the *de facto* situation in the homes of some young men before coming up, and what for many more is the style of life they have earnestly desired on release from their homes. If it is the intention of a College to be something different from this, there would seem to be everything to be gained by its stating quite unambiguously to the schools that this is the case. There are sufficient universities in the country offering precisely this other kind of life for those who wish it; and one might thereby hasten in schools the destruction of that ancient bad habit of rushing men to Oxford or Cambridge for reasons of prestige, irrespective of their aptitudes and sometimes of their wishes. Needless pain and misapprehension might be avoided if the lodging-house analogy were rebutted publicly.

By an extension of this same analogy the whole of university education can be regarded as a commercial transaction. As a customer or consumer, the student would then have the right to insist that he receive what he has paid for. If, in some tenuous legal sense, he is not being defrauded, any customer has the ultimate sanction of taking his custom elsewhere. Both by the nature of the educational process, and by the particular structures of higher education in this country, freedom of movement without some penalty is virtually denied to the student. It may well be thought that some relaxation is called for. But if freedom to withdraw is not feasible at present at least much more emphasis could be placed on the schoolboy's freedom to choose a university which will provide what he himself desires. In the end, however, this analogy suffers from the defect that acquiring sound learning is not really similar to acquiring a motor car.

The final analogy, increasingly employed by student politicians, is that of the employer-employee relationship. This analogy is used chiefly by strong student unions to justify claims for collective

bargaining structures in which hours, conditions of work, management policy, and perhaps eventually bonuses (degrees), can be treated as matters for negotiation. The teacher in all this is cast into the role of employer, despite the fact that he has only the most tenuous and indirect control of his supposed employee's pay-package (grant). It is not to be doubted that strong student unions can apply the techniques of collective action to highlight grievances. But successes in these activities cannot conceal the fact that the analogy upon which they are based is false, and that the organization of the production of sound learning is again not really similar to the organization of the production of a motor car.

The fact that we are at present reviewing these analogies is sufficient evidence of insecurity about the true roles of teacher and taught in an institution of higher education. For to liken education to a transaction over the counter or at the Labour Exchange is, to say the least, to ignore some of its more peculiar and exciting characteristics. In insisting on these one must first fully acknowledge that much learning involves the kind of exchange which can most efficiently (if not inexpensively) be performed by teaching machine. Some University teaching may well not be as efficient. Nor in speaking of "exciting characteristics" is one referring to the higher reaches of one's subject in which it is the privilege of very few to achieve something like original thought. Where value and excitement enter education is at those points at which a student is offered the possibility of creatively interpreting his environment, with the help of the authoritative opinion of those skilled in the study of one aspect of it. Naturally this high-minded sentiment is belied by the realities of Tripos. But Tripos does at least attempt the first stage of this process, instilling a respect for fact and for detail upon which the higher judgements can be built and by which they can be evaluated.

To talk of a "creative interpretation of one's environment" is not to refer exclusively to those philosophies of life and world views, peddled by writers on science, religion and psychiatry, and despised by those who feel no urge to express such opinions. For everyone, whether he reads such writings or not, expresses some interpretation of his environment merely by his use of it. An attitude of neutrality is out of the question. The only point at issue is whether or not he gives his understanding of the world in which he finds himself any thought. For a University to be slow in fostering such thought, indirectly if not directly, would be a strange thing. Its learned men have particular skills which can be brought to bear upon the details of any such interpretation; they are available to the student for a brief span after which the

pressures of work and the need to accept the conventions of society close in.

It is, then, the fact that a University offers what is frequently an unrepeatable opportunity to the student that makes nonsense of the non-educational analogies for the relationships within a University. The interesting thing is that the development of an interpretation of one's environment is not the direct product of the training of intelligence. The usual stratifications of intellectual ability are broken down; and a new classification emerges, in which all, both teachers and taught, are at the level of students, according to the degree to which they have critically bent their intelligence and the knowledge they possess to understanding the human situation and the culture which expresses our interpretation of it.

If I had not frequently experienced and enjoyed occasions in College during the past three years when precisely this was taking place, I might be inclined to dismiss such an understanding of higher education as hot air. But I have, to mention only one such occasion, listened to a group of undergraduates aggressively and yet disarmingly force a prominent business man into a corner on the subject of university education and business. He was very impressed with the group, and thought it high-powered and lively. But it was merely a chance collection consisting of those whom I had been able to persuade to give up two hours on a Sunday afternoon. This was nothing to do with Tripos; but if it was also nothing to do with education, it would be disappointing. And if it is the case that this kind of education is not widely available, even unofficially, informally and indirectly, I would be inclined to agree that the present generation of undergraduates is being cheated.

All this must not be taken to assert that grievances of a more mundane variety cannot genuinely be in evidence, and have not justly to be dealt with. There can be no respect for an institution purporting to be a learned community, which cannot manage its own affairs successfully, efficiently and fairly. Student initiatives which lead to improvements in this respect are greatly to be welcomed. Furthermore if students find caught between grant-giving and fee-demanding bodies whose giving and taking are not co-ordinated, they have a clear right to protest vigorously. Such grievances are not necessarily trivial, nor are institutions necessarily enlightened enough to act swiftly when good cause is shown. It may also be that English national character is so changing that refusal to co-operate will be accepted as a normal reflex of the intelligentsia. Such people have generally felt they could triumph by reason in the long run. Students, however, are

aware that they are students only for the short run, and their frustrations may nowadays need to be expressed in more abrupt ways.

There is nothing, on the other hand, to be said for sowing mistrust and suspicion in an academic community, where, if the above characterisation of education is valid, so much depends upon mutual sympathy and readiness to learn. There are undoubtedly individuals whose sense of priorities are so out of accord with such a community's own long term interests that they cannot be relied upon to assess rightly whether a given grievance should or should not lead to a clash between teachers and taught. And students seem to me to have every reason to refuse to be led by those whose concept of their role in the community is governed by analogies drawn from non-educational situations.

S. W. SYKES.

Gesture

PAUSING to consider the numerical strength of several large clutches of tourists including Americans, Germans, Italians, and many darker and lighter aliens of more or less indeterminate race, class and creed, Courtenay Wessel stopped throwing small stones at the unoffending ducks stepped casually onto the parapet of the kitchen bridge, pulled out of his slimline, summerweight Levis a rather battered copy of Catch 22, found the appropriate reference, repeated—to himself—those immortal words on the death of Kid Sampson, merely—Oh, What the hell, and then, quite emphatically, jumped.

ROGER NOKES.

Blonde



Brunette



The Kerry Summer Storm

THAT gathers damp
on the wind come off the sea,
descending in the weather
in the fog blown up the bay.

In the violence,
rain through a change ferment,
wide miles of land
awaiting, feeding in the gale
a patient hunger,
something new as if begin.

White spray of water,
spilling broth
to the breaking grey below:
to a swamp sea floor
the hillside beds of water track
burst bubbles in the wind.

Through brake of hedge
in silver, in a passion giant roar,
his torrent in a hollow
laughing, lay there on his back,
that ferns obey
and slugs in the grass go black.

So berries wink
in the sky new flooded
a glinting cool fill
dance reflecting

The water freshet
play an elemental watershed,
as if in birth a love
that spilling thunder in its mirth
so glad of fate,
give death what a song lets live.

KEVIN LEWIS.

Poem for Good Friday

I TURNED about, and said I hated God
who with his whip makes money out of me—
I might never see the colour of his coin.

One argues with a man who isn't there,
who skulks in mysticism and contempt
demanding tithe of daily ritual.

I should give that, I'm sure, but I demand
an inkling of eternity, no less,
with which to loom the pattern of my day.

This votary thinks the Bible maladroit
when, walking streets, he thinks of Sisera
his paltry death, unreasoned and beguiled,

or the injustice of a lingering waste
binding one's life to a hunk of wood and nails,
the pity of that shattered, bruising blood;

this for all content, but I demand to see
a ransom paid, a new and harsher dawn
to touch and own, believe, and not to die.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Omen

THE bright wings whirr in the East
And from the cone-delighted fir
Scouring bird dips in the green singing hour,
Glides among the silver-stripping, shower—
Devouring trees on the wild, wood-wide hill
And swoops to the plunging kill by the shriek, shrill,
Ringing echoes of the voiceless creek.
A hot death among the heather for the sleek, weak,
White-beaked, soft-feathered beast;
While the bright wings whirr in the East.

STEPHEN BAINES.

Stone used in the Cripps Building

THE stone used in the exterior facing of the ground floor Cripps Building is from a layer of limestone called the Roach, which is exposed on the Isle of Portland. The sawn surfaces display a pleasantly variegated texture, notable for its many cavities of different shapes and sizes. Despite these cavities, this rock has long been known as a building stone that resists weathering. Its coarse and irregular texture made it impossible to work by traditional hammer and chisel methods into smooth blocks of precise size for building. The introduction of diamond-impregnated steel saws, which cut limestone readily and smoothly, has overcome this difficulty and brought the Roach into prominence. Traditional methods were particularly suited to working the other beds of the Portland Stone, which are finely grained and occur in layers immediately beneath the Roach. Portland stone was used for the Fellows' Building of King's College and the Senate House (1722-30).

Parts of the Roach are relatively fine (Fig. 1, A), but such areas pass into the typical coarser parts. The cavities are narrow and curved, and were left when a particular species of shell was dissolved out of the rock. In some cases the two halves of the shell were still articulated to each other, and the infill

cavities (Fig. 2, A), from which the infill impression of ribs and growth lines which were on the outer surface of the shell. These shells which have dissolved out were of a species allied to the living *Trigonia* of Australian waters. They were dissolved because the material of which the animal formed its shell was the mineral aragonite, a less stable form of calcium carbonate than calcite. Shells formed of this mineral are unaltered, and may be seen, bluish in colour, cut through by the saw (Fig. 2, B). Many of these shells of calcite are of oysters. Another structure displayed in cut surfaces is of



Fig. 1.

Explanation of figures

Fig. 1. Cut surface of stone showing fine-grained passing into coarser portion with cavities and *Solenopora* (lower left). At B are cavities left by dissolving-out of articulated shells, and central infill. Halfpenny is one inch in diameter. Outside new J.C.R., facing towards the river.

successive curved laminae forming pillars and mounds (Fig. 3). These were formed by sea weeds of a group which secrete calcium carbonate in layers within and around their tissues, this particular one being probably a species of the red alga *Solenopora*.

The limestone of the Roach was formed in a shallow sea—shallow because it must have been well lit to allow algae to grow, sea because oysters and *Trigonia* are typical of shallow seas and not fresh waters today. The abundance of remains of organisms forming calcium carbonate shells and deposits suggests warm waters like those of tropical and sub tropical areas today. The matrix in which the shells are enclosed is a mixture of broken shell fragments, ooliths, and finely divided calcium carbonate. Ooliths are tiny spherical bodies, so named because of their resemblance to hard roe of fish around centres and having a concentric layered structure. Ooliths form today in very shallow, current washed lagoons and shores. The finely comminuted calcium carbonate may be a chemical precipitate or the calcite mud resulting from the break-up of algal masses.

Thus the Roach originated on the floor of a shallow, warm sea, as a deposit of shells, algal masses, ooliths and broken fragments of all sizes, composed entirely of calcium carbonate. Considerations of the geology of southern England suggest that this sea was part of a gulf extending from Kent to Dorset, not far north of the present coast, and connected to seas lying to the south. This sea was of late Jurassic age, some 140,000,000 years ago. Burial of the deposits under younger rocks brought about its compaction and cementation into a limestone and circulating underground waters dissolved out the aragonite shells of *Trigonia*. Elevation and erosion to the present landscape exposed the limestone for today's quarry men.

This stone is a new one to University buildings, but may be seen also in the Prudential Building in Emmanuel Street and the new University Centre.

H. B. WHITTINGTON AND C. L. FORBES.

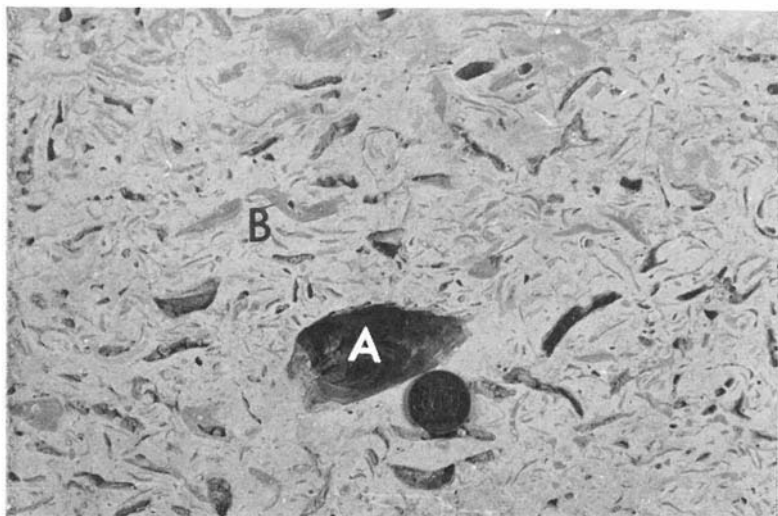


Fig. 2.

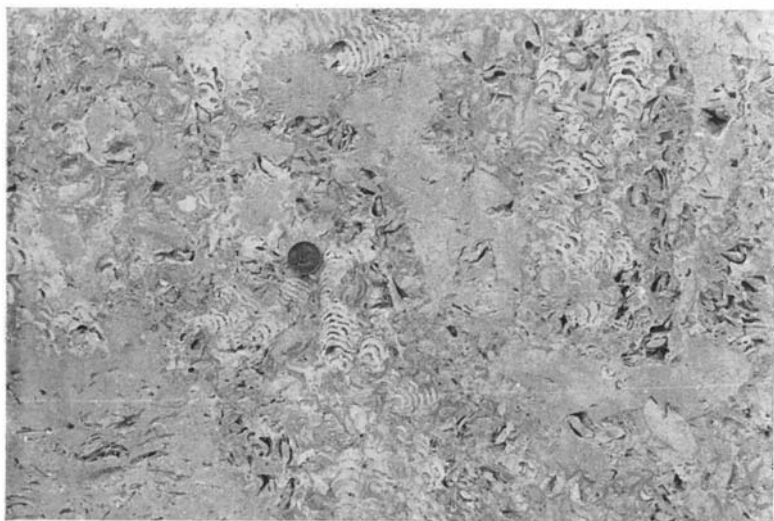


Fig. 3.

Fig. 2. Cut surface of stone with large cavity (A) left after shell was partly dissolved out and infilling dropped out; walls of cavity show external layer of shell. Sections through oyster shells at B. Halfpenny is one inch in diameter. Corner of cloister near G staircase.

Fig. 3. Cut surface of stone showing sections through the laminated pillars and mounds laid down by the alga *Solenopora*. Halfpenny is one inch in diameter. Outside new J.C.R., wing-wall towards Bin Brook.

The Brockenspectre

(It is now over a hundred years since Hector Vagnerdi composed his magnum opus, Il Brockensprehta ("The Brockenspectre") but it has never yet been presented on an English Stage. It is welcome news that Covent Garden is to do so in the coming season, and scarcely less welcome that the opera will be sung in the original Wendish, as the Dent, translation (part of which we reproduce below) is not, generally speaking, thought to be very fortunate except for Sadlers Wells.)

Enter LEONORA

Leo:

Ah Me!
I feel da throbbing
And bobbing
In my heart!
I am wild!
Ah Me!

(NOTE: The exquisite phrase "Ach, Ich!", here translated as "Ah Me!", is of course the leading Leading Motive in the opera).

I am a child!
When will I depart?

She sits at her spinning wheel and spins.

Leo:

A prince's daughter, I sit and I spin,
The needle flies out and flies in,
The loom makes a merry din!
Ah Me!

(NOTE: Leonora is here expressing, in the tenderest fashion, the contrast between the cheerful domestic tasks and her mournful Inner-self).

She goes to the window and looks out.

THE BROCKENSPECTRE

Leo:

When cometh Angry-eyed
Roderick home?
When will he cease to roam?
When will he track back the
foam?

(NOTE: One of the most effective details of the libretto is the epithet attached to Roderick. It gives Vagnerdi a marvellous chance (which he does not fail to snatch) for dramatic characterisation on the flugelhorn).

Enter SNORT, the Gnome.

Leo:

Ah, ah, ah ah! The Gnome!

Sno:

Yea, yea—'tis Snort—The
Gnome!

Leo:

Ill wished you upon me!
Ill wish I now upon you!
Ill will come upon you!
Ill ill ill ill ill!

(NOTE: The flurrying rise of the strings here from ff to ffff is one of Vagnerdi's subtlest touches for expressing rage and despair).

Sno:

Rail you and curse you,
May it make worse you!
Never more shall I rehearse
you
In my long-suffered wrongs!
Now I shall reverse you!
You shall sing no more songs!

(NOTE: Snort is here alluding to the dispossession of his father of the crown of Heligoland in Act III of Lang-murders' Geist, Vagnerdi's early work in six acts).

SNORT puts LEONORA across his knee and spans her thoroughly

Leo:

Ah ah ah ah ah!

Sno:

Ho ho ho ho ho!

SNORT rapes LEONORA, refts the jewel from her bosom, stabs her to death, and exit.

Leo:

Ah Me! I am not gay!
Ah Me! I am in a very sorry way!
Ah! Roderigo! Angry-eyed Roderigo!
Come soon to Leonora! etc.

(NOTE: *This celebrated aria* (“Ach Ich! Rodericko! Ochkriegblitzen Rodericko! Kum meit bezuntst in Lenordich!”) *loses so much when translated from Wendish, and without the music, that there seems to be no point in refraining any longer from giving the original dialogue.*)

Leo:

Ich bin so triste!

Dove — ah dove? — dove (NOTE: *Where—where?—is*
Esperanto? *hope?*)

Schrich ich der sturmer.

Schricht ich der blitzen!

Ann Diamo in berstreut— (Let us go berserk, or I shall go
distraught! mad)

Ach Ich, Ach Ich, Ach Ich!

Ist so!

She goes mad.

Leo: A-a-h!

She draws breath.

Leo: A-a-a-a a-a-a-a a-a-a-a a-a-a-a aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Ah! Ah!

She draws breath again.

Leo: Ich wost so gay! Num ist nie mir! Ich tod! (NOTE: “*I die*”)

Enter RODERICK

Leo: Ach! Roderick och-kriegblitzen!

Snort ich mir hab violati!

Und du — du — hab gemisst il mio Liebestod!

She dies.

Communication: Isabella Fenwick

Charterhouse

London, E.C.1

Clerkenwell 9503

25th April, 1967.

Gentlemen,

I was very interested in the Fenwick notes in the January number of *The Eagle* and noticed that the writer said that nothing was known of the parentage of Isabella Fenwick. It may, therefore, be of interest to know that she was the daughter of Nicholas Fenwick of Eglington, near Alnwick, Northumberland.

In her will, dated 2nd April, 1850, she states that she was living at Kelston Knoll, Weston, Somerset. She mentions her sister, Susan Popham, wife of Francis Popham of Bagborough, Somerset. I note from Burke's "Landed Gentry" that these two married in 1809 and that there was a daughter Susan who was married on the 17th July, 1851, to Mordaunt Fenwick. The testatrix also mentions two brothers. One of them, the Rev. Collingwood Forster Fenwick, matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1807, aged 16. He did not take up residence but became a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards and on the 16th April, 1812, was admitted as a Fellow Commoner to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took a degree of LL.B. in 1817, in which year he also became a priest.

He was Rector of Brooke, Isle of Wight, for many years and died there on the 6th December, 1858. He married Eliza, second daughter of Admiral Christie.

Henry Taylor of the Colonial Office is mentioned a number of times in this long will and became sole executor and residuary legatee by a codicil of the 25th October, 1855.

I think that Isabella Fenwick's comfortable circumstances probably derived from the will of her father. The Fenwicks were an extremely well-known family in Northumberland. Mentioned in the will is The Venerable Maurice George Fenwick, Clerk of Dauntsey, Archdeacon of Raphoe, Ireland, who was presumably her elder brother.

You may care to publish this information in *The Eagle*.

Yours sincerely,

N. Long-Brown.

“Pistols for Four and Coffee for Two”

STUART had not taken aim. Yet twelve paces away Sir Alexander Boswell lay dying, his spine broken by a pistol ball. The principals and their seconds were kinsmen, but political and literary vituperation had brought them out to perform the most hostile of all rituals—that of a duel.

“Every boy and every girl born into this world alive is either a little Liberal or a little Conservative.” Nowhere were these two parties in greater conflict than in Edinburgh at the time of the duel, 1822. Scotland was in the throes of a sweeping change in its political outlook. Over the turn of the century the Tories had been omnipotent: “the party engrossed almost the whole wealth, and rank, and public office, of the country, and at least three-fourths of the population.”¹ Though unassailable, they tolerated no dissent, and the French Revolution could fire hearts, but not the tongues, of the small liberal faction. Corruption was inevitable. Town Councils elected both themselves and the Member of Parliament; judges selected their own juries out of a pool of forty-five people chosen by the Town Councils. Against these juries the young Whig lawyers, Jeffrey, Brougham, Horner and Cockburn, had little chance. But the gentry were averse to any change in the civil law, for they believed that other projects of reform would follow.

Yet because of their rottenness these sinks of political and municipal iniquity could not last. In 1806 the Whigs came to power. Their term of office was short, yet a remarkable change came over Edinburgh. Gone was the confirmed despondency of the Whigs. Not only did the young lawyers emerge into prominence, but the political inanition of the middle classes began to be replaced by an urgent desire for reform. Yet progress was slow, effective rather than spectacular. It is only in 1819 that one reads of “great unrest and distress in the country, and Reform and other meetings, held, at which the Government was alarmed.”² A Free Press was, however, established in 1817 with the first press that we must turn to James Stuart.

1 Henry Cockburn, “Memorials of His Time”.

2 W. S. Gilbert, “Edinburgh in the Nineteenth Century”.

Born in 1775, he was the son of a physician. He passed through the High School, Edinburgh University and a law apprenticeship, all without particular distinction, and, married to Miss Eleanor Mowbray, he spent most of his time at Hillside, his house near Aberdour, for he was “more attached to agricultural pursuits than to those of his profession.”³ He was of aristocratic and traditionally Tory lineage, and the audacity he displayed in favouring Liberal principles singled him out for early injustice. For some time he had been a Justice of the Peace for Fife, but in 1815, despite his “knowledge, ability, integrity, and his unremitting activity and diligence,”⁴ the Lord Lieutenant casually omitted him from the new Commission of the Peace. This, however, occasioned a whole series of protests, and Stuart was quickly reinstated.

Six years later the same Lord Lieutenant was responsible for a most unjust reprimand given to Stuart when he allegedly disobeyed an order as a lieutenant in the Royal Fifeshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Despite the fact that Stuart’s Captain, Sir Charles Halkett—a leading Tory—informed Morton that he alone was to blame, as Stuart had never seen the order, Morton refused even to apologise to the innocent, but Whig-minded Stuart: “I have not found anything which has in the least shaken my opinion.” Thomson, Morton’s adjutant, and Stuart’s Tory rival in the Cavalry, later wrote to “The Beacon”, saying, “the corps is obliged to you for having pulled the lion’s skin off this fellow.”

No sooner had Stuart experienced this discourtesy than he tasted in full, the bitterness of contemporary politicians. The Tories were maddened by their gradual loss of power; at the Pantheon meeting in 1820 seventeen thousand Whigs signed a petition asking the King to dismiss his ministers. Against this, a mere sixteen hundred Tory voices were raised in dissent. “With reason superseded by dread of revolution,” the insolence of the Tories became more and more exaggerated. The party was exasperated to the point of insanity.

In this crucible of frustration the searing flame of “The Beacon” crackled into life, and became the voice-piece of the Edinburgh Tories. This was a scurrilous journal which obstinately defended “the boundaries that can never be passed without an utter subversion of the social system.”⁵ In the same issue “The Beacon” glibly passes over “the temporary embarrassments of the country,”

3 Anderson, “Scottish Nation”, Volume 3.

4 Memorandum sent to the Earl of Morton, Lord Lieutenant of Fife, by six Fife Justices of the Peace, including the Earl of Moray, January 9, 1815.

5 “The Beacon”, January 27, 1821.

calls for "dignified obedience", and then declares: "we think all men would reprobate the violent public accusation of private individuals."

On July 28, 1821, it published the first of its many attacks on James Stuart. Referring with scornful righteousness to the "hypocritical blackguards of the Opposition Press," it then proceeded to defend its own personal attacks, saying of its victims, "their imbecility does not give them any claim to impunity." Alarmed by the popularity of the Whigs during the Queen's affair in 1820, it wrote: "none above the rank of Mr James Stuart would commit such an outrage on decency and good manners as to invite the Queen to Scotland."

The attacks continued. Stuart was at length forced to take action. After the thirty-fifth Stevenson, the publisher, seeking the name of the author of these articles—the normal course of action. Despite repeated requests, Stuart received only evasive replies from Stevenson, who refused an interview, and also declined to introduce Stuart to Nimmo, the editor, (and Sheriff-Substitute of Edinburgh). "I shall hold you," Stuart then wrote, "in your capacity of printer of that paper, as personally responsible for the publication, for pecuniary gain, of the false and malignant attack which it has made upon my honour and character." Stuart could gain neither legal nor personal redress. But he wanted the author's name.

But why could not Stuart take legal action against "The Beacon"? An action could proceed only upon the instigation of a summons by the Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae. Yet although he had a strong case, Stuart's way was blocked, for it transpired that the Lord Advocate held a bond in "The Beacon" worth £100! Stuart could do nothing, for he found that all the leading Tory lawyers and judges were implicated in the paper. "I am terribly malcontent about 'The Beacon'," said Sir Walter Scott, and little wonder, for he, Clerk to the Court of Session, was its chief patron! He tells us that "the law Officers of the Crown, whom I had most strenuously cautioned against any participation in the concern, were rash enough to commit themselves in it."⁶

Prosecution was impossible. Stuart decided that Stevenson was so far beneath the rank of gentleman that he could not ask for a meeting. As far as Stuart was concerned, Stevenson was no more than "the hired publisher of calumnious abuse." The libelled person, "by procrastination of the legal remedy, will be stimulated to take redress at his own hand,"⁷ and this was the

case with Stuart. He decided to inflict a public humiliation upon Stevenson. With Gilbert Miller, his gamekeeper, and James Dewar, his gardener, he waited in Parliament Square for Stevenson, whose office was on the Parliament Stairs. As soon as he appeared, his arms were pinioned by the two somewhat bewildered servants, while Stuart applied six very sound blows with his horse-whip to Stevenson's shoulders and body.

Matters, however, were not at an end, for the anonymous author continued to traduce Stuart in the columns of "The Beacon". Stuart wrote to Sir William Rae, asking him in firm, but courteous terms for an apology. Rae was foolish and deceitful enough to reply: "with respect to the conduct of that Paper, I can safely assert, that I have had no sort of share in it." As a man of power and eminence, Rae, who held a bond in "The Beacon", might have stopped the libels at any time he pleased. Stuart pointed this out. Rae duly apologized, and withdrew his bond, whereupon his example was followed by the other patrons, and "The Beacon" ceased publication. "These seniors shrunk from the dilemma as rashly as they had plunged into it," J. G. Lockhart commented.

And so the flame of the anonymous slander that the retainers of a once powerful, but then waning party chose to pour out upon their rising opponents was extinguished at its source. Sir Walter Scott commented: "it is a blasted business, and will continue long to have bad consequences."

James Stuart continued in his Liberal course. Indeed he was "one of the few men of family in Scotland who had the courage and generosity, in all times, and under all circumstances, to act an independent part."⁸ This dedication was particularly galling to one man—Sir Alexander Boswell, elder son of Dr Johnson's biographer. He wrote: "we noticed Mr James Stuart as an active, everywhere busy, bustling Whig."⁹ Sir Alexander had a considerable amount of 'Bozzy's nastiness, and even although he was an officer of the peace, (Deputy Lieutenant of Argyleshire), he used to "give vent to his feelings by personal vituperation."¹⁰ This was unfortunate, as, like his father, he had considerable literary flair; he was famous for his "Songs, chiefly Scottish Dialect" (1803). He was a member of the Roxburghe Club, "formed upon a special occasion for a purpose exclusively bibliomaniacal," and as he himself said, was "so infected with the type fever" that he set up his own printing-press at Auchinleck.

6 J. G. Lockhart, "Life of Sir Walter Scott".

7 J. Borthwick, "A Treatise on the Law of Libel and Slander".

8 Henry Cockburn, "Memorials of His Time".

9 "The Late Lieutenant James Stuart", from No. 30 of "The Sentinel".

10 T. F. Dibdin, "Literary Reminiscences".

Two facts of his personality are particularly relevant. First, he was an ardent Tory, (he was made a Baronet for his activities against the Chartist movement), but, like many Tories of the time, he was also a hypocrite: "no man, I believe, has a higher opinion of the liberty of the press, or would feel more unwilling to injure its interests than myself."¹¹ Secondly, his personality bore no relationship to Benedick's: "a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram?" Boswell was an irascible man, and although he could be incisively and brilliantly witty, his dinner companions were wont to tremble lest he chose to direct the lash of his tongue or pen against them.

No sooner had "The Beacon" been interred than its phoenix, "The Sentinel", was born in Glasgow. It too failed to practise what it preached: "we trust to be bold without being scurrilous, and fearless of offending without being personal." This editorial generalization was immediately followed by a violent personal attack upon Stuart: "we would desire to hold him up to the unalloyed opprobrium of mankind." Having said this, the paper turns to another victim, soliciting him "to walk a minuet with the Glasgow Sentinel." This was Sir Archibald Hamilton, who won a case against "The Beacon", only to be awarded damages amounting to one shilling, while Rae, who had planned the trial, laughed quietly to himself. Stuart considered the most offensive article to be a poem in the Scots dialect, entitled "Whig Song", which possessed "a certain literary style and vigour which were evidently not the work of a penny-a-liner":¹²

There's Stot-feedin Stuart,
Kent for that fat coward.

"The Sentinel" had previously condemned duelling: "we would not stain our hands nor our consciences by any participation in its murderous subterfuges." Yet in the "Whig Song", Stuart, who was Clerk to the Signet, was taunted for not hastening a meeting:

Tacks, bonds, precognitions,
Bills, wills, and petitions,
And ought but a trigger some draw, man.

Stuart drew up an action against "The Sentinel", and Borthwick, the publisher, to whom the paper brought nothing but misfortune, was imprisoned, pending trial. But one day Stuart, while walking in Parliament Hall, was approached by Borthwick's agent, who offered him the manuscripts of the libellous articles,

11 "The Edinburgh Evening Courant", January 4, 1821.

12 "The Stewarts", A Historical and General Magazine for the Stewart Society.

provided that he dropped the case against Borthwick. Stuart would not agree to this, but nevertheless went through to Glasgow to see the manuscripts. He received these at the Tontine Hotel, and it was with grief and astonishment that he read the signature—that of Sir Alexander Boswell, his relative.

Stuart did not wish to fight a duel. Boswell was at that time in London, attending to the funeral of his younger brother, James. Stuart dropped the case against Borthwick and went for advice to his friend, the Earl of Rosslyn. The Earl, however, thought that a duel was inevitable. When Boswell returned from London, he found a letter from Rosslyn awaiting him. This did not mention a duel, but merely intimated that Rosslyn was on his way to visit Boswell. But Boswell immediately wrote off to a friend, asking him to act as second in a duel against an unknown challenger! "Even if it should be Mr. James Stuart himself," he wrote, "I shall give him a meeting."

This stands in marked contrast to Stuart's attitude. It must be made clear, too, that his friend, Robert Maconochie by name, was the brother of the judge whom Boswell consulted on the matter of the duel, and who might have tried Boswell at Perth had he been the victor!

Stuart offered Boswell two perfectly acceptable ways of avoiding a meeting. Boswell had either to deny all knowledge of the articles, (Stuart would have accepted this, even although the holograph letters and articles were then in his possession,) or to pass them off as a "bad joke". He refused both offers: "I cannot submit to be catechized: I can neither admit nor deny," and informed Stuart that they would meet in Calais, for his intention was still to kill Stuart and avoid the subsequent penalty of the law. Stuart agreed to Calais. Boswell then decided that the English Bar would treat him sufficiently leniently. They would therefore meet in London. Stuart agreed to this.

Boswell, however, was advised by Lord Meadowbank to meet Stuart in Scotland, for, said the Lord, "the Lord Advocate is as safe as the Grand Jury." And what had the Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae, been up to? After his hasty withdrawal from "The Beacon", he had become the chief patron of "The Sentinel"! The prospectus of this weekly, with Rae's name topping the signatures, read as follows: "from the experience already had of the Glasgow Sentinel, we recommend it to the patronage of such gentlemen as have not contributed to, and may be disposed to aid such an undertaking." Boswell was in good hands.

Stuart agreed to this meeting in Scotland. But some of Boswell's friends, fearful of losing one of the Tory party's most able patrons, informed the Sheriff of Edinburgh of the imminent duel. As a result the two men were immediately bound over to

keep the peace within the city and county. It was clearly imperative to Boswell that the meeting should take place before any more people heard of their intentions. The next day, March 26, 1822, was agreed upon. Boswell, still designing to kill Stuart, dined that night with Sir Walter Acott, and as Scott tells us, quite the merriest and wittiest of all. As the editor of "The Scotsman" said, "the man who had shot poisoned arrows at Stuart's character and honour would not hesitate to take away what was of infinitely less value, his life."

Stuart felt sure that he was to die, for he had fired a pistol only twice in his life. Having settled his papers at Hillside, he set out in a carriage for Auchtertool, accompanied by the Earl of Rosslyn. The duel was to be fought in a field belonging to Balbarton farm, about half a mile east of Auchtertool. Stuart and Rosslyn arrived there at ten o'clock, to find Boswell, Douglas and three surgeons awaiting them. In the carriage Stuart had declared his intention to fire in the air, and now, willing to come to a last minute agreement, he doffed his hat to Boswell, but just at that moment Boswell turned away to speak to his second; it seemed that the tragic affair was to be played out to its end. Yet Boswell, alighting from his carriage, had said: "now, gentlemen, observe that it is my fixed resolution to fire in the air." Remorse was beginning to set in. He told Douglas that he now had no desire to kill, or even injure, Stuart, and, indeed, wished to apologize to him. Douglas later said: "my opinion was, if Sir Alexander fired could make," and he told Boswell so.

Twelve long paces were measured out. The seconds loaded the pistols, which belonged to the Earl of Rosslyn, and handed them to the principals. Rosslyn gave the command: "present, fire!"

The report of two shots carried to the ears of the waiting surgeons, who had turned their backs. The ball had hit Boswell in the right clavicle. His shot came second; is it possible that he had never intended even to fire, but that the impact of the ball caused him to pull the trigger? Even if this was so, he was mortally wounded. He was carried to Balmuto House with great care, and died there the next day. His last words were: "I feel a live head fastened to a dead body." Lord Balmuto records Teresa Boswell's grief at her husband's death, and this epitomizes the stupidity and needlessness of the whole affair: "Oh! this is more than human nature can bear! My dear friend, may you never have occasion to witness such a scene as I have done."

Yet the deceit, the bitterness, the folly of it all, had not ended. Stuart, overcome by grief, went to France to avoid imprisonment but certainly not trial: "I am so anxious that a trial should be

insisted on, as necessary to exculpate me with all, that I wish you to consider well what steps ought to be taken," Stuart wrote to a friend from Paris, where he surrendered himself to the British Ambassador.

"Jackie Peartree" Rae (so called because of his High School days when he was notorious for his "pinching" of pears), took charge of the trial, which he delayed for as long as possible, knowing that Stuart wished it to take place immediately. Realizing that there was little hope of obtaining a conviction, he laboured to incriminate Stuart, circulating the rumour that he had broken the law in receiving the manuscripts from Borthwick. To substantiate this he imprisoned Borthwick on a charge of theft; it is difficult to imagine how one steals from one's own desk. Borthwick was treated with great cruelty, although he had been a personal friend of Rae's, and had continually inserted government advertisements in "The Sentinel" at Rae's request. John Hope, the Deputy Advocate, repeatedly denied him both a trial and bail. A trial would, of course, have cleared his name completely. One need only add that he was released the moment that Stuart's trial was over.

"All this was harassing enough to Mr Stuart and his friends. Nor were they relieved by the terms of the indictment, which was drawn up in the most offensive terms possible."¹³ Stuart's title, "Younger of Dunearn," was omitted, and, "at the instance of Sir William Rae of St Catharine's, Baronet, he was accused of having "conceived malice and ill-will against the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Baronet," and of having challenged him "and others of the lieges, to fight a duel or duels"! He was also accused of stealing the manuscripts, and of fleeing to conclude, Rae asked for the death penalty.

Stuart was defended by Cockburn and Jeffrey. Both they and the witnesses, many of whom were Tories, emphasized the provocation given, the easy terms offered for agreement, the calm, almost friendly, behaviour of Stuart before the duel, his firmness in the face of the death he expected, his grief when Boswell fell, the usefulness of his life¹⁴, the worth of his character, and the wrongs inflicted.

A judge ought never to be eloquent, but Boyle, the Lord Justice Clerk, was more than fair to Stuart in his summing-up. The fifteen jurymen, all Tories, took only a few minutes to reach their

13 "The Scotsman", June 15, 1822.

14 Scotland is still enthusiastic about the Forth Road Bridge, and it is interesting to note that Stuart played some part in establishing communications over the Forth: "indeed, without your efforts, both the road and ferry must have gone to the dogs." W. Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court.

decision, which they declared without leaving the box: "Not Guilty". Was it, then, such a crime

To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
of freedom—the forbidden fruit?¹⁵

Stuart won through. John Scott, however, met a different fate. Scott was born in Aberdeen in 1793. He was at school with Byron, and graduated from Marischal College. He went to the War Office, but soon moved into journalism. After working on several papers he became the Editor of "The Champion", which first appeared in January 1814. For the next five travelled the Continent, writing books and articles which made a considerable impression in London. "Who is Scott? What is his breeding and history? He is so decidedly the ablest of the weekly journalists, and has so much excelled his illustrious namesake as a French Tourist, that I feel considerable curiosity about him."¹⁶ The firm of Longman's commissioned him to stay abroad and write for them. But in 1819 Scott returned to edit "Baldwin's London Magazine." He found the periodicals at each other's throats.

"Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" was more of an institution than either "The Beacon" or "The Sentinel". But it could be just as scurrilous. It slandered Coleridge,¹⁷ and attacked the Cockney School of poets on personal rather than literary grounds.¹⁸ The Chaldee Manuscript (October 1817) heaped scorn upon many of the leading Whigs, and, in addition, did little credit to the Bible. It is here that one meets the 'Scorpion', John Gibson Lockhart, who was to be so instrumental in the Scott/Christie duel: "there came also, from a far country, the scorpion, which delighteth to sting the faces of men." Lockhart, however, was but one of the writers, and the assertion of the "man whose name was as ebony"—Blackwood—is perhaps more indicative of the nature and intent of the magazine: "for I will arise and increase my strength, and come upon them like the locust of the desert, to abolish and overwhelm, and to destroy, and to pass over."

15 Byron, "Manfred".

16 Bishop Heber, "Life", i, 432.

17 "There seems to him something more than human in his very shadow . . . so deplorable a delusion as this, has only been equalled by that of Joanna Southcote, who mistook a complaint in the bowels for the divine afflatus." October 1817.

18 Speaking of Leigh Hunt in the October issue of 1817, "Blackwood's" says: "His religion is a poor tame dilution of the blasphemies of the 'Encyclopaedic'—his patriotism a crude, vague, ineffectual, and sour Jacobinism . . . with him indecency is a disease, and he speaks unclean things from perfect inanition."

This acrid abuse was once again the result of decreasing power. It represented a backlash of vanishing respect and authority. One man, however, was prepared to stand up to it. John Scott, editor of "Baldwin's London Magazine", objected strongly. He was fighting for the principle of a respectable press, rather than from political or personal motives; unlike Stuart, he had not been the butt of personal slander. Scott first letter to "Blackwood's", complaining about the manner rather than the matter of the review of the "Biographia Litteraria": "you neglect the work for the purpose of vilifying the man . . . I trust I need scarcely add, that it is not from a knowledge of Mr Coleridge, or any of his friends, that I have been induced thus to address you; I have never seen him or them; but it is from a love I have for generous and fair criticism, and a hate to every thing which appears personal, and levelled against the man and not his subject—and your writing is glaringly so—that I venture to draw daggers with a reviewer." The Blackwood correspondents wrote under pseudonyms, and thus when Scott furthered his arguments in his own magazine he perhaps went a little wide of the mark.¹⁹

This opposition stung the Scorpion, John Gibson Lockhart's, son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott. As with Boswell, the Tory assumed the attacking position. He denied the charges, and then consulted Sir Walter Scott. As a result he sent an old Balliol friend, Jonathan Christie, to extract an apology from Scott, declaring his willingness, if no apology was forthcoming, "to meet at York or any other place half-way between Edinburgh and London", despite the fact that his wife, Sophia, was expecting her first child. This contrasts strongly with the attitude of a prospective duellist described by De Quincey. "Oftentimes

19 The main line of attack was, however, entirely fair. In his articles (November 1 and December 1, 1821, January 1, 1822) Scott wrote against the use of forged testimonials, the practice of anonymity, and particularly against the personal nature of the abuse in "Blackwood's": "Blackwood's Magazine stands alone in taking this unwarrantable liberty with private respectability. A cunning sordidness is the motive, when it is not black malignity. The appearance of a real name in print sets scandalous curiosity agog, and produces an interest of a coarse and vulgar, but very general nature; an interest altogether independent of literary ability, or any of those qualities of sentiment or style, that render a written composition valuable, but which are not always within the reach of authors, or the comprehension of readers. Nothing can be more ruinous to the literary taste of a people than the feeding of this natural appetite for impertinent and indecent interference." Scott then asks: "if it be not high time that these POISONERS IN JEST should have their career arrested, or at least their infamy proclaimed, by someone prepared to hold them at defiance in every way?"

he stole into the bedroom, and gazed with anguish upon the innocent objects of his love, and, as his conscience now told him of his bitterest perfidy.

going to betray us? Will you deliberately consign us to a life-long poverty, and scorn, and grief? These affecting apostrophes he seemed, in the silence of the night, to hear almost with bodily ears."²⁰

Christie saw Scott in London on Wednesday, January 10, 1821, but an impasse resulted, as Scott insisted upon two conditions being fulfilled before he apologized; Lockhart must come to London, and then give Scott a preliminary explanation concerning his connection with "Blackwood's." Throughout the affair Scott maintained the attitude he set out in his first published "Statement"; "he would have most distinct reason to know in which of two capacities Mr Lockhart ought to be regarded—whether as a gentleman, assailed in his honourable feelings by an indecent use of his name in print; or as a professional scandal-monger, who had long profited concealment; and who was only now driven to a measure of tardy hardihood, by being suddenly confronted with entire exposure".

Scott wrote to Christie, who returned on Thursday, January 18 with the news that Lockhart was now in London. Scott immediately came out into the open, and declared that he was the Editor of "Baldwin's Magazine"; he then repeated his request for an explanation of Lockhart's position. The same evening he sent a memorandum to Lockhart; "if Mr Lockhart will even now make a disavowal of having been concerned in the system of imposition and scandal adopted in 'Blackwood's Magazine', Mr Scott consents to recognize his demand made through Mr Christie." The memorandum concluded by referring Christie to the man Scott had chosen as his second, Horatio Smith. Action was only to ensue, however, if Lockhart disavowed all connection with "Blackwood's". Scott was always prepared to give a meeting to an acknowledged gentleman who felt himself insulted by another gentleman acting in a known capacity; this was why he had declared himself Editor of "Baldwin's", and accepted full responsibility for its articles. Lockhart, of course, could not truthfully deny a connection with "Blackwood's", but he realized that any "preliminary explanation" as to his true relationship with the Magazine would preclude the possibility of a duel; as Scott had written in his first

privilege could not have been conceded to Mr Lockhart had he avowed on the present occasion, that he was engaged in conducting 'Blackwood's Magazine'. Both he and Christie wanted Scott's

blood,²¹ so he continued to hedge and Christie therefore achieved nothing by his visit to Smith on Friday, January 19: "he (Scott) might as well have referred a man to the pump at Aldgate," Lockhart commented. On the Saturday morning Lockhart sent another note to Scott, who replied immediately, repeating the terms. Thinking that Lockhart might at long last be about to meet these, Scott engaged another second, P. G. Patmore, as Horatio Smith was unavailable that day—Saturday, January 20. Christie called again that afternoon, but as there was no change in his principal's attitude, Scott "begged that the discussion might be considered as peremptorily closed by him." By now Lockhart was desperate; it looked as if he would have to return to Edinburgh with his tail between his legs, his pistols still in their cases. He therefore sent a thoroughly abusive letter to Scott on the same evening, declaring the "supreme contempt with which every gentleman must contemplate the utmost united baseness of falseness and poltroonery." As Scott had received no disavowal from Lockhart with respect to his connection with "Blackwood's", he regarded this abuse as coming from a "Blackwood's" man; it was therefore beneath his notice.

This should have been the end of the matter, but Lockhart had one more card to play. He had a statement printed by Dr Stoddart, and sent it to Scott on Saturday, January 27. This was an advance only in that it stated that Lockhart was not the editor of "Blackwood's". Lockhart must have known that this would not satisfy Scott, who had already acknowledged in Baldwin's that Dr Morris was the editor.²² What Scott had asked Lockhart for was a statement that "he never stood in a situation, giving him, directly or indirectly, a pecuniary interest in the sale of 'Blackwood's Magazine'." As Christie himself admits, Lockhart "could not have complied with the only terms on which Mr Scott would consent to give him any sort of satisfaction." But, having sent one memorandum to Scott, Lockhart proceeded to issue a different one to the press, containing the very disavowals that Scott had been seeking: "Mr Lockhart thinks proper to

21 "I cannot conceive what insaneness possessed John Scott to meddle with you for judging by that article he is but a very ordinary man. I should think you must do something more with him than kill the zinc eating spider." Letter from Christie to Lockhart, Grays Inn, December 28, 1820.

22 "We have been told that Mr John Gibson Lockhart, having been originally included in the action now pending, has given it under his hand, that he is not the editor of the Magazine. The people of Edinburgh are not surprized at this denial: it is well known there that Doctor Morris, under the assumed name of Christopher North, is the editor of the work, and the author of its most malignant articles." Baldwin's, January 1, 1821.

introduce the following narrative with a distinct statement (which he would never have hesitated about granting to anyone who had the smallest right to demand it) concerning the nature of his connection with 'Blackwood's Magazine'. Mr Lockhart has occasionally contributed articles to that publication, but he is in no sense of the word Editor or Conductor of it, and neither derives, nor ever did derive, any emolument whatever from any management of it."²³ His purpose was to provide Scott with the conditions he had demanded for a duel, and to anger him into one; the *Nota Bene* to the second memorandum declared that a copy of this had been sent to Scott. This lie made it look as if Scott was showing the white feather in not demanding an immediate meeting. Christie saw the subterfuge in the same light as Lockhart: "if Mr Scott means it to be understood that if this disavowal had been contained in the copy sent to him by Mr Lockhart it would have made any difference in his (Mr Scott's) conduct, then there is no reason why the disavowal should not now have the same effect."²⁴ The whole point of this "typographical oversight", as Lockhart called it, was to drag Scott into the field. Even "The Beacon", though saying that Scott was beneath everyone's notice was still thirsty for his blood.²⁵ But Scott scorned the Blackwood man. He would meet only a gentleman, and Lockhart's conduct precluded him from that title. Lockhart "posted" Scott. Despite his own statement "that from the moment Mr Lockhart posted Mr Scott, Mr Lockhart ceased to have any quarrel with Mr Scott," Lockhart still wanted a duel. Christie presumably approved of the posting. But as he continued to harass Scott with correspondence, he too must still have been eager for a meeting. Indeed he was. Lockhart retired in disgust to Edinburgh, and Christie, on his own initiative, challenged Scott to travel to Edinburgh for a duel with Lockhart: "I trust that you will approve of this step which I have taken on my own responsibility—I know it was not necessary, but it appears to me to be a clincher to Mr Scott—who most assuredly never will fight."²⁶ He got more than he bargained for. Scott challenged Christie.

They met at Chalk Farm on a moonlit evening. Like Boswell, Christie was ashamed. He warned Scott that his position against

23 "New Times", Tuesday, January 30, 1821.

24 Letter to Lockhart, February 5, 1821.

25 "Should Mr Scott at any time, however late, be induced or driven to make an effort for removing the stigma thus attached to him, we think, from the face of the whole proceedings, he is in no danger of meeting, on the part of Mr Lockhart, with anything of the reluctance he has himself so abundantly exemplified." February 10, 1821.

26 Letter from Christie to Lockhart, February 5, 1821.

the skyline was dangerous. He fired his first shot into the air; but his second struck Scott in the groin. Christie lamented. Eleven days later, Scott died.

"Pistols for four, and coffee for two"; this flippant remark appears a little more tragic now. Two men died as a result of Tory abuse of political and literary power. In both cases personal attacks were launched in journals which viciously followed Leigh Hunt's satirical advice to newspaper editors: "give all the blows you can and receive none: newspaper controversy is a true battle; the soldiers have no business to argue about reason, they must only do all the mischief possible . . . your sentences must be so many metaphorical bruises; if you cannot reach your adversary's head, aim directly at his heart, and in the intervals of the battle amuse yourself by calling him names."²⁷ In both cases the Tory antagonists realized their folly, and repented; but too late. These bruises were not metaphorical, but mortal. The last word must go, ironically enough, to a great French duellist, Saint-Foix, who once told an officer of the Guard that he smelt like a goat. The man immediately drew his sword to avenge the insult. "Put up your sword, you fool," said Saint-Foix; "for if you kill me you will not smell any better, and if I kill you, you will smell a damn sight worse."

M. B. MAVOR.

27 Leigh Hunt, "Rules for Newspaper Editors; wisdom for the wicked."

The JCR Survey

1. The Questions.

IN February, 1967, the JCR Committee distributed a questionnaire to most of the junior members of the College, including graduate and affiliated students. 550 copies were sent out, 450 (or 80%) were completed and returned. The purpose of the questionnaire, according to its introduction, was "to supply those concerned with the running and development of St John's College with some statistical information on the attitudes and trends within the College."

The questionnaire began by asking the respondent's age, academic year, and the type of school he had attended (Independent, State, Direct Grant, or Other). It was then divided into sections, as follows:—

A. *The College Authorities.*

This section was subdivided into two parts, *The Tutorial System*, and *Senior-Junior Member Relations*. In the first part were asked such questions as "Is your relationship with your Tutor purely administrative?" "Do you think your Tutor knows you well enough to give you advice on academic matters, moral guidance, or career guidance?" Answers, here and elsewhere, were to be mainly of the usual Yes/No/Don't Know type. In the second part were asked such questions as "With how many Fellows (excluding your Tutor) are you 'on speaking terms'?" "Do you consider the number of Fellows with whom you are on speaking terms too few/just right/too many?"

B. *Rules and Regulations.*

The main purpose of this section appears to have been to elicit opinion on changes in the College rules proposed by the JCR Committee. The two most interesting questions were "Do you think that, in themselves, the regulations in this College are 'restrictive'?" "Do you agree 'that restrictive regulations do not encourage a sense of responsibility'?"

C. *Facilities.*

This section tried to elicit opinion on the College's facilities for indoor and outdoor sport, on the new JCR, the College Library ("Do you use the Library and Reading-Room as a lending-library/reference-library/work-room?") and on where to place the undergraduate television set.

D. *Hall and Buttery.*

Here there were fourteen questions in all, covering most aspects of this thorny perennial. Old Johnians will have no difficulty in perceiving what lies behind such inquiries as "On average, how many dinners a week do you miss?" "If payment was not compulsory, but was according to how many meals were eaten, how many evenings a week do you think you would eat in Hall?" "Do you regard Hall as a formal occasion?" "Would you prefer to see more foreign dishes in Hall?"

E. *Education.*

Perhaps the questions on this all-important topic were a little narrow in conception. Among them were: "How many supervisions do you have a week?" "How many of your supervisors are Research Students/Senior members?" "Are you, in general, satisfied with the standard of your supervisions?" "Have you ever been so dissatisfied with your supervisor that you have considered your right to change him?" Foreign students were asked questions tending to establish the nature of their financial support.

F. *The College Community.*

Typical questions: "Have you any reason to believe that you would have benefited more by going to another University?" "Are you pleased you came to St John's?" "Is there any other Cambridge College of which you would prefer to be a member?" "What chiefly motivated you to apply to St John's College?" "Is your interest in the College's academic achievements/boat club/field sports considerable/slight/non-existent?" "Do you feel that the sense of community spirit in this College, comprising Senior members, Junior members and College servants is considerable/slight/non-existent?" "Do you feel that closer informal relations between Senior and Junior members would foster a greater community spirit?"

2. *The Answers.*

Two reports on the survey have appeared: a preliminary one, in June 1967, and Mr Field's much more elaborate affair in November. The chief concern of the preliminary report was to give the results pure and simple: the only correlation attempted (and not for all sections of the questionnaire) was with the respondents' academic years. The Field report went much further, correlating the answers with the respondents' school background and subject of study. Below, *The Eagle* discusses the results of both reports by sections, as in the previous part of this article.

A. *The College Authorities.*

It will be remembered that the questionnaire divided this section into two, *the Tutorial System* and *Senior-Junior Member Relations*. As it turned out, this division lacked significance: broadly speaking, the results were all harmonious with each other, the conclusions mutually supporting. They are all highly important.

For, if one takes consumer preference seriously (and why not?) it seems that something is wrong with don-undergraduate relations. It is a settled conviction of one of *The Eagle's* editors that middle age and youth will not naturally live together; there is therefore bound to be a certain strain when they are forced to do so, as in a Cambridge college. But it can scarcely be argued that such strain is insurmountable, inextinguishable, and that nothing should be done about it. The whole college system implies a belief that it can be overcome, and College Fellows are, by definition, believers in the system. The survey shows that the junior members of the College are also believers, at least in the sense that they approve the aims of the college system but hold that John's is failing to achieve some of them. 72% have purely administrative relations with their tutors; 70% would like more informal contact with their tutors; 74% would like more frequent social contact with Fellows and their friends; 86% think the number of Fellows with whom they are on speaking terms is too few, which is scarcely surprising in view of the fact that over half the undergraduates are on speaking terms with fewer than three dons other than their tutors.

These figures cannot, surely, be waved airily away. They are too solid. All years, all subjects, all alumni of all schools, respond in the same way. Three-quarters of the College feel that the dons are failing in what, notoriously, is a field of great concern to the majority of their charges. And that many Johnians can't be wrong. It is really very understandable that, in Section F, 89% replied that the sense of community spirit was slight or non-existent.

It is important to be clear about where the failure lies. If the figures show that social relations are inadequate, it is nevertheless equally true that the social service aspect of the system is working with fair efficiency. The key question here was "Have you yet found your tutor valuable for his advice on academic matters/moral guidance/career guidance?" We give the positive answers in the following table. It will be noticed that third-year men give significantly higher percentages on all these points, which is as it should be:

Fig. 1.

| | 1st | 2nd | 3rd | Over- all |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------|
| Academic guidance: <i>yes</i> answers | 27% | 31% | 45% | 34% |
| Moral guidance: ditto | 1% | 3% | 4% | 3% |
| Career guidance: ditto | 1% | 11% | 18% | 10% |

It is surely reasonable to infer from these figures that undergraduates can, and do, turn to their tutors, as they are meant to, when they have academic or career problems. The moral picture looks startlingly different, but the reason is obvious. In the degeneracy of the English language it is to be presumed that by "moral guidance" both the questioners and the respondents meant "guidance when the ill-effects of drink, drugs, or getting wenches with child have become apparent", so that the College may reasonably congratulate itself on having such a small proportion of bad apples needing attention. That they get high-class attention, and a lot of it, when the need arises, no-one who has seen the tutors at work, either individually or collectively, can doubt for a moment.

Still, it may be reasonably urged that moral guidance can be preventive as well as curative, and that the figures here given, when taken in conjunction with the unsatisfied appetite for social contact, suggest that undergraduates would welcome opportunities to receive moral guidance of an indirect, subtler and more frequent sort than they get from their tutors at present. There are moral problems besides those involving the police or the proctors.

And there remains the problem of social contact. What is to be done about it? At present, according to the survey, a Fellow of the College will, on average, know 5 or 6 undergraduates only. In fact, the situation is even worse. These figures include those undergraduates met in the course of duty as Director of Studies, supervisor, or College officer (excluding tutors). Of our 96 Fellows, 12 are retired, 16 are Professors. Among these gentlemen, it is true, many will be found who do take an interest in undergraduates. But this is a bonus that the College has no right to take for granted. Nor may it assume that the youngest, the Research Fellows (Title A) will always be at liberty to mix in undergraduate life, though in fact, especially if they are unmarried, they usually do so. The burden of obligation falls on the 60 or so permanent Fellows who do not occupy professorial chairs. Subtract from their numbers the tutors and

the Chaplain (how many undergraduates realise that he is not a Fellow?) and there are nine or so undergraduates for every one of them. Two things, therefore, are clear. The job of maintaining social relations with undergraduates is carried out by a comparatively small number of the Fellows, many of whom could, quite legitimately, cease to do so. In the view of the undergraduates, much more should be done: if it is to be done, it will have to be undertaken by the Title B Fellows.

Opinions will naturally differ as to the remedy. The JCR Committee has suggested that "each willing Fellow" might take on three freshmen by inviting them to his rooms or home about twice a year. "Fellows could do this individually or in groups of two or three." This does not seem a very good plan. Would the Fellows draw lots for the freshmen? And is not conscientious, official hospitality (the JCR Committee does not think much of "the formal sherry parties to which we are accustomed") a very inadequate response to the problem?

Another remedy which suggests itself is the Oxford system of "moral" tutors. The number of tutors might be substantially increased, so that each had no more than (say) twenty-five tutorial pupils. The job of tutor would thus be a considerably lighter one than it is at present, and more Fellows might be willing to undertake it. Indeed, there is no reason why a readiness, if asked, to undertake tutorial work should not be made a condition for obtaining a Title B Fellowship. (Exceptions could of course be made when necessary, as they frequently would be). The great advantage of this scheme is that a tutor may reasonably be expected to acquire a closer knowledge of twenty-five pupils than of a hundred, and thus one of the undergraduates' desires would be satisfied. It is reasonable to hope that the scheme would also do something to appease their craving for greater social contact with "Fellows and their friends" generally.

B. *Rules and Regulations.*

Very little need be said of the response to questions on these topics, chiefly because the rules have, to some extent, been altered since the questionnaire was sent round. The majority proved to be strongly in favour of relaxation of many of the rules, and all groups identified, by years, schools and subjects, had similar majorities taking this view. Certain differences in attitudes could be detected, but the percentages involved were small in every case.

Thus, Mr Field found that "there was no significant difference in response when considering subject groups" where the question, "Do you think that, in themselves, the regulations in this College

are restrictive?" was concerned. The following table gives the breakdown by school background and academic year of those answering *Yes*.

Fig. 2.

| | | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|------|----------|------|
| Independent Schools | ... | 51 % | 1st Year | 43 % |
| Direct Grant | ... | 58 % | 2nd Year | 56 % |
| State | ... | 62 % | 3rd Year | 72 % |
| Percentage of all respondents | | | | 57 % |

Overall resistance to some particular rules was much stronger: for example, 95 % welcomed the proposed change in the Music hour regulations (since carried out). On the whole, the results clearly support the decision to reform the College rule-book.

C. Facilities. D. Hall and Buttery.

With the exception of some interesting variations in the reactions of ex-public school undergraduates to Hall, which are discussed at the end of this article, the results of these sections of the questionnaire were neither surprising nor particularly valuable. It is not even clear, from these results, that the undergraduate body is seriously dissatisfied with Hall: a question such as "Do you think presentation and service of the meal is consistent with a formal occasion?" is exceedingly vague and therefore not at all useful. Yet undergraduates have always, and will always, grumble about Hall. It should have been possible to elicit some concrete facts about this phenomenon. Similarly, the Librarian may be a little disturbed to learn that 51 % find the selection of books present in the Library inadequate, but not even Mr Field's analysis will tell him in what the inadequacy consists. Such discontent as exists must to a large extent arise from the fact that the Library doesn't have an infinite number of copies of every book that undergraduates wish to read: a situation that, by its very nature, is irremediable. We do learn from these sections that the Cripps Building is popular, and that half the College does not want to see more foreign dishes in Hall, not, at least, "until the present standard of cooking of British food" has improved, but these facts are of limited interest.

E. Education.

If the questionnaire had one major defect, it was that not enough inquiry was made into the role of supervisors in undergraduate life. It is certain that the relation of pupils to supervisors is the most important that most undergraduates will

form with dons. This is quite as true of social relations as of intellectual ones, and some attempt ought certainly to have been made to find out what they are. As it is, the survey merely tells us that 80 % of the undergraduates are, in general, satisfied with the standard of their supervisions by Senior members (by which it is to be presumed they mean Fellows), which is gratifying news; and, less pleasingly, that only 65 % are satisfied in general with the standard of their supervision by Research Students. On analysis it emerges that 77 % of the Arts men are satisfied with their research student supervisors, while only 61 % of those reading Mathematics, Economics and Social Anthropology were satisfied, and as few as 55 % of those reading Natural Sciences and Engineering. To quote Mr Field's temperate conclusion: "by and large the standard of supervisions appears to be satisfactory in the view of the undergraduate, though there would appear to be some scope for improving the standard of supervisions given by research students to the science groups." But as he also remarks, the inadequacy may not be in the supervisor so much as in his pupil—a possibility not allowed for in the questionnaire. It also emerges that only 37 % of the scientists have found their Director of Studies valuable for his advice on academic matters (the Arts figure was 67 %), which is clearly a situation that would repay investigation, but without more information its meaning is quite uncertain: maybe scientists need less advice than Arts men do. Or perhaps Directors of Studies have different functions in the Arts and Science Faculties.

F. The College Community.

The questions in this section seem to have been designed primarily to elicit some information on how Johnians regard the concept "college", and their own College in particular. On the whole the results must be regarded as encouraging by those who, like most of the Fellows, believe in the collegiate ideal and have a strongly developed attachment to John's. 80 % of the undergraduates said they did *not* view the College merely as a hostel providing food and lodging; 73 % answered *Yes* to the question, "Are you proud to be a member of St John's College?"; 85 % replied *No* to the question "Suppose it were possible at the end of one's first year to resign from College (i.e. to cease to be able to use its facilities or to be bound by its rules), but to remain a member of the University and one's faculty (i.e. to receive supervision and take examinations) would your experience of College life persuade you to take this course?"

Some slightly disturbing facts emerged. As has already been noted, there is overwhelming scepticism about the sense of community spirit in the College. The third year was appreciably

less proud to be Johnian than the other two years. But this may reflect merely the spirit of the "class of '67"; or the natural hesitancy of more mature minds before a somewhat blush-making question.

3. Conclusions.

On the whole, the picture that emerges is a very reassuring one. The College seems to be doing its job efficiently, and to the satisfaction of its junior members. Some steps have already been taken to improve its performance along lines suggested by the survey, and more may be expected. The chief question facing the JCR Committee now, one imagines, is whether another poll would be worth undertaking, to clear up some of the points left mysterious by the first attempt; or whether they would like to poll the dons: if so, whether those gentlemen would respond. (Mr Field gives some facts about the Fellows in an appendix, but it is very thin, and could easily have been improved: it is absurd that he should have failed to find out anything about 8 Fellows, not even whether they were Title A or not).

Some aspects of the survey, as they emerge in Mr Field's report, offer little guidance to action, but are sociologically fascinating. They turn on the correlation between opinion and school background. It would be a serious distortion to omit them from this discussion.

It should be stressed that on many issues there is no significant difference in outlook between those who went to public schools and those who did not. On others the difference is slight. In all cases the numbers involved are so small as to provide only slender foundations for theorising. Mr Field makes the point in another way when he remarks (pp. 35-6) "One of the most significant features of the analysis was the similarity of the response of the various school groups: over a wide range of topics the groups reacted almost identically. This similarity in response is perhaps surprising when one considers the likely differing social and financial backgrounds of the groups . . .". Nevertheless, a pattern does show up which is by no means without interest to students of English educational manners.

Basically, the situation seems to be that the public school group (36%) is better able to get what it wants out of the College, and yet more dissatisfied with the place, than the direct grant (26%) and state school groups (35%).

The first point is established by the following table, analysing some of the answers to certain questions:

Fig. 3.

| Question | Answer | PS | DG | State |
|---|--|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Are you pleased you came to St John's? | <i>No</i> | % 15 | % 10 | % 6 |
| Is there any other Cambridge college of which you would prefer to be a member? | <i>Yes</i> | 24 | 18 | 18 |
| Are you proud to be a Johnian? | <i>No</i> <i>Don't</i> <i>Know</i> | 17 } 16 } | 18 } 8 } | 11 } 11 } |
| When you finally go down do you anticipate that your chief loyalties will lie with | <i>College</i> <i>University</i> | 32 } 38 } | 38 } 31 } | 47 } 27 } |
| Have you any reason to believe that you would have benefited more by going to another University? | <i>No</i> | 84 | 83 | 83 |

These figures speak for themselves. As Mr Field points out (p. 18) the uniform, and very high, positive figures for the answers to the last question show that such dissatisfaction as exists among public school men is with the College, rather than the University.

A second table establishes the superior benefits that the ex-public schoolboys derive from their College.

Fig. 4.

| Question | Answer | PS | DG | State |
|--|----------------------------------|-----|-----|-------|
| With how many Fellows, excluding your tutor, are you on speaking terms? | <i>Fellows</i> <i>per ulg</i> | 3.2 | 2.7 | 2.7 |
| Do you consider the number of Fellows with whom you are on speaking terms | <i>Just</i> <i>right</i> | 18% | 14% | 9% |
| Do you think your tutor knows you well enough to give you | | | | |
| academic guidance? | <i>Yes</i> | 53% | 49% | 46% |
| moral guidance? | <i>Yes</i> | 16% | 14% | 8% |
| career guidance? | <i>Yes</i> | 30% | 21% | 27% |
| Which two of the following are the main source of your best friends? | <i>1st choice</i> <i>SJC</i> | 74% | 64% | 72% |
| Do you think that, in themselves, the regulations in this College are restrictive? | <i>Yes</i> | 51% | 58% | 62% |

The differences here are in most cases slight, but they tell the same story. Other questions reveal that the public school men dine in Hall less frequently than the state school men, suggesting that they are less shackled to that institution by financial considerations. The above table makes it clear that they suffer less than the other two groups from what the survey establishes as being the two chief grievances of the undergraduates, inadequate contact with the dons and oppressive rules.

Mr Field, in his most elegant piece of reasoning, establishes that the restiveness of the public school men has something to do with their attitude to "community spirit", which they find lacking in John's, and by which they apparently understand something different from what the phrase means to the others. He notices that public school men, as a group, are more interested in contact with the tutors than they are with Fellows generally: the reverse is true of the other school groups. He conjectures that public school men look on their tutor as something like a housemaster. Beyond that he does not venture; and, emulating his prudence, *The Eagle* will not do so either. But this real, if subtle, difference in attitudes is the most interesting, and the most unexpected, result of the survey: to the authors of which it is to be hoped that the College is properly grateful.

Christmas

IN the glitter of a star
Fresh life cascades:
Saplings burst
From an ageless rooted gnarl of years.

With love
Comes our rebirth:
When saddened souls
Are twigs
And where
A dawn of sense
Leaps high like life
In little fingers.

Watery branches watch the moon
Creep coldly: let
The season be
A starry radiance, fed by lazy sap.

ALASDAIR HAMILTON.

Winter Words

Oh! (said the dead) it must be cold
Above, among the live tonight.
There will be snow. Warm, leaping blood
Will shrink as they run home tonight.

Meanwhile we corpses underground
So many, will be snug tonight.
Half earth, half bone; half sleep, half dream,
Merry as we rot tonight.

True tender tears do often flow
On our account (though not tonight).
Would they knew how we pity them,
How we lie and laugh tonight.

Indifferent to heat, to cold,
To hate, love, war or peace tonight,
We nothing know save dark and mould
And that the stars roll home tonight.

REX HUGHES.

Perfect for Sound

The Introduction to the broadcast of music from St John's College Chapel on 29 October 1967, in the programme Quires and Places where they sing.

The music was:—

| | | |
|--------|--|------------------|
| Choir: | <i>Magnificat in E (for boys' voices)</i> | Bernard Rose |
| Organ: | <i>Canzona in C major</i> | Buxtehude |
| Choir: | (a) <i>Hear the voice and prayer</i> | Rootham |
| | (b) <i>They that put their trust in the Lord</i> | Robin Orr |
| Organ: | <i>Litanies</i> | Jehan Alain |
| Choir: | (a) <i>Hymn of Saint Columba</i> | Benjamin Britten |
| | (b) <i>Magnificat (Collegium Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense)</i> | Michael Tippett |

Organist: Jonathan Bielby Director: George Guest

THEY should never have allowed traffic into the Backs of Cambridge. It smashes something fragile and irreplaceable—the best sequence of river frontages in England. The serene Portland stone Fellows Building of King's contrasted with the many-pinnacled chapel beside it, the mellow stone frontage of Clare, the long, Classic facade of Wren's library for Trinity, the elegant little bridges that leap the river to reach these places and then, what we have come to see—a cluster of pale red Tudor brick gables and battlements climbing the steepest slope from the river—St John's College or "John's" as it is called.

This is the College where the taste of each century has been most violently asserted. I mean, look at the building here where we are standing which was the first encroachment on the Backs. The bridge that joins it to the old red brick college is in flimsy, fanciful Gothic of 1831 with open traceried windows and roofed over. It is the romantic Bridge of Sighs and leads to John's new building here on the Backs which is contemptuously called the Wedding Cake. To me it is a superb piece of skyline, imaginative and satisfying, open cloisters between regular blocks and a central tower with turrets—the fanciful plaster Gothic of the reign of George IV and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Behind it our own age in Powell and Moya's newest building for John's asserts itself gleaming white with horizontal lines and lumpy skyline but a deliberate contrast in scale and material with the flimsy Georgian Gothic.

Above the red brick of the old College rises surprisingly the tower of Pershore Abbey reproduced in yellowish brown Ancaster

stone. It is well placed as seen from the river and gathers the roof lines round it.

There is no better enclosed walk in Cambridge than from end to end of John's either way. When you come up here from the Backs out of the old red brick into the first court, or if you see it from the town streets, the Chapel is uncompromisingly mid-Victorian. The more old fashioned would say it was unforgivably mid-Victorian, this T shaped Chapel built on the plan of an Oxford college chapel by Sir Gilbert Scott who designed it in 1863 and thought he was building in the Gothic of 1263. Personally I like it very much, because it is a deliberate assertion of its age and it grows on you as you enter into its mood. The justification for the style—13th century English Decorated was that there was once a hospital of this date on the site of the College. I cannot, however, believe that the chapel of this probably humble building can have been adorned with marble from Devon, Ireland, Scotland and Sicily. Another reason why John's rebuilt its Chapel was that it was a stronghold at the time of the High Church movement and in Cambridge the Tudor style which was the style of the old chapel was considered debased and decadent and the middle-pointed or Decorated was considered perfection. But I suspect that another reason why John's wanted a bigger and greater chapel was that it wanted to outdo its neighbour and chief rival Trinity.

The inside of John's ante-Chapel is awe inspiring in its proportions. Clustered columns of polished marble soar up into the dark height of the tower crossing which they help to support. It is like a cathedral. Then through the carved wooden screen you see the length of the Chapel itself. Coloured marble on floor and walls and in the gorgeous apse where the High Altar is, there is the glow of mitigated light shed by Clayton and Bell's Victorian stained glass. The painted wooden roof rises to an elegant point and is about as deep as the stone walls below it are high. To these the dark wood of the stalls form a strong base about a third as high as the walls. Maybe the stone sculpture on corbel and capital is a bit hard and crisp, maybe the marble *is* new looking but the Chapel is a convinced product of its still unfashionable time. The less it mellows the better it looks; and it needs a clean. It is famous for its musical services and perfect for sound throughout its length.

JOHN BETJEMAN.

Behaviour of a Hedgehog:

Erinaceus europaeus

It may be of interest to record the behaviour of a hedgehog in the garden of the Master's Lodge of St John's College, Cambridge, observed almost nightly, under exceptionally good conditions of visibility, during the period of 6 May to 6 June, 1966. The behaviour consisted in running for long periods, night after night, in a large circle in the same part of the garden. I offer no explanation of the behaviour; but circular running is known with other mammals, apparently in more than one behavioural context.

The garden consists of two distinct parts, separated by the Lodge itself, and connected only by gateways, one at each end of the house. The hedgehog certainly lay up during the day somewhere in the larger southern part. But its circular running always took place in the northern part, which seemed to be visited for this purpose. This northern part consists of a wide gravel drive surrounding an oval lawn measuring 56 feet by 43 feet, at the centre of which grows a large tree-paeony. At one end is a wide border filled with shrubs. The northern part immediately adjoins Bridge Street, one of the busy streets of Cambridge, and though separated from the street by a high wall it is illuminated throughout the night by the fluorescent street-lighting. This made observation of the hedgehog easy at any hour of the night. A curious feature of its behaviour was that each night as darkness fell it left the secluded southern part of the garden, where it had spent the day, and came to run in the northern part, which was more public, exposed to the noise of traffic, and illuminated by street lamps.

The hedgehog was first noticed on 6 May, shortly before midnight. It was on the oval lawn in the northern part of the garden. It was seen again in the same place two nights later. Regular attention was paid to it from that date onwards. It was seen on every succeeding night up to and including 6 June, except on a few wet nights. But in general the month was fine.

Its distinctive behaviour was as follows. It arrived in the northern part of the garden just as darkness fell. Its actual arrival was seen sufficiently frequently to make it certain that it came from the southern part of the garden round the western end of the Lodge. On several occasions it was also seen returning by the same route. During the first week of observation, immediately on arrival it began to run steadily in a large circle,

invariably in an anti-clockwise direction. The circle varied somewhat in extent, but was ordinarily about 15 yards in diameter, a circuit therefore of about 45 yards. The circuit was ordinarily accomplished in about 20 seconds, and the speed was therefore about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. There were occasional pauses, with sniffing of the ground, and then sometimes a little wandering from side to side. But typically there was a steady, rapid, trot, round and round the circle, snout held straight forward well above the ground. The circle always followed the same course. About a third of it was on the oval grass lawn and two-thirds on the surrounding gravel. This involved mounting and crossing the stone border of the lawn as the hedgehog passed from gravel to grass, and then crossing the stone again with a drop of 4 inches as it passed from grass to gravel. Mounting and descending from the edge of the stone gave no trouble, but there was often slight hesitation at crossing the narrow gap maintained by the gardeners between the stone and the turf to facilitate mowing. The circle never once, so far as was observed, included the tree-paeony that grows at the centre of the oval lawn, though it always approached close to it. This illustrates both the relatively constant size of the circular course and its relatively constant position on the ground, notwithstanding that this course was partly on the gravel and partly on the grass and involved mounting and descending from the stone border of the lawn.

The periods of continuous or nearly continuous running varied in length. The hedgehog would sometimes persist for two hours, or even longer, at a stretch. If the running ceased, and the hedgehog disappeared, it would often reappear soon afterwards and the running would be resumed. It would run at many hours of the night: always on arrival as darkness fell, but also at midnight, at 1.15 a.m., at 2.30 a.m., at 3.30 a.m., to mention times at which running was actually observed. By first light the hedgehog had disappeared. At periods of the night when the hedgehog was not running—and there were, of course, long periods when it was not so occupied—it was sometimes in the border of shrubs adjoining the running-area; but sometimes, and perhaps usually, it had returned to the southern part of the garden, and its return was observed on a number of occasions.

On several occasions when the hedgehog was running I walked quietly to a point within the circle. It would pause as it passed on the lee side of me, sniffing the air with its snout raised; but in a few moments, if I remained still, it lost interest in me and resumed its running, passing within a yard or two of me if I placed myself suitably and apparently paying no further attention to me.

On 13 May, a week after the hedgehog was first noticed, it was fed with bread-and-milk. A saucer was put out, just before the hedgehog's time of arrival, on the oval lawn, outside but close to the circular course it followed. On the first night the saucer was not noticed immediately; but soon it was detected by scent, approached, and the whole of the bread-and-milk eaten. On the next night, the bread-and-milk was found more quickly; and, after a few nights, the hedgehog on first arrival, and before beginning to run, went straight to the saucer and devoured its contents. This continued regularly thereafter. The feeding modified its behaviour in one respect. The meal was substantial, leaving the hedgehog more or less gorged. It would then pause, instead of beginning its circular run, wander about uncertainly for a few moments, and then move off slowly into the border of shrubs. It would remain there out of sight for varying periods, sometimes for a few minutes only, sometimes for half an hour, or even longer. But it would then emerge from the border and begin its customary running. Its course passed within a yard or two of the now empty saucer. Occasionally, it would pause in its running and turn aside to inspect the saucer. But this was rare. On most nights, having eaten the bread-and-milk and spent some time in the border, it would at once begin running and would take no further notice of the saucer. From 13 May, it was fed every night. During this period there were a few wet nights. On these, it came for the bread-and-milk, but then departed at once round the end of the Lodge to the dark southern part of the garden. It never ran its circle on a wet night, though there were in fact, very few wet nights during the month when it was seen.

On 2 June and the following days, though the weather was fine, the running was less persistent, though it was still carried out for long spells. On 6 June the hedgehog was seen as usual. On 7 June, though a fine night, there was no sign of it, and the bread-and-milk was not eaten. It was never seen again. The saucer of bread-and-milk was put out for several further nights, but it was left untouched.

There was never any reason to suppose that there was more than the one hedgehog in the garden, which is mainly enclosed by buildings and the River Cam. It was an adult animal, to all appearance alert and in good health. Its sex is not known.

J. S. BOYS SMITH.

W. H. R. Rivers*

IN the Spring of 1913 Dr W. H. R. Rivers delivered three lectures at the London School of Economics, entitled *Kinship and Social Organisation*. These were published later in the same year. I read them very soon after they appeared in print, and was—still am, in fact—deeply impressed by them for the commanding sweep of the argument, for the way in which evidence was marshalled which had to be gathered from widely distributed social groups and for their economy and clarity of expression.

In form these lectures were unquestionably logical. As I came to know Rivers and his work more intimately it became clear that, though he began, and finished, his academic life as a psychologist, his preferred habit of thought was that of a practical logician. He liked to adopt, or find for himself, some general principle, then to search untiringly, but with complete fairness, for illustrative material and finally, in the light of this material to regard the basic principle as established. In this manner it is quite extraordinary how practically everything of length that he wrote followed closely the scheme of the general theory worked out by Head and himself in their experimental study of cutaneous sensibility. There is a basic primitive organisation, little differentiated and subject to an "all or none" type of expression. Then, bit by bit this is invaded by incoming elements or influences which are "integrated" with the primitive organisation, and may appear to transform it or even to supplant it. But the foundation organisation is still there, and may be revealed by shock, disease, long continued stress, experiment, or analytical study. This theme appears over and over again in Rivers's writings, whether sociological, anthropological or psychological.

When I joined the College I knew already a little about current psychology and sociology. I knew also that Dr Rivers was the Director of Moral Science Studies at St John's, was very much interested in the experimental aspects of psychology, and believed that sociology could be developed into an exact science, though there was then no official recognition of sociology in the University. A Director of Studies was supposed to see his students

twice a term, at the beginning and the end, but apart from this he need have little to do with them. His main function was to suggest which lectures they should attend.

I remember well my first encounter with Rivers. He had rooms in the middle of the Second Court, and when I called he was in the large outer room. It was not particularly attractive or comfortable looking. There were the usual two large basket chairs of the period, a number of straight backs, a green, uncushioned chesterfield, a large square table covered by a Victorian looking brown cloth with tassels and a lot of books and proofs. Rivers was then occupied with page proofs of his greatest—perhaps I should say his largest—work, the *History of Melanesian Society*.

My course of lectures was quickly settled, and there, I suppose the interview should have ended. But I ventured to say that I had read a certain amount of sociology, and found most of it interesting but indefinite. At once the whole atmosphere of the visit changed. Rivers got up, cleared away a lot of the books and proofs, and produced diagrams of kinship reciting their accompanying relationship terms in various systems. I never have been very good at identifying kinship names, at least the more distant ones, in any system even including our own, and was amazed and impressed by the speed and certainty with which Rivers did this. When, eventually, I came away I realised that I had not been treated at all as the raw student I really was. In the following years I was to realise more fully that this was the main secret of Rivers' success and power with people. Every new person he met he treated at once as a potential success. So his power did not lie in what he said or wrote—though there was a lot of both especially as time went on—but in himself. His belief that every newcomer could be a first-rater got the best out of people. Of course he was sometimes mistaken. But he never lost his belief and later on, when he was dealing with patients who had broken down under the stresses of the First World War his outstanding success was due far more to his conviction that they could get well again than to anything in the contemporary psychiatric practice.

When I first got to know him Rivers was very much of a recluse, almost entirely wrapped up in his sociological and anthropological studies, and sailing off whenever he could to his beloved Melanesian islands and people. He warned me rigorously against getting entangled in any College or University affairs: "they will take your mind off research". At that time he drank no alcohol but was content with water or sweetened milk, and he did not smoke. Sometimes he asked me to tea and produced little slices of dry bread and butter and even

(*) This article is due to a suggestion made to me by Glyn Daniel that I should write something about my personal relations with Dr Rivers. I have not found it easy to do this. It is impossible fully to convey the very great personal influence which Rivers achieved in the College, the University and in many quarters in the world beyond both. But I am glad to pay this late tribute to the power that was in him.

drier madeira cake. I do not remember anybody else at any of these tea parties.

He was never very much of a one for the conventions. When I was just over the Tripos and before the results were out he told me "You didn't do as well as we had hoped; but never mind—it's all right." He said that Dr Myers was going to offer me a job in the psychology lab, and I had better take it: "you'll learn the psycho-physical methods, and about the fallibility of human statements." Myers, very much more cautious and correct waited till the lists were published before saying anything.

From the Autumn of 1914 to 1918 there was an inevitable gap. Rivers was mostly away from Cambridge and so was I. We met occasionally at weekends and he seemed to have changed. He was in uniform and utterly devoted to his job of straightening out the lives of soldiers who had broken down badly under the strains of war. Like nearly all other psychologists at this time he was deeply impressed and influenced by the work of Freud, though he never accepted all of Freud's theories, especially those which he regarded as based at second or third hand upon unfounded speculations about early forms of social life. Jung, then and always, he deeply distrusted, finding him unnecessarily diffuse and obscure.

When the war ended we both returned to life in St John's. There was now no doubt whatever that in his daily behaviour Rivers had changed. He was back with a bang to psychology and affairs. He said to me "I have finished my serious work (he meant the Melanesian studies) and I shall just let myself go." This he emphatically did. He moved into larger rooms in the New Court and there he entertained all sorts of notable people, in literature, in politics and in Society. He flung aside completely all his dislike for practical affairs in College and University, and in the outside world; and he enthusiastically encouraged me to do the same, apparently completely forgetting his earlier advice but he never was a stickler for formal consistency. The College, happily recognising the power that was in him, made him "Prelector of Natural Science Studies" with complete freedom to treat the new office in any way he liked. In these years from 1919 I think he got to know personally every science student in St John's. His Sunday breakfasts became famous. He formed a club for discussion known as *The Socratics*, and he brought to it all sorts of influential visitors—H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennet, Siegfried Sassoon and lots more.

At the High Table he talked more than he had ever done in the old days and about far more topics. Glover once said he was like Moses coming down from the heights bringing with him new tables of the Law. But unlike Moses he didn't worry

much if these laws were disregarded, or if people went off after different gods.

He was enormously active. He lectured often both in and out of Cambridge. He was not, in fact, a particularly good lecturer. He wrote everything out, had it typed, and read it with an air of complete conviction. He had a stammer which sometimes held him up a bit, but this made no difference to his popularity. Students and teachers in all kinds of subjects came to hear him, and a lot of people who didn't teach, and very likely didn't learn anything either. But the method of the lectures remained the same: from general principle, through specific illustration, and so back to general principle. I think pretty well all these lectures were published in a series of books which, so far as I can discover, are rarely read by psychologists now, though they had a wide influence some forty years ago.

In those days you never quite knew where Rivers would break out next. Earlier he had seemed extremely critical of anything of the nature of speculative philosophy and warned me of its possibly baneful influence. Now one day he turned up to borrow Kant's *Critique of the Practical Reason* and he read it, too, and said he found it fascinating. He came rushing round to my room one morning early, only partially dressed, and he put on my desk a piece of paper written over in his queer, almost illegible handwriting and said "Look I want you to sign this." It recorded that when he woke up that morning he had a strong impression that a distant friend of his was trying to communicate with him. They had agreed each to do this without any preliminary notice to the other, and so Rivers had recorded, dated and timed his impression immediately, hoping that he would have at least one bit of irrefutable evidence about thought transference. He needed independent confirmation of the time at which the record was made. I signed it of course but nothing ever came of it. The friend, duly approached, said that he certainly had not been making any attempt to communicate with Rivers on the date and at the time mentioned. Rivers, telling me this, smiled his attractive and rueful smile, but I think he was rather sorry and of course the negative evidence proved nothing.

Sometimes when I dropped in to see him I would find him sitting still, apparently doing nothing, and looking desperately tired. He would take off his steel rimmed spectacles and pass his hand over his eyes. And then he would jump up and be active again. He wrote, talked, read, dashed about, took on new things and kept on old ones all in a terrific hurry as if he thought he wouldn't have time to finish.

So it went on until Whitsuntide 1922. On the Saturday I was off to play in a cricket match on the College ground and just as

I went by the steps to the paddock from the New Court, Rivers came down them. He was going for a walk. We went to the backsgates together. He seemed cheerful, energetic and well. I was married then and lived out of College. On Whit Monday I came to St John's to go to my rooms. The flag was flying half-mast. I called in at the Porter's Lodge and said "Who's dead?" I was told "Dr Rivers". Everything seemed suddenly silly. The sun shone, decorations were out, holiday makers were all over the place. There seemed no sense in it, for Rivers who was my friend and counsellor had gone, and I should see him no more.

But this was wrong. A fortnight or so later I met him again, for the last time. I was in the College Combination Room, at the end where the Council meetings are held. The table was set for a meeting. All the members of Council were there but one. There was one vacant chair. Then he came in, erect and quick as usual. He went to the empty chair and sat down. He had no face. Nobody else knew him, but I knew him. I tried to say "Rivers! It's Dr Rivers", and I couldn't utter a word.

Then I woke up. I was in bed, at home. It was pitch dark. For what seemed like several minutes I was absolutely sure that he was there, in the deep darkness, close to me. It was a dream. We had talked many times about death. He had said that if he should die before me, as seemed likely, if he could he would try to get through to me. So, it was only a dream.

One night when G. G. Coulton was already an old man, and on the verge of his final journey to Canada, as we were coming out of dinner in Hall together, he said "Do you think there is a life after death—I mean a personal life?" I had to say that once I had thought so, and now I did not know. He said "I am sure there must be, though we are unable to tell the form of it: we can't just stop."

When I think now of Rivers it is in a double kind of way. I know that he died, swiftly and painfully, 45 years ago. But as I have said his power was in himself and not in what he said or wrote alone, and so it matters little if what he left in print is ignored or forgotten. There is something in St John's today which he brought to it and something also in many of us who knew him, and though I cannot find the words properly to tell of this, I think of him also as still alive.

FREDERIC BARTLETT.



Photograph: JOHN A. ROSE, A.I.I.P., A.R.P.S.

Lighting of the Hall: L. R. TUCKER, L.S.I.A., DIP.M.I.E.S.

THE JOHNIAN PAST

Rowland Hill (John's, 1764-69)

ROWLAND Hill was born in 1744 at Hawkestone in Shropshire. At an early age he professed his ambition: "I should like to be a baronet and sit in a great chair." But under the influence of his brother Richard, eleven years his elder, Rowland's outlook became a trifle less secular. With Dr Watts' hymns for children in the back of his mind, Rowland found himself sympathetic to his sister Jane's pious outlook upon life; the following is an extract from a letter from Jane written to him while he was a scholar at Eton:

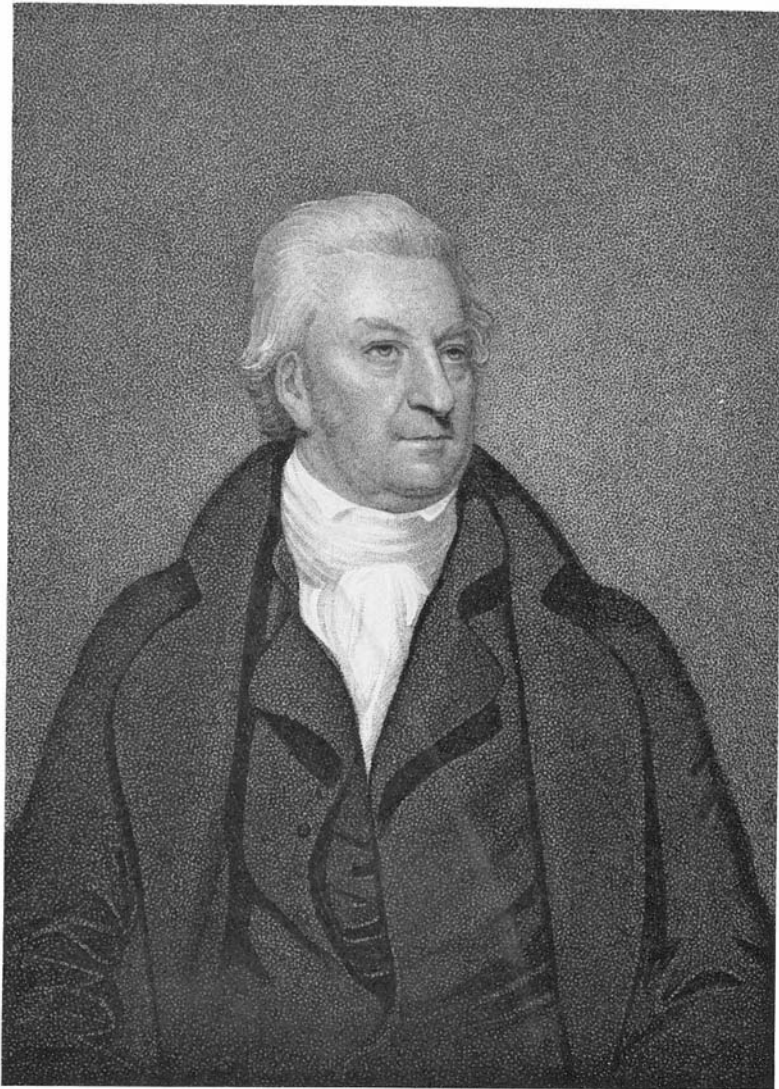
"I rejoice to hear by the letter mamma had from you last post, that you arrived safe at Eton, and met with no inconveniences from the floods. This mark of the care of the Almighty over you may furnish you with fresh matter for praise and thankfulness; and indeed, so innumerable are the instances of Divine mercy, that we have cause continually to dwell on the delightful theme of praise which we trust will be our employment to all eternity, joining with the heavenly host in singing hallelujahs to the God of our salvation, whose glory should be celebrated with joy and triumph by His reasonable creatures."

Rowland did indeed form a society of converts while at Eton, but it was at St John's that his religious activities really got under way. There were six livings in the gift of the Hill family, but to these were attached the condition that the recipients had to be fellows of St John's; Rowland Hill came up in 1764 to work to that end. He was a Methodist, and much, if not most of his time was spent in preaching in and around Cambridge. This was not popular:

"Nobody in the college ever gave me a cordial smile, except the old shoe-black at the gate, who had the love of Christ in his heart."

Hill's biographer, V. J. Charlesworth, after quoting this, goes on to say:

"It is a cause for thankfulness that a great improvement has taken place of late years; but the reformation will not be complete until the learning of the age is brought into subjection to the authority of Christ, and a religious character is held to be



Revd. Rowland Hill, M.A.

an indispensable qualification for admission to our national colleges."

As well as being active in John's, Hill preached in neighbouring villages, visited the county jail, and sought out the sick and the poor in their homes. All this aroused so much hostility that Hill began to waver, and appealed to the famous George Whitefield for advice; this was the reply:

"I would not have you give way—no, not for a moment; the storm is too great to hold long: visiting the sick and imprisoned, and instructing the ignorant, are the very vitals of true and undefiled religion. If threatened, denied degree, or expelled for this, it will be the best degree you can take."

So Hill continued to search for converts, taking any irregularities in his stride:

"1767, Jan. 1, Thursday, at Chesterton, on John i, 25, 26, on the power of Christ's resurrection; we had the honour of a mob, no other harm was done than the windows broke." . . . "Sunday, Jan. 4, at the castle, on Genesis iii—on the fall—and a little mobbing." . . . "In a barn for the first time, with much comfort. God send, if I am to live, this may not be my last barn: sweet to rejoice anywhere, though in a barn. Some gowmsmen were there, but were permitted to do no more than gnash with their teeth."

Shortly afterwards Hill returned home for the Long Vacation of 1767, to find that his parents considered his eccentric behaviour a disgrace. Meanwhile Richard and Jane preached the word to the servants and the tenants on the estate. Piqued by his parents' opposition, Hill returned to John's in October more determined than ever to save souls. Sister Jane seems to have anticipated some of the tribulations in store for poor Rowland:—"The Lord I trust will enable you to stand against all the fiery darts which will be shot at you at College. Fat bulls of Bashan will encompass you on every side, and you will need to be armed with the whole armour of God." But in defiance of the fat bulls Hill's diary contains the following emphatic prayer:

"Lord, grant us a deal of blessed preaching this year."

The prayer was indeed granted, for just before Hill graduated the Master became concerned about Hill's excessive Methodistic zeal, as two of the letters below show. All was well, however, and Hill graduated B.A. in 1769. But such was his reputation by this time that he was six times refused ordination. Commenting on this in later years, Hill said:

"During my residence at this seat of learning, even drunkenness and whoredom were deemed less exceptional practices in a candidate for the ministry, than visiting the sick and imprisoned, and expounding the Scriptures in private houses. For these

last mentioned offences, I met with no less than *six refusals* before I gained admission into the ministry of the established church."

During the course of these refusals Hill travelled around on a pony, preaching all the time. It would seem that he continued to meet with difficulties:

"There was such a noise with beating of pans, shovels, etc., blowing of horns and ringing of bells, that I could scarce hear myself speak. Though we were pelted with much dirt, eggs, etc., I was enabled to preach out my sermon."

Perhaps this was hardly surprising. At Taunton, where he stayed for twelve months, Hill once grossly offended the farmers he was addressing when he opened his sermon by telling them that they were as bad as the pigs they owned. The farmers then complained about his ranting; indeed they claimed he could be heard throughout the whole village. The next time Hill observed Farmer Hodge having his customary nap in his pew he exclaimed:

"What! shall we not lift up our voice like a trumpet, and cry aloud and spare not, when, with all our ranting, sinners can sleep and be damned under our very sermons?"

Let us banish all thoughts of sleep as we peruse the following letters, written by Rowland Hill to his sister Jane in 1769. The originals of these were acquired by the College in 1966, and are here reproduced exactly; square brackets indicate obliteration—in some places I have ventured a conjectural reading.

MICHAEL MAVOR.

I

To
Richd: Hill Esqr
at Hawkstone
near Whitechurch
Shropshire

My Dear Sister

For Miss Hill

Today being the birthday of our poor Cousin Delves, it was celebrated after a very splendid manner, with Dancing and all manner of carnality, we, as intimate friends were invited. I refused to go, but my sister T. (who in all respects is, and has been very kind to me) told me (with her usual good nature) "that she would be obliged to me if I would go and stay there just a little while till after tea, and that I need not stay to dance." She added that it might give great offence both to Lady Delves, and more to "Mother if she shou'd ever hear of it, and especially as I was absent last time she was there." I thought it not proper to refuse her this request, and did stay there about an

hower and half after tea, which was done before 8 O'Clock and left 'em immediately. They danced 2 howers before tea enough to give me a surfeit of it altho I did not dance at all, nor come till after they had begun sometime. O! glory be to Grace *free* Grace. I know I was out of my element, for O! what a fluctuation my poor soul was in? How hard a tryal it is to see the honour of that God we love thrown down to the ground. How hard it is to see our poor fellow sinners glory in their *perfection of wickedness*? But above all how hard it is to be compelled to countenance it by our presence? Well, by Grace I trust I may say I hate it, and pitied the poor captives, tho' not with that pity they deserve from us, as being once in the like condemnation with them. but who made us to differ? was it our own strength and good works? no, no. nothing but mercy, and free love, for surely if one sinner is worse than another, I am the chief. tho' my proud hypocritical heart wou'd not have you think so. but however Jesus is my all, may the God of love take you and me my dear Sister, [] ourselves and build us on him alone.

As I do not expect my sister and Brother Home on this side twelve O Clock, I think as I can be alone till then I may employ the interval in in relating what a Blessed Easter I have enjoyed. but I hope you will excuse my writing since I cou'd get neither pen nor ink that are fit for use.

As my sister T. is an approver of the ways of God, she never has the last objection against my attending the ordinances. for tho' I am forc'd to be absent sometimes in the evening from tea, yet she never so much as asks me where I have been. so that hitherto I have been able to attend [] every sermon that has been preached at the Lock since I have been in town. every thursday I can go with Mr and Mrs Jones to St Dunstons, I have also free access to that most blessed ordinance the Lords Supper. O how I have feasted at the Lock? how sweet is it to feed on Xt? well might the enamoured and spouse in the Cantacles say, *I sat under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste*—but besides all this, I have great reason to bless God for the many opportunities I have had in conversing with his saints and ministers. It is my bounded duty to accknowledge myself much endebted to Mr Jones for His very great kindness towards me and my dear companions. for we have made his house quite an Asylum. when they cou'd get from their carnal friends we us'd to resort there. On Monday last my dear friend Palmer¹ came at his own expence up to town from Chiswick to see me, I took him to Mr Jones's where they boarded him for two day and wou'd have given him a lodging if he would have accepted of it. he also introduc'd him to Mr Romaine, and fed him with the fat of the land. time will

not permit me to relate half the kindnesses we receiv'd from Mr and Mrs Jones who took all opportunities that lay in their power to assist us. Mr and Mrs Powys have at all times been exceeding kind to me, and have often ask'd me both to dinner and supper with them. I have many obligations to the *great* Mr Romaine, who has often invited me and my companions to his house, where we often meet by 8 in the morn. O how sweetly does he pray with us teach and exort us. every word that comes from his mouth ought to be writ in letters of gold. may the Lord write them in letters of gold upon our hearts.

Mr [Marlane's] kindness to us allso must not be pass'd over in scilence who gave me a card to admitt me and any I brought with me into His own pew to hear the gospel while thousands have been denyed the meanest place in the chapel. but who has not been kind [] Jesus and all his family are kind to us. and surely his [] is better than life itself. what favour is better [than the] favour of the Lord? is the friendship of the world beyond [] his friendship? no, no. give me Xt and I will [] ten thousand worlds. for he is all, more than all. But O wonder of wonders how came I to enjoy his friendship. for I know when he look'd upon me I was blacker than hell and deserv'd it more than any that are there or ever will be there. O that I could therefore prase and love my God who hath loved me with an everlasting love, and made himself a curse that I might be blessed. But here I must end for I have not time to write half I have got to say.

Therefore my dear sister I must subscribe myself
yours in the most endearing bonds

Rowld. Hill

Mrs Powys desires to be remember'd in love to you, she has bought the china for Miss Cley, who I hope is well. Remember me to my Brother, and all the children of God with us. all my Brother's Xtian friends desire to be remember'd to him. I have heard good news from Hawkstone How Bety and Roger are converted and many others about. Mr Romaine tells me that in this place also, many daly are added to the Church such as shall be sav'd. I wou'd have wrote this over again had I time.
pray for me a poor Hell deserving sinner.

¹ Mr Palmer was also a friend of Mr Berridge of Everton, who lived at Grantchester and was a considerable influence on Hill, who rode to Berridge's chapel each Sunday to attend his ministry, and galloped back in time for the college chapel service.

II

I ask my dear Sister a thousand pardons for not answering her kind letter long before this. all the last week almost every moment of my time was taken up in preparing for my degree, which being now over I'm more at leisure to write.

I have been much in the furnace since I have been here, much good has been done both in the town and University. they suppose me to be at the bottom of it all—this causes me many enemies—but my consolation is that *the Lord is King*. my kind tutor¹ still as much my friend as ever, is very anxious for my continuing sometime longer in Coll: to this the Master² at first agreed, upon which I have written home for leave. but since this he seems sorry for what he has granted, and tho' he does not accuse me of any fresh disobedience upon the old score abt conventicling, but I am to stay in College, he insists upon my promising *never to make any more converts in the university*, or never going into any house in the town even to relieve the [] piteus: but that I must give all my alms into the hands of others to dispense for me—these terms being utterly against my conscience I told him I never cou'd consent to, and that as this was by no means against any law of God or man I wd. sooner leave the univ: than stay upon such terms. my kind Tutor, having heard of our *squabble*, has been to the master, and tells me he has brought him a *peg lower*, and hopes that all things will be amicably settl'd. my only prayer to God is that it may be settl'd as will be most to his own glory and that I may still continue always to be possessed of that greatest of blessings *a conscience void of offence*—we have 8 gownsmen now at the university that are serious, and we have the most sanguine expectations that their numbers are increasing. Mr Unwin one of the number is a minister, preaches with the greatest power and success, abt 5 miles hence this makes a sad disturbance: the clergy all around are terribly clamerous; for all the bees are flown out of their hives and they have nothing to preach to but a few old formal droncs that are left behind.

I rejoice wth you that you are got out of the hearing of poor parson Prachet and can enjoy the comfort of an unmixd Gospel.

I hear from Mr Whitefield³ that dear and faithful Lady Huntingdon³ is ill at London. how greatly must Sion mourn at her departure! when you write again tell me particularly how she does. her fidelity to me makes me, if I know my own heart, love and honour her more than ever—

I suppose Lady Glenorchy is now in town. may I be permitted to send her my most Xian respects? my prayer to God for her is that she may be successor to to Lady Huntingdon yea if possible out—Huntingdon Lady Huntingdon.

Having another letter to write, excuse the hastiness of this and permit me to conclude wth sincerist

love to B' and S' T - y as also to y'self
from their unworthy B'

Rowld Hill

Camb: monday eve

-
- 1 Thomas Frampton, "rather fat, a great sporter and much of a gentleman and fonder of sporting and Newmarket than of books and his college." (Cole). He was a fellow from 1751-1771.
 - 2 William Samuel Powell. Fellow 1740-63, Master 1765-75, Vice-Chancellor 1765-66. He introduced college examinations, and instituted an annual examination in one of the Gospels or the Acts. He was particularly keen on keeping up the strength of the College choir, and never failed to appear for 6 a.m. chapel.
 - 3 Lady Huntingdon was converted to the cause of Methodism by her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hartings. She knew the Wesley brothers well, and was often visited by them at Donington Park. She appointed George Whitefield her chaplain on his return from America in 1748, but her efforts to reconcile him with the Wesleys were in vain. She protected clergymen suspected of Methodism by appointing them as her chaplains; William Romaine, Henry Venn and Rowland Hill all achieved this distinction.

III

very dear Sister

Camb: Frid eve

I am asham'd that I have been so long in writing, but I thought you wd like to hear from me best when all things were settl'd. this made me wait till after the reception of my fathers letter wch. came to hand yesterday—I send it you enclosed that you may the better see the Goodness of the Lord to me in all my trials—

The delivery I met wth from the masters *clutches* was attended wth mercies equally as great. instead of sending for me to give my determinate answer, he communion'd my tutor to treat wth me, and to tell me that I might stay provided I wd not disturb the town by public conventicles and give him a promise not to teach in the Univ: any doctrine contrary to the 39 articles—to the former I answer'd I had no intention of doing so as I had told him before. and 'tho I cd. safely give him a promise to be faithful to the latter in the [gross] but if he me'nt that I sd. not talk abt religion to the Gownsmen, as I suppos'd he did, I wd make no such promise. but if he me'nt no more than the words implied, witht any prevarication or intent to triumph over me for making such concessions, I cd. do it wth all my heart. I desir'd my tutor to tell the Master wth what limitations I made

such a promise and requested him to be witness between us all wch was accepted. in this last treaty never a word was mention'd abt my visiting the sick and imprison'd, dispersing the *Methodistical Books*, and frequenting houses *suspected of Methodism* or in short of being entirely free to do just what I pleas'd. I now plainly perceiv'd that he only wanted to draw his head out of the halter as handsomely as he cou'd—I thought proper to give him that much abt the articles that he may learn *not to give himself such airs for the future*—I trust our articles of Capitulation are honourable. the town and Univ: by dint of conquest, are entirely surrender'd to my *Episcopal Jurisdiction*, a prelate, blessed be God, I am still my only Grief is that for the present I am in a great measure an *unpreaching prelate* However this thro' mercy will soon be remedied. my remarkably kind tutor tells me he has not the least doubt but I may be ordain'd next May; and that he is sure he can procure me a curacy. and how wonderfully is this order'd! tis well the Government is upon Jesus's shoulders. tho my rebellious heart thought very hard of so many seemingly cross providencies in the summer. the other day Mr Unwin was presented wth a valuable living wch will soon remove him from his little curacy about 5 miles from Camb: he has been very faithful and abundantly bless'd. the rector is a remarkably candid man and seems desirous to have another curate out of the same *nest* as the former—perhaps providence bids me expect this to be the lot of my inheritance but this as yet is quite uncertain—may God make us passive, and direct as shall be most to his own Glory.

Praise God for the addition of another gownsman, a fellow-commoner to our company. I trust he is sincere tho as yet but tender. Sweet appearances give us hopes of others. we doubt not but the Lord will ever keep us going on from conquering to conquer providing we are but *Honest and alive*.

We have a good baptist minister in the town *exceedingly alive* and of late *amazingly bless'd*. some gownsmen at times have been under convictions by his preaching. at another part of the town the Lord has rain'd up another to preach and 'tho despicable on account of [adverse] circumstances has that dignity from heaven wch makes him a great blessing—so that between methodism and Baptism cambridge has a sad time of it.

I must apply diligently for the Brs. Blessing that no just offence may be given. in the mean time get all the prayers you can for me. that when my time shall come I may be made an able minister of the new testament not of the *letter* but of the spirit. I desire a heart totally given up to God's service. I then know that however weak I may be in myself God's power

shall be manifested in me—I long to see myself *nothing* and *Xt all* to learn by experience that glorious song *Worthy is the Lamb*.

at present my time is much taken up in making and writing sermons for some of our idle parsons who to save trouble will preach what is given them. at present we have two of that stamp and we fear not but we shall get more into the same plan—thus till I am ordain'd I'll preach by proxy. who knows what a blessing this may be to preacher and hearers?

for this reason excuse haste etc of this from

yr poor unworthy Br Rf Hill

dearest love to Br & Sr

Lady Huntin—n that faithful soul

Lady G - - y the [Ds] etc. etc.

P.S. I hope my dear Br will still seek out to purchase a living tis better to have two strings to ones bow.

IV

My very dear sister

Camb Tuesday eve

I thank you for yr letter I thought it long in coming—all things continue to give me the safest assurance of an entrance into the ministry by next May—my heart trembles at the thought of my admission into such an important office. I see in myself nothing but sin, ignorance, and blindness: utterly unqualified for so great an employ. if ever I s.d make an able minister of the new testament I see that I must be first wholly given up.—I see it requires much grace simply to follow the lamb wheresoever he goeth, to forget self, love of ease etc, to scorn contempt and every cross, and give all up to the Glory of God.—I fear much lest my treacherous heart s.d learn me to dissemble. I know that a faithless trimming minister cannot but be a curse instead of a blessing to the church of Christ—pray for me that Jesus's love may ever constrain me to be faithful unto death.

I am Glad to hear *the Head* is so much better—I see she has got a chapel at Hampsted—What zeal for God perpetually, 19 attends her! Had I twenty bodies I cd like to have of them to run abt for her. 'tho I have a most hearty love for her I cd be almost unkind enough to wish her one most dreadful ill. I cd almost wish she were immortal. for we have the greatest reason to fear when she is gone we shall not meet wth. such another. but the Lord Grant that *Lady Huntingdon may never die while Lady G — n — y lives!* The Lord be prais'd for the conversion of poor Miss Dicken. a letter receiv'd today from my Br confirms the acct. wch. sais she is violently persecuted and that my Lord is ready to go mad about it. O when shall

the happy day come that will give us to rejoice over the conversion of our dearest parents—

Tho my dear and kind Sr Tudway mention'd her not writing to me yet as I never write to her we are but even. the reason why I don't write to her is that you know *both you Sisters are of the same religion* one writing does as well as twenty.

I am much employ'd in preparing for the 13th this besides what is to be done in the *methodistical way* wch you know must be attended to, takes up the whole of my time. let this be the reason why you hear so hastily from

Yr poorest tho' affect. Br

Rd Hill

Love to Br & Sr Tudway

Love to all that love Xt.

do persuade Mr Venn to make

Camb: in his way to the North.

V

My dear Sister

I mean this as a note by the bye, that there may be nothing in the other but what may be shown if it be thought proper. however at times unbelief may overcome me, I am well persuaded that all is for the best. I trust I am contented to suffer any hardships for the cause of Xt if dear Lady G: is willing to accept me, and if my parents will give their consent glad sd. I be to serve her in the Gospel. food and raiment is all that I expect. I sd. then see what [] doors might open and how I sd. be receiv'd and sd. be able to determine abt receiving ordination in Scotland, being certain of this that it is in the power of no Br. to stop the work of the conversion of sinners, and as all arises simply from the power of him that is omnipotent no matter if unordain'd by man, I know that he has power to put honour independent of mans honour on whomsoever he pleases. persecution promotes popularity and destroys bigotry a thousand times more than does prunella and I am sure it has done so most abundantly in these parts. all here cry shame on my persecutors and love for my sufferings—

Has my dear dear Br forgotten what past Mr Groves tell him to call it not obstinacy but if he pleases a misguided conscience—let me however think otherwise.

My letter is wanted

R Hill

pray pray for right direction

The Flame of Baverstock

Chapter 1

TEMPESTUOUS Flame Baverstock stormed like a hurricane into the library of the Hall. Her five glorious feet of red hair trailed behind her. Anger smouldered in her passionate green eyes.

"Marry Sullivan Shulebred" she cried "Never!"

Her eccentric father, the twenty-third Earl, momentarily lifted his head out of the coal scuttle. Old blue eyes, as passionate as hers, crossed swords with her glances beneath frosty old eyebrows.

"You will do as I think good for the sake of the Baverstock name and fortune!" he roared.

"Tyrant!"

Her lovely shoulders shaking with sobs, the forest fire of Baverstock fled to her chamber.

Chapter 2

"Dang thee, gurt bull!" cursed Giles Clumperbun. It was one o'clock in the morning. A pallid moon peered out from behind thick clouds. It witnessed a scene of primordial strength and passion. Frustrated in his mad desire for the fair white body o' the young lady of the Hall, for she wot not of his love, though of a nature stormy enough e'en to match his, he was wrestling with his bull, Ditchcombe Warrior III, who, merely anxious to resume his bullish slumbers, wrestled but half-heartedly.

"I'll master thee, hear'st thou!" snarled Clumperbun. His huge muscles glistened in the moonlight. Great beads of sweat bedewed the ground. Presently the beast's vast head touched the bottom of the bull-pen. Ditchcombe Warrior III admitted defeat.

"Ah, would thou wert but Mistress Flame!" lusted the farming giant. Barely pausing to bestow a loving kiss on the animal's horns, he strode out into the night. A cloudburst thundered, and he soon got rather wet.

Chapter 3

Riding two stallions at once, as was her custom, Flame Baverstock was first, as ever, at the fences and the kill.

"What a filly, egad!" sighed Sir Joscelyn Ditch, the MFH, as he handed her the brush.

"And sayst thou, Miss Flame, when will be your wedding day?"

The lovely girl lashed his wrinkled old face with the brush.

"My odious papa sets it for this day fortnight!"

Sir Joscelyn passed a wrinkled old tongue over his chops.

"Fortunate Sullivan Shulebred!" he sighed inwardly.

But the Flame of Baverstock had thrown her lovely self into a nearby quagmire. To forget, while breasting the mud for a while, the fate ahead.

Chapter 4

"Weally, Amanda, why need I marry the wench?" inquired Sullivan Shulebred, as he toyed with a lipstick.

"Because, my love, your mother, who was exiled from all decent society on account of her mad, incestuous frolic all those years ago, ah me, now ardently burns to regain her reputation, and proposes to clamber back o'er the Baverstock back!" snapped his mother, Amanda D'Overtsbotty, who had but just buried her fifth husband.

"But I am sure that my friends, being the clientele of me, a vastly modish society photographer, who makes £100,000 a year, and is received everywhere, are much smarter than the mouldy old Baverstocks!" riposted little Sullivan.

"The Baverstocks are Blood" bayed Amanda furiously.

"And this girl—what a name—Frame!" sighed little Sullivan.

"FLAME!" chortled the woman. Really, what she had to endure!

But at least the Baverstocks were in her clutches. They were mortgaged to the hilt—and in debt too!

Chapter 5

"Here so be as Missy Flame do have dropped her first colt" quavered the retired coachman.

Giles Clumperbun strode through the night to the bull pen.

Ditchcombe Warrior III heard him coming in his sleep, and stirred unhappily.

With an impetuous motion of the hand, Flame Shulebred strangled her newborn infant and her husband in one fell grasp. Leaping through the first floor window she ran twenty miles without a pause. Then she stopped on the top of Brinkley Mountain. What it was to be free again!

A new day dawned on the last of the Baverstocks!

LETITIA HUNNYMAN.

Welcome to John's

Dear Fellow-member,

Welcome to St John's College, Cambridge. In case you do not meet either us or any of our colleagues during your stay here, to ask us about points on which you need guidance, we thought you might like a copy of the latest edition of our printed Notes. These are revised from time to time to bring them in step with developments in other fields. Though it is expected that members of the College will keep to them they are in no sense to be regarded as rules.

Hoping you enjoy your stay, we are

Yours,

G. C. L. B*RT*RM
(Senior Tutor)

S. W. SYK*S
(President of the J.C.R.)

St John's College is a Community, founded in 1511. Like all ancient communities, it has a number of customs which have proved, over the years, to be necessary. The University also (another community, founded even earlier) has customs which the Colleges have to keep. The College is a large community, containing a Master, Fellows, Graduate and Undergraduate students, some of whom you will probably get to know. The Fellows are, as you may notice if you eat in Hall, representative of all the stages of life. They may include your Tutor, Director of Studies, and Supervisors, as well as those of other people. The College being a community, you may happen to meet on occasion other fellows than your Tutor, Director of Studies, and Supervisors.

Membership of the College

The accommodation of the College, both for sleeping and eating, is limited, and the Council (the College's policy-making body) have to plan in advance the likely demand for the facilities offered. Regretfully, therefore, they have had to restrict the full use of bedrooms, Hall, etc. to those who have applied for and obtained admission to membership of the College in the normal way. This applies to the facilities available to Senior members as well as Junior members.

Rooms

Though members of the College are encouraged to adapt their rooms to their personal tastes and preferences, experience has shown that major structural alterations, say in the arrangement of walls, doors, and windows, results in weakening of the fabric of the College, with consequent discomfort and even danger to everyone; besides giving difficulty to future occupants of the rooms who may have different preferences again. In the interest therefore of all members of the College, future as well as present, students are asked to consult the Dean before making any such alterations, and are in any case recommended to act only with the advice of a recognised architect or professional builder.

The Dean

The job of the Dean is to assist Junior Members in cases of practical disagreement as to what is in accordance with the College Statutes, and the best interests of all its members.

Academical Dress

A few people may still like to wear gowns on formal occasions, as was once the practice in the University generally. The majority, however, will probably choose the alternative of a printed card (obtainable from your Tutor) pinned to the lapel or pullover-front, and showing name, subject, year, and buttery number.

The Buttery, despite its name, also supplies other kinds of groceries, as well as tobacco, drink, and paperbacks. It is hoped to introduce slot machines and a self-service system.

Lady Guests may be invited to dine in Hall, except on two Fridays in every term, which will be announced.

A Nursing Sister is in attendance during Full Term to take charge of cases of all kinds involving the lady guests of members of the College.

Dancing in the rooms of Junior members of the College causes too much disturbance to others. Dancing in the rooms of Senior members is less disturbing, partly because there are fewer of them.

The Library

The College Library can only continue to make books available to members of the College if its stocks are not gradually depleted. Junior members are therefore requested to return all books they borrow from the Library, so that they may be used again by others. Senior Members (as at the University Library) are permitted to keep the books they borrow.

The College and the Law

A very few people have from time to time used their rooms in College as bases for drug-peddling, unlicensed betting-shops, warehouses for receiving stolen goods, etc. While the College itself tries to interfere as little as possible in the activities of Junior and Senior members alike, it is obvious that both should refrain from actions that may attract the attention of the Police, and so cause inconvenience or embarrassment to everyone concerned. Though the College Statutes do not specifically discourage such behaviour, the Law of the land is actually rather strict on the matter.

Toilet Facilities are available in First Court, Chapel Court, North Court, New Court, and throughout the Cripps Building. In the interests of hygiene, people who are on College premises at the time are asked to use them.

IAN WHITE.

The Burnaby Girl

A Fragment

THE coolness spread everywhere. Coming from the innermost leaves of the trees, it swept down onto the shadowed pavements, and moved firmly over the rolled lawns. Refreshed and glistening from its brush with the sprinklers, it slapped up against the white wooden boards of the houses, which were still hot from the midday sun. There it died. But inside it found life again, and emerged from nothing to reach each quiet wall, where once again it pushed against the prickly, agitating heat.

It took us sixty tired and dirty hours to reach this street. Montreal—Calgary by Greyhound is a fact which should stay on timetables; even coca-cola loses its sparkle on such a journey. But as Mr Wilkinson's car drew up to No. 3050 the bumpy world of the Greyhound was already far behind us. Kids suddenly appeared, determined to scatter some noise around. Pat Wilkinson heaved one of them up and deposited her on a panting black Labrador that had caught up with the rabble;

"This is my daughter, I got another one somewhere. Say hi to Len and Peter, Karen."

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Endlessly energetic children ran around everywhere, pushing, laughing and chanting at Peter, who was at a complete loss.

"Go play in the traffic," Patrick yelled, and humped our suitcases into the house, where it turned out that we had the whole of the basement to ourselves, kitchen, bathroom, bedroom and a few other rooms besides. It was cool everywhere. I lay on a bed while Peter fought a short battle with the shower; how safe one always felt in the depths of other people's houses. The inevitable changes of routine made the home comforts fresher, and the security of a home was lent the edge of novelty by the lack of associations in the furniture, the cutlery, the squeak of the doors. It was fun to make up case histories for everything; one saw none of the worry that lies between the bricks of every home. It was play without work.

Brushed and clean we went upstairs to the huge dinner; the aroma had already hurried us out of our tiredness. Mrs Wilkinson proudly rushed through with dish after dish, deftly avoiding their youngest, Campbell, who was swinging on a contraption in

the doorway and shying wildly at his mother's legs. He had a chest like a bulldog and the same sort of attitude towards life. Through the politeness that always attends these first meals with unknown hosts we tried to find out something about Patrick's work.

"Here we are", he said, flashing a card which read "Campbell-Mack supplies"; but what he supplied was lost, as his sharp twang dropped to a mumble.

"Money's getting tight" he muttered, but it was hard to believe. Then Mrs Wilkinson came to the rescue with something about oil rigs and wire cable, trucks and poker; and that was it.

"Dad had it real good, you know," Patrick said, crunching on a chicken bone. "And he always said that life wasn't a bowl of cherries." They both seemed to be younger than half of one of us.

"Stampede's on at the moment," Mrs Wilkinson told us. "Town goes real squirly—the cops are so busy they don't have time to blow their nose. You'll have to get out and see what goes on." She was about to elaborate when suddenly a horrified look stretched across her face. Danny, the black labrador, had just slunk in the door, and clearly didn't want to be seen.

"Not another cat, Danny?" Oh no—Danny, whose, which one?" But Patrick in his delight shouted down his protesting wife;

"Played, Danny, boy, you rough 'em; go get 'em, Danny; you bring me back a Siamese"; and a huge laugh split the room.

In the same breath Patrick decided to take us down the river in a couple of days. He spent the next day chortling over the holes in his inflatable dinghy.

"Scotch tape, faith and spit," he said, as the hoover continued its unequal task. Finally he went away to get dressed for the great occasion, and came back shivering in a pair of grease-covered shorts.

"Right, team, grab a handle." And the great procession began with the self-appointed Livingstone at its head. Eventually we reached the river, and Peter flung the craft into the shallows. With a roar Patrick flung his lengthy hulk onto the broken rubber carcass; soon a tangled combination of limp rubber and flesh reappeared further downstream. Not in the least disturbed, Patrick triumphantly held aloft a mangled fishing float which he had unearthed as his nose bumped its way along the river bed.

"Hurry up and join the party before the captain drowns," he shouted. So we beat our way along the purgatorial five miles,

inexpressibly cold, yet unfailingly amused by this great cavorting clown.

It was good to be able to observe, to let other people make the effects. The humour and the enjoyment was falling into a set pattern; what was the point of upsetting it? We were guests in every sense of the word. The Wilkinsons governed our laughter as much as our food; the energy of the Stampede would be meted out to us in comfortable doses, as was the raucous excitement of the kids. We had our feather bed, and it seemed that nothing would tip us off it. I think I have a horizontal mind, a mind that seldom investigates ritual, decorum and manners. It just lies down and sleeps at most opportunities. It is all very well to seek objectivity and knowledge through observation, but the sacrifice is considerable. The damage accrues with the benefits, and there comes a time when one tires of regarding the party from the cold side of the window, and wishes that the sweat, the swift and agonizing stabs of perfume, the crashing noise, the tantalizing spider strokes of lace and taffeta were closer. It then seems a sin against life to lie down and regard the eddies of what might appear to be an alien race, for waste and lassitude then cap all the waves, and one is tempted to sink; one must swim, either calmly with the mad waves to the safety of the shore, or endlessly against them, on and on, until the darkness and hostility give way to brightness. If only one could balance the winds, wisdom would settle on the waves, and the water would be calm.

The din was enormous as a car pulled up outside. Females of all ages poured into the house, yattering to the furniture about how lovely the Rockies were, and how was everyone, and no, they weren't tired. There was little point in trying to contribute to the shrieking conversation, so I grabbed a suitcase and disappeared. I was followed downstairs by a dark-haired girl who seemed quiet and shy now that she had left the orchestra; her name was Susanne.

Upstairs Pete was looking terrified and puzzled, but "Burnaby broads" was all he got out of Patrick, whose smile was like an open piano. Slowly the story emerged; Betty-Jean had travelled through from Vancouver with Susanne's prolific family. At that point Patrick dropped his glass, and muttered. Susanne's balding father whipped round, and said;

"I got a female wife, two female cats, a female dog, three female daughters—and you think you got problems." Amidst the laughter and the drinks the chaos slowly began to sort itself out. So Betty-Jean was blonde.

"In deference to Susanne's mother," Patrick shouted from a corner, "I have been forced to fix up alternative accommodation

for you guys. You'll be sleeping over at the Mannings'." But I was talking to Susanne, and barely heard him. She was poised and alert, and expected rational answers, which shook me. It was almost as if there was a correct answer to her every question, and instead of sending her up sky high I concentrated fiercely to try to find the magic words. And through this tight, knotted conversation there rang the fresh voice of someone else; a Burnaby girl by the name of Betty-Jean. It was like the echo of a village bell, clear and resonant, but striking back across the air at irregular intervals.

So that night we took the two girls out. I wonder what they had said to each other while they were changing. In any case, having walked down 4th Street alongside Susanne, talking about all that mattered in the world, I was suddenly hand in hand with B.J., making a complete fool of myself, and talking to anyone within earshot about anything that didn't matter.

"Where's the main drag?" B.J. asked.

"Let's see if that onsticoble knows," I said.

"That what?"

"Cop," but she was onto it before I'd finished, and gave me that look which was to become so familiar; her half-turned face lit up with a small smile that stayed with her for the rest of the night. I thought of the girls I'd met to whom one had to repeat almost everything. What form the remark took was irrelevant; the second time over it was always inane or inept. They were so frightened they were being made a fool of. And inevitably the tones of the repeat performance became more sarky as the evening progressed.

"Excuse me, sir, can you say where the street dance is?"

"No street dance tonight, lady. Try tomorrow, corner of 8th and 3rd."

"Oh but officer, everyone said there was one now, and everybody's here, so why not?"

"Not tonight, lady. Sunday night? Nah."

Sunday night: open cars were shrieking round corners crammed with well oiled young men who were trying to cajole anything with a skirt to join their joyride; hands were jammed on horns, and steering wheels were left to straighten up themselves. Sunday night, the night before the stampede; in their Western outfits even weaklings became heroes, drawing their minds easily over the brief hundred years of their country's history. The Stampede; the very name beat out a rhythm of licence, carnival and uproar.

"Seeing as there isn't one, can we start one?" The officer had no answer, and left.

"What a neat guy."

I was still outside myself. It was ludicrous to be walking along benches, shouting at the unmet, laughing just for the sake of it. I was still subdued, and B.J. felt it. She rushed along even faster, bursting everything into a kaleidoscope. I began to feel like a dog in a pack, bursting through the thickets, warming to the scent, driven mad by the ascending howl. Suddenly we reached a football park. It was bobbing with a multitude, and somewhere on the precipitous grandstand there was music. We pushed our way through and danced. Even now we were adjusting to each other's rhythm, using the trivia of speech to fit into each other's pattern and way of thinking. The memory of that night is almost like a portentous dream, disordered, important, imperative; warm soup, hot hands, glances that bounced back into one's eyes wherever one looked. But when I put my arm round her, the furry, shapeless sweater crumpled into a young firmness.

"I want to make love, Len, but I won't. My principles are all muddled. Here I am, just waiting."

"Upbringing, principle, fear—it's made a bit of a mess of you, hasn't it. So you've decided not to do anything until you're married. What if someone comes along; the decision seems watery then, doesn't it? But they go away, and you realize that up to a certain indefinable time you just bang into people, and very few of them leave so much as a bruise." We walked on, away from the blare onto the quiet, cool streets. B.J. took off her shoes. The pavements were hard; we could not believe that such things still affected us, and she kept them off in defiance.

We discussed everything. We made up trite maxims for life, as if we were its sole legislators; "whenever your troubles seem to crash into enormity, just push yourself away up in the air, and see how small you are." But we felt bigger than the whole earth just then. In the squares of light we could have trampled on the steeples until they had fallen like grass, and crushed the houses with our heels until they crumpled with no more noise than beaten snow. Her face was young and very peaceful. But sometimes the wonder would break out; her thoughts struggled visibly within herself, and her eyes and lips would narrow slightly in the silence. Yet when I interrupted that half smile would come again, and a sigh of relief would ease the tension away.

There was a sudden squeal; B.J. had a splinter in her foot. I carried her for a few yards, off balance with laughter, lurching under her unexpected weight, and then collapsed onto the pavement in a pool of neon light. For some minutes the hard foot refused to give up the splinter, but when it was out we ran

on, and passed a fruit shop. Why it was open at that time of night, I do not know, but we went quietly in, almost fearing that we were trespassing on someone else's little piece of history. There was a wizened old Indian behind the counter. Time no longer stood still for him, but his many years could only smile at our bright joy. We ate the plums and peaches leaning over the Mission Bridge, and pretended that a bleary light upriver was the moon; it was easy to believe.

"This is the sort of thing you could never learn from books," B.J. said.

"What?"

"That plums and peaches taste better when you're leaning over the Mission Bridge."

At home we kissed for a long time. I saw the change of light through her eyes, felt the change of temperature through her body, and went to bed at dawn.

We had talked much, and even worried a little. But somehow the serious moments, in which we talked of all the inescapably normal things which tend to get shoved down one's throat as problems, were not in the least memorable. What mattered was that we spoke our thoughts, and reached agreement in every fibre of our being. It was the brief question of unselfish interest, the small flutter of hands, the telegram of a look, that remained, breaking down all irony, all cynicism, and recharging life with the sense of infinitely compressed beauty.

The next day belonged to the Stampede. The wild activities that had been boiling up for some time received official recognition at eight o'clock on Monday morning, and the Parade was on. It made gluttons of us all. At first one's eyes leapt around, unwilling to miss the smallest dash of colour; one soaked in the noise from the rocking holiday crowds and the garish bands. Streamers wound themselves round everyone, and stetsons were hurled irretrievably into the air. But as line after line went by, even the cameras became tired, and the films surfeited. But B.J. loved it all, and hardly looked away from the happy columns, which marched through the streets and into the distance as steadily as sand falls through an hour-glass.

From then on time had none of the circular sense that governs the year and the day. I suppose that the planets continued on their elliptical course, but time in Calgary became irregular to the point of despair, and thundered on with the noise of the Stampede until it was all of a sudden the hour of departure.

And so they left . . . I brought B.J. back on the last night quite exhausted. She asked for a glass of milk, muttered a few bright words of farewell, and then was asleep. The inert body on the sofa already seemed to have passed into another

world, beyond recovery. Its regular breathing betokened a return to an old routine, where discovery and excitement were not wanted. All the feeling was one way now; it no longer bounced back with renewed worth and meaning. It was worse to stand there than to go, so I broke across the shaft of light from the street light, and walked away to sleep.

I had a strange dream that night, terrible in its clarity. I was travelling on a Greyhound bus to Burnaby; the name was on the driver's back. Except for Peter's blonde head at the front, the bus was empty. Coolness spread everywhere. It swept out of the grills by the windows, and moved firmly up and down the centre of the bus. "Do not open the windows, do not open the windows," the driver kept on saying.

Suddenly I was in B.J.'s house. It was so small. The rooms were tiny, and the narrow connecting passageways pulled them together. I could not escape from the deep tired workman's calm of Mr Runcie, the man with dirty fingernails, nor from the cloying naiveness of his wife, who never stopped smiling. B.J. wasn't there.

I was walking through Stanley Park with Alison, who said she was B.J.'s sister. I took her hand. I kept looking at her, sideways, but she went on and on about Vancouver and Burnaby. Suddenly she turned her head and smiled, and I saw it wasn't B.J.

Then I saw myself. I felt myself up in the air over Simon Frazer University, but I could see my outward form down on the rough concrete quadrangles, running after a girl who kept on looking over her shoulder, opening her eyes wide, and giving a little half smile. She ran through an open door and dived into a swimming pool. I could see and feel my legs running up to the door, which slammed almost to, and the rough cast walls leaned over. Through the crack there seemed to be hundreds of people swimming and shouting. But up above I saw the girl running again. She stopped, and pointed. From above it looked like a desolate theatre, with a huge abstract mural on one wall. But I felt my breath getting shorter as I ran up to it. It was thronged with people, sitting crushed together, all watching the mural, which was galvanized into a moving pageant of live actors. The girl stood alone on the stage, which was lit by the blue glare of street lamps. Her back was turned, and she was eating a peach. Suddenly she turned her head, opened her eyes wide, and gave a little half smile.

When I woke I had breakfast at the Mannings, and went straight over to the Wilkinsons' house, which was very quiet. There was nobody there. My head was still muddled from the dream, and I expected B.J. to walk in at any moment. But in the sitting room there remained the unchanged relics of our

meeting; the blue carpet, the empty glass of milk, the eskimo prints. So the end had come. She had returned to mould time in her way, and I remained to complete the schedule of my trip. The rounded incident was clear and complete.

I returned to that room as evening set in. I looked out of the window; suddenly the pavements emptied, and the trees grew colourless. It seemed that in this room, the heart of the house, conversation would miss its mark and die unwanted in the corners. I felt half a person. The moon flitted across the sun, eclipsing it completely. It hesitated, and seemed to smile, glancing brightly back at the sombre earth. Then the planets swung on in their balanced way, and the earth looked to the sun again. But behind its shining face there was, according to the law, darkness, and there the moon cast its mocking gleam, as it span in the far distance of the unreachable.

MICHAEL MAVOR.

The Falkland Islands Today

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine . . ."

THESE are the first four lines of Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional", the poem which he published in *The Times* in 1897 to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. To-day, 70 years after these words were written, there is little, whether of palm or pine, that is left to us of our former Colonial Empire. One of the few Colonies that does still remain is the Falkland Islands; and it is probably the least known and in some ways the most remarkable of our possessions.

The Falkland Islands lie in the South Atlantic, some 7,000 miles distant from Britain, not far from Cape Horn, and only 300 miles from the nearest point in South America:—Patagonia, which forms part of the Argentine. Stanley, the capital, is on approximately the same latitude South as London is North of the Equator; but owing to the absence of the Gulf Stream and to its proximity to the cold Antarctic, the climate is by no means the same as that of southern England.

The colony has an area of roughly 4,500 square miles (rather more than 3,000,000 acres, comparable in size to Northern Ireland). It consists of two main islands, East and West Falkland, each some 60-70 miles long and 20-60 miles across, and heavily indented; together with a whole archipelago of about 200 smaller islands ranging in size from a few acres to 5,000 or 6,000 acres, some of which are very fertile and have a high carrying capacity in terms of the number of sheep per acre.

The total population of the Colony, men, women and children, is only a little over 2,000, virtually all of whom are of British stock. According to the latest (1962) Census, 1,733 of the people were born in the Falkland Islands and 338 in the United Kingdom. There is no native or indigenous population whatever, apart from the offspring of the earlier British settlers, who came in after we resumed settlement of the Islands in 1833.

Approximately half the people live in the Capital, Stanley, the only town—if indeed a place with not more than 1,000 inhabitants deserves to be described as such—while the other half are scattered thinly (one to every 4 square miles) in small farming settlements over the Camp, which is the name by which the country outside Stanley is usually known.

The Falkland Islands has a Governor, a Chief Secretary, and an Executive and Legislative Council, in fact all the external paraphernalia of a Crown Colony. Since there is a majority of unofficial members in both Councils, the Colony is virtually self-governing, subject to certain reserve powers of the Governor in his capacity as representative of the Crown: all for a total population of less than 2,100.

What then do the Falkland Islands do to earn a living—and in general it is a good living in terms of financial return? The answer to this is contained in the one word, wool. Apart from a small amount of skins and hides, the entire productive capacity of the Colony is geared to the production of wool, which is grown on some 600,000 sheep, and which brings in an annual return of about £1,000,000 when sold upon the British market, though a substantial hole is made in this sum when allowance is made for freight and other selling charges. It follows that the prosperity of the Colony depends greatly upon what is happening to the world price of wool. Falkland Islands' wool is of good quality and fetches on average a rather better price than most New Zealand crossbred wool. In terms of quantity the supply is small—a mere 2,000 tons a year, as compared with over one million tons from the main wool exporting countries. An attempt a few years ago to establish a freezing plant in East Falkland ended in failure, and there is no export of meat, the carcasses of most slaughtered sheep being left to rot on the Camp. The Islands import practically everything they need from the United Kingdom, to a total value of about £500,000 a year.

Virtually all the land is owned freehold by a very small number of companies and individuals, with one concern alone, the Falkland Islands Company, owning 6 farms which take up 46 per cent of the whole area under sheep. With the exception of the smaller islands, the farms are large, the biggest being 400,000 acres, while 12 out of the 32 farms are over 100,000 acres each; and a very extensive system of farming is practised, more of the nature of ranching than of the sheep farming to be found in many other parts of the world. Taking the Colony as a whole, there is an average of one sheep to a little less than five acres. In recent years however, some of the farmers have been experimenting successfully with more intensive methods, with a view to improving the quality of the pastures, which had been deteriorating owing to many years of uncontrolled grazing. In one important respect, the yield of wool per sheep, there has been substantial improvement due to better breeding, with the result that the same quantity of wool is produced by a smaller number of sheep.

Financially, the Colony stands, and always has stood, very much on its own feet. Over the years it has been able to balance its budget from its own resources, without needing, unlike so many other colonies, to be subsidized by the British taxpayer; although latterly it has received a small annual subvention from the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund for capital purposes, such as the replacement of two small sea planes, and a ship, for internal communications within the Islands. It has never borrowed money and there is no public debt.

Since the days of Dr Johnson, who can only have been speaking from hearsay, since he himself never visited the Falkland Islands, the climate has found many detractors. But it is not as bad as it is often painted. The prevalence of strong winds is undeniable, and when they come from the Antarctic South they are unpleasantly cold; but while the summers are not as warm as in England, the winters rather surprisingly are less severe. Rain is fairly frequent but usually light, and snow rarely lies for more than a day or two. Having recently spent five weeks in the Colony, making a survey of its economy, I can testify that there were more sunny than dull or wet days in that period (March-April, 1967) including two or three days of almost complete calm. When the sun shines, the sea sparkles and becomes a deep Mediterranean blue, and the coastal scenery, with its combination of sea and hills, especially in West Falkland, resembles some of the Scottish Highlands at their finest. The air is clear and invigorating; and all in all it is a very healthy place.

The standard of living is high, one indication of this is to be found in the fact that there are more motor vehicles per head of population than in any other country in the world, including the United States. About one third of the 930 motor vehicles are land-rovers, or jeeps and another third motor cycles—this despite the fact that with the exception of the township of Stanley there are no roads; and travelling over the Camp is very rough going, above all in winter when even the land-rover is liable to get bogged down; though what these cars can accomplish in traversing the peaty moors and the creeks and ditches in which the country abounds, has to be experienced to be believed.

The general impression left on a visitor, especially one who like myself has been able to spend an appreciable time on the Camp, is that of prosperity, judging by standards of housing, clothing, food, and the appearance of the children. Men and women alike are a sturdy, self-reliant and very versatile body of people, indeed these are qualities which in a measure are imposed upon them by the circumstances of their lives. A small community of only a little over 2,000 people cannot maintain much

in the way of specialised services: with the result that from the Governor downwards the Falkland Islands deserve the title of the "do-it-yourself Colony".

The Islanders have a strong feeling of loyalty and allegiance to Britain, which is "home" as much for those who were born and bred in the Islands, as it is for those who come out from the United Kingdom to work on short contracts and return when their contract is completed.

Like all other places the Falkland Islands has its problems which are not easy to resolve. Above all there is the isolation and remoteness from the mother country; there is no aeroplane service to the Colony, and owing to regrettable political difficulties with the Argentine, passengers to and from the United Kingdom have to use Montevideo in Uruguay as their port of call, which involves traversing the South Atlantic for 1,000 miles in a small steamer that sails twelve times a year in either direction. A whole month (and it may be more) is a long time to wait before an answer, even to an air mail letter, can be received. If it were possible to establish air communication, say with Punta Arenas in Southern Chile, which is only 500 miles distant from Stanley, this feeling of isolation, of being cut off from the outside world, would be very much reduced.

One disturbing feature is that in recent years there has been a continuous though still moderate flow of emigration, particularly to New Zealand, of Falkland Islanders who have come to realise that better educational and other facilities and opportunities, as well as many of the modern amenities of life not available in the Colony, are to be found elsewhere; and this does raise the question of the long term viability of the Colony in its present form. On the other hand, the numbers involved are still very small, and it would require only a slight increase in the existing level of immigration from the United Kingdom or other parts of the Commonwealth to redress the balance.

The Falkland Islanders, I repeat, are a prosperous community, based on a thriving industry; and life in the Colony has its own attractions which have a strong appeal to many of those who earn their living there.

C. W. GUILLEBAUD.

The Eagle Questionnaire: Results

As stated in the Editorial (from the polemical tone of which the present writer wishes to dissociate himself) the response to the questionnaire was too small to be statistically significant.

But it was useful all the same, and hearty thanks are due to those Johnnians who were willing to do some homework. Their answers are revealing, and will be a valuable guide to future editorial decisions. Several of them were unexpected, but they were all mutually consistent, and as a matter of common, if not statistical, sense they may be taken as indicative of what the junior members of the College think of their magazine. Even if the indications are misleading in some respect, the respondents may reasonably be taken to be *The Eagle's* most interested readers, and the editors therefore feel a special obligation to try and give them what they want. As will be made plain, in several instances this will take some doing. In the meantime, thanks to each of them.

The questionnaire had two purposes. The first and less important was to stimulate readers to a little thought about the magazine and what it could mean to them. Young writers often feel that print is not for them: they believe, mistakenly or not, either that they don't deserve this accolade, or that no-one will think that they do. Often, of course, there is some sound self-knowledge behind this timidity. But, by and large, it does everyone good to receive fair and attentive consideration of his work, and so even a rejection can be a valuable experience: it may, and often does, lead to better luck next time. And occasionally the luck is good the first time round. Print is achieved. To the true writer, this is an intoxicating experience, however often it occurs, and however obscure the magazine where it occurs. Now, in Cambridge terms, *The Eagle* is not very obscure: it is the house journal of the second largest College, and can occasionally attract outside contributors (see the present issue for proof). It has other advantages. It has a large circulation (some 2,000), appears regularly, and has space to spare. It was part of the questionnaire's design to hint, ever so gently, at these palpable facts. The results of the answers to questions 7, 8, 9, and 10 speak for themselves. 16 people had thought of contributing to *The Eagle* (memo on method: we should have had a question to find out how many actually had contributed); 13 had thought of contributing to other Cambridge magazines; 5 had sent them material; and 3 (THREE!) had had some of it accepted. Meanwhile *The Eagle* waits.

THE EAGLE QUESTIONNAIRE: RESULTS

The primary purpose of the questionnaire was to find out what readers thought of the magazine's performance. Some of the information elicited was presented numerically, some of it verbally.

Numerically: 34 wanted *The Eagle* to appear once a term, 11 twice a year, as at present. Articles about the College were easily the most popular items (read by 49); editorials and general articles came next (45 each). Humour got 42 votes, the College Notes and Chronicle 38 each, Fiction 37. Poetry and reviews lagged, with 29 and 22 votes respectively, sermons got the wooden spoon with 10 (but since *The Eagle* has not printed a sermon since January 1967, this result is scarcely meaningful). 45 readers wanted more photographs; 6 wanted a greater emphasis on original writing, 19 on articles about College affairs, 28 wanted an even balance to be maintained.

Verbally: the following remarks, written mostly in answer to the questions, Are you satisfied with the present format? How could *The Eagle* play a significant part in College life? and Have you any other comments? seemed valuable and representative.

(*Format*): "Better presentation—the contents were more interesting than an initial glance suggested." (1st year).

"I would prefer a shape more like the Christ's College magazine. This just seems to be rather an insignificant size. (PERSONAL PREJUDICE)". (1st year).

"More photographs, and artistic designs, sketches, etc." (1st year).

"Present format quite satisfactory." (1st year).

". . . the odd sporting photograph and examples of varying sides of College life." (2nd year).

"Perhaps something a little less formal—larger format, drawings, advertisements,—coffee table glossy." (2nd year).

"If the format were to change, *The Eagle* would no longer be *The Eagle*." (3rd year).

(*How could The Eagle play a significant part in College life?*): "By appealing more to the common interest of its readers: John's." (3rd year).

"The magazine often appears contrived and its contents incidental or even trivial. It might well seek to make a more constructive attempt to further 'Johnian' feeling by concentrating on College activity and seeking to obtain many more articles by Old Johnnians." (3rd year).

"By publishing letters to it so that activities in, and criticism of the College could be discussed. This is not possible if published every 6 months but would be if published termly." (3rd year).

"More discussion of College policies, past and present, and of plans for the future. *The Eagle* could provide an ideal platform

for discussion and explanation of how the College is run, and should be run." (Research).

"... Persuading Senior Members to contribute articles on subjects of controversy in College or University affairs in particular, but also on topics of wider educational or even national interest..." (3rd year).

"*The Eagle* is produced by members of the College for other members, and so its impact on College life can scarcely be expected to be breathtakingly significant. However, so long as it does not become too introverted, its continuance in its present form is fully justified in my opinion." (3rd year).

"By including articles about past Johnians (as at present) and also about present Senior members—their careers, beliefs, research, etc." (2nd year).

"One section devoted to the topical side of undergraduate life in the College—a college forum—the William Hickey column for St John's!" (2nd year).

"By appearing more often and making members of the College aware of their connection to a Community and University..." (1st year).

"... by resembling a little less the traditional school magazine." (1st year).

(*Any other comments?*): "As one of the College's elder students, I find the gossip notes at the end interesting. Perhaps some sections (Marriages?) could be made more complete..." (Research).

"I found the last issue the most interesting, and best written, in my 3 years at John's..." (Research).

"I think John's too big for a pre-subscribed magazine to be of any value. It should be an all-out commercial venture, or not at all..." (3rd year).

"It is just one small way that makes you feel this is a community. I enjoy the present *Eagle*, although it could be slightly more representative, if it appeared each term. I don't want a paper every week." (3rd year).

"I should hate to think of College without its own magazine..." (3rd year).

"... I personally welcome the articles on the architecture in recent issues." (2nd year).

"More humour and less formality." (2nd year).

"... A highly readable and entertaining magazine... Could be very useful as an informed and dispassionate organ of comment on College relations, in particular what Senior members think about Junior members." (2nd year).

"Disturbing element of frivolity occasionally apparent." (1st year).

"It's interesting and informative and therefore worthwhile, but life would go on quite nicely without it (as it would without most any other publication)." (1st year—affiliated student).

Comment on these comments is largely unnecessary. We hope to profit from them in future, though the present issue was, inevitably, planned to a great extent before the questionnaire had been analysed. *The Eagle*, it seems, is fairly popular, but there is room for improvement. A collegiate identity must be preserved; and you can't please everyone all the time. Such are some of the obvious reflections; they, and others, will occur to our readers without our prompting.

One point, however, cannot be passed over. Many of the suggestions—above all the notion that *The Eagle* should appear once a term—although obviously attractive, are not feasible on our present budget. Nor can the budget be justifiably increased, since it would mean throwing a financial burden on the shoulders, either of our subscribers or of the College Council, none of whom deserve such a fate. Advertising is the only answer, and it must be advertising for which the editors do not have to sweat. Soliciting half-pages from small tradesmen may be educative; it is more certainly time-consuming and humiliating. Still, if anyone wants to try his genius as our advertising manager, he is welcome. In the meantime, *The Eagle* will continue to appear twice a year; and if ever costs permit—or manna drops from heaven (who knows, all Big Five banks might want to advertise, at £100 a page, simultaneously) it will certainly come out once a term, and dazzle the eye with the brilliance of its art-work. For the moment, it must soldier on as before; and since it won't appear before its readers again until the New Year, it wishes them a glorious May Ball and a Happy Christmas, simultaneously.

The Combination Room and 'D' Day

IN an article on 'The College during the War', printed in *The Eagle* for September 1946¹, the Master, Mr Benians, mentioned amongst sounds and scenes that would linger in the memory '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 event to which he was referring had been known at the time only to a few, and even to them, as Mr Benians wrote, its real nature was not officially disclosed. The time has come when there ought to be a fuller record of what took place, supported if possible by proper documentation. Without such a record, knowledge of an event in the history of the College of more than passing interest might be lost beyond recovery.

Documentary evidence, however, turned out to be unexpectedly elusive. Mr Hinsley kindly prosecuted extensive inquiries; but the official records in which search was made yielded no result. The volume of the material was very large and it was uncertain whether the search should relate to the Army or the Royal Air Force. Knowing that Trinity College too had been involved, I sought the help of Professor C. D. Broad, who was acting as Junior Bursar of Trinity during the period. He very kindly sent me from the Library of Trinity College a copy of the following letter² addressed to the Master of Trinity, Dr G. M. Trevelyan. It is printed here by permission of the Council of Trinity College.

¹ Vol. LII, Nos. 231 and 232, pp. 306-9. The article was there reprinted from *The Cambridge Review* for 27 April 1946 (Vol. LXVII, No. 1643, pp. 320-1).

² Mr A. S. F. Gow refers to this letter in his *Letters from Cambridge 1939-1944* (1945), p. 232, cf. p. 223, and he records the events in Trinity College.

THE COMBINATION ROOM AND 'D' DAY

From: Lt. Gen. G. C. BUCKNALL, C.B., M.C.

DO/9

Main H.Q. 30 Corps,
A.P.O.

England.

10th June, 1944

Dear Master,

You will undoubtedly be glad to hear that the initial stages of the operations which we studied in your College have been carried out entirely according to plan.

The Germans were undoubtedly surprised both by our technique and speed of "build-up"; in consequence our casualties have been unexpectedly light. Moreover as we have seized the initiative, the future holds dramatic possibilities.

The area in which we are operating will probably explain sufficiently why we called our Exercise CONQUEROR!

I hope that one day I will be able to explain fully to you how the plans laid in TRINITY helped to mould the course of history.

You will realise therefore with what pleasure we look back on our stay in your College, and all my officers join me in sending their best wishes to those who made it so enjoyable.

We have a 'stiffish' fight coming, but the 'build up' of our forces proceeds very well.

Yours very sincerely

GERARD BUCKNALL

The Master of Trinity,
Trinity College,
CAMBRIDGE.

Mr Hinsley wrote to Lieut.-General G. C. Bucknall, C.B., M.C., D.L., the writer of the letter, and in reply General Bucknall most generously provided the following Note, which is printed here with his permission.

Note by General G. C. Bucknall on the 'briefing' conference at Cambridge March 1944 for Commanders and Staffs of 30th Corps for the invasion of Normandy.

An outline of the developments leading up to the conference will disclose the scope and complications of 30th Corps tasks for the invasion and may be of some value for the archives.

I personally had been commanding the British 5th Division in Western Italy, when after my friend General Horrocks,

commanding 30th Corps, was severely wounded near Tunis, I was called back to England in January 1944. General Montgomery required me to form and train the new 30th Corps for the jump into Normandy.

For me it was not a new project, as in 1942 I had been ordered by General Paget to study and produce a plan for the invasion. This plan formed the basis of the 1944 proposals developed by General Morgan for General Eisenhower.

By mid-February I had been informed of General Montgomery's plan, and that of 2nd Army, General Dempsey, and I had produced an outline plan for 30th Corps which was agreed.

I see that on 14 February I and the Earl of Lewes, of my Operational Staff, were called to General Montgomery's train at Great Missenden. The General (my old Staff College Instructor!) approved my arrangements, and actually drew for me on paper his personal plan for the defeat of the German armies in N.W. Europe.

I should say here that 30th Corps was to be the right-hand Corps of the British Army, next to the 5th United States Corps. On my left was to be the 1st British Corps (General Crocker).

30th Corps formations were scattered all over South of England, East Anglia, and in Scotland. Corps H.Q. Newmarket. The Corps comprised generally:—

11th Hussars (armoured cars), 7th Armoured Division, 8th Armoured Brigade, 30th Armoured Brigade, 33rd Armoured Brigade, 50th (N) Division, 49th Division, 56th Infantry Brigade, 5th Army Artillery Group, 9th and 10th Beach Groups, elements of 79th Armoured Division (special assault armour).

There was a large Administrative Element, for Supply, Transport, Medical, etc.

Co-operating with 30th Corps were Naval Force 'G', Admiral Cyril Douglas-Pennant, and representatives of Tactical Air Force.

During the spring all formations were engaged on extensive training, and assault exercises were carried out over their training areas, in the West of Scotland, and at Studland (Dorset).

The 'briefing' of these varied formations for their role in the invasion required, therefore, careful thought and preparation.

The site chosen must have adequate facilities in lecture rooms and accommodation, offer sound security, be free from German bombing, and be reasonably accessible.

As a young officer in the First War I had done an extensive

Staff course at Cambridge. My brother, Derek, (Northumberland Fusiliers) and my cousin, Lord Oakshott, had both been at Trinity. I had met Dr Trevelyan.

All my Commanders concerned were convinced that Cambridge offered the best opportunities for our requirements.

The University and College authorities gave us the best and kindest co-operation.

By 23 February preparations for the 'briefing' exercise were in progress.

On 28 March 'Exercise Conqueror', based on a beautifully constructed model of Normandy and its beaches, began. I think the main model study room was at St. John's.

There were also a number of study rooms for all formations³.

The main study covered the assault phase with naval and air co-operation, and merged into developments to follow.

Perhaps, for the better understanding of the scope and complications of the conference at Cambridge, a brief outline of the German opposition confronting 30th Corps at and following the invasion would be appreciated:—

Panzer Lehr Division, 2nd Panzer Division, 2nd S.S. Panzer Division, 9th S.S. Panzer Division, 12th S.S. Panzer Division, and four rather lower grade infantry Divisions, coastal defences, and of course German Air Force (till subdued).

The exercise was complete and had successfully achieved our aims on 31 March.

The extensive and sympathetic assistance and co-operation, and the warm hospitality of the University and College Staffs was deeply appreciated. Indeed, 'Exercise Conqueror' could not have succeeded without this help.

I myself stayed with Dr Trevelyan at Trinity.

We were warmly entertained on several occasions by various Masters.

On 31 March I and my principal Staff Officers were able, very inadequately, with much pleasure to entertain the Masters of Trinity, Corpus, St. John's, King's, Clare, and a number of Dons at Dinner.

Those distinguished guests were kind enough to express appreciation.

15 September 1967

G.C.B.

General Bucknall has since sent the following Post-script to his Note, compiled from his personal notes.

³ Professor C. D. Broad and Mr A. F. S. Gow tell me that the Trinity College Lecture Rooms and the Union Society were used. (J.S.B.S.).

*Post-script***The landing in Normandy**

'D' Day was 6 June. 30 Corps Assault landed as planned early morning.

Westerly gales and heavy seas reduced the beach space available and caused some 12 hours delay in the 'build-up'.

But, in spite of German opposition and night bombing, 30 Corps had won all objectives—Bayeux, St Leger—on 7 June. Casualties 1,000, Prisoners 2,000.

On the Right 1 U.S. Div. had trouble and only advanced 1,000 yds. On the Left 3 Can. Div. was up, although untidy.

In reply to an inquiry as to the relationship between the code-names 'Overlord' and 'Conqueror', General Bucknall writes:

I am not surprised that there is confusion here and there over the large number of 'code-names' which were in use by different Formations around 1944.

Nevertheless, in the cases we are considering the difference is quite clear.

'OVERLORD' was the code-name for the whole operation (sea, air and land) embracing the sea-assault on France and its immediate developments ashore.

'CONQUEROR' was the code-name used only by 30th Corps for the study and briefing of its subordinate Formations at Cambridge, for their coming tasks in 'OVERLORD'.

It can, therefore, now be recorded, on the evidence most kindly provided by General Bucknall himself, that the 'vast plan of cliff and down constructed on the floor of the Combination Room' of St John's, of which Mr Benians wrote in 1946 was the 'beautifully constructed model of Normandy and its beaches', to which General Bucknall refers in his Note; that it was upon this model that 'Exercise Conqueror', the briefing of the Commanders and Staffs of 30th Corps for the invasion of France, was based; and that the period was 28 to 31 March 1944.

I did not myself see the model. My only personal recollection is of a meeting of the College Council at which the Master, Mr Benians, sought the consent of the Council to the use of the Combination Room for an undisclosed purpose of national importance. The consent was quickly given. Questions were not asked. And there was no Minute.

J. S. BOYS SMITH.

Poems**THE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN RIDER, P. G. BURMAN**

PHILIP Burman bought an old five hundred
Side-valve B.S.A. for twenty quid.
Unlicensed as they were, both it and him,
He poker-faced ecstatically rode home
In second gear, one of the two that worked,
And everything that subsequently could be done
To make 'her' powerful and bright, he did:
Inside a year she fled beneath the sun
Symphonically enamelled black and plated chrome.

At eighteen years of age he gave up food,
Beer and all but the casual cigarette
To lay his slim apprentice money out
On extra bits like a special needle jet
For a carb. the makers never knew about.
Gradually the exhaust note waxed more lewd,
Compression soared, he fitted stiffer springs
To keep the valves from lagging at their duties.
The decibels edged up, the neighbours nearly sued,
Hand over fist that breathed-on bike grew wings
Until her peak lay in the naughty nineties.

Evenings after school I'd bolt my meal
And dive around to his place. In the back
Verandah where he slept and dressed he'd have
Her roaring with her back wheel off the floor
Apocalyptically—the noise killed flies—
Her uncased primary chain a singing blur.
His pet Alsatian hid behind a stack
Of extra wheels, and on the mantelpiece
A balsa Heinkel jiggled through imagined skies.

There was a weekend that we took her out
 To Sutherland to sprint the flying mile
 Against a mob of Tiger Hundreds. I
 Sat wild-eyed and saw his style tell,
 Streaming the corners like remembered trails.
 They topped him, nearly all of them, but still
 They stood around and got the story. 'What
 It cost? No bull?' And when we thundered home
 I sat the pillion, following his line
 Through corners with the drag behind my back
 Plucking and fluttering my shirt like sails,
 Dreaming his dreams for him of Avus Track,
 Of Spa, the Ring, the Isle of Man T.T.,
 The Monza Autodromo and the magic words, Grand Prix.

Two years later, on my spine at Ingleburn
 Just after I came back from leave, I thought
 Out piece by piece what must have happened.
 He was older, and the bike was new: I'd seen
 It briefly the year before and heard the things
 He planned to do to it. Another B.S.A.,
 Still a push-rod job but o.h.v. at least:
 One-lung three-fifty. Home-made swinging arm
 Both front and rear, a red-hot shaven head,
 Light piston, special rings—the wild stuff.
 We lost contact. I kept hearing off and on
 How broke he was from racing and improving her.

One Saturday while I practised the Present
 With Bayonet Fixed, a thousand entities
 In bull-ring splendour of precision blaze
 To gladden hearts of all who'd guard our shores,
 He banked through Dunlop Corner at Mount Druitt
 Leading a pack of A.J. 7R's—
 All camshaft jobs, but not a patch on him.
 A fork collapsed. The bike kicked up and paused,
 Her throttle stuck wide open, as he sprawled
 With helpless hours to watch her pitch and toss
 Like some slow-motion diver on a screen
 Before the chain came down across his throat.

I had leave the evening after. Coming down
 The street a neighbour told me at her gate,
 And then another neighbour—they were all
 Ready and willing, full of homilies
 And clucking hindsight. And, I'll give them this,
 Of saneness, too. He was noisy, but they'd liked him—
 'Phil killed himself at Druitt yesterday'.

It's not that I felt nothing. I felt nothingness
 Pluck at the armpits of my loose K.D.'s
 And balsa models jiggled on their shelves
 While soaring roadways hurtled, shoulder high.
 I had one thought before I turned away:

The trouble is with us, we overreach ourselves.

CLIVE JAMES.

THE DAYLIGHT RAID

*Et iam Fama volans, tanti praenuntia luctus,
 Euandrum Euandrique domos et moenia replet,
 quae modo victorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.
 Arcades ad portas ruere et de more vetusto
 Funereas rapuere faces; lucet via longo
 ordine flammaram et late discriminat agros.*

—Aeneid XI

FOR me those great formations still fly on, enskied
 Echeloned and staggered, spaced up and out for crossfire;
 Their condensation trails powdering back
 Like talcum blown from boxes held before electric fans
 Have never wavered, thinned an inch, hung slack
 Or fallen to the dissolution of their million crystals,
 Are still there in their thousand parallels, pages of staves
 On which the dotted flax makes music, minims and quavers
 Of some airy-fairy symphony heard overamplified
 As continual, undifferentiated thunder:
 The indissoluble concatenation of the ages.

This raid is deep beyond all range of escort:
 Our fighters have gone home
 And theirs are running dauntless through the fire-lanes,
 Rolling up from underneath to shoot front on
 In copybook attacks and sprinting past
 The other way, fined down to look at, going fast—
 Long-bodied, factory fresh, nose down with tails cocked
 Tricked out with crosses, [high
 Sharks in the sky,
 Their insubstantial gains are our tremendous losses.

There is no way out of this and no road home.
 Back in the waist the floor fills up with shells
 Until the guns fall silent and the gunners die
 And only pressure-hoses could sort out the mess
 Of blood and iron. Sliced through the head
 The man beside me (I do not know his name
 Or anything about him) jack-knives in his harness,
 Racking his brains over the dialled panels:
 Answering mine, his pedals move without him. [hits:
 Spangled like a swimmer's arm the wings light up with cannon
 Port outer, starboard inner, starboard outer shovel flame.
 How can I burn yet not fall from the battle
 As that one does who sheds a wing and with the power
 Of the motors in the other pushing his weight around
 Cartwheels scattering bits,
 Pinwheels ever lower,
 Like a war boomerang that kills and does not return?

No, I do not go to ground:
 I do not come to earth nor yet come through.
 Coming only to grief,
 I do not die nor yet come home to you.
 The bombs are armed but roost in grips untriggered
 And will never noise abroad their wild relief
 In a tumultuous parade that parallels the aiming run.
 I am not going to get there but cannot be stopped,
 Invulnerable though undefended;
 Flak-jacketed and frozen faced, cold eyed,
 Much wounded I'm immediately mended:
 Flying the deep raid
 In a war long fought and won that for me has not yet ended.

CLIVE JAMES.

Headlong Hall

ANY account of the foundation must begin with the family of ap Headlong, without whose peculiarities this newest of Cambridge Colleges would not exist. Almost exactly 150 years have elapsed since the publication of a definitive account of the family and its ancestral seat, by a scholar and antiquary who preferred to remain anonymous. He was, however, so pleased with his book that he published all his other works as 'by the Author of Headlong Hall'. For uncounted aeons the family had lived in the neighbourhood of Llanberis, it being generally believed that their aboriginal ancestor had escaped from Noah's flood by landing on the top of Snowdon, and that he took his name from his descent as the waters subsided. Be that as it may, no one can put a term to the occupancy of this region by the ap Headlongs. Such a family is designed by Nature to survive, and it was no accident that early in the last century the head of the house, Harry ap Headlong, became interested in modern culture, philosophy, science, the arts, and made Headlong Hall a centre for its votaries, a practice kept up by his descendants. For a time this appeared merely an amiable eccentricity (one among many), and its selective value did not appear until the introduction of death duties.

Income tax never presented a problem. The estate consists almost entirely of mountain farms, inhabited by families admittedly much junior to the ap Headlongs, but still all several thousand years old, and in consequence it forms a community quite inaccessible to the Revenue Authorities. The money income of the ap Headlongs is negligible, the tenants all paying their rents in kind, and mainly in wines and spirits (smuggled, of course). The head of the house has always maintained a fine old tradition of hospitality, punctually consuming the two thousand dozen or so of his annual income every year. As he always insisted on dining before discussing business, any investigator was necessarily left with a rather hazy idea of the state of the books.

But death duties were a different matter, involving a valuation of the estate before it could be finally settled on the heir. They passed into law in the time of the late Cataract ap Headlong, who took advice from his friends including, of course, eminent lawyers and economists, and made a simple will, directing that the entire property should be put up for auction in two lots (1. The Hall. 2. The Estate), and the proceeds be paid to his

son Hurricane. In due course Cataract was gathered to his fathers. The auction was held in Headlong Hall, which was snow-bound at the time. There was, rather naturally, only one bidder, Hurricane ap Headlong, who bought the two lots at one shilling each.

This might be regarded as mere luck, and it was not until the next passage of the property that another selective advantage of the family habits became apparent. Since the time of Harry ap Headlong (the great-great-great-grandfather of the present Harry) it had been the custom for very new Headlong to signalize his possession of the property by extensive improvements. Readers of the old history will remember that Harry himself employed Marmaduke Milestone Esq., the celebrated landscape architect, who wrought considerable devastation with gunpowder. Generation by generation the rambling Hall was transformed into the most advanced taste of the day—Academic Gothic, Pre-Raphaelite Italianate, Edwardian Baroque, Tutankhamenian—and always into a style which was anathema maranatha to the next generation. So whatever happened the Hall never found any buyer other than the heir. This system had the further advantage that the work was always done with borrowed money, so that the lender bore the brunt of inflation, and any spare cash which the Squire might accidentally acquire was promptly mopped up in paying back part of the debt.

The estate fared differently. On the death of Hurricane it was bought as an investment by an insurance company. But as they could never collect any rents (the tenants, of course, continued to pay the ap Headlong in kind, as ever), and as the attempts at administration proved impossibly expensive, they were finally glad to extricate themselves by paying the ap Headlong of the day £10,000 to take it off their hands. Since then the estate has been regarded with superstitious awe by would-be investors, and the auction proceeds as originally planned.

This account of the family finances is necessary to explain why, in spite of all the legislation of the last decades, the estates of the ap Headlong occupy their ancient boundaries, a living proof that if the Little Powers intend a family, an estate, or an institution to persist, they have no difficulty in frustrating any design of politicians or bureaucrats to do away with it.

The same Powers must, however, have intervened directly in the next stage of the story. The Squire was reading his Sunday paper one day (February 25, to be precise), when he found an article about Unexpended Balance of Established Development Value on estates. With the impetuosity which has always characterised the family he applied for planning permission to cover Snowdonia with a vast fun-fair; was refused; applied to

the Minister; refused again; applied for his share of the Unexpended Balance; was awarded £5,000,000.

Needless to say, this caused a serious crisis in the ap Headlong affairs. It had never been any part of the family policy to accumulate money; the income was nearly all in wine, which was drunk within the year (so that in case of accidents there was never anything in the cellar to attract death duties).

Characteristically, the situation began to develop after dinner. As had been the custom of the house time out of mind, the Squire was busily engaged in pushing the bottle around, assisted by a party of friends. Again characteristically, these friends were each eminent in his own field. They included Leyland Milestone, Esq., the landscape architect and planner, a lineal descendant of Marmaduke Milestone; Dr Asterias, the expert on dugong, whose ancestor, a friend and contemporary of Sir Joseph Banks, once nearly caught a mermaid on the foreshore outside Nightmare Abbey; Dr Gaster, the enzymological biochemist, descended from the Reverend Dr Gaster, the celebrated divine; Professor Papertape, the cyberneticist; the Reverend Mr Duckweed; Dr Megalith, the antiquary and archaeologist; Professor Fabliaux, the authority on nineteenth century French social history; and last, but by no means least, a trio whose families had all been closely associated with the ap Headlongs since the days of their respective great-great-great-grandfathers, Mr Escot, Mr Foster and Mr Jenkison. If these three remarkably clear-headed gentlemen had a foible, it was that each held firmly to the views that his forefathers had always held—Mr Escot that the human race was, and is, deteriorating, morally and physically; Mr Foster, that each generation is better than the last, and that the human race will inevitably reach perfection in time; and Mr Jenkison, that nothing is better than the status quo.

SQUIRE HEADLONG (producing a paper). Gentlemen, this is a solemn moment. I have here a draft for £5 million. No ap Headlong has ever held such a thing in his hand before. It is my duty to give you an unusual toast. I shall not propose the health of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I know he is technically responsible, but much though I value his disinterested benevolence I feel that I owe this windfall rather to muddle in his Department.

Gentlemen: off with your heeltaps, charge your glasses. I give you the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

(Drunk with three times three. The noise subsides).

Gentlemen, I should value your advice about the disposal of this money. I have always followed the custom of my ancestors, and spent all my spare cash (when I have any) on wine. Paper-

tape, how much wine could we buy with this? How long would it last?

PROFESSOR PAPERTAPE. Assuming that you bought nothing but the best, and that we doubled our rate of drinking, at a rough computation it would last 50 years.

THE REV. MR DUCKWEED. Double our rate of drinking! No, no. Nothing in extremes.

MR MILESTONE. Nothing in extremes be damned. But seriously, our friend never stints his hospitality. To double our rate of drinking would be to make a toil of what ought to be a pleasure. I don't think we should try to do it.

DR MEGALITH. The dwarf Perkeo drank the Great Tun dry in just over 4 years, a notable feat, but I'm afraid he didn't survive.

MR ASTERIAS. Yes. Of course. 'Perkeo stieg zum Keller, kam aber nicht zurück', as we used to sing when I was at Heidelberg.

MR ESCOT. There is such a universal tendency for the best-laid human schemes to end in disaster, that our friend would be wise to convert a proportion of his money, say £1 million, into wine. In these degenerate days a rent roll can disappear overnight, and some solid (or rather liquid) insurance against such a catastrophe provides all the comfort a man can hope for.

SQUIRE HEADLONG. This is all sound sense. We will invest £1 million in wine. What shall we do with the other four?

MR JENKISON. Found a new Cambridge College, to maintain in perpetuity those philosophical, scientific and artistic discussions of which you are so fond, and to keep up those fine traditions of hospitality, and that attachment to the products of the vine, which have always distinguished your house.

PROFESSOR FABLIAUX. 'Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau
C'est bien prouvé par la déluqe', as the
old song has it.

DR MEGALITH. And mighty à propos, too, considering our host's ancestry.

(a long pause, during which the host is seen
to be thinking furiously)

SQUIRE HEADLONG. Jenkison, you're a genius. I'll do it. Asterias, push the bell, will you. (The little old butler appears). Firestick,* send somebody down to Hugh ap Hugh Llwyd and ask for the loan of his helicopter at first light: and telephone to Dr Opimian at Swynford College, present my compliments and say that if he is free I will do myself the honour of breakfasting with him tomorrow.

* It should be remarked that ever since his great-great-grandfather's corkscrew, through friction, became so hot that it ignited a cork, the line of butlers at Headlong Hall had always been called Firestick.

To those not reared among hill farmers, the helicopter may appear far-fetched, than which nothing could be farther from our intention in this plain, unvarnished tale. In fact it is all very natural. When not engaged in the ancestral practice of raising the devil, the family of ap Hugh Llwyd are very successful farmers, equipped with every modern device. The ostensible purpose of the helicopter is to spread fertilisers on rough hill pastures; but it is also useful for dealing with the rent.

As with all the Squire's activities, the action followed the conception with wonderful rapidity. A broad outline plan was mapped out over breakfast with the Vice-Chancellor; a body of eminent persons declared their readiness to sponsor the scheme; University approval was secured; a draft of Statutes was prepared; and the Squire was back at Headlong Hall in time for dinner and business of the evening.

In return for £4,000,000 the Squire had made only one stipulation. He would appoint the first Master, Vice-Master and Bursar and they should choose the remainder of the first generation of Fellows, and take all the necessary steps to establish the College on the usual footing.

The seed which Mr Jenkison had sown had sprung rapidly into vigorous life, but it had not changed its nature in doing so. The Squire had definite ideas in mind in appointing to guide the foundation of his new College three gentlemen whose academic experience was confined to their undergraduate days.

The natural choice of Master was Mr. Jenkison, fitted by ancestry, training and cast of mind to hold the helm steady in the wildest academic storm; of Vice-Master Mr Escot, whose habit of always looking on the black side of every question would prevent the infant foundation from falling into those traps which always lie in wait for the inexperienced. The Bursar was to be Mr Foster, and it will be recalled that his family foible was a staunch conviction that the human race is infinitely perfectable, and that every generation is a marked improvement on its predecessor. With these optimistic views he could be relied on to spend the College's money, and prevent those accumulations of capital so distasteful to the founder.

The Bursar speedily secured a short lease of The Leopard, an ancient hostelry blighted by planning; Squire Headlong filled the cellars with part of his £1 million investment, to ensure that in all the College deliberations truth should prevail, and we first encounter the three friends in Cambridge as they sit in the window of the old first floor coffee room, looking over the narrow and busy street.

MR ESCOT. What a perfect example of the continuous process of deterioration in human affairs is this old inn. It used to be

noted as one of the most comfortable in Cambridge. My grandfather often stayed here, and said it was one of the few places which kept up the standards of his undergraduate days. But it has been struck down.

MR FOSTER. It had become out-of-date. It will be replaced by a better place, to suit modern travellers, with television in every room, and so on.

MR ESCOT (shudders). Exactly.

MR JENKISON. Well, gentlemen, it is time we began our deliberations. We must first, I think, settle a broad policy of recruitment, and decide in a general kind of way the rates at which it is desirable that the numbers of Fellows, research students, and undergraduates should grow. Then we can go on to consider what this involves in detail, and whether it is practicable.

MR ESCOT. Need we have any undergraduates?

MR FOSTER. Of course. Think what a pleasure it is to have them around; think how stimulating discussion with those bright young people can be, and how they liven the place up.

MR ESCOT (looking significantly around the shabby room). I have no doubt that 'the place', as you so aptly call it, needs something doing to it, though I doubt whether your recipe would really 'liven it up'. But your other assertions rest on a fallacy. You confuse undergraduates in general with bright and stimulating undergraduates in particular. I derive no pleasure from having the other sort around.

MR FOSTER. But the human race progresses by handing on accumulated wisdom. If the young are not bright and stimulating it is because they have been wrongly taught. We have a duty to teach them the right way.

MR ESCOT. If you know what it is. But I agree with you that the young have been wrongly taught. They have been nourished by their elders in every kind of horror and violence. They are the victims of the universal degeneration of the human race.

MR FOSTER. Precisely. And that is why it is so essential to propagate civilized values wherever one can. The young are not naturally vicious and violent. Except where wrong teaching, or evil example, have taken deep root, they are naturally gentle and civilized, and welcome a widening experience.

MR ESCOT. They welcome a widening experience with a vengeance. But otherwise you are wrong. Children are naturally intolerant and tribal, and this necessarily involves much thoughtless cruelty. And in every generation the tide of civilisation is ebbing away. More and more children are

growing up intolerant and tribal, and making no attempt to civilize their own offspring.

MR FOSTER. I am not such a fool as to pretend that there is not great scope for improvement in society. There is, and it is our privilege to have a hand in improving it.

MR ESCOT. I am glad that you admit that there is great scope for improvement, or I should have had to disillusion you. There has never been a time when there has been so much violence in British Universities as there is today. As Captain Parradine said of the pirates 'They are but poor ignorant louts, whom we should pity even if we despise;

'For knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll'.*

I do pity. I do not despise. But I will not have you planning this College in ignorance of the facts.

MR FOSTER. You make my point for me. It will be our pleasure, our privilege, to unroll that ample page. But as to your 'facts', I am surprised at you. You are now the one to generalize, and on newspaper reports! I am convinced that the vast majority of undergraduates are already highly civilized, in the sense of being genuinely kindly and tolerant, when they come up. You allow the few to blacken the many.

MR JENKISON. I am not impressed by any of these arguments. If we are to reject the idea of having undergraduates it must be on very different grounds. I think it is our duty to take in a fair cross section of what young people society provides, civilized or not, civilizable or not, and train them for a career.

MR FOSTER } (severally). I do not agree.
MR ESCOT }

MR JENKISON. I didn't suppose that you would. I accept your disagreements as part of the structure of things as they are. What's more, I think they serve a very useful purpose. They enable us to explore the situation thoroughly, look at it in the round, and avoid precipitate action. However, I perceive that we shall not resolve this argument in a single session, and I am not one of those to stay up all night and let mere stamina prevail. I propose that we adjourn to follow the example of Pantagruel and consult the oracle of the bottle. 'The vine' as Fitzgerald translated the immortal Omar 'The vine, which can with logic absolute the two and seventy jarring sects confute'. Not two, you notice, but two and seventy. And I can promise you that the bottle will be no ordinary one. Excuse me a moment.

* If any reader should say 'This is not what Gray wrote', we would reply 'We are aware of it'. It is, however, what Austin Freeman wrote.

Mr Jenkison went down to the cellar, and presently returned with an elongated bottle whose colour and elegantly sloping shoulders alone gave a clue to its origin.

MR FOSTER (looking at it eagerly). But there is no label.

MR JENKISON. It was almost illegible, and crumbled away when I tried to rub it clean. Never mind. It is Schloss Johannisberg 1921.

MR ESCOT and MR FOSTER. What!!

MR JENKISON. Oh, there is no doubt about its origin—I might almost say, about the origin of every grape that went into it, for it is a Trockenbeerenauslese specially made, in that year of years, for the family of Prince Metternich himself—saving, of course, the usual dues to the Pretender to the Austrian Crown. The Prince was a friend of ap Headlong's father, and sent him a present of the wine for his 70th birthday. He never received it. The posts of Europe were scoured in vain. It was assumed it had been stolen. Now we come to the characteristically Headlong bit. You remember the old Victorian wing at the Hall—nice for the ladies in those days, of course, but with all the windows facing north as cold as a vault—small wonder it's been disused for decades. And you'll recall that the small music room under the North Tower is partly hollowed out of the solid rock, and that really *is* as cold as a vault. Well, one of the farm labourers had a child who wanted to learn to play the piano, and the Squire decided, if it could be done up, to give them the piano from the small music room. It wouldn't play: they looked inside, and there was the missing wine, and in perfect condition too. Of course one sees what happened—the ordinary Headlong confusions are remarkable enough. The 70th birthday one must have been quite out of the ordinary. I remember my father telling me about it. He found a sack of sugar in the bath. However, to cut a long story short, our founder and principal benefactor has given us a few bottles, and as this is our first official meeting I think it should be signalized by something special.

(He removes the cork, and triumphantly exhibits the brand)
I'm sure that on this occasion at least you'll both agree with me that there's much to be said for things as they are.

And there, for the time at least, we must leave the officials of the new College—contemplating their heavy responsibilities through a glass bottle, as the schoolboy said*.

* The Compiler of this veridical history can vouch for this one, too. The boy, a contemporary, was asked to complete the quotation 'Now we see through a glass—'.

Escalation

Scene: a room in New Court, St John's, the secret headquarters of the Radical Student Alliance. Time: midnight.

Present: all but one of the leaders of the RSA. They are meeting to plan their next move.

"Who're we waiting for?"

"William. He's reporting on how the situation looks to the militants."

"Here he is now. Shall we get going? Will, you hold the floor."

"Right. As you all know, we're being very successful. In our last operation we smashed up Healey's taxi and scared the living daylights out of him without losing a single man. It's essential to outnumber the enemy, and we were present in overwhelming numbers. The militants reckon that the operation was even more of a success than the attack on the Wilsons, when we scared the living daylights out of Mrs Wilson, but not, as far as we know, out of Harold. Captured documents—"

"Just a moment, Will. Where did you capture those documents?"

"At W. H. Smith's. Hubert swiped a copy of the *Daily Express* when he went to buy his *Varsity* last Saturday."

"Well done, Hubert. What do these documents tell us?"

"They show that the enemy's really hurting. In a statement, Gordon Walker said that he took us 'very seriously'. And now he's been sacked. We're proceeding on the right lines."

"Of course we are. But some of our members say we should start negotiations now."

"Fools."

"Weaklings."

"Liberals."

"That's not all, though. The government's talking very big. They say if we don't stop our campaign we'll alienate public opinion and endanger our objectives."

"What objectives are they thinking of?"

"Oh, increased grants, student power, peace in Vietnam—that sort of thing."

"Why do they talk like that? They're in no position to blackmail us."

"No, Walt don't you see, the enemy talks big because he's cracking. If we just keep up the pressure—or step it up a bit—he'll negotiate on *our* terms."

"That's just what the militants say."

"I'm sorry to keep asking questions, but what terms do we have in mind? We've upped the ante, haven't we?"

"That's right, Walt. Before we start negotiations we want a promise of increased grants, student power, and peace in Vietnam. Originally we were just asking for a review of the proposal to cut the increases by half, but the Government's aggressive obstinacy, by forcing us to adopt militant tactics, naturally stiffened our terms."

"By the way, do you know what they're saying about us now?"

"Just the same lily-livered stuff about the rights of free speech and respect for the person, I suppose?"

"Oh, you've seen it."

"No, it's just they always play the same old broken record, as if they were Jefferson or John Stuart Mill or old phonies like that."

"We're wandering from the point, Dean. The question is, what are we going to do now? Any suggestions? Will?"

"Well, since it seems we're agreed on escalation—"

"Yes, we'll beat them to the ground."

"I think the best thing, to show we really mean business, is to go over to Trinity and beat up the Prince of Wales. That's what the rugby club used to do to arties in the bad old days. We mustn't hesitate to learn from the enemy's strategy and tactics. After all, since we're all here on merit, we can use their methods far more effectively than those cement-headed mud-wallowers."

"Will, that's a brilliant idea."

"Thanks, Lyndon. Shall we go?"

Hedgehog Supplement

The Behaviour of a Master

by the Hedgehog

(The following article, written very small, was pushed under the Editor's door one night. If authentic, it supplies the explanation of the phenomenon reported in the last "Eagle", January 1968.)

THE Natural Historian, when he studies creatures smaller than himself, has the advantage of taking if he wishes a merely passive part, and watching what happens from his superior position; but the observation of giants, like a survey of mountains, demands activity on the part of the investigator; one may be the spectator of small things, one has to be the explorer of enormous ones. On the other hand one is more in control of a small subject, more at liberty to try the effect of acting in different ways upon it. One may, however, with ingenuity, isolate and in a manner manipulate even the hugest creatures, and so subject them to experiments that will elicit their most interesting properties.

On these principles I planned my enquiry into the nature and behaviour of an excellent specimen of the giant species *Homo Sapiens*, which occupies a sizeable lair (or Lodge, to use the correct term) just to the north of my home ground. The district I live in is very much encumbered by the habitations of this species. I mean to write another paper recording their *vacations*—a kind of hibernation three times a year, not common to the race elsewhere. Some explain the difference as one of species, and so (hibernation being a proof of wisdom in us hedgehogs, and a sign of it in other species) regard the ones who inhabit this district as constituting the species *Homo Sapientior*; but in most cases there is little other evidence for this idea.

The species is not nocturnal, and their vision at night is very poor; but it is the best time from the point of view of the observer, for catching a specimen alone, and somewhat at a disadvantage, which is prudent considering their size. To attract the attention of mine, however, and draw it out, I chose a spot in front of its lodge, which is kept artificially bright, to compensate its kind for the deficiency of their senses. As the darkness rose, I would begin. I ran round and round in the illuminated area, where I knew I would be visible to it. When I began, it would leave its

lodge, to which it normally retires at night, and advance towards me, as if fascinated. By repeatedly describing a circle, I induced it to move forwards, with a steady but, for so huge a creature, surprisingly noiseless tread, to a point within my circuit. As I continued in my course unchanged, it grew so bold as to bring itself, by degrees, nearer and nearer to my path. I was thus able—without making it obvious what I was about—to carry out my intention of surveying it pretty closely from all sides. I took the opportunity to pause, and raise my head, whenever I passed it on the leeward side, where it would be least likely to receive notice of my scrutiny by any of its senses. I wanted in particular, by aligning along my snout, to find the angle of elevation of its head, which I succeeded in getting, and from which, knowing the radius of my circle, I have calculated its altitude. It has a stature of no less than eighteen hedgehogs. From my detailed observations I am preparing a set of scale drawings, or *elevations* from various angles; and from the footprints it left, I have its *plan*.

From time to time I would retire behind some shrubs, and continue to watch it unseen. It would linger, sometimes completely motionless, where I had been, until I reappeared. The thought occurred to me, which caused me some amusement at the time, that it was perhaps as inquisitive in watching me as I was in watching it! It appeared that my precautions against alarming or provoking it were not necessary. It all the time showed signs of curiosity, rather than fear or aggression. I had wondered before-hand if it might not take me for a porcupine, and so be apprehensive of my quills, especially if I paused, when it might suppose me to be taking aim; which is one reason why I generally kept on the move. Again I could not be sure, that I had no reason to be apprehensive of it.

I sometimes repeated the experiment at different hours of the night, very often with the same result. I could not always draw it out of its lodge, but almost invariably succeeded in bringing it to one of the spy-holes with which the lodge is equipped on every side; where perhaps it did not realise that by the superiority of our various senses at night, I could detect it. My evidence casts doubt on the accepted theory, that members of this species spend the night asleep.

A week after my observations began, there was a sudden change in its behaviour. It had left, either by accident or design, a supply of food near the place where I made my observations. This food, partly to further my investigations, and partly because science, like virtue, is its own reward, I quickly consumed. I lingered for a while, and then, since the creature took no action, retired behind the shrubs. It did not replenish the container,

which counts against the idea that the food was laid out for my benefit, as some of my colleagues have facetiously suggested.

On a few occasions, when I re-emerged and resumed my circuit, I checked that the container was indeed still empty. On succeeding nights, however, I found it as full as before. After the last night on which I ran, I returned secretly for several nights, and found that the food was still laid out, despite my absence. Whatever the reason for its being left there, I count this the most important contribution of my researches to our knowledge of the species. It helps to settle the debated question, what they eat. If I may judge from the specimens I tried, it is a kind of pulp, of which milk is the most recognisable ingredient. I found it tasty and nourishing. Altogether it is on this part of my inquiry that I reflect with the greatest satisfaction.

Once or twice I arose during the light, and secretly spied on the field of my observations. Once I was so fortunate as to discover the creature applying a stick to portions of my nocturnal path, and pacing around it. Had it been a hedgehog, I should have said it was measuring my circle.

I cannot confidently venture any explanation of the creature's behaviour; but it does seem fair to point out the many hints that the actions of this one, and of others of the same kind in the district, are governed largely by curiosity. Such an hypothesis explains some of the peculiarities of human behaviour in this area, though not all of them. The general implication seems to be, that we hedgehogs are not the only species desirous or capable of knowledge.

ERINACEUS EUROPAEUS.

Light Fantastic

WHAT the Master saw out on the lawn
As the evening gave way to the dawn
Was not fish, chalk or fowl,
Rabbit, squirrel or owl,
Kangaroo, tripos, earwig or fawn.

For it danced in a circular way,
Neither sombre nor actually gay,
But methodically, while
In near-Bacchic style
It awaited the following day.

Both the Bursar and Steward were called.
Each declared himself frankly appalled.
'Send for Hinde', one opined,
'I myself wouldn't mind
To be caught by the beast and be mauled.'

Then the cellars were hunted for rats
And the porters wore luminous hats
While the Chaplain sent round
To a preacher renowned
For his skill in exorcising cats.

Several Fellows thought Trinity might
Be connected with starting the fright.
Horrid rumours went round
That a gyp had been found
Who'd been pecked at by Things in the night.

Said a Tutor: 'Now who would suppose
That a College which (anyone knows)
Is in charge of a Prince
Could more horror evince
Than a don with a luminous nose?'

Evil humours were sought in the soil
Where the Thing had enacted its toil.
Fellows feared for their lives,
Even dined with their wives,
Blamed the Paradoxographer Royal.

'Twas not he, though, who danced neath the moon.
Observation discovered too soon
'Twas the soul reincarnate
Of Dr O'Garnett,
Once Reader in Celtic and Rune.

A decanter of claret was found
Almost hid 'neath a bush on the ground,
And a hedgehog, dead drunk,
Dancing reels with a skunk
In a positive riot of sound.

So they formed a Committee to see
What the wisest solution would be;
Which advised, right to dine
Be vouchsafed to the swine
As a Balliol man (reg. 1, iii).

P. A. L.

The Editors,
The Eagle,
St John's College,
Cambridge.

62, Halesowen Road,
Halesowen,
Worcs.
4th March, 1968

Gentlemen,

Was the Master's hedgehog blind, in one eye at least? When three years ago our German girl came in to say there was an 'Eagle' in the garden I did feel some surprise as it wasn't the right date, and the postman usually delivers at the front, but there was in fact an E. Europaeus, banging like a drunk alternately into the left and right kerbs of the concrete with which our paths are lined.

I quickly got a shovel, scooped up the poor old gentleman, and removed him to a shady spot down the garden, but it was obvious both his eyes had gone completely, and soon he was back again tumbling into the paths and banging about in them. He wasn't even able to find a saucer of milk, as the Master's did 'by scent'. I don't know what became of him eventually.

All too probably the Master's ended on the tarmac of Bridge Street.

Yours truly,

JOHN SIBLY.

To the Editors of *The Eagle*.

Gentlemen,

The mention of hedgehogs in your previous issue brings to my mind some verses I cherished in my youth. I trust you will not regret my bringing them to the attention of your other readers.

Researches *a posteriori*
Have incontrovertibly shown
That comparative safety at Oxford
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

And further exhaustive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Ball
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Cannot be buggered at all.

Yours sincerely,

H. SYKES BAMBROUGH,
'Brogwood', Cambs.

The School of Pythagoras (Merton Hall)

The School of Pythagoras is a first-floor hall of c. 1200, supported on an undercroft which was originally vaulted. From this period few such buildings survive in the country and it is the oldest domestic building in Cambridgeshire. The major part of this article is devoted firstly to a brief history of Merton Hall and its original estate, and secondly to a description of the actual building in the light of its restoration by St John's. A much fuller history is available in J. M. Gray, 'The School of Pythagoras' (Cambridge Antiquarian Society, 4to Publ., New Series, No. IV, 1932), although his account of the actual building should be ignored. A detailed architectural description and plan are available in 'City of Cambridge' (Royal Commission for Historic Monuments, 1959), II, pp. 377-9, but as a result of discoveries made during restoration this is now incomplete and in part misleading.

SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS?

'WHENCE it had its name is uncertain, whether a society of Gentlemen might not meet here, or live in a Pythagorean manner, not unlike a College life: or whether the Mathematicks, Morals, or other Philosophy might not have been held, or taught here in opposition to the General Philosophy of those times, is rather to be taken as possible Conjecture, than to be admitted as certain.' Thus wrote Samuel and Nathaniel Buck, in 1730, on their print of 'The south-west view of Pythagoras's School in Cambridge'. Although they mistakenly believed that Walter de Merton, founder of Merton College, had himself lived there, they were at least more cautious in their conjectures than many others have been. For a short while during the Elizabethan period one or two people were prepared to claim that Pythagoras had given his name to the building by actually teaching there himself. Joseph Kilner, writing about 1790, suggested that such an idea might have arisen because the Undercroft could have led people to imagine 'if not his School at Samos, at least the more cryptick cave in his house at Croton, he shut himself up in.' But then he only knew of the Undercroft by report and from the plan and section of R. West (Plate 1).

Documents in the 13th century refer simply to 'the Stone House' which in the 14th century became known as Merton Hall. It is impossible to demonstrate with any certainty how

Merton Hall did come to be called the School of Pythagoras, but it was very probably along the lines suggested by J. M. Gray. There is no reference to Pythagoras until 1574 when 'Domus Pythagorae' is shown on Richard Lyne's map of Cambridge. This sudden appearance may owe its origins to an earlier claim by John Hewison, Chancellor of the University, that Anaxagoras had taught and been buried in Cambridge. A claim which was readily adopted as ammunition in the 16th century disputes as to whether Oxford or Cambridge could lay claim to the greater antiquity. This became a considerable exercise in lying and was described by Prof. F. W. Maitland as 'the oldest of all the inter-university sports.' John Caius in repeating Hewison's original claim referred, in 1568, to the existence of houses 'quae nomine Anaxagorae appellantur.' Doubtless he was thinking of Merton Hall which even then would have obviously been the oldest house in Cambridge. From this only an easy change to a similar but better known name is required to result in Lyne's 'Domus Pythagorae'. Whatever its true origins may be, the name has remained in common use.

Many people have subsequently speculated, along with the Bucks, as to the nature of the 'School' but the idea appears to be the consequence either of an attempt to rationalize this supposed connection with Pythagoras, or of its links with Merton College. It was not until the 19th century that Merton Hall became involved in the world of education, and then only briefly.

DUNNINGS, MERTON AND ST JOHN'S

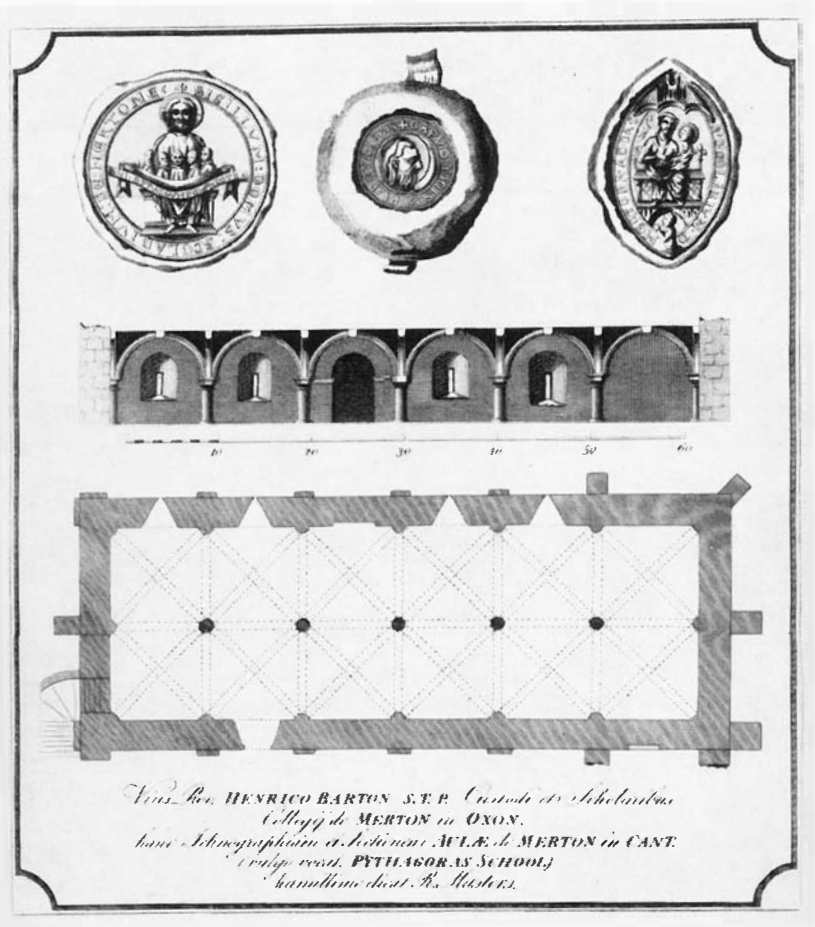
On architectural grounds the old stone house must be attributed to the early years of the 13th century and so it would appear to have been built by a certain Hervey Dunning. The Dunnings were an old Cambridge family and Hervey had been in the fortunate position of being heir to both his wealthy father and his uncle. He claimed knightly rank and in addition to being a large landowner took part in civic life, in 1207 becoming the earliest known Mayor of Cambridge. Thus not only did he have the means to set about building a stone house but he would also no doubt have felt that only such a manor would befit his status.

Hervey died about 1240 and the manor passed to his son Eustace who fell gradually into debt. In 1257 the first of many financial transactions took place with Magister Guy de Castro Bernadi. Eustace's son Richard inherited a hopelessly mortgaged property but despite this continued to raise money on the strength of it. This situation did not go unnoticed by William of Manfield, nephew and heir of John de Castro Bernadi, who had died shortly after succeeding his brother Guy. William took steps to

THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS (Merton Hall)

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG. 1



PLAN AND SECTION OF UNDERCROFT BY RICHARD WEST, 1739

FIG. 2



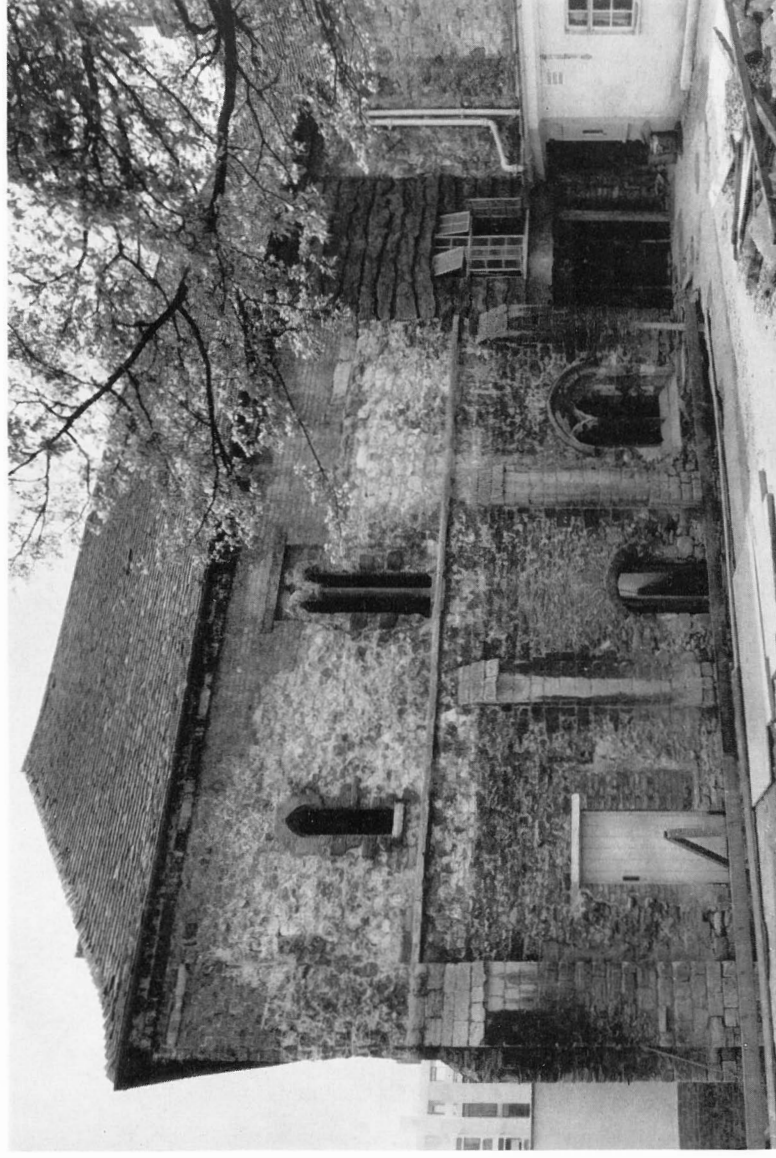
WEST ASPECT OF SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS, 1967

FIG. 3



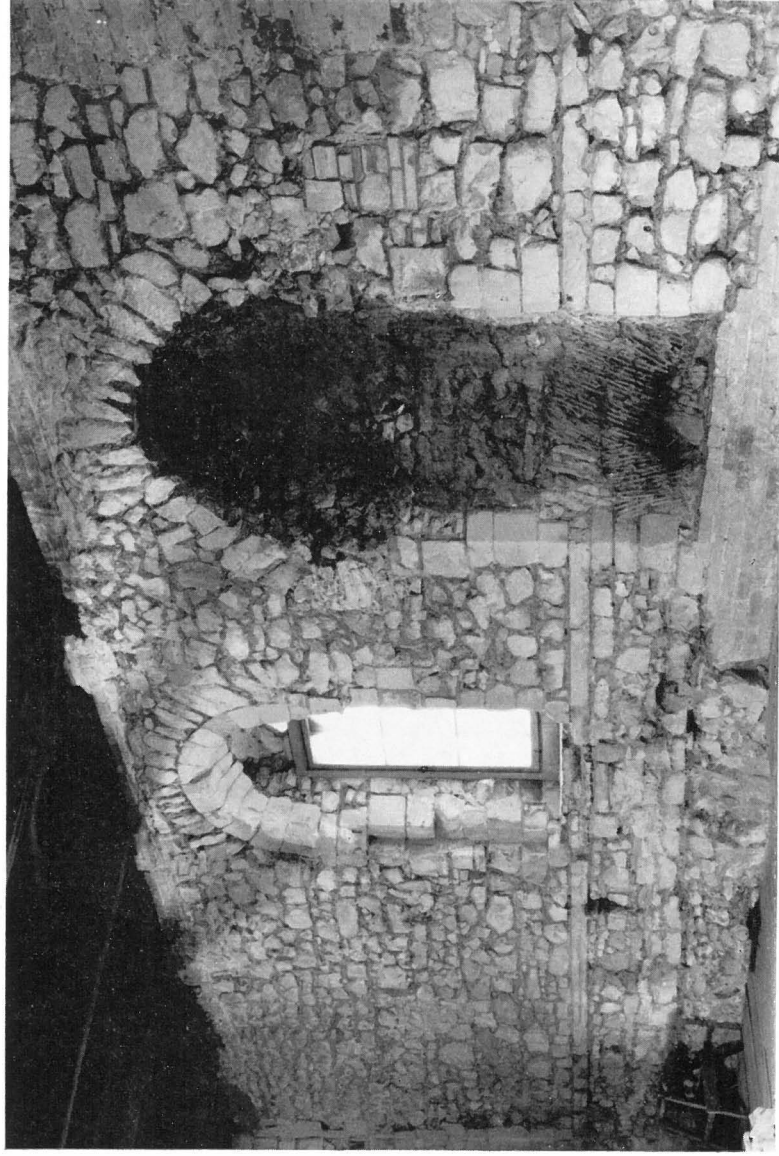
SOUTH ASPECT OF SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS, 1967

FIG. 4



NORTH ASPECT OF SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS, 1967

FIG. 5



INTERIOR OF HALL: SOUTH WALL, 1967

FIG. 6



INTERIOR OF HALL: NORTH-WEST CORNER, 1967

realise his inheritance. In 1270 he found a buyer for the stone house and estate in Walter de Merton, who required endowments for the College he had recently founded in Oxford. However Richard Dunning sat firm and in order to evict him William of Manfield was forced to bring an action of mort d'ancestor in the King's Bench and to follow it up by levying a distress. Finally in 1271 the stone house was conveyed to Merton College, but it was not until 1278 that all the mortgaged land came finally into their possession, for a total expenditure of £180 or more.

Merton College was to purchase other land around Cambridge but initially their estate appears to have consisted of some 180 acres. Of these only a third were in Cambridge, nearly half were in Grantchester, including a watermill, and the rest were in Chesterton. There were also some additional meadows and various rents and services. Two-crop rotation meant that not all the land could be under cultivation at once. For instance in 1333-34 only 80 acres were actually under seed, whilst other assets were recorded as being ten head of cattle, four pigs and a large number of ducks, geese and poultry. The dovecote and fishponds were important additional sources of food and revenue. Under the control of a succession of bailiffs the estate seems to have required a labour force of about six, with additional help for sowing and reaping. The bailiffs' accounts begin with 1279-80 and demonstrate that farming in Cambridge was never to be a particularly profitable venture for Merton, as for example in 1299-1300 when income amounted to just over £21 with expenditure at close on £18. The house itself was a frequent cause of expenditure and in 1374-75 the entire west end had to be rebuilt and other extensive repairs undertaken at a cost of £32 13s. 4d.

It was not until the reign of Charles I that Merton received official confirmation of the manorial status of Merton Hall. This had not prevented them from assuming full manorial rights from the first years of their ownership, although the earliest surviving court roll is that for 1447-48. Such action did not go uncontested, especially as the Dunnings had not held such courts. Merton based their claim to hold the manorial court on a general grant of Henry III, in 1271, that the College should have immunity from all suits of county, hundred, wapentake and other courts. The manorial court died a natural death with the enfranchisement of the last copyhold tenements in 1867.

The smallness of the income to be derived from farming by a bailiff no doubt accounts for Merton's occasional policy of leasing the manor to various Cambridge notables. However in 1446 Merton was forced to convey it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor of the University as an endowment

for Henry VI's new foundation, the Royal College of SS. Mary and Nicholas (now known as King's). In exchange they received the manor of Stretton St Margaret in Wiltshire, but a clause was inserted in the Letters Patent that 'Power is reserved to the House, etc. of Merton to re-enter on the property so surrendered, if they are at any time expelled from the lands at Stretton St Margaret.' Disturbances in Wiltshire led Merton to invoke this re-entry clause in 1462 and, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, they resumed possession of their Cambridge estate.

From this time on Merton pursued a more or less consistent policy of leasing the estate. Many of the tenants had little respect for the property and it had to be specified in a lease of 1502 that pigs were not to be kept in the Undercroft. College bursars presented frequent reports on the disrepair of the house. With the creation of the North Wing by additions in the 16th and 17th centuries (Plate 2) the Hall ceased to be used for domestic purposes. Consequently the old stone house became nothing more than a barn and suffered accordingly. Kilner, writing about 1790, reports the Undercroft as being 'applied to the keeping of cyder, and looked not very much perverted in being so' and the Hall as having 'old and decayed windows, and for the most part stopped up, for the preservation of the corn for which it was then a repository.' Such usage clearly proved too much for the vaulting which had to be removed c. 1800. The Undercroft was then partitioned and in part brought into use with the house, only to be further mutilated in the 20th century by the insertion of a small reinforced-concrete air-raid shelter.

A new use for Merton Hall was found in 1808 when Newton Bosworth opened a 'Boarding-School for Young Gentlemen' known as 'Merton Hall Academy'. This venture clearly met with little success for he vacated the building in 1811 and the academy was not heard of again. The stone house had continued to be used as a granary and was in use as a malting-house when Redfern published a drawing of it in 'Old Cambridge' in 1875. From 1872-74 Merton Hall provided a temporary home for Newnham College, but otherwise it was being let as a private residence until purchased by St John's College some ten years ago. The North Wing was then brought into use as a post-graduate hostel and recently the restoration and conversion of the stone house was undertaken to provide a theatre.

THE STONE HOUSE

Although the external corner buttress (see Plate 3) of this L-shaped building points due south, after the precedent of a building contract of 1374 as followed in the account by the R.C.H.M. the

Hall is described as extending east-west and the Solar Wing as north-south.

The first-floor hall was a popular form of house-plan in England from the late 11th century continuing on into the 14th century. Its advantage over the ground-floor hall was one of increased security; narrow loops would suffice for an undercroft and the upper hall could safely have larger windows. The undercroft was frequently vaulted and access to the hall provided by means of an external staircase. Other common features were a wall-fireplace in the hall and a solar, or private room, for the owner and his family made by dividing off one end of the hall. However during the 13th century a new fashion was to have the solar added as a transverse wing.

The School of Pythagoras belongs to the Transitional Style from Norman to 'Early English' and appears to date to the first years of the 13th century, but in fact stands closer to the first-floor halls of the mid 12th century than to those of the mid 13th. The original stone house was a rectangular block (some 62 ft. by 23 ft.) with the small Solar Wing added transversely to the north some ten or so years later. There is however little evidence for the contemporaneity or otherwise of the Solar Wing and such as there is is somewhat ambiguous, but that it is an additional feature is perhaps the most convincing interpretation. The actual site appears to have been selected in relation to an old artificial watercourse which once ran close to, and parallel with, the south front of the building. Proximity to a navigable watercourse would have considerably lessened the problems of the transportation of building stone. This consisted principally of clunch which is hard chalk that weathers extremely badly if used externally, but is light and easily worked. This might have come from any of a number of quarries from near Cambridge, which have all now been abandoned. For the more important external dressings Barnack stone was used, from the Soke of Peterborough. This hard shelly oolitic limestone was extensively used in East Anglia, but the deposit appears to have been exhausted before the end of the 15th century.

The house was built directly on the natural river-gravel and clay with only the slightest of foundations. This consisted of a trench no wider than the ground-floor walls (about 3 ft.) and about nine inches in depth, filled with rubble and mortar. In one place the wall had been built over an inhumation burial which is no doubt connected with a number of other skeletons found during the excavation for the foundations of the Cripps Building. These would appear to be Romano-British burials, situated just outside the walls of Roman Cambridge. Excava-

tion inside the Undercroft uncovered a scatter of Roman rubbish in the gravel, which consisted mainly of broken pottery but also included a simple brooch and a small whetstone.

The Exterior. The general idea of the original stone house can best be appreciated by approaching it through the Cripps Building. The south side (Plate 3) consists of six bays divided by buttresses which are all of c. 1200 except for the three-stage ones at the west end. The whole west wall and eighteen feet of the south wall had to be rebuilt in 1374-75 as is recorded in the surviving masons' contract. The easternmost bay once contained an original loop (Plate 1) but this was replaced by a doorway in c. 1800. The stone pointed head of this door has been retained during restoration and the insertion of a modern rectangular loop and corresponding rear-arch in the Undercroft. The other loops are all of c. 1200. The third bay was removed c. 1800 when a glazed screen, incorporating a doorway, was inserted (as in Plate 3). This has now been replaced with a similar modern screen. Above this bay is the original chimney buttress, behind the Hall fireplace. A recent discovery is that this buttress contains a second flue which indicates that the missing bay once contained a fireplace for the Undercroft. This is a possible interpretation of the feature visible in West's section (Plate 1); although this has in the past been interpreted as a blocked doorway, it could well be a fireplace with its hood destroyed like that of the Hall to-day. Over the second bay is an original two-light window, but being of clunch it is much weathered. The lights were trefoiled and the tympanum is pierced making a tentative step in the direction of Gothic tracery. On the other side of the chimney buttress has been inserted a completely modern two-light window. This replaces a mid 18th century window and brick patch (as in Plate 3) which itself replaced a rectangular window of two cinquefoiled transomed lights, parts of which were discovered during the removal of this brickwork. The window in the westernmost bay, of two trefoiled lights in a square head belongs to the late 14th century rebuilding. The vertical emphasis of the buttresses is countered by the moulded string which once ran all round the main block. The hipped roof is of the 19th century.

The west face of the Hall, viewed from the garden, is all of 1374-75 as already mentioned but with the lower walling of the north bay removed and replaced by a glazed screen in line with the front of the buttresses (Plate 2). The south bay has just been altered by the insertion of a new window to replace a smaller modern one, and the new brickwork represents the remains of an 18th century opening. The lower storey of the Solar Wing has been completely replaced in the past and the

first-floor window is a replacement for an original loop. Of the rest of the North Wing the part with exposed timber-framing is of the 16th century, which was further extended in the second half of the 17th century.

The east wall of the stone house has been much rebuilt and the string is mostly missing. To the south of the completely new central buttress is a 15th century doorway. The new window to the Hall marks the position of its original doorway, but no traces of this remain externally. The modern loop below is in the place of an original one that has been destroyed in the past. Scarcely anything remains of the external staircase to the Hall apart from a few stones of the arch which would have carried its upper platform. The impost-moulding beside the 15th century doorway indicates another destroyed arch which would have brought the staircase out at a right angle to the wall.

Since the house was built the courtyard to its north has risen some three or four feet, but a well has been excavated to reveal the building down to its original plinth. The second bay of this north wall (Plate 4) contains the original Undercroft doorway; this is another feature that had to be repaired in 1374. The photograph shows a modern door in the first bay which cuts away one side of a blocked 16th century rectangular window. This doorway has been removed and the window restored; after this had been completed the missing half of the sill was discovered being used as a foundation stone for a shed in the garden of the School of Pythagoras. The third bay contains a 15th century window, with a restored label. The missing fourth bay has been used for the addition of a spiral staircase, in an 'oriel', to provide extra access to the Hall. Over the Undercroft doorway is the second original two-light window in an even more dilapidated condition than that on the south. This is particularly unfortunate as it appears to have been considerably more elaborate with its semicircular head (missing) springing from shafted splays with decorated capitals and moulded bases (as inside), but all this has now weathered almost to the point of non-existence.

The Undercroft. When in the Undercroft a certain amount of imagination is required to envisage the original vaulting which was almost completely destroyed c. 1800. However West's section of 1739 (Plate 1) provides a satisfactory illustration of the quadripartite vaulting which was supported on five central columns and corresponding wall shafts and corner-columns. The south-east corner-column is alone completely preserved but the bases of most of the others were uncovered during excavation. 'Shadows' of several of the wall-shafts have survived and in some parts the lines of the vaulting could be preserved during

restoration. The positions of the central columns are to be marked in the floor and the larger of the two surviving bases will be visible. The 1374 masons' contract also included rebuilding the broken vault and differences in the foundation pads of the central columns indicated that repairs had been necessary to three of the five, including the one still visible. The earliest surviving floor discovered during excavation, for there had been a build-up of some eighteen inches inside the Undercroft, consisted of hard mortar laid directly on the natural gravel. This was some nine inches below the level of the bases and thus that of the original floor. From the association of this mortar floor with a small brick oven and a few pottery fragments, it can be dated to the early 16th century. The 1502 lease which specified that the new tenants were not to keep pigs in the Undercroft must presumably mean that the previous tenants had been doing just that. Following the ban on this activity the Undercroft would have had to have been thoroughly mucked out, so removing all earlier evidence, to enable a new floor to be laid. This would satisfactorily explain the depth of this mortar floor.

The Hall. On the inside of the east wall, on the upper floor, are preserved the original door-jambs of the Hall doorway, but the rest of this wall has at some stage been completely rebuilt at this level. Running round the Hall, apart from the rebuilt end walls, is a moulded string which has mostly been destroyed, but which matched that on the exterior. The 1374-75 rebuilding of the west wall and eighteen feet of the south wall is clearly distinguishable from the original fabric by the use of smaller stones in the 14th century. This 14th century work displays a well-defined pattern of holes (blocked) which had contained the timbers required for scaffolding during building. The interiors of the original two-light windows (south wall, Plate 5) have semicircular rear-arches springing from shafted splays with capitals carved with stiff-leaf foliage, although the shafts are missing. In the south wall are the remains of the original fireplace (Plate 5) which has recently been unblocked. It would have originally had a hood of which the corbel-stones are now hacked flush with the wall. There is some evidence for a second fireplace in a setting of stones in the south wall on the very edge of the 14th century rebuild. This may be the eastern side of a fireplace which was destroyed in the rebuilding, but which would have originally served to heat what must have been the Solar, divided off at this end of the Hall. There is no evidence for a partition but this could have been light panelling or simply a curtain. In the north wall at this end is a well-preserved rectangular aumbry (locker or cupboard) (Plate 6). The doorway in this corner gives access to the Solar Wing and the photograph shows the

early doorway as partly blocked with a late 14th century inserted doorway. This 14th century doorway has had to be removed but has been re-used in the Undercroft as the entrance to the Solar Wing. After the removal of this doorway it was discovered that the semicircular arch of the earlier doorway had been plastered and then painted with blue and red lines to simulate masonry. On the hypothesis that the Solar Wing is an addition to the original plan it is possible to explain certain rather anomalous features of this doorway by interpreting it as an original window converted into a door on the construction of the Solar Wing.

The Solar Wing. Inside the Solar there are remains of original loops on both the north and south walls. Also in the south wall is a fine 14th century locker and in the east wall, although blocked by the 16th century additions beyond, is a large original lancet with a semicircular head. It is unfortunate that the first-floor of the Solar Wing has been somewhat over-restored in the past and on the ground-floor alterations have left no original features to be seen. However in the east wall is a 16th century doorway leading into the modern boiler-room.

RESTORATION AND CONVERSION: 1967-68

The restoration of the old stone house was undertaken by St John's with the object of converting the Hall into a theatre. The theatre, seating 144, is equipped with a fixed stage at the west end with dressing-rooms in the Solar Wing. The east end of the Hall has the main staircase with a projection-box above. The main access to this staircase will be through the 15th century doorway in the east wall, leading to a small foyer and cloakrooms. The remaining two-thirds of the Undercroft are taken up by accommodation for the use of members of the College.

Such a radical re-use of the building has of course required a number of additions not in the nature of restoration. It was necessary to insert a reinforced-concrete ground-beam for the support of the reinforced concrete columns required to carry the new floor of the theatre. The staircase and cloakrooms had to be inserted and additional access provided by the spiral staircase in its 'oriel'. New windows for the Hall and Undercroft were obviously essential. The stage has inevitably to mask the character of the west end of the Hall. However, the general policy has remained one of restoration, that is to say an effort to conserve all features as they have been found rather than to attempt the creation of what they might have been. But in restoring a building that has received so much maltreatment in the past, and one that is so badly weathered,

it is not necessarily going to be possible always to achieve complete accuracy in even these aims. One point is, as already mentioned, the modern unavailability of either clunch or Barnack. This has meant that all restoration, as well as the new features, have had to be carried out in Weldon which will at any rate prevent confusion with earlier work.

If St John's had not undertaken the restoration of the School of Pythagoras the building would have been unlikely to have lasted the century. In addition to this over-riding fact a number of positive advantages have been gained during the present work. For the first time during the preparations for restoration all the accumulated plaster, boarding and partitions were removed, thereby permitting a detailed examination to be made of the entire fabric. Furthermore it was possible to excavate inside the Undercroft and so to reveal the column-bases and other early features. It has been possible to restore the floors of both the Undercroft and Hall to approximately their original levels and also to reduce the ground level around the outside of the building. All the features of the stone house which were revealed during the work have been comprehensively photographed and will be described in detail elsewhere. Thus a record has been made of anything that has had to be lost, and there is now sufficient information to allow the School of Pythagoras to be considered alongside any other first-floor hall of the period, instead of continuing to be passed over, with only the occasional reference to its windows and battered condition. Above all there is the pleasure of seeing an old and dilapidated building once more coming into full use.

JAMES GRAHAM-CAMPBELL.

Some books and prints. References have not been given as my historical account was largely drawn from J. M. Gray (op. cit.) where the majority of relevant documents in the Merton archives have been printed. Joseph Kilner's *The School of Pythagoras* (privately printed, c. 1790, but available in the College Library) is very worth consulting, for although much of it is irrelevant, it does contain the Bucks' print of 1730, West's plan and section of 1739, and another print by S. Hooper of 1783. A useful print is the somewhat romanticised south-west view by R. Harraden in *Cantabrigia Depicta* (1809). Redfern's drawing of the north side (1875) is used as the illustration for the brief historical account in the *Victoria County History of Cambridgeshire*, Vol. 3, (1959) pp. 122-3. The *Proceedings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, Vol. XIII (1909) pp. 79-80 contains a brief but misleading description by T. D. Atkinson, illustrated with four

good photographs. Reference has already been made to R.C.H.M. account and plan. For the general background M. Wood's *The English Mediaeval House* (1965) is extremely valuable. The *Eagle* for October, 1962 contains an account of the fishponds, and the discoveries during the construction of the Cripps Building are recorded in the *Eagle*, November, 1964. Plates 2-6 in this issue were taken by Mr L. Jewitt.

Poems

affairs

early Sunday morning has a quiet
in its paper (unopened)
that must be growing old
that must be the primal returning
headlines unseen
personal reference asleep
their generalizing (reminding)
left with the fading
of the thump on the doorstep
it might not be too bad to put
all that responsibility
aside

where children play

I

not vast mountain passes
but a cluttered backyard
our minds are tedious
but if a child can go
and play there what great
discoveries escaping
logic what satisfaction
wanting all to go away
to discover more

II

the small child's pantheism
to my eyes seems
to be the best religion
feeling force and movement
all around never
really understanding
but always unafraid
to know that lurking
everywhere is good
cause to have a deep fear

POEMS

1.30 a.m.

I sit here at my desk
in a 16th century cottage

looking between the curtains:
the quiet seems England's

past—more of the past
than present, shadowy

in a more legitimately
unknown way than back home

lulled by the gentle hum
of the electric heater on the floor

almost accepting the historical
precedent of the cold seeping in

jarred by the rumbling lorry
passing without solace outside

epigram

women are a threat
to an orderly world,
but they may be right

JOHN ELSBERG.

Poems

THIRSTY

DEEP brown, thick,
almost luminous black
and thick like trees

but more gently moved,
like water scooped
in the bowl of your hands,

and just as vain
to try to hold (unless
you drink it quick):

no (on second thoughts)
it's blacker than trees
and thicker than black—

do you mind if I touch
and drink quickly at
the back of your ear?

THANK YOU

SHE used to be brittle; her laugh would snap
Over her eye-tired face, leaving a crack
Of quickly silent shame at having laughed;
And she used to move like a sad giraffe
Sideways away from you, angling her voice
Out of the corner of her grudge's glance.

But you notice her clothes now, and she listens,
Looks at you quietly; her voice croak-whispers
And she coughs; and she often says Thank you
Now too: carpets are nicer than lino.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING

HERE, before the beginning
Of a day, it is colder than evening,
And you notice, crystallising,
What had dissolved in the dusk's softening,
Like just before falling
In love again, eastward-facing.

PETE ATKIN.

Gust of Gomorrah

AN inexpensive blend of snuff suited to undergraduate pockets.

5 parts Smith's Golden Cardinal

4 parts Smith's Carnation

3 parts Smith's Attar of Roses.

The first two are obtainable in jars at 2/9 from Bacon. The last is in 5/- drums only.

The snuff's should be mixed with a spoon in a mustard pot; allowed to dry out for about 5 hours—shaken up well in an empty snuff bottle, and put into a snuff box.

It is trusted that this will delight some young men's noses.

GODFREY TANNER.

Poems

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE BILL AND BUGGER OFF, THE CITY'S SMARTEST RENDEZVOUS

THE Blue Boar is a haven
For the petit bourgeois savage
It's a Trust House—you can trust them
To be good at boiling cabbage.
Le Jardin has a menu
Which is splendid, hot or cold
But the manager's a Gaullist
And you'll have to pay in gold.
There are Indians who'll serve you
With a curry or a sag
'Til the local health inspector
Let's the cat out of the bag.
And you won't find much of interest
In the Turk's Head or its chicken
Where they reached rock bottom years ago
And still they keep on digging.
So you may as well just settle
For a dinner in the College
Though the salt be short of savour
And the company of knowledge.
There girlfriends cannot follow you
And rook you for their fill,
And if you're upper-middle class
Your father foots the bill.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

'BETTER the devil you don't know
Than the devil you know.'
She said.
And crushing the bird in her hand
She headed purposefully for the bushes.

BERNARD METCALFE.

Childer Wot Towlk

DISTRESSED (as we have seen) by the lack of sympathy emitting from their elders and betters for the ideals of a younger generation, the editors persuaded a student teacher to ask her class of 8 year old children to provide their spontaneous reactions to two subjects close to our collective hearts; Students and Love. A summary of the results are printed below—only the names of the participants have been altered to protect both innocent and guilty.

Conceptions of love seem to have been essentially materialistic, although emotional attachments, particularly within the family, were strongly emphasised by those who cared to mention them. Apart from the more imaginative lunatic fringe, reactions were understandably conservative, tinged with the occasional noble thought, and, of course, ruthlessly logical.

"I like my mummy be cud she get clothes. I love my bird." (Pauline).

"I love God. I love my boy friend graham Matchett. I think love is happiness. I think love is glad." (Nicola).

"I love food because it giths my steth.

I love God because he giths my lith.

I love my parents because that love me.

I love my relations because that biy me toy.

I love my home.

I love them becuase that love my." (Gary).

"I love yoyo." (Andrew).

"I love my parents because they give me a home, food, clothing and some one to sleep. I love my sisters because they shar There things with me and let me join in there games. I love miss johnson because they teach me lesson's. I love pets because they nice to play with. I love my cousin because they give me there toy. Love means kindness and happynes." (Kim).

"I love fire. I love Kevin. I fingk love is great" (Robert).

"I love my pet. I love my pet because he is so freuer he is a cat. I love petula's tortus because he has puttents on his back. I love God because he guv us the world. I love my family because they love me. I love school because I have friends and I like the work I do. I think love is sort of liking people." (Josie).

"I think love is G-reat." (Kevin).

"I love my family because when it is a time for presents I always get some. I like my parents because we have got two televisions. I like my pet because I like dogs and he is a dog." (Michael).

"I love my home because its warm" (Andrew).

"I love my sister and parents. Because they look after me. And they buy me clouths Food and they are very kind. My pets are nice the hamster is Fury I have not got a resain I just love them my Terpin has a sweet face. Love is someone that you like very much." (Christine).

"I love the world" (Chris).

"Love. I love my bugdie. I love Hammy and mummy and daddy. I love grandma and grandad. I love my horses and my dogs and my kittens I love my bedroom. I love my car. I love my grandpa and my cousins. I love my rabbits I love Patch and Shany, Pedro Beatle and Katrina. I think love is affection and

kindness. Securty and safety.” (Anon.)

“Please Miss Johnson. I Love you.” (Roy with love).

‘I love mouse and home and roy loves miss johnson. He say to petula he wants to sleep you.” (Francis).

If Love baffled some of the children, students provoked a collection of strong worded reactions worthy of certain political figures. Unfortunately our stock is not high with any section of the community, and the children joined forces with their parents to provide a united front. A certain unanimity is evident in the continued repetition of identical phrases!

“Some are weridies.” (Anon.)

“The students are nice and they are sensible they wear nice clothes and they are kind and they wear nice shoes sometimes they are silly and sometimes are stupid and sometimes wear stupid clothes.” (Dennis).

“I think stoods hoofs then wher wigs.” (Anon.)

“I think students are show offs they wear wigs.”

“They are silly, silly, silley they are. Good people are not like them. I think they are silly and silly I do they are bad some of them yes they yes yes I think they are do you the bad thing.” (Sally Ann).

“Some go roun the town wereing supicosh” (Terry).

“Some of the students at kings collig are I have seen one, she had green baggy old trousers and a Jackett. RUBBISH. Weardy Beasts!” (Kim).

“Students are robbers so there.” (Anon.)

“... Dad said there are the silly balmy bonkers and stupid and mum said they act like a two year old” (Karen).

“Some are nis with long hair. Some are sensible. Some make a lot of worry about nothing.” (Martin).

“Weedy Weet.” (Anon.)

“Some of them men are like the lady with the hair.” (Keith).

“Some are nice and some are nuts or nits. There hair is long. they look like layds” (Andrew).

“They are siliy sopiy sentel mence discernieded dran pipes.” (Anon.)

“Students are silly when they riot. But when they are peaceful they are nice. My mum thinks thier nuts—and there a few good ’ens!” (Alison).

College Intelligence

The following item appeared in the abstract of Council minutes circulated to Fellows on 29 November:

Rolleston Fund: Provision of College Skeleton and cupboard

Agreed to make a grant from the Rolleston Fund for the purchase of an articulated skeleton and skull, at a cost of £79, and for the provision of a cupboard in the Library to accommodate these specimens, for the use of medical students of the College.

Old Johnians may also be interested to learn that the Rugger Club Dinner was not held this year because on the previous such occasion the jolly diners threw Wibley Pudding at the portrait of Lady Margaret. After all, what else can one do with Wibley Pudding?

Appointments for All

NEVER before had Max felt so jaunty on a Tuesday morning. As he cycled through the early traffic there seemed to be a sense of release even in the damp mist that swung round the scurrying figures on the pavement. No doubt some were persisting in their pilgrimage to Dr Trellwort’s weekly lecture on Victorian mores, as Max himself would have been doing were he not hastening to an appointment. Max chuckled breathily at the thought of those racing female pencils, straining to annotate the “closed idiom of Tennyson’s early poetry” in a version that had scant chance of being shorter than the original lecture. Nurses were in evidence again, stodgily trying to mould some elegance into their starched tunics as they paced along in their soft flat shoes. For once, however, Max saw them wheel into Addenbrooke’s; so they were professionals after all. As he pushed the pedals on their familiar elliptical course, Max noticed that some cars had succeeded in getting off the endless triangular track in the centre of town and actually seemed to be going somewhere; they were even passing the odd upturned thumb on the pavement. Shops that he had never seen loomed through the side of his vision. Their stock seemed to consist entirely of Woodbine, which the Fitzwilliam clearly took as a personal affront. Tuesday was not usually open to such suggestions.

It was with some spirit that Max announced himself at the Board, giving a fine roll to the name that was surely destined for the top cases of the typewriters of the world. The activity in the waiting room seemed heated, almost feverish. Files were being devoured like late breakfasts, significant achievements were shouldering their way into cramped forms, and purpose bounced backwards and forwards off the walls. Max disapproved of waiting rooms that failed to provide the latest issue of *Punch*, so he sat down and studiously read the handbook from which his neighbour was extracting innumerable addresses. He shortly succeeded in his intention of making the unfortunate man try to give the impression that he was scarcely interested in the copious notes he was taking from the mine of information that lay before him. Just then Max heard his name called. Much to his surprise he found that everybody in the room was levelling hostile looks at him, and he felt that they were all hopefully consigning him to the footnotes of the rather scruffy handout on Publishing; Max knew that no one ever got into Publishing.

He found that his hand was being shaken by a man in shirtsleeves who had clearly had the crumpled distinction of holding down, for limited periods, most of the jobs in the world.

“Please come upstairs,” said the shirt. Max dashed back into the waiting room to collect the biro he had been assiduously clicking. There had not even been time for the eyes inside to concentrate on him again, but already the shirt had disappeared. Max strode up the stairs, mentally drumming his fist against the door of the Secretary who was about to open the gold box of riches that lay under the three year span of University life.

“Come in.” Two faces broke away from the cornucopia of advice, and demanded an explanation for his intrusion.

“I’m looking for Mr —, for, — I’m sorry, this can’t be his room.” Which door, Mr Secretary, thought Max, as he circled round the vast balcony which teemed with exits to prosperity and success. He raised his hand to another, but just in time caught an energetic phrase about I.C.I.

"Ah, there you are, I was wondering where you'd got to," said the shirt, from the end of the corridor. "Come in."

Max sat down and surveyed the filing cases that clanked round the seamy walls; the thin tin, whose job it was to protect the precious contents within, looked very cold. Meanwhile the shirt was racing through Max's curriculum vitae, which gave a remarkable degree of animation to his Adam's apple; it leapt in and out of the collar, and after a brief pause when it hovered like the bubble in a spirit level, it bounced out a jovial "Well, what can I do for you?"

This was totally unexpected. Max had, in the course of running upstairs, prepared some very full answers to the suggestions that would undoubtedly topple over the desk. He had even given some thought to the style of his reply; enthusiastic diffidence, he had concluded, should be the tone of such an exchange. Max still found himself accompanied by an ideal or two, and nothing alarmed him more than the prospect of a premature commitment to market research in kilt-pins. But to be asked to lay one's cards on the table in this manner was disquieting.

"I should like to go into the B.B.C.," he said, and almost looked over his shoulder to see who had spoken.

"Excellent, excellent," wafted over from the shirt, who now evidently anticipated a brisk interview, and was already breezing into the various ways and means of getting one's voice on the air.

"I think, however," Max interjected, "that it might be wise to enter the B.B.C. as an expert."

"Quite right"; the bare forearms flapped at him, delighted at the alert precision of their opposite number. "I see that you've been giving some thought to the matter. The same applies to journalism, of course; specialist writers usually get all the icing."

This sounded hopeful to Max. But the shirt was now in full sail—

"Yes, what one wants to do is to use these media almost as diversions—you know, as outlets for the ideas which your job gives you, but which you have neither the time nor the opportunity to put into practice. And after a really thorough grounding in your job you might be so successful with your activities in the mass media that you could devote all your time to them."

To Max such noises as "job" and "grounding" had an ominous rattle about them, and his attention had jibed away to the murky garden view that spread outside the window, dankly indifferent to the plans and strategies that daily hummed around it. A sound of scratching came from an armpit, and the silence jumped into Max's ears.

"Yes, quite," Max rapped out, "what about V.S.O.?" Nothing held less attraction for him, unless some official were suddenly to take it into his head to treat the Home Counties as an underdeveloped area.

The shirt flopped with a visible exhalation of frustration. It did not like to have its well worn channels of advice knocked about by the brainless effusions of someone who had no idea of the rules of the game. Still, decorum had to be preserved, so the shirt embraced the V.S.O. file, to which it seldom had any chance to refer. Playing for time, so that it might develop the logical train of motive and procedure for which it knew itself to be renowned at the Board, the shirt ventured a standard comment of perspicacity:

"So you want to travel?"

Everyone wanted to travel, so Max did not feel that he was pushing his boat too far out in agreeing to this.

"And just where would you like to go?"

"I think that I should like to go into the B.B.C."

As Max entered the waiting room again he saw that all the activity had stopped. Completed forms lay on the table, while the applicants, relaxed in their sense of accomplishment, ranged their backs against the files that stared with bulging eyes at the entrance. No longer rivals, everyone and everything formed a tribunal that shook with rhythmic mirth as Max removed the handouts on the B.B.C., journalism, study overseas, V.S.O.,—and all related subjects—whose numbers had been puffed out at him by a limp, bored and exhausted Secretary. The sheets dropped into his briefcase with a useless thud, as if they were the truncated ropes of a sail that filled and flapped elsewhere. Suddenly people started to pull folders out of the cabinets, pens jerked to life, and the future was grabbed.

The receptionist caught his eye as he hastened out.

"Shall I make an appointment for you in the Michaelmas Term?"

"Thank you, but I won't be here."

Outside, Max wondered if Dr Trellwort had said anything of any moment.

MICHAEL MAVOR

Master

IN the Hall to the south of the Fellows' door hangs the Thornhill portrait of Richard Bentley, Johnian, King's Librarian, Fellow of the Royal Society. It is not in these contexts that he is chiefly remembered: his fame as a scholar will endure; but as Master of Trinity—*there* he is in a class of his own. A friend of Newton who lectured on the *Principia Mathematica*: a bibliophile who played a leading part in the setting up of the University Press; an eminent classical scholar who was also Regius Professor of Divinity; a man of strong will with a great capacity for work, flexibility of mind and tenacity of purpose, Bentley was a distinguished figure in an age noted for versatility. But there was a less reputable side to his character, and his methods of dragging the College screaming into the eighteenth century became intolerable. His struggles with the Fellows of Trinity attained Homeric proportions, and they ended in a manner worthy of the contrivance of Pallas Athene herself.

It is worth retelling the end of the story in the words of Professor Jebb, himself a Fellow of Trinity. After 24 years of open war "on April 27, 1734, the Bishop gave judgment. Bentley was found guilty of dilapidating the College goods and violating the College Statutes. He was sentenced to be deprived of the Mastership. At last the long chase was over and the prey had been run to earth. No shifts or doublings could save him now. It only remained to execute the sentence. . . . The fortieth Statute of Elizabeth, on which the judgment rested, prescribes that the Master, if convicted by the Visitor, shall be deprived by the agency of the Vice-Master. . . . Bentley's counsel advised the Vice-Master . . . to refrain from acting until he had taken legal opinion. Meanwhile Bentley continued to act as Master, to the indignation of his adversaries, and the astonishment of the world. An examination for College scholarships was going on just then. On such occasions in former years Bentley had often set the candidates to write on some theme

suggestive of his own position. . . . This time he had a very apposite text for the young composers, from Terence: 'This is your plea now, —that I have been turned out: look you, there are ups and downs in all things'." Bentley might well choose this quotation.

he knew the Vice-Master " . . . Dr Richard Walker, a friend on whom Bentley could rely. During the next four years, every resource which ingenuity could suggest was employed to force Dr Walker into executing the sentence of deprivation on Bentley All in vain. On April 22nd, 1738, the Court [of King's Bench] rejected the last of these applications. That day marks the end of the strife begun in February, 1710: it had thus lasted a year longer than the Peloponnesian War." Bentley died at the ripe age of 80, still Master.

More than two hundred years after Bentley's death it seemed natural that another Master of Trinity, addressing a gathering in our Hall, should look at his portrait and say with feeling "You sowed Bentley, and we reaped him." It is less well known that thirty years before Bentley's birth, on the eve of the Civil War, St John's had made its own contribution to the annals of how not to manage things by electing two Masters simultaneously, one a Royalist, the other a Puritan. The effect on the University was as a stick thrust into a hornets' nest. Passions were roused to such a pitch that it was two years before the King felt able to intervene personally, dismiss both elected Masters, and translate Dr Beale from the Mastership of Jesus. Thus it fell out that Dr Beale organised the transport of the College plate to the King, eluding Cromwell's ambush at Lolworth Hedges. Cromwell reacted with characteristic vigour. The College was "occupied" (it was said that the Great Gate was battered open with cannon), the Master and senior Fellows thrown into the Tower, and First Court converted into a concentration camp in which 300 prisoners languished through a hot summer. Dr Beale escaped, joined Charles II in exile, and died on an embassy to Madrid. Public burial being impossible because of the Holy Office, he was interred under the floor of the house in which he was staying, and no one can now point to his grave. Stirring times, when a Mastership was a position of such power and influence that kings were interested in the appointments—when Bentley could decline a bishopric, with the certainty of its wealth and patronage, in order to continue his struggle for his disputed Mastership.

There are those who would have us believe that modern elections to a Mastership should also be conceived of wholly in terms of the politics of power, and one writer has even made this the theme of a book. Alas, he also portrays a character capable of stooping to any infamy in order to become Senior Tutor! And of St John's, as far as the memory of the Senior Fellow goes back, "If you believe that, sir, you will believe anything".

Leaving such fantasies, how important is the modern Mastership? What does the Master do? How far can his power and influence extend? The government of St John's at the present day is a very different thing from that of Trinity in Bentley's time. Since the work of the last Royal Commission, culminating in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act of 1923, and the Statutes deriving from it, the functioning of the College has been a good example of a working democracy—a ship with a crew, elected officers, but no passengers. Even the last passenger, Stevens, left over from an earlier age, performed the useful function of providing numerous stories which have amused successive generations of Fellows. One

tale concerns also Bonney, the geologist, who amongst many other distinctions belonged to the small band of enthusiastic mountaineers that in mid-Victorian times discovered the attractions of the Alps, and long after was taken ill at the age of over 90. Stevens, nearly ten years his junior, had for many years rarely been seen further from Cambridge than Trumpington. On being told of Bonney's illness, his comment was "I always said all that alpine climbing would kill him in the end".

The modern Statutes are contained in an octavo volume running to 76 pages of large type and wide margins; but a considerable part is devoted to particular scholarships, prizes, and so on. The pages concerned with all other aspects of running the College total only 43. They have been often amended in the last 45 years (since 1955 there have been 11 batches of amendments) and they are now clear, concise and up-to-date. On authority Statute VIII simply states ". . . the Governing Body of the College shall consist of the Master and all actual Fellows being graduates. (2) The Governing Body shall possess the ultimate authority in the government of the College, which authority they shall exercise in accordance with, and subject to the provisions of, these Statutes."

All depends, then, on the Governing Body. For some time it has numbered more than 90, and is now nearly 100. Its chief characteristic is its variety. Its members span six decades in age, and are drawn from many backgrounds. Their interests extend across the whole spectrum of learning: their collective experience of affairs, of the world at large, of arts and crafts, is wide. One can chair a Royal Commission, another manage a steel works; one can run a farm, another build a house; one can organise a television series, another produce a wood engraving; one is at home on the ice of Antarctica, another in a tropical jungle; one writes novels, another is so accustomed to deep water that he regards sailing across the Atlantic as the obvious way to attend a conference in Canada; and so on. Many are eminent; many others will become eminent; very many are strong-minded. With this variety of age, of interest and of experience goes a corresponding variety of view on many questions. The society is an intensely interesting one to live in, but it exists as a unified society with an effective common will only at a price, which its members do not find too high—the cheerful acceptance of the will of the majority.

The respect of the present writer for the collective wisdom of the Governing Body has grown with the years. For a body of its size it is unusual in several respects, not least in the ability of its members to get up, say what they have to say, and sit down again. It is not uncommon for 20 or 30 speeches to be heard in a discussion lasting less than an hour. When some totally new topic is introduced the discussion may appear chaotic, with no trace of a common view, as each member goes about it in his own way, and a decision may appear indefinitely far off; but usually by the next meeting the apparently conflicting views have been reconciled, the discussion is short and to the point, and a decision which all can accept is quickly reached.

Even if there were no tradition to the contrary, it would be hopelessly wasteful of time to employ so large a body in controlling normal administration. There is, however, a tradition going back to the foundation of the College (and to much more authoritarian days) of control by the Master and a small body of senior Fellows, and this was readily changed into the modern elected Council. Statute VIII continues "(3) The Governing Body shall elect twelve of their number . . . to

act with the Master as a Council for the administration of the affairs of the College and the management of its property and income." Subsequent Statutes spell out the powers of the Council, who elect all Fellows and College Officers, and have complete financial competence to act in all matters on the College's behalf. In addition to electing the members of the Council (normally three every year to serve for four years), the Governing Body itself elects the Master; and it may at any time itself reach any decision it wishes upon College affairs, the Statutes providing a simple mechanism whereby it can enforce its will in the unlikely event of this being necessary. In practice the Governing Body is consulted on all major matters of College policy, and at times it is asked by the Council itself to determine matters of great importance. For example, each of the decisive steps in putting up the Cripps Building was successively decided in this way—the choice of site; the approval of the specification; the choice of architects; and the approval of the detailed plans.

When it is remembered that the Council appoints officers to exercise immediate day-to-day control of each department of College affairs, and that it extends its own oversight by a network of nineteen standing committees (all of whose members are members of the Governing Body, but at any one time only a minority actually members of the Council) the scope of the Master's activities may at first sight appear circumscribed indeed. We have, however, reviewed the structure of College government in this order so that the paramount importance of the Mastership can be appreciated in relation to the framework within which the Master works. On the qualifications and duties of the Master, Statute II states "... He shall be a person who is distinguished for his attainments and learning, and, in the judgment of the electors, the best qualified by his piety, discretion, and knowledge of affairs to secure the good government of the College as a place of education, religion, learning, and research. (2) He shall exercise a general superintendence over the affairs of the College, and shall preside *ex officio* at all meetings, whether of the Fellows or of the Council, and shall, except where otherwise provided, have, in case of equality of votes, a second or casting vote. He shall have the power, in all cases not provided for by the Statutes of the College or by any College Order, to make such provision for the good government and discipline of the College as he shall think fit."

The Statutes therefore envisage the office of Master and the power of the Governing Body as part of an inseparable whole: if each were looked at in isolation, the Mastership would appear to involve responsibility without power, while the Governing Body has power but lacks direction. In the kind of society depicted by those modern novelists who have taken university life as their theme, this could only lead to a paralysing clash of wills. The fact that such a situation has never arisen in this College during the four decades and more which have elapsed since the present Statutes came into force sheds an interesting light on the difference between the solid figures and the shadow play. But such aberrations aside, it must be admitted that in view of the strength of mind of all those concerned, there might be a danger of a clash but for two factors—the Master has been elected by the majority: and the society as a whole is in the habit of accepting the majority view.

We have seen how ultimate authority in the College is diffused throughout the Governing Body, and executive authority is delegated by Statute to the Council. The process of delegation is carried much farther, indeed as far as possible, the Council delegating authority for the conduct of all routine day to day business to

the College Officers, of whom there are only four full-time ones (the Senior Bursar, the Junior Bursar, the Senior Tutor and the Chaplain) and rather over a dozen part-time ones, apart from the much greater number whose main duties lie in teaching. Such a system could only operate satisfactorily by having a central point round which all turns, and as the Statutes are framed this position can only be occupied by the Master.

It has never been laid down that the Mastership is incompatible with other work (although there are statutory requirements for residence more stringent than those for any University teaching office). All four of the Masters to hold office under the present Statutes have done other things as well, but each has made the College by a large margin his principal concern.

With so many part-time officers, each with his own responsibilities, and with the four full-time officers each necessarily preoccupied for most of his time with a particular facet of College business, the Master is thus the only one able to spend much time on the affairs of the College as a whole. In the end all the threads of affairs come back to him, and as chairman of the Council (which in spite of all the delegation needs to meet about thirty times a year) and of most of its principal committees he normally makes up the agenda, and influences both the content and the pace of business. Indeed, without obvious supervision or interference he can do much to maintain the smooth working of what one may term "normal affairs". Some such affairs involve him personally in a good deal of work—for example, in the course of the annual election to Research Fellowships he writes some 500 letters, to say nothing of the task, common to other members of the Council, of assessing the merits of thirty to forty dissertations.

But if he also possesses the quality of foresight, as all the recent Masters have, he can do much more. The College organism responds willingly to sensible and reasoned leadership, and this the Master is peculiarly in a position to supply. The experience of the present writer is limited to the times of the last three Masters, and it has been interesting to see how each tackled the problems of his office in his own way. Their approaches have at the same time had much in common, the common ground being largely conditioned by the nature of the society itself.

The paramount aim of each has apparently been to enable the College to take a firm grip on its affairs: and to pursue commonly accepted aims in a rational way. This in turn has involved two separate sets of policies, one directed to guarding and extending the financial independence and material resources of the College; the other to making the best use of the varied talents of all the members of the College, but especially of the Governing Body, to the common good.

The most difficult task of the last 30 years was faced by Mr Benians in 1939-46. It was necessary to devise and implement policies which would minimise dislocation of the education and careers of individual members of the College, and to pursue them during the war. At the end a great influx which carried numbers in residence to unprecedented figures had to be absorbed at a time when the College finances were under great strain. He succeeded, and in doing so encouraged the Governing Body to reintegrate itself after the wartime absence of so many of its members, and to continue its activities as an effective whole.

In spite of their diversity of abilities, training and outlook, the members of the Governing Body share certain experience which conditions in many matters common attitudes—without which, indeed, it is difficult to see how the organisation

could function at all. Many of these attitudes are deep-rooted and seldom questioned, and make easy the pursuit of agreed common aims as a consistent policy over prolonged periods.

The most important of them is a belief in the value of the College society as an instrument of education—a society comprising within itself scholars of all ages, pursuing the common aim of understanding better the world in which they live. In its early years the College was rigidly authoritarian. There was a careful division between the teachers and the taught, which came at what is now an unexpected level—up to five years *after* their M.A. degree the young Fellows were allowed out of College only twice a week. Fortunately, education is a process which need not cease at any particular age; by the interplay of ideas the old distinctions have vanished. The society now includes many members, retired from formal duties, whose minds are as receptive of new ideas as they were in their youth. This they owe in large measure to a constant bombardment of ideas and questions, first from their seniors, then from their contemporaries and their juniors. But of course, anyone who has ever disagreed with his parents knows how much more important are the opinions of his contemporaries. With this in mind the older members realise the limitations of what they themselves can do to help the younger ones, however much the younger ones may help them. What is clear is that if the society is to achieve its educational aims as many of its members as possible must live in one community, so that there are opportunities for all sorts of communal enterprises, time for discussion and argument, and ample scope for the interplay of ideas. Such an aim could not be achieved with some undergraduates living in Cherryinton and some in Chesterton. The College clearly needs buildings large enough to accommodate most of its members, and certainly nearly all of its undergraduate members.

This need for more buildings has provided the most important continuing theme of College policy for the last forty years—a theme accepted by succeeding generations of Fellows. The way to this aim has been long, with many narrow places and difficult passages; and if it has now been largely achieved (last year 91% of undergraduates were living in College), it is only because under the guidance of three successive Masters the Governing Body has willed the continuance of this policy.

The magnitude of the effort involved can be gauged from the facts that thirty years ago the College had approximately 180 undergraduate rooms grouped around 4 courts; now it has about 420 grouped around 9 courts. To this each of the last three Masters has made his own distinctive contribution—under Mr Benians the Chapel Court building was erected, the only major building ever put up by the College entirely with its own resources; and an important start was made in renovating the old buildings. This was carried actively forward under Sir James Wordie; at the same time the Appeal was launched and the Merton property acquired: and the part played by the present Master in bringing all to fruition need not be stressed.

From this activity we may take as a working example the erection of the Cripps Building. Between the first news of the benefaction and the completion of the building, in addition to the Council and the Governing Body five committees worked on it—with some common membership, but each having the particular experience needed at a particular phase of the operation. The membership of these committees, determined variously by the Council, the Governing Body, and the

junior members, either included or represented everyone in the College with an interest in the project. The elected members of the J.C.R. Committee organised a questionnaire (to which a large majority of the junior members responded) on what type of accommodation was wanted, and the majority views were incorporated into the specification, a contribution to the effectiveness of the building which could have been made in no other way. Decisions were taken by the committees, or by the Council or Governing Body to whom they reported, but they could have accomplished little without the Master. He stood at the centre of planning, acted as chairman and convenor, and controlled the pace of events so as to allow time for discussion (and research where necessary) while not impeding the flow of decisions. Consequently at no time during the seven years that the project lasted was there any hold up for lack of a decision on the part of the College; nor was any decision of any importance ever taken hastily.

But without their occupants the buildings would be an empty shell; with the expansion of living space has gone the growth and development of the society. During the same thirty years the number of junior members has grown from roughly 450 to 700, and the Fellowship from over 50 to over 90. Nor has educational policy ended with expansion of the College itself and its activities. This is no place for a list, but one may mention the institution of the Commonwealth Fellowship, following a suggestion of Mr Benians; in the time of Sir James Wordie the Choir School was refounded as a preparatory school with boarders, and under the present Master the College joined with Trinity and Caius in founding Darwin College.

What now? The College society has never been so numerous or so diverse, yet we cannot assume that the future will be a simple projection of the past and present. To foresee the future is always difficult; in a community part of whose business it is to encourage innovators, it verges on the impossible. In Elizabethan times, when Sir John Harington devised a water closet, no one could have foreseen modern plumbing, still less that a larger bureaucracy would be needed to administer the Building Regulations concerned with it than the whole Civil Service of the Elizabethan state: Sir Ambrose Fleming, when he invented the thermionic valve, could not have foreseen modern electronics with its ramifications extending from computers to pop music. And the crystal ball becomes more clouded as the pace of change quickens. Nearly a century elapsed between Dr Powell's reforms of College teaching in the third quarter of the eighteenth century and the rise of the modern system of universal competitive examinations so characteristic of the western world today; but Sir Charles Parsons saw a great industry arise in his lifetime from his invention of the steam turbine, and so did Sir John Cockcroft from his pioneer work on atomic structure. In the past the College has nurtured many men who have broken out of the common mould, and no doubt it is now fostering, and will in the future foster, many more. But external political and financial pressures are building up to an intensity unknown for 250 years. It is likely that the new Master will face problems of an essentially non-educational kind more pressing than his predecessors have had to face during all that long period. Will they overshadow what is after all the ultimate purpose of the whole organisation—education? As to that, Peacock wrote "If all the nonsense which, in the last quarter of a century, has been talked on all other subjects were thrown into one scale, and all that has been talked on the subject of education alone were

thrown into the other, I think the latter would preponderate." Those words were published in 1860! Whoever becomes its new Master, the College will no doubt campaign for sense: and if the risks are great, so are the opportunities.

G. C. EVANS

The Single Screw

or, you too can make a great biological discovery;

A non-objective account

by James Watt Jr.

with a Foreword by Sir Boastful Brag

Some comments on the book:

"There is nothing else in literature to equal it." C. P. Snow (Lord).

"He stood on the shoulders of a giant." Francis Crick.

"One of the great 'camp' works in modern prose." Notes of a Nitwit, *En-counter*.

Foreword

Traditional theorists have pictured natural science as a discipline demanding patient experiment and intellectual effort. This remarkable book shows how little there actually is of either. The last chapter, in which the screw is described so vividly, exceeds expectation: the tension mounts and mounts towards the final climax. I, like many others, have been misrepresented in this book. However, to correct too many of its errors of fact would be to take away its essential qualities.

B. BRAG.

Introduction

The story of the screw is the story of five people: Virus Pauling, Wilky, Rosy, Quick, and me. To show that science is often a matter of personalities, I shall simply write down all the nasty things I said about them at the time, rather than the truth as others saw it and as it subsequently became obvious even to me. Though they were unconnected with my discovery I shall also take the opportunity of immortalising, by a mention in my book, some of my beautiful friends. Their names—Herbert Gutfreund, George Kreisel, Ephraim Eshag, etc.—did not strike me as typically old English. But with them, whenever I was not making breakthroughs, I went to smashing parties or discussed the latest popsies. To tell the truth none of us really had any social graces or cultivation, or any success with women; but the pretences of these European pseuds satisfied the snobbery of a vulgar barbarian like myself.

Chapter One

I first met Wilky on a scientists' holiday in Italy. Lots of scarce Treasury money had been spent on it: suspicions existed that this was money down the drain. The high point of each meeting was the day-long excursion to some scenic house or temple. Thus there was seldom chance for anything but banal remarks. None of these decaying old buildings had any central heating.

I tried to snare Wilky by introducing my sister to him, and talking about DNA all the time while we went round the temples at Paestum. He seemed more interested in the buildings. I hoped he would marry my sister, and then she could pump him about developments in his lab. But nothing came of it.

It was later, when I turned up at the other Cambridge¹, that Quick came smack into my life.

Chapter Two

Quick and I are usually talked of with reverence and will one day be numbered with Euclid and Galileo.

Quick's natural talent is for speculative building. One week he will have a block of flats put up to his own design, and run round selling them for inflated prices by his voluble sales talk. The next week he, and the purchasers, will discover that they are beginning to collapse. But he laughs off their disappointment, and is soon planning and marketing another block.

Quick was not a member of any college. He disliked the college atmosphere. People wondered why, in that case, he chose to stay in a collegiate university. It sometimes bothered him, because he knew that colleges were filled with undergraduates, research students, and dons, all incapable of amusing or educating him in anything worthwhile. Few of them were studying DNA, and even fewer were prepared to hear his latest ideas on the subject every evening.

So far, he had achieved nothing. A friend (who was obviously educated) said he was like one of the genii in the Arabian Nights, corked up inside a bottle. Once he got out he would swell enormously, and you would never be able to shut him up again.

Chapter Three

When Quick and I decided to try for the jackpot, we ran into obstacles. There were many results in the field of DNA. But the painful fact could not be avoided, that they were in the possession of Wilky. Wilky, a careful worker, still thought his material unready for publication, and the English rules of honesty hindered us from making a scoop. We were afraid Wilky would conceal things from us. But, as we soon realised with relief, he was too much of a gentleman to do that.

Another obstacle was Rosy. We disliked the clothes she wore. Worse, Wilky depended on her co-operation for his success. Not that she was his mistress. Though I mention the possibility I don't mean to suggest it was true. It was quite easy to imagine that she had run away from home at an early age to have an abortion, and had never got over it. However this was not the case.

Rosy seemed to think that DNA was her subject: we knew it would be ours. The situation was intolerable. Rosy had to be given the boot. I walked down the corridor to her room and kicked open the door. "O.K. Rosy," I said. She gave me a look which implied that I ought to have knocked, and that Americans did not know how to behave. She was obviously civilised. But there was no time for such reflections. As I grabbed her manuscripts she came at me from behind the lab bench, and blocked my escape. I made a lunge at her and got out through the open door.

In the end, we succeeded in our object. When, a few years later, Rosy died of a broken heart, we felt rather sorry.

Chapter Four

Our real rival, who was out of our reach, was Virus Pauling. He had a natural flair for this branch of show-business, which he had been in all his life. He would jump up and down on the table, waving his arms in the air. Watching him, we

¹ Cambridge, England, not to be confused with Cambridge, Massachusetts.

secretly hoped that before he beat us to it the table would collapse and he would fall flat on his face. Only a genius could behave like a ten-year-old boy and still get the prizes.

From Virus we got the idea of playing with tinker-type toys, of the kind used by pre-school kids. Then an American friend of Quick's, who had picked up a grant of ten billion dollars for building models out of bits of plastic, offered him a million a year to help work on it. He didn't go till later, but he got a set of the pieces and we had fun fitting them together and taking them apart all day. This, I began to feel, was what I was in Cambridge for.

Chapter Five

But I had other things on my mind, chiefly sex. I preferred the would-be fashionable set I met at the little place kept by Quick and his wife Odalisque—the Blue Light in Bridge Street—to a lot of dull pompous dons studying useless subjects.

To Quick, neither politics, religion, nor literature were of any concern. They were clearly errors of past generations which Quick had no wish to perpetuate. Apart from an occasional rapid scanning of a novel on the sexual misjudgements of Cambridge dons, the only reading matter which Quick bought, and on which he could discourse at length, was *Vogue*.

Quick and Odalisque took up the problem of how I might establish a connection with the high-class establishment run by "Madame". Access to the French girls who worked there could not be asked for openly. The best tactic was to start "French lessons" with Madame. If I suited her fancy I might be invited to meet her current crop of foreign girls. I cycled back to my rooms in the hope that soon my stomach pains would have reason to vanish.

Chapter Six

But before long I reverted to my usual interest in French moneyed gentry. Hyacinth was the most beautiful male in Cambridge. I admired his perfectly delightful form as he explained what a bore it was choosing among social engagements for summer on the Riviera. Later, on my way to the south of France, I looked at the long-haired girls on the Champs-Elysees, and knew that they were not for me.

We arrived, improperly dressed, at the Chateau of Sans-Culottes, where I had been invited as a distinguished guest. As we stuffed ourselves with free smoked salmon and champagne, I could sense the value of a cultivated aristocracy. We entered a huge room dominated by a Rubens and a Baroness. She asked me if I had seen the mad Englishman. "Gee, Madam," I said, "Do you mean me?" The lesson was clear. If I was to be distinguished I must grow some eccentricities.

Chapter Seven

I had already planned the first sentence of my article: "What geneticists do is genetics." I would distinguish my writing from Virus's by its fine style. Another zeroing in on DNA, however, did not make sense to me. The scuttlebut was confused. No fresh facts had come in to chase away the stale taste of last winter's débâcle. Lying low made sense because we were up the creek. No matter how we looked at it it smelled bad. I, a phage person, would have to eat crow. As for Quick, the trouble was that despite his fabulous cranium he never gelled tightly.

When pressed he emitted a woolly component. But now someone gave us the dope that Virus had made a blooper. Would our future course of action be affected by this excursion into adolescent blather?

Chapter Eight

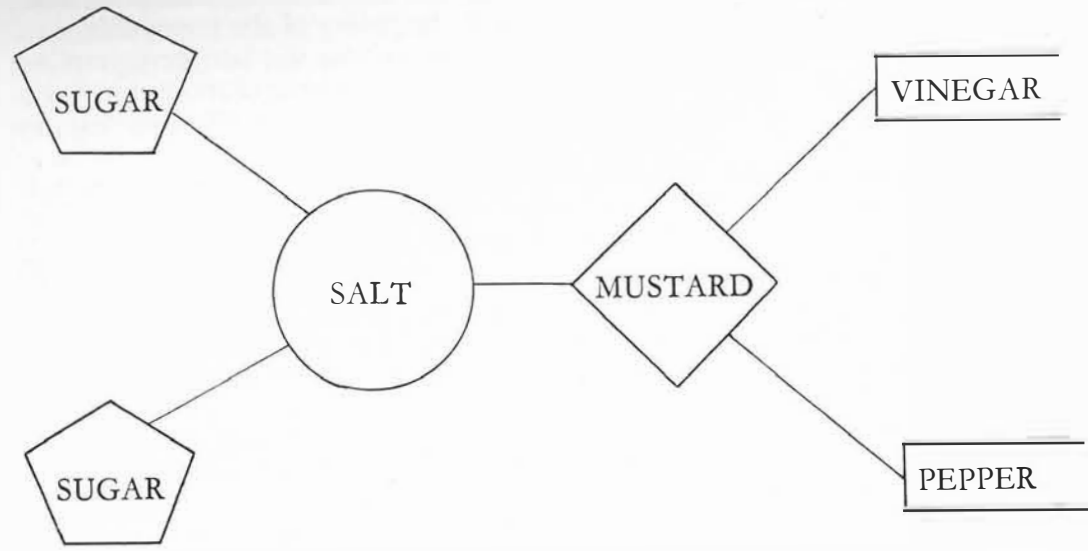
Virus, we were told, had discovered a solution. He had written a long article and posted it to England. Rumours of its contents were reaching us. But the letter itself was blocked. The United States Customs, thinking it contained red propaganda or military secrets, had seized and burned it. Virus himself had been jailed. This was a godsend for us. God still had his uses.

Whoever had done the work, the credit would go to those who first got it into print. For the next five minutes we were frantically reconstructing Virus's theory from the rumours we had heard. The picture was still incomplete.

We ran around to the Corner-House to celebrate Virus's failure. We ordered a bottle of wine. By then I was worrying about sex again; Quick was still trying to unbottle his genius. As it turned out we were both on the right track. The waiter solved both of our problems when he came back with a corkscrew and out popped the cork. The answer was a screw.

We were both very excited: our pulses raced and our breath came in short gasps. We now had to test the idea with a model. Having set it up an article must be produced. Quick knew a foreign girl, a secretary, who was just right for the job. We invited her back to my room where it was erected. Quick and I knew that biologically useful objects come in pairs. We soon persuaded her of the advantages of a double screw, assuring her that this would be the greatest scientific breakthrough since Archimedes.

The following morning the article was ready for print: we posted it to the Editor of a *Nature* magazine. The jackpot was in our pocket.



THE SECRET OF LIFE. Phake diagram, showing ingredients of the Screw.

A Glance Backwards

THE buses were green and the upper decks had no roofs. They belonged to a private company and their ascent of Castle Hill was neither confident nor regular. In the cinemas of those days the only sound came from the undergraduates in the audience, but that sound was almost continuous. Every bout of kissing or approach to it was greeted with enthusiasm ever fresh and raucous. A quiet auditorium meant an empty house or an unbelievably dull sequence. The American accent was guesswork, for we had to read what was being said.

The streets were lit with gas, and gramophones were wound by hand—between records or during records if the music showed signs of a fall in pitch. Motor cars too were started by hand. They went less steadily, came less frequently, proceeded less speedily, and took up less room. A horse in Petty Cury would not cause much stir, and in Chesterton Road was commonplace.

In the shops there was service, but no self-service; a few departmental stores but hardly one of the multiples; a three-course lunch for 1/9; twenty cigarettes for 11½d; a hair cut, with handsome tip, for 1/3, and a well constructed terraced house for £350. The buses and the films, the cars and the music, the shops and the streets, the food and the fags, the hair styles and the houses were not all inferior to those of our own day, but with the advances in cost one must, in spite of all nostalgic colouring, acknowledge a general advance in quality.

If one had not liked the place one would grant these advances readily, would look back in derision and mock the days when we were proud because Terence Gray at the Festival Theatre was striking out in unbelievable experiment and Keynes was on the verge of contemplating the possibility of an Arts Theatre. It would be easy to deride a society living in conditions that now seem primitive, believing in the League of Nations and putting its faith in the Locarno Pact, that had never heard of Hitler, hadn't learned to split the atom, and only contemplated television because H. G. Wells was familiarising us with the feasibility of the impossible.

If one had continued to live in Cambridge throughout the last forty years or had been in a position to visit it regularly, the changes would have merged in one's acceptance of them and the original would have been lost as progressive changes came.

It needed a break of years and a return, as a student, to revive the original and to be struck in full impact by the changes. Nostalgia must have its original emotional attachment; it must have separation and distance; but it must have its return. Otherwise, conception of the original is at the mercy of mere thought, reflection, and memory.

It may not be unique, but it is certainly unusual for a tenth term to follow the ninth after an interval of 33 years, then to find that one of the lecturers is the son of a contemporary, and that a fellow student is only one third of one's own age.

So much remained the same. The station was, if anything, further away. Buses, as before, always seemed to be going to places one had never heard of, never where one wanted to go. It seemed easier to get to Lowestoft than to Sidgwick Avenue, and of three available routes from the far end of Parker's Piece to Sidgwick Avenue each turned out to be much longer than the other two. Whichever you took proved not to be a hypotenuse, and any bus you came across added half a mile to your walk.

The Backs remained the same. Rose Crescent had the same contours, leading one way to the same Market Square and the other to the same Trinity Street. The College gateway was the same but refurbished, re-gilded, and refreshed. There was the same aroma near the College Kitchen, the same perfection of a renewed Second Court, the same gradient on the Bridge of Sighs, and the same New Court, which had been my home. Only now there were other newer courts and Bridge Street geography falsified by reconstruction. Beyond, and out to the area which had also been my home—the area round what was then the Rendezvous—there was, incredibly, the same landlady, remembering so much that was before my time.

We all become sentimental about the Backs and make our return a pilgrimage in reverence. The beauty of the spring flowers along its tree-lined way, the joys of summer days when life was young and the slow-moving Cam took us slowly to no particular destination—these are not, in truth, the recollections that come to mind. I tried the Backs in summer and can only summon up the memory of damp arm-pits and a failure, day after day, to realise the determined intention of coming to grips with the Foreign Policy of Castlereagh.

The Backs to me mean the smells of autumn—of burning wood and burning leaves; and the recollection that most pleases is that of a corner kick, beautifully taken by one who became a Minister of the Crown and gratefully and gracefully headed in by one who isn't a Minister of the Crown but is intensely grateful for all the connections mentioned in this sentence—including the fallen leaves that still covered our level turf, even though the pitch had been swept clear between lunch and 2.30.

Those were days before U.C.C.A., before comprehensive education, before even the 11 plus; the days when gentlemen came up to the University as a matter of course and sons followed father to the college of the family choice. It is not compulsory to have any opinion on the merits of the old and the faults of the new. One may have one's personal regrets that the family sequence is so far from being automatic that it doesn't work at all, and one may wonder whether the expansion is totally matched by talent. It is possible to reserve an opinion and to temper the regrets by the thought that in a former age when wealth or ability were alternative and seemingly exclusive credentials, it was possible without the one and with no excess of the other to have those three years, and so much later, that extra term.

TOM NAISBY

Star!

The Eagle is privileged to present the thrilling life story of Ariel Pakk, Star! of stage, screen, and TV! By great good fortune it is able to print both Miss Pakk's own modest version of her life-story and the suitably glamorous version that her studio commissioned to present this Star! of Stars!! to a waiting world! Both versions contain the truth; together they present a Thrilling! Full! Dramatic! Heart-catching! portrayal of what it means to be a Star!

1. My Life Story by Ariel Pakk.

I was born in Queens, N.Y., the night mommy was sent to jail for slugging pappy with a .44 he had been carrying on with a pretty neighbor the louse mommy said to the judge I MUST LOOK AFTER MY LITTLE SUZY that was my name originally only the showmen changed it and she just let him have it sobbing and crying and

the judge he let her off it is from mommy i get my acting talent. My first boy frend was a louse called BENJIE he did not like my singing so i told him to gotohell my second boy frend was called MAXWELL J PENHOLDER boy was he a phony an egghead my thrid boyfrend which was the first i met in shobizness was a songndance artiste left over from vaudeville but he ran off with a snak danser i heard later the snak killed both of them i didnt mind they deserved what they got they was both s.o.bs. my forth boyfrend was the first i married that was because i could not get an abortion in time then i divorced him for mental cruelty the bum kept whistling a tune from a show i was in that folded in New Haven for christs sake the fifth boy-frend was my second husband and also my agent PERSEUS HOLLYWOOD it is a great mistake to marry your agent i am against marriage it adds so many complications i have each time i write a letter to stop to work out who i am when i am sgining. I was christened when born SUZY LAGG LAGG being my mommy's name by her first husband she never found out my poppy's last name he was on the run from the cops i forgot to mention he got 20 years when they caught him then i was in a legsho and was known as SUZANNE LEGG kinda frensh then i was a hit on Broadway and was called Ariel Pakk by my new agent the one i was stupid enough to marry i mean PERSEUS only his real name is AVERIL K. FLITZBOME so what my name is now i do not know i usually sgin myself SOO PAKK that way is kind of cute i think one of my records has sold 2 million disks you probably bought it another one and one half million i am nearly a millionairess only my agent the one i was stupid enough to marry as i have said i think is washed up i am hiring a new one i have one word of advice to my Fans which same is do not marry your agent do not marry.

2. WITH A SONG IN HER HEART. Ariel Pakk's Story, in Her Own Passionate Words, as told to Perseus Hollywood.

Chapter One. (*Ghost: Margaret Mellden.*)

It was dark. It was damp. It was dirty. It was desperate. Those thoughts throbbed in my unhappy heart as I lay, first in the confining womb, next in the cell where my poor mother gave birth to me. She was a political martyr. My father had been killed in a race-riot. He had been trying to calm the mob of ravening men. He was dead. My mother was disheartened. Heartbroken. Outside the Sun beat down on the indifferent cotton fields, on the sulky red earth of Georgia. Darkies were singing their quaint spirituals. Even then they meant something to me My artist soul drank up the music and absorbed it for ever. An artist had been born. Why is the world so cruel to us poor songsters?

Chapter Four. (*Ghost: Helene Stickeburger (pseud.).*)

"Why Louise" I cried, wiping her tears gently away with my *crêpe-de-chine* handkerchief drenched in a violet *sachet*, "What is it?"

"You'll never understand, Ariel" she answered, stroking my white kid-glove as if she loved it, "You're too good and innocent and pure and young and beautiful and talented. I pray you'll never understand what degradation means! Once I too could wear organdie ruffles. But I'm just a tramp now. Don't bother about me!"

"Honey" I said rather reproachfully, "You know I'll always be your true friend. What is wrong with you?"

"Oh Ariel" she sobbed, burying her face in my mink stole, "It's so good and

kind of you! I'll tell you! Yes, I'll tell you the shamefulfulness I've endured! It's Men! Men are so brutal and red-blooded, Ariel! I pray, oh how I pray, that you may never know what it means to see their faces close to yours, to feel their strong arms pressing you tight, and to know—to know—oh, it's so loathsome!"

"Heavenly days, Louise, to know *what*?"

"To know that there's only one thing they want, *and that you're going to give it them!*"

"Louise darling, it can't be as bad as all that. What is it?"

Chapter Five. (*Ghost: Hiram Stickswiller (pseud.).*)

I looked at him in the moonlight. His body was shining like a star. Somehow I wasn't me any longer. I gave myself wholly to him. His lips were murmuring my name. "Oh Benjie" I breathed. I felt his body stiffen . . .

Chapter Six. (*Ghost: Henry James III.*)

I found Maxwell Jarvisville Penholder to be, oh immensely much, by far the most desirable of all "pals". His placid wisdom was the cover of a certain shyness, a shrinkingness, that in turn masked a deeply sensitive nature, a profound and limitless love of humanity. And how he experienced! Yet he never failed me in swift "chit-chat" about philosophy and the less demanding of the fine arts (etching and the composition of fugues). I never found occasion to reproach him with shallowness of views or frivolity of soul. His kindly hand guided me into many byways into which I might not otherwise have ventured—for instance, the unpublished letters of Ouspensky and Kierkegaard's manuscripts of comic verse were obtained for me by this delicately fastidious dilettante. Hang it all, he was of a refinement! Perhaps a word as to his physical appearance might assist the gentle reader's powers of visualisation. He was tall, thin, blonde, wore a monocle and faultless evening dress.

Chapter Eleven. (*Ghost: Louella Parsons.*)

I shall never forget the wonderful encouragement I got that night just before that wonderful Gala Opening! Telegrams flooded in—they had to bring the *United States*, I mean that wonderful *big* ship, to have somewhere big enough to hold them. There were kind words from BING and BOB and FRANKIE and JOHN and PAUL and GEORGE and ELVIS (I was a *teeny* bit hurt that RINGO sent nothing, but he explained afterwards that he had writer's cramp) and darling MARLENE and darling JULIE and darling BARBRA and sweet ARETHA and sweet EARTHA and sweet ELLA. ETHEL MERMAN just dropped in, some yards out of her way, to wish me godspeed and borrow my compact! MISS PARSONS sent me kind words but I heard nothing from Hedda Hopper, now dead. Alas, so were HAMMERSTEIN and COLE PORTER and LARRY HART, but they came all the same, as did RODGERS and IRVING BERLIN. The then PRESIDENT and LADYBIRD were in the stalls and all those wonderful secret service men! So were DICK and LIZ!

Chapter Twelve. (*Ghost: Mrs Miniver.*)

And now at the end of my stormy life I have found at last true peace and contentment with my dear husband, Perseus. And I want to say this to all my fans, to all who read this book, to all with hearts, minds, bodies, feelings, and United States citizenship, and it is this: *a woman's place is in the home*: making life cosy for her man, and raising up sweet little citizens to take their places as comrades and combatants in the great battle that the forces of Light, Life and Liberty are

waging 'gainst the forces of Darkness, Death and Destruction. And God help the United States in her battle 'gainst the Reds all over the world, and cheer and sustain her new noble leader. And may God bless you all as He has blessed me. And Perseus too wishes to be associated with this message . . .

3. Ariel Pakk to Perseus Hollywood.

Dear Averil,

i have read the version of my life story that your ghostwriters have hashed up from my original script i dont know what you think you're up to Buster but you better cool it i dont understand the words that have been put into my typewriter by your ghosts and i dont think my Public will either you get wised up or i get me a lawyer as sure as my name is

SUE

and dont think i'm being funny either.

4. Perseus Hollywood to Ariel Pakk. (Cable).

DARLING SUE CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING BUT EVERYTHING GUARANTEED SALES OF TWO MILLION FOR REVISED SCRIPT MAYBE MORE IN THE END BE A SENSIBLE GIRL YOU KNOW YOU CAN USE THE MONEY YOUR DEVOTED HUSBAND AVERIL HOPE RENO IS FUN WIRE ME NAME OF NEXT SOULMATE IN GOOD TIME FOR PRESS RELEASE.

And that, fans, is the story of Ariel Pakk—

STAR!

Commemoration of Benefactors

An address delivered in the Chapel on 5th May, 1968

"I TELL you that which you yourselves do know." The words of Mark Antony to his Roman friends and countrymen are well designed to be the preacher's motto, and for a Commemoration preacher in particular they are bound to be a fitting epigraph. Nothing is either more difficult or, on such an occasion as this, more necessary than to remind people of what they know and have not forgotten. To commemorate is to remember the memorable, to note what is notable but has well and often been noted, to remark only upon what is already so well known to be remarkable that its repetition may seem merely tedious to those to whom it is not a form of sentimental self-indulgence.

But self-indulgence is a coat of many colours. Cynicism and sentimentality are modes of one substance, two species of one failure—the failure to adjust the price marked on the label to the real value of the product; just as scepticism and dogmatism are two forms of credulity, two modes of failure to set the right value on evidence and argument. Each man and each generation is beset by one or other of these distorting inclinations, and each of us has something to learn from other men and other generations whose estimates and emphases are different from his own. What each of us has to learn is usually here again something that he knows, and often something that he cannot even be said to have forgotten.

Let me remind you of what you know about reminders, though you may sometimes forget it and sometimes vigorously deny it: that it is often useful and sometimes necessary to tell somebody something that he knows as well as you do.

To tell an undergraduate that his essay is very good, or that his essay is not very good, is usually to tell him something that he knows, but it is not usually and certainly not always a waste of time. I may say to the parent of a child, speaking of his own child—I may even say to myself, speaking of my own child—"After all, he's only a child," and still not be saying something that does not need to be said. And if no man had ever told a woman that she was beautiful except when he thought she did not already know that she was beautiful, both literature and life would be the poorer.

Another complaint against reminders is that so often they seem to conflict. Proverbs are platitudinous reminders, and they well illustrate how platitude can clash with platitude. Look before you leap, but never forget that he who hesitates is lost. Many hands make light work, but if the many hands are the hands of too many cooks the broth will be spoiled. The conflict here is more apparent than real, and is in any case a function of the function that proverbs and other reminders perform. We have to remember so many and such various things, and they are so hard to bear in mind all at once, that reminders are like signposts: I need one on one occasion and another on another occasion and they would all be useless if they all pointed in the same direction. I do not necessarily contradict myself if I point due north when one man asks me where King's College Chapel is and point due south when another man asks me where King's College Chapel is. What should be said to a man in answer to this or any question depends not only on what his question is but also on where he is and what he knows and believes and what he and we have said to each other already on this and on other occasions. And all this amounts to one good reason, to the best reason, why we owe annual and daily gratitude to those who made possible for us a method of teaching in which such differences are not an inconvenient obstacle but a virtue that is its own reward.

Such a method also helps us to keep in mind the difference between a difference and a conflict or a contradiction, a distinction that can be illustrated from the earliest history of the College. The foundation statutes enjoined upon the Master, Fellows and Scholars the practice of *daily* commemoration of benefactors. The beneficiaries were to look back with pride and gratitude to the source of the College's being and their own living and learning. But to found the College at all was to look forward, forward to a long future, and the College once founded soon became and has for more than four and a half centuries continued to be a pioneer of each successive "new learning" as well as a preserver and transmitter of the old. A man is most likely to know where he is and to reach where he is bound for if he sometimes looks back and sometimes looks forward, if he looks to the left but also, on occasion, to the right.

Daily commemoration would no doubt be burdensome to our impatient generation—too much reminiscent of Max Beerbohm's parody of G. K. Chesterton, "Some Damnable Errors about Christmas", which inveighs against the hoary fallacy that Christmas comes but once a year, and recommends daily celebrations of that and all other feasts and festivals and fasts. "Every day pancakes shall be eaten either before or after the plum pudding. They shall be eaten slowly and sacramentally. . . . They shall be tossed to the stars." Beerbohm here reduces *ad absurdum* the condition of those who are powerless to do anything because they look always and only at what has been done, and whose preoccupation with the past is either a sterile routine or a crippling obsession. But there is more than one

direction in which it is possible to go too far. Though we cannot preserve or revive the provisions of the original statutes, except to the extent of a modest daily commemoration when our post-prandial grace gives thanks on our behalf for gifts given *a Margareta Fundatrice nostra aliisque benefactoribus*, we can and should hold fast to our regular annual Commemoration, and try to understand and fulfil its function in our individual and corporate life and work and thought.

The philosopher and critic T. E. Hulme, who must have attended Commemoration services in this Chapel, reminds us how necessary it is to have a rhythm, a regularity, even a ritual about commemorations and remembrances public and private, if they are to be effective or are even to survive at all. Just as everybody's business is nobody's business, so every day's business is no day's business. What is neither practical and pressing nor designated for a predictable and recurrent occasion is liable not to be done at all.

Before you conclude that that would not matter, let me remind you again of something that you know. Anniversaries are not the monopoly of blinkered conservatives. Revolutions are celebrated annually, even by revolutionaries, and their jubilees and centenaries are marked as loudly as those of any royal birth or restoration. Oak Apple day and May day are separated only by a month of days and by little or nothing in spirit and sentiment. Lenin's tomb and the processional pomp of Red Square are just round the corner from the Vatican. The dodos anatomised by Angus Wilson—"such *darling* dodos"—were clinging to a past that was none the less crippling for being a recent past, and was all the more crippling for seeming to its victims to be a radical future in their bones.

Robert Frost writes in the preface to his collected poems that more than once he would have lost his soul to radicalism if it had been the originality it was mistaken for by its young converts. Elsewhere in the preface, and still more and more importantly in the poems, he shows that his reverence for originality, for what is really new but also more than just new, is quite compatible with his impatient rejection of a radicalism that is itself in danger of being an orthodoxy by which any dissent or independence of mind is reviled as heresy.

The contempt for the past that some recent Provosts of King's have preached and tried to practise is harder to achieve than they think, and it is especially hard for anyone with any serious devotion to science or scholarship, art or literature, music or religion, that is to say for anyone who has any right to be a beneficiary of the benefactors of a place of education, religion, learning and research. A man cannot be serious in his loyalty to any of these pursuits and yet not know that the achievements of a thousand others are the precondition of his own attempts. Even if, *per impossibile* and in a fit of madness, he were to reject all at once all the content of all that he had inherited from his predecessors—his benefactors—he would necessarily do so by the use of critical tools and methods that they had helped to forge and fashion for him.

I know that you know all this, or you would not be here. But I also know, from some things that some of you and some others have said and written, that some of you need to be reminded of what you know.

Some of you need other reminders, for which there is now no time even if I had the other resources that they would call for. Some of them are the reminders that should least of all be needed in this place. Nobody here should ever forget, but some do sometimes forget, that a thing can be valuable beyond price without

"The King"

I HAVE agues in my head and body
Said the King.
My mind is twisted and the queen is out of sorts.
My courtiers are sportive, their ladies-in-waiting amorous
While their wives complain to me
I will turn to God, I thought. But
My chaplain dodders, and the Pope
Threatens me with the King of France if I
So much as replace him with some one who does not
Hiss the prayers through loose teeth, and stammer,
Watery-eyed, through the Nicene creed.
So I ordered music. "Undiplomatic, your Highness,"
They oiled, "To listen to anything not English. Echoes
Of favouritism resound through the courts of Europe."
The King of France wars with the King of Germany
Over a thousand square miles and a tin mine in Africa,
So I may hear neither Beethoven nor Berlioz.
Bring me then a play, I said. A long, sad play it was,
A play of murder, madness and intrigue. My barons squirmed at the last,
The Lord High Chamberlain looked downwards, embarrassed, at the first,
And at the intervening I looked long and hard at the Queen,
But she showed no reaction. Afterwards
They all sidled away shiftily, looking sideways at me as if
I had ordered the play especially for their embarrassment.
Enough, I said: Bring me drink
That I may scratch at oblivion's portals—ha, that's good!
Now I have agues in my head and body: my physician is a
Foul, flabby man, and his chemicals viler even than he.
Tomorrow I shall personally supervise the execution, by drowning
Of all the inmates of his Majesty's prisons. Then,
To sidetrack public horror, I shall have a war with France.

K. C. B. HUTCHESON

Dialogue

I KNOW from nothing
said he, proud.
She asked of meaning.
Why, I know all things
except nothing.
You mean like a wheel
said she, smiling.
A wheel? please explain.
It's simple, said she,
your knowledge is its spokes.
You mean, nodded he,
my wisdom radiates in all
directions?

Of course,
and the centre being a hole
is nothing. Truly, said he,
you do understand.
But I still have a question,
flashed she.

Ask.
It seems to me
you are nothing's slave.
Slave? Ha! I ignore nothing, I am
no slave, of anything.
But she persisted, you revolve
around a centre, namely
nothing, and are thus chained.
He looked deeply puzzled,
awed by her way with words,
but only for a brief moment:
woman, woman, concluded he,
you make too much of nothing.

JOHN ELSBERG

Winter, New England

SNOW down, and now six long weeks
battered: quiet trees form
abstract patterns against a clear,
cold sky. And the narrow road
that winds beneath lies frozen,
encrusted—sterile without a weed.

All the vacant doubts, the echoing
that will not echo or disperse,
of three
in the afternoon, a short Sunday
in February:

I went out to see
if the hills still kept their order
without a sun. I jumped the brook,

and with dog beside me, turned to watch
the smoke rise. The train to the city
leaves at five; but here beneath
the transparent places in the ice,
a kaleidoscope of ever changing
forms, an inner turmoil, is somehow

comforting—a winter metamorphosis,
it seems, of a summer's sympathetic
fall (but I remind myself, the road
does not know what strains will come
with spring.)

I watch: a world from out of the opaque
cold, raging after itself.

JOHN ELSBERG

Dreams

THESE dreams make coils of all my thought
And wind around the tick of logic;
These dreams—a maze where minds make play
As self unravels the actor's string,
Where shrouds outflank the flats and give
No exits, no entrances, none.
Inside or outside, which is which?
In doubt I circle round the globe—
Oasis, stage or tomb?—and ask
In turn the mimes that freeze, compress
Beginning, end and middle from
The clacking alphabet of life
To say both what and why they are.
Oblivion falls, and answer rests
In echoes: I must dream again.

MICHAEL MAVOR

Go to Work on An Egg?

He oozed
from between the sheets
like a cold fried egg

and reached
for the breakfast tray
on which

the cold fried egg
oozed
from between the buttered toast
like a man getting out of bed

so that
when he dropped it

the buttered toast
oozed
between the sheets
like a man
getting out of a cold fried egg.

BERNARD METCALFE

being useful. When somebody asked Ezra Pound "What use is poetry?" he answered with a question, "What use are all the flowers in the public parks?" A theoretical physicist answered a similar question with a similar question: "What use is a baby?" Wittgenstein pointed out that we do not think because it pays any more than we bring up our children because it pays.

Another form of forgetfulness finds expression in the incantation: "If we were planning this for the first time now we should never do it like this." (The subject and object of the comment may be a college or a university or a town centre or the British Constitution or anything else bequeathed to us by any of our multifarious benefactors). And the comment is nearly always correct. All these things are different from what they would have been if we had been able to build them from scratch. But they are not necessarily the worse for it. If we were designing the Cotswold villages or Trinity Library or the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, we should conceive them very differently. But even if we had the self-confidence of those who demolished our old Chapel and built this Chapel, it is to be hoped and prayed that we should be saved from ourselves.

It ought perhaps to be considered whether we do not need a periodical Commination of Malefactors.

If that were done, I should hope to hear recited in the roll the names of all who commit the last and greatest of the fashionable forms of forgetfulness, one that should least of all be found or fostered in a place of education and learning. The grossest of all forms of intellectual irresponsibility is to demean and disparage the human intelligence and understanding, to take from it all the questions, political, moral, religious, philosophical, that call for its subtlest and most sustained operations, and to hand them over to settlement by dogma, whim and passion. It is understandable that men should sometimes be wearied and disheartened by the consciousness of their infinite ignorance, but the cure for such despair is to remember that our finite knowledge and understanding has grown, is growing, and will continue to grow unless we are faithless to the trust that our benefactors have placed in us. They knew, and we know, but we may still sometimes be tempted to forget, that the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

J. R. BAMBROUGH

Obituaries

PROFESSOR THE REVEREND EDWARD CRADDOCK RATCLIFF

I

LIKE most interesting people, Edward Craddock Ratcliff was a complex man. At least one part of his personality sprang from an unhappy childhood, following the death of his mother at his birth. Early life for him was a loveless complex of prohibitions. His account of it reminded me of the boy in Saki's *Sredni Vashtar*, playing a lone hand in a largely self-created world, overshadowed by the threat of invasion by aunts. It may have contributed to making him self-reliant and a scholar; it did little to enrich the emotional side of his life. He used to say that he agreed with Talleyrand's observation (I may misquote) on women: you may put yourself in their arms or at their feet, but never in their hands. He placed emphasis on the latter part of the aphorism.

If the springs of his emotional life lay partially buried, it may have been to the

rebuilding has created almost as many theatrical problems as it has solved these pale before the attitude of the College authorities who have both refused any financial aid to the Players and have proved obstructive in the administration of the building. Inevitably a dramatic society is a shop window for College achievement. And unless more than one of the senior members are wholehearted in encouragement of such a venture the antagonism could increase fragmentation of our community.

These are not random allegations. They have been carefully assembled to suggest one respect in which (so at least its junior members think) the College is wanting: one area for an improvement which, by enhancing the viability of our society in our own eyes, would better enable us to justify it before the eyes of others. They that have ears to hear, etc.

GRAFFITI

Communication

The Editors, *The Eagle*

29th January, 1969

Gentlemen,

In these days when students the world over are clamouring for a substantial share in the control of University administration and teaching, it may be of interest to note that there have been occasions in the past when the boot was on the other foot.

The Oxford historian, H. A. L. Fisher, in his "History of Europe" (1936) stated that the University of Bologna, which in the 12th century became pre-eminent as a law school, was managed at first by a guild of students who hired the teachers, though they by no means always remembered to pay them their wages. He then quoted Hastings Rashdall, the great authority on European Universities, as follows:—

"The professor was fined if he was a minute late for lectures; if he went beyond the time for closing; if he skipped a difficult passage or failed to get through in a given time the portion of the law texts provided by the university. A committee of students—the *denunciatores doctorum*—watched over his conduct and kept the rectors informed of his irregularities. If the doctor wanted to be married, a single day of absence was graciously allowed him, but no honeymoon."

Fisher went on to say:—"From this iron and niggardly discipline the University was eventually rescued by the intervention of the City. Salaried chairs were established for professors chosen by the City, who being regularly and sufficiently paid came in time to monopolise the teaching."

Yours faithfully,

C. W. GUILLEBAUD
St John's College, Cambridge

Return To St John's, or, Raphael's Second Voyage To Utopia. A.D. 1983

It was a fine breezy day. Good drying weather, I thought, as I ducked the line of nappies strung across Third Court. Of course, I knew about co-residence, and so, although surprised, I was not shocked. In fact I had already taken a look inside the old J.C.R., which I'd always hoped they'd do something about; although I had not expected them to turn it into an extra launderette.

Having searched out one of the Fellows, I soon learnt more about the changes which had taken place. St John's, I was told, had not pioneered 'Studentmarriages', but now that they had been instituted was generally pleased with the results. Many of these unions, indeed, turned out to be permanent, 'permanent', that is, during the first-marriage span, and lasting up to ten or so years. I was invited to attend a student-marriage which happened to be taking place that afternoon. As is often the case, I understand, with summer weddings, the pair were freshmen.

At lunchtime we walked over to the new dining room, attractively situated on the Backs. The design was impressive, and I gathered that some third-year maths. students had collaborated to create a structure with over two hundred and fifty corners, so that most couples could have, as it was described to me, 'a nice, secluded corner table'. Lunch is now the main meal of the day, as dinner is generally eaten by family units in rooms.

Of course, I learnt as we strolled over to the chapel, many couples do not want children, and Addenbrooke's was running a successful abortion service. Some people were getting financial assistance from the N.U.S., with whom they were able to insure against having children. But for those who decided to keep their children, the bedmakers were kind enough to act as nannies.

The chapel was not very full, though apparently general attendance had improved greatly since the introduction of a crèche. In the short, but moving service, the actual ceremony consisted solely of the sentence: 'I pronounce you Studentman and Studentwife'—rather perfunctory, I thought, even when it was explained to me that the essence of the marriage was in the consummation, and no mere ceremony must be allowed to distract our attention from that fact. The force of this argument was rather lost on me since I knew that most marriages began with a pre-honeymoon.

Over dinner, the couple with whom we were eating discussed their married life with what used to be called a refreshing frankness, but with an aggressiveness that had more than a touch of the doctrinaire about it. I think, possibly, that they were also worried over their work, which, since the introduction of continuous assessment, most people were finding more of a strain. However I was glad to find that the university authorities had, in their wisdom, lightened the load by permitting couples to combine their work for a shared degree. Many were finding working together a great pleasure.

In the evening, I went along to watch the 'wives' playing Bingo in what used to be the old Dining Hall. It was a sure sign of the healthy state of the college that

they were often joined by their 'husbands'. It is noticeable that the women take most of the prizes. I myself, however, was lucky, and won a ticket to the latest production of the Lady Margaret Players, which, since I had to return home, I was unable to use.

It was amazing, I thought as I drove home, how much had been achieved in so short a space of time. The happy domestic atmosphere of the college—the men who enjoyed a pint and a game of darts in the evenings; their 'wives', who chatted so cheerfully as they pushed their prams along the Backs—in all this was forgotten the repressive regime which in the seventies had led to the Student Troubles. And while, perhaps, academic standards were not so high, I knew that nevertheless the college was turning out those psychologically sound citizens it is, after all, its chief function to supply.

DAVID THISTLETHWAITE



St John's College J.C.R. Committee offers a prize of FIVE GUINEAS for the best original picture of the College submitted, whether PHOTOGRAPH or DRAWING. The picture may be of any part of the College and the winning design will be considered for the J.C.R. Christmas card for 1969.

All entries should be sent to D. J. DEACON, H 21 New Court by 7 OCTOBER 1969.

All members of the College, whether resident or not, are invited to submit entries for this competition.

John Fisher, 1469-1535

You are to us a father, a teacher, a guide, a lawgiver; a model, in short, of sanctity and of every virtue. We acknowledge that whatever nourishment, whatever learning and whatever good we either have or know we owe to you.

THE Commemoration of Benefactors tends to produce this type of effusion. But in the case of John Fisher, who occupies the second place on our roll call of benefactors although he deserves to be located in pride of place as the College's effective progenitor—these sentiments are not to be regarded merely as a resounding opening gambit. For they were the sentiments expressed by the members of St John's as Fisher awaited execution in the summer of 1535.¹ They may, or may not, move us now. Assuredly they cheered him then.

In 1535 John Fisher was in his sixty-seventh year. He was a Yorkshireman by birth, hailing from Beverley. For his early life we have only the information provided by his first, anonymous biographer; and what little that tells us is not now regarded by Fisher scholars as entirely reliable.² This much, though, is certain: having received his primary education from the canons of Beverley, he came South—probably at the age of fourteen—and he came as a scholar to Cambridge.

It is appropriate that the blurred images should become sharper at this stage of his life. For Fisher was what is called a good Cambridge man: that is, he knew and he could tell a tale or two about the place—about its fabulous foundation by King Cantaber of the East Angles (a king who had been educated at Athens), and about Cambridge's own foundation: the University of Paris.

But there is more to be learnt about Fisher and Cambridge's debt to him from the context of these tales than there is from their rather fanciful content. For they were told in the course of business, not of pleasure, and formed part of an oration, delivered before King Henry VII in 1506, to thank the King for past favours to the University and to hint that more in the future would not be unwelcome.³ By then Fisher was Chancellor of the University. To be a scholar at fourteen and a Fellow of one's College at twenty-two: these are not such very remarkable achievements. But to become its Master at twenty-eight, Vice-Chancellor at thirty-two and Chancellor at thirty-five: these, surely, are marks of distinction in any age.

Yet, because his appointment as Chancellor in 1504 was accompanied by another promotion, within the Church to the bishopric of Rochester, and because he met his death for reasons of religion, it is as a bishop that Fisher is chiefly remembered today.

Here and now, though, we may concentrate upon him as the ornament of this University; as the man who combined sound business sense and the capacity to attract benefactions, with an awareness of the importance of new ideas and the relevance of intellectual excellence to an academic place (of which his fifteenth-century predecessors had been so sadly *unaware*); as the man who secured for Cambridge both the favour of the King and of the Lady Margaret (and the cash that went therewith) and the services of Erasmus as a Visiting Professor: an unflagging Martha, in fine, as well as a most accomplished Mary.



We know—at least we ought to know—what that combination meant for this College; how he laboured in the Courts of Chancery to secure for the new foundation the endowment promised by Lady Margaret; how he was—in his own words—“more straitly handled and so long delayed and wearied and fatigate” in the process; and how, in 1511—two years after that Lady's death—the remaining canons of the Hospital of St John, which stood here, were rowed away to Ely and to the obscurity which they seem so richly to have deserved, and the foundation charter of the College was issued.

It was not Fisher's view that, having planted the seed—or, better, in the words of Thomas Baker, that having grafted the new shoot onto the old stock,⁵ his task here was finished. Although he was being drawn ever deeper into affairs of state, his concern and his affection for St John's continued to grow. It was his favourite foundation. He meant it to have his library. He intended to be buried here.⁶

But that of course did not happen. The age was one of religious change. Many found this change painless, and not a few were hardly conscious of it. Fisher, though, was not one of these. He was, as Mr Benians observed, "no Italianate ecclesiastic, but English of the English".⁷ He had never been to Rome, and he knew full well that the papal cause had many disreputable features. Yet it was a cause to which, fundamentally, he was bound. And he died for it. His efforts for this College shew that he was a realist. But he was not an appeaser. Nor, at the beginning of that unhappy period, was his University; and it must have given him satisfaction that when the king canvassed support for his divorce from universities both at home and abroad, the Cambridge divines stood firm and only by sharp royal practice could be brought to sanction Henry VIII's desire to put away his wife.⁸

However, it was not for the cause of the University's independence from the State that Fisher—the first of five sixteenth century Chancellors of Cambridge to die on the scaffold—was executed. He is not the Patron Saint of the Warden of All Souls. For him it was the religious issue that counted, for the religious issue comprehended all the rest. And the truth of this was soon proved in this very College which fell prey to bitterness and strife of a religious complexion. In 1565, after many of the other persuasion had also died for their faith, St John's—already the largest of the Cambridge colleges—was torn asunder by confessional controversy. The Fellowship was divided by vestments and the Sacrament. The surplices were sold for a song. The chapel was turned into a battlefield, and candlesticks were beaten into truncheons.⁹ Of course all this would have displeased Fisher. But, perhaps, it would not have been so much that the barn-storming fellows were Puritans that would have displeased him as that they dared to be strident in a place which should be peaceful. For him the crime of creating bedlam in the House of God would have been compounded by the fact that this House was also the chapel of the College.

He had placed great stress on the importance of good and *peaceful* government in the College.¹⁰ As a bishop he knew full well the dangers of a closed society. There were few stratagems to which cathedral canons—at Rochester and elsewhere—had not stooped in the later Middle Ages. And the statutes which he framed for St John's took them all into account. They are a model of practical wisdom. They left room for manoeuvre, but not for manoeuvres. There are no loose ends.

Some, certainly, of the Statutes of 1516 have been abandoned with profit. There are undergraduates here who would jib at being forbidden to ride to hounds. There are others who would protest most vociferously if only the Fellows were permitted to play cards. And there may even be some Fellows who would object to having this recreation restricted to Christmas week, and who would not be greatly cheered by the gloss to this rule provided by its most recent commentator: that, in Fisher's Statutes, "there is no call to grant the pupils all the privileges of the Fellows"¹¹: cold comfort. Nor need any member of the College, senior or junior, feel any regret about the lapse of Fisher's decree that one out of every four of the Fellows should preach here at least once and elsewhere at least eight times a year.¹²

The letter of his laws has been adapted, and wisely. But their spirit, and his determination that the College of St John the Evangelist should be a place of peace and concord: that has endured.

And that is not the least of the reasons why we should celebrate his memory—not only in this year, the fifth centenary of his birth,¹³ or on this day when we commemorate our benefactors—but on every day of every year. Had we been founded yesterday, we might presumably have been actively grateful tomorrow, and have echoed the message of affection sent by the College to Fisher in his death-cell.¹⁴ But, naturally enough, we are *blasé* about centenaries.

Are we being natural enough, though? Ought not distance to lend conviction as well as enchantment? Would we not be being unnatural, would we not be forgetting how it is that we are here, if we underestimated—even for a moment—our debt to John Fisher? We would, most certainly. But, happily, we are not guilty. And we are not guilty for the most natural of reasons: namely, our awareness of and sympathy for our friends here. For, when we remember them, take pleasure in their company, or even merely acknowledge their existence, we do so and are able to do so literally because of him. But for John Fisher we would have precious little to write home about.

P. A. LINEHAN

1 J. Lewis, *The Life of Dr John Fisher*, ii (London, 1855), p. 358.

2 M. Macklem, *God Have Mercy* (Ottawa, 1967), pp. 210-11.

3 Lewis, ii. 267.

4 Cit. E. Miller, *Portrait of a College* (Cambridge, 1961), p. 4.

5 T. Baker, *History of the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge*, i (Cambridge, 1869), p. 61.

6 R. F. Scott, "Notes from the College Records", *Eagle*, XXXV (1914), pp. 26, 31.

7 E. A. Benians, *John Fisher* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 34.

8 G. Burnet, *The History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, iv (Oxford, 1865), pp. 130-32.

9 H. C. Porter, *Reformation and Reaction in Tudor Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1958), pp. 119-35.

10 "Non contumelia afficiat socium, neque discordias . . . evitet odiosas, pravas item confoederationes fugiat penitus . . .": J. E. B. Mayor, *Early*

11 *Ibid*; E. Surtz, *The Works and Days*

12 Mayor, p. 377.

13 A. H. Lloyd, *The Early*

14 "Turpe enim et nefarium arbitramur, in hoc rerum statu, non nostrum erga te affectum significare, et piam declarare sollicitudinem": Lewis, ii 356.



A Quiet Term at Hillhall House

by SYBIL PUSHFACE

CHAPTER ONE

A MAGIC MICHAELMAS

"OH Babs" breathed Monica Furbelow as the two chums strode up the school drive on the first day of the Autumn Term. "I do hope we have a quiet term this year!"

"Oh yes!" chimed in Babs Gotobed, tossing her mop of wrinkled red curls. "I do want to get to work on my O Levels."

Miss Matilda Bracebottom, the stern headmistress, chanced to overhear this interchange, and a smile almost curved her proud mouth. She thoroughly concurred in the sense of the girls' remarks. The Summer Term had been, perhaps, too much of a good thing: the school had twice burnt to the ground, and a Russian submarine had been found lurking in the swimming pool.* Matters would proceed more sedately this autumn, she trusted. She hoped she would encounter no crisis more alarming than the discovery of a secret marriage contracted by the youngest Monitor, or the decision of the Geography mistress that her real vocation was that of a ballerina. For herself, Miss Bracebottom expected to have enough to do in coaching Honorine de Franklé-Rougemont through to the finals of the Inter-Schools' Boxing Championship.

But it was not to be!

CHAPTER TWO

TROUBLE IN DORM FIVE!

That night a happy buzz prevailed throughout the purlieus of Maidenform House, the ritziest of Hillhall House School's houses. Amid the usual shrieks and groans that attended the girls' retirement to couch of an eve, the happy hysteria of Dorm Three stood out. Seraphina von Cohn-Bendit had smuggled in a lifesize photograph of the Cambridge University Rugger Team, before which she and her chums now proceeded to burn mysterious joss-sticks. But in Dorm Five a strange, sinister silence portended. Disturbed, Miss Hardbelly, the Housemistress, proceeded up the stairs to investigate. She flung open the door, and what did she see??!

Reclining carelessly on one of the beds was a figure of fragrant loveliness so remarkable as to be outstanding, nay unique even at Hillhall House School, where none but English rosebuds bloomed. Her hair, a hurricane of ripening corn, foamed along the floor behind her. Her eyes, blue as the periwinkles of an Alpine meadow, were as large as they were poignantly mysterious, and peeped out between lustrous lashes of redoubtable length, that had clearly been placed on her fragile lids by no crude matchsticks but Nature's own. Her exquisitely pouting rosebud mouth—but enough! Let it suffice that she was a lallapalooza. Her faultless form was swathed in a cerise see-thru teazy-weazy shortie nightdress. A faint aroma of *Reverie d'Amour* floated from her. In awe her comrades gazed at the apparition of this divine dewdrop.

"Ah, girls!" beamed Miss Hardbelly. "I see you are making the new girl feel at home. Welcome to Hellhole, I mean Hillhall, House, Susan Jones!"

* See *Hilda of Hillball House*, by Sybil Pushface, for these thrilling events!

CHAPTER THREE

"WHAT CAN WE DO?" SHE LAMENTED

"You can say what you like, Tormentia!" stormed Claudette Raviolini, Head Monitor,* moodily breaking a hockey-stick over her knee. "I think the tone of the place is goin' down in a way that's perfectly shockin'!"

Tormentia Fitztartan gritted her jaw. How unreasonable Claudette could be! Tormentia wondered that she had ever admired that pure but brutal profile.

"Just because a new girl sets a fashion for scent an' jewels—" she calmed.

"An' see-thru teazy-weazy nighties too, don't forget!", reminded Claudette.

"Thing I object to" interlarded Deirdre Shermatovska "is that she is only a new bug. Why don't she mind her Ps and Qs like we did when we came?"

But the Head Monitor was no longer listening. A fearful suspicion had ravished her mind. With Claudette, to suspect was to act. With one stride she leapt across the room and ripped at Tormentia's gym-slip!

Underneath the misguided lassie was wearing a Courreges vinyl trouser-suit and a brass-studded leather belt from Bazaar!

CHAPTER FOUR

BRAVO SUSAN JONES!

The situation was still unresolved some days later when our heroine, wishing to be alone to study her ABC, wandered by a seldom-trodden path into the heart of the woods. So huge had been the wee thing's social success that it had nigh overwhelmed her. Half the girls had abandoned their piano for the guitar and the drums, and Susan was ceaselessly pestered for lessons in the art of makeup. It would have been gratifying to a less studious girl, but Susan, as it happened, was one of Nature's scholars. "I want to be alone" she mused.

Suddenly a scream rent the air! A second later and Deirdre Shermatovska appeared, running at full speed through the grove, her hair dishevelled, her clothes untidy! Seeing Susan she barely had time to gasp out "I happened to be passing this way, as many do, when by some chance Mr Glasscock, the engineering master (I am sure you have seen him about, though it is not one of your subjects, he looks like Cary Grant at 32) came past and engaged me in chitchat on the banks of the river. I know not how, but in our absorption in the conversation we strayed, I fear, too close to the brink and he is now, having fallen in, struggling for his life in the icy torrent. He gave me to understand that he cannot swim" before she fainted in Susan's arms!

Susan wasted no time. Tossing her lovely burden lightly to the ground, she quickly stripped down to the dainty sealskin bikini she happened to be wearing, and then ran to the river, tucking her sunlike locks under her bathing-cap as she went. A perfect swallow-dive soon brought her to Mr Glasscock's side, and she then swiftly brought him to the shore. Observing Mr Glasscock to be unconscious she applied artificial respiration, and was thus gracefully engaged when the rest of the School, attracted to the spot by an emergency rocket, reached the spot.

How they cheered!!!

* See *Claudette Comes to Hillball House* and *Claudette, Head Monitor at Hillball House*, by Sybil Pushface.

"I misjudged you, Jones" braved Claudette, Head Monitor. "I didn't know you were a Girl Guide."

"Oh yes, please, Raviolini" fluted our heroine, a blush mantling her breast, "I have got all the Life-Saving badges!"

"Jolly good" smiled Claudette. "And you, Mr Glasscock, what have you to say?"

"Only this" said Mr Glasscock, who by now had tidied his hair and adjusted his dress, "that I am eternally grateful to my adorable protectress, and that Deirdre Shermatovska, unaccountably moved by my plight, has agreed to wed me tomorrow!"

In proof of this Deirdre flashed a large diamond ring at the crowd. Just as well, thought Miss Bracebottom, as she beamed approval: dear Deirdre's figure had begun to excite comment among the servants, a distressingly ribald crew.

"And now, men," orated Claudette "let me say on behalf of you all that I'm sure we hope that Jones will long be an ornament to good old Hillhall House!"

The welkin rang!! But when it was over, Susan piped up modestly to say,

"Alas, I have this moment received a telegram from my Papa, the richest man in Nicaragua, to say that he thinks it best for me to continue my education elsewhere. Apparently the opportunities for advanced studies on the Costa Brava are really exceptional, and I am anxious not to miss them."

There was a general groan of disappointment, cut short by the apparition of something *diamanté* from the sky! It was Mr Jones's imperial helicopter, sent to waft his daughter away! Off she flew, clutching an illuminated testimonial to her chest, yet more cheers ringing in her ears.

It began to snow.

"And now for a cross-country run!" cried Claudette heartily.

"Oh Monica!" sighed Babs.

"Oh Babs!" breathed Monica.

THE END

Advertisement

The next Thrilling Adventure at Hillhall House will be *Claudette Goes to Pot At Hillhall House*, by Sybil Pushface. It will be published in time for Christmas.

Vignette

FACE red with panting tiredness:
"girdle!"

And, what? I ask—

"I'm all hemmed in, *constricted*,
and the bra too."

I laugh.

She darkly,

"I often feel this way."



JOHN ELSBERG

Commemoration of Benefactors 1969

THE book *Ecclesiasticus*, chapter x, verse 2:

As the judge of the people is himself, so are his officers; and what manner of man the ruler of the city is, such are all they that dwell therein.

Almost exactly a hundred years ago, on 12 May, 1869, the building where we now are was consecrated, with great pomp and circumstance; and George Augustus Selwyn, recently returned from his see of New Zealand and made Bishop of Lichfield, preached the sermon on the joyful day. The first Commemoration Sermon, however, that I can find reported verbatim in *The Eagle* (and then only in extract), is not his but that of the Rev. C. Colson in 1874; nevertheless it is still full of the spirit and ideals symbolised by the marvellous new chapel. That climate of thought I wish presently to characterise, but let us first hark back to yet earlier anniversaries, an exercise which will not be without its point and pattern.

1569 is an unhappy page to turn to in the College's history. Under Dr Richard Longworth, twelfth Master, there was great disorder. "On 1 September", we are told by Cooper in his *Annals*, "some of the fellows wrote to Sir W. Cecil complaining of the degeneracy of their College, and desiring his assistance; they stated that during Longworth's government good learning, which once flourished so much in their house went more and more to decay".¹ Cecil was deeply distressed. He described what was afoot as a "lewd leprosie of libertines";² for his old College had caught the rash of Puritanism, with contumacious casting off of surplices and hoods at divine service. The Master, though he denied it, was implicated, and before long had to be expelled by the Visitor. (Perhaps, to keep a balance, one should add that King's College was no less in turmoil owing to the opposite propensity of its Provost, Dr Baker, "pistori quam pastori similior", who, unpersuaded by either private entreaties or public admonition, kept pyxes, paxes, and "a great heap of Popish pelf" in the vestry.)³

1669 is the last year of Peter Gunning, twenty-second Master, to whom we owe the establishment of the College choir on a footing which has given it a continuous history of three centuries. Baker, the historian of the College, describes him thus: "Strict in discipline and awful in his looks as well as his conduct; and yet as good men have their failings, so he was not without some imperfection, especially in elections, that were not always the best . . . He had been of three several colleges, this was his Benjamin, his most beloved".⁴

1769 brings us to the twenty-eighth Mastership, that of William Powell, who initiated the slow climb of the unreformed university out of its slough of complacency by the establishment of College examinations in St John's, and also built the observatory on the Shrewsbury Tower, observations from which were published in that very year of 1769. Not but what, outside the promotion of progress in

1 C. H. Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*, II (1843), p. 242.

2 Ibid, p. 219.

3 Ibid, p. 245.

4 Thomas Baker, *History of the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge*, ed. J. E. B. Mayor, I (1869), pp. 237-8.

his own College, he was a crusted reactionary: with university examinations he would have no truck, merely exhorting the other Colleges to follow the example of St John's; and in the year 1769, when it was proposed to obtain an act for better paving, cleansing, lighting and watching the Town, "Dr Powell starting a difficulty about the pavement of an unfrequented lane adjoining to his college, and Dr Caryl making the same objection concerning St Radegund's lane: —both, it was said and supposed, from a spirit of opposition, and because not originally and principally consulted about it, . . . this laudable undertaking was entirely frustrated".¹

And so in the march of anniversaries we are back to 1869, the age of William Bateson, thirty-third Master; and the characteristics of the College in that age are reflected in Mr Colson's sermon of 1874: confidence that it is for the glory of God and for no other end that the College will for ever promote the good government of the nation and the welfare of mankind; confidence that the College will echo the purpose of its benefactors and, as Mr Colson expressed it, "declare too *our* conviction that it is well with those, and those only, in whose heart it is to build a house for God";² and confidence—unexpressed, implicit, and for that very reason most fundamental of all—that a College is *αὐτὸ καθ' αὐτὸ ἀγαθόν*, a good in itself, axiomatically a good thing.

How far we have come, in 1969, from those marvellous serenities! Ours is a time not merely of change—for all times are that—but of acceleration of change, leaving less and less chance for gentle and organic development; urgent problems batter on our gates, demanding instant solution, and the publicists are ever about us. A favourite piece of advice of James Wordie, thirty-seventh Master, about matters of College policy was to "let it simmer"; in our age of high-speed gas that recipe is outmoded. The College is also now part of a non-Christian world, in the sense that we cannot any longer pretend that the Church Militant is going to be "o'er ev'ry foe victorious" and swallow up all other faiths and unfaiths, that Christianity is ever likely, at most, to be more than one of the "itinera ad tam grande secretum", or that it, in any of its denominations, or any other religion, means anything at all to most members of the College, senior or junior. "One wondered a bit", writes Miss Monica Furlong in *Punch* of 19 March, speaking of Manchester Grammar School, "whether the Christian origins of the place may be rather an embarrassment alongside such a competitive and rational community. For here intelligence is king." Not in the least that those of us who adhere to the ancient faith are because of all this required to abjure it; but we cannot any longer plausibly propose it as, or visualise it as being, the teleological goal of all the College's activity.

Another deep and recent change, I believe, is in the attitude to authority.³ None will now accept the opinions or decisions of those placed in authority except in so far as they can justify themselves here and now by argument; be it the Master or the Vice-Chancellor, he must wrangle out his point of view with the veriest freshman. But, most fundamental of all, the unexpressed presupposition is now for the first time exposed to challenge—the premise that was the major premise for all our benefactors, that a College is *ex hypothesi* a good thing. There are—and

not only outside the University—some who would hold that it is rather a bad thing. It divides and fragments the ideological unity of the student body, making it unnecessarily difficult for leaders of student opinion to rally their forces; it subjects the young for three or four years to an unnatural regime of separation from the realities of society; it administers great wealth autonomously for ends of its own choosing; it admits whom and how many it will; it is a costly style of education for an elite, incompatible with an egalitarian *Zeitgeist*; and so on. Some of these criticisms most people would still think silly; in others, many people would suspect that there is a grain of truth. There is a perfectly real chance that these institutions may be quite soon, if not suppressed, at any rate changed beyond our capacity to recognise them. And unless they can justify themselves in the eyes of society and be clearly seen to be by and large a good and desirable thing, then disappear they will into the pages of history along with the Greek city-state and the steam locomotive. And the onus, the grave onus, is on us.

We find ourselves in a sharply anti-Platonist age, which will not easily admit an institution to be more than the sum of the people who at any given moment compose it, and in which the *summum bonum* is the opportunity for the individual to "do his own thing" with no more reference to others than the mere Millian requirement to keep out of their way. *Pietas* is therefore somewhat depressed in the scale of contemporary virtues, and yet *pietas* is what the College as an institution, and not least this our own particular College, continues urgently to need and must not cease to foster. I speak not of piety, which is quite different, but, in the old Roman and pagan mode, of *pietas*, the loyalty to institutions which is exemplified by Aeneas forsaking Dido for a greater cause than love, a cause of the future, and Cato dying at Utica for a greater cause than life, yet a cause of the past; and I speak of *pietas* not because loyalty and faithfulness are not Christian virtues but because they are not exclusively so. That the College should continue to be a good and desirable thing is no longer self-evident, but depends on our *pietas* to make it so; and we shall not foster an answering *pietas* in each generation that enters the society unless they can observe the practical demonstration of it in our own conduct.

Happily, we are very far from having lost it yet, and for practical demonstrations we need not look far. There is, for example, the Senior Fellow, who has, at an age when responsibilities no longer sit lightly on a man, girded himself, for *pietas*' sake, for the not undaunting task of acting as chairman to meetings of all the Fellows, and has comported himself with such an indissoluble mixture of charm, firmness and candour as to evoke the warmest affection and admiration of all. There is the keeper of the College records; that might sound an unexacting task, but its comprehensiveness down the years we have only now begun to discover when we are searching for ways to relieve him of part of it. And there is John Boys Smith, thirty-eighth Master, of whose singular devotion to the society the greatest monument in after time may well be not the bricks and stone and lead and concrete but those other sorts of building, in the style of Ernest Benians, thirty-sixth Master: the quiet bridges with the future which he has been constructing lately, looking gravely and steadily ahead to find a good way for us all.

Exhortation is not in itself inappropriate to a sermon, but superficial or sentimental recipes merely nauseate, and it may be felt that the simple peddling of *pietas* misses the real problem, which is after all the dilemma of Aeneas on the Libyan shore: the dilemma of conflicting *pietates*. A College, in the modern age,

¹ *Ibid.* II, p. 1052.

² *The Eagle* ix, 1875, p. 87.

³ See, however, Mr Colson's sermon, loc. cit. p. 91!

would be much impoverished if it were not the case that the *pietas* of many of its permanent members was primarily directed to wider spheres, of science and scholarship, of public and national policy and so on; for such *pietas* as they are able to offer to the College is splendidly enriched by the background from which it comes. On the other hand, the very survival of a College still depends—perhaps more than ever depends—on there being some who will make it, I do not say the sole, but at any rate for a period the primary object of their care. Men have two kinds of time: their tired time and their creative time; and the College needs some who will devote to it, I do not say all, but at any rate for a period part at least of their creative time—or at the very least it needs one such person.

Before the next Commemoration of Benefactors we shall have elected a new Master, piling upon some person a heavy load—not, indeed, so enormous by the standards of the wider world, like the responsibilities of a national leader or a captain of industry, but burdensome in our expectations of him. For we shall want him to be our eyes into the future, our adumbrator of policies and directions of movement, our thinker, our stimulus. Given that he will do that for us, *pietas* demands that we respond with such degrees of help as our necessary priorities justify; but it is from him that the College will take its spirit and its tone. And we at least who understand how much we are asking of him will not fail to hold him in respect; for, as the writer of the book *Ecclesiasticus* also said:

“Among brethren he that is chief is honourable”.

J. A. CROOK



College Intelligence?

DEVELOPED by the Americans for use in Vietnam, the Exploding Monsoon Forest, or E.M.F., has recently proved so successful in Anguilla and Grosvenor Square that all Western nations of any military significance are now stockpiling saplings and training specialised auxiliary units in advanced distribution techniques. The E.M.F. has a prodigious growth rate and its blossom is unbelievably attractive to agents provocateurs. Whole plantations can be defoliated at the touch of a button (carefully concealed amongst the roots of key trees) to the acute discomfiture of terrorists perched in the branches.

The Ballad of Esmeralda Screws

As pretty as a cliché
And three times as overused,
The girl on everybody's lips
Was Esmeralda Screws.

Her hands were soft, her head was hard
And cunning as her make-up,
Her lips were hot, her heart was ice
And ready for a shake-up.

It happened on one Summer's day,
She happened on one Stanley,
Tall, dark and handsome, debonair,
Suave, sexy, carefree, manly.

Well dressed, well fed, well cared for,
Though he didn't have a penny,
He had a way with women,
And had had away with many.

They fell in love, though neither knew,
The meaning of the notion,
And each pursued the other,
Both concealing their emotion.

For they were used from childhood,
To see their lovers suffer,
So neither dared to risk a snub,
And pledge love to the other.

Alas, since neither would admit
How much they were excited,
They each convinced the other
That their love was not required.

And so, one painful afternoon,
Although it hurt inside,
Each threw the other over, and,
Alone again, each cried.

BERNARD METCALFE

Love Is A Silent Shadow



LOVE is a silent shadow
that rests on nervous feeling
as it flicks in countless glances,
trout-tailed wild, in the river stream.

In this shadow we have come,
and have felt encircling strength,
a lingering sadness of dark depths
that have threatened us the beauty
of our silver-blue flanks and round ruby eyes;
and we were terrified away.

DOMINIC O'MEARA

Sad Breakers

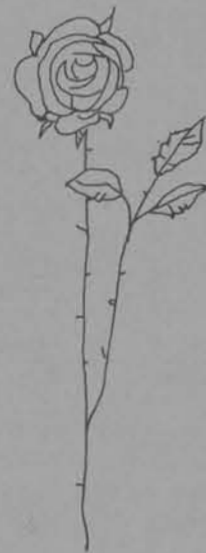
SHE sat
under a rock by the sea
where the grass grows short;
all around the long grass whispered.

We touched
so that golden hair
golden hair fell
golden.

Slept clear of the shifting air
soaking the heavy sunlight
catching it on blackberry hands
and touching, touched.

Now sad breakers murmur her departure
and there can be no sleep
while her cold shadow
lies across the beach.

RICHARD GRIFFITH



Drawing In The Sand

I READ the cast list of romance;
First, the upturned boat, its timbers
Scraped quite haphazardly enough.
The sea made all the right noises,
And across the black firth pinpoints
Of light chatted to several stars.

But parting was in her thoughts;
Memory would be harsh to her
In France—or such I took to be
The sense of half translated shrugs—
Its modes of anguish wearisome.

Unless, perhaps, they tired themselves
In dreams, where action and acting,
Pulses and preconception met
To show the magic of completion,
Creating that whole shadowed ring
On long plains of grass (that withers),
Where folk that never were joined hands
With their ideas and danced and beat
And shaped them into geometry.

The sea slicked against the patterns.
Ears closed to giggling ribs of sand,
I felt the breath of wind was cold
That squarely stood for France.



MICHAEL MAVOR

Cathedral

I DREAMED of a cathedral . . .
Crowned in sunlight . . .
Tall amid a field of green.
A cathedral with singing stones,
A spire that scratched the sky.

But in my dream I did not see
The cracking, rain-worn tracery . . .
Or the niche-torn statues
With their toppled heads near by.

KEITH LINLEY

In The Garden

A GARDEN white
in the moon: a place
where lovers can
placate—or avoid—
the world's self
deprecatory
but sustaining need
to make morality
an adjunct of heat;

here stars are cold.
The party goes
on elsewhere.
Shadows fall
and are concealed.
No one looks;
possibility
has paled in this light
to the ordinary.

A quiet time,
a place divorced
from history, from
law, from any
symposium
on love, or war;
here, whatever
passes, moves
white, like a snake.

Not Vegetarian

flowers darken into fruit
breasts are meant to be caressed
as gently as fine hair

which rot to make earth
now wind around your fingers
golden brown or black gypsy strands

from which new trees
and kiss them along their length
tracing back roots to pools

with new flowers rise
of flushed and deeply burning dreams

JOHN ELSBERG

Grandpa Nicholson's Birthday

VISIBLE oncome of darkness
Shrouds him at the window,
An old man seated silent,
Tired and rubbed away
By life's enormous littleness.
Half visible through the shadowed glass,
An echo of the past,
The motionless face
Masks the sad mind.
A heart alive with sorrow
Calls ghosts of sixty years ago
To parley by the window sill.
In the hollow place behind his eyes
Girls at mirrors pat their hair.
Distant summer days filter weakly now.
He hears the laugh and lilt
Of one who died to him
That time before he spun out endless days.
The tilt of life made her a memory,
A mere failed possibility.
And life recalled seemed writ with water,
And was echoed with goodbyes,
Sickened to an ache,
And emptied of all will.

Distant a street cry rouses him,
And he moves away.

KEITH LINLEY

Kippers

To the Bellevue's late descended guests
These kippers hardly smell the same.
But the eggs have gone,
Tomatoes too,
And soon the chef will follow.

So the flesh of kippers
Beautifully held by bones
Will churn through all the stomach-walls
With the same long after-tastes.

Mr Johnson likes his kipper,
Dissects with insect care
The structure of anatomy,
And lays it with the care
—On the Bellevue's stamped insignia—
That soon will lay to rest
His much beloved son.

So Mr J kindly leaves things neat
For those that follow after him:
The washers-up, brisk Italian maids
Thinking of Cortina swarth.

The son—dear Peter—starts the day
By ripping at the flesh, just fuel
For long and aimless hours.
Neat bones for his father,
A messy plate for Peter;
But the same kippered wind
For both at tea at four.

Dear Peter soon will lie
With his father's kippers' bones,
Neatly, to the mumbles of kippered breath.

A pity that Peter missed the time
(Printed on bedroom walls)

For the Bellevue's official breakfast.
He prefers the puffs
That float on milk,
Skip the plate, miss the mouth,
And lose themselves.

Dear Peter J preferred
Puffed wheat for breakfast.

MICHAEL MAVOR

A Link With The Present*

A CURIOUSLY interesting document, of uncertain age and provenance, has recently come into our possession. It is a report, apparently more or less verbatim, of a discussion of a paper by, we should judge, a young astronomer whose reputation was far from being well-established. Some of the references made suggest that the document is of considerable antiquity but the evidence is not altogether decisive, and the general style and quality of the arguments advanced certainly rival those met with in our own day. From an historical point of view it is perhaps to be regretted that only the discussion survives and that the author's description of his work is missing, for this would probably have assigned a definite date to the episode. On the other hand it is only too clear that little if anything has been lost to science by this lacuna in the document, for it is plain to see that whatever may have been the ideas that the author was attempting to advance so prematurely, they could scarcely have had any value in themselves.

Nevertheless we feel that the report of the discussion is not without interest and worth publishing as an example of the kind of reception which, then as now, is so deservedly accorded to the publishers of pseudoscientific work.

The President. This is a somewhat speculative paper, but there is a little time left and some of those present may wish to discuss it.

A. I was much interested in the author's account of his work, and although I was not able to follow the mathematical part I have some acquaintance with observations of the moon and would like to mention one or two points. First, is the author aware that the actual orbit is not even approximately an ellipse as his theory requires. In fact it does not even lie in a plane. We must be very cautious in accepting a theory that is at variance with observation at such an obvious point. Besides, if the theory were right it would mean that most of our accepted ideas would stand in need of extensive reconsideration.

* Reprinted from *The Observatory*, Vol. 70, No. 854, pp. 25-29.

The Author. I think it possible that a more detailed calculation taking into account other bodies in the system might resolve this difficulty, though I must frankly admit that preliminary calculations I have made are unpromising and only do so partially.

B. Could the author say how long complete calculations would take? It might be worthwhile holding up publication of the work until they can be included. I for one would prefer such a course, as the onus is entirely on the author to undertake the spadework necessary to prove his theory true.

The Author. It is hard to say just how long, but I should think several years even under the most helpful conditions.

B. This is quite ridiculous, and I feel certain that practical astronomers will know what to think of a speculative theory that needs so long for its conclusions to be worked out. I think it much more probable that some simple theory will be found that explains the facts, and I throw this out as a suggestion for the guidance of future workers at the problem.

C. Could the author say in what way the presence of other bodies might alter the general nature of the elliptic orbits that I understood him to say his theory explains?

The Author. Departure from a strict inverse square law causes the apse line to advance, and I feel it very likely that this will hold in the present case, though I confess I am puzzled at the actual amount the lunar orbit shows.

D. I have spent more than twenty years observing the eighth satellite of Jupiter and I have found that the apse definitely retrogrades. (Titters). Surely the author cannot have it both ways, even if he would like to. This reminds me of the stream that was deep enough to drown the largest elephant but shallow enough to be forded by the smallest mouse! (Laughter).

E. I should like to raise a somewhat similar point concerning the author's assumption that the mean motions can be taken as constants. Extensive observations of Encke's comet show that this is just not true, and we have conclusive evidence that the longitude depends on the square of the time. There is also some indication of a similar acceleration in the Moon's motion. This seems to me another instance where the author can only make his theory work by ignoring observational results that are established beyond all cavil.

F. I feel bound to say that I think the author is far too carried away by the fact that the theory is his own to form any proper judgment of it. I have asked the author to calculate roughly how the orbit of Mercury might be modified, but I understand that according to his theory no known body in the solar system could possibly cause its apse to advance. Yet we know for certain that it does. What is the use of observations if they are simply ignored? It is high time our theorists learned to keep their feet on solid ground.

The Author. Yes I admit there is a difficulty with regard to Mercury. In fact this seems to me to constitute the only serious criticism I have met of the validity of the theory. And yet I feel somehow that it ought not to be regarded as destroying the applicability of the theory elsewhere in the solar system.

G. But there is also a difficulty with the orbit of Uranus. The author's hope that possibly his theory may not apply very near the Sun can hardly get him out of this!

The Author. May there not be other planets beyond Uranus?

H. That is simply the wildest of speculation. There is no observational evidence whatever of such planets. It is hardly a satisfactory feature if the theory can only be saved by postulating something we cannot see. Has the author considered the possibility that his theory may be wrong?

J. I am in full agreement with the previous speaker on the lack of any observational evidence for trans-Uranian planets, but there is no doubt whatever about the presence of an intra-Mercurial planet which has already been observed several times by a number of different astronomers working quite independently. We already have a name for the planet, and it is only a question of time before we have an orbit for it too.

K. I was rather surprised that the author seems to have taken no account of already existing theories on this subject; in particular, he made no reference to the very thorough discussion of all the latest evidence on this problem made by Obs Curant and his colleagues of the Scotomic Observatory. They have reached a firm conclusion that the phenomena are due to deep-seated causes affecting the solar-system as a whole.

L. Would it not be preferable to confine the theory to the discussion of the planetary orbits, and not attempt to encroach on other separate fields of astronomy? I have in mind the author's references to the possibility of the theory explaining precession and nutation, which have long been recognised to constitute a separate field from that of planetary motion. The same may be said of the suggestion that the theory may explain the tides. I cannot help thinking that the Admiralty will feel, and rightly, that this is an interference with problems peculiarly their own. (Murmurs of assent).

M. I should most wholeheartedly like to support L's views. My own field, albeit a vast one, has been that of observing double stars, and I have always emphasized the importance of concentrating on a particular field, for it is only in this way that progress can be made. "Drink deep or taste not" is the motto that should guide us. We now have definitive orbits of numerous double stars, and although these resemble oval curves that can admittedly be said to be approximately ellipses, in few if any instances is either component situated at the focus of such a path. The author endeavours to meet this objection by saying that we see only a projected path and that in the true path the stars are at a focus. But this interpretation requires us to postulate a special inclination to the line of sight for each orbit, and a different value if you please for every system. As I see it, an application of the theory that requires a whole series of *ad hoc* postulates of this kind is of such little value that it can only jeopardise the chances of a favourable reception of the theory in fields in which it may perhaps have some application. What we must do if we are ever to understand double stars is to Observe, and Observe, and Observe! (Loud spontaneous applause).

O. I was about to make some very similar remarks but in relation to the planetary orbits. In order to make the theory work, the author, as he openly admits, has to give very special values to a whole list of quantities before even the smallest agreement with observation is reached. The idea of permitting one or perhaps two such special assumptions might be allowed, but when it comes to piling unlikely assumption on unlikely assumption, then human frailty being what it is, we must say that we think the theory hardly worthy of the name, and that it should be abandoned. To take only the case of Venus, the author has to put his

$a = .723\ 331$, $e = .006\ 806$, $i = 3^{\circ}23'38''$, $\theta = 76^{\circ}3'31''$, $\omega = 130^{\circ}36'1''$, and $\epsilon = 122^{\circ}31'16''$, when they might all just as well be given different values for which the theory would be hopelessly wrong. And all the other planets need equally special values quite different from these in every case. I have worked out in a general way the probability of all these assumptions being true and I find it is far more likely that none of us are here at all to-day. (Laughter). There might just possibly be something in the author's theory if it could give us some idea of why these very special values he insists on using have come about, but I understand that this is the one thing it expressly cannot do. Has not the author got hold of the wrong end of the stick in his whole approach to the problem?

P. I should like to ask the author how the theory accounts for the red spot on Jupiter, which to my mind is one of the most important outstanding difficulties in the solar system.

Q. I am afraid I can say very little myself as to the observational implications or requirements of this theory, but I have been greatly impressed by the masterly appropriateness of the comments of our practically-minded astronomers. It is much to their credit that when any new theory is proposed they have so much material ready at hand to which it can be subjected for test, and they are to be admired for their insistence on applying these tests and the caution with which they receive new ideas—or perhaps I should say ideas that authors like to consider new. Were it not for their painstaking work, which often does not get due recognition, I feel sure we should more frequently be the unwilling victims of the claims of ill-judged speculation.

For my part I think it a special weakness of this theory that its author has seen fit to express it in terms of a new, and therefore doubtful, form of calculation—what he terms the infinitesimal calculus. I should have thought that the standard methods that astronomers have always found adequate so far and that have stood the test of time would have been better suited to an investigation fraught with so many other novelties. It is quite enough to ask us to swallow new hypotheses without a flourish of new mathematics at the same time.

To refer to the actual method adopted in dealing with the problem: if I understand the author aright, his equations are claimed to be strictly accurate only when all their terms are zero—when no doubt they are true (laughter)—and then he proceeds to divide through by a quantity that has already been made zero itself (more laughter). How can it possibly be maintained that such steps can lead to conclusions of any value whatever. All our experience and instincts warn us against it. Then again the author repeatedly refers to one of the terms in his equations as “the force”, but he does not define “force”, indeed he says that he has tried to do so but has failed. Are we then being asked to believe results that emanate from something that we have to admit we cannot define? I hope that future theoretical workers will set their faces steadfastly against such unscientific practices.

R. I should like to ask how the author knows when he sets up his equations that there are no other so-called “forces” involved than merely those represented by the terms he puts in? May not the problem be conditioned by other effects as yet unknown to science? Until this is settled it is plain that any supposed agreement with observation must be purely fortuitous, to put it as kindly as possible.

S. I would like to ask the author what consideration he gives to the con-

vergence of the series used in attempting to solve the equations. I am no mathematician, but I understand on the highest authority that it is impossible for these to be convergent. How then can he claim to obtain results of significance by such cavalier steps? One is certainly led to wonder what is the precise meaning of the agreement alleged to be obtained.

The President. Would Dr T., who is with us to-day, care to speak?

T. I have no particular personal views on this very novel subject, which is also a highly controversial one, but I think the meeting would be interested to know that I have recently received a private communication from Prof. Huygens in which he informs me that to him the principle of mutual attraction of particles of matter is quite incomprehensible and unacceptable, and that he has already informed the author of his views. As we all know, Prof. Huygens is a person of European reputation whose opinion is not to be lightly disregarded, and I think the author rather unwise in declining to be guided by his advice, and I am sure the day will come when he will realise it. This is all the more so because it is not simply a case of purely destructive criticism being offered. There are plenty of people with original ideas as to the causes of the orbital motions of the planets besides the author. Indeed, Prof. Huygens has himself given a quite satisfactory explanation of the effects the author is trying to explain. I can only give the briefest indication of the general nature of his theory now, but it shows that there exists a very rare medium that moves round the Earth with great velocity and pushes towards the Earth any body that it meets. To my mind his theory is doubly convincing, not only for its extreme simplicity and beauty, but because it does away at a stroke with the need for the idea of action at a distance, which must always remain a distasteful feature in any theory like that presented to-day.

V. There is another aspect of this question of action at a distance which seems to me an even graver objection to the author's so-called “law of gravitation”. Surely nothing can be more obvious than that the way two pieces of material attract one another (if they do) must depend on the ultimate structure of matter itself and on nothing else. Yet this is a question of which we know practically nothing and which I understand receives no attention of any kind in the theory. But the author claims somehow to have “discovered” the law governing the interaction, and this without any consideration whatever of its nature or cause! How can he possibly explain away this flagrant absurdity?

Would it not be far more desirable to seek for some proof of the law itself before going on to investigate its rather obvious consequences? If such forces exist there is at least no evidence for them so far.

The President. Would the author like to reply to these various objections?

The Author. I am afraid I must confess myself unable to do so within the framework of my theory, and it might be thought very bold of me if I ventured to express the view that they do not amount to any serious criticism. (Distinct murmurs of protest.) “Proof” is what people demand when they do not wish to believe something, and what they refuse to look at when they do! The day may come when astronomers will wish to believe in the laws of motion, in universal gravitation, and possibly in the calculus itself, and they will then do so, and be no more able to explain why than they are now able to give valid reasons for not doing so.

Memory From A Land

THE red sanded earth falls away
and it is Spring somewhere,
so the women wear green
watching the dry skies
for diamonds to wear.

At night the earth lifts,
up to the stars
and in the pause from cards
the miners watch the three trees
beyond the mud fence.

Even the mothers breasts grow dry.
but I am seventeen and dream
under the web of the black widow
spinning with her the only love
that can hold, under the seasonless sky.

But with other nights there are older marriages,
and in love, the black widow wore white and scuttled away.
the web of night held almost past the first sun. at that
time the old die. but it is a red and hungry land;
and today I kill the first of the straggling spring lambs
and today my woman will bake our first lamb pie.

JOHN SLIGO

