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One Hundred and Twenty Years of The Eagle

Why should the aged Eagle NOT stretch his wings?

College magazines are an undervalued source of history - and not only of college history. For the history of colleges is intertwined with the fortunes of their alumni, and with the University. King's Basileon, in which Rupert Brooke figured as poet and collegian, has recently attained the dignity of a reprint. But Basileon was comparatively short-lived (1900-14), and no magazine in Cambridge or Oxford can vie with the Eagle, which has regularly renewed its youth, and has kept its feathers for more than a century, its nearest rival being, appropriately enough, the Pelican of Corpus Christi, Oxford. Not that more ephemeral journals can be disregarded. It was to The Blunderbuss, published by the Fifth Officer Cadet Battalion resident in Trinity and St. John's in 1917-18, that Housman sent the verses 'As I gird on for fighting My sword upon my thigh', which gain a poignancy from their wartime setting.

The Eagle began in 1858; a photo of its founders figured in the issue published fifty years later. They included W.G. Adams, brother of the discoverer of ~~Uranus~~, J.M. Wilson (who set down his recollections of it in the issue for 1889, and died at 98), J.B. Mayor (not Mayo, as printed by Wilson, loc. cit.), H. Barlow, afterwards Dean of Peterhouse, and Samuel Butler, author of Erewhon. They averred that to some critics the notion of such a magazine 'struck at the very foundations of University morality', but this we need not take seriously.

The first volume opened with an essay on Plagiarism in Poetry, followed by a daunting piece on Paley - then still required reading for 'Sophs' - which was hardly counter-balanced by a short story. Soon the battle of Ancient and Modern was being fought again. Already the Classics were 'the last refuge of the Middle Classes', and Mayor stepped forward to attack the great Whewell, Master of Trinity, as traitor to the Classical cause. Comments on compulsory chapel jostle with observations on Anglo-Saxon poetry and the Quarto of Othello. There is a learned note on Cupid's blindness, drawing on Albricus De Imaginibus Deorum, (I, 169; cf. 240), which anticipates Panofsky's study of that theme. Most of the early issues contain accounts of vacation excursions - one was to a Welsh coalpit. Samuel Butler wrote such an account under the name Cellarius (adumbrating his later Alps and Sanctuaries), and sent narratives of his travels to and in New Zealand that make the issues containing them sought after in that country. Thirty years later he contributed a long paper on the Odyssey, and later still (1902) a skilful burlesque of an Homeric crib. An essay contributed by a curate of seven years' standing on 'How to deal with the Bucolic Mind', like a neighbouring piece that takes a strong line against Dissenters holding fellowships, is much more of its period. Of the verses in early numbers one need only say 'the lighter the better'. Those on the Rifle Volunteers, 'the Alma Mater's trusty sons' reflect contemporary alarms; the Volunteers were to be more lastingly commemorated by an inn-sign on the Trumpington Road.

The recent pseudo-Wordsworth 'John Sprat and Sarah lived alone' (No. 265, p. 221) deserves a place in any anthology of parodies. No memorable verse was to appear until A.Y. Campbell published in 1907 the sonnet 'In dreams I see the dromedary still', which a fellow Johnian, J.C. Squire, gave to a wider audience by including it in his Selections from Modern Poets. Campbell's play on Augustus (in the Eagle for 1920) retains its Shavian liveliness.

In the first two volumes the emphasis is markedly on English literature; not till 1867 were contributions on scientific topics admitted. But the possibility of an English tripos is touched on only to be dismissed. As the long Victorian afternoon wore on most of the notable writers of the period were carefully assessed; later, Johnian alumni, Herrick, Nashe, Henry Kirke White, Samuel Butler, even Alfred Domett are given a niche. The name of that unfashionable Johnian philosopher T.E. Hulme does not appear till long after his death, but H.M. C(lose)'s study of his critique of humanism makes up the deficiency (No. 219). Hugh Sykes Davies deals with the Biblical translation of a much earlier collegian, Sir John Cheke in Vol. LIII, p. 108. Cardell Goodman is mentioned in No. 108, 220, but no-one has yet noticed his poems (ed. by D.S. Roberts). Not all contributors, as the present article proves, have been Johnians. W.W. Skeat, the great Chaucerian of Christ's, wrote at length on the motto 'Souvent me souvient' in Vol. XXVII, though some writers who have since quoted it have not taken note of his findings.

Naturally enough, Wordsworth is the name that constantly recurs. The account of his Cambridge days in Vol. XXI still deserves attention, whilst the Centenary issue (LIV, 237) gives an account of the College in his time (by Boys Smith) - not wholly superseded by B.R. Schneider's Wordsworth's Cambridge Education (C.U.P., 1957) - along with an exemplary illustrated catalogue of the poet's portraits (by B.R.S.). They are fittingly followed by Glyn Daniel's portrait of a Head Gardener, which matches that of an earlier Head Porter (Jesse Collins, 1929) - and a note (also illustrated) on a Wordsworthian flower in a crannied wall: Arabis Turrita L. in the Fellows' Garden.

It is equally to be expected that Saint John Fisher's name should appear regularly in these pages, but he is given more than pious commemoration: the studies of academic intentions in (e.g.) No. 223 and more recently by Dr. Jardine of Jesus are 'worthy note' by any historian of Renascence England. As early as 1909 J.E.B. Mayor reorganised Fisher's 'Month's Mind' of Lady Margaret as a masterpiece of racy English. Yet the studies of Fisher that he desiderated have not yet been written - and his plea for a chair of academic historiography fell on deaf ears.

The almost continuous series of notes from the College Records, which were later collected in three volumes, the last issued in 1918, have value not only to the historian of the College and of Cambridge (and Cambridge architecture), but to the historian of Tudor and Stuart England: one might instance the references to the Spanish Match of 1623 (XVII, 6) or to the Fatal Vespers at the French Ambassador's House, which William Crashaw (Fellow, and father of the poet) commemorated; or (for local interest) the suggestion of a sometime bursar that a pipe should be laid from Trinity's conduit 'for a fair conduit in your new court' (XXI, 418). Some references to College plays in the 1580's (XXX, 130, 147) have not yet been

picked up by historians of Tudor Drama. More recently bursars, notably R.F.S(cott) and J.S.B.S., Masters-to-be, have written knowledgeably of the College fabric and the College grounds.

The long series of notes headed Johniana, culled from earlier books, magazines and diaries supplement the Records with details often of a more diverting if more miscellaneous kind, ranging from a College murder in 1746 (XXI, 370 - untapped material here for a don's thriller) to an allusion to the Tower Bell of St. John's introduced by R.D. into his translation of Colonna's Hypnerotomachia, 1592 (ib., 499), or a glimpse of Arnold Bennett on a visit to W.H. Rivers (LII).

Random readers who relish the joys of serendipity will find rewards in every issue. Thus in Vol. XL some notes recounting comments by Wordsworth on Tintern Abbey are followed a few pages later by a seventeenth-century reading list annotated by G.C. Moore Smith (a regular contributor for many years): in effect a summary of seventeenth-century learning, which should be collated with Holdsworth's better known Directions for Students at Emmanuel. A critical account (1906) of the building of the present chapel is matched in 1919 by a scathing description of the destruction of the old one (attributed to an inflammatory sermon by Selwyn). And it is not only local history that finds a place. In 1907 we find, in the original rural spelling, letters that tell of a curious drama played out in a country parish, of which the College was lay rector, round a water-mill and a tithe barn. The same volume contains an early account of excavations at Corstopitum. In 1951 W.N. Bryant was to survey the numerous historical essays published in the magazine between 1858 and 1918: a pretty exercise in historiography.

The literary taste of Edwardian times is reflected in 'Pan in the Backs' (XXV, 333), with its faint reminiscences of Forster's Celestial Omnibus. Such themes vanished with the First War. From 1914 to 1919 the pages are laden with the memoirs of the fallen in battle, though there was room for a study of Carlyle's political creed, and for a seemingly endless discussion of the proper designation of the College (Divi Joh, or Sancti Joh?). The young W.G. C(onstable), later Keeper of the National Gallery, wrote on Billeting, and the young H.D.F. K(itto) on Euripides. Only a Commemoration Sermon (1915) strikes a jingoistic note ('I never heard of a cricketer who was a C.O.'). 1918 brought an illustrated article on the Anglo-Saxon Tribal Hidage by J.B(rownbill), which deserves mention in N.R. Ker's Catalogue of Anglo-Saxon Manuscripts. More topical today is an account of sixteen days as an uninvited guest in Afghanistan, and a survey of Curzon's Near-Eastern policy ('The state of mid-Asian politics is attracting many previously indifferent to them').

Memoirs and obituaries are from the first frequent and full: one is struck by the number of undergraduate deaths that a century ago were due to pneumonia or bronchitis. But Johnians who went to College livings - there were over fifty of them - tended to live to a ripe old age. Their names bulk large in lists of events and are reminders that the society was predominantly clerical till the First War. Lives of Old Members are not self-evidently compulsive reading, yet they are the clearest evidence of the part a College plays in scholarly and national life. They were usually written con amore, and no biographer of a Johnian can ignore them; an index of

obituaries in Vols. I-XLIX was published in No. 219. The twenty pages on Bishop Ellicott (1905) are wholly typical, and constitute a chapter in Church History. W.G. Heitland - a frequent contributor - wrote perceptively about Butler of Shrewsbury (293), and later about his better-known son (223). T.R. Glover's account of J.E.B. Mayor (LII) positively sparkles. Later, C.S. Guillebaud's recollections of Alfred Marshall (1971) take us back to the Eagle of the Eighties. Memoirs of Dorothy Marshall and of Mrs. Heitland remind us that women had a role in Cambridge long before they were admitted to degrees; it was Mrs. Herbert, wife of the cox in 1830 who wrote the verses 'The Lady Margaret in days of old' (XXXI, 323). Even Commemoration Sermons can yield unexpected bounty: e.g., Sir Humphrey Rolleston's account of earlier medicos (1931), and Canon Charles Smyth's portrait of John Williams, 1582-1650: Fellow (1951).

For half a century, annual lists of accessions to the Library filled several pages: impressive testimony to the continuing intellectual vitality of the College. Especially striking is the number and variety of gifts by fellows in Victorian and Edwardian times, bespeaking their range of interests as well as their generosity. W.J. Locke's gift of his Jaffery (1905) introduces a lighter note. Johniana in LII includes a confession by Rose Macaulay that she had a first edition of Johnson's Dictionary taken by her grandfather from St. John's library. As late as 1927 the Eagle records the gift of a Terence incunabulum of association-value.

College societies may flourish or may fade. A Shakespeare Society and a Wordsworth Society were succeeded in the Twenties by the Nashe Society which in 1929 was addressed by Anthony Blunt (on Baroque) and later by Hugh Gatty; it lapsed in the Forties, if only for a season. The Historical Society is presumably the most enduring; Benians was once its secretary. The Apostles, now famous - or notorious - had their beginnings, as early as 1820, in St. John's before migrating to Trinity and King's. A Debating Society begins to figure in the Eagle of the Eighties. By 1890 it was discussing State Socialism and in 1905 the youthful J.C. Squire, who was to found the London Mercury, was moving 'that women's suffrage is a desirable thing'. Names of visitors from other colleges figure in reports of most societies: J.M. Keynes, G.T. Lapsley, A.C. Nock, Noel Annan (talking on Admiral Byng), Joseph Needham. At least two new clubs started during the Second War; the Yet Another Club and the P Club, of which the last rule was that 'overheated members be cooled in the Cam'. Longer lived was the Adams Society, which celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday in 1947; the reports in the Eagle constitute its history.

Even lists of Club officers or College awards yield some interest in retrospect. Zachary Brooke first appears as winner of a Reading Prize, M.G. Kendall as winner of the Adams Memorial Prize. In 1905 J.W. Atkins won a fellowship for his thesis on The Owl and the Nightingale, which was to become the standard edition some years later. Peter Laslett figures in 1939 in the Committee of the Theological Society; H.M. Pelling is prominent in the Debating Society in that year. Names of a different sort of lustre flicker here and there: Alfred Mond, Ian Hay (Captain of the First Boat, 1899), author of the best-seller The First Hundred Thousand in the First War, which gained him the post of Director of Information in the Second.

Even the list of subscribers may strike an associative chord: in 1913 E.H.F. Blumhardt's address is 'c/o l'abbé Portal, 14, Rue de Grenelle, Paris': it is the ménage later memorably described by Sir Llewellyn Woodward in his Short Journey, 1942 (pp. 57ff.).

The American poet Richard Eberhart published some of his earliest verse in the Eagle, which in 1930 carried an early notice of his A Reading of Earth. The previous volume had boldly championed T.F. Powys, then little known, as a writer of genius, and in 1931 appeared a spirited defence of Lawrence's The Man who Died. Dylan Thomas read his verse at one meeting of the Nashe Society, and spoke at another. A few years ago Hugh Sykes Davies set down recollections of illuminating remarks by T.S. Eliot made after meeting an Italian Marxist at a Feast in 1934: 'They (the Marxists) seem so certain of what they believe. My own beliefs are held with a scepticism which I never even hope to be rid of'. Such obiter dicta, too often unrecorded, tell us more than volumes of criticism.

In 1936 an unusual item was a West Kerry tale taken from the Irish by 'K.J.', viz., ~~Keith~~ Jackson, now our foremost Celticist. It 'dates' much less than an adjoining article on The Universities of the Future. A late acquaintance of Edmund Vale also notes with pleasure that his travel books were always carefully reviewed, lacking though they were in academic pretensions.

By 1940 the Eagle had reached the standard of a literary journal of the first order. R.J. Getty's article on T.R. Glover as Orator Emeritus provides a sparkling anthology of neo-Latinity. The present Master, who in 1939 had addressed the Historical Society on the German navy, figures as an astringent poet of promise, and H.L.S.'s verses Winter Siege touch an old theme to new issues. A very readable article on 'The Gauge of British Railways' is followed by an obituary of Hacket the geologist that is academic biography at its best. A review of Dr. Bertram's Arctic and Antarctic rubs shoulders with D.M. Carmichael's 'Psychology among the Eskimos'. It is as if the College were determined to show a bright light in the war-time blackout, and it is no fault of the war generations that this variety of theme is not to be found in later issues. As it was, the issue of 1943 had a solid piece on the Young England movement, and that for 1944 gave a glimpse of partisan activities in Yugoslavia presaging Evelyn Waugh, just as a 'still' of Glyn Daniel as an officer in the film Target for Tonight adumbrates his T.V. appearances, and a fine rendering of Catullus LXXVI by A.G. L(ee) prepares us for his later Propertius. By 1949 the present Master of Fitzwilliam was displaying the expertise which later showed in his History of the College (and see LIII, 48), and J.S.B.S. was exploring records for matter that made a neat article on the College grounds in 1822-3 (with illustrations) and another on early College plays. In the Fifties the publication of the Linacre Lectures broke new ground.

To list the occupants of the editorial chair would be to make a catena of notable Johnian names: J.B. Mayor, Benians, Boys Smith, Charlesworth, Sandys, Kitto, Rolleston, Moore Smith, Thistlethwaite, etc., etc. But editors are best judged by the contributors they enlist, and an outsider may be allowed to say that whatever falling off in quality and quantity there has sometimes been, the standard of reviewing has for many years remained high, with no hint of back-scratching or butter-ladling: witness a searching scrutiny of Leishman's edition of the (St. John's) Parnassus Plays (LIV), or a

recent five-page review, 'Plato, Popper and Politics', which did much more than show that D.H.V. Brogan was his father's son.

On the whole, recent editorial attempts to be untraditional have been unsuccessful. But the eight reproductions of nineteenth-century engravings of the College in the issue of 1976, and those of illuminations in the medieval Psalter (MS. K.26) in 1977 must surely have increased demand for this most versatile of journals. Seventy years ago back numbers of the Eagle were already marked in book-sellers' catalogues as 'rare'. In fact back issues for the best part of the journal's life are still obtainable, and a wise Johnian would lay hold of them at once.

J.A.W. Bennett

Some Johnian Record Breakers

Chris Hampson (B.A. 1975) has written to say that the longest recorded punt of 300 miles from Kingston-upon-Thames to Cambridge via Reading, Oxford, Northampton and Ely that he and Peter Strickland (B.A. 1975) achieved from 10 September to 3 October 1973 was beaten last August by Messrs. Walker and Fenton of Merton College, Oxford, who punted from Oxford to Market Drayton and back, a distance of 364 miles. The Editors trust that among our readership there are men prepared to take up the challenge and restore the title to St. John's in the Guinness Book of Records.

* * *

Mr Henry G. Button of 7 Amhurst Court, Grange Road, Cambridge, has pointed out that the longest incumbency in the Church of England, according to the latest Guinness Book of Records, is attributed to a Johnian, The Rev. Bartholomew Edwards (B.A. 1811), who was rector of Ashill, Norfolk, from 1813 to 1889. He died at Ashill, 21 February 1889 and would have been 100 years of age if he had lived another 9 days.

According to Notes and Queries Vol. 183, 1942, pp. 205-6, other claims to an even longer incumbency of earlier clergy have been put forward which, owing to the passage of time, cannot easily be substantiated. However, the note does mention a Rev. Christopher Cook, educated at Lampeter College, who was Vicar of Llanvihangel-Pont-y-Moile, Monmouthshire, from 1851 to 1927. A few days before he died aged 103, he fell down and broke his thigh, which was the indirect cause of his death. Up to that time he attended services regularly and was able to go out for country walks.

Stranger in the College

A View of Cripps

When a freshman arrives in Cambridge, he will expect to have to adapt to a very ancient and traditional institution. What he will be less prepared for is the adaptation he must make to modernity. For modern buildings have irrevocably altered life in Cambridge, but the habits and atmosphere of living with them have not yet been incorporated into the Cambridge myth. Indeed the only myth is that modern buildings make no difference, that traditional Cambridge carries on just the same. This is the second Eagle article to take issue over this belief (see The Eagle, Easter 1976), and even if the arguments put forward here seem unhelpful or incomprehensible, it would be worthwhile to have provoked thought. For some explanation is due from somewhere to those for whom a year in Cripps is an inexplicably disturbing experience; and also to those who adapt, but do not know what they are adapting to.

The best way of understanding the effects Cripps may have on its occupants is, surprisingly enough, to look carefully at the building. Surprisingly, because one would not expect to learn much about Cambridge life by an architectural analysis of King's College Chapel, or about the life of a Johnian by a close look at Second Court. But neither edifice is difficult to look at, whereas Cripps Building is: and in that lies its peculiarity.

Two reasons for not looking at things are that some are so simple that they hardly require a glance, and others are so complicated that the eye cannot make any sense of them. It is like the difference between seeing a car, which you can get into without registering either its colour or make, and looking at an unfamiliar but complicated piece of machinery, which seems to have no beginning or end. Passing through Second Court is more like the first of these experiences, and looking at Cripps something more like the second. There is a quality of indefiniteness about Cripps, as if one cannot quite tell what it is. Consequently its place in the mind is indistinct: it is a great white mass occupying a 'site', but it is hard to attribute to it a specific character.

On closer inspection, the indeterminacy of Cripps turns out to have ascertainable causes. Looking is largely a process of classification, but in Cripps this desire is almost systematically frustrated. This is because there are so many visual ambiguities. We may begin with the fact that Cripps has no wall. The wall is ordinarily the easiest part of a house to make sense of, because it is the basic enclosing element, and it supports the roof. So to deprive a building of a clear wall is already to make one's grasp of it difficult. The architects of Cripps seem to be anti-wall (except in the passages underneath, where there are some splendid walls), wanting to concentrate all emphasis on the frame. This is true of many modern buildings which have 'glass walls', and the eye can cope with that, though it does mean losing some sense of the difference

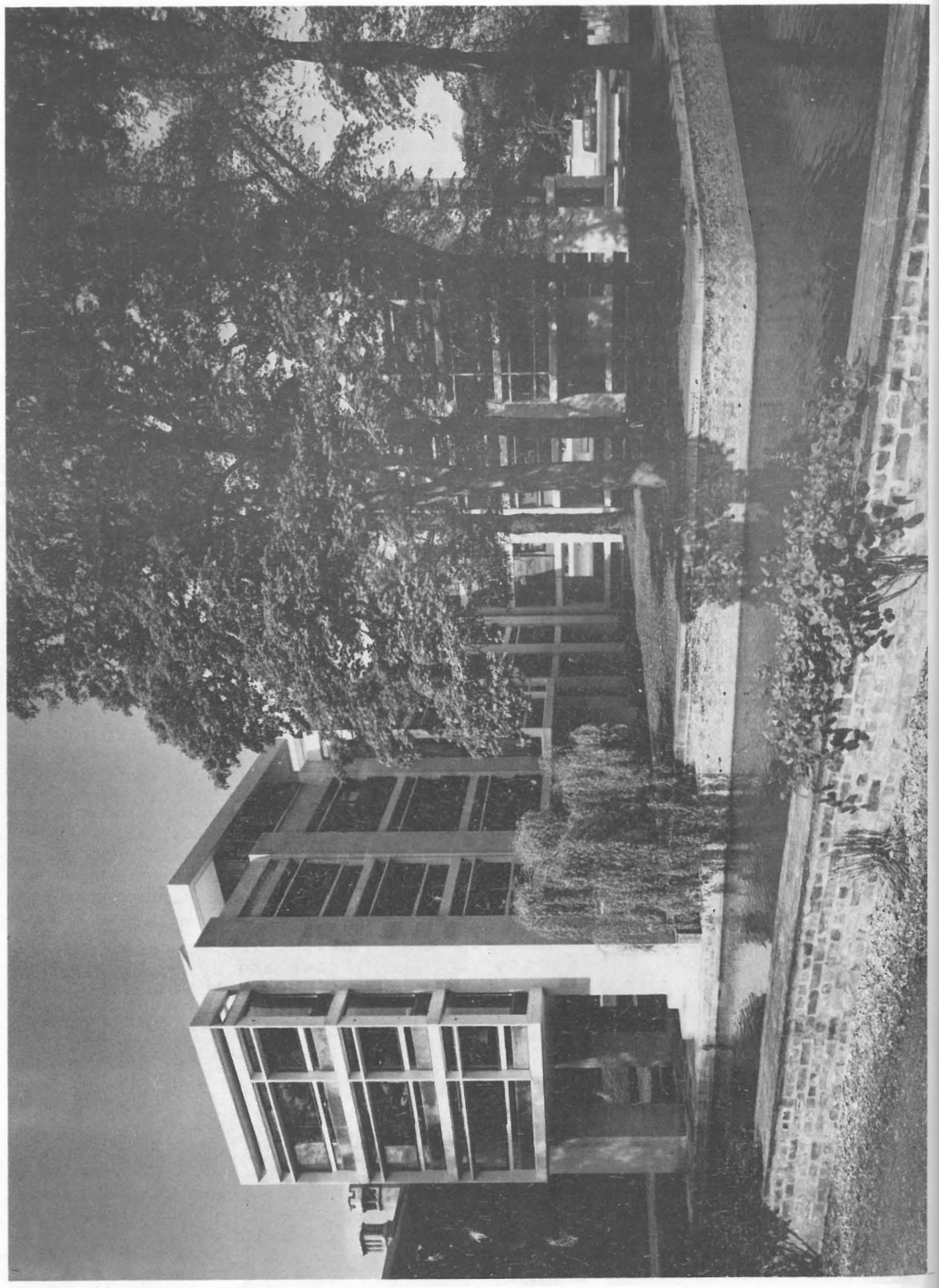
between interior and exterior. But in Cripps it is also very hard to see where the notional wall is, that is, what is the building's true perimeter. There are various projections and receding elements, but unless you know where the building begins, it is impossible to settle the question of what is really projecting. The stone-faced piers could form the main outside edge, but then they are divided and there is space behind them. So perhaps they are merely the outside decoration on a deep hidden core, emerging on the roof, which is the 'real' building. This seems a very abstract question, but it is a classification which we seem to need to make. For with no actual 'building' one cannot be sure that it has a real interior.

Our doubt about where the mass of the building starts arises partly from the ambiguity of individual elements. In a conventional building, a wall and window have a clear, positive and negative relation. But in Cripps, there is doubt as to whether window is wall and vice-versa. We may be looking at windows, but it may be that they are really rooms with glass sides on them. This impression is reinforced by the way the projecting windows are constructed. The sides of the bays look like the glass sides of rooms; the fronts, which have an extra glazing bar, look like windows. We are therefore looking at some sort of hybrid, but one very difficult to register in the mind.

Another problem in looking at windows is to locate them. It is easiest if their relation to the building as a whole is clear, and they can be seen as 'in the middle', 'halfway across the side', and so on. But with Cripps one so often has the sense of finding a particular window and then losing one's place when trying to find it again. This is partly because the projecting and ordinary windows look very much the same, despite the fact that the projecting ones ought to need stronger frames than the others, but it is also because the courts have no symmetry. This in turn is due to an unresolved issue of whether the building is a single entity (with staircases A-H) or a series of courts. Because there are courts you expect to find your way, as in the older college courts, by relating windows and entrances to sides and centre, but in fact you have to think of the building as stretched out in a line, with staircases spaced along it. You can find your way, of course, but the concept does have to be unravelled in the mind.

A different kind of definiteness which a building requires is that of scale. It is remarkably easy to lose a sense of how big a building is in relation to oneself. One is helped if the architect includes details of a known size, such as windows and decoration, especially in the upper parts, though even ancient buildings sometimes err in this respect. King's College Chapel looks smaller than it is because its parapet - an element originally made to protect a man - is of superhuman size. If we read it as of human size, we scale down the building. Cripps does something very similar. Its colossal superstructure is of such simplicity that it could be any size, but one's assumption is that it has a human proportion so it is seen as smaller than it is. Consequently the impression of scale given by the top of the building, and of the well-proportioned passages at the base, is contradictory.

Intimately connected with our sense of scale is our sense of height. We want to be sure a building can stand up and therefore to be able to see how it stands up. The simplest apparent structure is



walls and roof; Cripps has none visible, but neither does it have any structure of equivalent simplicity. The big stone-faced piers look as if it is they that carry the building, yet they look at once too big (especially at the top, where the weight is smaller) and too fragile, because the impression given is that many of the concrete beams are set in only to the depth of the stone facing. Alternatively it might not be carried by a frame of piers and concrete beams at all, but by the great slab floors which roof the passages underneath. We also wonder how the superstructure is supported. It might, in places, be the top of a central core from which the rest of the building is suspended.

A little research will in fact reveal how the building does stand, but that is not the point. If a building does not look able to bear the weight evidenced by its size, one can only think of it as a lightweight, cardboardy structure. At best this will give it an odd impression of floating, of not being really rooted in the earth; at worst it will seem that the thing is really a model. And if it is only a model, and does not have the immovability of great weight, then it is hard to feel that it actually belongs to the place in which it is set. It might have been only just set down there by the hand of the architect. If one compares the Master's Lodge, which does have a very definite size and weight, then there is a curious insubstantiality about Cripps.

What both the irresolution of the design and the indefiniteness of scale and weight combine to achieve is a loss of specific location. That mere irresolution of design has this effect will sound far-fetched, but it is an important fact. A building that is not clear in what it does, and how it does it, will provoke a continual questioning, which can only be answered by referring to the architect's imagined purposes, tastes, and intentions. To the extent that a building needs explanations external to it, it could be said never to have quite arrived. We cannot look at it without thinking back to the architect. It is, say, like an essay in which the writer has left out all the punctuation. You can read it, but you are always having to supply answers and explanations from your own imagination, and try as you can, you will never be able to think of the piece except as sitting on the author's desk, awaiting completion. A building in this state should not really be thought of as a building, because it has not yet become self-explanatory. It still belongs with the architect, as his not yet fully realised creation, and to that extent cannot belong fully to its setting. We cannot therefore see Cripps as entirely a part of St. John's College. It is an embassy of the modern movement, a stranger unintroduced.

For a building to belong to its setting, it must be self-sufficient, just as a tree or a rock are self-sufficient and require no outside explanation. That seems, and is, a heavy demand to make on a building, but we demand no less of other man-made objects in our environment. When we buy a car, we expect that it will look like a car, that it will have a visual personality commensurate with its performance, and that there will not be any stylistic oddities which need referring back to the designer. In short, we expect the object to be complete. That it actually works is only part of the whole conception. So, likewise, in St. John's we are fortunate to have a college that looks like a college, with courts for communal living, hall, library and chapel, all integral to the idea of a college and all firmly rooted to the ground and linked to each other (except the Chapel, which does have an air of being imported). But Cripps,

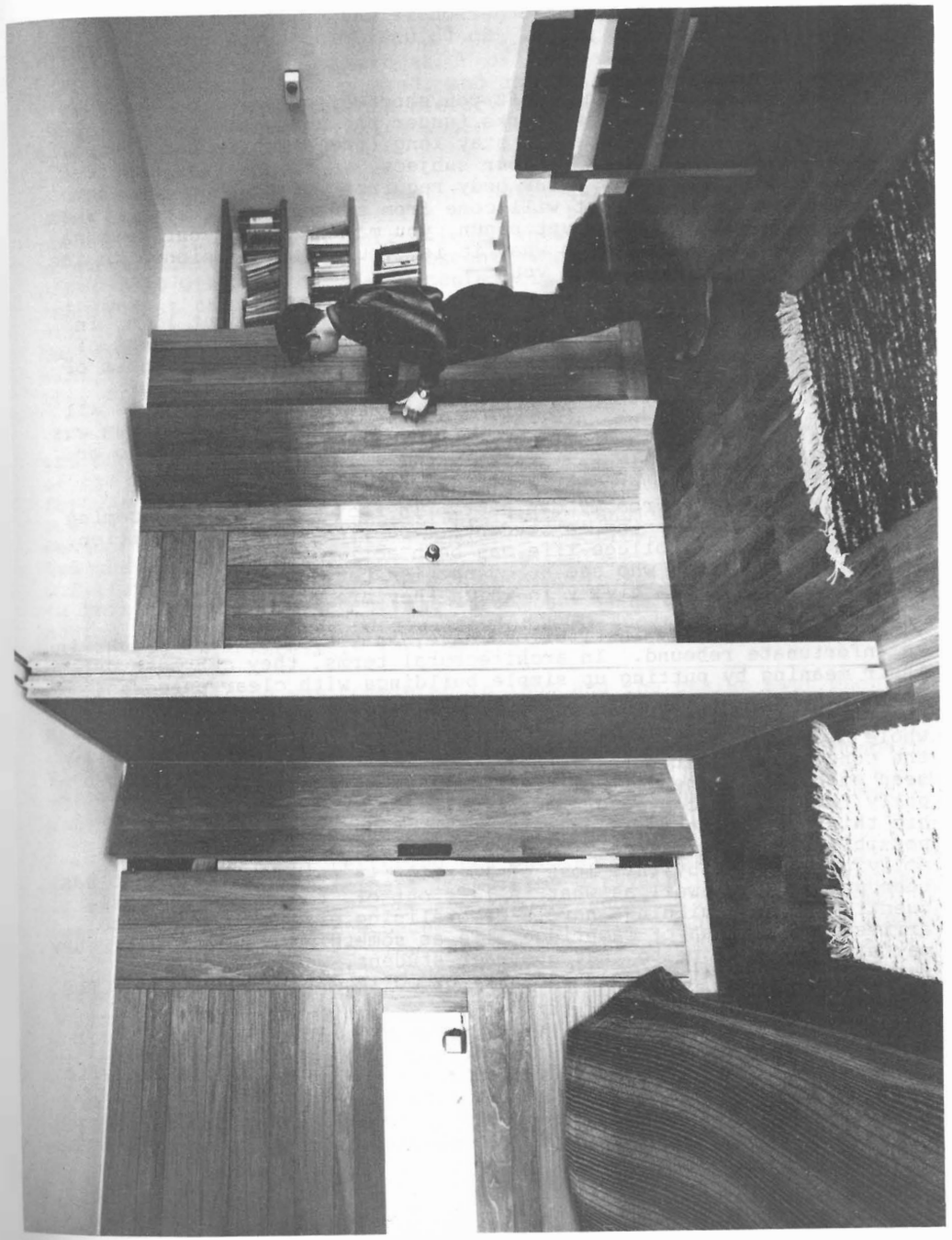
although so traditional in its staircase and court system, does not look clearly like a place to live in, because we do not know whether we are looking at rooms or at a building composed entirely of windows; and as I have said, we have no clear sense of its being located in Cambridge. So to look at Cripps is potentially to lose the sense of being in a Cambridge college.

To live in Cripps is to feel even more strongly that sense of not knowing where you are. Fortunately there are fine views and variety in the building itself to differentiate one room from another, and in addition the architects have most sensitively introduced stone into the rooms, which gives some sense of connection with the ground. But otherwise one cannot but feel that one is in a box - which is not a box, because one end of it is glass - which has been swung into its place in the side of the building, or perhaps partially inserted, like a half-closed drawer. So your student-life is life in a box, somewhere but not precisely anywhere.

Loss of location leads to abstraction of activity. If I do not know where I am doing something, some part of its meaning will be lost. If I am walking in a street that could be anywhere, I will lose my sense of going somewhere, and seem only to be abstractly, and pointlessly, walking. Thus there is all the difference between being suspended somewhere, 'studying', and arriving in Cambridge to study something. The former is potentially meaningless, the latter is a purposeful episode in a complete life. In Cambridge one studies a particular thing within an institution which ideally perpetuates the means of study (especially by making it communal), the object of study, and the integrity and dedication necessary to study. But to be an abstract 'student', which if you live in some off-cut of the cosmic campus you are likely to feel, is to concentrate only on the physical evidence of the activity, the reading and writing, and thus to deprive it of any purpose. Coming to Cambridge is then more like going to work, 'penpushing' as it is so reductively called, and you expect to leave your real self at home.

The architects are not villains in this, as an abstract student is probably what they were asked to build for. Because Cambridge, in common with other institutions, has suffered a certain loss of its institutional ideals, the concept it supplies to the architect will inevitably reflect less an idea of the whole person come to study, and more some bureaucratically devised construct of the student academic. But the architect has some responsibility, for he himself requires this abstract description of the student existence, because the life the architect thinks of is also analysed in terms of its activity. The architect does not build so much for people who need to understand what a building is for, as for functionaries who will fit properly into it. If an architect does not think of people's lives as a whole, then it follows, both psychologically and practically, that he will be unable to think of the building as a whole. When he has planned for use, he has finished, and ambiguities in appearance, which have such disconcerting effects, will not be his business.

Loss of location leads to an abstraction of activity, and an abstract conception of activity makes for buildings without location, but there is also a way in which a modern building will positively promote abstraction of activity. A building which is self-sufficient, clear in structure and purpose, leaves you to your own devices, it does not in fact impose itself on you. A palace looks like a palace,



and once you are satisfied on that point, you could sleep on the floor. Whereas a building that is not self-sufficient only makes sense if you somehow become the person it was built for. Incompleteness has a coercive power. So to use Cripps, you must intuit what 'a student' is.

The architect has not left you short of clues. You are someone who sits at his desk and works (under the anglepoise lamp). You have one friend, but he doesn't stay long (the armchair has virtually no back to it). You stick to your subject, so the shelves provided will hold all your books. Your body requires warmth, but does not need to see a fire, so heat will come from strange 'boosters'. When work is over and sleep not yet begun, you may exercise your personality. If you have forgotten what it is, your posters, pinned to the boards provided, will remind you.

Of course, no-one can live like this. The student life, in its pure form, is a fiction. We keep our memories, and a sense of who and where we are, while college activities, and the kindness of Fellows and of fellow students, maintain some sort of sense of community. But the student life is not as much of a fiction as all that. In retrospect some of the insecurity I felt as a freshman was due to an uncertainty as to what 'a student' was supposed to do or to be; and I also attribute to that abstracted existence the characteristically modern sense of being cut off from the past generally, and also from my own past. In fact I remember welcoming this state. Nor is being 'a student' merely an internal condition. The dissolution of college life has been actively promoted by students themselves, who see no connection between the ancient institution and the activity in which they are engaged.

The university institutions have, as I see it, been caught in an unfortunate rebound. In architectural terms, they can best defend their meaning by putting up simple buildings with clear purposes, which otherwise leave the student alone. Ironically, however, it is their own loss of meaning, their diminished sense of the college as a whole body and the gradual replacement of the concept 'member' with the concept 'student', that they have so lovingly and conscientiously seen embodied in the new building. The architect also plans principally for life conceived of as activity, which effectively prevents him thinking of the building as a whole, and this denies it the possibility of 'belonging'. At the same time, the abstraction of activity entailed by this loss of location is reinforced by what has been put into, as well as what is left out of, the design. Consequently the new buildings have a demoralising effect on those who arrive with an idea of Cambridge life as something complete; but they may also help to create that abstract student, whose existence further challenges the plausibility of college life as standing for anything of significance or value.

David Thistlethwaite

Restoring the Chapel Ceiling

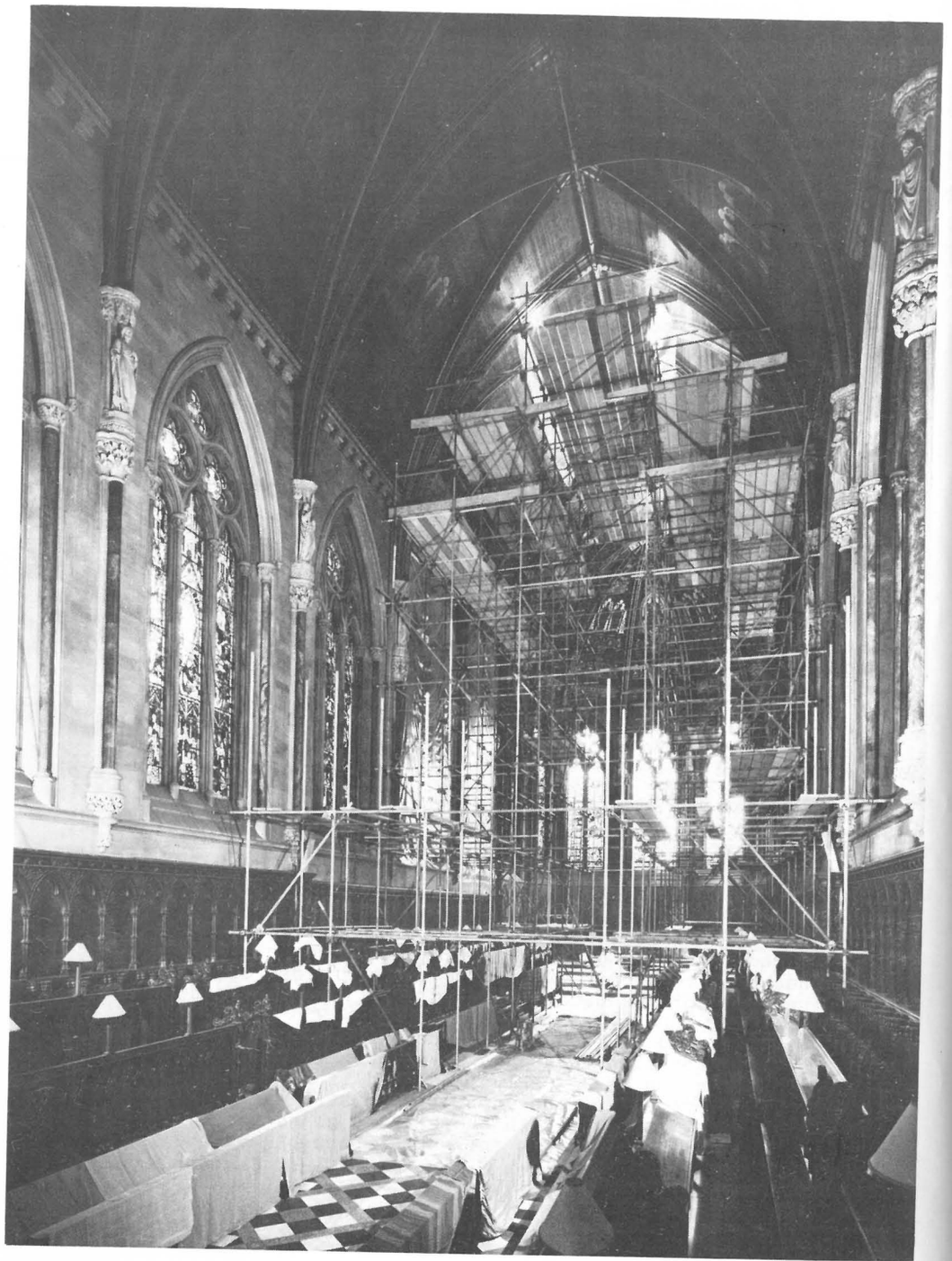
The cleaning and restoration of the painted ceiling in the Chapel has just been completed, and as this was an event of some significance in the life and history of the College it was felt that an account of the undertaking would be of interest to Johnians past and present.

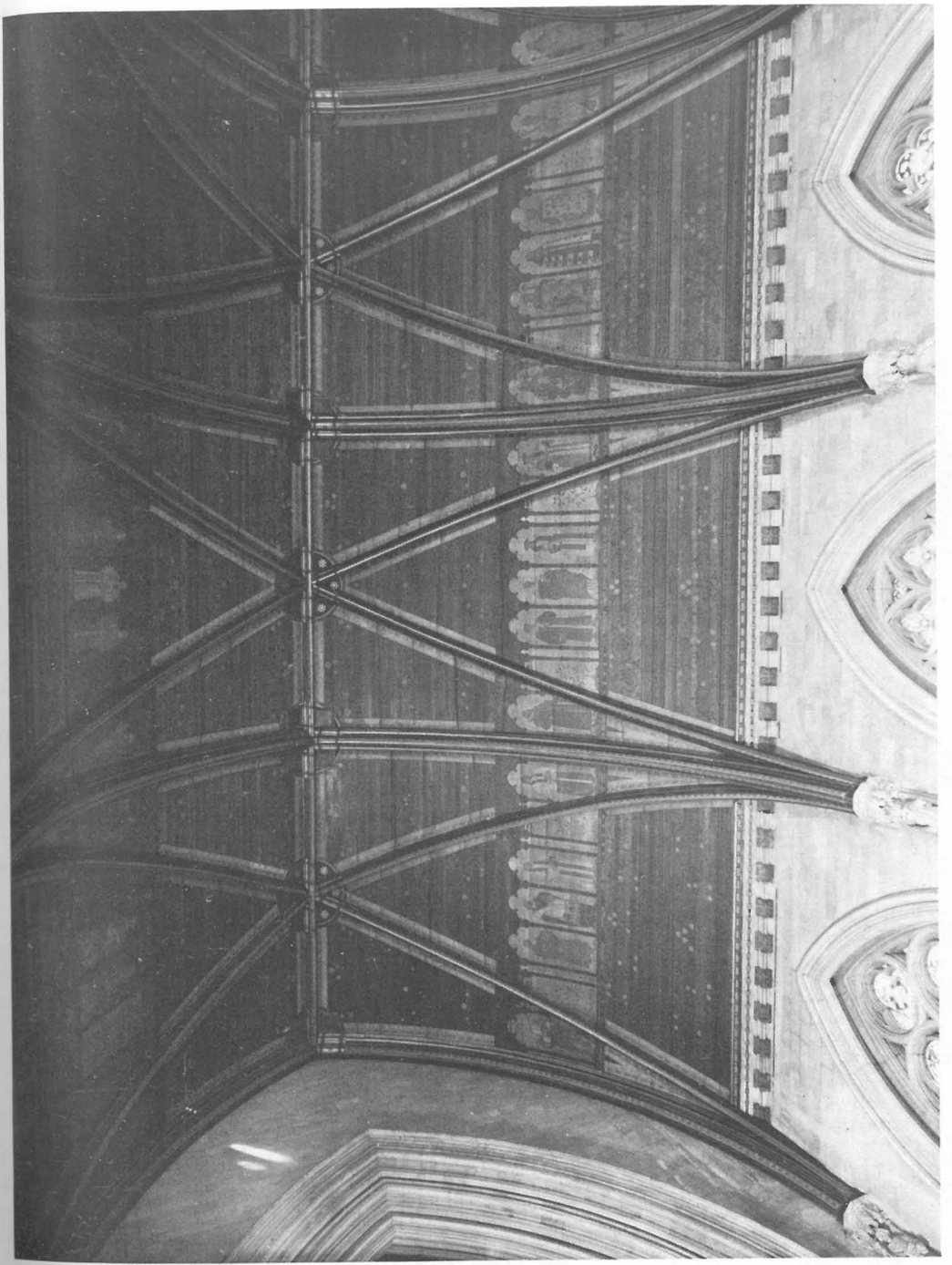
From the turn of the century until quite recently, Victorian architecture and the decorative arts had been ignored by the general public who for the most part neither knew nor cared, and treated with scorn and derision by the cognoscenti who tended to regard everything after 1830 with ill-concealed contempt. Worse still, they caused or connived at the needless destruction of countless buildings of great merit, churches, schools, town and country houses and public buildings, and where this proved impossible for one reason or another, went to extraordinary lengths to deface and disguise them so that they are no longer of architectural interest or account.

St. John's Chapel came in for as much villification as any of its contemporaries, and loud were the critics in their condemnation of the building itself and it
fortunately theirs was a passive campaign, never translated into action, and today the Chapel stands intact and largely unaltered. Sounder and more reasonable judgements now prevail, the atmosphere has changed, and the work of such architects as Gilbert Scott, G.E. Street, J.L. Pearson and G.F. Bodley is held in high regard, and in this more enlightened climate St. John's can be justly proud of having what must be regarded as one of the finest and most successful Gothic Revival chapels in the country.

The building was completed in 1869 and the design owes much to the Decorated or "middle pointed" period, which was then almost universally held to be the only correct style for all ecclesiastical building. By a happy chance for Scott, who was one of the strongest advocates of this view, it reflected the style of the old chapel, dating from about 1280, before Bishop Fisher clothed it in a Tudor mantle, then in the course of demolition.

The question of restoring the painted ceiling was raised in 1978, and after a preliminary inspection early in 1979 the decision to proceed was taken and work started in August. The ceiling had been obscured for so long under a blanket of accumulated grime, the details had been lost to view, and it was therefore difficult to follow the theme of the decoration and make any assessment of its artistic worth. Superficial cleaning in the 1950's did little to improve matters, and it is only now after the first comprehensive cleaning and restoration in a hundred and ten years that the decorative scheme can be properly seen, and is revealed as a work of historic importance and of considerable artistic merit. Moreover it is a fine example, together with the stained glass throughout the Chapel (except three windows in the north transept) of the long and very close collaboration between Gilbert Scott and Clayton & Bell,





the partnership he helped to found in 1855, and which in a few short years was to become the most celebrated firms of stained glass artists and muralists of the day.

The design and execution of the paintings is of the highest quality, the handling of the folds in the episcopal robes, notoriously difficult to portray, is done with consummate skill, and the whole work carried out with a degree of artistic sensitivity and excellence seldom found in the work of their contemporaries.

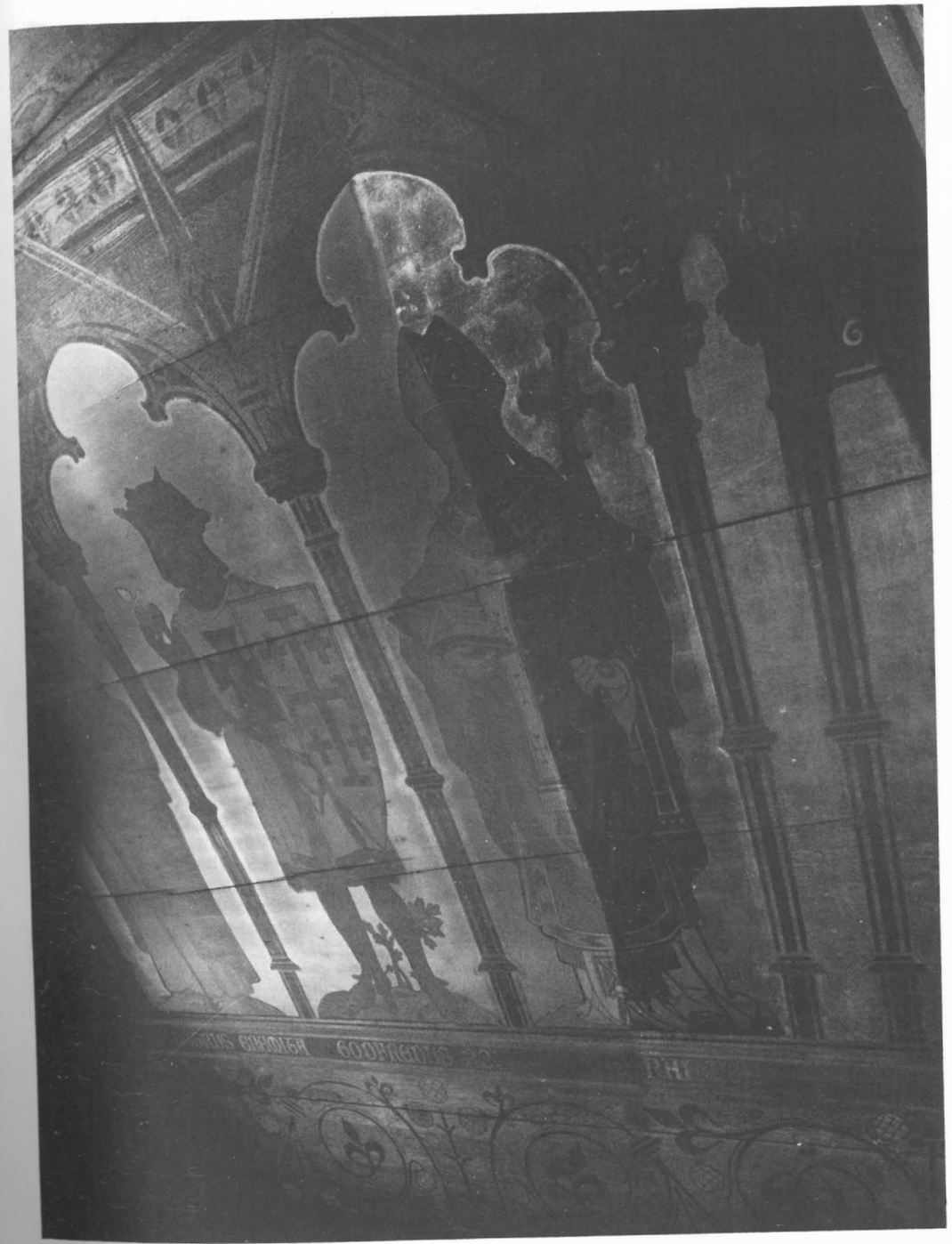
The vault or inner roof is made of oak, divided by main ribs into nineteen panelled sections, seven each side and five in the apse, each section subdivided by secondary ribs into three compartments, within which are groups of painted figures. Each group represents one century of the Christian era from the first to the nineteenth, the series forming a continuous arcade from east to west, starting with Christ in Majesty in the central panel of the apse flanked by St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp of the second century, St. Origen, St. Cyprian of the third, and ending with the nineteenth in the south west panel, with Wilberforce, the poet Wordsworth and The Master of St. John's, Dr. Wood.

The intervening centuries include such diverse figures as St. Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward the Confessor, Hadrian IV, the only English Pope, Henry VI, founder of Eton and Kings, Blaise Pascal and Sir Isaac Newton.

A full list is available elsewhere, but identification is now possible for those with keen eyes or a pair of binoculars, as their names appear on flat scrolls at the bottom of each figure.

As we have noted, the decorative scheme is based upon the arcade motif, each figure standing within a gabled niche of Gothic form, the spaces above and below filled with a stylised pattern of fruit, leaves and entwined foliage. The figures are two-thirds life size painted direct on to the oak panels in oil polychrome and with gilded backgrounds, and while the early kings, prophets and martyrs can only be imaginative representations, the later ones are all taken from known portraits or statuary. Each is robed in a style peculiar to his century and status, and many are shewn with a distinguishing mark or symbol, so that we see for instance St. Thomas Becket with his mitre pierced by a dagger, Henry Chichele carrying a model of All Souls, Oxford, and William Wilberforce with a pair of broken manacles at his feet.

During the cleaning it was obviously necessary to examine the paintwork closely, and it soon became clear that a number of alterations had been made, mostly of a minor nature, at the time of the original work or quite shortly after, which is not unusual. But not so with Vladimir. He can be seen in the panel over the left hand organ arch, and is described by Professor Babington, under the tenth century, as Vladimir the Great, Grand Duke of Russia. (Did they have Grand Dukes in the tenth century?) The figure we now see wears a short velvet coat trimmed with ermine, cossack-style boots and carries a sceptre with the double headed eagle. On his head is a crown of obvious nineteenth century origins, and with a short military haircut and clipped moustache he might have come straight from the Court at St. Petersburg. Clear signs of another figure, more appropriately clad for tenth century Russia, can be seen underneath.



Now who made such an alteration and why? Or was it just an artist's joke? Surely not. That generation of Victorians were not remarkable for their sense of humour, and certainly not in the House of God. A search through the relevant papers in the Library tells us nothing, so if any reader can solve the riddle please let me know.

During the last seven months the whole of the ceiling has been cleaned, the paintings recoloured and gilded where required and the necessary conservation work carried out to ensure their stability and good condition for the future. In no sense do I regard my work in this field as a licence to re-paint. I seek to preserve as much of the original as possible and make no attempt to restore the newly painted look, a tendency which I greatly deplore, as in so doing the inevitable and wholly desirable patination of the years is lost and the character of the original changed.

For most of this time the chapel has been disfigured by a forest of scaffolding, but to allow life to continue as normally as possible two bays only were dealt with at a time, starting in the apse and working westwards. The Dean and The Chaplain, though obviously dismayed, smiled bravely throughout, adopting from a most unlikely source the motto "we never closed". In the absence of Dr Guest on leave, it was left to Peter Hurford to maintain musical standards in the face of great difficulty and provocation, but his was the advantage in having at his disposal an instrument of such nerve-shattering power which, when played with the necessary determination effectively quelled all opposition. In fairness it must be admitted that he seldom had cause to do so.

So the tumult and the shouting dies, we have departed but the captains and the kings remain, high up in the ceiling, cleaned and refurbished, and does one perhaps detect a faint smile of satisfaction on the faces of the more worldly ones that they can now be seen again, and even recognised?

No account of the work done in the Chapel could be complete without mention of all those members of the College, The Bursar and Junior Bursar, The Dean, any number of Fellows, The Architect, The Librarian, The Organist, The Superintendent of Buildings, The Chapel Clerk, The Head Porter and his colleagues, The Lady Superintendent, the Buttery staff and countless undergraduates, who by their welcome and interest in our work made this one of our most enjoyable and rewarding jobs for many years.

Peter Larkworthy.

The Old Treasury and its Graffiti

The Old Treasury of St. John's, in first court on the second floor above the great gate, began to act as a respository for documents, money and plate soon after the foundation of the college. The statutes of 1524 direct that a great iron-bound chest holding three smaller chests is to be kept in the tower. One is to hold the college seal, foundation charter and letters patent, the second a reserve fund for loans in case of need, and the third any cash the college may have in hand. As the college acquired more land and hence more evidence of title, directions for storing documents had to be set out in greater detail. The statutes of 1530 envisage a number of 'capsae', or boxes, arranged by counties. In them are to be placed smaller wooden 'capsellae' holding the documents about each living and manor. Several such 'capsellae' remain in the archives, each with the name of a property on one end and equipped with a sliding lid.

The capsellae which survive mostly measure no more than four by nine by four inches and there must always have been documents too bulky to fit into them, even when folded. The problem would have increased as large deeds and estate maps, some of them over three feet square, began to be produced in the eighteenth century, while the records of the college's own administration increased in size and scope. A college order of 23 July 1737 directed that 'the senior bursar with any two of the fellows be empowered to call in Mr Yorke to assist them in revising and setting the writings in the Treasury to order'. There is no record of the method employed at that time, but a list dated 1787 shows alphabetical and numerical systems in operation, documents being stored in drawers boxes and trunks near the windows.

By 1849 'fireproof boxes' are mentioned in another list and these are probably the metal deed boxes some of which were transferred from the Treasury when a new fire-proof room was built next to the library in 1886. All the ancient records of the college, with a few exceptions, and the title deeds of its properties earlier than those of the nineteenth century were removed to the new room. The Treasury continued to hold some eighteenth century terriers and accounts and later leases of property, and to act as a place of deposit for recent bills, accounts, and other records of the administration including some papers of individual tutors. Throughout almost the whole of the Treasury's life as the major repository of the college a register has been kept in which withdrawals and returns of documents have been entered. Beginning in 1561, it is now continued as the register of the muniment room built in 1968 which replaced the fire-proof room.

During 1979 the Old Treasury was re-decorated, a new braced floor inserted, and new shelving put in to increase its capacity. The removal of old racking revealed a fireplace, the arch of which, when cleaned, was seen to bear several inscriptions photographs of

which are reproduced here. The inscriptions are the names of fellows of the college, some of them dated, between 1540 and 1600. Those clearly identified include: Roger Ascham 1542 (fellow 1534-54), John Tayler (Taylor) 'magister huius collegii et decanus Lincolniae' (master 1538-46, dean of Lincoln 1544-52), Thomas Fowle (Foule) (fellow 1550-3 when deprived with other protestant fellows, restored 1558-60), Thomas Randolph or Randall 1575 (fellow 1561-77), Gabriel Duckett 1570 (fellow 1563-72), William Fulke 1565, occurring also as Gulielmus Fulco (fellow 1563-77), Laurence Washington (fellow 1565-74), Walter Barker 1572 (fellow 1566-76), William Coell 1572 (fellow 1570-2), James Smith 1577 (fellow 1573-80), Edward Alvey 1574 (fellow 1570-6), Thomas Playfere (fellow 1584-1602), Robert Spalding (fellow 1592-1604).

The names are written in a variety of hands, from the beautiful humanistic script of 'Rogerus Ascham(us)' to the plain roman capitals of 'Iams Smith'. There seems no reason to doubt that they are holograph inscriptions. It is true that one only, that of William Fulke, closely matches the record of his admission as sacrist in the college admissions book. Allowances must, however, be made for the fact that these are scratchings in stone and Fulke's peculiarly straight hand would be easier to reproduce in that material.

One of the most interesting inscriptions, both because of its beauty and the learning of the man it commemorates, is that of Roger Ascham. The college library has a holograph manuscript of his, an exposition of the epistle to Philemon, written in 1542 the same year as the Treasury inscription.[1] The manuscript is in a true italic hand, angular and sloping, and the signature does not end in the medieval abbreviation for 'us'. Perhaps that would have seemed barbarous in the fair copy of a text. It was regularity and precision, seen even in a scratching on stone, which made Ascham's handwriting famous. As orator to the university from 1546 to 1554 he was in great demand as a writer of official letters which showed both his calligraphic skill and excellent literary style.[2]

Below and to the right of Ascham's inscription are two words in Greek which are transliterations of the Latin version of William Fulke (Gulielmus Fulco). The Hebrew letters beside 'Fulco' are those of the Divine Name - Yhwh - a reminder that this language as well as Latin and Greek was prescribed for study in the college in the early sixteenth century.[3] Ascham and Fulke were both leading protestants in the college after the reformation, but men of contrasting tempers. Ascham was fully a part of the new state-church of Henry VIII: protestant scholar and courtier, author of the Scholemaster and of Toxophilus, a book on archery dedicated to the king. As a writing-master he instructed Edward VI, and he was tutor to Elizabeth. Fulke, by contrast, was a puritan who opposed those signs of external conformity in religion which the court sought to impose. It was Fulke who in 1565 succeeded in persuading fellows and undergraduates to appear in the college chapel without their surplices. Since the government had ordered their wearing as a sign of adherence to its religious settlement, including use of the prayer book, this meant political defiance. Fulke was expelled from the college but continued to lecture unofficially in the Falcon in Petty Cury. He was eventually rehabilitated, becoming master of Pembroke in 1578.

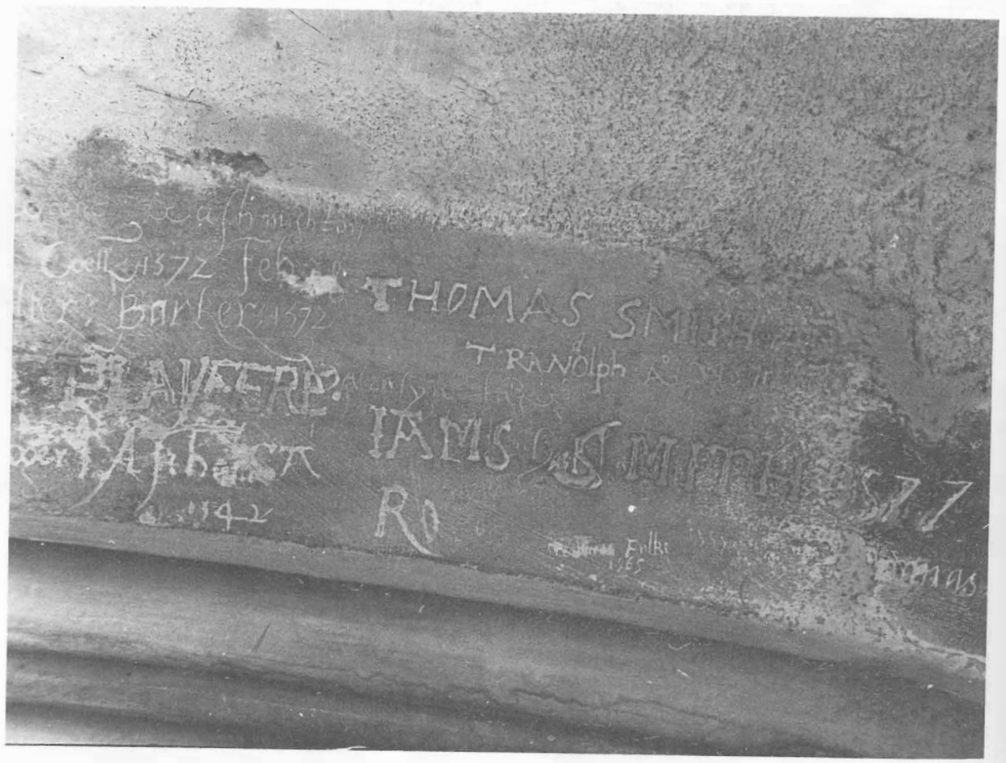
We do not know the occasions on which the inscriptions in the Treasury were made. The dates against some of them agree with land-

marks in the college careers of certain fellows: Duckett was junior bursar in 1569-70, William Fulke sacrist and preacher in 1565, Walter Barker principal lecturer in 1572, Edward Alvey examiner in rhetoric in 1574. This is not so in every case, however, and may be coincidental. None of these fellows was officially entered as witness in the borrowing book of the Treasury beginning in 1561, nor as depositor or withdrawer of sums of money from the chest. There is no record of other gatherings in the Treasury: the only person with official access might have been Duckett, holding a key as bursar. Wine was served, however, in the auditor's chamber at the times of account; perhaps in the aftermath of some such festivity it became the custom, for a while, to leave one's name in the Treasury stone.

M.G. Underwood (College Archivist)

Notes:

1. St. John's College MS L3, No. 360 in the catalogue by M.R. James.
2. See Lisa Jardine 'Humanism in St. John's' Eagle (Easter 1978) pp. 8-16.
3. I owe this information to the Librarian and the Dean of Chapel.



The Lady Margaret Ball

A Note on the Early History of the May Ball.

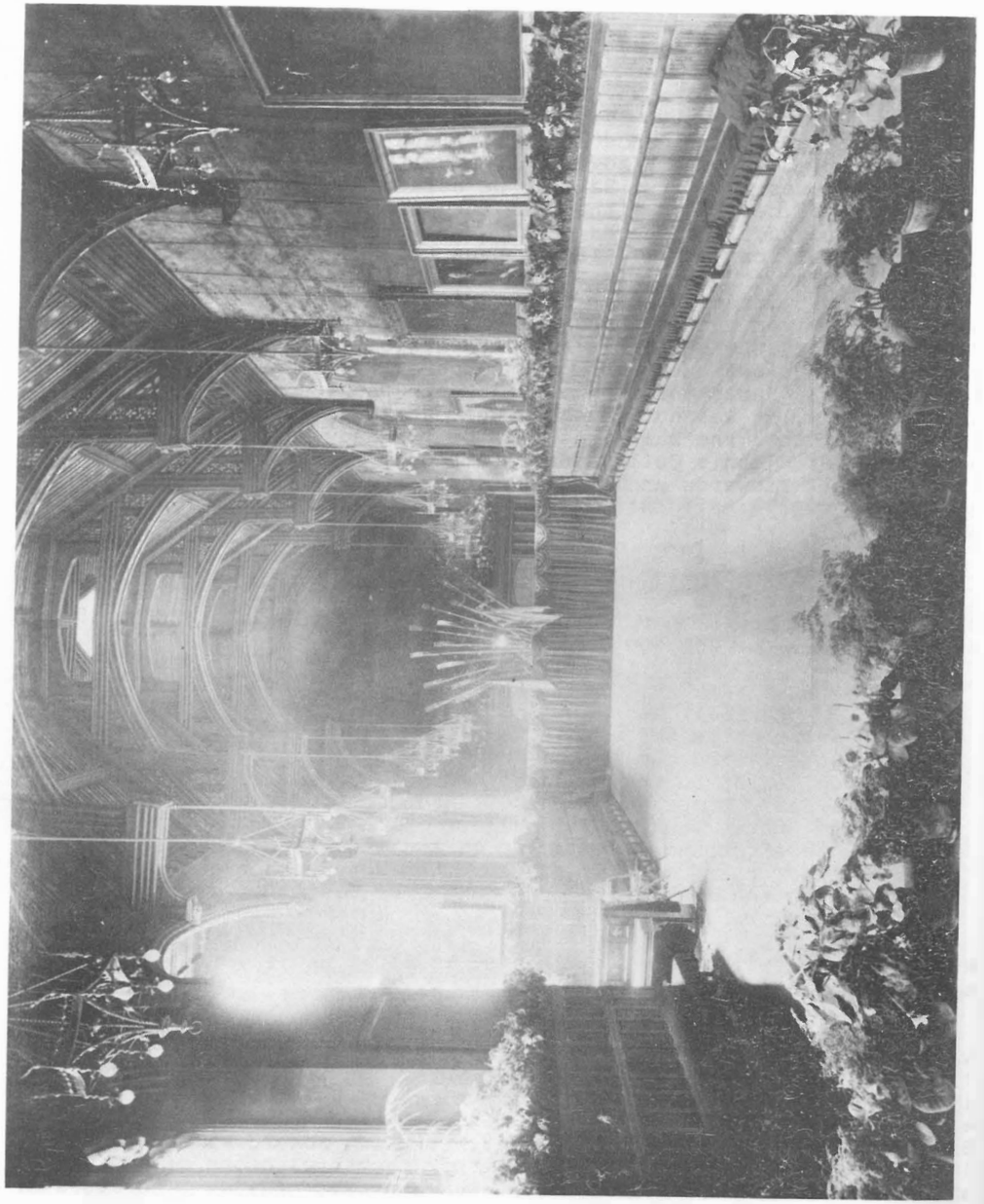
References to the May Ball first appear in the Eagle in 1895. Evidence of earlier Balls does, however, exist. In the College Library can be found a dance card, complete with a tiny pencil on a string, printed for the "Lady Margaret Ball" held on June 14, 1888. Whether this was the first Ball to be held cannot now be determined. The pattern of card used either was then or rapidly became standard, since it was exactly repeated on the next oldest preserved card - that for a Ball on June 17, 1892. Even the band was the same: "Mr. Dan Godfrey's Quadrille Band", conductor Mr. Dan Godfrey, junior. The printed circular advertising the 1892 St. John's College Ball has survived and it announced that the Ball would be held in the Master's Lodge, the supper in the Combination Room and that the cost would be one guinea a ticket. The numbers of tickets sold would be limited by the "Accommodation available in the Lodge", although, unfortunately, it was not revealed what that was thought to be. It is not clear when the Ball ceased to be the Lady Margaret Ball and became the St. John's College Ball, although it is plain from the lists of Ball Stewards and from the decoration in the photograph of Hall for the 1898 Ball that the Boat Club retained an almost proprietorial interest.

By 1895, the event had obviously become an accepted if not yet annual feature of the College's early summer celebrations, for it made its first appearance in the Eagle. In "Our Chronicle" for 1895 a Ball held in the College Hall was reported.

> The College Ball
>
> The Ball was held on Tuesday night, and as all former ones was quite successful. Lyons laid the floor; a large marquee was put up in the Chapel Court and the garden of the Lodge, owing to the kindness of the Master, was illuminated with fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns. The band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey was in attendance, and occupied a daïs in the South oriel. In spite of the fact that no less than seven other balls were held on the same night, the number of visitors was larger even than before .....

More modern committees would find the implicit anxiety in the last sentence quite familiar.

From 1895-1907, the Ball, now usually called the "College Ball" was held, if enough support was forthcoming during the Lent Term. By 1907, the Ball was enjoying a sufficiently continuous life to generate its own account book, and in it can be found the accounts for Balls in each year until 1914, except 1910, when, though fully arranged, the Ball was cancelled following the death of King Edward VII on May 6, 1910. The account for 1907 reveals that the total costs of the Ball amounted to £223 - 5s - 0d., and showed a profit of 1½d. The costs of



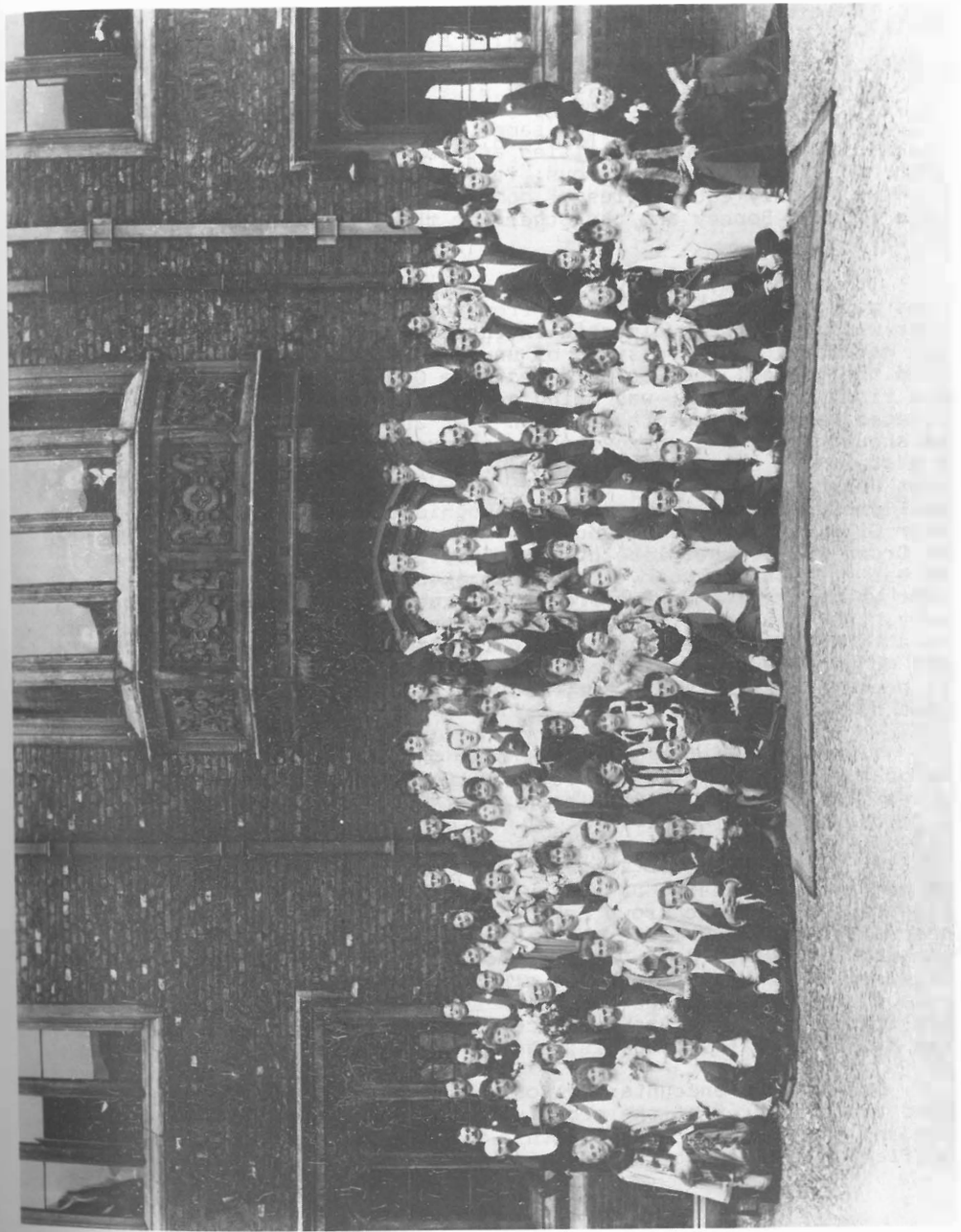
the Ball held in 1979 were nearly £28,000. It is interesting to observe that in 1907, the costs of the Ball supper were a very much larger proportion of the whole than nowadays, and the expenditure on entertainment very much less, generally being confined to one band. This band tended always to be the obviously valued Mr. Dan and then Mr. Charles Godfrey, until they were superseded by Herr Moritz Wurm in the years just before 1914.

The 1914 war put a stop to the Ball, but it was revived in 1920, to the very obvious delight of its reviewer in the Eagle; he recorded:

> The College Ball
>
> This year, for the first time since 1914, the College has held a Ball: and, if we may say so without blowing our own trumpets, it was a Ball. Nothing could be quite so beautiful as Hall, the panel ledges smothered in flowers, and Lady Margaret herself almost framed in green. Well done, the College garden!
>
> Then the sitting-out places - the Master's garden a mass of wee lights, all the paths in Chapel Court lit up, and an amazing labyrinth of tents. Everyone lost his or her way once or twice, and strayed into a jolly panelled place, which turned out to be the Combination Room staircase.
>
> And that brings me to supper and the Combination Room. Not being a gastronomist, I can't produce any expert opinion on the former, though it was most good, but the Room itself - well, it just was the Room. There was a mist of candle light and voices, and I thought that old Sam Parr's smile grew even broader.
>
> As to the dance itself, of course a dance is really a matter of partners, so I may have been peculiarly lucky. But the indispensable adjuncts were entirely A 1: the wonderful man Newman and his myrmidons kept us going so strong that at half-past six or so, after the last extra and Mr. Stearn's operations, there were still 250 out of 300 starters to cope with the last jump, "Auld Lang Syne" jazzed.
>
> The floor had its defects: the parquet panels gaped at times, but it had all the qualities of ice in perfect order just before a big thaw. As a partner of mine remarked, expressively though without entire originality, she could have danced till doomsday; I fancy she said, "Like billy oh!"
>
> So that was the College dance, and we have got to thank Mrs. Masters and everybody that worked for its success. As for the Committee I don't know quite who they were, but the Laws (with and without an "e") and Alldred made themselves infernal nuisances for weeks before, so I think they must have worked hard. The Master's Sam Browne was an utter delight: and Mr. Armitage appeared to think that his life depended on everyone having partners: if it did he saved it.
>
> After the ceremony I myself drank beer in the Buttery. And so to bed.

By 1926, when the Ball was last advertised in the Eagle, it had apparently become so expected a part of May Week, that it ceased to be reviewed in the Eagle. The notices had in any case been taking on a somewhat blasé air, with mild complaints about lack of vigour on the part of the band, or lack of vigour on the part of the committee - by now so called rather than Stewards - for being slower to purchase their own floor than other Colleges. This they did in 1924. The size of the Ball also seems to have grown, for the habit of having a Marquee, or, indeed, several, became common, perhaps after the committee was released from the expense of hiring a floor each year. It all begins to sound as if the Ball was well on the way to becoming the kind of event that, now it has become so much smaller again, we know today; although today's Ball no longer uses Marquees, and offers an infinitely wider variety of entertainment. It does not, however, go on any longer: a great habit of the early Balls was for the Stewards to be photographed having their breakfast on the following morning, whereas last year's Committee photograph was taken at about midnight. The Stewards all looked very well considering....

R.T.B. Langhorne



Dr Bonney and the Crown Prince

In the Easter 1979 issue of The Eagle a review of the book Penrose to Cripps refers, on page 28, to Dr T.G. Bonney (1833-1923). Those of us who entered St. John's at the end of the 1914-18 war knew him only as a distant and intermittent figure without whom the College would not be quite the same. Through all his long life he retained those critical faculties and forceful means of expression which had early made him famous; it was rumoured that the Steward kept two roughly equal files of complaints from Fellows - one for those from Dr Bonney and the other for those from the remaining Fellows.

It was, if my memory is correct, on a summer's day in 1921 that I was going to fetch my bicycle from the ground floor room in First Court which was the cycle shed in those days. As I approached the main gateway there were signs of unusual activity and expectancy. I asked the reason, and was told that the Crown Prince of Japan, then on a visit to England, was being shown round some of the Cambridge colleges, and was expected in John's at any moment. Not knowing what one should do if one unexpectedly met such a personage, I took refuge on a staircase near the cycle shed which had a window with a view of First Court. Before long there appeared from under the gateway a small group of men, among whom I recognised the Vice-Chancellor, Peter Giles, Master of Emmanuel College. He was evidently conducting the Crown Prince who, like his small retinue, was immaculate in silk top hat and morning coat. They had taken only a few steps into the court when I saw, emerging from the Screens on the far side of the court, the unmistakable figure of Dr Bonney. Never over-careful in his attire, he was wearing (as usual in summer) a very sunburnt straw hat; on account of a chronic stiffness in his neck (he was then 88) his head, and with it his hat, had a permanent tilt to one side. One could not mistake him.

I was petrified. There was only one path down the centre of the court. The Crown Prince would naturally expect anyone else on it to keep out of his way; with equal certainty Dr Bonney would give way to no one on his ground.

At last they met. The Vice-Chancellor stretched out a kindly arm and almost gathered Dr Bonney into the small company, while presenting him to the Crown Prince as one of the most treasured possessions of the College. The Crown Prince took off his hat and remained bareheaded during the introduction. His companions did likewise. Dr Bonney raised his old boater politely but immediately replaced it. The retinue looked to see such arrogance punished by a bolt from heaven: the Crown Prince more sensibly replaced his topper; they diffidently followed his lead.

During this encounter Dr Bonney managed to keep shifting slowly round the perimeter of the group until he had got himself between them and the gateway. Then, with a final raising of his hat, he shuffled on to the gateway and made his escape.

It was a memorable overlapping of two centuries and two cultures. More than fifty years later the Crown Prince, now Emperor, is still alive. Dr Bonney's prophetic vision is hardly likely to have extended to World War II, Pearl Harbour and Hiroshima. The Crown Prince, one hopes, was equally lacking in foresight; if not, he may have had the consolation of foreseeing more distantly a visit to him, as Emperor of Japan, by an English princess to whom he would read some of his own poems; did he, one wonders, ever see the one in which an Eton College magazine celebrated his visit to that academy? And did Dr Bonney's nightmares ever include a glimpse of the next Crown Prince entertaining at a reception a woman prime minister of the United Kingdom?

J.T. Combridge (B.A. 1921)

The Wordsworth Heritage Appeal

In a Progress Report issued 25 May 1979, the Chairman of the Wordsworth Heritage Appeal (launched April 1977) stated that the Appeal had passed its first target of £200,000, and had achieved two of its four major objectives. Johnians will be pleased to learn that the College has both raised money for the Appeal, and itself has given substantial sums, specified in the Report. The first objective was to buy an important collection of Wordsworth and Coleridge papers that came on the market in July 1977, including the earliest Mss. of one of Coleridge's most important poems, 'Dejection: An Ode', and some love-letters which passed between Wordsworth and his wife Mary. The second objective was a major restoration of Dove Cottage, Grasmere, the Wordsworths' home during the great creative years 1799-1808. Objectives still to be met are the conversion of the stone-built nineteenth century coach-house behind Dove Cottage, to replace the old Museum (opened 1936), and the rehousing of the Library in the old Museum.

Johnians wishing to see the full Report, or wishing to make contributions to the Appeal, are invited to write to the Chairman, The Trustees of Dove Cottage, Grasmere, Ambleside, Cumbria, LA22 9SG.

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The Commemoration Sermon, 1980... by C.H. Cripps

At the time when I accepted the invitation to be the Preacher at this Commemoration of Benefactors, I consulted the Book of that name in the Old Testament - better known to you all as Ecclesiastes - and from that book in the Revised Standard Version, I take my text today - Chapter 5, Verses 19 and 20:

> Every man also, to whom God has given wealth and possessions, and power to enjoy them, and to accept his lot, and find enjoyment in his toil. This is the gift of God. For he will not much remember the days of his life, because God keeps him occupied, with joy in his heart.

I chose this text, understanding the word 'wealth' to signify not so much the modern narrow financial interpretation such as the cash credit balance at a bank, but in the fullest sense 'prosperity', valuable possessions not only of a material nature, but rich in friends and associates, and with ability to influence affairs; wealth in availability of time and opportunity; wealth in talent and expertise to solve problems, both practical and theoretical, by research and by diligent and efficient pursuit of matters in commerce, industry and administration. I also take the word 'man' to mean both male and female, and in a corporate sense to include groups and bodies of people, of which this College of ancient and illustrious foundation is but an example. I chose this text also, because this year - for the first time, the name of my father, Cyril Thomas Cripps, Knight, appears in the roll of our benefactors, following upon his death in June last, in his 88th year.

Some 45 years ago, during the time I was an undergraduate, he often came to services in this chapel, but in more recent times he only came here once as a guest, to a May 6th Ante Portam Latinam Feast, and to the opening ceremony of the Cripps Building in May 1967. What manner of man was he? How did his family become connected with St. John's? What help has each rendered to the other? And why? He was born in London of humble folk. His mother came from Southwold in Suffolk where her family was concerned with local longshore fishing. His father, a carpenter and joiner, came from Westcott, near Waddesdon in Buckinghamshire, where his parents farmed a smallholding. Brought up under stern discipline at home, Cyril Cripps had no option but to start work early in his youth. Dismissed from his father's business for being a few minutes late one day, he set out to gain valuable business experience elsewhere, starting at the lowest rung and climbing upwards.

When the First World War cut off supplies of components for the musical instrument industry - principally the manufacture of pianos - he seized the opportunity to seek out alternative sources of supply in Great Britain to replace those in Germany that had hitherto held the monopoly. Then he set up his own business to factor the requirements of the pianoforte constructors, in London. Exercising strict economies, not least at home, and loyally supported by my mother, who

I am delighted to say, is able to be with us here today, he was able to begin manufacture of metal components himself. One product was the continuous piano hinge. A more robust version of this, was needed in the early 1920's by the nascent motor car industry. He moved to Roade in Northamptonshire on January 1st, 1923, to be closer to Coventry, Birmingham, Luton and Oxford. Development and diversification was uppermost in all that he did and when after six-teen years a balance sheet that showed a small surplus for the first time was treated with disbelief, it was rechecked more than once, to make sure.

The Second World War created challenges which had to be over-come, and this imposed severe disruption to a small but efficiently run business. Production was switched to armaments, components for military aircraft, and a multiplicity of items used for navigational aids for the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm, as well as parts for military vehicles. The Ministry of Aircraft Production was mystified by the ability of the firm to make better quality products for about half the price charged by their other suppliers. This was not achieved by any harsh or unsympathetic treatment of employees. Quite the opposite. The secret of good relations between management, staff and employees, was providing purposeful leadership, which encouraged team spirit, and rewarded merit. Cyril Cripps introduced many reforms for the benefit of the workforce, well ahead of the general conditions of employment prevailing at the time; and in return, he received the confidence and backing to meet all the tasks that befell the company.

After the war, this discipline of dedication to the trade culminated in an enormous demand for the Company's products, and during 1948 a massive expansion of buildings and manufacturing facilities, as well as recruitment and training of staff had to be undertaken. It was when this phase was completed, the problem arose about how to make the best use of the wealth being created, which was not then needed for expansion. To begin with, donations were made by the business. Later, he and members of his family gave freely of their shares to form the Cripps Foundation. During this later period, my father took a keen interest in local affairs and local Government, serving on the District Council (becoming its Chairman) and on the County Council as Councillor and then as Alderman. In this way, he became more aware of the needs of others.

How did the connection with the College arise? It follows from my earlier remarks that in my childhood, my sisters and I were sub-ject to rather sterner disciplines than those of the modern child. Not only at home, but also when staying with <u>both</u> our grandmothers. It was natural therefore, that from State Elementary Schools, we should gain Scholarships for our secondary education. I remember vividly, coming to Cambridge to take the March Scholarship examina-tions in 1934, and during one afternoon between exams I set out to explore the Colleges. It was a marvellous sunny Spring day. On entering the Main Gate of this College, I was impressed by the long vista through "the tunnel" to Third Court. I was entranced by Second Court, surely the finest in the University; and then, after crossing the Bridge of Sighs, (a favourite illustration of Cambridge in rail-way carriages at the time), suddenly at the New Court Gate, the breathtaking view of the 'Backs', Wren's Bridge, and the long avenue from that Bridge, westward.

Despite being offered places elsewhere after the exams, I applied for admission to the Senior Tutors at Jesus and St. John's.

(Jesus - because some friends from my school were there.) Manning of Jesus replied with regret that they were full; J.M. Wordie said he would put me up for admission at the next College Elections Committee. In a short time it was settled. Later, an incident occurred that led me to believe my admission may have been a case of mistaken identity. I went to James Wordie, my Tutor, for a University Library Form. He gave it me - with initials R.S. and not C.H. - which made me wonder whether he had been thinking of some other man all along. My rooms when in College, C 5 New Court. This set had a splendid view south-ward over the 'Backs', but the bedroom overlooked the old fishponds area between New Court and Magdalene. It was a depressing sight - mostly dumps of old building materials, storage sheds - long grass, unkempt - and the College Bathouse apart, it was not a pretty "sight". I often thought someone ought to attend to this. I did not think then that some 25 years later, I would be personally involved. Thus by such fortuitous and providential means was the link forged.

The story of the benefaction is as follows. In 1948 the University College at Nottingham received its charter and became Nottingham University. It made an appeal for funds, both from the civic authorities and from industry in the region. By 1953 the family business was producing a surplus beyond its own needs for expansion. The family, from its previous discipline, had no extrava-gant personal needs to satisfy. We sought some 'raison d'ētre', some new, worthwhile objective to provide us with the incentive to go on working. We went to Nottingham and met their Vice-Chancellor, an inspiring personality, Bertrand Leslie Hallward, a former Cambridge man, engaged in building a new University, and distilling all the best of Cambridge into it. What a wonderful opportunity for anyone! Later, I learned much from him on how to tackle the problems that beset those engaged in the planning and construction of university buildings. This experience clearly whetted our appetite for more. In January 1958, this College sent out its appeal for funds, partly to finance the restoration of the existing fabric, and partly to put up new buildings to house Fellows and undergraduates who could no longer obtain lodgings out of College, and to relieve the pressures on those who were compelled to share rooms.

I suppose that Sir James Wordie, then the Master, and Dr. John Boys Smith, Senior Bursar, knew just how much the College needed the additional accommodation. However, I doubt that it may have crossed their minds that such a new and fascinating challenge was of help to us, giving us a new objective to work for, in order to raise the sums that would be needed. Shortly after our first meeting, they obtained prior knowledge of the impending appeal for Churchill College. With-out hesitation, and quite unselfishly, they immediately offered to release us from the undertaking to finance the College's new buildings project. We, however, felt, quite apart from the fact that "Charity begins at Home", that a nation-wide appeal would most probably produce the funds required for Churchill, whereas our expectation, from past experience, was that this College might not succeed in raising the funds for new buildings as well as restoring the existing fabric, unless we gave our support. Later events tended to prove this. Subsequently it was decided to build a sufficient number of new sets of rooms to make the College almost completely residential, and naturally negotiations were kept confidential only to a few until full costs were known, the plans and design settled, and sufficient funds earned to pay for it.

In October last, at the Service of Thanksgiving for my father's life in Peterborough Cathedral, the Bishop described him as a 'secret man'. The word "secret" surprised me. He merely did good by stealth, largely because he was a shy, modest man, and hated publicity - especially of the modern kind. He held that if the benefaction provided all that was expected of it, and was fully used, and especially if it had been built in the best quality and at a minimum cost - that was the satisfaction, and that the reward. As St. Paul said, 'Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than receive." (Acts, Chapter 20, Verse 35.) There can be no question that my father obtained much enjoyment by following this precept.

I have already observed that the College was of help to us. It gave us a challenge and a target. In serving on the New Buildings Committee under Dr. Boys Smith's chairmanship, I learned much about the administration of the College - an unusual postgraduate course which lasted 9 years! The College was most fortunate to have such a chairman at such a vital time in its existence. He knew and understood the historic background of those unique bodies, the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, which owed their existence entirely to benefactors commencing from their medieval foundations, and he also was well aware of the needs of this society in this second half of the Twentieth Century. He had power to act and did just that, with great effect. Perhaps the best performance was the acquisition of the Merton Land at long last. Having made substantial improvements in the financial affairs and in the administration of the College estates, on becoming Master he turned his attention to the preservation of the fabric - to buildings, old and new - and to the College grounds. He must surely rank as one of our greatest benefactors. What a privilege to serve under such expert tuition.

I come to my peroration, by returning to the text. Whether you are a practising Christian or an unbeliever you will, I am sure, admit that the tenets, customs and teachings of the Christian faith do contribute to an orderly, considerate, and compassionate society, and do make possible happiness and contentment for those who work hard and diligently for their ideals and objectives. Indeed when these principles are followed in trade and commerce, the business is usually quite successful - so it can be said to be good business! I have given examples of two or three individuals. It can also apply to a Governing Body. Fellows and members of the College enjoy the buildings and their setting, and all the constituents of a well ordered society. All of this comes from those Benefactors of past ages, who in their time had faith in the future. But for their faith in the future, we would have inherited nothing. In a materialistic and selfish age, that selfless devotion to an ideal stands out like a beacon - a shining example for us all!

The challenge to us must surely be that we in our generation, blessed as we are with modern technology, are not lacking in the ability, not only to maintain, preserve, and improve both the material and spiritual heritage, but that it should be handed on to our successors so that they too in turn will be grateful to us for having passed this way. You have in recent years carried this one stage further, by sharing your good fortune with other Colleges much less fortunate in their endowments. I am indeed proud to be a member of a College with such a record. It is a fine thing to be a good neighbour.

We live in troubled times. The world scene is sombre. The fortunes of our country are being choked by the toils and evils of inflation, eating into the vitals of society generally. In my opinion, the Christian principles that create the possibility of Benefactors, are also the only principles that will give people the will to bring the nation out of this crisis. Only the principles will give the motivation to put the necessary energies into producing more wealth. How happy everyone might be if they did not stint their energies to produce more wealth, and may I conclude with the words of the Preacher -"God keeps him occupied with joy in his heart."

C. Humphrey Cripps

Gifts and Bequests to the College, 1979-1980

The American Friends of Cambridge University gave $6, 420, of this $1,200 has been added to the Choir Music Tuition Fund, $820 to the Research Grants Fund and $4,400 to the newly established Overseas Studentships Fund.

The Institute of Bankers gave two silver pepper mills inscribed 'Presented by the Institute of Bankers August 1979'.

Mrs Benians (widow of E.A. Benians, B.A. 1906, Fellow 1906-33, Master 1933-52) bequeathed £100 to which no special conditions were attached. The bequest was added to the capital of the General Bequests Fund.

Dr and Mrs Hollick gave two plants, Viburnum Tomentosum 'Mariesii'.

Mr T.B. Robinson bequeathed £500 to which no special conditions were attached. The bequest was added to the General Bequests Fund, the income to be used for the Tutors' Praeter Fund.

The total value of the bequest of the late Mr Cecil Jenkins (see The Eagle, Easter 1980) was £163,933.47.

Dr Alexander gave a small silver inkwell engraved on the lid with a leaf and flower pattern.

Mr E.D. Berridge (B.A. 1924) bequeathed £250 to which no special conditions were attached. The bequest was added to the General Bequests Fund.

Mr R.G.A. Remington (B.A. 1959) gave a copy by him of a portrait of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston (M.A. 1806) by F. Cruikshank, which is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Mr G.S. Driver (B.A. 1960), on behalf of the Milford Docks Company, agreed to subscribe £1,500 a year for seven years to establish a fund whose principal and income is to be used to provide scholarships and exhibitions for students from Milford Haven and from the old County of Pembrokeshire, surplus income to be used to overcome temporary financial hardship of any resident undergraduate.

Miss K.C. Prior (daughter of Alfred Hall Prior, B.A. 1880) bequeathed £10,000 for the establishment of an Alfred Hall Prior Scholarship, Exhibition or Studentship.

The beneficiaries under the will of the late Mr. E.C. Bewley (B.A. 1924) have agreed to meet the entire cost (£2,857.74 of the sound reinforcement system in the Hall (reported as an anonymous contribution in last year's Eagle).

A number of the younger Fellows gave a pencil portrait by Dr Chase of Mr R.C. Fuller, Head Porter.

Antipodean Connexions...by J.A.W. Bennett

The Cambridge connexion with the Antipodes may be said to have begun when in October 1774, Omai, the first Polynesian to come to Britain - he had been picked up by one of Cook's captains and was duly returned to his Pacific isle - visited the University under the tutelage of Sir Joseph Banks. It was reported that 'the Doctors and Professors struck him wonderfully, and he would fain have done homage to some, supposing them in near relation to the Deity'. One George Cumberland of Magdalene, who was present when he visited the Senate House, wrote that Omai behaved 'with wonderful care and propriety', declining snuff because 'my nose be no hungry'.[1] It was Magdalene (not St. John's, as was long thought) that produced Samuel Marsden, who on Christmas Day 1814 first preached the gospel in New Zealand. Three years later he was sending to Cambridge two Maori pupils, Tui and Titoria: they were to help that remarkable self-taught linguist Samuel Lee to complete the first Maori dictionary. By 1819 Lee had become Professor of Arabic, but the Church Missionary Society was able to produce his Grammar and Vocabulary of the Gothic Language (a work not mentioned in Venn's Alumni) in 1820. In that year he had had the assistance of two very colourful characters, the Maori chiefs Waikato and Hongi Hika, accompanied by Thomas Kendall, a missionary of very different stamp from Marsden, whose life has furnished matter for a play. At Cambridge, said the Sydney Gazette, they were 'entertained in the most obliging manner by Professor Lee, and introduced to the Vice-Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Clarke, Rev. Mr. Mandell (a notable Evangelical and book-collector), Rev. Mr. Gee, Professor Farish, Surgeon, the Baron de Thierry, and many other distinguished officers and members of that University'.

If in this list of names that of Baron de Thierry strikes an odd note it was to strike an odder one in New Zealand history. For whilst Lee was gathering from the Maoris materials for the Dictionary, de Thierry, son of an emigré, who had lately migrated from Oxford to Queens', was negotiating with them for the purchase of a tract of the North Island of New Zealand which he was later to claim as his veritable kingdom. Of the other persons named above, Gee had been a sizar at John's before becoming a Fellow of Sidney and Lecturer at Great St. Andrews, a post that bespeaks his Evangelical sympathies.

It was with such men as Gee that the young Macaulay, in his first years at Trinity, kept company. He was in residence at the very time that our two Maoris were daily walking Trumpington Street or King's Parade. In a Cambridge far smaller than it is now, with perhaps less than a thousand undergraduates, he must have heard of them, if not seen them. It may be conjectured that his famous New Zealander (certainly a Maori, not a Pakeha), whom he was to envisage gazing on the ruins of London Bridge,[2] embodied a recollection of a Cambridge encounter.

The colonisation of New Zealand did not begin till 1840, and a Johnian who had some literary fame in his day was amongst the early emigrants (Oxford's counterpart was Tom Arnold, the poet's brother). Alfred Domett's career was recalled (but his name mis-spelt and his verse over-valued) in a recent issue of The Eagle (1977). He is the Waring of Browning's 'What's become of Waring?' and had gone down in 1837 without taking a degree. Five years later he landed at Wellington. He became Surveyor-General - naming streets in a newly laid-out town after poet friends in England - and was for a brief time Prime Minister. He returned to England to write the longest poem on New Zealand ever penned. His juvenile Poems (1833) came into St. John's Library as late as the 1940s. An earlier Johnian (Sir) William Martin (BA 1829), the first judge in the new colony, stayed for some thirty years, constantly championing Maori interests: sometimes in opposition to Domett, as in 1860 when he supported a Maori chief who objected to the sale of tribal lands. In the troubled years 1861-3, (Sir) John Gorst (F. 1857-60) was Civil Commissioner for the Waikato, and his book The Maori King (1864) shows his love and understanding of the Maoris and their leaders. His later career is recounted in The Eagle xxxviii, 280, where it is suggested that Bishop Selwyn had induced him to go out to the new colony. Not till the time of the First World War did other Johnians figure prominently in New Zealand affairs; but then emerged Col. (Sir) John Allen, Minister of Defence, and (Sir) Francis Dillon Bell (BA 1873), both of whom were active in politics for many years. Dillon Bell's brother, E.H. Bell, (BA 1877), who took orders, died when only 36.

It was Gorst's contemporary George Augustus Selwyn (F. 1831) who as first bishop of New Zealand forged the firmest links between Cambridge and the new country. An early embodiment of Kingsley's muscular Christianity - he was President of L.M.B.C. - he had the physical energy that travel 'in the bush' demanded, and Punch paid him due tribute. Here we need only note that he named the first theological college after his alma mater;[3] the wooden gothic chapel he designed for it is still in use, and in our day St. John's Auckland has supplied a Dean of St. Paul's London.

A Commemoration preacher in 1890 reminded his hearers that Selwyn had learnt Maori and the art of navigation on the long voyage to the Antipodes. It may be doubted whether many of his successors did as much, but his other achievements kindled missionary zeal in several Johnians. Amongst them was Thomas Whytehead (F. 1837-43) who died within two years of joining him as chaplain: he is figured in the roof of the Chapel for which he provided the eagle lectern;[4] and Thomas Biddulph Hutton, once a 'Senior Soph', whose brother sent out to him the Diary of his years at St. John's (1846-9), now in the College Library. H.E. Tuckey, another President of L.M.B.C., had taken orders but went out (in 1860), first to farm and then to teach, his school becoming the nucleus of Wellington College. Rev. E.A. Grainger served in Otago and Waipukurau from 1864 to 1886. Of later clerics we may name H.B. Tucker, vicar of Palmerston North from 1887 to 1895, H. Glasson, who spent three years in Christchurch (1878-81) before moving to New South Wales, and Archdeacon Cassell, who died at Hawera in 1915. H.B. Gibson Smith (BA 1885), vicar of Allerton, established a link of another kind with the young colony, sending out boys from the meaner streets of Liverpool to a new life there. W.A. Curzon Siggers, having come from New Zealand to a MacMahon Law Scholarship, returned c. 1907 to be a tutor at Selwyn College, Dunedin, and Lecturer in International Law at Otago University.

Herbert Reeves (BA 1896) became archdeacon of Waitotaru (1915-24). More recently H.F. Harding was vicar of Philipstown, Christchurch (1946).

Early issues of The Eagle suggest that as late as the 1860s New Zealand had the romantic appeal that colours the closing lines of Clough's Bothie of Tobernavaolich. In the very first number a character in 'Sketches of Alcestis' exclaims:'I'm not going to a musty college. Emigration is the thing for me. Hurrah for New Zealand and the bush!'; 'J.M.C.' is responsible for some three pages of sub-Tennysonian verse on New Zealand fairies who 'dance on the sands of coral (sic)creeks in Australasian seas'; and a writer on Shakespeare Societies goes o his way to allude to Selwyn: 'Some future bishop of New Zealan mig write for The Eagle on College Debating Societies'.

It was to the new-fledged Eagle that Samuel Butler (who had earlier written for it under the soubriquet of Cellarius) sent accounts of his voyage to New Zealand in 1861 (opining that the discomforts of sea-travel were exaggerated), and of his journey into the Rangatira Valley, where he took up the sheep-station described in A First Year in the Canterbury Settlement; the adjacent mountain ranges are the setting for the opening (some would say the best) chapters of Erewhon. He subscribed regularly to The Eagle and in 1892 contributed a long but lively lecture on Homer (complete with digs at dons) that he had just given to the London Working Men's College: it is the erstwhile sheep-farmer who finds fault with the Homeric account of Polyphemus' ewe-milking. The Eagle, in turn, loyally acclaimed The Way of All Flesh as the greatest English novel - and that in an essay on Henry James.

The St. John's collection of Butler's books and paintings (see The Eagle 1937, 27) and Butleriana is unique: it even includes his sheepbrand, sent in 1927 with some wool still clinging to it and a letter about it, from Lake Wakatipu. The items were meticulously described by his friend H. F ng Jones in various numbers of The Eagle; amongst them is Five Years in New Zealand (privately printed in 1888) by R.B. South, who was with Butler at Mesopotamia. It is pleasing that a Johnian Professor of Political Science at Christchurch (J.G.A. Pocock, F. 1955) should have published in The Eagle (1957) an article 'Hares and High Country', that admirably captures the atmosphere of the sheep-runs Butler knew; and that his father, a Professor of Classics at the same university, should have revived Butler's theories about the authoress of the Odyssey.

W.E. Heitland's appraisal of Butler published in The Eagle (1913) after his death shows an unusual sympathy with his creed (or lack of creed). The indefatigable G.G. Coulton reviewed Mrs. Garnett's Life of the writer; and twenty years after that review appeared Coulton's daughter, Sarah Campion, was to marry a New Zealander, author of the Life of Katherine Mansfield. It was on a New Zealand beach that she once talked to me about her father in terms more kindly than some she had used in her biography of him.

Butler was not the first Johnian to farm in the new colonies. R.H. Budd went out with that intent in 1840, later crossing to Tasmania, where he became Inspector-General of Schools. In 1908 (aet. 92) he contributed to The Eagle his still vivid recollections of the historic boat-race of 1837. But the early links with Australia were chiefly clerical or educational. Typical are the

careers of Archdeacon Lethbridge-King (an admiral's son) a prominent figure in N.S.W. for fifty years, and G.E. Hickin, Principal of Radley College, Melbourne, and Archdeacon of Bendigo. Perhaps the first Australian to enter the College was Charles Howard, son of Thomas Howard of Launceston, Tasmania, who was admitted pensioner in 1841. C.G. Wilkinson (BA 1880) was to become Headmaster of Launceston Grammar School: H.W. Hartley (BA 1859) joined his staff. Alexander Frances, captain of L.M.B.C. in 1886, went to Queensland and fifty years later his account of early days there was noticed in The Eagle (1935); his son in turn captained L.M.B.C. in 1916. Rev. H.C. Barnacle (BA 1873) went to Western Australia in 1911 and died at Perth, aet. 89

For almost a century St. John's supplied bishops to Australian sees. William Tyrell (BA 1831) was another Selwyn; indeed, the only time that he left his diocese between 1848 and 1879 was to consult Selwyn and visit Melanesia, a voyage commemorated in verses published in The Eagle, vol. x ('The Lady Margaret in Days of Old'). H.C. Bromley, who became Bishop of Tasmania in 1864, was the last colonial bishop to be nominated by the Crown. James Moorehouse was Bishop of Melbourne, 1876-86. Lowther Clarke, a later bishop of the same diocese who became Archbishop of Australia, was succeeded in Melbourne by yet another Johnian, H. Clare Lees. L.B. Radford (BA 1890), who had once contributed to The Eagle a neat rendering in elegiacs of Housman's Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries, became Bishop of Goulbourn (1920), and Gerald Sharp, who in 1914 had been presented for an honorary D.D. by a fellow-Johnian, J.E. Sandys, moved from the see of New Guinea to Brisbane. (Some eighty years since, The Eagle published several accounts of voyages amongst the islands that fringe the coast of Queensland.)

The new universities likewise attracted Johnians. At Adelaide, F.S. Poole (BA 1867) taught classics besides managing a parish: he died there at the age of 80. At Hobart, Jethro Brown (Australian-born) became the founder of the Law School. T.G. Tucker (BA 1882), described as 'the last of the real classics', held a chair at Melbourne, and C.A. Pond (BA 1887) was professor of Classics at Auckland, where some of his books are (or, were till recently) still in the library; he held the chair from 1891-3, when he died; J.C. Sandys wrote an obituary of him in The Eagle (vol. xviii). In 1913, J.C. Johnson (later know as Sperrin Johnson) went to Auckland as a professor of Botany and Zoology: a colourful figure whom the present writer well remembers. (Sir) Theodore Rigg (Matr. 1912) became Director of the Cawthron Institute, Nelson, NZ. It was a Johnian headmaster of Nelson College, W.J. Ford, a notable cricketer, who first detected Rutherford's quality and set him on the path that led to Cambridge and the splitting of the atom. Other schoolmasters were L.B. Radford, St. Paul's College, Sydney, where his brother, M. Radford, followed him, and L. Cullis (BA 1909), who taught at the Technical College, Auckland. As late as 1958 St. John's supplied J.G. Dewes (BA 1950) as headmaster of Barton College, Sydney.

Until the twenties the sciences were more sparsely represented. C.H. Reismann, a medico, went to Adelaide in 1905; A.G. Harvey appears as Public Vaccinator at Patea (NZ) in 1898. H.F. Wood, FRS and University Lecturer in Palaeontology, wrote an authoritative study of the molluscs of the South Island of New Zealand; whether he collected them himself I cannot determine.

The traffic, by the turn of the century, had become two-way. J.A. Bevan (BA 1880), Vicar of Great Yarmouth, was Australian-born, as was Richard Hodgson, an eminent Aristotelian who shared the fashion in the Cambridge of his day for Psychical Research - he spent the Long Vacation in St. John's pursuing that study. From Australia too came (Sir) Grafton Elliot-Smith, a colleague of W.H. Rivers and J.T. Wilson, who held the chair of Anatomy and was made Fellow in 1920. The Rev. F. Armitage (1827-1906, MA Oxon.) was headmaster of King's School, Paramatta, before he came to St. John's. A.F. Douglas (BA 1884) came from New Zealand, as did P.G. Alexander, who became a naval chaplain, and was drowned with Kitchener on the Hampshire in 1915. Leaves from the diary of another NZ chaplain, M. Mullineux, who served with the N.Z.E.F., are printed in The Eagle, vol. xl. Among casualties of the First War were H.C. Evans, a New Zealander who had witnessed the Vladivostock Mutiny and was killed at Gallipoli, and Lieut. W.G. Salmond (son of Sir John Salmond, New Zealand's solicitor-general) who had taken a war-time degree. A notable family connexion is that of the Ritchies: one, M.N.R., became a farmer in Otago: his son graduated from St. John's in 1868; another became Archdeacon of Northumberland; a third (J.N.R.) joined the Seaforth Highlanders and was killed in action in 1916. A.W. Harvey, ob. 1915, was the son of a Johnian headmaster of Wanganui School (NZ). H.F. Harding (BA 1934) came from Canterbury College and took orders. A New Zealand wedding took place in Chapel in 1963, when J.W. Jessup married Esther Rata Kerr. As if to signalise the length and strength of the collegiate link Professor Jopson went on a lecture-tour of New Zealand and Australia in 1955, and duly reported it in The Eagle.

In the nineteen-thirties and forties scientists begin to predominate in both inflow and outflow. Amongst them were A.R. Burnstall, Dean of the Engineering Faculty, Melbourne, F.W.G. White, Professor of Physics at Canterbury before crossing to Australia in 1945, and N.F. Astbury (BA 1929), Professor of Physics in NSW University of Technology (1949). J.R. Jennings broke new ground by going to New Zealand as an industrial psychologist. H.E. Sanders (BA 1920) was Professor of Agriculture at Sydney for many years. The rapid growth of Australian science meant a marked increase in appointments. G.M. Badger (Commonwealth Fellow 1934 from South Australia) went in 1960 to the chair of Organic Chemistry at Adelaide, (and became Vice-Chancellor) and R.N. Robertson to that of Botany there. F.W.G. White (PhD 1934), Professor of Physics at Canberra, became Chairman of the Australian Scientific Organisation, and Sir Mark Oliphant (F,; F.R.S.) Director of Research in the Physical Sciences (1948) Governor of South Australia (1971), and now an Honorary Fellow. Keith Bullen, an Aucklander who had taken his PhD at John's became Professor of Mathematics at Sydney (1953) and made his name as a seismologist. In one year (1963) three Johnians took up appointments at Adelaide - R.K. Morton, Biochemistry; P.I. Hammond, History; A.R. Bergson, Economics - and a fourth (A.J. McComb) went to Perth. Professor J.A. Barnes held the chair of Anthropology first at Sydney, then at Canberra, before returning to Cambridge. Amongst migrating mathematicians were J.B. Miller (New England, NSW), R.A. Smith (Sydney), D.B. Sayer (Otago) and J.C. Barnes (Wellington).

But the humanities continue to be represented. G.R. Manton went to the chair of Classics at Otago in 1948, and in 1957 B.A. Kidd took the same chair at Canterbury. G.H. Briggs, choral scholar, became Deputy Librarian at Victoria (where G.P. Prosit lectured in Law). Kenneth Quinn, author of The Catullan Revolution, and a New Zealander by birth, spent a year at St. John's as a Commonwealth Fellow.

Such bare lists of names (they include none of the Australians or New Zealanders at present in residence as Fellows, graduates and undergraduates) are but one means of indicating how the influence of a Cambridge college can percolate to the remotest corners of the world. He would be a naive critic who labelled them as marks of cultural imperialism. There are historians of repute amongst the College's Commonwealth Fellows - one thinks of Keith Sinclair of Auckland and of Angus Ross of Dunedin - who could easily give e lie to that.

It was altogether fitting that the present Master should mark the end of his first year of office by visiting Australia and New Zealand.

J.A.W. Bennett

(Editors' Note: Readers of The Eagle will be sad to learn that shortly after completing this article Professor Jack Bennett died en route for New Zealand. We extend our deep sympathy to his family.)

Notes:

1. Eric McCormick, Omai, Pacific Envoy (Oxford 1977).
2. On the literary origins of this figure see Eric McCormick, 'The Happy Lot', Landfall (NZ), vol. ix, 300.
3. The Eagle reviewed Simkin's history of the College (no. 253).
4. For papers of the Whytehead family in the College Library see The Eagle, vol. li, 297.
5. Butler for many years figured in the British Library Catalogue as 'of St. John's College, Cambridge', to distinguish him from the poet and from the bishop of the same name: confusion had prompted the quip that if Erewhon had been a racehorse it would indeed have been got by Hudibras out of Analogy.
6. Landfall (NZ), vol. v, 31.

Confessions of a Cricketer... by J.M. Brearley

THE JOHNIAN SOCIETY LECTURE FOR 1980

Years ago I used to feel a need to justify my inclination to play cricket professionally; should I devote so much energy to a mere game? Should I give up the attempt to push back the boundaries of academic knowledge? And I resisted this inclination to be "unserious" for several years. Now, after ten consecutive years in a frivolous profession, I ask similar questions but with a different emphasis. What is it that has held me in cricket for so much longer than I stayed in academic life? What are the pleasures of playing a game, and especially cricket, at a high level? And what stands in the way of this enjoyment? The transition is not unlike that from the sceptical approach to a philosophical question to the descriptive: from "Can we ever know what's in another's mind?" to "What is it to know what's in the mind of another". We know that we know (sometimes) what's in the mind of another: I know that playing cricket gives me satisfaction. But can we say what it is that we know when we know these things?

My own tendency to denigrate cricket in comparison with academic strivings - a tendency that had early roots: I remember my mother saying to me when I was 11 "If you carry on like this, you'll end up doing nothing but play cricket and football!" - led me to assume that academics were even more disparaging to sport than I was. Gradually, I came to see that envy was as strong an element in their attitude to me and my cricket as incomprehension or scorn. And one source of this envy was that cricket seemed, in more senses than one, down to earth. "Down to Earth": the phrase suggests simplicity and honesty, and an absence of cleverness. It suggests physical toil as opposed to mental. And it implies the measurability of success and failure. Despite the advance of all academic disciplines from the mists of speculation into the clearer light of verifiability (or at least fallifiability), one spectre that still has the power to haunt the academic mind is Mr. Casaubon. Readers of 'Middlemarch' will recall that he has spent many years compiling an unimpeachable Key to all Mythologies. Late in life he marries the idealistic Dorothea, who slowly comes to see that he relies on obfuscation, and that her clear and innocent questions make him wrigglingly irritable. Mr. Casaubon's life-work has been a sham. Such a doom is inconceivable for the cricketer. He can't be a failure at his job and never know it. Not only is his performance public (like that of the writer who gets his work published), but it's uncomfortably measurable. The exposure is so absolute.

The facts hit one. We cricketers are just as keen as others to deceive ourselves, to shape the facts in our own favour. Just as, in the short term, the figures on the board take no account of luck, so the batsman can on each occasion resort to special pleading, from "the umpire gave me leg-stump when I asked for middle" to Brian Close's famous excuse for a low score "the chewing-gum you gave me

was the wrong flavour". (And however much we who are committed to truth and objectivity may regret it, I doubt if this habit of never blaming himself ever harmed Close, or others. I read in u ey Doust's book on Ballasteros that the top golfers are almost unanimous in attributing a bad shot to someone or something outside themselves.) Nevertheless, luck cannot always be against one. In the long run figures, though they don't tell the whole story, do tell a significant part of it. Philosophers, by contrast, have no figures to go by, or those they have are liable to be misleading; did not Hume's Treatise fall still-born from the press? They can always persuade themselves that a day in the library has been productive. This lecture, I am aware, comes into the same category (as the day in the library, not Hume's Treatise).

Naturally enough, the cricketer's comparative freedom from illusion has its price. There are few jobs when an exact tally of your working day appears on everyone's breakfast table the next morning, as a daily occurrence. Winning an election happens, at best, once every three or four years, and being sent down for ten years at most (with remission) once every six or seven. But being out for nought can be heralded five times a week. The indifference of newsprint will already have been supplemented by the heartfelt comments of the onlookers (however few). Crowds are less generous to opponents and to failures than they once were. Their behaviour can be vicious, verbally or even, rarely, physically. In 1978, when Mike Smith and I came off for bad light at Old Trafford an irate member threw a pint mug at us from the balcony of the pavilion; it crashed to pieces just behind us. At the Centenary Test at Lord's, the umpires were manhandled by a gang of members. The Australian golfer Peter Thomson has described how his nerve was tested in an important play-off in an American tournament. His iron shot to the 17th green caught in the wind, and just dropped into a sand-bunker. "What hurt", he said "was a sound I had never heard before on a golf course. A huge roar of delight went up as my ball went down in the sand. Hundreds actually stood there clapping. Crowd values have changed. They are not always going to lean over backwards to show generosity to the visitor." Or, one may add, to the loser. Spectators in a Chicago court applauded recently when the judge announced a death sentence.

In cricket one cannot, then, be completely blind to one's own failure or success, and one's sense of failure is fanned by the fact that it's so public and so verifiable. The explicitly competitive nature of the job can also increase this sense of failure. A batsman's doubts may, more or less legitimately, be played upon by the opposition. The captain of the fielding side gives the senior partner a single off the first ball of an over to make the nervous newcomer face their star fast bowler. The field is brought in contemptuously close. The message is clear: "now we're certain of a wicket". The bowler applauds ironically when at last the batsman gets off the mark, or like Vincent van der Bijl and Dennis Lillee, pretends that a defensive shot stings his hand when he picks the ball up. Fielders show their disgust and scorn at the batsman's gropings. In 1965, as a comparative fledgling in county cricket, I was embarrassed out by the moans and groans of the Surrey close fieldsmen. Such ploys cannot create but can stimulate self-doubt. And the feeling of inadequacy, however unjustified, tends, in any field of activity, to be self-fulfilling as prophecy. Self-doubt spreads. "What a shot!" becomes "I'm playing really badly today." And this

leads to "I'm no good as a batsman". Once the feeling of incompetence emerges from its burrow, it's hard to kill or drive back underground. It worms its way into consciousness in the middle of the night, and refuses to listen to reason. The irrational voice is soon saying "If I'm no good as a batsman, (painter, philosopher) then I'm no good as a person".

This argument is crazy, but creepy. It's crazy because of course a technical skill is separate from personal value. It's creepy because if a person allows it to insinuate itself into his mind, its presence there will make him both worse as a performer and weaker as a person. The defect in character does not of course lie in batting badly per se. But we do feel that at least some cases of not playing up to one's best, or even up to one's average, are signs of weakness as a person. Let us reverse the situation: do we not regard it as a real mark of character, of courage, to rise to an occasion, to take on a more powerful opponent, and to withstand pressure? To fail repeatedly to do these things is, equally, a mark of some shortcoming in character, and this shortcoming or weakness derives from the burgeoning self-doubt we've been looking at. The deepseated feeling "I'm as feeble as my batting" is itself more responsible for a certain sort of feebleness than the feeble batting, partly because it prevents one from doing what he's capable of, and partly because it's a sign of a too-narrow identification of a person with his skills.

At times, and especially when I was struggling to score runs in Test cricket, I had to deal with an inner voice which told me that I had no right to be there. I would then become more tense, and play further below par. The morning after a two-hour battle at the crease in the Perth Test in 1978, I woke up with a puzzling ache in my jaw. It took me some time to realize that it had been caused by the fierceness of my gum-chewing during that innings. The inner saboteur undermines even success. If I scored 50, I'd point out to myself that one of their best bowlers was missing, or that they were tired, and conditions favoured the batsman. I would undervalue the strokes I play well, such as drives square with the wicket, and overvalue those that I rarely play. I would remember the streaky shots. What is the origin of this damaging saboteur? No doubt a different answer is required for every individual, but one may guess that it could arise from an over-critical environment. Certainly the sympton is connected with a wider syndrome of judgementalness towards oneself and others, in which character assassination has as its close relative character suicide. The judgemental cricketer feels bound to place himself in regard to his opponents as either underdog or overdog. If the former, he treats the bowler with exaggerated respect, if the latter, with too little. Perfectionism can be an aid to improvement, but it may also cause people to give up, or panic and perform worse, because they don't come up to some self-imposed standard of excellence. Hypochondria is another way of dealing with the anxiety of a testing situation, as are its psychosomatic relatives like sleeplessness and nailbiting.

So far the source of failure has loomed large in this account. There are also the successes, when crowds and newspapers flatter. There is the valued praise of fellow-professionals. But we do notice adverse criticism more readily than favourable. And health is harder to describe than illness. We rarely reflect on success or health until the wheel turns the wrong way. Certainly the state of mind of

a batsman "on the go" and resilient is quite different from the self-doubt that I've been describing. John Edrich, for example, once scored 310 in a Test Match against New Zealand at Leeds. For most of his innings, played on a pitch that helped seam bowling, he played and missed at least one ball an over. But he shrugged off these little moral defeats, and received the next ball with an uncluttered mind.

At times, especially between 1974 and 1977, and again this last summer, I have had a similar attitude at the crease. I have relished the contest. When in difficulties I have, like a toddler learning to walk, picked myself up and carried on without self-criticism, and scored runs when below my best. I enjoyed the bowler's skill. When Robin Jackman bowled a ball that pitched on middle stump and veered away over the top of off-stump, I appreciated the delivery for what it was. And still looked forward to the next ball. In such a mood one can almost (but not quite) hope that the bowler stays at this peak, so that the pleasure of the competition remains intense; one can certainly be grateful to him for it afterwards. After one classic fight for the world middle-weight title in 1948 Rocky Graziano and Tony Zale fell into each other's arms. Similarly batsmen and bowlers need each others skills so that the action, the drama, can come alive.

The first time I batted against the Indian off-spinner, Eripalli Prasanna, was in a relatively unimportant match at Ahmedabad. He bowled only a few overs at me, and I scored a few runs. But there was what struck me as a peculiarly Indian flavour to our interaction. I noticed that after I played each ball Prasanna would look at me and catch my eye. Sometimes he wagged his head a little. Always he looked shrewd, and knowing. I enjoyed this, and started to join in his game. He had an engaging appearance, short and plump with big round baby's eyes. The messages were, I think, instructive about the source of much of cricket's pleasure. The exchange, if verbalized, might have gone as follows:

Prasanna: "Did you notice how I drew you forward there, and made you reach for the ball? A bit slower, you see, but the same action."

Me: "Yes indeed I noticed it. Beautiful bowling. But though I had to watch you, I didn't let you fool me. I waited for the ball to come, and quietly dropped it down."

Prasanna (after another ball): "Ah, you thought of driving that one, did you not? But no doubt you also saw how foolish it would be to take such a liberty with me."

Me: "Yes, I probably could have gone through with my shot, but couldn't quite trust myself on this pitch. Wait until I get you on a true wicket."

The mutual appreciation in this sporting dialogue is crucial. Each of us liked having an opponent it would be worthwhile getting the better of. We both enjoyed the other knowing that we were playing well. Such knowledge need not only be between the contestants. The crowd, and those other onlookers, the fielders, can to an extent share it. I once saw Ravi Shankar play the sitar in Delhi. Around him on the floor sat his closest acolytes and apprentices. Again

there was the expressive shake of the head from the performer and the initiates' encouraging response: "A player like you needs an audience like us who appreciate you as we do."

The character of the sporting interaction varies, and few fast bowlers indulge in the head-wagging and subtle eye-contacts of an Indian spinner. But the essential features remain. Moreover as a batsman I often find that the slight physical risk presented by a fast bowler increases, if anything, the liveliness of my concentration. Again, the bond is enhanced by mutual respect. The logical fact that batsmen and bowlers are necessary for there to be a game at all is paralleled by the psychological fact that batsmen and bowlers have an absorbed interest in each others activities. This unity of the protagonists is, paradoxically, derived from their confrontation. One fundamental pleasure of competitive games is, getting the better of someone else whether individually or as a team. Games such as cricket evolved to satisfy competitive urges, and are constituted by rules which set out what counts as winning and losing. Sport offers an arena in which aggressive desires may be channelled, with restraints that prevent the agression getting out of hand. There are restraints written into the rules - or Laws as they're called in cricket - (You can't, as a bowler, throw the ball at the batsman) and restraints that are matters of convention. (You don't bowl beamers, that is, fast, head-high full tosses.)

Bits of cricket are obviously aggressive, but much of it is apparently gentle. In what ways is this drowsy game aggressive? Clearly not as boxing is; the point of the activity is not doing what physically hurts an opponent. And there is no body-contact as in rugby. Cricket does not so clearly symbolize violent loss as does fencing, when a hit would, without armour, often spell death. But loss is central to it. A batsman has only one "life". He is given a "life" if a fielder drops him. And the idea that he is with is bat defending his property against attack is embodied in the colloquialism for bowled, namely "castled". Cricket is also aggressive in the way in which all sports are; when you take part, you enter a competitive fray in which the aim is psychological mastery. Such domination can be achieved by subtlety or cunning, by grit and determination, as well as by violence. Croquet offers the opportunity for a particularly malicious aggression in that you take time out from your own progress towards the goal to knock your opponent's ball back to the beginning - a feature that game shares with some academic arguments.

Aggression may appear on the field as bristling bellicosity such as we associate with Australians like Rod Marsh. His cricket is, however, utterly straightforward. It involves no denial of cricketing traditions. The English are capable of more perfidious means of achieving our ends. It was an Oxford man who was ruthless enough to adopt the unprecedented tactic of bodyline bowling in the 1932-3 tour of Australia. Douglas Jardine had his fast bowlers bowl short at the batsman's body with seven or eight of the nine fielders on the leg-side. Moreover Jardine maintained this dangerous form of attack despite tremendous criticism. Most people, and I am among them, think Jardine went too far. Afterwards the legislators outlawed intimidatory bowling (though there has always been argument as to what constituted intimidation). In the 1950's, bodyline was made even more unlikely with the introduction of a Law forbidding more than two fielders behind square on the leg-side. The bouncer is the most blatantly aggressive part of cricket. It has recently had something of a revival. Its aim has become more deadly, at the throat or chest rather than above the head like a shot across the bows. The spirit in which it's bowled varies of course. Brian Statham's rare bouncers were bowled almost mildly. Butch White was genially hostile, whereas I've always felt a certain viciousness of intent when on the receiving end of Colin Croft's bouncers.

As we have seen, aggression is not confined to fast bowling. It shows itself in a ruthless dedication to success, and in a willingness to leap over the usual limits of convention. It can spill over into bad sportsmanship; it can be misdirected. It can be hot or cold, furious like Othello's or calculating like Iago's. But at least as common as these excesses is an often unacknowledged uneasiness about aggression. We may be overwhelmed by the aggression of the opposition and/or the crowd, and lose touch with our own combative powers. I have seen England players do this at Perth, surrendering to the legend of Lillee and the Perth pitch. There's a fear, too, that showing one's own aggression will invite even fiercer retaliation (though Greig used to rile Lillee intentionally, believing that he bowled worse, though faster, when irate).

Fear of allowing one's aggression full play produces a damaging timidity. I have found that wearing a helmet for batting frees essential aggression in me. The helmet also elicited some inessential aggression from the pundits and from the general public. But despite the taunts, many of them directed at me when I first appeared in the little skull-cap in 1977, I'm convinced that they improve the game for batsmen, bowlers and spectators alike. Critics have argued (1) that helmets would make batsmen reckless, rather as opponents to seat-belts claimed that car drivers would be less cautious. Viv Richards declines to wear a helmet (or for that matter a seat-belt) for this reason; he wants to keep alive that element of risk without which he might be tempted to rashness. I maintain that for most batsmen it's a good thing to be less cautious, but that the helmet does not make us reckless. The critics claimed (2) that the helmet would provoke the fast bowler into more hostility by announcing the batsman's awareness of risk. I have not found this to be the case. Indeed, many fast bowlers prefer batsmen to be protected because they don't really want to cause injury. Bob Willis walks away after hurting a batsman not because he doesn't care, but because he doesn't want his aggressiveness to be dimmed by pity. The helmet makes a bouncer more what it should be, a means of getting a man out (whether mishooking, or fending it off, or playing differently against the next delivery) rather than a way of knocking him out. And (3) critics have said that the helmet is a sign of cowardice. Denis Compton wrote that if helmets had been in vogue at the time when he went back in to bat against Lindwall and Miller with five stitches in his eyebrow, he could not have worn one; it would have been, he says, "an insult to my manhood".

The most obvious response is, what's so special about helmets? Is it unmanly to wear pads, or gloves? And what about the box? A fearless manhood might be more sensitive about protection nearer to home. Or is it, perhaps, a matter of visibility? Would a multi-coloured codpiece be unmanly, and an invisible helmet not? These days the word 'manly' jars. Women cricketers need courage as do men. So the question should be reformulated; is wearing a helmet cowardly? Is it cowardly to protect oneself against a danger? The answer depends, partly, on the extent of the risk. Some danger there

certainly is, as the parents of the two children killed by being hit on the head by cricket balls on a single Saturday in Melbourne last February would tragically confirm. And wearing helmets has not turned out to be a line of action taken by cowards. No-one would call Botham a cowardly batsman, or Gower or Gooch or Boycott. Nor are Greenidge, Haynes, Marsh or Chappell. All these at times wear a helmet to bat in, and all had previously faced, without flinching, the fastest bowling in the world. When the risk does become minimal - when the bowlers are slow or medium and the pitch docile - the helmet may appear unnecessary or ridiculous. But some batsmen prefer to continue with it so that their balance is not changed; they may even feel uncomfortable without it. And one may, in the quest for quick runs, wish to play shots where there is a risk of a top edge into the face even against medium-paced bowling.

In the company of starving people it is indecent to complain that one's steak is underdone. If the Greeks had played cricket under the walls of Troy, Agamemnon might well have unbuttoned his breastplate and doffed his helmet, however rough the pitch. There is here an analogy with the immediate post-war years. A man who had for months piloted low-flying fighters in raids from which at times only two out of three returned home safely may well feel that it's indecent to guard against the pathetic risks involved in batting. Such a man was Bill Edrich. He, and others like him, may well have felt in 1947 that they were living on borrowed time, that, having cheated death, they had no right to be alive. Such an attitude might induce a recklessness and even indifference, that would court danger rather than rush to avoid it. An American philosopher who had been a Navy pilot in the war flew for pleasure after it, giving displays of aerobatics. He survived one bad crash, but died in another in 1967 after taking off in bad weather. For us pampered, post-war (or mainly post-war) children, however, unused to extremes of danger, a sickening blow to the head is not an accident to be relished. Ian Gould's batting career was set back when he was concussed by a bouncer from Croft. Mine has been rejuvenated by the assurance a helmet brings. I feel more confident about hooking quickish bowling. I have renewed taste for batting against fast bowling. The excitement of facing, say, Sylvester Clarke on an uneven pitch at the Oval is still there. But the streak of fear is not.

"Ha" you say, "the streak of fear!". Yes; near misses, and the occasional blow did produce not so much fear as a lack of eagerness for further bombardment. The adrenalin did not flow so readily in the later engagements, whereas earlier I had felt excited and stimulated. My reaction was the cricketing equivalent of a stiff upper lip; I stood up behind the ball, and took whatever punishment was going. The attitude was: whatever happens, don't let fear show. I did not flinch, though I may have, occasionally, frozen. It's an attitude not to be despised. But I find now that wearing the helmet enables me to be less rigid in response, more varied, more playful, more creative. I can use the range of responses to the short-pitched ball, rather than only one. Richards may need to induce inhibition; an ordinary mortal needs every encouragement to spontaneity.

Apprehensiveness about the aggression of an opponent may, then, stifle one's own, to the detriment of one's play. Another shortcoming may arise from a fear of one's own destructiveness. Some individuals (and teams) let their opponents off the hook when they have them at their mercy. They fail to ram home an advantage. Some

find it hard to play all out to win; if they did so, they might be revealed as nasty and unlikeable. We dislike our own barely suppressed tendency to gloat. A tennis player often drops his own service the game after breaking his opponent's, perhaps feeling guilty at having presumed so far; while the opponent, his guilt now assuaged, is stung into uninhibited aggression. The sportsman, like the doctor, should not get emotionally involved with his "patient". Neither should he let pity get in his way. Len Hutton's advice to me on the eve of the England team's departure for India in 1976 was, "Don't take pity on the Indian bowlers". Respecting an opponent includes being prepared to finish him off. Conversely, you really can't escape defeat by the ruse of not having tried, wholeheartedly, to win. Colin Cowdrey, it seemed to me, took this line in a 40-over match between Kent and Guyana in Georgetown. (I was a guest player for Kent.) For the first 20 overs we restricted their powerful batsmen well; then Cowdrey put on some joke bowlers, and gave the batsmen easy runs. Guyana played hard, and we lost by over 100 runs. I felt that we lost face more by not having fully tried, than we would have done had we tried and lost. Sport encourages the participant both to express his aggression and to control it: to try to win without anger and also without pity; to win without gloating; to lose without loss of self-respect. Team games also require the subordination of self to team, and I shall return to this topic later.

The degree to which the pleasure of playing sport derives from personal or group success varies. But no-one could be satisfied simply by success. No-one, even at the extreme of unattractive pragmatism, could deny pleasures which are related to the style or manner of performance. I am inclined to call these pleasures aesthetic, and they range from the sensual to the refined. And as style can't be divorced from function, (and the function of, to take an example, batting is to score runs) these pleasures are not independent of those that derive from competitive success. No-one could be satisfied simply by style either. It is satisfying just to hit the ball once in the middle of the bat. The batsman feels the ball in the middle, knows with his body that he has timed the stroke, and that everything has, at least at his end, gone well. The huge hit may turn out to be caught on the boundary, but unless the man has become coarsened by the competitive urge he will be open to the pleasure of the splendid hit despite its outcome, and despite the fact that disappointment may outweigh pleasure. The slog must, however, ultimately be dissatisfying for anyone with aspirations as a batsman. By its nature it's unreliable and crude. Much more satisfying is the stroke played not only with perfect timing, but also with economy of movement, safety, control, and elegance. By elegance, I don't mean prettiness, or style for the sake of style; more the elegance of a neat mathematical solution. And I don't mean that all these features are easily compatible. David Gower's elegance and flow sacrifices a little in safety. His strokes are more ambitious than most top players', and the critics want his flair plus Boycott's safety. They shower him with praise for an innings full of risky cover-drives (of which he edges or misses perhaps one in five) and blame him for edging fatally at the first attempt on another day. More pedestrian players than Gower also get and give pleasure from the manner of their performance. The exquisite cover-drive gives its executor more pleasure - even if it goes straight to a fielder - than a lucky nick for four. But the same stroke gives more pleasure if it avoids the fielder and rattles against the boundary. It has an even more piquant flavour if the bowler gives

him few opportunities for playing an attacking shot with any safety, or if the pitch favours the bowler. The aesthetic pleasure is to some extent proportionate to the difficulty.

There is then a significant aspect of the sporting urge which aims at the purity of perfection. To call an innings 'cultured' sounds, at first blush, pretentious, but may be entirely appropriate. A boxer may savour a beautiful punch. He is entitled to enjoy not only the raw triumph of mastery at the thought of his pole-axed opponent, but also the exquisite clean-cut precision of its timing. These words from the language of aesthetics do not feel out of place. In cricket I have been kept going by the belief that, despite periods of setback, I'm improving as a batsman. Clarity can, as in philosophy, replace confusion. After all one's perplexities, one may come to see each delivery for what it is, and respond with judgment and conviction. Getting better means increasing both the competitive and aesthetic satisfactions. A runner's desire to break his own personal record may be rooted in the private pleasure of peak performance and in the implications for competitions to come. There is always, too, apart from the intrinsic sporting fulfilments of defeating a worthy opponent and of doing a difficult thing well, the satisfaction of impressing others. We do it partly to show off, like a four year old who shows his mother how he can jump and climb. Many like public acclaim, wanting to be recognized and treated as celebrities. We walk around with arrows in our sides but, like Saint Sebastian, with a divine light of attention radiating around about, (though I for one yearn less and less for the Saint's uncomfortable prominence). At a time when 20,000 Australians booed me whenever I walked onto the field, an actress called Kate Fitzpatrick was performing at a theatre-restaurant in Sydney; when she thought of her problems in wooing 200 patrons from their chicken-legs, she envied me my noisy notoriety. Sportsmen and women embody people's dreams and represent their good and bad figures. A 10-year old boy wrote to tell me that if I was out for 0 it ruined his day, while if I made a score he was happy all day. Boycott is an example of a lad who had nothing making good in a style without frills or flashiness, assiduous and effective, that millions of Yorkshiremen and others can identify with. We cause a lot of pleasure, and incur anger and gratitude. We have therefore certain responsibilities, which may at times feel burdensome. I think that my own cricket became too solemn under the load of image attached to the title Captain of England, and certainly since I no longer have to live up to some idea of what this means I have been able to play with more freedom.

We also play cricket for money. Some maintain, as did Johan Huizinga in his book Homo Ludens, that professionalism inevitably takes away the fun of play, that it must lead to grimness and a degree of organization that together destroy the spontaneity that is essential to play. I disagree with this view. There are aspects of a game that involve, when it is played purposefully, caution, planning and thought. Some aspects are, appropriately, also in evidence in cricket matches played by amateurs on Saturday afternoons. They do not preclude spontaneity and they in no way conflict with the notion of a game. And professional cricketers play for love. We wrangle - rarely - over contracts, and grumble, like others, about money; but on the field we feel the same anxieties, pleasures and excitements as we did when, at the age of seven, we 'became' our heroes in the local park. We are still similarly absorbed, and it is for that, mainly, that we play. In short, we are still playing,

without which the most serious endeavour is apt to become sterile. Much of the fun and the satisfaction arises from the fact that cricket is a team game, and I want to spend the rest of my time with some comments on the interactions between group and individual. This last part of the paper can also be seen as the start towards an account of the pleasures and difficulties of captaincy.

Cricket is a team game. As such it requires qualities that have been essential to the survival of the human tribe - organization, camaraderie, and subordination of individual desires to the welfare of the group. But, for a team game it is unusual in being made up of intensely individual duals. The batsman who takes guard against Lillee is very much alone, despite his partner's presence and the more distant support of their nine colleagues in the dressing-room. Personal interest may conflict with that of the team. You may feel exhausted and yet have to bowl. You may be required to sacrifice your wicket going for quick runs. This tension is inherent in the game to an unusual degree, and gives rise to the occupational vice of cricket - selfishness. But can a cricketer be too selfish? The answer is yes. He can fail to value himself enough, and this can lead to a diffidence which harms the team. He might, for example, underrate the importance to his confidence and thus to the team's long-term interest of his occupying the crease for hours, however boringly, in a search for form. And I have seen a whole side in flight from selfishness, with batsmen competing to find more ridiculous ways of getting themselves out, in order to prove that they weren't selfish.

A captain has to coax the happy blend of self-interest and team interest from his team: and has to exemplify it himself. He must also be aware of and influence the balance between individual and group in many other ways. The group changes individuals for better and for worse. One function of a group is to preserve itself against outsiders. Teams have a built-in aid to motivation in the fact that their raison d'etre is to compete with other teams. A group's natural hostility to outsiders is thus intensified and justified. The group may generate an attitude of hatred or paranoia in its members, in which each person becomes less fair-minded, less self-critical than he would be alone as group cohesiveness naturally tends to involve an increase in anonymity. The paranoia may have racial overtones, but is equally strong, I've found, against Australians and Yorkshiremen. Umpires and press men can also become targets. A captain will have to tread carefully here. He wants to encourage a legitimate fighting spirit; he may be happy to see an element of group paranoia to further the ends of the campaign. But at some point he ought to feel that truth should be respected, and that total commitment on the field needs no distorting paranoia. My complaint against Ian Chappell as a captain is that he turned cricket matches into gang warfare.

The group attitude can plunge into pessimism. On one tour of Australia, the England players referred to a seat which was reserved for the next batsman as the condemned cell. The team may more usefully close its collective eyes to the odds against them as an antidote to incipient pessimism. Thought of failure may infect a team as it does an individual, and it is part of leadership to counteract it. Marsh tells a story against himself, of a one-innings match between Western Australia and Queensland. Western Australia had been bowled out for 78. Marsh, as captain, gave a team talk to his disconsolate players. "Let's at least put up a show for

our home crowd" he said "at least let's get two or three of them out." At this point, Lillee burst in angrily. "Put up a show!" he said "we're going to win!" He then bowled Richards for 0, took 4 for 19, and Queensland were all out for 61! When, during the Peloponnesian War the Spartans were about to make a landing from Sphacteria, the Athenian general addressed his troops as follows: "Soldiers, all of us are together in this. I don't want any of you in our present awkward position to try to show off his intelligence by making a precise calculation of the dangers which surround us. Instead we must make straight for the enemy, and not pause to discuss the matter, confident in our hearts that these dangers too can be surmounted. In a situation like this, nice calculations are beside the point." Niceties of appraisal and the uniqueness of the individual point of view are achievements wrung with difficulty from the tribal mentality; but in some contexts courage needs to be partially blind, and action headstrong.

The power of the group is evident also in its ability to cast people into roles, with the help, of course, of the person concerned. In cricket teams as in other groups we find Fun-Lover and Kill-Joy; Complainer and Pacifier; there is likely to be a Leader of the Opposition, and a Court Jester. Some find that their only route to a certain sort of acceptance is to play the fool. No doubt a cricket field is not the only locus for their role; a poor self-image may have led them to take this way out since childhood. However, it may become prominent in their cricket, and professional cricketers are often quick to spot such a weakness and to exploit it in their casting. The group may push such a man further into the court-jester's part. We had such a player at Middlesex some time ago. Let's call him Brown. At his previous county he had the reputation of being difficult to deal with and temperamental. He was a thorn in his captain's flesh, and a figure of fun to the rest. On one occasion Brown felt that he and not the captain should have been bowling, so he allowed the ball to pass gently by his boot and hit the boundary-board, before he lobbed it back. We took him on because of his undoubted talent. Besides I rather liked him. In our pre-season practice matches, he tended to fall over when he bowled (and this produced stifled laughter) and he presented himself as an appalling fielder, spindly and unco-ordinated (this produced unstifled laughter, though I knew that we would all be irritated if he fielded like this in competitive matches). He also made rather provocative and odd remarks. I decided that we should not encourage him to play the fool, that we should take him seriously from the start, regarding his current standard of fielding as a base line from which all improvements should be acknowledged. I consulted him about his bowling and about tactics generally. A productive rivalry sprang up between him and another bowler in the side. We reminded him of his strengths when he so easily slid into hopelessness. We laughed at him less, and he felt less need to gain attention in this way. Gradually, he spent more time on his feet than on his knees, and his fielding improved remarkably. For a year or two, all went well - until other difficulties intervened.

The role serves at least two functions: it feeds a (partly malicious) humour in the rest of the team (who can get on with their own jobs seriously) and it allows the "actor" a (partly precarious) security. A headmaster tells me that in the schools where he has taught he finds the same cast of characters in each common-room. And families most of all saddle their members with limiting parts. Fortunately, however, individuals also resist these pulls, pulls into

the conformity and anonymity of unquestioning attitudes, or pulls into the diversity of fixed roles. Cricket itself, too, with its variety, encourages and even insists on individuality. Unlike a rowing eight, a cricket team works as a team only by dint of differentiation. The skills, like the shapes and sizes of their owners, are diverse (I have always felt it to be one of the charms of the game that it accommodates the vast Milburn and the svelte Holding, the towering Garner and the tiny Vishwanath). More narrowly, a team needs among its batsmen the sound as well as the brilliant (Desmond Haynes as well as Richards), and among its bowlers donkeys as well as race horses (Garner perhaps, we well as Holding). In the field, it needs runners and throwers in the deep, agile and deft movers half-way out, skilful specialists at slip, and courageous close-in fielders. Every aspect of the game is transformed by changes in pitch and climate, from a bouncy 'flier' at Perth to a dead strip of baked mud at Karachi. Even on one day in one place, the ball may suddenly start to swing when the atmosphere changes. And the new ball offers totally different opportunities for attack from one 50 overs old. So a cricket team needs a range of resources as does each of its players, and playing together does not mean suppressing flair and uniqueness.

The time allowed for a cricket match also allows for variety and development. Its relatively leisurely pace means that less can be achieved by excitement or by urgent exhortations, though they have a part. There is a need for thought and flexibility. The captain in particular cannot, or should not, work to rule. One county captain had decided before every Sunday League game started who would bowl each over. Such a method is a shadow of proper captaincy. Mr. Flood, once lionkeeper at the Dublin Zoo, was remarkable in that he had bred many lions and never lost one. When asked his secret he replied that "no two lions are alike". No doubt he had outlines of policy; but, like a good cricket captain, he responded to each situation afresh. Cricket's range separates it from a sport such as rowing. Apart from the cox, eight men (or women) have much the same job as each other, and that job does not vary over the whole period of the race. Each oarsman submerges himself in the whole; much of his pleasure derives from feeling part of a beautiful machine. The cox takes over each man's decision-making; he becomes the mind for a single body. But even he has few parameters within which to exercise thought. Even baseball, which of all team games comes closest to cricket in the centrality of its personal battles, lacks cricket's flexibility. Its scoring arc (90^{o}) is a quarter that of cricket. The range of pace of the pitchers is much less than that of bowlers. In cricket, the ball not only swerves, it bounces, a fact which implies a whole new world of different possibilities of trajectory and deviation. The pitcher's assistants, the fielders, are deployed in virtually unchanging positions, unlike the bowlers'; for in cricket fielders are scattered in all sorts of formations, over a field that may be circular, oval, rectangular, or, very likely, any old shape. At Canterbury, a large tree stands inside the boundary. At Lord's, the ground falls eight feet from one side to the other. The variety in pitches I have already mentioned. I will just add in parenthesis, that there is some danger that for next season a new playing condition for county cricket will be introduced, whereby pitches will be covered during rain. Such a change would remove a wide range of skills, especially that of batting against a spin-bowler on a drying pitch. For a hundred years and more, rain has played its nourishing part in the vagaries of cricket. We are in danger of trying to systematize the

game too far, of knocking down its higgledy-piggledy town centre and replacing it with a streamlined plastic or glass construction.

We have noticed the ways in which a group attitude can take over. It can put players into roles, and cast them into gloom. It can fuel the fighting spirit, or extinguish it. We have also seen how team spirit is a harmony of very different skills and personalities, a harmony that is often a matter of robust antiphony. Competitiveness within a team may be as helpful as that of the team. Like humour, such rivalry requires mutual respect. The Captain must help facilitate all this. I would not have been tempted back into first-class cricket without the lure of the captaincy of Middlesex, nor I think would I have continued to play for long without its stimulation. I used to be easily bored when, between innings, I had only fielding to look forward to. By contrast, the captain is in effect managing-director, union leader and pit-face worker, all in one. He is, in most counties, responsible for the smooth running of the whole concern. He decides how often and for how long the team practise. He has the main say in selection. He deals with all the day-to-day questions of discipline. He is of course in charge of the tactics. The Captain is often the team's only representative on the Committee, and is an important link between the two groups. He also has to bat and field, and maybe bowl. It is as if the conductor of an orchestra dealt with the travel arrangements and played an instrument at every concert. For the captain it is therefore hard to play God, to read the Riot Act about careless batting when he had thrown his own wicket away the day before. It is all too easy to have an exaggerated sense of one's own importance and responsibility. I tend to feel too let down and disappointed when things go badly, too elated when they go well. The judgemental self that interferes with my batting does not stop there. I can sometimes feel angry with players when they don't do what I expected or hoped of them, and occasionally the anger is even less justified or useful, when for example it wells up simply because the luck has been running against us. The captain's contribution, unlike the batsman's, and unlike the academic's is hard to assess. And so, perhaps fortunately, is the public lecturer's.

J.M. Brearley

John Couch Adams... by Sir Harold Jeffreys

On p. 3 of the Easter 1980 Eagle Adams is said to have discovered Uranus. On June 6 of the same year the Public Orator said that Herschel "was able, from definite evidence, to predict the motions of the planet Uranus, which no one had previously observed". Both of these statements are wrong and it seems worthwhile to put the matter right.

Sir William Herschel aided by his sister Caroline made "sweeps" of the sky with the telescope and in 1781 William observed an unidentified object, which he proved to be a planet further from the Sun than any then known, and it was named Uranus. The observation was made without any theoretical prediction.

Adams is mostly known for his share in the discovery of Neptune, a still more remote planet. Up to 1841 astronomers tried to work out the motion of Uranus, taking account of the attractions of all known planets. There were discrepancies of the order of the angle subtended by a shilling at about the length of a football field, and far larger than any possible errors of observation with the telescope. About then Adams and Le Verrier both had the idea that these might be due to the attraction of an unknown planet beyond Uranus. They got answers, which were not very different, and the next step was to look for the planet. (The possibility that a sentence in Mary Somerville's "Connexion of the Physical Sciences" put the idea of a perturbing planet into Adams's head was discussed in the 1976 Eagle by Bertha Jeffreys.)

The question of priority between Adams and Le Verrier was the subject of considerable controversy, in which national pride was involved. Adams communicated his results to Challis in Cambridge and to Airy at Greenwich Observatory and Le Verrier his to Galle in Berlin. Galle was the first person to see Neptune and to know what it was; it then appeared that Challis had observed it previously without recognizing it. Much later it was found that the French astronomer Lalande had actually seen Neptune twice in 1795; it had moved between May 8 and May 10 and he rejected the earlier observation without making a further investigation. At the time of the centenary Sir Harold Spencer Jones, then Astronomer Royal, gave a lecture in Cambridge; this was published by the Cambridge University Press in 1947. This concludes with the sentence, "Airy's comment, when sending the information about the two observations to Adams, was 'Let no one after this blame Challis'". Recently, it has been found that Galileo had seen Neptune in 1612 and 1613 without recognizing it! See Nature, Vol. 287, 311-13, (1980). In his lecture Spencer Jones did not draw attention to a fact he has been heard to mention in conversation. Much has turned on two calls that Adams paid at the house of the Astronomer Royal, G.B. Airy, on 1845 October 21. At the time of the first call Airy was not at home and Adams left his card; when he called again he was told that the Astronomer Royal was at dinner. The additional fact is that Osmund Airy was born on October 29 and Mrs. Airy and her household may well have had other things to

think about than a young man bringing calculations from Cambridge. Adams was twenty-six at the time and a B.A. Also at the time of the centenary W.M. Smart published a thorough account of the discovery of Neptune in Occasional Notes of the Royal Astronomical Society, Vol. 2, No. 11. A contemporary account was written by J.P. Nichol in 1848.

After reading Smart's account Professor Littlewood was stimulated to consider the mathematical problem and he and Professor Lyttleton took it up afresh, putting the question, "What is the simplest theoretical approach and minimum amount of calculation that could have led to the discovery of the planet?" They found that Adams and Le Verrier could have got more accurate results more easily; but Littlewood and Besicovitch said that "pioneer work is clumsy" (Littlewood, A Mathematician's Miscellany, (London, 1953), p. 41). In this book he included chapters on "The Discovery of Neptune" and "The Adams-Airy Affair". Chapter 7 of Lyttleton's Mysteries of the Solar System, (Oxford, 1968) is on "The Discovery of Neptune", with reference to his papers of 1958 and 1959.

The Royal Astronomical Society did not award its Gold Medal in 1847, being unable to decide between Adams and Le Verrier. In 1848 it awarded testimonials to them and to ten others, on presumably other grounds. The list did not include Galle. The Society gave its Gold Medal to Adams in 1866 and to Le Verrier in 1868 and 1876. The Royal Society gave the Copley Medal, its best award, to Le Verrier in 1846 and to Adams in 1848.

Adams did much other work. His most important papers were his proof (1867) that the Leonid (November) meteors travelled in a highly elliptic orbit with a period of 33 years, and his proof (1853) that the work of Laplace and his successors on the secular acceleration of the Moon was incomplete and needed a substantial correction. The latter led to the whole theory of tidal friction, which is really not settled yet. The date of the award of the Gold Medal is probably due to the delay of many astronomers in believing that Adams was right.

A bust of Sir John Herschel, Sir William's son (a Johnian), faces Adams's in the oriel in Hall. John completed his father's survey of the sky by observing the southern sky at the Cape of Good Hope and made many other important contributions to astronomy. He it was who made the first public announcement of the expected discovery of a great planet on 1846 September 10, thirteen days before Galle's discovery.

Harold Jeffreys

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The Commemoration Sermon, 1981 ... by K.G. Budden

Jesus had been speaking about giving them His flesh to eat and they thought he was out of His mind. "From that time on, many of His disciples withdrew and no longer went about with Him. So Jesus asked the Twelve, 'Do you also want to leave me?' Simon Peter answered Him 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Your words are the words of eternal life.'" (St. John's Gospel: Ch.6, vv 66-68.)

At this service when the names of our benefactors are read, it is natural to think back over the period of time in which they lived. It is 470 years since the foundation of our College. That's quite a long time, and in it conditions have seen marked changes. But still, within the disciplines of many subjects studied here in Cambridge, archaeology, geology, for example, 470 years is a trivially short time. It is in astronomy that we go back farthest of all, through thousands of millions of years to a time before the solar system and the earth were formed. Our knowledge comes largely from radio waves, the science of radio astronomy. Some of these waves are coming down upon us now; the roof and walls of the chapel are partly transparent to them. Of course we are not conscious of them; no one has invented a portable radio telescope, with silicon chips and so on, that could be smuggled into chapel under a surplice. Also these waves are very weak, but we know that they are there because they are being received and recorded and analysed by the telescopes and computers at the Lord's Bridge Observatory, about five miles south west of here. They tell us a lot about the universe when it was very much younger. Some of this radiation has been travelling through intergalactic space for hundreds or thousands of millions of years. The period of man's existence was a minute fraction of its total time of travel. About one thousand nine hundred and fifty years ago in those long long hours when Jesus was "Suffering death on the Cross for our redemption" some of that radiation was very near the end of its journey, and it is coming down upon us here, now at this moment, providing, perhaps, a physical link with those past events.

Besides looking into the past, we ought to do something more important, to look into the future, for here we have some responsibilities. Some will immediately say "What is the use? There will soon be a nuclear holocaust and the human race will end." The weapons for this exist now. In this matter we all have the responsibility of being accurately informed. Many of us are not. We think of the prayer that is sung here on most Sunday mornings in full term, at the climax of the Eucharist service: "Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem." Grant us Thy peace. This time of Commemoration of Benefactors is a time of rejoicing. We are now in the season of Easter. Miracles are achieved by faith. Let us take the optimistic view that the miracle will occur - that men will come to their senses. What then can we say about the future of our College? When the Cripps building was built, we were told that it was designed to last for a thousand years. What will this place be like in a thousand years' time? Doubtless very different, but it is my fervent belief that there will still be in this place a College

called by the name of the beloved disciple, and still a place where God is worshipped and the Eucharist is celebrated, perhaps, who knows, by Johnian members of a reunited Christian Church. And of course the numbers of our benefactors will grow, as they are growing now. It is impossible to do more than make a very rough estimate for the future. But we can conclude that, even with only a moderate growth rate, at the service of Commemoration of Benefactors in 2981 there won't be time for a sermon; it will take at least two hours to read the names.

But again a thousand years is a trivially short time. In our worship we constantly use such phrases as "world without end", and "for ever and ever". These imply infinite future time, and that means that there is an awful lot of it. It is therefore perfectly reasonable to ask what may happen in a hundred million or a thousand million years, or many millions of years in the future, just as we do for the past. Some physicists are doing this today.[1] Of course we hope for growth and improvement - perhaps the emergence of some superior, more sensible and less wicked race. But growth and improvement cannot go on indefinitely. There is an overriding physical law, the second law of thermodynamics, which tells us that the universe must evolve towards a state of uniformity and lifelessness. This is the idea of the degradation of energy. The energy crisis that we hear so much about today is only a whisper, but it is the same principle, the conversion of energy from a usable to an unusable form. The process is irreversible. It is the irreversibility that is the special feature of the second law of thermodynamics. We are beset all the time by irreversible processes, from simple ones like shuffling a pack of cards, to more complicated ones like repealing a College statute. If you smash an egg, it is irreversible. All the king's horses and all the king's men can't do anything about it.

The second law of thermodynamics leads to the idea of what is sometimes called the "heat death" of the universe. The laws of thermodynamics have an absoluteness rather different from other physical laws. They are "laws of nature", - that is, God's laws. Even a miracle cannot lead to a violation of God's natural laws. The Psalmist said, as we heard a little earlier this morning: "He hath given them a law which shall not be broken".[2] That certainly applies to the second law of thermodynamics. The three laws of thermodynamics were once aptly summarised by an anonymous physicist: the first "You can't win", the second "You can't break even", and the third "You can't get out of the game".[3]

This levelling ultimately overrides all other processes. All life must disappear from the universe. Our benefactors, our College must all become "perished, as though they had never been; and become as though they had never been born;...".[4] So even if we avoid the nuclear accident, we cannot avoid the second law of thermodynamics. This is all very depressing, isn't it? What is the answer? There IS an answer.

What is this thing TIME that goes on continuously and remorselessly? Physics has a good deal to say about this. In particular it is studied in the Theory of Relativity, which teaches us that "time" and "space" are aspects of the same thing. This leads at once to an important conclusion. If we reject the spatial idea of Heaven up above the bright blue sky, and Hell down below - presumably most of us do - if, as Jesus Himself said, the Kingdom of Heaven is not anywhere in space - (we cannot turn our telescopes on to it) - then it cannot possibly be in time either.

Another thing that physics teaches is that matter is composed of elementary particles, electrons, protons, neutrons, etc., and for every type of particle there is a corresponding type of anti-particle. The first known example was discovered by our own Paul Dirac[5] in a brilliant piece of theory that led to the experimental observation of the positron or anti-electron. We now know that there are anti-protons, anti-neutrons, and so on. Every type of particle has its anti-particle. Any anti-particle is identical in all respects with its ordinary counterpart if time goes backwards. And so we speak of anti-time, time going backwards. We can visualise a type of matter made up entirely of anti-particles. We call it anti-matter. These ideas appear in books written for the general reader. They are mentioned, for example, in a book by another Johnian, Fred Hoyle: "Nuclei Galaxies and Quasars",[6] rather old now but he does speak of anti-time and anti-matter, and he speculates a little on what might be the properties of an anti-egg. He doesn't tell us much; we would like more information. For example, would the anti-king's horses and anti-men be faced with the same sort of insuperable problem ad their more ordinary counterparts? I don't know the answer to that one; you will have to find out for yourselves.

The conclusion that physicists are drawing from all this is that the onward passage of time has no fundamental importance, whatever that may mean. The following is a quotation from a recent paper in one of the leading physics journals: "Everything we know about nature is in accord with the idea that the fundamental processes of nature lie outside of space-time but generate events that can be located in space time".[7] Here is the key to the answer. True values are "outside of time altogether".

There is nothing new in this idea. It is to be found, for example, in the works of Plato,[8] and in the writings of St. Augustine.[9] But physics does help to confirm it and throw new light on it. It leads at once to difficulties of language. All words in our languages are in some sense temporal. So if we try to express in language ideas that are outside of time, we are liable to produce utter nonsense. This is perhaps just another reason why a physicist is often thought, by his friends and his family, to be - bonkers. We can only use analogy and we have to rely on the sympathetic understanding of our audience. But at least we can apply the idea to our Benefactors. The debt we owe to them is one of those values that is "outside of time" - not spatio-temporal but eternal. At this service we can think of ourselves as joining with Johnians from the past and the future, some still unborn and of both sexes, in giving thanks to God not only for our benefactors but for others who have worked for the welfare of our College; our Masters, presidents, bursars, tutors, teaching officers, and also for our College staff, porters, office staff, kitchen staff, bedmakers, garden staff, and all others.

It is usually supposed that the word "eternal" just means infinite time, without beginning or end. That is the idea behind most of the three or four alternative definitions in the Oxford Dictionary - though one of them does say "not conditioned by time".[10] There is clearly a need for something more. A colleague of mine once worked out the properties of a five dimensional Euclidian continuum with three space-like and two time-like dimensions.[11] One of these two he called "time" and the other "eternity". This must be an extreme oversimplification but I think it has a useful idea behind it - Eternity as a time-like dimension but distinct from, and orthogonal to time. I have also met the idea that in the dimension of Eternity

we have the power of choice,[12] and therefore it is the dimension in which we exercise responsibility; to choose eternal death or eternal life.

One of the highlights of our service of Commemoration of Benefactors is the singing of the Te Deum. It is a form of the Creed, and like the other creeds it has the idea "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our judge". This surely cannot refer to something in future time, for it would then simply be engulfed in the heat death of the universe. The future tense is not good enough. We need a verb without a tense, and there isn't one. Perhaps we can follow the lead that St. Paul gives in the second epistle to the Corinthians.[13] He makes the distinction between things termporal and things eternal, and later in the same epistle[14] he reminds us that "NOW is the accepted time, NOW is the day of salvation". So let us transfer this phrase to the present tense - Christ is our judge, now at this moment, He who has overcome time and death, whose words are the words of eternal life.

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From the Foundation to Gilbert Scott

A Postscript on the Building of First Court

In From the Foundation to Gilbert Scott (1980), pp. 8-14, in the description of the building of First Court, the names of Oliver Scales, Benet Curwen of Bromlegh, Thomas Loveday, carpenter and burgess of Sudbury, Suffolk, Richard Wright of Bury St Edmunds, glazier, and Richard Reculver, a brickmaker of Greenwich were given as being involved in the work. But the building accounts had been lost and so it was concluded, as had been done by Willis and Clark, that little could be known about the progress of the work. Some few months after the publication the College Archivist discovered among the hitherto unrecorded Archives, a lengthy scroll written in mediaeval Latin not only recording the expenditure by the College between the years 1511-12 and 1513-14 but written in a manner helpful in detail for a certain understanding of the progress of the building of First Court. Two letters from John Fothede, Master of Michaelhouse to Bishop Fisher, found among Scott's 'Notes(1) from the College Records' hitherto not used were also helpful to the story. In 1508 the administration of the new property was vested, among others, in the Bishop's vicar general, Henry Hornby, an executor of the will of the foundress, and John Fothede. It was assumed that Oliver Scales was more than a clerk of the works, but it now appears that during the important years of 1511-12 and 1513-14 and beyond that, not only was he referred to as clerk of the works but also as an accountant, and through the nature of his first expenditure he acted as a land agent also.

The first Master, Richard Shorton, gave to Scales the sum of £2055.18.3, to which sum he was to add the collection of outstanding debts owed to the College amounting to £173.6.3¼,(2) plus a gift of £5 from Fisher via Richard Reculver the brickmaker, together with £12 received by Scales for the sale of old timber from various demolished houses. The resulting initial sum of £2246.4.6¾ was to be expended for the provision and purchase of materials for the new construction, together with the wages of masons, carpenters, other craftsmen and labourers hired by the accountant (Scales) and employed in the works of the new buildings and in the repair of College tenements in the town of Cambridge and on its estates. After paying debts of £30.6.8 to various persons, Scales proceeded to the settlement of the purchase of land and houses in Cambridge and villages in Cambridge-shire and Essex. Details of land previously purchased and finally settled during the period of the account, together with the acquisition and payment of further land and property was as follows for the four villages:

Bradley - From Bartholomew Brokesby, a close of land for £3 and a further close for £9.
From William Frankelyne, 30 acres and a meadow for £18.
From William Reeve, a house, 30 acres of land and a meadow for £19.

Coton - From Robert Lucas, a house, barn and garden for £4.0.12.
From Thomas Powell for a new house built at Lynton (Linton) and removed to Coton £5.10.0.

Isleham (Iselham) - From Edward Besteney, land previously purchased for £220 valued at £10 per annum. Up to the end of the account £50 had been paid.

Meldreth - From Nicholas Harvy and John Clerk, land to the value of £73.13.4. £60.9.10 had been previously paid leaving the settlement of £13.3.6 in the account.

An indenture between the Bishop of Rochester, Henry Hornby and Robert Shorton on the one part and William Swayne, Henry Dey and Oliver Scales on the other, for the execution of works of masonry and brickwork for £330.6.8 raises an interesting question. At the resumption of the building of King's College in 1509 William Swayne was comptroller of the work and at about the same time he appears to have been responsible for the design of Christ's College Chapel (Willis and Clark, vol. 2, p. 199). In our subsequent account's Swayne is referred to as master mason for St John's College and therefore it is feasible that he acted as architect/mason for the design of the Court. Another person who was taking an active interest at the beginning of the contract was John Fothede, Master of Michaelhouse, the College of which formerly Fisher was Master. Fothede's two letters written to Bishop Fisher in 1511 suggest that he had a limited charge of the building operations, acting as an advisor to Shorton and at the same time keeping Fisher informed. The first letter requested Fisher that either he or the Bishop of Winchester should write to the Bishop of Ely asking him to instruct his commissary to release to Shorton the articles ('stuff'), left by the despatched brethren of the monastic house and contained in an inventory in the hands of the commissary. In both letters concern was expressed because Shorton was not in residence; the brethren had left, the place was desolate, and neighbours who had regularly attended mass were now deprived. Easter was drawing near and hope was expressed that something might be done 'that Godes service might be keped this holy tyme more specially'. It seemed that it was necessary to obtain a special public announcement in the form of a placard displayed to inform the public of the intended change from the previous monastic establishment to that of a College, with consequential alterations and new buildings. Fothede reminded Fisher that this had been overlooked. In the meantime, however, a man had received 3/4d for reminding the Master and another man had received 3/- for rowing up the river Thames three times from Greenwich to Lambeth in order to obtain from the Court ratification of the document. Fothede complained to Fisher that 'Hornby hath dealt somewhat strangely with me': the incident was over the use of Barrington stone. He had suggested to Hornby that Barrington stone was a sound material which could be purchased at a reasonable price. He was quite certain that the masons would agree that it was the best white stone to be obtained in Cambridgeshire. Although Barrington clunch was not used, similar stone from nearby Eversden was bought in large quantities. A more serious situation now arose. The preparation of the foundations in the south east corner had halted because an agreement with neighbouring King's Hall was not yet ratified. After the work in this area had commenced it was realised

that there was insufficient space between the south east corner and the boundary wall of King's Hall for a vehicle to enter the lane (Back Lane). The Master and Seniors of King's Hall were willing to allow the bare minimum of land for the adjustment of boundaries to make access possible but the younger Fellows were proving difficult. (There are two deeds relating to the dispute, one dated 28 March 1511 and the second dated 2 August 1516 similar to the former but with precise details.) One result of the finally ratified agreement was the chamfered brickwork on the south east corner of the east range of the Court (Willis and Clark, vol. 2, p. 457). It is ironical that in 1392-3 the Master and brethren of the Hospital allowed King's Hall to demolish a wall on the boundary between the two sites and rebuild it encroaching upon the Hospital site (Baker, vol. 1, p. 36). Fothede is now concerned about the lack of men on the site, only three or four masons and no carpenters yet assigned for the work, 'Ye cannot passe the first story unto the first flore be ready. And thus meny thynges necessary lake and as yet no provision made. And therefore it must be lokyd dilygently after or else the pepill will say hic homo incepit edificare et no potuit consummare' (Luke Ch. 14 v. 30). We hear little more of Fothede after this and for the rest of the story we return to the Scroll. Unlike the building of Second Court where Symons and Wigge received lump sum payments, First Court had no general contractor. Scales paid tradesmen and labourers individually, and there are records of payments to masons, carpenters, bricklayers, and labourers. He habitually entered lump sums for several items of work, giving a breakdown of the work and details of the cost which enables one to trace the progress and to record items of interest. We know that Leonard Pilkington (Master 1561-4) turned the Labyrinth into a storehouse and stables, and also that Fisher in his Statutes had allowed the Master room for his horses in the old Hospital stable near the river; we can therefore conclude that an item of £16.15.1 paid to labourers working on the storehouse and stable referred to the stable by the river. We are told that 10/8d was paid to Peter Hughson for carving the image of St John, presumably the first image in the heraldry over the Great Gate (p. 9), and John Withed a slater was roofing the College and houses in Cambridge. But the order of the various payments made is disjointed, and therefore so as to present a sequence of the work, the costs of materials and labour will be described as they would be progressively used.

The first main trades would be brickmaking and bricklaying. In the account of the executors of the foundress, Richard Reculver a brickmaker was paid 6/8d for visiting Cambridge to discuss the bricks to be used. It might have been readily assumed that Reculver would deliver his own bricks by water from a brickyard in Greenwich, but in fact his accepted proposal was to make the bricks of Cambridge loam. Reculver then rented land in Cambridge for a period of three to four years to dig out the loam and finally fill in the pits with new earth, build kilns, mould and burn the loam into bricks. An acre of land was rented from John Jenyn for one year costing 3/10d; Walter Norreys was paid 3/4d for the hire of an acre for two years, Richard Parys 3/- for the hire of one acre for three years and John Davy 13/4 for the hire of one close for two years. Walter Norreys was a burgess of Cambridge who owned a barn and other property near to the Castle Hill in the parish of St Giles and forty acres in West Fields. This land was later conveyed to the College. John Jenyn was also a burgess of Cambridge who owned land in the parish of St Giles which was later conveyed to the College (S.J.C. Archives D 32. 189). The firing of

the kilns was by straw and brushwood, this material had to be stored, and John Hunt was paid 3/- for the safe keeping of the brushwood in his garden. Faggots of brushwood were bought from Haylys Wood;(3) the cost, including an empty hogs head for water, was £19.7.9 and John Upholder and others were paid £2.13.0 for straw. Fothede wrote to Fisher, 'Here is very skarys wood to bryne your great kylne of breke, and that will make the breke derer.' The kilns Reculver built would probably be some 12'0" long 9'0" wide inside and 14'0" high. The outer walls were usually built of raw moulded bricks 2½" thick which by degrees would be hardened by the heat of the internal fire. This type of kiln would last for three or four years. The earth might be stiff clay or 'haste mould' a stiff loam without any clay, but with a mixture of sand. The loam was usually dug before Christmas and it was not until Easter that it was moulded and burnt. Two square yards of earth 3'0" deep usually produced 1000 bricks. The raw moulded bricks were stacked on edge three bricks deep on each side of the kiln and the straw and brushwood burnt between the rows. The bricks next to the fire became darker than the remainder and if there was saltpetre in the loam they were vitrified and sometimes known as flare headers. In First Court these bricks were selected to form a pattern known as diaper work, an artistic idea introduced from France in the 15th century. The sand for mixing with the loam and lining the moulds was delivered by John Richardson who was paid for digging, trenching, loading and delivering 91 cartloads to the kilns at a rate of 2½d the cartload. Men working at the kilns were paid 2/- or 3/- for a period of six days. Reculver burnt some 500,000 bricks during the period of the account and was paid 1/6d per 1000. The total cost of bricks paid by Scales was £171.19.11¼d. The finished bricks were a rough sample 2¼" thick which was consistent with the established size of the 16th century, but the bond(4) did not conform with any traditional bond used in English brickwork. The spiral brickwork on the two chimney stacks north of the Great Gate, shown on Loggan's drawing of 1690, was a 16th century innovation, the bricks being frequently carved in situ. Bricklayers were paid £61.11.8d between 24 January 1512 (N.S.) and 22 January 1513.(6) For some unexplained reason Hornby bought at 4/4d the thousand 120,500 bricks from Mr Eccleston, Master of Jesus College, with an additional cost of 6d the thousand for carriage from Jesus College to St John's College. It is probable that Reculver's bricks were not ready or that special bricks were required for the cellars.

Stone and the stonemason would appear on the site simultaneously with the bricklayers. It was customary to face external walls of the brickwork with an inner face of coursed clunch and an infilling of loose clunch. Consequently the first stone to arrive was 435 tons of superior clunch from Eversden at 3/6d per ton, probably used for carving the gothic windows, and a further 380 tons at 2/6d per ton probably used to stabilize the ground under walls and floors and for infilling. The cost of the stone including carriage was £76.2.6d. A further 1566 cartloads of inferior clunch came from 'the Lady Countess's' quarry at Hynton(5). Scales paying £40.8.3 to various men for excavating and carting: the actual stone was free. The next important stone to arrive was hard limestone for quoins, copings, buttresses, including the large windows in the Hall and Chapel, and the oriel window now in the Master's Lodge. The selected stone brought by various carters was both Clipsham and Cliff Park, in all some 900 tons at an approximate price of 6/- per ton. In addition to the limestone some 30 tons of sandstone was brought from Hampole in Yorkshire, a stone which would be used for paving in the

Chapel, Hall, Kitchen and wherever a hard-wearing paving was required. The stone arrived in large rough blocks from the quarries and was sawn into shape and carved on the site. An interesting item was the sum of £3.13.0½ paid to a smith for welding pieces of steel on to each side of the cutting edge of the cross-cut saw to ease the work of sawing the stone by enlarging the saw cut. In the year 1512 (N.S.) masons working on the site were paid £163.18.1d for the period between the Feast of St Agnes the Virgin and the Feast of St Lawrence, some seven months(6); this would indicate the employment of some 13 masons. Lime was the main ingredient for mortar, and John Foxton was paid £113.7.6d for burnt lime. In spite of Fothede's complaint to Fisher of the lack of timber on the site, carpenters were already out in the forests cutting timber. Oak was the usual structural timber used, wood which would take 2 years to season so that oak cut in 1512 would not be ready for use until 1514, but it is generally assumed that much of the structural oak for floor joists and rafters was fixed in a green state becoming seasoned in situ. Special timber for ornamental work was specified as 'good substantial and abyll timber of oak' which would not be required until the last period of the work with the exception of the hammer-beam trusses in the Hall which would be of selected seasoned oak. The first timber recorded came from Shelford and Wetherfield, and the cost was £40.3.4 for the period from St Julian the Bishop in the 3rd year of Henry VIII to St Anthony the Martyr in the 4th year of that monarch(6). In addition there was the cost of carting, amounting to £18.3.4 paid to various carters, among whom was John Hammond who in addition carted for 20 miles 78 wagons of timber, each containing 50 feet of timber at 3/10 per load, amounting to £14.19.0; thus the grand total for the timber was £73.5.8, this being wrongly recorded as £73.7.7. Other carpenters were busy in the forests of Norfolk at Winfarthing Park(7), Banham, Carleton and Diss and other villages. The timber was conveyed from its source to Brandon Ferry and conveyed by boat along the Little and Great Ouse to Cambridge. The carpenters were paid from Saturday before Holy Cross in the 4th year of Henry VIII to Saturday after Mary Magdalene in the same year(6); their total wage was £17.10.4½d and with the carriage by land and water costing £30.18.0¾, the total cost of the timber was £48.8.5¼d. There is little doubt that Thomas Loveday was responsible for the majority of the work of the carpenters. Scales paid him in this period for work on the Master's house, the roof of the Chapel, the work in the Hall, buttery, pantry and storehouse, he personally receiving £202.0.0 up to 21 January 1512. Thomas Pratt was paid £106.0.0 for building the 'southern part' which it is concluded means the range flanking Kitchen Lane. John Nicholson and Thomas Morice prepared 10 new oak doors for 10d each and twenty leaves (shutters) for windows in the Storehouse for 6/4d. John Robynson prepared twenty windows at 6d each and twelve double doors at 1/- each and twenty-eight double doors at 10d each. Henry Petirson made the window in the Master's study for 10/- and the double oak ceiling for £1.18.4, and Peter the joiner glazed the window for 10/-, while William Smyth supplied the ironmongery for 9/2d a total of £3.7.6 for work in the study. If the Master's study was the room with the stone oriel window now in the present Master's Lodge, and if the wooden windows were sashes fitted into the stone surrounds, then the Master's Lodge and Chapel were nearing completion in 1514. Loveday and John Benet jointly were paid £126.9.9¾ for timber required for panelling, including carriage, which suggests that the Chapel was nearing completion and ready for Loveday to consider making the panelling. The doors also were ready for fitting, it is assumed in the Chapel, Master's Lodge, large Combination Room and the Hall. There is little

doubt that much of Loveday's work and that of his employees is now in the present Master's Lodge.

Early in the contract as soon as the brethren had left and their extraneous property been removed, Richard Hertley, Laurence Cristofer and others removed the 'great vault' (roof) of the Chapel, carefully laying it out on the ground possibly so that Loveday might use some of the old timbers in the new roof. Henry Lupton and Gratian Wyllyngton levelled the Chapel floor to receive the new York stone paving and Nicholas Sowtham and his companions commenced to plaster the external walls; all this work on the Chapel cost £1.13.4. The old glass from the windows in the Chapel was carefully removed, and Thomas Speke was paid 1/- for the taking down and the safe keeping of the glass from the east window. It is unlikely that this glass would be fixed in the new perpendicular window of the Chapel, and in all probability it was the glass in the middle window of the three west windows of the lantern stage of the Chapel tower(8).

Richard Wright of Bury St Edmunds had estimated a sum of £140.0.0 for glazing the windows of the Chapel, Hall, Library and Master's Lodge, but up to January 1513/14 the work paid for was only £20.0.0, leaving a considerable amount of work to be done to fulfil his promise of completion before midsummer 1514.

The merchant to supply the lead for the Chapel roof and elsewhere was Thomas Baybyngton of Derbyshire who had estimated the sum of £140.0.0, but in this account William Glossop, probably a local plumber, was paid £4.19.7 for 1 foder 7 cwts. 7 lbs of lead(9), and Thomas Curlewe was paid £23.19.0 for smelting and casting the lead for roof coverings, making lead gutters and rain water spouts; this sum represented completed work, but there was still a large amount of work to be done.

The ironmongery, locks, keys, spits, stay-bars, hooks and hinges were supplied by William Cutt, Laurence Cutteler, John Raysbak and John Lete at a cost of £136.17.10¾. Scales spent £4.2.7 for rewards which were probably incentive payments to masons, carpenters, brickmakers, carters and the plumber, and a further sum of £5.19.3½ was paid at various times to persons for the safe keeping of materials on the site.

The last entry was for payments to craftsmen with the accountant's fee and that of the auditor. William Swayne, master mason, was paid £2.13.4 for the two years of the account, and then, with Henry Dey (who was named with Swayne in the earlier indenture) and John Arbury and Oliver Scales, he received a portion of £5.6.8 for wages during the fifth year of Henry VIII(6). Scales' fee for acting as clerk of the works for the new work of the College was £10.0.0 per annum, and he received in addition to his portion of the wages the sum of £20.0.0 for the period of the account, the auditor receiving £3.0.0

The final entry states that the 'Sum Total of all payments and allowances foregoing: £2,450.9.3¾ and so there is a surplus of £204.4.8¾'.

I am indebted to Mr M.G.F. Underwood, the College Archivist, for translating the Mediaeval Latin in which the account was written, and also assisting me in other aspects of the story.

A.C. Crook

Notes:

1. The Eagle, vol. XXVI, 1905, pp. 298-301.
2. A penny of the mid-sixteenth century was approximately equivalent to the present-day 45p.
3. Hayley Wood, 1½ miles NE of Hatley St George in Cambridgeshire.
4. The bond is the method of breaking joint so that no vertical joint coincides with the immediate joint of the courses above or below.
5. The reference 'domina Comitissa' is probably to the Lady Margaret who had died in 1509. The Archivist of Christ's College has kindly given the information that in the building of that College - her previous foundation of 1505 - use was made of quarries at Hinton.
6. These Feast Days are:

St Antony the Martyr	17 January	St Lawrence	10 August
St Agnes the Virgin	21 January	Holy Cross	3 May
St Julian the Bishop	27 January	St Mary Magdalene	22 July

   In England before 1752 for civil, ecclesiastical and legal purposes the year began on 25 March (Lady Day). On 1 January 1752 the Old Style (O.S.) was brought to an end, and the year for all purposes was made to start on 1 January, this being called New Style (N.S.). The early regnal years of Henry VIII are:

1st	22 April 1509 to	21 April 1510
2nd	1510	1511
3rd	1511	1512
4th	1512	1513

7. The son and heir of Sir William Munchensy owned Winfarthing Park, which was a large park stocked with deer. He had the liberty to keep dogs for hunting the hare, fox and wild cat in his waste and forests. He also without licence had the right to fell timber, pull down and build up, plant and cut down on the copy hold and waste.
8. A.C. Crook, From the Foundation, p. 113.
9. A foder or fother of lead weighed 19½ cwts. See also Penrose to Cripps (1978), p. 54.

(Alec C. Crook, From the Foundation to Gilbert Scott: a history of the buildings of St John's College, Cambridge, 1511 to 1885 (Cambridge 1980) is reviewed in The Eagle, vol. LXIX, no 289, Easter 1981, pp. 32-4.)

Sir James Wordie's Stamp

It must be rare for the Master of a Cambridge College to be depicted on a postage stamp. But that has happened recently with our former Master, J.M. Wordie (1952-1959). The occasion was the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Geographical Society in 1980. The British Antarctic Territory for this event issued six special stamps showing the portraits of former Presidents of the Royal Geographical Society who had been concerned with the polar regions. So depicted are:

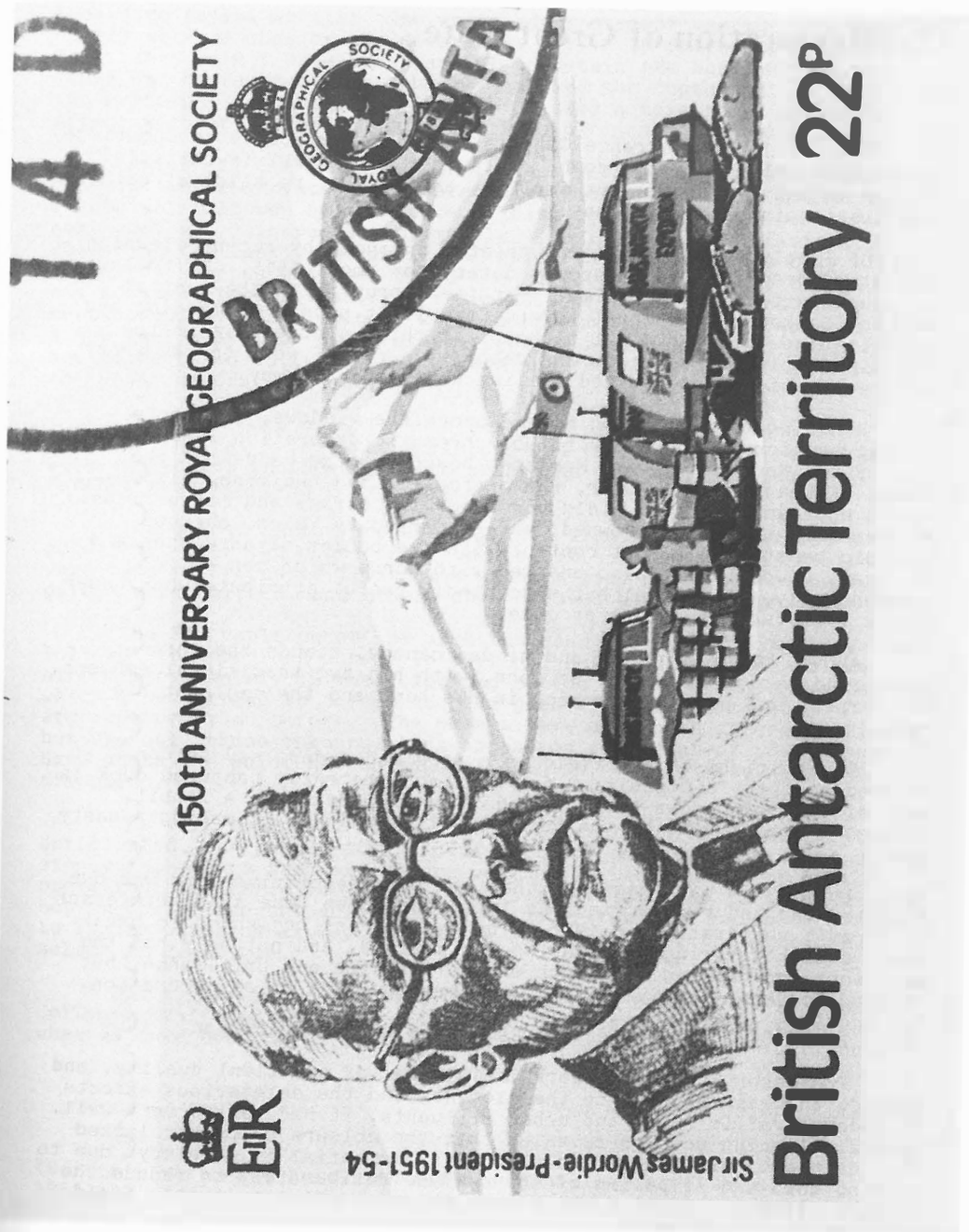
Sir John Barrow.	President 1835-36.	3p.
Sir Clements Markham.	1893-1904.	7p.
Lord Curran.	1911-13.	11p.
Sir William Goodenough.	1930-33.	15p.
Sir James Wordie.	1951-53.	22p.
Sir Raymond Priestley.	1961-63.	30p.

The first three were of course arctic explorers of special note, the last (of Clare College) antarctic, while our Master, Sir James, was concerned with both the polar regions, in particular being a member of Shackleton's party in the 'Endurance' in 1914-16. Admiral Sir William Goodenough was not a polar explorer himself but was much concerned with antarctic affairs between the Wars.

Each of these Royal Geographical Society Presidents is shown against a polar scene of fair appropriateness, but our Queen's head has been banished from all these stamps.

A first day cover, bearing all six stamps, issued 14 December 1980, has been placed in the College archives.

G.C.L. Bertram



The Restoration of Great Gate

That St John's Entrance Gate is the most impressive in Cambridge there can surely be little doubt. Its only near rival is Christ's, similar in many respects, but smaller, and dare it be said, of rather less distinguished proportions.

Of finely coloured brick - greatly enhanced by recent cleaning - with stone dressings, the Gateway dates from about 1515. It follows the usual pattern of that time, of three storeys with the central section flanked by octagonal towers, and is at once a commanding and authoritative building. But perhaps its chief glories lie in the splendid display of heraldry and decorative relief work on the front, and the beautiful fan-vaulted ceiling under the archway.

Reaching to the string course above the windows, the whole central section is adorned with polychromatic decoration featuring the arms of the Foundress, Lady Margaret Beaufort, the badges of the Houses of Beaufort and Tudor, the portcullis and the rose, all displayed upon an elaborate field powdered with borage and marguerites. The Beaufort shield is crowned, and supported by Yales, curious heraldic beasts which, not content with the bodies of antelopes and the heads of goats are also endowed with horns which can swivel independently, an unusual but undoubtedly useful attribute when under attack from two directions at once.

Above, under a carved and gilded canopy, stands the three-quarter life-size figure of St John, with his two traditional emblems, the serpent and poisoned chalice in his hand and the eagle at his feet.

On the right of the field is a rare and I dare say seldom noticed sculptor's conceit: a fox bearing a recently captured duck is seen disappearing down his lair, while a few feet away a rabbit, deeming discretion to be the better part of valour, is making a hasty exit.

In 1979 it was suggested that all this decorative work was due for cleaning and recolouring, as little had been done since Professor Tristram's restoration in 1937. The surface was beginning to break down, some blistering and flaking was noticed, and not only had the paintwork and gilding lost much of their lustre and brilliance, but were no longer effective either as a preservative or as decoration.

In 1980/81 a full scale restoration was decided upon.

Professor Tristram's work in 1937 was of excellent quality, and considering its exposure to the elements and the deleterious effects of modern traffic fumes and urban effluents, it had lasted very well. Initial cleaning however revealed that the colours then used lacked that degree of brilliance and clarity so essential in heraldry, due to matting down and stippling of the surface deliberately to reduce the overall effect, a fashion which even the most eminent in this field

seemed to follow at that time when understatement was the key word in nearly all branches of the decorative arts. In following Professor Tristram's work I have been careful to retain the basic scheme, which could not be faulted, but I have increased the depth and brilliance of the principal colours in an attempt to give a more truly mediaeval effect without, I hope, descending into garishness or vulgarity.

After all the initial cleaning and preparatory repair work was done the whole surface was treated with a damp repellent primer and fungicide, followed by two coats of base colour flat oil paint. The next coat was coloured approximately, leaving the exact finishing colour to the last. The choice of this final colour came only after a number of samples had been tried and rejected, the effect being judged not so much close to, as from the middle of the street and the pavement opposite. Many colours which appear to be quite acceptable from a few feet away look quite otherwise from a distance, and great care has to be taken to judge the colours not on their own but as part of the whole decorative scheme.

The top coats are all in eggshell finish, without any matting or stippling, as I felt the sculpture and the background relief work were sufficient in themselves to break the surface, and that no further reduction was necessary.

The gilded parts were all regilded with double-thickness English gold leaf, over two coats of chrome yellow. Some small alterations were made to Professor Tristram's scheme: some details previously gilded were omitted, and others then painted have now been gilded.

The fan vault under the arch has been recoloured. Again we have followed the previous scheme in outline, but have made one or two alterations, mainly in the colouring of the ribs and compartments, which I have tried to colour to give greater emphasis to the architecture than before. The bosses have also been altered a little, but use only those colours which appear on the front of the gateway. Here again the paint has an eggshell finish, and no matting or stippling.

The work took between six and seven months, rather longer than anticipated, due partly to the difficulty of gilding on old and uneven stonework, and to the very severe weather in December which halted operations for three weeks. Not only was it too cold to work outside, but the paint and the gold leaf quite understandably refused to adhere to frozen surfaces as may perhaps be experienced in the Arctic but seldom in Cambridge.

Our thanks once again are due to so many members of St John's College, staff and students alike, who have shown so much interest in what we have been doing, but are too numerous to mention individually.

Peter Larkworthy

(Editor's note: The completed work was unveiled at 11 a.m. on 24 March 1982.)

Ralph Thoday, Head Gardener

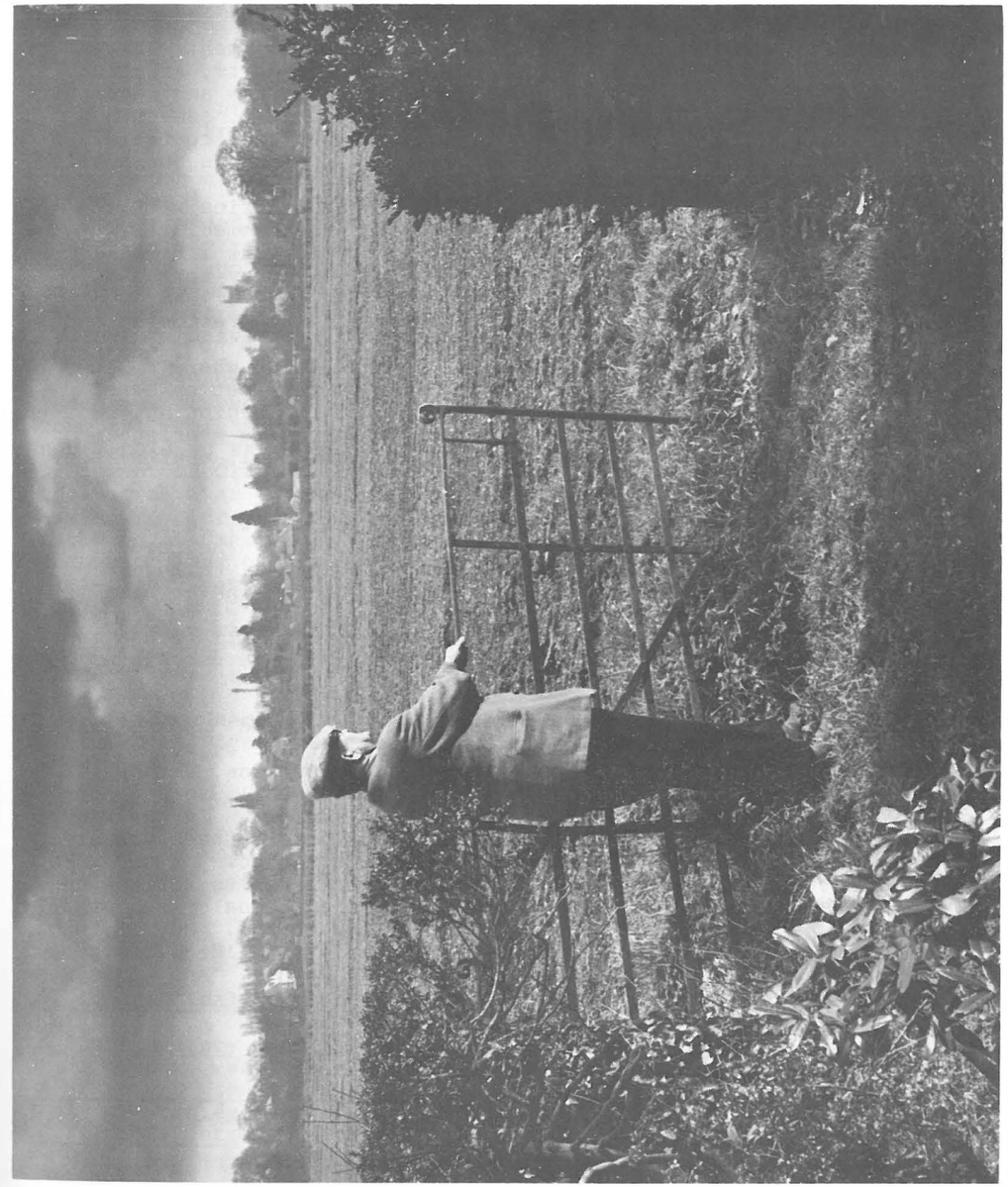
An address at a Memorial Service in the Chapel
18 July 1981
by
J.S.BOYS SMITH

We meet to remember Ralph Edwin Thoday. We are here as members of his family and close friends; members of the College, where some of us knew him for half a century; members of the College staff, some of whom worked with him for many years; and others who came to know him in varied ways.

He was born at Brampton in Huntingdonshire in 1895, of a family connected with gardens and the land; and he himself became a gardener's boy when thirteen years old. His early training was mainly in large private gardens. Apprenticeship could be hard in those days, and earnings were small; but I think he looked back to that beginning as a training that could not easily have been bettered. During the first world war he served in the R.A.M.C.; and when it was over he came to Cambridge to join the staff of the Botanic Garden as assistant to the Superintendent, but he was soon promoted to general foreman. After three years there, he spent some time in commercial gardening, was an instructor in an agricultural college, and had charge of an experimental station in Cornwall. It was a wide and varied experience.

Then, in 1928, when he was thirty-three, this College appointed him Head Gardener, the post he held until his retirement thirty-two years later in 1960. The Head Gardener at that time had charge of much more than the College Courts and Grounds, extensive though they are. He had the management of the large Kitchen Garden on the Madingley Road, with Gardener's house, vegetables and fruit, glass-houses and a vinery, outbuildings, an apple-store, and a piggery; and later there was added the land on which the buildings of Churchill College now stand.

Within a few years, he began exhibiting on behalf of the College at the shows of the Royal Horticultural Society, and the name of the College, with his own name, became widely known in the horticultural world. Over the space of thirty years he won a remarkable series of high awards, especially for apples (there was once an exhibit of twenty-seven varieties, all grown in the Kitchen Garden or the old orchard in the Backs, now the Scholars' Garden), but also for vegetables, pears, and grapes. There were First Prizes, more than once the coveted First Prize for Cox's Orange Pippin. On four occasions the College was awarded the Society's Silver (Hogg) Medal; twice he won the Gordon Lennox Cup for the best amateur; four times the silver Knightian Medal; the Society's Gold Medal. In 1956 the Society conferred upon him its Associateship of Honour; and after his retirement, in 1973, the country's top award, the Victoria Medal of Honour.



It was an astonishing series of successes from a garden not designed to exhibit, but to supply the College tables. And he became well known also as a judge for the Royal Horticultural Society and for the National Farmer's Union, as a lecturer, and as a broadcaster.

But today we remember specially Ralph Thoday the man. Always loyal to the College and its Officers, a man of integrity, exacting in his demands, sometimes impatient, but always with a warm and generous heart; a great talker, but always with something to say, something from his own experience you could note and remember. In course of time he came to be a figure in the College with a place in our hearts.

His retirement did not put an end to his association with the College. In the second world war and the years that immediately followed it there were regulations allowing institutions like a College to slaughter pigs for their own use only if they formed a licensed Pig Club. St. John's formed such a Pig Club in 1946. Steward and Head Gardner of course were members. When rationing ended and the regulations lapsed, the St. John's Pig Club did not die with them. It became a College institution - a social club where Fellows and College Officers and members of the College staff met on equal terms. Ralph Thoday, who had been a member from the beginning, became President of the Club in 1968. He hardly ever missed a meeting. Today it holds its special annual gathering, but it will meet without his familiar presence.

I like to take opportunities, as I will again now, to refer to an aspect of the College throughout its long history. The formal constitution of the College has always been the Master, Fellows, and Scholars, with its other junior members. But that has never been the whole society. That has always included the staff who serve it, without whom it could not function. Ralph Thoday liked still to use the old and honourable name, the College Servants. We remember his as a distinguished name among them.

In these troubled times, often of frustration and purposeless violence, it is an encouragement to remember a life of eighty-six years, possessed throughout of an interest and a purpose, with pride in work well done. That it was spent close to the soil, in a garden amidst growing things, makes it the more to be admired. In the wider garden of life we are taught not to be ashamed to soil the hands and bend the back, to pull up weeds, and sometimes to go down on our knees to do it better; but we should learn too to cultivate, to admire, and to enjoy its fruits and flowers. To win prizes and medals is a great achievement, and if we can do it we may justly be proud. But if, when our allotted span is over, it can be said of us simply 'He was a good gardener', we shall have won the greatest prize of all. And so it was with our friend whom we remember today.

Further Antipodean Connexions

Dear Sirs,

I was interested to read the article on Antipodean Connexions by the late Professor Bennett.

I was a foundation member, and later Chairman of the Science Museum Committee from which grew the present Ferrymead museum, and having attended Lord Rutherford's lectures in the thirties, I naturally participated in the Rutherford Centennial celebrations here a few years ago, and more recently in the fitting out of the so-called 'den' in which Rutherford conducted his earliest researches. These activities led me to delve a little into the early days of Canterbury University College, as it then was.

I was surprised to find that Professor Bennett's article omits the names of two Johnians who achieved some distinction in this country: Professor C.H.H. Cook was the first Professor of Mathematics here, holding the Chair from 1874-1908, and F.W.C. Haslam was Professor of Classics from 1879-1912. Cook was a Londoner who went to Australia at an early age, and then went up to St. John's. He was sixth wrangler in his year, and became a Fellow of St. John's. His teaching at Canterbury was spoken of in the highest terms by Rutherford and others and he was an enthusiastic contributor to local activities, particularly the musical life of Christchurch.

Haslam was born in Ceylon, the son of the Revd. Haslam, himself a Johnian, and was educated at Rugby and St. John's, taking First Class Honours in Classics.

I came here after retiring from the India Civil Service, and lectured in Physics and Astronomy until retiring again in 1979.

Yours sincerely,

A.W. Flack
University of Canterbury,
Christchurch, New Zealand.

Bibliographical References were:

A Short History of Canterbury College, James Hight and Alice M.F. Candy. Whitcombe and Tombs, Christchurch, 1927.
A History of the University of Canterbury 1873-1973, Gardner, Beardsley, Carter. University of Canterbury, 1973.
Scholar Errant, R.M. Burdon. The Pegasus Press, Christchurch, 1956.

Johniana

A request from a reader that The Eagle should give information about changes great and small in the life of the College could hardly have fallen more aptly than this year, which has seen one change that is among the most profound in our history, and another that, if less portentous, will nevertheless affect the daily lives of all resident members.

On 18 March 1981, the Queen in Council was pleased to approve a change in our Statutes by which 'In these Statutes and in any order or regulation made under them words of the masculine gender shall import the feminine ...'. The first feminine Johnian to be thus imported, in October 1981, was a Fellow (in English), Dr. Kathleen M. Wheeler. At the same time ten graduate students joined the College, to read or carry out research in computer science, law, international relations, social anthropology, animal physiology, chemistry, history, parasitology and physiology. The first undergraduates, of whom there will be about forty five, are to be admitted in October 1982.

The second change is a less happy one, and a consequence of enforced economy: the relation existing between junior members and the bedmakers who look after them has been attenuated. As government grants to students have fallen in real terms, service charges have to be kept down, particularly in the bedmaking department. Consequently, services rendered to undergraduates are now a vestige of those available before the Second World War. Perhaps we may recall these in memoriam. In those days, the bedmaker arrived when the College gates were unlocked at six o'clock. She proceeded to clean the keeping room, washed up any dishes left, laid the fire ready for lighting and laid the breakfast table. The kettle was then filled from the single water tap on the staircase and set to boil so that shaving water might be ready when the man was called at the hour requested. His breakfast, ordered in advance on a regular basis from the kitchens (6d or 9d for a cooked dish) was brought to him - even in nearby lodgings - on a baize-covered tray carried on the head of a kitchen porter. When the undergraduate had departed to lecture room or laboratory, the bedmaker returned to tidy the bedroom, wash up the breakfast things and return dishes to the kitchens. If requested, she would then lay the table for lunch, and return after lunch to wash up again. She ordered coal and firelighters, fetched bread and milk daily from the kitchens, and kept the provision cupboard stocked from the College shop. Her successors' duties are limited today to cleaning the room and changing the bed weekly. At last, three and a half centuries later, a Statute of 1625 - as quoted in Gradus ad Cantabrigiam (1824) - has almost been carried out:

> It is enacted that no woman, of whatever age or condition, be permitted in any college TO MAKE ANY ONE'S BED; or to go to the hall, kitchen or buttery to carry the provisions to any one's chamber, unless she be sent for as a nurse; which nurse must be of mature age, good fame, and either wife or widow; but upon no account YOUNG MAIDS be permitted to attend the students' chambers.

Although in some other colleges, 'young maids', especially those of foreign origin in Cambridge to study English, are widely employed 'to attend the students' chambers', that as yet is a rarity at St John's.

In any case, the range of services once rendered by the College to its members has been greatly simplified: neither food nor mail, for example, is now delivered to undergraduates' sets, and the College Bootblack, who cleaned shoes left outside oaks each morning, is long retired, though bicycles still receive attention. All this is part of that 'streamlining' of College life that economic and social changes and post-war increases in student numbers (though those from the United Kingdom and E.E.C. countries are to fall slightly over the next two or three years in consequence of government policy) have brought about.

An important aspect of this 'streamlining' is in catering. Until the 1970s, dining in Hall for undergraduates was compulsory for five days a week (four for graduates) - or at least, those dinners had to be paid for, in addition to the kitchen establishment charge, and signing off could be done only twice a week without financial loss. There were two sittings for dinner until 1960, which consisted of four courses. Beer could be obtained by handing a sizing chit to the waiter, who would bring it from the buttery adjoining the kitchens. An occasional half pint was the recognised way of tipping the waiter for his pains. For lunch there was à la carte service in Hall with a limited choice and a fixed price, the meal being served at table. Now, undergraduates wishing to have drinks in Hall must bring them themselves, while lunch is self-service in the buttery dining room.

In the post-war years, the number of junior members increased and there had to be three sittings for dinner. In 1960, in an effort to return to two, the tables were reduced in width so that an extra row could be fitted in; but it was not found possible to return to two sittings for some time afterwards. When the new buttery dining room opened in January 1973, compulsory Hall was discontinued, and one sitting provided, for those who wished to dine there, every evening except Saturday. Junior members still pay a kitchen fixed charge as a contribution to the overheads that provide the facilities that make the choice open to them; freedom is a good thing, but it has to be paid for. Tickets are purchased beforehand, and one is given up on entering Hall; no notice has to be given. A similar system operates in most colleges. Guests may be invited to the ordinary table, but there is also a guest table. There is a special table for graduate students on Tuesdays and Fridays. A Kitchen Consultative Committee - composed of two Fellows, the Steward as secretary, a member from the Samuel Butler Room (graduate students), and two from the J.C.R. - attends to complaints and tries to satisfy everybody. This, of course, is a perennially difficult task: even in 1889 Johnians were complaining that their food cost more than at Trinity (a pheasant, for example, was 4/6 to Trinity's 4/-, and a pudding called Old Sir Harry 2/6 to Trinity's 1/-).

Other changes in catering arrangements have been the building of the Wordsworth Room above the kitchens in 1959-60 (seating about 50 and used for meetings, lunches, dinners and receptions); the opening in the early 1960s of a small room on the ground floor of M staircase,

Second Court, as the Wilberforce Room, for senior members; and inside the N doorway, the Parsons Room (named after the inventor of the turbine engine) for junior members. The Buttery Bar in Second Court opened in 1973, and the Cripps Bar in 1967.

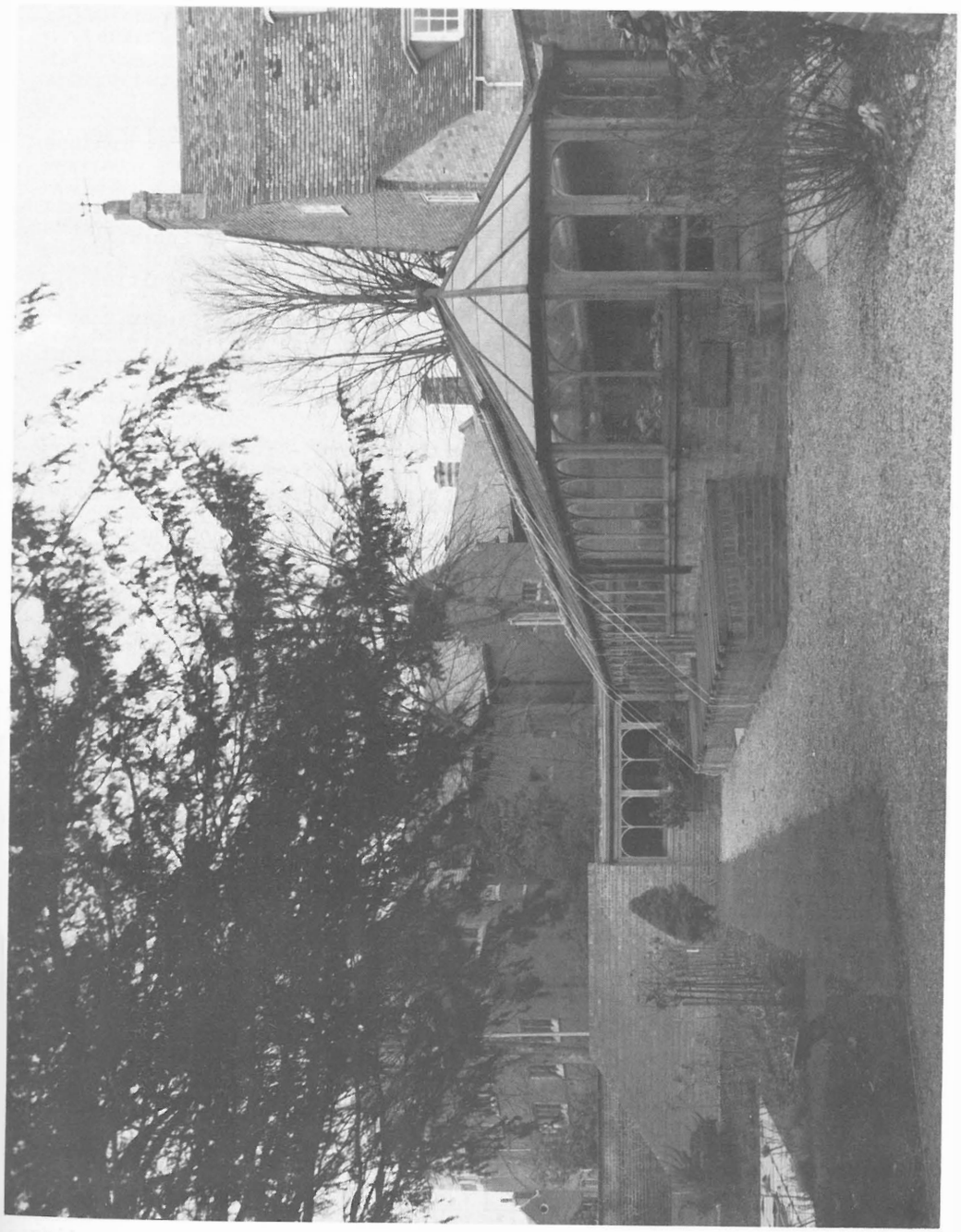
Further changes concern graduate students and facilities for them. Their numbers have increased considerably, from about 60 in the late 1930s, to about 160 in the late 1960s, and to 193 during the present academical year.

In 1973 the College began to offer studentships (now called Benefactors' Studentships) to prospective research students not already members of the College. The scheme has proved extremely successful and has permitted the election of five or six first-class students every year from other universities, including a considerable number from overseas. The subsequent careers of former Benefactors' Students have amply justified their original selection by the College.

Since the number of married graduate students had increased considerably, the College decided some years ago to increase provision of accommodation for them. Nearly fifty furnished houses and flats, mainly in streets adjoining the College, now exist. The six newest (1981) are in Cockcroft Place (named after the late Sir John Cockcroft, formerly Fellow and Junior Bursar of the College and later Master of Churchill). This is part of an important housing development undertaken by the King Street Housing Society on land in Grange Road owned by the College, and to which the College contributed financially. Hostels outside College walls have made their appearance since the Second World War, and now exist at 7, 12 and part of 15 Madingley Road, 69 Grange Road, 69 Bridge Street, 19-20 Park Parade, and 5-6 and 19-20 St John's Road. They house eighty-one graduates and undergraduates. Finally, the Warehouse, lying between Bridge Street, the river and the outhouses of the Master's Lodge, has been converted into fourteen rooms (with offices on the first two floors). Although the Warehouse can only be entered from Bridge Street, it is regarded as if it were within the walls of the College. Thus St John's has now expanded to the riverside near Magdalene Bridge, though in a very different style from that considered in the 1930s, when Sir Edward Maufe (the architect of North Court) designed new courts for Bridge Street.

Expansion on a smaller scale is the elegant new greenhouse built in 1981 to the west of Merton Hall, to designs by the Junior Bursar and the University Estate Management and Building Service. The cost, nearly £50,000, was met by a generous benefaction from the estate of the late Cecil Jenkins, a member of the College. The greenhouse has three main divisions, each with separate heat and ventilation controls. It supplies all the flowers, bedding and house plants required by the College, enabling us to avoid an annual expenditure of £2,000. Thus munificence and economy are combined as befits these somewhat straitened times, and floral decorations happily avoid that financial frost that has nipped certain aspects of College life.

N.F.M.H.
R.P.T.



Subscriptions to The Eagle

In 1981, the Editors were obliged to increase subscriptions to £1.50 to offset the steady increase in costs. Most subscribers have since amended their Bankers' Orders accordingly. There remain, however, over three hundred who have omitted to do so. The Editors regret to announce that they can no longer guarantee delivery of The Eagle to those who are still only subscribing at the old rate.

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Last year's cover was by Mr A. Franklin.

Behind the Early Statutes

College statutes, like other laws, have a prescriptive force which outlives the limiting practical circumstances of their making. In studying old statutes one gets the impression that communities grow from their constitutions rather as buildings follow plans. This 'architectural' quality may be enhanced by a self-conscious use of images in the design of statutes: Richard Fox used a beehive for the type of his Corpus Christi College Oxford; in John Fisher's statutes for St. John's[1] the image of the body appears. The master is the head, the deans are the arms, the financial officers the hands, while the fellows form the rest of the body apart from the feet which, predictably, correspond to the servants. Behind the imagery and self-conscious ordering, however, lie the practical circumstances which determined the direction and rate of the college's growth.

The charter granted by Lady Margaret Beaufort's executors in 1511 appointed the corporate form of the college, already sanctioned by royal letters patent in 1509.[2] It was to have a master and fifty 'socii et scholares' as laid down in the patent which had spoken of 'collegium unius magistri ac sociorum et scolarium ad numerum quinquaginta secularium personarum vel circa'. The charter also used the term 'discipulus' to mean a junior member of the foundation who might later be elected a fellow. These junior members were to be included in the general term scholars, for the master is to hold authority 'in scolares omnes tam socios quam discipulos'. The master himself was to be chief administrator and accountant, but not to act on important questions respecting the use and alienation of property without the consent of the majority of fellows. The only other detail on which the executors were as yet prepared to legislate was about management of revenue: no receiver or farmer was to be employed without giving adequate security. Despite reference in the charter to statutes given by the executors there is no evidence for a contemporary code beyond it.

The actual situation of the college in 1511 discouraged statutes being worked out in greater detail. It was then a body whose numbers were small and whose buildings had just been begun. The only assurance it possessed was its corporate status and the buildings and property of the hospital of St John. The revenues of the hospital in 1510-11 were £50 but after debts had been discharged brought in £80. The value of farms at Horningsea (where the college succeeded to the hospital's obligation to provide a chaplain) and Newnham were raised, land was bought at Iselham with money provided by the executors of the foundress and at Foxton with the gift of John Ripplingham, fellow of Queens', where Fisher had once been president. The manor of Bassingbourne in Fordham, purchased by Lady Margaret, was conveyed to the college after the probate of her will in the archbishop of Canterbury's court in October 1512. By 1514 the regular income stood at just over £100; once legal expenses and the cost of repairs had been deducted, this sum could provide for only the master, four or

five fellows, servants, and pensions for the remaining brethren of the hospital.[3]

In November 1512 the executors were empowered by chancery to receive the income of estates put in trust since 1472 for the performance of Lady Margaret's will. These funds were to be used to build, furnish and help endow the college; but they were not a permanent gift: they could be used only until the lands reverted to the crown as ultimate heir. Two full years' issues were received by the executors in 1513 and more in the next two years.[4] In 1515, however, a new royal auditor, Belknap, decided to press the king's rights. In compensation for the lands the king assigned the executors a rich feudal wardship worth £2,800 to be paid at roughly the same rate as the lost income of just under £400 a year. The college's share of that income had mostly been spent on building, but with the funds from the wardship land at Holbeach was bought and, more important, legal expenses were met for the king's grant to the college of a decayed royal hospital at Ospringe, Kent.[5]

In 1516, when the first code of statutes was given, the transfer of Ospringe was being arranged and there were grounds for hope that the college would be able to expand. In the fragmentary accounts for 1514-16 kept by Richard Sharpe, the president, and Alan Percy, Robert Shorton's successor as master, there are between five and eleven fellows, three or four discipuli, and four servants in commons at different times. The grant of Ospringe doubled the revenues and in 1518 Nicholas Metcalfe, the next master, could draw up an estimate of the college's resources which allowed for thirty-three fellows (corrected to twenty-six) and thirty discipuli, sustained mainly by the Kentish estates. Metcalfe's account for 1518-19 shows instead twenty-six fellows and twenty-three discipuli actually in commons; the college lector and chaplains are shown as receiving stipends, but for the rest only payments for food and clothes are recorded. One of the chaplains was in charge of the college chapel but others had duties in churches outside; at that time the inherited obligations of prayer and worship which maintained a link with the life of the old hospital were as important a feature of the college as its educational role.[6]

The number of about fifty scholars - senior fellows and junior discipuli - mentioned in the executors' charter had almost been reached. Yet the first surviving code of statutes, dependent on a slightly earlier original of which only a quire and a few leaves remain, envisaged a larger foundation.[7] The statutes fixed the number of fellows provisionally at twenty-eight and of discipuli at thirty; this applied to the original foundation supported out of the foundress's estate, and the fellows were not to receive stipends until its revenues amounted to £300 a year. Support by other benefactors in the form of their own private foundations was not to be reckoned in this total, for the original foundation was distinguished by a particular aim: at least half its fellows and discipuli were to come from the nine northern counties beyond the Trent. Other benefactors were free to endow scholars from any region so long as this original aim did not suffer.

The surviving code was compiled while Alan Percy was still master (that is, before he negotiated for rooms in college with the new master and fellows on 21 November 1518) and private founders are already named in an oath in this code. The buildings of first court were well under way, if not complete, when Shorton closed his account

in 1516, and they had cost nearly £5,000.[8] Although Lady Margaret's goods, and debts due to her, continued to fund the purchase of land, it was the profits of the wardship granted to replace lost income in 1515 which had made possible the transfer of Ospringe hospital to the college. The profits of the wardship also paid for a copy of the college statutes, cleared debts of the hospital of St John, and equipped the college library with Greek and Latin texts, an astrolabe, a cosmography and a map of the world. They continued to be paid and to fund the purchase of land until Michaelmas 1519.[9] During that year other large receipts appear, gifts from benefactors for their own foundations of fellows and scholars. Hugh Ashton, one of the executors, gave £400; Robert Duckett, rector of Chevening, Kent, £26. Early in the year the ward, Lady Lisle, had died, and those responsible for paying the wardship profits to the executors ended their instalments: a memorandum attributed to Fisher says that they 'made it a matter of conscience because of the death of that young lady'.[10] Between 1519 and 1521 more money from Duckett and Ashton, from Edward Gregson, rector of Fladbury in Worcestershire, and from James Beresford, vicar of Chesterfield and Worksworth in Derbyshire, was received. Provision for scholars endowed by the executors of Cardinal Morton seems already to have been made by 1516, for a statute about them survives in the same hand as that of the original code given in that year.[11] Sir Marmaduke Constable of Flamborough, Yorkshire, had given £100 to Alan Percy and the fellows before 1518, and his foundation for one priest-fellow was enlarged to include four discipuli after his death in 1524.

Ripplingham's, Duckett's, Gregson's, Morton's, Fisher's and Constable's foundations were all the subjects of agreements by 1521. They stated that the scholars and fellows should have the same rights as members of the original foundation, but Fisher and Ashton allocated extra payments for their own purposes. In time, as by-foundations of greater and lesser worth proliferated, their differences would trouble the life of the college. The early foundations, however, both as to the preference they showed for scholars from northern counties and as to rates of maintenance, harmonised in general with the pattern of the original foundation. The first statutes did not decree this, it simply reflected the wishes of the benefactors; but they did try to safeguard the alleged wishes of the foundress while encouraging private support from other sources.

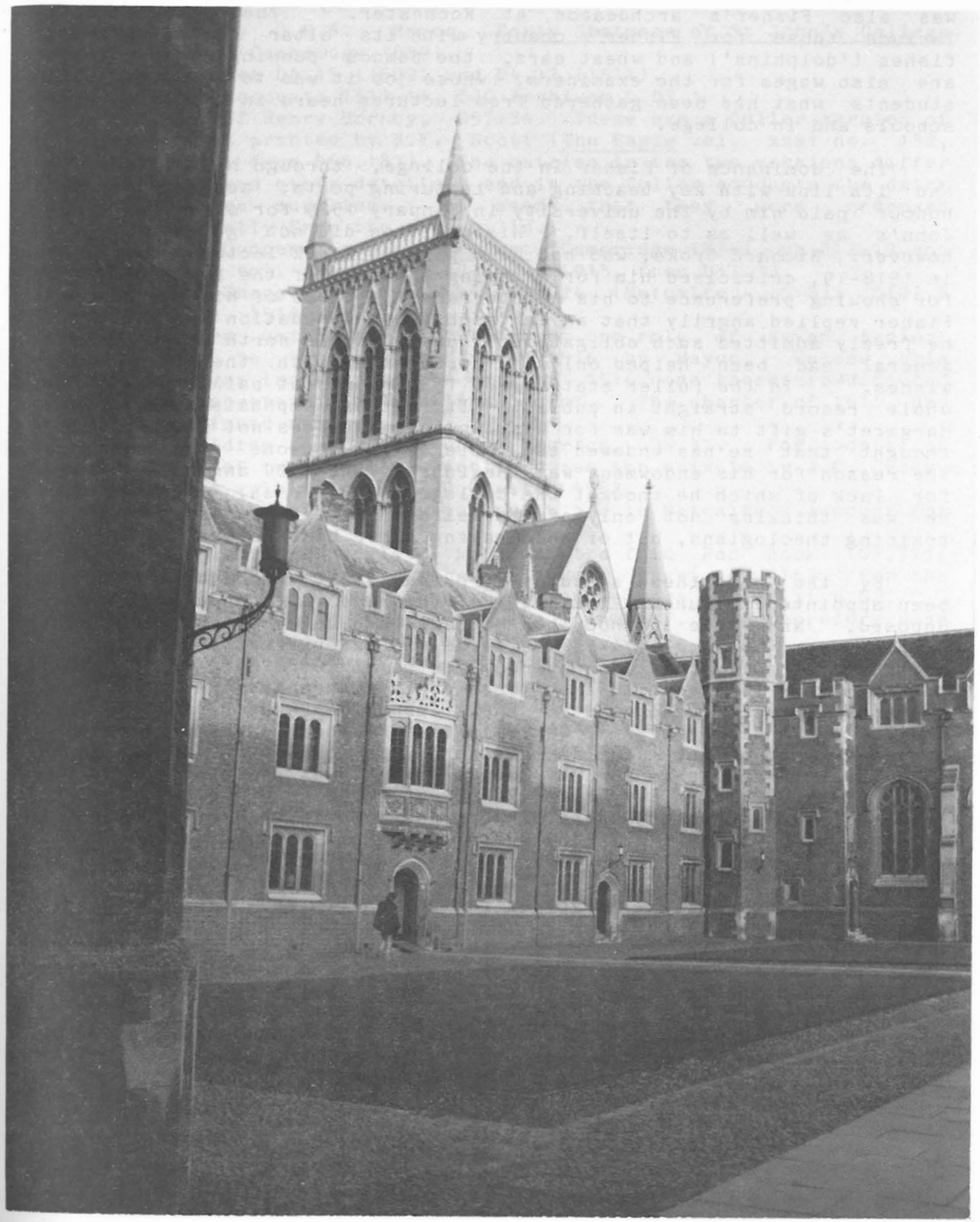
The most productive of these was John Fisher himself. A memorandum in the margin of a page of Nicholas Metcalfe's account for 1518-23 says that Fisher had devoted to the use of the college £1,200 and that above this he had given £500 to buy lands. Of this, the memorandum continues, he should have had a payment of £25 yearly which had not been paid from the fourth to the thirteenth year of Henry VIII. This arrangement is confirmed by a statement on the earlier account roll of Robert Shorton to the effect that Fisher gave £500, for which the college was held bound to him by an obligation given on 18 January 1513 which was in Fisher's keeping. The statutes of 1516-18 allude to this gift in an agreement for the college to provide four fellowships and two scholarships bearing Fisher's name.

The first code of statutes mentions no other gifts by him, and this was presumably the earliest form of the foundation. In 1521, however, more detailed indentures were drawn up between the bishop and the college, and these mention a gift of plate and one of money to buy lands worth £60 a year. The manors of Ridgewell in Essex, Ramerick in

Hertfordshire and Holbeach in Lincolnshire, which were to be the continuing sources of support for Fisher's foundation, were conveyed to the college at this time.[12] Out of Fisher's contribution along with those of other benefactors, the residue of the Lady Margaret's estate and the college revenues swelled by Ospringe, came other lands which cost a total of £2,400. Among these were properties at Steeplemorden in Cambridgeshire, Great Bradley in Suffolk, Thorrington in Essex and Blunham in Bedfordshire. Fisher's efforts on behalf of the college and of his own foundation were closely linked since from the first his gift had borne obligations. The continuity intended between his own and the foundress's wishes is seen in the terms of his indentures with the college: 'the said two counties of York and Richmond [to which Fisher gave preference] shall every year at the time of elections have and enjoy their full number of the said fellows and disciples as the statutes of the foundress of the said college in any wise giveth liberty; notwithstanding the ordinances and statutes to be ordained by the said reverend father in God for the foundation of the said four fellows and two scholars ever to stand in his full strength and virtue'. Money from the foundation was also to be distributed among fellows of the original foundation of the college as well as among Fisher's relations and household.

In the statutes of 1524 the background to both the foundress's and Fisher's foundations is given in more detail. The acquisition of the priories of Broomhall and Higham had raised the income of that of the foundress, and a stipend with an additional weekly distribution could now be paid to all the fellows. Their number remained at twenty-eight, however, and a reason is now given in the statute: the king had made mention in his charter of a foundation of fifty fellows, but the loss of revenues to the value of £400 a year had prevented this being achieved. In the statute governing Fisher's foundation we learn also that the foundress had given him a large sum of money before her death because of the poverty of his see, and this sum he had applied to the college besides a good part of his own income. His support amounted to enough money to buy lands worth £60 a year, besides his former gift of £500 and plate. The impression left by the 1524 statutes is of a strong connection between his own endowments and the foundress's foundation: two praelectorships in Greek and Hebrew, with chantry obligations towards the bishop if held by priests, and four examinerships, which were by preference to be awarded to Fisher's fellows, were added to the college. As we have seen, neither the royal letters patent nor the charter of the executors in 1511 entailed the need to provide for fifty fellows, since both had spoken of a community of about fifty persons of whom some were fellow-scholars and some disciple-scholars, but the more generous interpretation prevailed in the statutes. Fisher's efforts, with those of other benefactors, had left the college room for expansion and there is also no doubt that one of his aims was to protect the needy north of England.

There were also his private rights to be protected, in an age when individuals were defined by their place in a network of kindred and patronage. Not only Fisher, Margaret and Henry VII were to be remembered in his foundation, but also Fisher's parents, friends, benefactors and servants, for no man was an island, spiritual or material. The profits of the three manors conveyed to the college were taken by the college bursars after 1526, but their rolls show that rents were repaid from them as monies to be accounted for to the use of Fisher, who had the nomination of his own fellows. The detailed accounts for the payments are not in the bursars' rolls but



were still kept by the master of the college, Nicholas Metcalfe, who was also Fisher's archdeacon at Rochester.[13] The disbursements include those for Fisher's chantry with its altar cloths bearing fishes ('dolphins') and wheat ears, the famous 'punning' arms. There are also wages for the examiners, whose job it was to go over with students what had been gathered from lectures heard in the university schools and in college.

The dominance of Fisher in the college, through his foundation and its link with key teaching and lecturing posts, accounts for the honour paid him by the university in January 1529 for services to St John's as well as to itself. His position did not go uncontested however: Richard Croke, who had been paid as Greek lecturer by Fisher in 1518-19, criticised him for usurping the part of the foundress, and for showing preference to his 'conterranei' - those of his own region. Fisher replied angrily that as far as his own foundation was concerned he freely admitted such obligations, and that the north of England in general had been helped only in accordance with the foundress's wishes.[14] In the fuller statutes of 1530 he was at pains to set the whole record straight in public. It is there emphasised that Lady Margaret's gift to him was for his own use; he does not wish it to be thought that he has endowed the college with someone else's funds. The reason for his endowment was the loss of the £400 annual revenue, for lack of which he thought the college would perish. He adds that he was thinking not only of the welfare of his own soul and of training theologians, but of encouraging other benefactors.

By the time these statutes were made public Richard Croke had been appointed to further the cause of the royal divorce which Fisher opposed, and the bishop had become a target for government displeasure. During 1534-5, while he was under arrest, we note from the bursars' rolls that the revenues due to him were paid to the king; after Fisher's execution they were merged with those of the college and the bursars accounted for the stipends of the examiners and praelectors. Fisher's arms, the dolphins and wheat ears, were defaced by government order; in 1544 mention of his foundation vanishes from the bursars' rolls and the statute for it was omitted from the statutes given by the king the next year. The dead bishop had in fact been made a non-person as part of government policy. In the return of college revenue made to the crown in 1546[15] his foundation does not appear with those of other benefactors, but their role as a whole is clearly visible: twenty-seven fellows and twenty-seven discipuli on the original foundation, eighteen fellows and thirty-seven discipuli supported by private founders. Whether as an act of long-term policy or in response to friction in the college, the royal statutes underplayed the former stress on the charity to be shown to the north: no more than half, rather than at least half, of the original foundation was now to be recruited from beyond the Trent. Although the religious obligations attached to the foundations were dropped or altered as the reformation proceeded, ties of kindred and locality persisted and were an integral part of new by-foundations. They vanished when the nineteenth century reformers rationalised the college's structures according to the mood of their day. The plans, to resume the architectural image with which I began, then underwent more changes to accord with as-built reality.

M.G. Underwood

Notes

1. Printed by J.E.B. Mayor, Early Statutes of St John's College Cambridge (Cambridge 1859).
2. SJC Archives D6.15 (1509) and D4.17 (1511).
3. Master's accounts 1511-14, SJC Archives D107.1
4. Accounts of Henry Hornby, D57.34. These are a fuller version of a fragment printed by R.F. Scott (The Eagle vol. xxxi no. 152, June 1910, from D56.183). The entries in the two versions differ in order and other details, and in the fuller accounts the dates have been supplied. It seems that they were composed independently from the same bills.
5. See C.H. Cooper The Lady Margaret (Cambridge 1874), pp 212-13 and The Eagle vol. xxxvi no. 167, June 1915, from D57.33.
6. D107.2 (Sharpe, 1514-16); C17.24 (Metcalfe, 1518); D107.8 (Metcalfe, 1518-19).
7. The quire omits the statute about the role of seven seniors included in the copy printed as 1516 by Mayor. Unless this statute was transposed, the original 1516 code therefore differed in an important constitutional point. The charter of 1511 had not mentioned seniors.
8. The building account of Robert Shorton, D6.31. For a detailed analysis of two years' expenditure see the article by A.C. Crook, The Eagle vol. lxix no. 290, Easter 1982.
9. These, and the following payments, are in Metcalfe's account for 1518-23, D106.5.
10. In the college register known as the Thin Red Book (C7.11); printed by R.F. Scott, The Eagle vol. xxxvi no. 167. For the ward, Viscountess Lisle, see Complete Peerage vol. viii p 62.
11. Folio size, larger than the quire in note 7. We therefore have fragments of two sets of the 1516 code.
12. D55.156 (Holbeach, 15 May 1520, D71.16 (Ramerick, 26 February 1521), D14.169 (Ridgewell, 14 June 1521).
13. Metcalfe's accounts, D106.7 and D107.6. The first bursars were George Cowper and Robert Thornam, not Ashton and Sylyerd as given in Sir H. Howard, Finances of St John's College p 282.
14. Fisher's reply is printed in J. Hymers (ed.), The Funeral Sermon of Margaret Countess of Richmond (Cambridge 1840), pp 210-16.
15. The college copy, C17.1. It was a permanent adjustment despite the reappearance of Fisher as a separate founder in the return of 31 January 1557 made to Cardinal Pole's commission (C17.2).

Souvent me Souvient

The title originally considered for this article was "The SS Collar and the Beaufort Badges". But there have been two previous articles in The Eagle under the above title,[1] and as this contribution deals with similar and cognate subjects, it was thought both complementary and complimentary to repeat the title.

My interest in the SS Collar began even before I had any particular interest in the Beaufort family. The origin of the Collar is uncertain. It consists of a collar of gold of which the links are formed alternately of the letters SS and by flowers - of which more later. In an interesting and scholarly paper,[2] whose use in both reference and quotation I gratefully acknowledge, H.S. London refers to the fact that one of the flowers, named "souvenez vous de moy", was used by Henry IV in 1356 (when he was only Earl of Derby) in the design of a collar which included the letters SS. But London comments that he inherited the collar from his father, John of Gaunt, and further records that Richard II in his 14th year wore a gold embroidered gown, bearing the same motto, at the famous tilt at Smithfield. He goes on to say that if Richard II and his uncle both used the motto it is probable that they got both it and the flower from King Edward III.

R.F. Scott, historian of the College and Master in my undergraduate days, communicated in 1899 to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society a contemporary inventory of plate and other articles bequeathed by the Lady Margaret to Christ's College. This was printed in the Communications, Vol. 9, 1899, and makes frequent references to Lady Margaret badges. One of these references was to Sophanyes (also spelt syphanyes and sephanyes). London states that from the context it is evident that these were flowers and that they were one of Lady Margaret's badges, and considers that the inference that the four petalled flowers on the gatehouses and seals of both Christ's College and St John's are sophanyes is "irresistible". It only remains to discover what the flower was.

London believes that 'sophanye' is a would-be phonetic rendering of 'souvenez', the short name for the forget-me-not - the souvenez-vous-de-moy - or myosotis. But he later discovered that the germander speedwell (Veronica chamaedrys) was also called forget-me-not, or remember-me, in some parts.

When the gatehouse of the College was restored in the 1930s, and again in recent times, the portcullis, the rose and the daisy - the margarete - as well known badges presented no difficulty. But the other flower was taken for borage. They were painted blue, which was acceptable, as Lady Margaret's flowers were either blue or white; the precedent was followed when the arms of Christ's College were restored. But borage and the myosotis have five petals, whereas the germander speedwell has but four, and these somewhat pointed.

From all this it emerges that the King's favourite flower became a family badge of the Beauforts; and the Ss of the collar were the initial letter of the flower; that when worn by the King, or subsequently by other heads of houses, they meant "Souvenez vous de moy" - remember me; and when worn by his retainers they meant "Souvent me souvient" - Yes, I often remember. Thus is explained a motto which has hitherto puzzled many of us, and which appears more than once at both Christ's and St John's - the most recent here being on the forecourt gateway.

The SS Collar appears on many effigies throughout the country, as well as on brasses and contemporary portraits. One of the best examples is to be found in the church of West Tanfield, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which is described in a history of the local churches of what it engagingly calls "Richmondshire". A visit there was well repaid; the tomb contains the effigies of Sir John Marmion and his lady. The sculpture is of a high standard, and well preserved; the SS collars are beautifully carved. Incidentally, the iron canopy is one of the finest in the Country.

Another example occurs in Wimbourne Minster, a glorious edifice; and incumbent there for many years was a contemporary of mine at St John's, the Reverend Stanley Moorcroft Epps. The effigies in this case are of John Beaufort II, 1st Earl of Somerset, and his Duchess, the parents of the Lady Margaret. Referring to these, "W.A.C." reports also that Dr Bryan Walker, formerly Law lecturer at St John's, and Rector of Landbeach, 1871 to 1887, on a visit to Wimbourne heard of the removal of a window from the Minster also containing the figures of the Duke and Duchess.

W.K. Clay[3] writes of Landbeach church: "The East window which was repaired (in a very ordinary manner) and reglazed by Mr Masters soon after his induction to the living, contains some good painted glass of French manufacture transferred thither by him from the parlour window of the rectory house". Robert Masters (BD 1746) was rector of the parish, resigned in 1797 and died the year after. He was evidently a very devoted and assiduous parson, very active in the parish, and did a great deal for the church in the way of alterations and additions. He is frequently referred to in Clay's history, which records that he also put in the window two heads which he "conceived to be those of John Beaufort and his wife, first duke and duchess of Somerset, parents of Margaret Countess of Richmond", which he said came from an oratory erected to the memory of her, her family, and friends.

On my visit to the church I was astounded to find the East window entirely fragmented, the pieces having been put in with no design or arrangement. Admittedly, it is some time since my visit but I can recall no recognisable feature beyond a female head. "W.A.C." described two figures, the female one not recognisable as the Lady Margaret, but in a posture suggestive of her. He describes other features which I am quite unable to recall, and suggest that further change has taken place in the window since his account. My dilemma would appear to be supported by two statements of Clay's; in one he says "a legend in Latin appeared in the glass but it is no longer to be discovered", and in the other "The painted glass being a compound of independent pieces, cannot of necessity represent any regular subject". W.A.C.'s description coming over forty years after Clay's make an explanation even more difficult. Authenticity, however is guaranteed; one piece of glass bears the unmistakeable word

"Souvient". Further, Skeat remarks upon it, adding "and it can hardly be doubted that the words 'souvent me' once appeared also".

Reference is also made by Clay to three Coats of Arms, part of the Blazon of one being 'Impaling France and English per fess'; and he queries whether this is a heraldic reference to the De Beche family. But is not an alternative attribution much more attractive, seeing that the abbreviated blazon of the Beaufort arms is "France quartering England in a bordure argent and azure"?

The lady from whom I borrowed the key of the church suggested Cromwell's activities to explain the fragmented window. I thought Hitler rather more likely; but the gentleman who answered my queries addressed to the Rector did not incline to agree to either explanation. It was he who gave me the reference to the history of the village.

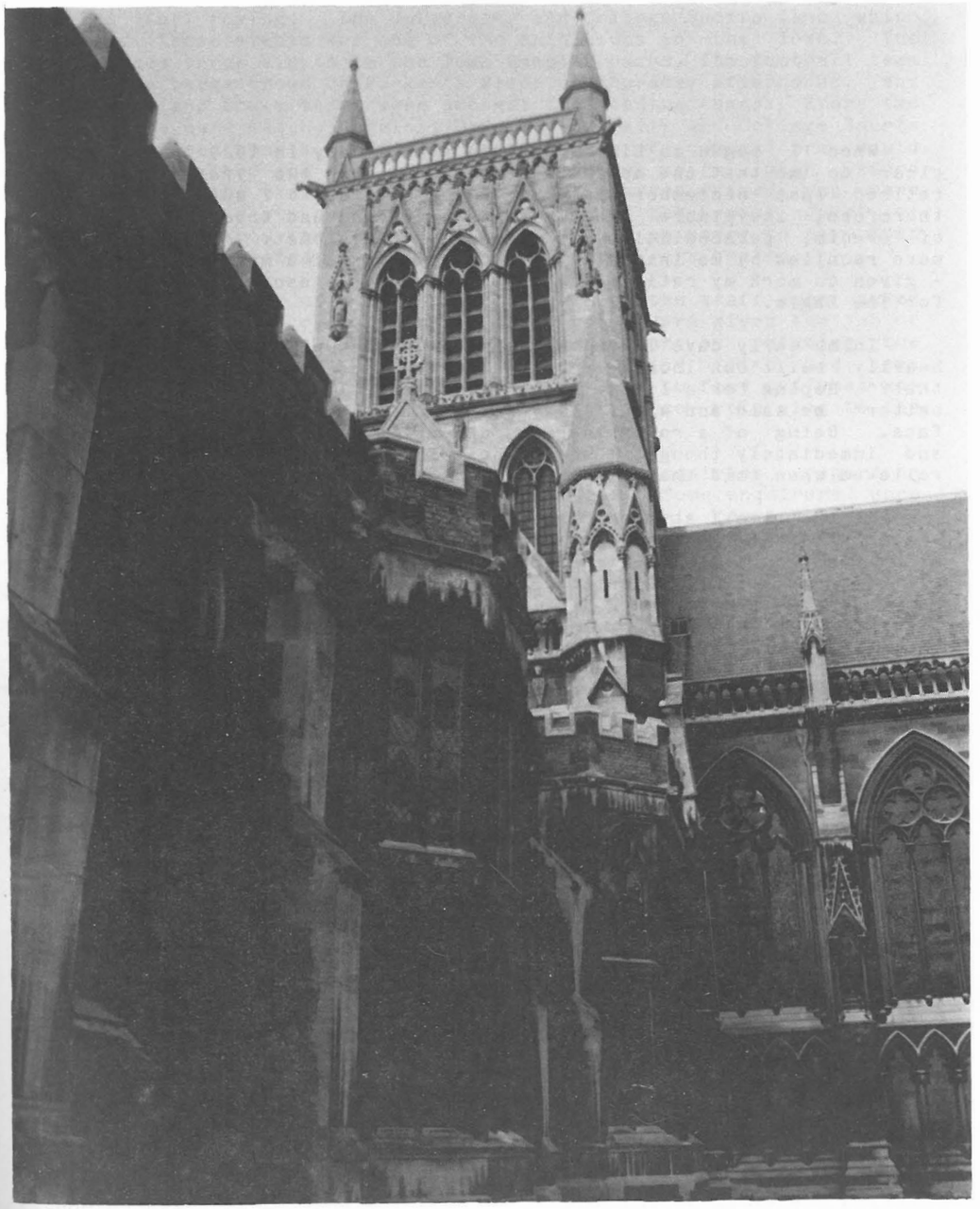
When London posed the question of the identity and significance of the four petalled flower associated with the Lady Margaret, in "Notes and Queries" for December 1951, a reply from "SS" pointed out that a similar flower could be seen in the East window of the south aisle of the church of St Martin-cum-Gregory, Micklegate, York. A journey to York revealed a delightful medieval church, but alas, locked and barred. It is in charge of the parish of Holy Trinity nearby, being a redundant church with no resident vicar. A letter to the vicar produced a helpful reply, telling me that one of his churchwardens took a special interest in St Martin's and would answer my queries. This he did; including a sketch of "a flower in the border round the bottom section of a panel" in the window. The petals are white and pointed; and they are four in number. But what again astounded me was that his description continued "the whole of the bottom section of this panel is made up of fragments of glass". He could however not trace any connection with the Lady Margaret in his records.

If there is actually no connection it remains a very queer coincidence - two "Lady Margaret windows" in fragments? If the opportunity presents, further research might be rewarding.

Frank W Law

Notes

1. W.A.C. 'Souvent me souvient' The Eagle, Vol. XXVI
   Skeat, W.W., idem., The Eagle, Vol. XXVII
2. London, H. Stanford (Norfolk Herald Extraordinary), "Beaufort Badges at Cambridge".
3. Clay, W.K., "A History of the Parish of Landbeach" Cambridge Antiquarian Society Transactions, 1861.



Library Memories

When I began as Library boy in the Library in 1929 it was made clear to me that the appointment would be for two years only. I retired last September fifty three years later! I suppose it is, therefore, inevitable that I should have fond and treasured memories of events, personalities and customs of times past. The following were recalled by me initially at a party - itself a memorable occasion - given to mark my retirement. It is now my pleasure to recall them for The Eagle.

In my early days I was very anxious to do well. One day a rather heavily built Don looked over my shoulder and said "Whose writing is that?" Hoping for a little praise I replied "It's mine". "I've seen better" he said and walked away with what I thought was a grin on his face. Being of a rather nervous disposition I was rather shattered and immediately thought I should be told I was unsuitable, but was relieved when told that T.R. Glover was rather noted for his sarcasm.

At the time I started, the Upper Library was being put back into shape after having been completely cleared of books and bookcases to allow the roof to be dismantled and the floor boards taken up to get rid of the death watch beetle damage. Messrs Rattee and Kett carried out the restoration work and their workmen were bringing the books back from a lecture room in Chapel Court where they had been stored and they were placing them on the shelves in any order. I had to arrange them in their correct order so in my first few weeks I handled every book in the Upper Library!

Life in the College was very different in my early days. At the beginning of each Term the Railway would deliver piles of luggage to the front Gate. Virtually everyone came 'up' by train in those days. Porters would then take the luggage to each member's rooms on a handcart. Several things fascinated me. The College fire brigade went round the Courts at the beginning of each Term testing the hydrants. The brigade consisted of about five senior Porters most of them rather portly. Their main interest seemed to be the beer waiting for them at the Buttery as a reward for this extra duty. There was the New Court porter going round every evening with his lamplighter lighting the gas lamps in the Courts; the shoeblacks doing their daily round of the staircases cleaning boots and shoes put out for them; the kitchen porters with large trays on their heads taking meals to rooms and also to lodging houses near to the College. Coal merchants delivering sacks of coal to a bunker outside each set of rooms seemed almost endless in Full Term.

Before the last war there was a Servants' Sports Club in the College and teams in several sports took part in inter-collegiate competitions. During the Christmas vacation there was a knock-out football competition for a cup. Trinity and St John's were the only Colleges to raise a team from their own staff. The small colleges combined - Peterhouse and Pembroke, Christ's and Sidney, and so on. In the Easter vacation there was a rowing knock-out competition for a

cup over the Long Reach course. I received a medal when we beat our arch-rivals Trinity in the final of the football and I won two tankards for rowing. The University and College Sports Club which organised these events was one of the main clubs in the Town. The Club entered three eights in the Town Bumping races, its football team attracted a large crowd on Parker's Piece on Thursday afternoons, and its Cricket and Bowls teams were amongst the leading teams. Every two years there were matches against Oxford University and College Sports Club in these sports. Several coach loads of competitors would journey to Oxford and stay two days. Then two years later Oxford would return the visit. If you took part against Oxford you were allowed to wear a strip of light blue ribbon on the breast pocket of your blazer to show that you were a 'blue'. I am sorry to say that the time I was selected to row against Oxford we were beaten.

On the outbreak of the last War members of the staff were asked to help with air raid precautions. Three of us were given the job of blacking out staircase windows in the First Court by painting the glass with black paint. I heard that a recruiting office had been opened in the Divinity School. I wandered over to find out what was happening and I was very soon in the Royal Air Force, returning to the Library when I was demobbed in 1946.

During these years I answered many enquiries regarding biographical details of members of the College. Some enquirers were tracing their family history and some doing academic research. The most sought-after member, William Whitaker, who was Master 1586-95, had a son who went to America in 1611. Many citizens of that great country with the name Whitaker think they are descendants of our William Whitaker and one wonders what the family tree would look like if anyone had the time to compile it. Once we had four, who claimed to be descendants, visit the Library within the space of about three months, but strangely none of them knew each other. An American appeared one day wearing a stetson hat. He apologised for not giving warning of his visit. He was on his way to the Continent, but had stopped off at Heathrow for a few hours. He said he hadn't time to read the biographical material I turned up for him as he had travelled to Cambridge by taxi and it was waiting to take him back. He had everything photocopied at a cost of just over a pound. When he paid for it he produced a wad of about two hundred five pound notes and asked how many of them I wanted. I rather reluctantly replied that one of them was more than enough.

After my post was made permanent I received much encouragement from Dr G.G. Coulton, the medieval historian. I did some clerical work for him and sometimes carried Library books to his rooms at the top of A New Court. I was usually greeted with the smell of cocoa as he ground his own cocoa beans. He often worked in his rooms in a faded dressing gown with a leather belt round his waist, a tennis eyeshield to protect his eyes and surrounded by manuscript articles, etc. held together with safety pins. During August every year he would ask me where I was going for my holiday. After telling him he would immediately follow with the same words each time. "When you are out one day have a tea and think of me", at the time pushing a half crown into my hand which in those days would buy a good tea. In the autumn he would ask for the Upper Library blinds to be raised as he loved to see through the windows the foliage of the chestnut tree in the Master's garden changing colour as he walked through the Third Court. There were complaints about the noise from the ring handles on the entrance door to the Library in Third Court disturbing readers.

The Junior Bursar (Dr Cockroft) had them replaced by a quieter lever-type handle. Dr Coulton disapproved of the change, rescued the old handles from the Maintenance Department and took them along to protest to the Junior Bursar. The outcome was a compromise - a ring handle on the outside of the door and a lever handle on the inside.

Professor H.S. Foxwell was also very kind to me in my early days. He was Chairman of the Library Committee and, although very frail, insisted on carrying on until just before his death at the age of eighty seven. I remember helping to carry him on a chair from the Front Gate to the small room in the Upper Library where the meeting was held. I think he remained awake long enough to sign the minutes as he was asleep when the meeting finished and I was called to help carry him back to his taxi. Foxwell was a great collector of economic literature and every inch of wall space in all his rooms was lined with books and there were piles on the floor and on the tables. His inner rooms were rather musty, but as one entered there was always a very refreshing smell from his Cleaver's Terebene Toilet Soap, which he always used. I helped my predecessor, the late Mr C.C. Scott, to catalogue and despatch this very large collection of books to the Harvard School of Administration, Boston, USA.

Just after the last war there was concern about the leather bindings of the books in the Upper Library being in a very dry state. It was decided that they should be refurbished. Experiments were carried out with various leather preservatives. In the end it was agreed to use neatsfoot oil with a little birch tar oil added to counteract its fatty smell. The birch tar oil had a smell like charred wood and for some months after it had been applied readers and visitors would ask, very seriously, whether we had had a fire. The treatment was not very successful as the thin neatsfoot oil seemed to soak into the board rather than remain in the leather. In later years the leather bindings have had two applications of a preservative solution made up in accordance with the British Museum formula, which has proved to be more suitable for the preservation, handling and appearance of the books.

In 1939 there was much talk of the impending war, and the safety of our manuscripts was causing concern. The possibility of sending them away from Cambridge was considered. Two large teak chests were made in readiness and placed in the Upper Library. One day a photographer, I think from the Victoria and Albert Museum, was taking photographs of some of our manuscripts when his film suddenly ran out and he inquired about a dark room in which to change it. We were unable to offer a suitable room and so he, a rather small man, lifted up the lid of one of the chests and disappeared into it. After a few minutes the lid slowly began to rise and he emerged with a smile of satisfaction on his face. When the war began the manuscripts were stored in the chests in the Muniment Room (E Second Court). Eventually most of them were put on to microfilm and the microfilms were sent to the Library of Congress, Washington USA, for safe custody.

The increase in post-war admissions to the College necessitated the need for more reading space in the Library. The Library Committee agreed to have tables placed in the Upper Library and to encourage readers to use it during the hours of daylight. One day there was a loud bang like a gun going off. I rushed up the spiral staircase, thinking that the one solitary reader had decided to end his life, only to find that a large lump of masonry had broken away from one of

the stone columns high up in the Oriel Window and had crashed through the glass top of the show case below. I was relieved to find the reader approaching the show case to find out what had happened.

My first Librarian, Professor C.W. Previté-Orton, was very much involved in the restoration of the Upper Library roof after the death watch beetle trouble. When the room was fully restored, he was very concerned one day when a water wagtail entered the Upper Library through an open window. Being a keen bird watcher and theorist, he was quite sure it had followed a death watch beetle. At the same time Professor P.H. Winfield, a member of the Library Committee, was looking in the Library catalogue. Previté-Orton noticed him and began ranting on in his rather high pitched voice about beetles. Winfield continued to slowly turn over the pages pretending not to take the slightest notice. Suddenly there was silence, and then Winfield turned to him and in his slow-speaking manner said "Now what is there about me that makes you think of a beetle?"

Beetles were also the subject of the following letter which I received on 1st April last year:

Arundel House,
Cambridge
Tues.

Dear Sir,

I am in Cambridge to complete filming of "The Book Worm" for BBC television. It is an adaption of a story by M.R. James, and concerns a man who discovers a long lost manuscript only to see it eaten away before his eyes by a rare and voracious type of beetle. I am writing to ask for your cooperation in filming in your Upper Library. Ideally we would like to release a few of these beetles up there, and film them eating their way through no more than two old books. I shall be calling at the College at 11.00 to discuss this matter further with you.

Yours,

Quentin Gibbon
(Producer)

- a hoax which I found very amusing, although I soon realised it was a member of the staff who was responsible!

An 'Old Johnian', Ralph Griffin, made an occasional visit to the Library. I remember on one visit he asked Previté-Orton if there was anything the Library would particularly like. On the spur of the moment Previté-Orton replied that it would be nice for the Library to have a complete set of Punch. A few weeks later a set arrived.

On another visit the same question was again put to Previté-Orton, who said he was not satisfied with the heraldry of the Library bookplate then in use. Griffin immediately replied that he would see that the Library had a new bookplate and "the best man in the Country" would design it. He kept his promise and commissioned Kruger Gray to design one and this is still in use.

Previté-Orton had very poor eyesight and he, as Director of Studies in history, interviewed an undergraduate under the pretext

that he wished to change his subject to history. Some time later he realised the undergraduate had not been making notes, but drawing a caricature of him which, I feel sure, is the one which appeared in The Eagle of July 1935.

There have been many undergraduate pranks during my time, of which the two pinnacles over the Library oriel window and the 'Wedding Cake' were the favourite subjects. When a clockface was painted in the roundel below the 'Wedding Cake' facing the 'Backs' it was said to have confused Sir Robert Scott when taking his daily constitutional. The little pinnacles on the tops of the dormer windows in Second Court were painted pink one night, and the remarks of "Bill" Austin, then Clerk of the Works, as he sat straddling the roof scrubbing away to clean them must have made Lady Margaret turn in her grave! Oars were neatly fixed to the two figures high up in the Chapel Tower facing Chapel Court. They looked like sentries on duty with oars instead of rifles. Then there was the 'Austin Seven' slung under the Bridge of Sighs with its wheels only a few feet from the water. St John's undergraduates were responsible for the umbrellas placed on the two pinnacles of King's College Chapel facing King's Parade. In my opinion the most outstanding feat was when two pieces of cord were fixed on the Chapel Tower at one end and to the 'Wedding Cake' at the other, with a banner displayed about halfway. It must have been quite a team effort to get the ropes over the buildings in between the two points. The barrage balloon which appeared over the College was not an undergraduate prank - it had broken away from its mooring at Cardington, near Bedford, and had floated across the countryside until its trailing wire caught in the scaffolding of the Cripps Building, then under construction.

I escorted hundreds of visitors around the Upper Library during my time - individually and in parties. I remember, when we had a Wordsworth letter on display, an American scholar suddenly leapt into the air waving his arms and shouting "This is great! It has made my day! I have never seen Wordsworth use an ampersand before!" An old lady once asked why the College had so much music. When I asked what made her think that there were books on music, she said the word "Opera" was on so many of the spines! Since the last war Princess Margaret, Prince Charles, and Prince Edward have all visited the Upper Library and their autographs are recorded in the Special Visitors Book.

During my time I saw the Library expand in the form of storerooms and reading rooms. Firstly, in 1934, the small preparation room to Lecture Room III was fitted up as a storeroom. Lecture Room II became a Reading Room in 1938. In 1969 Lecture Room III (Palmerston Room) became a storeroom and at the same time a Fellow's set, F 1 Second Court, was converted into two reading rooms. One of them, the 'Winfield Room' for law students, was named after an earlier occupant, Professor Sir Percy Winfield. The Muniment Room, E Second Court, was converted into a new entrance and Library office.

It is with pleasure and pride that I recall that I have seen many members of the College attain positions of great distinction in many walks of life: Judges, Nobel Prizewinners, Diplomats, Members of Parliament, Civil Servants, Actors, Sportsmen, etc, and, of course, the first Johnian Archbishop of Canterbury. The six Masters, the Fellows, the Librarians, namely Professor C.W. Previté-Orton, Mr H.P.W. Gatty, Mr F. Puryer White and Mr A.G. Lee, have all been most kind and have given me much help and encouragment. For me the

perfect ending to a very happy career was when, to my great surprise and honour, I was nominated for an Honorary MA, which was conferred at a ceremony at the Senate House on 12 December last year.

N.C. Buck

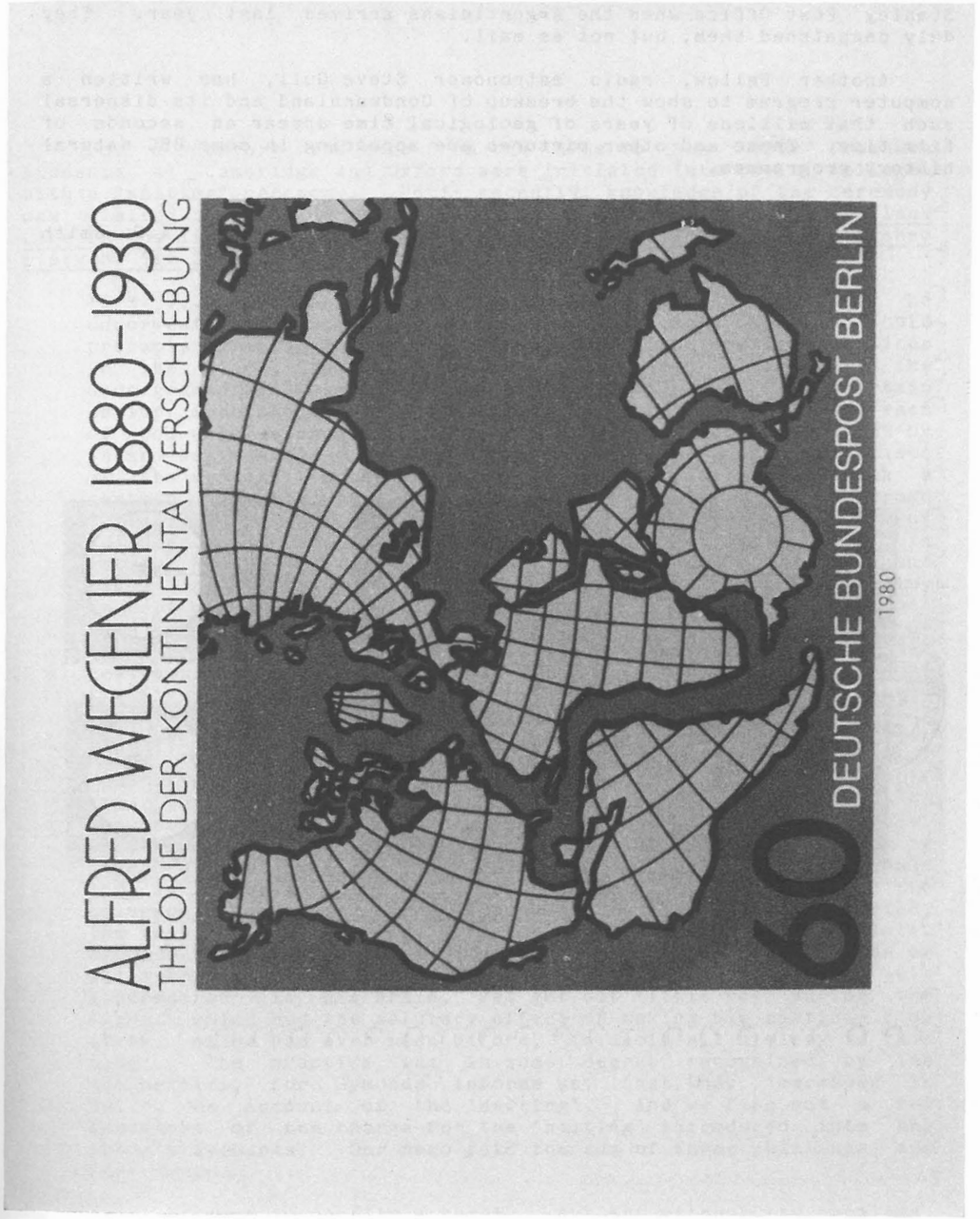
Bits and Pieces

Sir James Wordie's portrait appeared in the last issue of The Eagle on a British Antarctic Territories' stamp commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society. His stamp prompted this note about another college connection with an issue last year by the British Antarctic Territories and also a 1980 German stamp. Both issues are directly linked to the notion of continental drift.

The idea that continents 'drift' is generally credited to the Austrian, Alfred Wegener. Wegener was a meteorologist, rather than a geologist, though geological evidence was crucial to the development of his ideas. Some of the most important evidence for him was the finding in South America, southern Africa, Madagascar, India and Australia of fossil ice-age deposits. These were all roughly the same age, now known to be about 280 million years. He reasoned that their distribution was inexplicable on the present-day geography of the continents. While most geologists and geophysicists agree with his conclusion, they do not all agree with his solution to the problem. Wegener proposed that the present-day distribution could be understood if all the continents affected had been clustered around the south pole about 280 Ma ago.

He further suggested that the southern continents fitted together like a giant spherical jigsaw, forming a supercontinent, which was named Gondwanaland after the Gondwana rocks of India. Wegener also proposed that the northern continents had been united for much of their history into a second supercontinent named Laurasia, a combination of the names Laurentia (for much of Canada and adjacent regions) and Eurasia. During the 280-million year old ice age Laurasia and Gondwanaland were temporarily joined together to form Pangea, meaning the whole Earth.

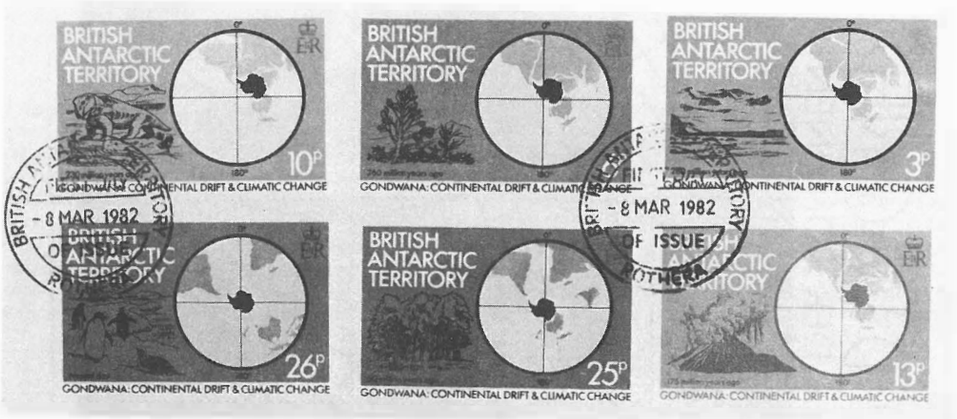
One of the difficulties of understanding Wegener's ideas is that his own maps of Pangea, Laurasia and Gondwanaland are crudely drawn. Today computers can readily be used to make more precise and more convincing pictures. Some of the maps made by our research group have been used in stamp designs. The first, a West German Berlin issue of 1980, commemorates the centenary of Wegener's birth. It shows Pangea just beginning to break up. The second issue of six stamps from British Antarctic Territory displays the changes in the position and climate of Antarctica during the past 280 million years. The stamps



show some of the characteristic plants and animals of each period. The bulk of the first-day covers for this issue were in the Port Stanley Post Office when the Argentinians arrived last year. They duly despatched them, but not as mail.

Another Fellow, radio astronomer Steve Gull, has written a computer program to show the breakup of Gondwanaland and its dispersal such that millions of years of geological time appear as seconds of film time. These and other pictures are appearing in some BBC natural history programmes.

A.G. Smith



A Salting at St John's

For a century and more from the 1520s to the 1620s freshmen students at Cambridge and Oxford were initiated into their colleges with a "salting" ceremony. Until recently, knowledge of the ceremony was limited to a series of observations by J.H. Marsden in College Life in the Time of James the First, as Illustrated by an Unpublished Diary of Sir Symonds D'Ewes (London, 1851), pp 14-15:

> 1618 ... Symonds has not left it upon record on what day he underwent the initiatory ceremony of 'salting', but it would probably be about this time. It appears, from scattered notices in the diary, that when the Salting took place, all the undergraduates were assembled in the Hall, and that certain senior Sophisters were selected from them as 'Fathers', to each of whom were assigned a number of freshmen as 'Sons'; and that by these was enacted a sort of burlesque upon the public exercises of the schools: those who 'did ill' being compelled to drink a certain quantity of salted beer. At the salting at Pembroke College, in August, 1620, one of the fathers, and two or three of the sons, did 'excellently well'. At Merton College, Oxford, in Anthony Wood's time, the freshman, being stripped of his gown and band, and made to look 'like a scoundrel' as much as possible, was set upon the high table, and required to address the audience in a humorous speech. If he succeeded in tickling their fancy by some 'pretty apophthegm, or jest, or eloquent nonsense', they rewarded him with a cup of caudle from a brass pot which stood by the fire. If his performance was pronounced indifferent, they gave two drinks, the one of caudle, and the other of salted beer. And if it was 'downright dull', they gave him the salted beer only, 'with some tucks to boot'; - the tuck being an abrasion of the skin, from the chin to the underlip, with the thumb nail. After this, the senior cook administered an oath to each, upon an old shoe, and when the freshman had reverently kissed the shoe, he was entitled to take his place among his seniors. It may be supposed, that such meetings would afford opportunity for excess: and in consequence of this, by one of the early statutes the caeremonia saliendi recentes scholasticos had been prohibited. The prohibition, however, does not appear to have been absolute. Symonds tells us, that at Pembroke 'a great deel of beer, as at all such meetings, was drunk', and that he, although 'in no whit distempered' in his brain, yet got but little rest during the night; which had the salutary effect of making him cautious ever after, as he had ever been before, 'to avoid all nimiety in this kind'. The practice was in some degree recognized by the authorities, for Symonds informs us, that they 'exceeded in Hall', on account of the 'salting'. And we find not a few instances of the charge for the 'salting' introduced into the tutor's accounts. Our hero paid the sum of three shillings and four-pence.

Marsden's account is roughly accurate, but not without its problems. He does not quote D'Ewes verbatim, but has assembled a pastiche of

comments from various sources. Unfortunately, the original of D'Ewes's diary is now apparently lost. It was written in cypher, which may explain why Marsden quotes it so sporadically. Fortunately, new information concerning saltings is turning up at a surprising rate. Until recently, no salting texts were known. Just this year, however, a salting by Thomas Randolph was published by Roslyn Richek, "Thomas Randolph's Salting (1627), Its Text, and John Milton's Sixth Prolusion as Another Salting", English Literary Renaissance, 12 (1982), 103-31. Professor G.K. Hunter recently discovered a salting by William Gouldsmith of Trinity College, 20 December 1597, in a British Library manuscript. Still another salting, for St John's, 1620, occurs in a student miscellany acquired by the Cambridge University Library too recently for it to have been listed in the printed catalogue.[1] A modernized version of the salting is presented here - my hope is that a definitive edition with original spelling will eventually be published by the Malone Scciety.

I came upon this St. John's salting in my hunt for information concerning dramatic activities in Cambridge from the earliest days until 1642. Saltings were not real plays, but were entertaining ceremonies sometimes if not always based upon written texts. The sons' replies may sometimes have been spontaneous, but here they were certainly written out by the father: apparently the sons were tested on their ability to act roles rather than on their ability to respond on their own initiative.

Here, as was often the case, the text was organized around a catalogue - a typically scholastic exercise. The humour is based on puns, and apparently on personal characteristics of the individual sons. We may dismiss the texts as typical "undergraduate humour", but should observe that such humour was indulged in by Jonson and Shakespeare (and apparently by Milton), and has constituted the fare of modern comedians from Groucho Marx to the two Ronnies. At best, saltings afforded an opportunity for quick verbal exchanges of considerable wit and ingenuity.

Malcolm Underwood, the present archivist of St John's, has pointed out to me that as early as 1530, John Farmer himself authorized a payment of eighteen pence for the salting of his protege Matthew White, a student at the College. University prohibitions of saltings in 1570 apparently had no lasting effect.

A pleasant game for the "historian" of saltings is to identify all the students involved. Curiously, though it is possible to identify all the freshmen in the St John's salting with a fair degree of certainty, the identity of the father is not entirely clear. He is called "Sir Harris", which suggests that he had achieved his B.A., but not his M.A. Of the three Harris's known to have attended St John's in or about 1620, Edward Harris fits the picture best. Not much is known about the later careers of any of the participants.[2] It is interesting to speculate on whether D'Ewes may have been present.

Sir Harris's verses made when he was father. 1620.

Caput: Billingsly.

Am not I Head? are not in me combined
The internal senses, handmaids to the mind?
Am not I king? will not my crown it prove?

Like Caesar, when I nod, who then dare move?
My temples for a Capitolium stand,
Adorned often with the Laurel band.
Perfection in each kind by me is wrought:
That's perfect which unto a head is brought.
Bacchus from Jove's thigh hath derived his fame,
But t'was Jove's head from whence Minerva came.
I'll not Capitolate of old what's said:
What wise men have, they have it in their head.

Answer.

Head, from his crown, fain would a king be called -
A petty king, if that his crown were bald.
Thou boastest that by nod thou rulest all:
Take heed lest too much nodding catch a fall.
To bring things to a head men need not care
So what they do, they do it to a hair.
Head, thou art Pallas' seat: then ne're begin
Once to admit aspiring Bacchus in.
It lieth upon thee, son, to look about:
If wine gets in, then wit must needs go out.
If Caput headstrong be, it must be borne,
For what doth make one headstrong but a horn?
And Aries rules the head, a sign much graced
By men, nay women in the forefront placed.

Facies: Elford.

Next Head succeedeth one that's called Face -
Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,
A part with beauty most of all possessed:
Nature, too lavish here, wants for the rest.
Beauty and valour they concur in me,
Who never shrink, though [oft] in wetting see.
Love is a flame, and yet Narcissus' face
Drowned him when he strived it to embrace.
The face declares the mind; the vult, the eye,
Face sayeth enough although his tongue may lie.

Answer.

Face declares the mind? No, this I find:
A face often speaks, but it's not out of his mind.
But let that go, it were too hard a task
If I should Face as he deserves unmask.
Who will believe thee? There's no faith in front,
Though women oft lay a good colour on't.
Thy father puts thee in the second place
Because that thou can'st put on a good face.
Face loves a mask, a superficial thing -
Face being formal loves a covering.
Thou talk'st of valour: then to thy father's grace
Let it be said that he dares show his face.

Lingua: Cubit.

The vernant phrase, myrrh-dropping eloquence,
Words dipped in oil, speech full of sapience -
All call me master: nature calleth me

The world's dictator for eternity.
Pyrrhus his speech through my aid lightning seemed,
And precocious words so many swords were deemed.
Then whosoe're his worth 'fore me doth place,
Lingua doth spit defiance in his face.

Answer.

Tongue, you're too sharp: you're only words, I see,
That thus dost rail 'gainst Face's dignity.
To have placed brain before thee too 'twere fit -
But most men's tongues do run before their wit.
Be not Satyric, tongue, for this I scan:
Thou best of all playest the comedian.
Thou talkest that swords and lightnings thou can'st move,
Which some perchance may for an axiom prove.
The nose being near, the tongue as by it passes
Is all struck red through the tongue's fiery flashes.
But I'll not credit it, for oft I spy
Tongue for most part in the throat doth lie.

Oculus: Spink senior.

Eye should be next to face, but let Tongue be:
Belike men say that which they never see.
It's not a marvel that I come beind?
I am not out of sight; why out of mind?
I am nature's glory, organ of that sense
Which of the rest bears the preeminence.
Eye fears no colours: whatsoe're men see,
It's plain they are beholding unto me.

Answer.

It's not your great looks carry it away,
Nor ipse vidi that must bear the bay.
Blind men, my son, do things more perfectly know,
Seeing that they by demonstration go.
Eye fears no colours? you do not shrink
When at a blow, or wind, you straight will wink?
You're often wandering, Eye, and whom you spy
Straight upon them you cast forth a sheep's eye.
You look for something when your father dies -
All that he leaves he may put in his eyes.

Auris: Cade.

Give ear to me - Ear is a man of mark.
It's I that to the understanding dark
Convey the light of knowledge, and it's I
That best can judge of music's melody.
The saying is "Hear! See!" and then sticks there,
But now the eye, you see, foregoes the ear.
Justice is pictured blind: it's not by right
The sense of hearing is put after sight.
Eye must be looked to - he's a tender thing;
Ear is best seen when that he hath a ring.

Answer.

In ears, son, it's no glory to surpass.
It's 'long of's ears Midas was called an ass.
His barber, lest he lose his custom, fears:
He dare not cut his hair, because of's ears.
Son, meddle not with baker, nor with bread,
Lest thou be by them to the pillory led.
But I recall my counsel - fear nothing:
A hole must ever go before a ring.
Ear, to keep open house you'll never win:
You strive to entertain all comers-in.
Sure shortly you will spend your father's stock,
But I will bar you, keep you under lock.

Nasus: Whitehead.

Nasus was highly once esteemed of,
Though now be made the ensign of a scoff.
Exiled Ovid, from whose sacred pen
The Muses did distill delights for men,
Was called Naso, and in logic's art
Denomination's from the better part.
My objects are the odoriferous flowers
Within my nostrils like to concave boures
Take up their lodging where (a thing admired!)
The head is cleansed with this air inspired.
Then with Catullus wish, if so it goes,
That all the body were transformed to nose.

Answer.

True: Nose was once admired, but by hard lot
Nose doth go often now unto the pot.
He goes as brave - what can there more be said?
His end, that is beset with rubies red.
His root it's engraven, if that you mark,
With orient pearls and diamonds that spark.
T'is no good doting on a precious doss -
Following too much the scent hath found a loss,
And as the proverb ancient doth go,
Thou losest both thy oil and labor too.
T'is by the nose we know what drink men love,
And after drink what porridge they approve.
One thing I smell out, Nose, to thy disgrace -
Thou dost confront men, nay, dost them outface!
Hand did but wipe him once of his intent -
He took it snuff, and away fuming went.
He is so humorous, none must him withstand:
He will afford thee picking matter, Hand.

Dens: Dobson.

Next Nose are Teeth of a compacture strong,
Like a portcullis to keep in the tongue.
T'is I that care for Microcosmos' goods
That make meat turn to nutrimental foods.
Mouth is my time, and belly is my page,
But I fall out with old decrepit age.
I am no flattering friend! This use I find:

I prove to them that feed me best most kind.
Others brag much - I'll give you but a taste:
Things if they be not toothsome are in waste.

Answer.

I oft Tooth biting and detracting see,
Making things great deal lesser than they be.
A barking cynic's organ, when he seeth
That virtue striveth forth in spite of's teeth.
This son, fighting of late, all did accuse
That he did scratch and bite (which was no news).
I like thee better - they which will prevail
Must bite, and scratch, and all, fight tooth and nail.

Brachium: Williams.

Caput now rules and facies next commands,
But let them know that Arm's a man of hands.
Arms! Arms! how fearful are the sound of arms,
Rousing men out Circes' sweetest charms.
Straight they shake off security's strong band,
Thinking death's at their elbow, war's at hand.
Arma virumgue Virgil's pipe sings forth,
But I'm a man of arms - that's much more worth.
Come, Arm and Hand, let us go join together -
We'll win the day or it shall be foul weather.

Answer.

Where's modesty? ar't herald of thy praise?
What? do'st thou thyself thy owne arms blaze?
What vein is this? Good Arm, I think it good
If thou be always thus, to let thee blood.
Thou art the body's soldier: on thy strength
The body leans; I hope thou wilt at length
Put forth thy self, a coward now beside.
Arm's much set by - a token of thy pride.

Manus: Cock.

All before Hand? it's well provided, father:
Hand over head you should have placed rather.
Minding too much your gloves, you forgot Hand:
Seeing I bear the palm, I should command.
Now, sirs, and ne're before we do begin.
For why my father's hand doth now come in.

Answer.

Thou brag'st thou bear'st the palm: brag if you list -
My son is gone that should have been all fist.
Thou talk'st of valour: there's no valour shown
In one that's on both sides, as hand's well known.
Some of thy town of late we troubled know
With felons that do on their fingers grow.
They lived once by their hands - they now contrive
The matter so that they'll by fingering thrive.
If in the prime we do not lop this graft,
We shall have fingering turn a handicraft.

Before that be, I hope these two will jar,
And fingering will bring Hand unto the bar.

Venter: Robinson.

Though others speak thy worth, this true I find:
Belly for excellence is not behind.
Ceres and Bacchus do supply my need,
These only made that I on them might feed.
Who minds not me? Those that like schollars look
Have oft more mind on me than on thy book.
Each strives to feed me, all strive me to please -
Whilst others labor, Belly sits at ease.

Answer.

Hold belly, hold! Why men give thee thy fill,
The reason is, else thou art grumbling still.
Thou feedest well; true, this use the world hath caught:
Belly is always better fed than taught.
Thou'rt oft in kitchin, son - then how doth't come
That thou so long hast 'scapt a scowering, son?
Belly be of good cheer, there's none doth know
What's in thee, though thou seem thus unto show.

Pes: Davy.

What? Doth my father stand no more on feet?
Then put him last! - a place for me unmeet.
A son descended of a noble plant,
A sole companion in Tom Coriat's want.
Let others rule - let Caput bare the sway:
Foot finds a trick to carry all away.

Answer.

Good Foot, you do yourself too highly prize:
Alas, I know your length (foot) by a size.
Sure it's no glory, rather it's a shame
For feet to brag thus from what stocks they came.
Thou stands on tiptoe - courteous Foot should be,
Never without a leg, without a knee.
Foot, stand they ground! But therewithall I pray,
Still have some ground for whatsoer'e you say.

Finis.

Alan H. Nelson

Notes

1. Cambridge University Library MS Add. 7196, fols 1r-4r (rev).
2. The student participants in the salting were apparently the following; all matriculated in Easter 1620 with the one exception noted:

   Billingsley, Thomas
   Cade, John

Cock, Thomas
Cubitt, Richard
Davy, Jonathan [1619]
Dobson, Bartholomew
Elford, John
Robinson, *Francis
Spinke, Richard or William
Whitehead, Roger
Williams, Edward

*Two other Robinsons matriculated in 1619, Francis and John.

Three Harrises were apparently students at St. John's in 1620: Edward, George and John. It is not clear which one of these wrote the Salting, but the career of Edward seems to fit best:

John Harris matriculated in 1617.
Edward Harris matriculated 1616, B.A. 1619-20.
George Harris received his B.A. in 1620-21.

Johniana

Informed that I was keen to find the origins of the College's reputation for being the home of punsters, in connexion with a study of the pun in the English and French traditions which I am preparing, the Editor kindly invited me to write a piece for The Eagle, in the hope of eliciting information.

Here are the starters:

Steele (Spectator, 386, 4/6/1712): 'The Monopoly of Punns in this University has been an immemorial Privilege of the Johnians'.

John Henley: ('An Oration on Grave Conundrums').

'Puns are a main education in Cambridge; and practis'd and profess'd in all Exercises and Conversation. Dr. Otway, of St. John's College there, study'd nothing but Puns; and gain'd an immortal Reputation by two; one, in a Shower, was, it was a fine Rain, Queen Anne's Reign; another, on a Person's objecting to his Dress, that he was a Beau (Bow) about the Legs; for he was crook-leg'd, and pun'd on himself'.

An anonymous graffitist, mephitically:

'As learned Johnian wracks his Brain-
Thinks- hems- looks wise,- then thinks again;-
When all this Preparation's done,
The mighty Product is - a Pun.
So some with direful strange grimaces,
Within this dome distort their Faces;
Strain,- squeeze,- yet loth for to depart,
Again they strain - for what? a Fart.
Hence Cantabs take this Moral trite.
'Gainst Nature, if ye think or sh-te,
Use all the Labour, all the Art,
'Twill ne'er exceed a Pun, or Fart'.

(Boghouse, Trinity College, Dublin. In Reisner: Encyclopaedia of Graffiti, p. 70).

More generally, Swift (A Modest Defence of Punning): 'Cam, where this art is in highest Perfection'. Blackmantle (Spectator, 61, 10/5/1711.): 'The men of Cambridge, in particular, have ever, from their foundation, been distinguished by their excellence as paragrammatists'. Addison, sniffily: 'A famous University of this Land was formerly very much infested with Punns; but whether or no this might not arise from the Fens and Marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drain'd, I must leave to the Determinations of more skilful Naturalists'.

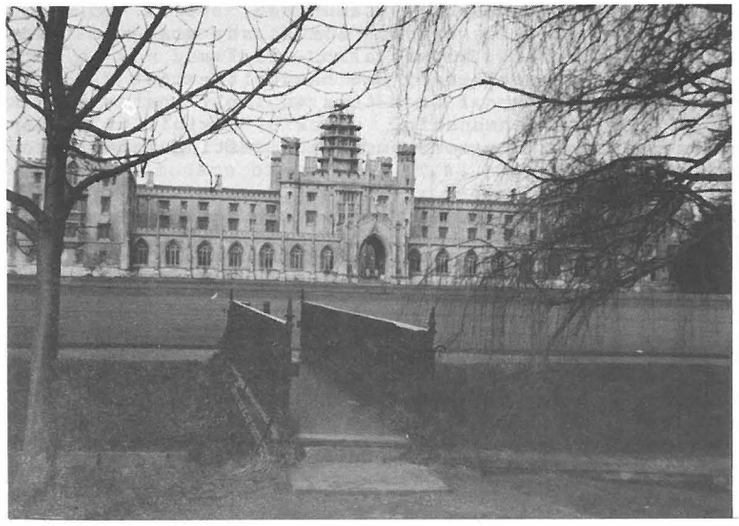
The College Librarian has kindly sent me some 19th century excerpts from The Eagle ('Of Puns', vol. 1V, 1865) and references to Oxford and Cambridge Nuts to Crack (1835), Facetiae Cantabrigienses (1836) and Gradus ad Cantabrigium (1824), but none of these explains the reputation.

Any further sources or hypotheses concerning this name for punning, associated with St John's or Cambridge as a whole, would be most gratefully welcomed and duly acknowledged.

One specific query: Who was Dr Otway?

And one general puzzlement: Why is the traditionally 'puritanical' university, rather than the giddy one, credited with the punning penchant?

Walter Redfern
French Dept, Reading University
(St John's, 1954-60)



Cambridge in Wartime

It was a wartime, sombre and diluted Cambridge that I first entered over forty years ago, in October, 1942. We had to black out all our windows, and the College Chapel could not be used after dark, because - as the Dean, E.E. Raven, later remarked to me - it would have needed about an acre of cloth to make its enormous windows proof against the light. Not long before my first rather hesitant and timid arrival at St. John's, there had been - if I remember correctly - a small straggle of German bombs upon the town, one of them falling in Jesus Lane, where it had killed a landlady and one of her students. During my time, however, there was no such German intrusion into the surpassing beauty of the Cambridge scene; although the town then was often packed with American airmen on leave, and overhead, every day, there was the steady, rather irritating drone of training aircraft. Even fairly elderly Dons were to be seen in the streets, unfamiliarly clad in military uniforms: part-timers, not always of the utmost competence in their new capacities, but doing their bit and setting good examples for the young. F.R. Salter, of Magdalene, occasionally lectured at Mill Lane on British Economic History, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. He displayed a large "W" armband, and those who were inattentive to their studies used to speculate as to the meaning of this: I suppose he was serving part time as the Army's Regional Welfare Officer. I resided in College at C 7 Chapel Court, then newly built, and with its lawns and flower beds containing puny but symbolic crops of cabbages and carrots. It was "Dig for Victory", even there and then.

The Tutor chiefly responsible for inflicting my presence upon St. John's was the economist C.W. Guillebaud, nephew of the great Alfred Marshall. His aunt, Mary Paley Marshall, died during my time in College: she was nearly ninety before, on doctor's orders, she ceased to bicycle from her home in Madingley Road to the Marshall Library, adjoining the Geological Museum in Downing Street - see What I Remember, by Mary Paley Marshall (Cambridge, 1947). C.W. Guillebaud seemed to me to be a very reserved, almost shy academic type, usually smoking his pipe of peace. He was also - if I may now be permitted to say so - the most appallingly bad handwriter that I had so far encountered. When young, I took this to imply that his thinking was far too quick for his penmanship. Lack of legibility in handwriting seems to have been not uncommon among the distinguished academics of his generation.

As an Undergraduate, I was excessively reserved and bookish; I mixed very little with my own contemporaries, on the whole preferring the erudition of my seniors. For me, forty years ago, it was a huge transition, from the society of my small Southport School, to that of St. John's College, Cambridge. I very rarely used the University Library; but I made large and prolonged use of the College Library: "very good for History", as my Tutor told me, almost in his first words to me. I read very widely, but not perhaps very deeply, and certainly more for my own interests than for the satisfaction of the Examiners.

My College Supervisor for Medieval History was C.W. Previté-Orton, who had apparently rather damp rooms on the ground floor in New Court, just above the River and immediately opposite the Library. Although he was already retired, and his eye-sight was failing, he still read eagerly and widely. I remember once arriving for my weekly session when he was reading Lord David Cecil's The Young Melbourne, which of course was far outside his own historical centuries. Even in wartime, he was very appreciative of the skills of the German mapmakers. G.G. Coulton, who was a much more combative medievalist, even in his old age, was in Canada during my first two years. But - to the surprise of most of us - he was back in College during my last year (1944-45). He attended Z.N. Brooke's inaugural lecture, on October 17, 1944, sitting in the front row, immediately below the dais, owing to his deafness. By then he was physically very feeble, but he was sometimes in the College Library, needing the staff to bring books to him from the shelves. I still have his Fourscore Years (1943), and I still regret that he did not do a sequel to it about his European travels, especially in Switzerland and Italy, for he had a lot to say on that subject, and it would have been a unique book. Coulton even then sometimes addressed Undergraduate societies, bringing with him piles of his famous pamphlets, which by then he was obliged to give away.

I was primarily a modern historian; but, perhaps with some lack of wisdom, I attended many lectures quite outside my required studies. In fact, I spent too much of my time attending various lectures; many of my contemporaries attended far fewer, and did better in the long run. Yet, as now I look back, it may well seem that in my wider education this desultory reading and expansive interest was not wholly wasted. Among the lectures that I attended for general interest were those on Ancient History by M.P. Charlesworth, who was then the President of St. John's. He was a delightful as well as a learned man: so full of life and laughter that his early death came as a great shock for me. He once told me: the Degree is subsidiary; you come here to be educated - now, perhaps, the counsels of Idealism, but comforting enough to me forty years ago, especially when I was given a Second Class in the Tripos!

Another Johnian ancient historian of my time was T.R. Glover. I still have his little book, Cambridge Retrospect (1943). But I never heard him lecture: I never even met him in person. Yet, only recently I purchased in Liverpool a lingering copy of his Poets and Puritans (edition of 1923). I believe that T.R. Glover had had his troubles with the University Press: his books for a long time were regarded as too readable to be scholarly, which is perhaps why I still read them.

Both he and M.P. Charlesworth were among the closest academic associates of the modern historian, E.A. Benians, Master of the College in my time. For me, as a very inexperienced youth, he was necessarily a remote, rather unattainable figure. He never courted prominence or publicity. But he had an unforgettable, encouraging smile: very reassuring for a young Undergraduate for the first time in his life away from home.

I first came up to Cambridge eager to see and to hear G.M. Trevelyan, whose books I had read and admired in Southport. Alas, even in 1942, he had retired as Regius Professor of Modern History, although he was still Master of Trinity. But occasionally he would take the chair at some meeting or other, so I could hear him speak. I remember one such meeting, when he warned us of the dangers

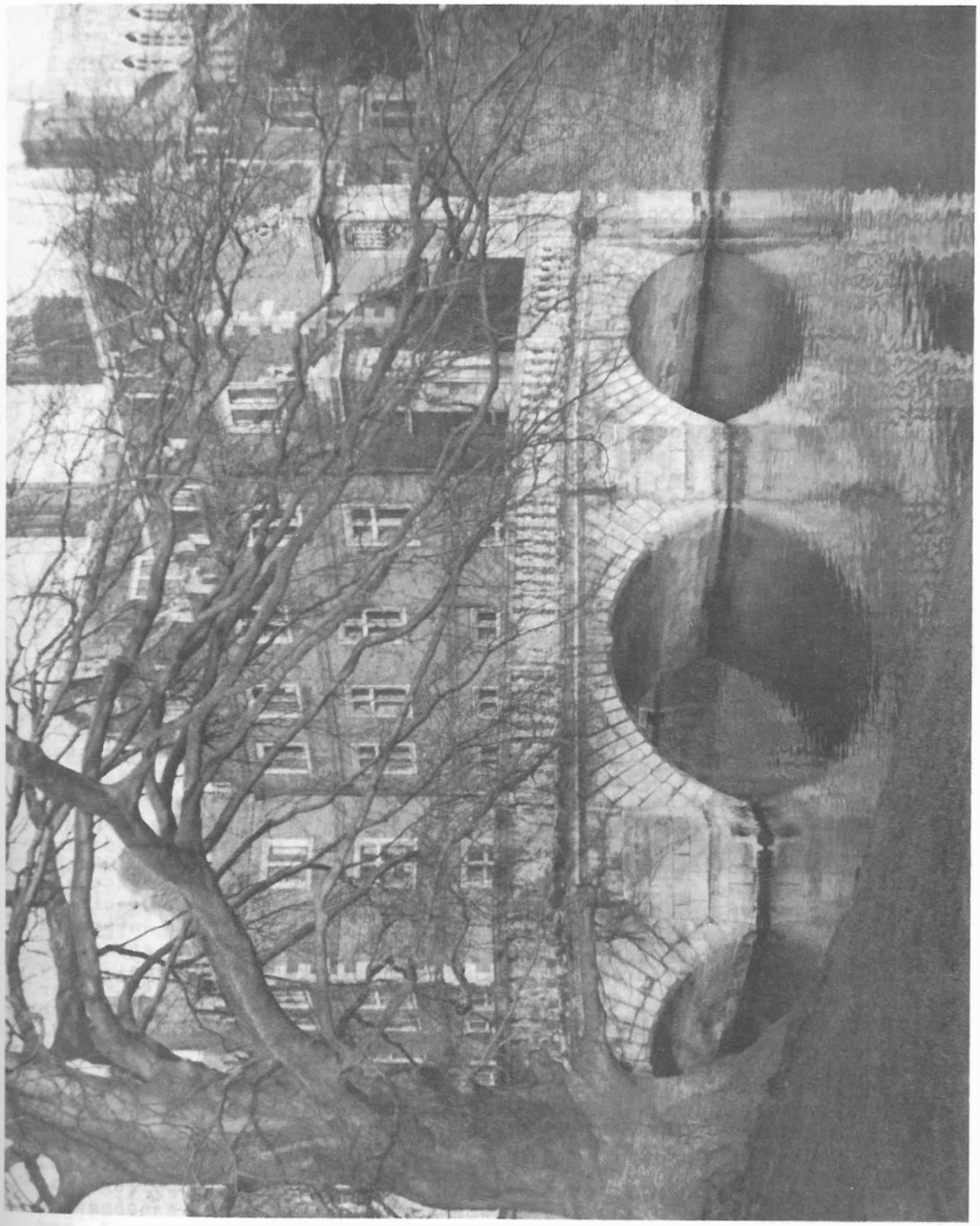
of losing sight of historical truth in the furnace of war. His English Social History (1944) became enormously popular and I read it at Cambridge. Its huge subject was then rather inadequately defined: he treated it, somewhat adventurously, as "the history of a people with the politics left out". We seem to have moved far ahead since then. But, forty years ago, I idolized the Trevelyan school of historiography almost as fervently as the Oxford scholar, A.L. Rowse.

Political theory, in my second and third years, was about my best subject at Cambridge: at any rate, my supervisor, R.J. White, frequently told me so. I flirted even with Socialism. I marvelled at the rather superficial brilliance and wit of Harold J. Laski, evacuated to Cambridge with the L.S.E. But D.W. Brogan - later Sir Denis Brogan - was the University's Professor of Political Science during my time. He was very learned, especially in American politics, but he had so many outside interests and engagements that he tended to be late for his lectures, sometimes not even turn up at all.

The College, in 1942-45, did not have its own supervisor in modern history. We went for that purpose to R.J. White, then only an assistant lecturer and the author of a little book on the political thought of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was only after the war that he blossomed out as a Fellow of Downing, and yet I may still detect his earlier ideas and nuances even in his more mature works, such as his Cambridge Life (1960). He was always extremely kind and generous towards me: perhaps believing that I took things too easily, for once - I think it must have been at the start of the summer term of 1945 - he remarked gently that "Cambridge would be a delightful place in which to live - if there were no examinations!"

(To be continued.)

E. Glasgow



Subscriptions to The Eagle

Last year the Editors pointed out that a considerable number of subscribers had omitted to increase their bankers' orders to the sum of £1.50 decided in 1981. Following this reminder, approximately seventy subscribers amended their bankers' orders. There remain, however, some 250 who are still paying at the old rate of 75pence, which is below the cost of printing and postage. The Editors repeat regretfully that they can no longer guaranteee deliver on this loss-making basis.

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This year, we are returning to the former practice of distributing the supplements to all subscribers. The two supplements concern the Hellenist Charles Henry Hartshorne and William Wilberforce.

Typing : Mrs J. Jones

Illustrations

T.E. Rance (cover; pp. 5, 24, 28, 30)
Rev. J.M. Preston (pp. 11, 12)
F.W. Law (p. 37)
College Library (pp. 42,48, 52)
D. Cheason (p.18, 35), from Cambridge Connections, An Illustrated Literary Guide, (1983), by kind permission of the author.
His Honour P.H. Leyton (p. 15)
I. Ridler (p. 9, 10)

A Tutor's Lot

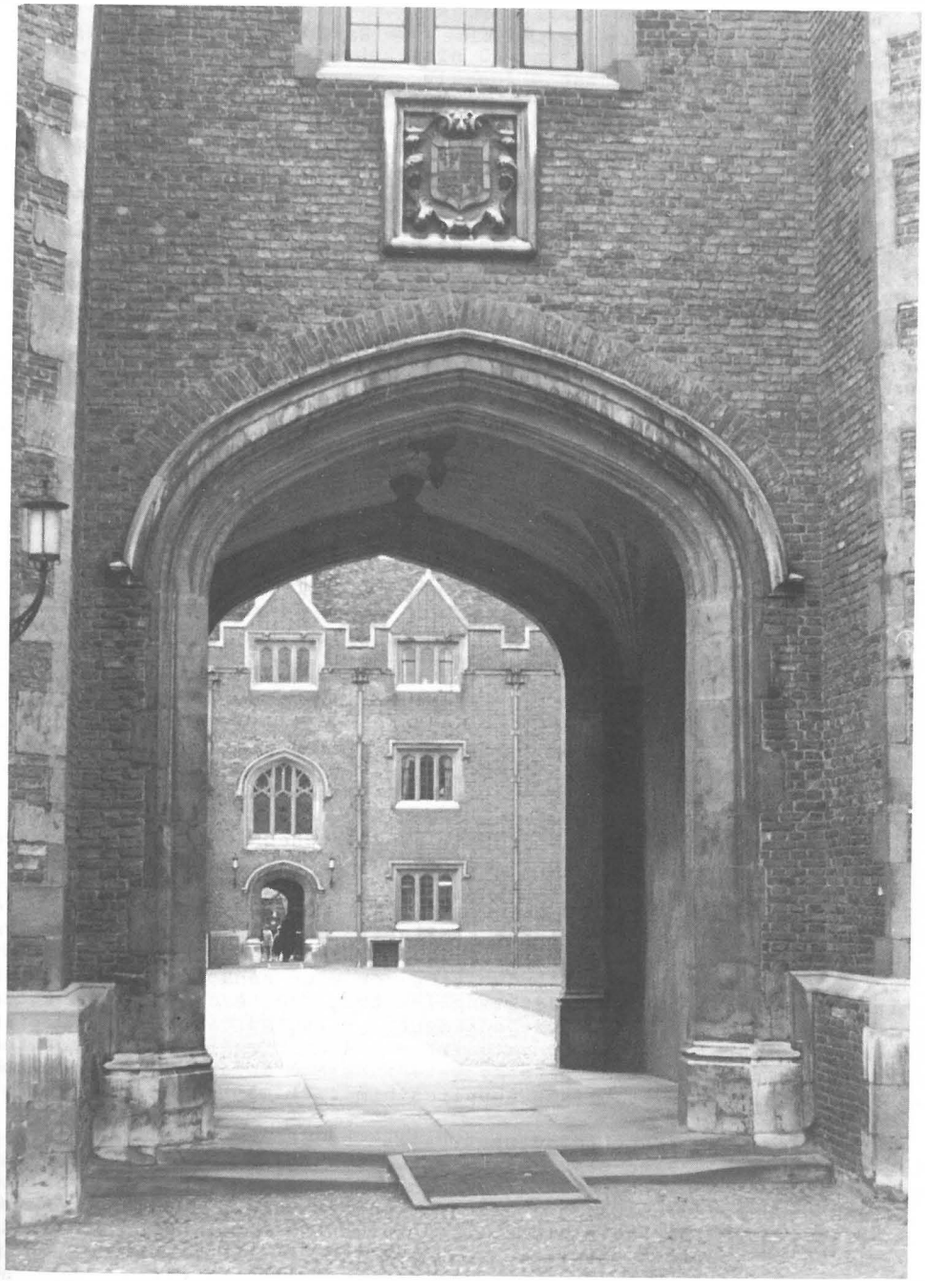
James Wood son of a Lancashire weaver and Tutor, President and Master of the College, was admitted to St John's in 1778. His schooling was first at the hands of his father, who taught him arithmetic and algebra, and then at Bury grammar school. The school was endowed with exhibitions tenable at St John's, and one of these was the means of continuing Wood's education. His mathematical ability gained him a considerable reputation; The Elements of Algebra published in 1795 became a standard text book. He held the post of Tutor from 1789 to 1814, was President during the last twelve years of his tutorship, and became Master in 1815. After 1820 he held rich church preferments and devoted large sums towards the building of New Court, as well as leaving funds to increase the exhibitions which had opened the route to his own success. The letter book which he kept between 1792 and 1807 and a larger book of abstracts of letters received and sent, 1808-1836, show us something of the complicated personal and financial role expected of a tutor of the period.

The tutor then stood literally in loco parentis, handling the son's college and tradesmen's bills and keeping account with the father and the college. He had to moderate the excesses of those who merely wanted one or two years of residence in a fashionable style, and encourage those with fewer means whose main hope of success lay in gaining a fellowship. Nor did his responsibility for finance necessarily end at graduation: all those who kept their names on the books continued to pay college dues in the early nineteenth century. As an illustration of the difficult position in which Wood could be placed as a 'sponsor' for a graduate, here is an extract of a letter written to Trevor Lloyd Ashe (M.A. 1784) on 30 April 1792:
'... Sir, you do not appear to understand in what situation I am placed. A certain sum of money is paid regularly by every member of the college whose name continues upon the boards. I am called upon every month to discharge this, and should I be unable or unwilling, the college officers can without any form of process enter upon my chambers and dispose of my goods by public auction ... I received your promise of payment indeed, but couched in such language as I hoped never to have received from any man... I am still ready to keep the account (which is some trouble) if you deposit in my hands the caution of twenty five pounds and remit the amount of the detriments [contribution to college running expenses] upon my application for that remittance. I know not how your first caution has been accounted for; I received no part of it from Mr Frewen [a previous tutor].'

The bills and expenses of undergraduates were part of a wider problem, because they involved the entire life style of the tutor's pupil, relations with his parents or benefactor, and with the tradesmen to whom he was indebted. In a letter written in October 1808 to the father of Arthur Male, Wood broke down his son's account - evidently a mystery to the parent - in the following terms: commons for dinner and supper; butler's account for extras in bread, cheese and ale; a monthly payment to the steward; payments for lodgings;

payments for goods; and work to the chandler, laundress and others. We can see who the others were from a surviving printed bill for charges in the account book of another tutor, Wood's contemporary, Thomas Catton. There were the bedmaker, barber, bookseller, coal merchant, draper, milliner, shoemaker, breeches maker, tailor, dyer and painter, brazier, smith, joiner and upholsterer, glazier and apothecary. It was not of course compulsory to spend money with all these either on oneself or one's rooms, just as it was not compulsory to give parties in rooms for which the cook would charge catering bills, but the facilities for spending were there and were expected to be used. Their regulations depended on the watchfulness of the tutor, and the case of James Cove Jones (admitted 1807) shows what difficulties there were to be met. Wood had notified Jones's relatives of his increasing debts and had been instructed not to budget for him on more than £50 a quarter, a sum probably based on Wood's own estimates since he elsewhere recommends £200 a year as a reasonable expense for a pensioner, a member paying full college board and tuition. Unable to secure restraint on Jones's part, Wood was tempted to turn on the tradesmen who provided an opportunity for extravagance: 'Tradesmen who are so ready to furnish young men with every article of luxury and extravagance deserve punishment. I will send for some of them in a day or two and consider what steps are to be taken. Request Miss Jones will refer them to me. I will take all the blame of the non-payment of bills upon myself' (letter of 23 December 1809). In the new year Wood wrote 'Have seen Pratt, Curtis, Beales and Nutledge, who could give no satisfactory answer for having trusted J.C. Jones. Hope all may be delayed till they feel impropriety of conduct. Gallyon had a musket, and oysterman paid. I will pay Deck'. Reprisals against tradesmen usually took the form of 'discommuning' or forbidding them to trade with members of the university. In 1822 the Town Clerk himself was penalised for having arranged credit for undergraduates in their own names or through proxies. In 1847 official limits were set to such credit when the university decreed that vintners and victuallers who allowed debts of over £10 were to lose their licences, and other tradesmen were to be discommuned if they allowed debts of over £5 without the permission of tutors.

The inherent difficulty of controlling a determined spender could be made worse by the tutor's view of his own social position and responsibility. Wood wrote to Lord St Helens, the patron of James Hoggins (admitted 1804, B.A. 1811) a year before his protege took his degree: 'Cannot tell what to do with Hoggins. He will not come forward and offer himself for his B.A. degree and he seems absolutely to do nothing. Has incurred debts for the discharge of which he is pressed. Had writ out against him last term and I was obliged to pay the debt. Yesterday was arrested, and I must bail him or he must be carried to prison for his debt. He has assured me he has been prosecuted before and obtained a verdict on the ground that he was under age. Prosecutor a horse dealer of no respectability. I rather wish to punish him for this false arrest, as a public nuisance.´ Hoggins must be compelled to do something and not stay here mis-spending time and money and disgracing himself and his connections...' Another patron, the first Earl of Lonsdale, and his protege William Whelpdale (admitted 1790), put Wood in graver difficulties. Lonsdale was to be held responsible for Whelpdale's bills which, by the time the latter left the college without graduating, amounted to £257. The Earl was described by Carlyle as a 'shameless political sharper, domestic bashaw and an intolerable tyrant over his tenants and dependents'; he wielded strong



parliamentary influence and was the first political patron of William Pitt whom he introduced into the Commons as member for Appleby, Westmoreland. Although Wood wrote for the money many times he had not received satisfaction by the time the Earl died in 1802, and had to apply afresh to his heir.

A happier instance of patronage working to everyone's advantage was the career of Fearon Fallows. Like Wood himself he was a weaver's son from Cockermouth, Cumberland. Wood recorded in June 1809 that Fallows was a deserving young man, for two years a writing master in a parish school where he had acquired some slight knowledge of Latin and Greek with the help of the incumbent. His friends wished 'to bring him forward' and he had at his disposal £30 a year. One of his clerical patrons was Edward Stanley, himself of Cumberland and a member of the college. Wood was fully prepared that in the event of the £30 not being sufficient especially in the first year, Fallows would be given assistance 'if he may merit it and as may be consistent with my duty to my other pupils'. Fallows did show merit, became a scholar in 1812 and subsequently a fellow. In 1820 he was made director of the astonomical observatory planned for the Cape of Good Hope. He presented the results of his observations to the Royal Society in 1824 and continued work until his death in 1831. His career, like Wood's, shows the positive effect of the College's connections in contrast to the picture so often given of unreformed decadence in the University.

In a society governed by patronage and 'placing' from cradle to grave, tutors had also to contend with rebellious spirits who for whatever reason were rejecting part of the process. Those who had been placed in College without choice in the matter sometimes reacted with breaches of discipline which were recognized by the authorities as attempts to escape. In December 1800 Wood had received a letter alledgedly from the brother of Ashton, son of Joseph Warner, (admitted 1798) which explained Ashton's absence from College on the grounds of some personal emergency. Wood knew the letter to be from Ashton himself, and revealed his detective skills in writing to Mr Warner about it:

'...It professes to be sent by express when it might have come as soon by the regular conveyance. Had the occasion been so urgent as to require an express, he would scarcely have stayed in college four and twenty hours and then have travelled in his own one horse chaise. A second reason is the similarity of the writing to his own contained in a letter which I received from him last June. You must yourself know whether the handwritings of your sons are so similar that no banker's clerk can distinguish them from each other. I do not depend solely upon my own judgement. A third cause of suspicion is that the paper upon which this letter is written is exactly of the same consistency and has the same watermark and date, with that with which his Cambridge stationer supplies him ...'

The following March Wood wrote again to Mr Warner saying that he felt that his son had deliberately absented himself from hall, chapel and lectures in order to 'lose his term', that is to forfeit residence qualification for a degree, 'that he might prevail upon you to allow him to pursue a different plan of life'. The tutor wisely suggested that more strictness on the part of the College would produce 'a stronger tendency to resist' and told the parent that he had asked Ashton to 'open his mind to you, and tell you without reserve what his wishes are'. Since Ashton had already been admitted

at Lincoln's Inn in October 1800 it was evidently intended that he should follow a legal career, taking a degree first and producing a certificate to that effect when called to the Bar. Ashton had seen no point in enforced residence in Cambridge: his name was eventually taken off the College books, without a degree, in 1801. He was called to the Bar in 1806 and subsequently served as Chief Justice of Trinidad. In another letter about Benjamin Clay (admitted 1812), Wood complains that Clay 'has some disinclination to the Church and purposely conducts himself in such a manner as to compel his friends to change the plan of life marked out for him ... he neither attends hall or chapel; is very seldom in rooms.'

If the greatest number of letters recorded are about money, that is because the burden of arranging a pupil's financies fell on the tutor; but he also had a general oversight of the course of reading, and of health and general wellbeing. The number of times that Wood recommends a private tutor shows that by the first decade of the nineteenth century the system of hiring these to direct in classics as well as mathematics was well developed. The need for them had been sharpened by the emergence of the Senate House examination as a spur to classing for a degree: to succeed in it needed far greater application than had the old disputations followed by a few supplementary questions. In 1810 it was unusual for a nobleman's son to wish to pass through this hoop, since neither his prestige nor his fortune depended on his position in the mathematical tripos. The following quotations from Wood's book of abstracts illustrate the mixture of feelings aroused when a noble did venture out of the fortress of his class.

Mr Beresford having written to Wood on 13 May 1810, he notes that Beresford: 'has had Lord Strathaven, son of the Earl of Aboyne, nearly two years under his tuition. Gentlemanly man, likely to make a figure by his abilities. Father wishes him to be a candidate for senate house honours; not unacquainted with mathematics. Time and college left to himself; fixes on St John's. Time must depend on accommodation in October and likelihood of meeting with a good private tutor, clever and intelligent, who would push him on and strengthen his turn for literature by his pleasant manners; and particularly he is anxious to know whether there is a reading set, and whether we expect in October any promising young man.'

Wood replied at once and notes: 'Nothing would gratify me more than to see a young nobleman's name on the list of academic honours. May take M.A. degree in two years, no difficulty of objection, but encouragement on the part of the university to Lord Strathaven taking a regular B.A. degree. May as a nobleman be unwilling to be a voluntary candidate for examination: would he not object to be admitted as a fellow-commoner credit not less; this must be left to Mr Beresford's judgement...'

Beresford replied on 2 June and Wood notes: 'Lord Aboyne approves highly of Lord Strathaven's entering in the rank of a fellow-commoner and proceeding regularly to the degree of B.A. Hopes this may promote his lordship's application to academical studies ... wishes me to fix upon a private tutor for his lordship; should be a good scholar and such as one as he can make a companion of.'

Of 13 July Wood wrote again to Beresford: 'Admitted Lord Strathaven as fellow-commoner. Undoubtedly expectation will be excited either way. On further consideration it strikes me that I

can, if his lordship persevere in our system, get him a private examination previous to the classing, and he may try his strength in the senate house without doing violence to his feelings. I can alter his rank on the board at any time previous to his residence'.

Wood and the Earl both want to see Strathaven do credit to himself and his rank, but there is a sense of difficulty about reconciling his father's ambition for him with a social position which is designed to put him above competition. In the event he was readmitted nobleman, exercised the privilege of his rank and took his M.A. in 1812, his name not appearing in the tripos lists.

Although the detailed work of taking men through the course of reading in classics and mathematics fell to private tutors who supplemented the diet of college lectures, Wood's abstracts show ample evidence of his concern for his pupils. In the case of one whose mother was in financial straits he urged that despite limited means everything, including the idea of bringing in extra money by taking on teaching, must be given up in order to gain a fellowship. In the case of another he warned that although the boy 'promises to read' his companions - Etonians, undergraduates of King's - were idle and profligate and would ruin his purse and character. Occasionally pupils would fall ill, and it was the tutor's job to report to anxious parents. On 4 November 1808 Wood explained to Mr Fern that his son (Aaron, admitted 1806) had a cough with bad symptoms when he came up. Sir Isaac Pennington had prescribed for him, but unsuccessfully. The patient was growing weaker and it was time that he should be taken home, since the business of the College and study were likely to increase the illness. Of a pupil who stayed the course and went on to be headmaster of a grammar school Wood wrote in 1809 'hear that my pupil Mr T[homas] Tatham is a candidate for the grammar school of Haydon Bridge ... He has resided nearly six years and conducted himself with sobriety and diligence. At the public examiniations usually ranked with those who received the highest commendations. I have since had occasion to examine him both in classical composition and construction and I think him a very good scholar, well qualified for the office he solicits'.

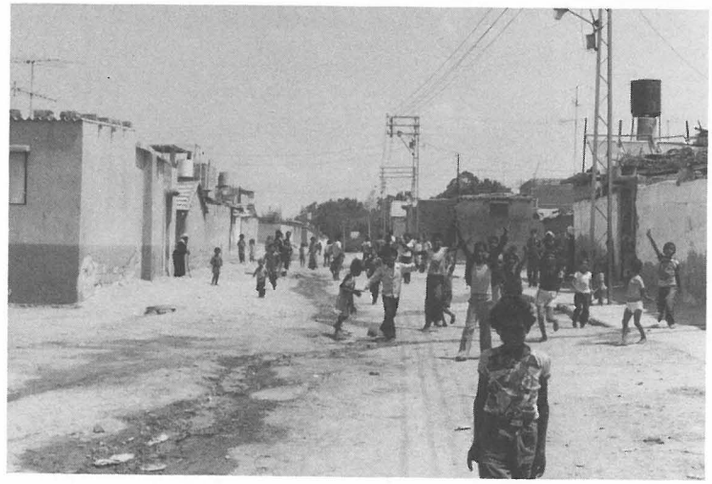
Wood's standing as Tutor, President and later Master of St John's drew him into relations with the wider world, only glimpses of which are seen in what he chose to record. Samuel Butler wrote to him while preparing his edition of Aeschylus for the University Press, and Wood notes on 3 April 1809 'exhort him to immediate publication, and get the book in both forms submitted to the syndics'. Correspondence with Henry Holland, a barrister and Fellow of the College, includes a discussion of the Cingalese palm leaf manuscripts brought back by Sir Alexander Johnson, Chief Justice of Ceylon, and offered to the University. The same connection led to Wood being consulted in the choice of a chaplain to go to the island, and to his becoming involved in the conflicting claims of patronage exercised by Lord Liverpool and Lord Palmerston. Exciting though these glimpses are, however, it is by reading the more prosaic records of Wood's daily dealings with pupils, parents and their friends that one gains an insight into why he was a power in the College long before he was active as its benefactor.

M.G. Underwood

Stateless in Gaza

The biggest compliment paid to me during the time I spent teaching English in a Palestinian refugee camp in the Gaza Strip last summer was "You're not at all like Sue-Ellen in Dallas". Remarkable as it may seem such is the image of Western women held by many of the people I met for whom television is the main contact with the outside world. Despite my lengthened skirtline and covered head, my brightly coloured clothes still contrasted strikingly with the black garb worn on the street by my Muslim pupils which leaves only their faces showing. I think I was accepted by the vast majority but was denounced from the mosque in the camp by the 'Muslim Brotherhood', an extreme Islamic sect, as a decadent Western woman who would corrupt my pupils and convert them to Christianity. I thus discovered how hard it is to be judged entirely by other people's impressions of the culture I come from.

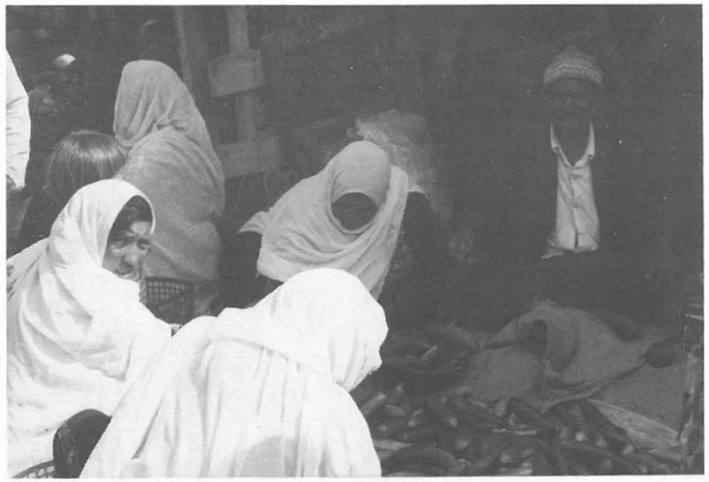
These attitudes have been reinforced by the experience of the inhabitants of the camp living under military occupation. Their disillusion in politicians ever finding a solution to their predicament which has now gone on for thirty-five years has driven them further back into old traditions and religion. Now there is a firmer conviction than ever that Allah will eventually provide. Consequently most people have deliberately failed to dispel the atmosphere of impermanence. They reject an acceptance of the situation as it stands. The greatest optimism tends to be found among the young people who actively believe that things can change for the better. The surroundings foster no feeling of hope; children play in open drains and growing piles of garbage - a military by-law prevented its collection last summer.



The one escape for my pupils lies in education, although even then the opportunities are limited. I felt I was able to contribute something by helping them to improve their English which, as the international language, is the means for them both to plead their cause and to go on to higher education - most modern textbooks, including the sciences, are not available in Arabic. Male and female students are generally taught separately and my lessons were no exception; unmarried boys and girls of the same age knew each other only as names and the concept of a 'boyfriend' provoked great interest. I spent a lot of time outside lessons with my pupils and their vast families of at least ten children. At first this would always be for an elaborate meal in my honour; as time went on certain families, somewhat baffled by the fact that I had travelled so far without even the protection of a brother, adopted me as their own, no longer making special preparations for my visits.

Before I got to the camp my picture of Islamic culture was the standard Western sterotype of a rather archaic society from which we have nothing to learn. Their attitude towards community and family have persuaded me otherwise. Often there is only enough money to devote to the further education of one child: there cannot be many families in the West in which all the other offspring would so willingly accept the situation.

Imogen Ridler



Lending a Hand

St John's College Camp for the Unemployed, 1935.

In 1935 undergraduate members of St John's College held a Long - Vacation Camp for the unemployed. In the 1930s, unemployment for men such as miners and workers in steel and allied industries was a dark spectre which hung over the lives of many in areas of the North of England. The Jarrow Hunger March, in which the men of that region marched down to London to call attention to their plight, led by the energetic Miss Ellen Wilkinson M.P., threw a spotlight on the problem and the waste of human life for those involved. 'Black spots' was an apt phrase to describe the areas of old-fashioned industry from which the tide of economic activity had receded.

A means test limited the amount of State relief which the unemployed could receive. Deprived of work and prospects, the conditions were productive of frustration and bewilderment in areas where chronic unemployment was endemic. J.B. Priestley in the examination of Britain which he made in English Journey, had some scathing words to utter on parts of Britain which lay under deep shadow, or rather that such conditions should be possible. If some considered the matter a political or economic problem solely, something for the members of Parliament to solve, others felt that projects to help ease the situation by personal activity were to be welcomed.

University Camps for the Unemployed were a response made by Cambridge College members to alleviate the problems of the unfortunate who could find no work. The idea behind the scheme adopted at the University was set forth in a booklet by Michael Sims-Williams, "Camps for Unemployed Men." This explained methods of running the Camps and what they could hope to achieve. The idea was that undergraduates should give some of their free time and energy to work at the Camps, and in this way assist unemployed men to have an open-air camp holiday, with good food in pleasant country surroundings, with the addition of recreation in games and sport. Each camp should provide some work project to keep muscle tuned and mind occupied.

Interested undergraduates at St John's College decided to run their own camp. An approach to the Earl of Feversham through his estate agent and manager, resulted in the generous offer by the Earl of the use of a field near Helmsley in North Yorkshire on his private land. In addition there was on this lane the bed of an errant river to be straightened, to avoid the loss of good farming land which was being washed away. The convenience of this work project which was included in the offer was one of the reasons which impelled the Camp Committee to accept the offer with gratitude and alacricty.

A Camp chief was appointed in the person of Gordon Sandison, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a Law student and an enthusiastic player of Rugby football. Needed equipment in the way of tents and a marquee to meet the needs of scores of men under canvas for weeks at a time were hired. The services of an ex-Army cook were obtained to mastermind the feeding of many hungry mouths. The Camp was arranged to take place in the Long Vacation of 1935.

Blessed with a spell of fairly good weather, the Camp was run on a programme of mixed activity, arranged to give as much variety as possible. A morning tent inspection focused on the need for tidiness and camp cleanliness, and time was spent in the mornings working on the "Cut". There was time in the afternoons for games and sport. A Camp Concert was held before the Camp dispersed. A rousing cheer greeted the conclusion, when the campers who spent so much energy digging out a new bed for the river, saw the waters at last break through into the new channel which had been cut from the soil. Among those who had taken part in all the Camp activity was the Rev. R.S. Seeley, College Chaplain.

Projects of this nature hardly solved the harsh problems raised by unemployment. Members who took part did so wishing to offer some practical help to those who were facing cheerless prospects which cried out for some practical assistance. What was offered was a holiday under canvas. Those who took part enjoyed themselves in what they did. They hoped that the men who came to camp went home more cheerful and fitter in mind and body for their camping.

As one who took part and as a former editor of The Eagle, the writer is grateful to those who offer space for this recollection of a former College effort.

Rev. J.M. Preston (B.A.1935)

Johniana

At ten minutes past three on Monday afternoon, March 7th, four undergraduates of St John's College, Cambridge, set off on their tramp to Oxford. Our object was to reach Oxford in less than 24 hours, and thereby to disprove the much-talked-of lethargy of the younger generation. We were none of us athletes in any special branch of sport, and as one of us remarked "We are taken from stock, not super-tuned". At 6.15 we reached Royston, having covered thirteen-and-a-half miles, during which the only incident was a fierce cow which bore down upon us in a village street with obvious ill-will, but relented at the last moment and concentrated on a lorry.

From Royston to Baldock was rather a cold, wet eight-and-a-half miles, but our escort in an Austin Seven, loaded with spare clothes, footwear, medicinal aids, and food, had gone ahead and ordered a welcome meal. Half an hour's rest. From Baldock to the top of Offley Hill, passing through Letchworth and Hitchin, was another ten miles. The escort had promised hot coffee from a Primus stove, but alas! the Primus was defective and the top of Offley Hill was drafty and cold. We devoured cold chicken, managed to keep warm by rubbing ourselves with embrocation and after half an hour continued on the long trail.

Luton was the next town: a long weary tramp down wet tramlined streets. We followed the A.A. signposts, a boon to motorists, but surely the bugbear of walkers. The first said "Dunstable 4½ miles"; after half a mile the second said the same, and a third after another three-quarters of a mile put the distance up to five. Spirits would certainly have sunk below zero if the escort had not been discovered sitting on the Primus to make it boil. Hot coffee and ten minutes' rest. Then four quick miles to Dunstable at a 5 m.p.h. gait pulled us together. We reached Dunstable [41 miles from Cambridge, half way] at 2.15 a.m. and camped under a lamp on the pavement at the main cross-roads, pricked blisters, methylated and re-vaselined our feet (an operation which took place at every long stop, together with changing of stockings and shoes), were photographed by flashlight, and then off again.

Starting off after a rest began to be painful, but a mile loosened the muscles, and a swinging 4½ m.p.h. was maintained over the open country against a headwind to Ivinghoe, when a 20 minutes' rest was called in miserable conditions, rain and cold and nowhere to sit down; more cold chicken. Another ten miles to Aylesbury included a 20 minutes' stop for one of us to attend to bad blisters. The last four miles into Aylesbury were covered in barely an hour. It was a critical period just after a cold clear dawn, and Aylesbury has rarely seen four such lame ducks as staggered into the Bell Hotel for a comfortable rest and breakfast. An hour's rest and only another 23 miles. Last lap.

The going to Thame was good, though one of us had a very swollen ankle. A quarter of an hour in Thame for coffee, another ten minutes

in Wheatley also for coffee and chicken, and then the last six miles. How slow they felt with leg muscles on the point of seizing up! the everlasting suburbs of Oxford, the long hill down to Magdalene Bridge, The High, St Mary's, and a Press photographer.

Statistics of the Walk. - Total time taken: 23 hours 25 minutes. Time taken for rests: 4 hours 5 minutes. Actual walking time: 19 hours 20 minutes. Total mileage: 82 miles. Average walking rate: 4½ m.p.h. Food: Cold chicken, calves' foot jelly, lump sugar, raisins, Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets. Drink: Coffee. The names of the walkers were: P.M. Garnett, A.W. Cowper, D. Carter, A.L. McMullen. Escort, P.H. Leyton.

A.L. McMullen

(From The Field, 1927)

Left to right: A.L. McMullen, D.H. Carter, P.M. Garnett, A.W. Cowper; in background, P.H. Leyton with Austin 7.

The College Bread and Broth Charity

Older members of the College will recall that in times past, on certain wintry afternoons, a savoury aroma would permeate First and Second Courts. This arose from the Kitchen preparing what was known as the "Poor's Soup" or, more officially as the "College Bread and Broth Charity". On thirteen Thursday afternoons, beginning on the Thursday before Christmas 50 poor persons would receive a gallon of soup, containing two pounds of meat, together with a four pound loaf. The bread was baked in the College Bakehouse, which originally stood on part of the site now occupied by the Divinity School. When this site was conveyed to the Divinity School the bakehouse entrance was transferred to the yard adjoining 67 Bridge Street. The bakehouse was on the ground floor, and part of the upper floor was sublet by the Steward, who held the lease of the Bakehouse from the College, to Mr F. Stoakley, Bookbinder, whose son and successor still carries on the bookbinding business there.

The origin of the Bread and Broth Charity is obscure, but tradition has long associated it with the Hospital, and references in the surviving Hospital Accounts confirm this, as will be seen below. Sir Henry Howard (Senior Bursar 1923-43) in his study of the College Finances[1] mentions this tradition when referring to the £29.15.0 paid to the poor of Cambridge at the end of the audit of 1769. There seem to have been two regular College Charities during the 18th century and part of the 19th century: poor money, and the bread and broth charity in various forms. The former finally ceased in the late 19th century. In 1779 the Governing Body of the College had decreed that no further names be added to the poor list without its order.

During both the Great War of 1914-1918 and the World War of 1939-1945 the charity was maintained, although in a modified form, after representations from the Senior Bursars of the time. Dr J.G. Leathem (Senior Bursar 1908-23), writing in 1918 to the Cambridge Food Control Committee said that "from time immemorial" it had been the custom to give bread and broth to fifty poor persons, adding "it seems a great pity to break the continuity of this charity which has been carried on since the time of King John". Sir Henry Howard, writing to the Food Control Office in 1940 referred to "this charity, which the College records show has been retained in some form ever since the date of the Hospital before the foundation of the College".

During the Great War the meat was reduced by half in 1917. In the World War the meat content of the broth was steadily reduced until it finally reached half a pound. During the latter war the loaf was reduced to two pounds. The College Bakehouse at first supplied these loaves, but later in the War the College Baker was "directed" to work for Matthews from whom the College obtained the bread. The College Bakehouse was closed, and not reopened after the War. Mr North, former Kitchen Chief Clerk, recalls the College receiving a special allowance of split peas for the broth.

A Council Minute (2102/12) of 15 December 1956 records: "The Senior Bursar reported that during the War of 1939-45, in consequence of the food restrictions then imposed, expenditure on meat for the Bread and Broth Charity had to be restricted to £2.20d per week for the period of the distribution. A two pound loaf had also been substituted for the four pound loaf. This practice had since continued, with the result that fifty poor persons now receive a two pound loaf and one gallon of soup containing only about ½lb of meat (in place of two pounds of meat given before the War).

Agreed that henceforward each of the fifty poor persons receive a two pound loaf and one gallon of soup containing one pound of meat on each of thirteen Thursdays of the Winter quarter beginning on the Thursday before Christmas Day".

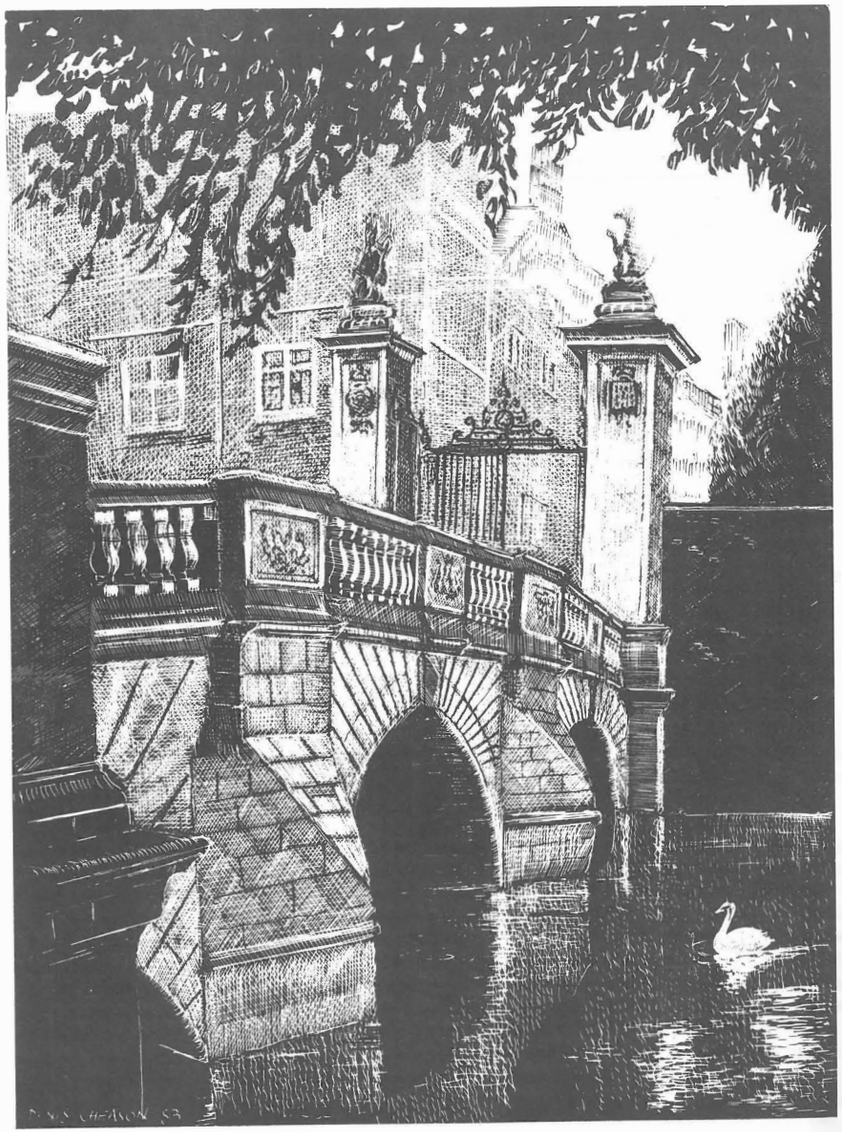
When I joined the College Office staff in 1920, I gathered from general conversation that the College Butler, E.W. Lockhart, was responsible for checking the previous year's list of recipients and supervising the distribution of the bread and broth. The previous Butler, Merry, had died in 1911. A Council Minute (C.M. 877/3) of 5 August 1911 records the appointment of Lockhart, then sub-librarian and Tutors Clerk, as College Butler and Superintendent of the Kitchen Department. Various Council Minutes of 1912 record the provision of a College Office from Rooms in E First Court and construction of a staircase connecting this with the Buttery. By 1920 Lockhart was Chief Clerk as well as College Butler, and had delegated to G.W. Rawlinson, Clerk in the College Office, the Butler's duties with regard to the Bread and Broth.

Mr Ken North tells me that at the distributions Rawlinson would call up the recipients in tens, rotating the order in which they came up by starting each week with a different name from the list of recipients.

I took no part in the charity while I was a member of the College Office staff, although I knew, of course, of Rawlinson's visits to recipients, and occasionally witnessed the distribution if visiting the Kitchen while this was taking place.

It was when I moved to the Bursary in 1931 that I first learned about the management of the Charity. One Autumn morning I was alone in the Bursary, both Sir Henry and Mr Wolfe being temporarily absent. An imposing elderly lady came in, and explained that she was Mrs Hammond, and had called about the bread and broth. Without further preamble she reeled off a list of names. Several people had died, or their circumstances had changed since the previous year, others were still in need; and suggested candidates for the vacancies were proposed. Then came the climax. One good (?) Lady must be removed "Poor Woman, she has completely lost her honour". All this I dutifully recorded and Mrs Hammond departed. When Sir Henry and Mr Wolfe returned I reported Mrs Hammond's call and information. Sir Henry Howard, with a vision of elderly recipients in mind, turned to Mr Wolfe and asked "What does Mrs Hammond mean. Has the old Lady been stealing?" Mr Wolfe, whose knowledge of the St Giles Parish area was like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, explained that the lady in question was by no means elderly, adding "Mrs Hammond must have thought Thurbon was far too innocent to be given further information"!

There were at the time three ladies in St Giles parish who took



an interest in the Charity. Each had her own group of candidates, and there was a certain amount of rivalry between them - particularly over a man who had a small fish shop in Magdalene Street. Regularly we would be told that he should be taken off the list, "After all, he has a business": equally regularly we would be told we must keep him on. "He has such a large family and cannot earn much from the small shop". Apart from the St Giles ladies we would occasionally receive names from local clergy, or from Fellows' wives. But our main source for new recipients was the Central Aid Society, who would send in names of large, poor families. This was in the 1930s before the Welfare State. It was a very difficult task to have to make a selection to fill the vacancies from so many needy candidates.

G.W. Rawlinson resigned his post in the College Office in 1945. In 1947 F.W. Robinson was appointed College Butler. Robinson was a very interesting man. When H.H. Brindley moved into College during the War, after the death of his second wife, Robinson came with him as his attendent. After Mr Brindley's death, when the Bursary expanded into the set he had formerly occupied, Robinson became Bursary Gyp, and was accommodated in College in the ground floor set of rooms in I New Court, which had been used as a First Aid Post while the R.A.F. Training Wing was accommodated in New Court. Robinson had begun his working life in one of the great houses in the West Country and was a trained Butler, with a particular interest in silver. A widower, he took a keen interest in all sides of College life. When he was told of the Butler's duties in connection with the Charity he took these on with great enthusiasm. He attended the weekly distributions in his Butler's attire of dinner jacket and white tie, and arranged for a silver dish to be available for the tasting of the soup by the presiding Fellow, who was present, in academic dress, to pronounce the soup satisfactory. It was the custom to serve the soup at High Table on the night of the distribution. Robinson also made the annual visits to the preceding year's recipients to check they were still in need. These visits came to be very popular with the older recipients, since Robinson would spend time with them and listen to their conversation; a boon to an elderly person living alone. When Robinson retired in 1956 a problem arose about checking the lists. After considering various possibilities Mr Badcock approached the Red Cross Welfare Officer. They were interested, and on 15 March 1958 Dr Boys Smith, then Senior Bursar, wrote to the County Director of the B.R.C.S. saying "Mr Badcock tells me that the Red Cross might be prepared to assist the College in the administration of this very ancient charity by visiting the recipients annually and in essential cases assisting them to make the collection of the Bread and Broth at the weekly distribution. I mentioned this to the College Council yesterday and they would greatly appreciate it if the Red Cross were able to assist the College in this way".

The Red Cross proved very interested and willing to help, arranging for their cadets to take the bread and broth to housebound recipients.

This arrangement worked successfully for a number of years, but the Red Cross found in time problems of transport and distribution arose in connection with the evening collection, complicated by problems of Kitchen reconstruction, and in 1971 it was arranged for the Red Cross to make the Collection on Thursday mornings.

For a time the custom of a Fellow presiding at the Collection

still continued, but when further difficulties arose about the time of his, the custom was dropped.

In 1976 the Red Cross Director reported that difficulty had arisen over finding candidates for the Bread and Broth, now that meals on wheels and Day Centres for the elderly were being provided. At about this time the Senior Bursar met the officer in charge of the local Salvation Army at a Mayoral reception, and mentioned the Charity. The Army holds regular Wednesday lunches for elderly people and felt that part of the Bread and Broth would be a welcome contribution to these lunches. The Red Cross felt they could find twenty elderly recipients, and now the collection takes place on 13 Wednesdays, the Red Cross collecting soup for 20 people and the remaining portion being collected by the Salvation Army in bulk. The bread is collected direct by both Red Cross and Salvation Army from Messrs. Tylers.

That the bread and broth is appreciated is shown by a letter sent to the Senior Bursar in 1979.

"I am a pensioner belonging to the Salvation Army over 60 club. I would like to express my gratitude for the Bread and Soup you so kindly supply us each week during the Winter, the Soup is delicious and accompanied by the bread helps to make a good meal, and helps out with our State pensions too. I say thank you very much indeed."

Some entries about the Charity in the hospital and College records

Mr Underwood, the College Archivist, has kindly searched the Accounts of the Hospital of St John and found entries that link the College Bread and Broth Charity to its predecessor.

In these accounts appear the following entries, among others:

D106.9 fol. 9^{v} Expenses 1485)
Item pro panibus propter [sic] pauperes die Sancti Johannis Evangeliste 2s 6d
Item pro xiiii ulnis panni linei pro pauperibus 4s 2d
fol 10^{v} Item pro panibus in elemosina pro pauperibus 2d
D106 10 fol. 4^{v} (Expenses 1505)
Item for bred to por folk on Saynt Jhon(s) day 2s 6d
also fol. 5^{v} of D106.9. wage of 2s 6d paid to John Howlyn 'de domo elemosin (aria)'

Turning next to the College Bursars' "Rent Rolls (SB3) and the Rentals (SB4) we find in 1535-36 "Alms at Horningsea" 5s 0d. There appears to be no record of a distribution to the poor at the Annual Obit in 1539-40, but in 1543-44 Alms:

poor of North Stoke	2s	0d
poor of Horningsea	2s	0d

Continuing with spot checks we find:
1544-45 Annual Obit: distributed to the poor 4s 0d
and a similar entry for 1545-46.

1548-49 the entry is:

Alms in North Stoke	2s	0d
Alms in Horningsea	3s	4d
Obit of the Foundress	4s	0d
St Johns Day	4s	$10\frac{1}{2}$d
	14s	$2\frac{1}{2}$d

In 1551-52 the entry is:

Alms Poor of Horningsea	2s	0d
Alms distributed to poor of North Stoke (figures doubtful)		
Alms given to the poor in the College on St John's Day in the preceding year	9s	0d
Alms similarly given to the poor in this year	6s	7d
And similarly alms given to the poor out of gift ("ex dono") of the Foundress of this College in the three quarters finished at Christmas this year	3s	0d

With the triumph of the Reformers after the accession of Edward VI the Obit of the Foundress seems to disappear, to be replaced as the important Day in the College Year by the Feast of St John the Evangelist.

In 1574 the entry is:

Bestowed on the poor on St John's Day	26s	8d
Bestowed on the poor in the Castle Tolbooth and the Spittle House	3s	4d

In 1599-1600 Given on St John's Day to every parish in Cambridge, unto the Tolbooth Castle and the Spittle House and to certain poor folk at Madingley £6 15s 2d

In 1601 money was given to the poor of Hilton[2] on St John's Day.

During the 17th and early 18th centuries entries in the Rental are infrequent.

From the 1740's however entries in the Conclusion Book show that there was still an awareness of the College's charitable obligations. These show that the seniority made various resolutions about charity in the 18th Century. For example, an entry in 1740 records "Agreed to distribute £10 in coal to the poor". On 22 February 1760 it was agreed that the Bursar add £15.0.0d to the poor money. Several similar entries follow. On 12 February 1768 it was agreed "that the Baker apply every year to the Bread Bursar for directions what sum shall be given in doles, and to which parishes, and that the bread given to the prisoners in the two gaols be brown."

On March 24th 1779 it was agreed "that no persons name be added to the poor list without the order of the Master and Seniors."

After Dr Powell's reform of the Rentals in 1770, an entry for "gifts" appears, usually under head "BB", occasionally under "CC". The entry (under CC) in 1770 is "to the poor of Cambridge at the end of the Audit for 1769 £29.15.0d. Similar entries appear for succeeding years.

In 1778 the entry is "To the poor of Cambridge at the end of Audit 1777" £3.13. 9d
For Doles £23.10. 6d
In 1784 first appears an entry "for meat given to the poor £21.11. 4d
In 1790 the entry is: "To the poor of Cambridge at the end of Audit 1789 £18. 5. 6d
Butchers bill for meat for the poor" £22.15. $3\frac{1}{2}$d

In 1794, in addition to the usual entries: "to the poor at the end of the 1793 Audit" £21. 8. 6d and "Butchers price for meat for the poor" £24. 5. 4d there are two payments each of £21.0.0 "Subscriptions for the poor in the neighbourhood of Cambridge" and "for the poor in the town of Cambridge". During the 19th Century the entries become more detailed.

In 1820	Poor at the end of Audit 1819	£46. 8. 0d
	Poor's meat	£45.10. 6d
	Poor's greens	£ 3. 2. 8d
	Poor's bread	£14. 8. 0d

By 1880 we find: Poor's meat £51.9.2d, Poor's flour £14.0.0d. Broth, peas and pea flour £5.0.9d., Coals £1.12.6d., seasoning £1.12.6d £73.14.11d
There is also a payment of "Poor's Money" £ 2.12. 0d

In 1882 the charge is now for "one moiety" of the cost £26.17. 4d
Subsequent entries appear (e.g. in 1905) for "College share of Poor's Bread and Soup" £35.14. 8d

Similar entries appear under Head "BB" until 1926 when the form of the Accounts was changed to accord with the recommendation of the Royal Commission of 1922 that the accounts of all the Cambridge Colleges should be prepared in a uniform manner.

From 1926 onwards the College share of the cost of the charity has been charged to the Expenditure side of Endowment Account. For a number of years the "Sacrists balance", the unallocated balance of Chapel Collections, was offset against part of the cost of the Bread and Broth, but this practice has now ceased.

There are two small notebooks in the Muniment Room, one marked "Poor Money Account May 10 1856 ending February 3rd 1866:" the other "Poor Money Account March 17 1866", with no closing date. From these it appears that the bulk of the recipients received a payment at the rate of 1s 0d per week, paid every two months. It is clear from the notebooks that as the recipients of the charity died, the vacancies were not filled up. The last recipient, a Mrs Cook, died in 1886. Thereafter R.F. Scott used the notebook to record pensions of retired College Servants.

In the later part of the 19th Century these payments of "poor money", and the cost of the Bread and Broth are bracketed together and brought out in total as one item.

It seems possible that the beginning of the Broth may have been in 1784, when we find the first reference to meat in the Accounts, but the Conclusion Book Order of 12 February 1768 appears to indicate that the practice of giving "doles" of bread was much earlier, and the link between hospital and college a strong one.

Whoever the twelfth century founder of the hospital was - whether Henry Frost or Henry Eldcorn - he would have been happy to know that his charitable ideals still inspire his successors eight centuries later.[3]

My thanks are due to many people who have helped in the preparation of this article. First and foremost to Mr Underwood, the College Archivist; to the Senior Bursar, to Dr Boys Smith, to Mr Badcock, to Mr Pratt, to Mr North, and to Mr Petty and his colleagues of the Cambridge Collection in the City Library.

W.T. Thurbon

Footnotes:

(1) Sir H.F.Howard, Finances of St John's College, Cambridge (C.U.P. 1935) pp. 101 and 145.

(2) 15th and 16th Century Leases of the College Farm at Hilton, Hunts., provided for the "Hall, parlour, kitchen and chambers" to be reserved for occupation by the College in times of sickness. Baker-Mayor, pp. 445-6.

(3) Articles about the Charity have appeared in Varsity 24 February 1951, in the East Anglian Magazine, Vol. 12 1953 and in the Cambridge News of 2 December 1965.

A Toast to W.T. Thurbon

Proposed at the lunch given to celebrate his eightieth birthday by the Senior Bursar.

Master, President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is, I suspect, a unique privilege to be proposing a toast to a man of 80, who is still working 63 years on.

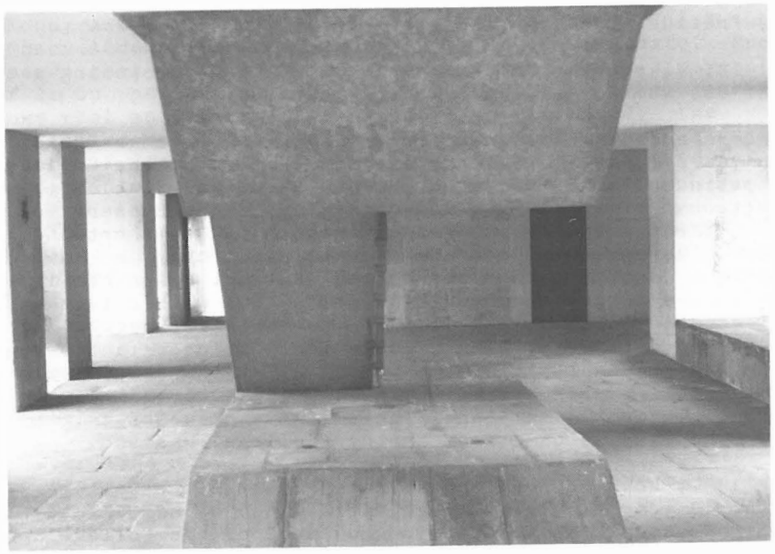
Understandably, I think first of Bill Thurbon as Bursar's Clerk for 23 years, part of a long line of devotion to the College which still continues in his successor Roland Badcock. One of my earliest recollections of Bill was his returning to the Bursary on Friday nights after the Council to reduce the minutes to shorthand, to be deciphered the following morning by Jane Hamilton, who now gets her own back by drafting them before the meeting. Another is of him coming to see me and saying diffidently, but with a twinkle in his eye "I've done a bit of devilling" - which foreshadowed a comprehensive brief with everything I could possibly need (and perhaps just a bit more) on the topic of the moment. At the drop of a hat this devilling still continues. I was most grateful to him for holding my hand when I first came - and I am sure my predecessor, Dr Trevor Thomas, (who like me came from another College) was too.

In 1957, however, Bill had already been in the College 37 years, the first 10 years in the College Office, so he had already laid the foundations of his encyclopaedic knowledge of the College and of his happy collaboration with, among many others, Harold Pettit and Norman

Buck, whom I welcome back with much pleasure, and with Roy Papworth and Sheila Smith who are still carrying the torch.

Bill was and is active in many other fields. Not many people in their 70's go to classes in paleography, or give gracious interviews on the radio on matters of local history. During the war he took a major part in the College air raid precautions and has been active in the scouting movement all his life, winning the high award of Silver Wolf some years ago. One of the things Bill did for the scouting movement in later years was, on a number of occasions, to set questions for the Alert Trophy, competed for by the Cambridge Scout and Guide Patrols. I have received a private communication, from the Orchid Patrol of the 3rd Cambridge Guide Company of 1974, which sheds a little light on Mr Thurbon. Not only did he make use of his esoteric knowledge of local history (for example question 6: 'Who "founded" Fisher College? Where was it's site? Can you connect the "founder" with a stag possessing unusual qualities?'), but he demonstrated his bravery in the last question: "Write a recognisable description of one of us. Remember, flattery will get you nowhere but don't be too libellous". So that you can judge how little Mr Thurbon has changed in the last 9 years I will, with his permission, read the personal description: "Mr William Thurbon, or Bill as he is more often called is about 5 feet 4 inches in height. He weighs 10 stone 4 pounds and he is of medium build. His shoes are size 7½ and his cap is size $7^{1}/_{8}$. His face is pinkish and slightly chubby. His ears are fairly large and are positioned fairly flat against his head. He has grey hair (he is going slightly bald) and blue/grey/greenish eyes. He wears horn rimmed bifocal glasses all the time. He is 71 years old but he never looks it. He reminds me of a small energetic owl!"

Master, all these years Bill has been watched over by his wife Alice, and I should like to associate her with the toast, which I now ask all the rise and drink.



From 'The Sky and Silence'

The fire blurred to a globe of orange heat and the music whirled itself still. Jennifer did not get up; her limbs, warm and weighted, anchored her. Fingers clenched hair and eyelashes met with a moist spangling of fire-orbs then blank red, pleasantly stinging for one second, blank black.

Slight crackling from the record player. The fire made fluttering noises and the cats breathed burrily. Outside, muted, the wind lifted its accents, then made itself heard, holding something in the palm of its voice, something that pained it to hold, and it made itself heard, shrilly.

Jennifer's eyes opened wide. The room was clear and immediate. She stood suddenly: spilling cats from her lap in furry arcs to the floor where they circled, complaining.

Again the human shriek was borne down the wind, icy and gripping. There was no mistake. Jennifer stood like stone for a space, her heart clamouring in panic in her chest.

Again. Scream shrill, pulse-stopping.
Again.
You must do something.

She came back to life, terror pleading within her. The doorway made a dark gash in the warm lit room. A dark noise-filled gash, letting in horror and snow.

She shone torchlight flat against the racing snowflakes, so thick they distorted even the blackness of the clouded, wailing night. Wehhh screamed the pathetic human voice, quite far off, ending on a gurgle of fear, almost words. Iwaooo screamed the jeering wind. The night had seen Death coming. Jennifer's mind was paralysed with thoughts of ghosts and banshees or finding a body in the river that would grasp her and die, its unseeing eyes speaking of her hesitation and cowardice.

The human voice babbled down the wind again.
She forced herself to speak, to give her thoughts weight.
'Somebody is in trouble. You must go and help.'
She pulled her boots on. Picked up the torch again.
'Somebody is in trouble. You must go and help.'
Scream went the supernatural night. But the words pulled her out into its midst, its cold, snow, darkness, wailing all conspiring.

The door, left open, lit a path down the yard then banged, opened, banged. She was left in near darkness, the torch showing nothing but thick snow before her. She did not know if she was going the right way. She was heading down the drive, and turned an ankle

in a ditch, the snow settling fast, covering landmarks. She stopped, nursing the ankle, listening for the distressed voice, trembling with cold and fright. There was no voice on the wind. The wind quietened She still waited, snow crusting her hair and cardigan.

Then it came again, making her jump, jolting her resolution. In it a young voice, there were words, distorted by anguish.

'Summidy heee-lp meee.'
Forcing her voice past the lump in her throat:
'Where are you?'
Pause.
'Hel-elp meeee.'
'Where are you?'
'River. River.'
'Keep talking!'

Jennifer started to run, and jumped over the stile onto the footpath. She was in the field. There was no means of keeping to the path; it was erased by snow. The pattern of the night was black, white, blind; white and white and white. The wind seemed to whirl the landscape about behind the torchlit curtain of snow, so that Jennifer lost all sense of direction. Only the voice, feeble now, drew her towards it.

'Help'.
'I'm coming. Keep talking.'
'Help.'
Pause. More urgent:
'Hel-elp.'

It was nearby now. Jennifer could distinguish the grip of cold in the voice, making it stutter and halt. Jesus! What's anybody doing out on a Godawful night like this? How did he get in the river? He'll be frozen stiff-wet - why didn't I bring a blanket - a coat?

Suddenly her leg smashed through reeds and before she could stop herself she was on a hard surface and then her legs were both gone, and she crashed to her bum among the river-plants.

'Help.' The voice seemed to be by her elbow, clear and startled her. She scrambled to her feet, and shining the torch could just make out, blurred by the snowflakes, a gash in the ice showing black water and a figure, arms spread, leaning desperately on the side of the gash. The arms started to slip back and the figure scrambled and lashed to regain its balance.

It's no good going out, I'll fall in. I must go across to the wood, get a branch.

She had not strayed too far from the path; the footbridge was only a few yards away. As she crossed she saw the boy's arm was perhaps within her reach. She crouched on the planks, and stretched.

'Here.'

The boy stretched. There were six inches between their straining fingers. The boy sobbed inarticulately. Jennifer lay down across the planks, and snow soaked through to her belly. Stretch,

snatch and she had the boy's hand in its cold, soaking glove. Then there was weight and she felt her precarious balance. In panic she groped back with her free hand for the opposite edge of the planks. Just as she despaired and felt she was going to be pitched into the ice and water head first, she caught a hold, and pulled. Her arms ached and were cold - her belly numbed by snow. The plank bridge seemed to rock in its two beds of mud. The boy groaned with strain. There was a straining balance for what seemed like half an hour. His glove started to come off. Jennifer clasped harder, tugged, clenched her teeth, and he was up, heavy with water - his feet ran ineffectively on ice, breaking off jagged triangles - his arms were over the bridge, the bridge tilted dangerously, Jennifer leaned back, grasped his coat-collar and tugged brutally. He was on the bridge. He moaned incoherently and wilted.

'Don't stop. You mustn't lie here.'

Jennifer slapped him back into action as an animal cuffs its young. It would do no good to put her drenched cardigan on him. She must get him back to the house quickly, and so she did, by coaxing, pulling, pushing, half-carrying, and bullying.

Another human being crossed Jennifer's threshold.

His flesh was blue and was tinged wierdly by the orange flame as she undressed him in front of the fire. He was rigid, sleepy and muttering; he seemed only half alive, half human, and Jennifer was afraid of him. His clothes were a sodden grotesque heap on the floor, and Jennifer's own clothes steamed copiously as she rubbed him down vigorously with a warm towel. Snow adhered apparently ineradicably to his eyelashes. His body resisted the towel strokes. The cats, perched on the furniture, watched with amazed amber eyes.

Gradually he began to shudder, more and more violently. His eyes stared, his teeth began to chatter. His breath jerked, jerked, as if he would sneeze. Alarmed, Jennifer put her robe round him, and pushed the chair closer to the fire. The spasms grew worse and worse, then started to die away. He was human again. He and Jennifer regarded each other with recognition and some embarrassment. She went to get him some more clothes and a hot drink.

'I should think you've got pneumonia. But I don't know what to do. I can't get a doctor, or even let your parents know you are okay; I haven't got a phone, and it would be stupid to go out again in this. Wouldn't get as far as the end of the drive.'

The boy - he was about fourteen - looked sheepish. Now it looked as if he would be alright, Jennifer didn't like him as he sat and sipped and sniffed. She sighed.

'You'll have to stay till tomorrow, anyway. I'll light a fire in the bedroom - you must have aspirin - and - and soup -'

She wavered, astonished. A tear had plopped into the boy's hot milk but he was smiling, it wasn't a tear, it was snow melting from his eyelashes. Jennifer was irritated.

'How did you get to be there, anyway?'
'We was skating.'
'"We"?'

'Me an' Frank an' Sandra was, skating, we thought it were thick enough.'

'But it's only been there for a day.'

The boy looked studiously into his milk.

'You weren't wearing skates.'

'Not PRAPPER skating,' he intoned with a sneer.

'Oh, well, if it wasn't prapper... where are Frank and Sandra, by the way? Not still under the ice, I hope?' Sternly.

He laughed. 'No.'

'Then where? Do you mean to tell me that when you fell in, they just went off and left you, without trying to help you or fetching help?'

The boy just looked puzzled. 'It's...' he sipped shyly, looking the other way under his blond eyelashes. Jennifer suspected he was stupid. She went to change her own damp clothes.

She did not resent the trouble she had taken. There was trouble to be taken, and it had to be taken.

The incident, the stupid supercilious boy, his inevitable presence, the interruption of her weeping. They all formed a black exclamation mark on the uninterrupted solioquy of her new life.

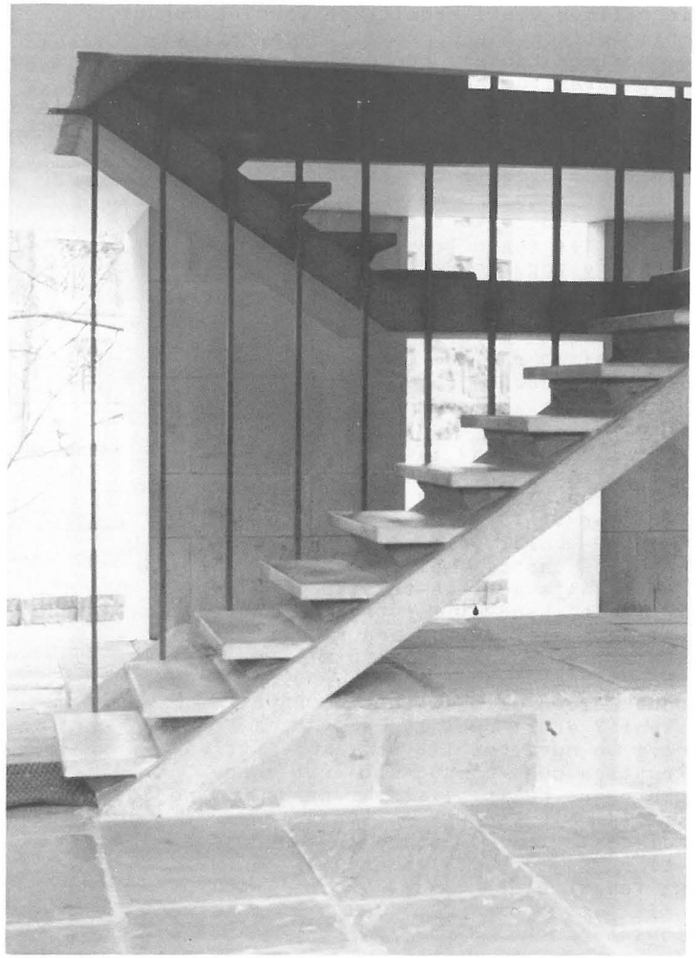
Anna Wheatley

Back to Nature

Pierides Musae, vobis ego munera digna
haec pono, magnis munera digna deis,
atque haec posta tibi, Silvane, sacrata tibi, Pan,
ante aras statuo non pretiosa bona,
sed ruris praedam; pira roscida melque laborem
dulcem apium quercus et pia serta piae.
vobis, caelestes, sunt debita talia vobis,
fertis enim grati rustica dona mihi:
hic pecudes errant gravidae, pastoris honores,
pendet et hic laetis arboris umbra comis,
hic calamos venti promittere carmina cogunt,
hic laticem Bacchi nobilis uva parit.
cur homines tantas, cur construxere tot urbes?
cur strepitum semper, cur crepitumque petunt?
nec iuvat-heu! quid enim gravius?-me cernere vulgus
quod foedum validus Iuppiter ipse timet.
at procul est multo iucundius addere votum
in votum nymphis agricolisque deis
ut maneat requies, maneat mihi fistula curva
quam soleo curvo tangere saepe labro.
quid patiar regum leges, regum impia iussa
iniussu populia facta nec aequa geri?
non melius vitam naturae legibus aptam
degere? sic dominus sit sibi quisque suus!
nec minitans duris signis armisque videtur
Mavors: at ruri bella parare nefas.
hic unum puero succendit missa sagitta
a pravo bellum; corda sagitta ferit:
formosam Daphnen sequitur formosus Apollo;
cur illum gaudes laedere, mitis Amor?
heu! pavida currit nympha deus ocior ille
per teneras herbas; segnior illa fugit.
ut passer timidus, detexto in vertice nido,
-ecce!- volat, pinnis se subitoque levat
ne pullos captos capiatur solvere temptans
ipse hamis aquilae-tristia fata pati-
sic fugit, haud aliter trepidat perterrita Daphne
a! quid eam gaudes laedere, mitis Amor?
fabula erat mandax! nolite timere, puellae!
non verum verbum! non lacrimare licet!
nonne Chloen olim silvestrem Daphnis amavit
lenis? adest ruri lenis et alma Venus;
urere te novi, mi Tityre, amore puellae,
rustica quae quoque sic urit amore tuo.
immo regna colit silvas et prata Cupido;
filius hic Veneris mollia tela parat.
o di caelicolae doceo me grataque verba
blandaque: nequiquam carmina falsa cano!
qui felix agitat quae 'rustica' vita vocatur
fit tamen infelix cui mala multa cadunt.
siquis enim vitam pastoris degerit umquam

tum fossor spurcus, tum caprimulgus erit.
sordida vita agitur: vel sordida vita vocetur
  vel mala tanta ferat quanta poeta canit.
cui laganum suave est? aut cuinam porra sapores?
  non laeto denti rustica cena datur.
da cyathum auratum! vetus et mihi funde Falernum!
  en! pueri currunt! ite! parate garum!
rus didicit coxisse cicer; licet urbis amicis
  magnificis mensis deliciisque frui.
praeterea novi cunctas odisse puellas
  agrestes iuvenes: hinc abiere procul.
verte pedes fessos! dulce est mihi visere Romam;
  me miserum gaudes laedere, mitis Amor!

R.G. Gardiner



Ninety

When I was eighty I ventured an assessment of my contribution to the life of the College and University. As Steward for eleven years and later as President for another eleven years I indulged that, as the late W.G. Palmer would have said, I might have been worse. The same I judged to be true of my service as head of a scientific department. As a teacher of undergraduates and guide to research students I rose to the Englishman's meiosis: some of the recipients, including an honorary fellow, felt the same. I wasn't bad.

I thanked the College and F.F. Blackman in particular for the help I had received. There were two other people to whom I am indebted whom I ought to have named. My tutor and Botany supervisor R.P.Gregory, who got great satisfaction from my performance in Part I Natural Sciences Tripos, was very kind and helpful to me in a difficult third year. Then there was my mother who was all that a mother could be. For those who know Silas Marner she was a Dolly Winthrop for good neighbourliness.

I now propose to give some details of my pre-Johnian life. The first is what I call the year of the impossible. At 16 I had passed the equivalent of today's 'O' Level, - and had done well enough to qualify for exemption from London Matriculation. As there was no equivalent of 'A' Level I spent my seventeenth year preparing for London Intermediate Science. My visit to London for the examination was memorable for many reasons. The day of my arrival was that on which the news of the arrest of Crippen reached England. Crippen, a dentist, had poisoned his wife and fled to New York with his paramour but wireless telegraphy enabled an arrest to be made when they landed - the first such use of W.T. I lodged off the Edgeware Road close to where W.H. Hudson lived. At that time the fairyland of Green Mansions was unknown to me - my first visit was in 1926 and I have been there more times than I can remember. Hudson's writings have given me great satisfaction.

My visit coincided with the fight between the black heavy-weight champion Jack Johnson and the white hope Jeffries. I enjoyed boxing as a schoolboy and can still watch light-weights with pleasure on T.V. Jeffries was unsuccessful in his examination. I managed to pass. The name of E.V. Appleton appeared in the passlist. The obituary notice in The Eagle states that he passed this examination at the youngest possible age - he was born a year before I was.

Nothing much happened in my eighteenth year. I think it was then that I decided that if I was going to be a scientist I must learn German. What I learned came in useful later - but most of it has gone, as has my need for it. But Die Lorelei remains. A few years ago two lines near the end escaped. Eventually they came back. So with

"Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn"

I remember the whole, but I will not bore you.

My nineteenth year seems worse in retrospect than at the time. My getting to Cambridge depended on winning an entrance scholarship. A second string to my bow was to become an Elementary Schoolteacher. So my nineteenth year was due to be spent as a Pupil Teacher - I was to learn by observing others and occasionally try my hand - at least that was the theory. The facts were that the number of classes exceeded that of teachers by one. The extra class consisted of between 50 and 60 boys aged 12½ to 13½ of mental age 11 years or so. From nine o'clock on the first morning until the end of the year this class was mine.

I had ill-advisedley decided to take the Latin and Greek of Little Go at the same time as the scholarship examination in December. The set book for Latin I knew but I knew no Greek. In my spare time I learned a little Greek grammar from Wordsworth and memorized the authorized version of St Mark and Gilbert Murrays translation of Europides Medea - time for revision of science was nil. Somehow, despite a cold at the time of the exam, I managed to get through and get a scholarship.

I am not aware of any scars left by that year's experience. I survived and in October I began a new life.

During my recent reflections on my past I have been more and more impressed by the importance of human relations. There are people who suggest that a group of human beings are like a mass of inert gas molecules in that whereas the behaviour of the individual cannot be predicted that of the mass can. What ignorance of the effect of human beings on each other, especially that of such catalytic individuals such as Hitler on the rest!

Looking back on my own past I am impressed by the amount of kindness I have received. To avoid embarrassment of my friends still alive I will not particularize. The kindness ranges from brief acts such as the one I experienced from a complete stranger when I was somewhat distressed, to the kindness from the same person which continued for years. Acts of unkindness, memory of which has not been suppressed, are few.

I hope I have given a little in return.

Taken from the speech made by Professor G.E. Briggs at the lunch given to celebrate his ninetieth birthday.

Cambridge in Wartime

Looking back across the long interval of forty years, I am now surprised that I allowed myself to be so haphazard and diverse in my reading when I was an Undergraduate. This reading extended into Literature and Politics, as well as pure History. I attended lectures and addresses of all sorts: excepting only the Cambridge Union (which I now regret). Thus, I listend to, and I hope benefited from, sundry addresses by our Dean's distinguished brother, Charles E. Raven, in his reconciliations of Science and Religion: a somewhat Victorian debate, which seems nowadays to have been consumed by the closer matters of Church Unity. The Master of Christ's and the Regius Professor of Divinity, he was immensely learned, profound, and urbane. Then he seemed to me to be the model of Cambridge civility. Doubtless, I was educated for life by the sheer force of his personality and character; although nothing I learnt from him was directly of Examination value or relevance. Our Dean at St John's, who then kept in a rather inaccessible set of rooms in the Shrewsbury Tower, once observed in my presence that it was sometimes a nuisance to have two Ravens so close at hand in the same University, because he often got his brother's letters. Charles Raven was, for me, something of a local link, too; for before returning to Cambridge he had been Canon Theologian at Liverpool, close to the scenes of my childhood, on the Lancashire coast. I still possess his Musings and Memories (1931), containing, perhaps, the seeds of his eventual intellectual and spiritual achievement at Cambridge.

I attended the Inaugural lectures of both G.N. Clark (May 16, 1944) and Herbert Butterfield (November 14, 1944). The former, of course, was an Oxford product and import: urbane, distinguished, and absolute master of his craft. The latter I had first encountered when he was a fairly young Fellow of Peterhouse: an authority of Machiavelli, he was remarkable for an incisive historical judgment and occasional outbursts of pungent wit. Woe betide the Undergraduate who attempted to bamboozle him!

Another of my Lecturers who possessed a somewhat barbed wit, even a lively wrath, was Kenneth Pickthorn, a very determined Tory. He hailed from Corpus Christi College, and he taught us constitutional history of the Tudor period. He was then one of the two M.Ps for the University, so that he was sometimes obliged to rush out of his lectures in Mill Lane and into a waiting taxi, in order to catch the London train. He could be very devastating towards any Undergraduate in his audience who was at all lazy or inattentive. He had a Public School dislike for idleness among the young. Poor Z.N. Brooke, who taught us Medieval History, had severe sciatica in the session of 1944-45 - when I, for one, needed his intellectual ministrations the most - and he had then to be conveyed by taxi to and from the Mill Lane lecture-rooms, as he defiantly kept up his lectures. I remember that - although he was far less controversial than the learned G.G. Coulton ("valiant for truth") - even he had sometimes to mince his words when he attempted to extricate right and law among the disputes of Pope and Emperor during the Middle Ages.

Owing to the War, the University in 1942-45 lacked youth among its available teachers, and there were many of them who had come out of well-earned retirements, in order to keep things going. Such was the great Sir John Clapham of King's who taught us, as a Special Period, "France Before the Revolution". He had an immense and detailed knowledge of this subject, but he was rather slow in his dealing with our scripts. "If you write to him, send him a letter, not a postcard" was the salutary warning of my Supervisor, R.J. White. I do not think that in the end in that summer Examination of 1945 I did very well in my Special Subject. But that cannot have been on account of any pre-Examination misdemeanour on my part!

Typical of my wanderings among books and lectures, at Cambridge forty years ago, was my eager (and wholly memorable) attendance at the strange, spontaneous discourses about the Ancient Greek Drama of Sir John Sheppard, the Provost of King's. They were astonishing and unique performances: virtually useless for Examination purposes, yet a scarcely-to-be-omitted experience, the memory of which seems to have become long standing for several generations of Cambridge men. At any rate, as I have been told, these lectures seem to have been essentially the same for me, in the 1940's, as they had been ten years earlier, and as they were still to be ten years later. Times might change; but not Sir John Sheppard. He lived and demonstrated the Ancient Greek Drama, as no one else ever tried or dared to do: even at Cambridge. He delighted in it; he was steeped in it; and he had a child-like innocence of manner and even academic dignity. Although it was no precise academic discipline, we learnt far more about the core of the Ancient Greek Drama - its links with life, present as well as past - than from the lips of any of the more conventional teachers. Even today, after forty years, I must assume that not a little of my Greek studies and writings - different as they certainly are from my historical and literary interests as an Undergraduate - have been sustained by those insights embodied in the addresses at Mill Lane, long ago, of Sir John Sheppard. So do the best of teachers live on and inspire: they, being dead, yet speaketh.

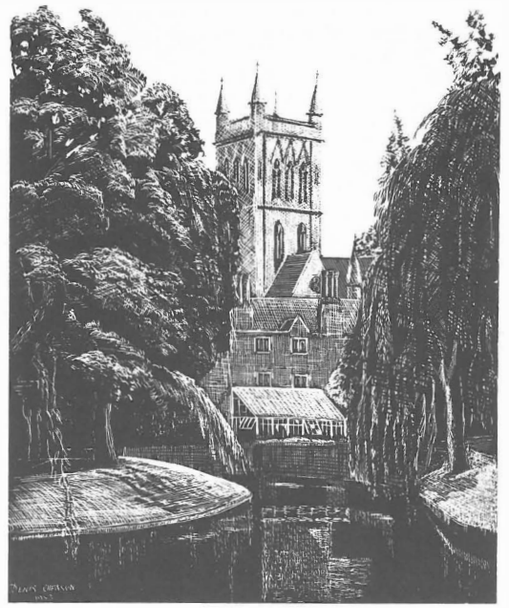
However, I was too late in my Cambridge days to be able to go to the famous lectures on English Literature of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. He died during my first year (1942-43). So I was never able to sample his lectures, which according to legend he gave immaculately attired, and for which his dislike of the girls was so lingering and old-fashioned, that he would always begin with the single, imperious "Gentlemen!" But eccentricity, of many sorts, was easily in the air of Cambridge as I knew it. Perhaps it just managed to survive until the end of the war Perhaps it was eventually swept away by the new ideas and attitudes of the vast post-war incursions into those refuges of academic calm and tran-quility. In my time there was even a legend - which I believe can be authenticated - of a distinguished Cambridge Professor, about the turn of the century, who disliked all innovations, and the municipal tramways in particular. So he resolved to walk always to his official lectures in his full academic dress, and striding down the middle of King's Parade. The Corporation, or so I have been reliably informed, never had the courage either to sue him for obstructing a public highway, or to permit any of its tram drivers to run him down! There must be some loss in our present-day determinations, entering even Cambridge, to eliminate such colourful nonconformity and such stimulating independence.

My Cambridge years were probably the last before the post-war

development of greater uniformity and greater economic realism. I was among the last of the Cambridge Undergraduates to be inbued by the old-fashioned notions of elitist leisure, and of learning for its own sake, rather than as a means of some socially useful end. At any rate, as I look back, it seems to me that chief among "what I gained from Cambridge" was a respect for a scholarship that for me would be largely unattainable, and an acceptance of the admissibility of quiet lives and quiet places. Perhaps that is not a long-term legacy that altogether accords with much that is required or fashionable nowadays. But, on the other hand, I still believe that it has given me an anchorage of values and attitudes that I would not now do without. Even society, as a whole, still needs the discipline of exact scholarship, and the recognition that truth is still an absolute and imperative reality.

Forty years ago, Cambridge - at any rate as I saw it at St John's - was leisurely and comparatively placid. For the young, perhaps, such an intermission between the rigours of childhood and those of adult life may be both permissable and advantageous. We may never forget it, for the rest of our lives. At any rate, such bookish and intellectual pursuits were not forbidden to me by my Mentors in College in 1942-45: they may even then have had their misgivings but I lingered long and fondly amongst them. Each day seemed to have had little yesterday, and there was no anxious tomorrow. Perhaps I succumbed unduly to such cultural delights and satisfactions: humanist indeed, but lacking the more demanding and austere standards of social usefulness and personal service. C.W. Guillebaud, during my last year at Cambridge, wisely if gently explained to me: "Many are called but few are chosen". It was a mild, salutary reproof for all my devious reading and my scattered pre-occupations; but even he must have understood that not all of his cherished ducklings could turn out to be swans.

E. Glasgow



The Johnian Society

Following the notice in the last number of The Eagle of the death of the first secretary of the Society, I was asked if I would produce a short account of its origin and early days.

In my last year or so in residence there was talk of the desirability of having a College Society, and we discussed the idea with enthusiasm. The chief protagonists were Sir Edward Marshall Hall and E.W.R. Peterson; the idea developed and in 1924 the Society was founded, an informal committee being convened to discuss details. Marshall Hall was made the first President and "Pete", Secretary.

The Society did little in its earlier years beyond meeting for an annual dinner, usually in London, and about once in three years in College. In the last few years we have met regularly in College, an arrangement which seems most agreeable to the majority. In the last war we provided and financed a Field Ambulance, which doubtless served a useful purpose; I would however wager that its source was attributed by most of those who saw it, to the Order with a patron saint of the same name, which in war time collaborates with the Red Cross. For some years the Society has provided the means for some six travelling fellowships annually, which are allocated by the College Council; the recipients write interesting reports on the uses to which their grants are put. Further liaison with the College is under discussion by the Committee.

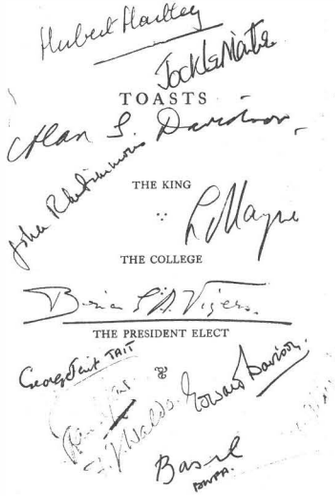
The first Annual Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms in London on 8 July, 1924; the menu is reproduced here. The eight course dinner is of interest today and almost calls for yet another misuse of that overworked epithet "nostalgic". I forget what it cost, but I doubt whether it was more than a sovereign. A note on some of the signatories may be of interest. From above:

Hubert Hartley - one of the best remembered and best loved Lady Margaret oarsmen. Inter alia, he stroked the British entry to victory in the Inter-Allied Regatta on the Seine in 1919, stroked three winning Boat Race crews (1920-21-22) and rowed bow in the Leander crew which won the Grand at Henly in 1922. House Master at Eton. Died 1978. See The Eagle vol. LXVIII, no 286, p 26.

Jock le Maitre - Sir Alfred le Maitre. From Fettes, where he was distinguished in class and on the Rugger field. Sadly crippled in the first World War but quite undaunted. A classic, and a great admirer of his tutor "Billy" Sykes. Secretary of the Admiralty. President of this Society 1954. Died ca 1970.

Alan S. Davidson still attends Society Dinners and College Reunions regularly. 1st May Colour.

John R.M. Simmons coxed the Lady Margaret boat at Henley in 1922.



MENU

MELON GLACÉE
OU
HORS D'ŒUVRE À LA PARISIENNE

PETITE MARMITE RICHE
CRÊME À LA REINE

TRUITE SAUMON
SAUCE HOLLANDAISE CONCOMBRES

ASPIC DE FOIE GRAS ET JAMBON

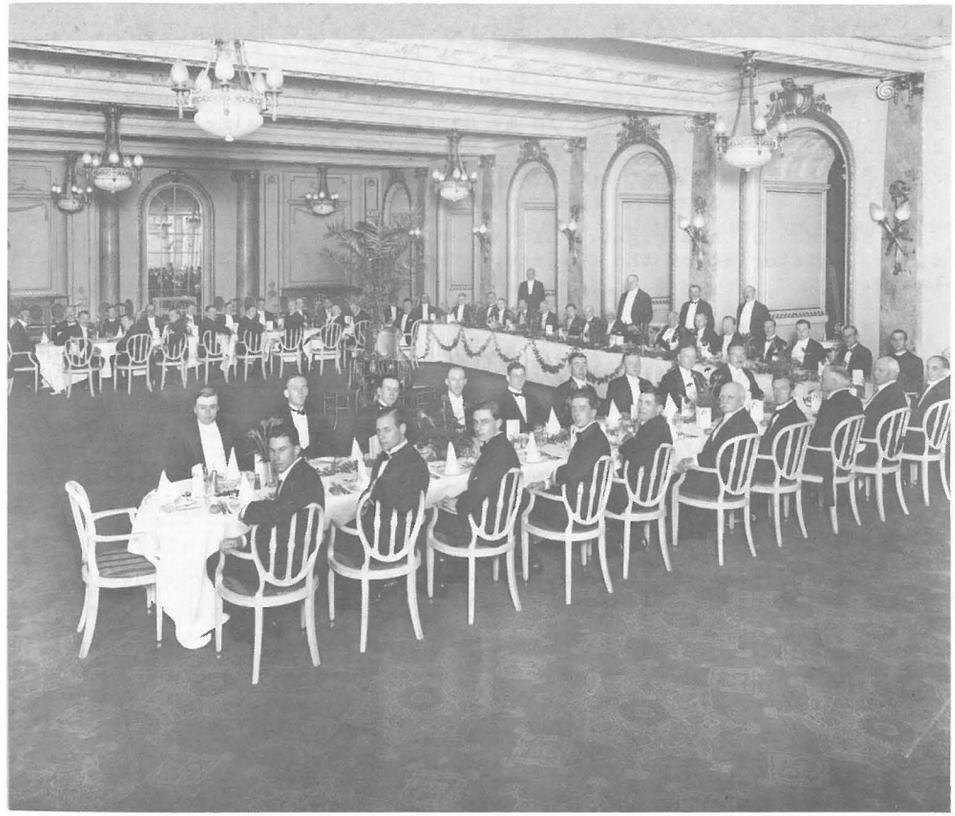
COTELETTES D'AGNEAU MAINTENON
HARICOTS VERTS POMMES MIRÉILLES

NEIGE AU KUMMEL

CANETON ROTI
SAUCE AUX POMMES PETITS POIS
SALADE

PÊCHES MELBA
MIGNARDISES

CAFÉ



L.S. Mayne - a Lady Margaret First Boat and Henley oar 1922 and 1923.

Brian E.A. Vigers is still with us at College Reunions and Society dinners. An LMBC Cox.

George Tait - another First Boat and Henley oar. Became a House Master at Eton.

Edward Davison, the poet.

"Basil" - Bernard W.F. Armitage - an athletics Blue; in uniform in the First War, and returned to his Fellowship and Tutorship.

The President Elect was Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes.

When I presided at the 1964 dinner I took my photograph of the first dinner. It excited considerable interest and we were gratified to see the large number of members in it who were present at the dinner 40 years later. The photograph is reproduced here; again a few identifications and biographical notes may be of interest.

Middle table, standing, centre: Sir Edward Marshall Hall KC. A famous Counsel. Founder and first President. Not quite an F.E. Smith in character, but a forceful determined man. The best story that I know about him (I cannot vouch for it) turns on his autobiography, Milestones in my Career. His wife and daughter complained. "Really, father, 80,000 words about yourself and we are not even mentioned." "Darlings", he cooed, "Milestones, not millstones".

Seated on his right: Sir Robert Forsyth Scott, Master at the time. Historian of the College, President of the Society two years later.

Middle table, standing, left: E.W.R. Peterson. Co-founder and first Honorary Secretary, holding that office for 29 years. President in the Jubilee Year of the Society, 1974. See The Eagle vol. LXIX no 291 1983.

Far table, twelfth from left: P.H.G.H.S. Hartley. President 1969. See menu notes.

Tenth from left: Sir Alfred le Maitre. President 1954. See menu notes.

Second from left:Brig. Sir John Dunlop. President 1958. Became Adjutant General to the Army.

Near table, fifteenth from left: C.A. Francis. A splendid oar, First Boat Colours and Captain of LMBC. Became, Ear, Nose and Throat Surgeon.

Thirteenth from left: F.W. Law, the writer of these notes. Chairman of the Society since 1956, President 1964. Member of the O.J. Henley Fund Committee. 1st May Colour, Captain of LMBC. Rowed 2 for Cambridge 1923. Became an ophthalmic surgeon.

Eleventh from left: W.C.B. Tunstall. 2nd May Colour. A famous naval historian. Lecturer at the LSE.

Tenth from left: C.B. Tracey. A First May Colour.

Ninth from left: E.A.J. Heath. Cross-country Blue and mathematician. Rowed in the Rugger Boat. Became an actuary.

Fifth from left: B.E.A. Vigers. See menu notes.

Fourth from left: F.W. Lawe, matriculated 1913 and came up after the war. Became general manager of Harrods.

Third from left: R.E. Burfitt. First May Colours. A capable pianist. Became Chief Constable of East Sussex.

The fourth page of the menu showed the College Song. At the early dinners it was the custom to invite the first-boat crew as guests to the dinner; they attended in blazers and after dinner led the singing of the College song - a delightful lighthearted composition and set to most appropriate music. And what a delightful character was its author, T.R. Glover, the Public Orator. But one had to be careful if he was in the vicinity of the gateway towards evening time, if he was about to leave and go home, or one found an arm affectionately but very firmly linked in his and, deep in conversation, one walked him home - no mean distance from College. And then one walked back alone.

In the early days of the College Latin was a universal tongue. Things are very different today, and some may not even know the song, so I may be forgiven if I append an equally light-hearted translation. I have not troubled to make it either rhyme or scan, as the author of the original did; but perhaps that is not entirely inappropriate today?

St John's College Song

Margaret, the mother of Kings,
in a happy moment
Said to John Fisher the Bishop
of Rochester
"Listen, I've got an idea.
Rowing is a dignified
occupation,
The oars make a pleasant sound
So - let's have a College".
[Hi there, Bow, look how we're
going, You're rocking the
boat.
Two, don't dig your blade in
so deeply]

Chorus
Live happy, Margareta,
In the Islands of the Blessed.
While we, if we can, will
always be
"HEAD OF THE RIVER."

The prelate replied "Surely,
there's no better name

Mater regum Margareta piscatori
dixit laeta
"Audi quod propositium: Est
remigium decorum
Suavis strepitus remorum Ergo
sit Collegium."
Heus tu primus! O quam imus!
Quam phaselus fluctuat
Hei secundus! Ne profundus
Remus tuus fodiat!

Chorus
Vive laeta, Margareta,
Beatorum insulis;
Si possimus Fuerimus Semper
caput fluminis.

Pontifex respondet, "Anne Nomen
melius Johanne

For a noble College than John.
Here through the ages
Civilised behaviour and
learning
Shall go with rowing
[That fellow Four must keep
his knees down.
Oh my goodness, Three,
however many crabs are you
going to catch?]

Chorus

So the College was founded,
And given the name of John by
the Lady Margaret.
The let the oarsmen for all
time to come
Rejoice, exult and sing,
[Your efforts will be useless
Six, unless you get your
hands away.
Time flies Seven; now keep
awake and do some work.]

Chorus

Let the powers of the angels,
then, be with us
And give thanks with the
rowing men
Let the heights and the depths
Praise the name of the
Countess Margaret
With thunderous enthusiasm.
[Now then Five - just row your
guts out.
Really, stroke, you are such
a clot
You'd better get out and walk]

Chorus

Nobili Collegio? Hic per saecla
sancti mores
Literae humaniores Erunt cum
remigio."
Ille quartus Ponat artus
Genibus cum rigidis:
Tertiusque O quousque Canceres
captare vis?

Chorus

Sic collegium fundatum Et
Johannis nomen datum
Margareta domina, Ergo remiges
gaudendum
Triumphandum et canendum In
saeclorum saecula:
Labor vanus Nisi manus Sexte
moves propere
Fugit hora Jam labora Vigilaque
septime.

Chorus

Hic adeste potestates Angelorum
atque grates
Date cum remigibus. Lauda,
caelum et abysse,
Margaretae comitissae Nomen cum
tonitribus!
Eja quintus Rumpas intus
Viscerum compagines
Tam ignavus Es octavus Proderit
ut ambules.

Chorus

F.W. Law
(B.A. 1922)

'For the Publick Good'

Broadcasting and the Universities

Sixth Annual Johnian Society Lecture, 1984

Mark Twain, you will remember, in The Innocents Abroad, had some difficulty when he got as far as Italy with the name of Leonardo - "they spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy". He concluded that "foreigners always spell better than they pronounce".

This dictum came to mind because I've been having a little local difficulty over the title of this lecture. One of my sons rang me up and said, "I hear you're spelling 'public' with a 'k'." Now he is a Johnian, so he said it very politely, which is what one would expect from someone whose manners and language were refined in the Lady Margaret Boat House. Since his time, of course, standards of scholarship and the general tone of the College have been raised by a certain broadening of admission procedures, so it's hardly necessary for me to explain that my title is a quotation. In 1662, one of the northern bishops, a fine body of men skilled then as now in the holy enterprise of minding other people's business, advised this university to sell its printing privilege to the Stationer's Company. The then Master of Emmanuel College saw the bishop off with a magisterial retort. "The University's privilege", he said, "is looked upon as a trust for the publick good".[1]

What applied to the University Press applies more broadly to the University of which it is a part. It also seemed to me to have an important application to the much more recent phenomenon of public service broadcasting, and that is what brought me to my theme. What I wish to do tonight is reflect on some of the similarities between the roles of the university and of broadcasting: to consider some of the hazards and temptations which they both seem to me to face; and to review some of the ways in which they nourish and influence each other. Though I shall speak fairly generally, I may well find myself drawing the occasional example from the BBC and Radio 3, which are what I have come to know best, and from this University and this College, which are what I have not ceased to love best.

I've never been sure how far one can go in saying that individual colleges attract or produce a particular sort of person. A few years ago, I remember, a Students' Prospectus had some rather hard things to say about one of our neighbours - "This rare species is in essence rich and thick, and if asked to make a choice between having a Mistress and having a Beagle would have to think about it".[2]

Of this College one could certainly say that it has, over the years, sent a generous stream of very diverse talent to the BBC. Kenneth Adam did important things in both radio and the television service. Leonard Miall became one of the Corporation's most distinguished foreign correspondents. Thirty and more years ago Glyn

Daniel was a national television celebrity in the days when that meant much more than just being well known for being well known. More recently the distinctive features and enormous hands of Jonathan Miller have filled our screens; Freddie Raphael is another who has made and continues to make a notable contribution - radio and televison, fiction and non-fiction; and in the late 1950s, when it was feared that the Third Programme was under threat, one of the voices most insistent and eloquent in its defence was that of Peter Laslett who later jumped over the wall to Trinity but was at that time a young fellow of this College. And in very recent times, it was the first of these Johnian Society Lectures which prompted the BBC to invite you, Mr Chairman, to be last year's Reith Lecturer.

Over the years the apparently simple question "What is a university?" has had a curious tendency to reduce good minds to rhetoric and even to metaphysics. Somebody happily not afflicted in this way was Lord Annan. "There really is no mystery about the role of the University", he wrote briskly. "For the past century, there has been no dispute about its two main functions. It exists first to promote through reflection and research the life of the mind; second to transmit high culture to each generation. Whatever is thought to be intellectually important and of concern to society it teaches to new students".[3]

Now at first glance broadcasting might seem to be about something rather different. The classical formulation of its function, in its public service aspect at least, is that it is there to provide information, education and entertainment, and that might indicate some overlap. A programme like Blankety Blank, however, is clearly not high culture, though grand opera might be. And although much of the science broadcasting on Radio 3 is concerned with the frontiers of knowledge, a consumer programme or a phone-in on Capital Radio obviously isn't.

And yet in spite of the crudities and trivialities which inevitably characterise a mass medium, in spite of the many obvious differences of function and style between the universities and the broadcasting organisations there are notable affinities. John Reith, that very great man who was the creator of public service broadcasting in this country, never concealed his determination that it should be used to make a better society. That does not mean that it should be seen as a force for moral uplift or an agency for social engineering. At its best, however, it can increase people's knowledge of the world, broaden their horizons, stimulate their interest in the arts and in things of the mind, suggest to them new possibilities and new choices. Huw Wheldon said that programmes should create "delight and insight". Howard Newby, my predecessor once removed, spoke of "pleasure and enlargement". Which is to say that the tacit aim of all good broadcasting is enrichment. Seen in that light, the universities and the broadcasters begin to look at least like allies in the same cause.

There is much illuminating metaphor about the idea of a University in the lectures Cardinal Newman devoted to the subject in the 1850s. "The educated man", he wrote, "views the tapestry of human life on the right side, the uneducated man views it on the wrong, and instead of a coherent, intelligible colour scheme, sees a mere jumble of disconnected colours."[4]

The universities and the best sort of broadcasting are obviously both concerned with the right side of the tapestry, but it would be owlish to deny that in this century the wrong side, with all its loose ends and dislocations, has been thrust powerfully and insistently on our attention - in literature, in painting, in the theatre and in social and political life.

Academics and broadcasters in this country remain for the most part steeped in liberal traditions of rational enquiry and openness to new truth. There is an acceptance of the duty to listen and read carefully before forming a view and a recognition that precision and patience are necessary for the understanding of complexities. But these habits of mind are very much at odds with much of 20th century life.[5] Conventional literary analysis, for instance, does not get us very far in understanding Kafka or Beckett. The practitioner of 'concrete poetry' or 'pop art' is concerned with what is indeterminate or random. Clear communication comes to be regarded as either impossible of achievement or not actually worth achieving, and the result is not merely loosened grasp of language, but a degree of alienation from it.

In the 1960s and early seventies the influence of this sort of neo-modernism in the arts began to be felt in some areas of university life. The past was dead. Universities must concern themselves with the here and now. The dreadful word 'relevance' began to appear. Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley were not 'relevant'. 'Beat' poetry, on the other hand, was, because it was concerned with what was immediate and present. Now of course if history is dead, and you are concerned only with the present, you don't really need teachers, because there isn't actually anything to learn. A text, whether in English, or ancient Greek or modern Albanian, is simply a text. It requires no comment or gloss, still less any historical analysis. It is there to be felt or experienced - rather like a song at a pop concert.

The challenge to classical values came not only from neo- or post-modernism in the arts, but also from what became known in both politics and education as the New Left. The vocabulary has now become familiar - 'commitment', 'challenge', 'participation', 'involvement', 'structure' - terms as William Walsh put it "drawn from the less conceptual kinds of social science and the more boneless parts of theology".[6]

These cultural shifts inevitably found expression in radio and television and when Lord Annan came to write the report of the Committee he chaired in the mid 1970s on the Future of Broadcasting, he gave a graphic description of the new mood. It expressed itself, he said, "in a rhetoric of self-conscious unrest, in exploration rather than explanation, in the politics of perpetual crisis and strain, in innovation rather than adjustment, in the potentialities rather than in the probabilities of the future. It was a rhetoric of anxiety and indignation simultaneously utopian and sardonic. It was often hostile to authority as such, not merely authority as expressed in the traditional organs of State but towards those in any institution who where charged with its governance."[7]

It is not my purpose this evening to hack back over the detail of those years. I suppose it could have been much worse. In France and in California and in the People's Republic of China it was much worse. Perhaps we got off lightly with Carnaby Street and the Beatles and Professor Ricks telling us what a great poet Bob Dylan

was. The point I am concerned to make here is that the universities and the broadcasting organisations share one central vulnerability. Both are rooted in the general social order, and must be responsive, although in very different time scales, to public needs and the public mood. And yet neither can discharge its functions as it should unless in certain ways they stand apart.

There are two dangerous extremes - excessive detachment on the one hand, improper involvement on the other. Between them, there is a generous stamping ground which the universities and the broadcasters can confidently and robustly claim as their own. In the case of the broadcasters, the title deeds to it are the Charter and Licence for the BBC, and for the independent sector, successive Acts of Parliament, with their crucial stipulations about balance and impartiality in matters of public controversy. The broadcasters, one might say, are enjoined to do what the universities have traditionally thought it good to do.

The reason the storm cones were hoisted in the 1960s was that important sections of the public, of Parliament and of the government of the day became resentful and hostile because they detected, in both the universities and in broadcasting, the emergence of certain social and political overtones. The nature of those overtones is not of particular importance - the real issue was the impropriety of their intrusion.

The broadcasting and university worlds have also shared many material preoccupations in recent years. Both, for instance, have grown enormously and not always with the happiest of consequences. One is that they have in some respects become over-extended, and are no longer always able to do well what it is they are centrally there to do; even less happily, one occasionally detects a degree of uncertainty and obscurity about what those central purposes should be.

The warning signs are not dissimilar. A university, I imagine, would want to be on its guard if it seemed that what are essentially administrative factors began to weigh more heavily in the balance than intellectual or academic values. Similarly, in broadcasting, the red light would come on if considerations appropriate to a concern with resource management were to acquire primacy over editorial values.

The universities and the broadcasters have both in recent years had to face severe financial problems. Earlier this year, speaking at the Royal Society, the Chairman of the University Grants Committee, Sir Peter Swinnerton-Dyer, said that there were already more opportunities for research than a country such as ours can afford to follow up. So far, he said, we had largely closed our eyes to this fact, spreading limited resources thinner and thinner in the hope of keeping at least a token presence in every topic - telling ourselves that prosperity was just around the corner and that soon there would be enough money to exploit properly every research opportunity. "I believe that has ceased to be realistic", Sir Peter said. "We must realise that as a nation we have to opt out of some major areas of research so that we can afford to stay up with the leaders in others".[8]

If Sir Peter is open to suggestions about further possibilities for opting out I have a modest proposal. I spoke earlier about

various distinguished members of the College who have made a contribution to broadcasting, and it occurs to me that none of them benefitted from exposure to what are known as media studies. I very much hope that sensible universities will go on resisting proposals for the establishment of such courses. They really are not what the world of broadcasting most needs from the universities. The broadcasting organisations need what the world has always needed from the universities - brains, judgement and character. I have to say I am sometimes a little depressed when I sit on appointments boards and talk to young graduates who want to break into broadcasting. They are frequently alarmingly well-informed about the technology of broadcasting, and give the impression of having forgotten more about, say, the characteristics of microphones than I ever knew. On questions of substance, however, they do less well. It is not that they lack opinions, but they tend to be received opinions - received, as often as not, from the previous week's batch of colour supplements.

Now as someone who misspent quite a lot of his time in this place as an undergraduate, I have to be a little careful. Wasting your time creatively here is extremely important, and it doesn't really matter whether it's on the river or at the Footlights or in the Union or on an undergraduate newspaper. Not, however, for the purpose of turning oneself into a professional mannikin - that's the important thing. I make two assertions. The first is that for all its imperfections the unvarnished disciplines of the tripos - any tripos - do more for the would-be broadcaster than anything else. The second is that it is a mistake to imagine that journalism is the only activity of bodies like the BBC or that a superficial grasp of a few tricks of the journalistic trade offers the sole means of entry.

The BBC, like a good university or college, best serves the public good if it continues as a house of many mansions. Its new function is certainly of crucial importance, but it would be a bad day if the journalistic ethos, which quite properly prevails in news areas, were to gain the ascendancy in other areas where it has no application or relevance. That would be a serious impoverishment.

Forty years ago, ironically enough, the great and good if occasionally rather tiresome Dr Leavis was attacking the English Tripos on the ground that its main aim seemed to be to produce journalists. "Distinction of intelligence", he wrote severely (he always wrote severely) "will not bring a man a distinguished place in the class-list unless he has also a journalistic facility - a gift of getting promptly off the mark several times in the course of three hours, and a fluency responsive to the clock".[9]

He was at pains to emphasise that what he was looking for were what he called the unacademic virtues, and he described them strikingly: "A pioneering spirit; the courage of enormous incompleteness; the determination to complete the best possible chart with the inevitably patchy and sketchy knowledge that is all one's opportunities permit one to acquire; the judgement and intuition to select drastically yet delicately, and make a little go a long way; the ability to skip and to scamp with wisdom and conscience."[10]

"Wisdom and conscience". Two of the major commodities in which the unviersities and the broadcasters must trade. That, I think, is what Leavis meant when he spoke about the universities as symbols of cultural tradition - cultural tradition conceived as a directing

force, representing a wisdom older than modern civilisation and having an authority that should check and control what he called the "blind drive onward of material and mechanical development". The words retain a certain topicality. "It is", he said, "as if society, in so complicating and extending the machinery of organisation, had incurred a progressive debility of consciousness and of the powers of co-ordination and control - had lost intelligence, memory and moral purpose".[11] Change the vocabulary a little and there will be resonances there for many sensitive broadcasters today as they contemplate an explosion in technical know-how which could, very easily, leave editorial expertise far behind.

Information science, or the information industry is, of course, very much a 'glamour stock' at the moment and computer technology certainly now allows us to accomplish all manner of tedious tasks very quickly. What an information retrieval system inevitably lacks, however, is perspective. The American historian Daniel Boorstin, a former Pitt Professor in this university and now the Librarian of Congress, has written perceptively about this. "If librarians cease to be scholars in order to become computer experts, scholars will cease to feel at home in our libraries".[12] Information is something that can be packaged and served up to us by someone else; knowledge is essentially something which the autonomous and questing spirit must acquire for itself.

I think that in the nature of their business broadcasters are more vulnerable than academics in this matter, more likely than scholars to be led by technology onto unfamiliar and marshy ground where they have no real interest in being. There are in the things of the mind certain unchanging hierarchies. Information-knowledge-judgement: that is a fixed progression, and no amount of expensive hardware can provide a short-cut.

Harold Macmillan, reflecting in old age about his days at Oxford before the first World War recalled the opening words of a lecture by the then Professor of Moral Philosophy. "Gentlemen, you are now about to embark upon a course of studies which will occupy you for two years. Together they form a noble adventure. But I would like to remind you of an important point. Some of you, when you go down from the University, will go into the Church, or to the Bar, or to the House of Commons or to the Home Civil Service ... Some may go into the Army, some into industry or commerce; some may become country gentlemen. A few - I hope a very few - will become teachers or dons. Let me make this clear to you. Except for those in the last category, nothing that you will learn in the course of your studies will be of the slightest possible use to you in after life - save only this - that if you work hard and intelligently, you should be able to detect when a man is talking rot, and that in my view is the main, if not the sole purpose of education."

Well, the Lady Margaret and John Fisher might have regarded that as a rather minimalist definition, but old Professor Smith had a point, and in the matter of how one conducts an argument and reaches a decision about an editorial matter - the central activity in many important forms of broadcasting - the formative influence of university and collegiate life is strong.

I sometimes find myself describing to young broadcasters on training courses the editorial processes of Radio 3. There are no rules to speak of, though there are a few conventions - that brevity

is a virtue; that repetition or ad hominem arguments are inelegant; that not more than one and a half people should speak at the same time. "Nothing very original in all that", I hear a mediaeval historian murmur to his neighbour; "cribbed from the Peterhouse statutes of 1338". And so they are - "The scholars shall act in such sort in their disputations that none shall dispute with impetuosity and clamour, but in a civil and honest manner; that none shall interrupt another while declaiming, either in argument or reply; but listen to him with diligence".[13]

There is one more item in this unwritten list of do's and don'ts which is a rule rather than a convention, and that is that everyone who comes to a meeting should leave their hat at the door, whether they are the most senior head of department or the newest, brightest, brashest producer just down from - Oxford. The person who wins the argument - and, therefore, time on the air for the idea he is proposing - is the person who marshals the best case, not the one with the thickest carpet on his floor or the largest number of contributions to the pension fund.

Now at this point, some of those present become a shade confused. This is because in circles where words are not handled with great precision, Radio 3 is sometimes described as 'elitist'. Such is the depreciation of our verbal currency, however, that the word that springs most readily to some lips for the process I've just described is 'democratic'. I am then obliged to compound the confusion by saying "Democratic? Not at all. Quite the contrary. Profoundly republican." Something which it is in my view entirely proper and indeed extremely important to be whether in a royal foundation such as we are members of or in a public corporation operating under Royal Charter like the BBC. Democratic - one man one vote. Republican - one man one voice. It is, I believe, a vital distinction.

Writing in the 1950s, L.E. Jones remembered his Edwardian youth at Oxford. "I have sometimes thought", he wrote, "that the life we led at Balliol half a century ago was a pattern, in miniature, of what a civilised western community ought to provide for us all ... We divided our day between sharpening our wits, excercising our bodies and talking to friends chosen by ourselves. We were under a gentle discipline ... but nobody interfered with our freedom of thought and expression ... We had no slogans. We admired and envied originality ... We lived under men we could, and did, look up to, and all our loyalties were spontaneous; we had no colonels, party chiefs or 'bosses', towards whom our natural feelings had to be subdued by duty. As for power, we never even thought about it: a sure mark of Utopia."[14]

Well, I don't detect too many marks of Utopia in the broadcasting organisations of the 1980s, but the passage does, I think reinforce my point that the effective running of public service broadcasting corporations owes quite as much to the collegiate ideal that lives on in our ancient universities as it does to the Harvard Business School.

I mentioned the depreciation of our verbal coinage and that leads me to another concern which should draw the universities and the broadcasters close together in any consideration of their contribution to the public good. A good many years ago now Ezra Pound wrote a pamphlet called 'How to Read', and in it he poses the

question "Has literature a function in the State ... in the republic, in the res publica". Only small prizes are offered for knowing his answer. "It has ... It has to do with maintaining the very cleanliness of the tools, the health of the very matter of thought itself ... The individual cannot think or communicate his thought, the governor and legislator cannot act effectively or frame his laws, without words, and the validity and solidity of these words is in the care of the damned and despised literati. When their work goes rotten - by that I do not mean when they express indecorous thoughts- but when their very medium, the very essence of their work, the application of word to the thing goes rotten, i.e. becomes slushy and inexact, or excessive and bloated, the whole machinery of social and of individual thought and order goes to pot."[15]

Years after Pound wrote those words we remain crucially dependent on a secure and sophisticated grasp of the English language, and this is another area in which the broadcasters look to the universities.

I am not, naturally, talking here about something called Oxford English. The last word on that was pronounced some years ago by Mr Abba Eban, the former Israeli Foreign Minister, who when someone congratulated him on his Oxford accent said "Sir, I would have you know that I went to Cambridge - but in public life you must expect to be smeared".[16]

Nor am I talking about something called BBC English. It was, after all, the intention of the Lady Margaret that at least half her scholars should come from the nine Northern counties, and one who did was a rather rough-voiced young man called William Wordsworth.

And I am most certainly not talking about the universities or the BBC as some sort of proctors of the language - so long as language remains live, usage will be king, and one cannot levy a fine on words for not wearing academic dress in the streets after dark.

The universities and the broadcasters are not, however, on that account absolved from the duty of writing and speaking the language as well as that can be done. And here, perhaps, the broadcasters can render some service to the universities by reminding them that the word 'academic' is not always a term of unqualified praise. Good broadcasting, particularly radio, can be a great restorer of prose styles, and everybody's prose style needs a quick wash and brush-up from time to time. One of the healthiest of disciplines for the broadcaster is the knowledge that the audience is potentially very large and diverse, and this puts clarity and simplicity at a premium. If even the attentive radio listener loses the thread of an argument, he cannot turn back the page. If the casual or eavesdropping listener is not immediately held by the interest or quality of what is being said, he will quickly tune further along the dial. There is no such thing as a captive audience in broadcasting. The best writing for broadcasting is characterised by clarity, by directness, by economy, by inventiveness, by imagination. For the radio producer these are imperatives. And there is not, I think, a university statute which declares them to be frivolous luxuries for those who lecture in this university or edit books at its academic press.

I might say in parenthesis that anyone responsible for maintaining standards of excellence in the face of severe economic pressures might well take a look at what the Cambridge University

Press has achieved in recent years. Lord Todd of Trumpington recorded in his memoirs that when he assumed the Chairmanship, the Press was to all intents and purposes bankrupt.[17] Weak management had allowed over-staffing and overspending. Like everybody else, the Press had to grapple with inflation. It also had to recognise that its traditional markets were both shrinking and changing. A new chief executive, Mr Geoffrey Cass, undertook the formidable task of expanding the scale of the operation without lowering standards.[18] Many people thought this was impossible, and that expansion could only be achieved by issuing more 'commercial' books and fewer 'academic' ones. Mr Cass disagreed. His solution - bold in conception and coolly pursued - was actually to strengthen the Press's ability to publish books which would not normally see the light of day in a commercial press by making the Press as a whole stronger and more viable. In not much more than a dozen years he succeeded. The scale of the operation has expanded, and without any attempt to seduce a more popular marked. The Press brought it off by carefully re-examining its purposes, by paying attention to the calibre of its management and by accepting fully the implications of new technologies, including, crucially, the necessity of reducing the size of its staff. It was a formula which required nerve. It is not a new formula in the business world, but to see it applied by a body which is constituted as an educational charity and presided over by a syndicate of academics who receive no remuneration is both unusual and impressive. It is a formula which would repay study in some parts of the world of broadcasting.

I suppose that what broadcasting organisations and universities in this country have traditionally prized most is their autonomy. Unless they are independent they cannot do properly what they are there to do. But independent of what? Government financial aid to unviersities is not at all as recent a development as is sometimes supposed. It's been going on in Scotland since 1707, and although Cambridge and Oxford started accepting grants as late as 1919, by 1970 universities as a whole were drawing more than nine-tenths of their general income, directly or indirectly, from public funds.

This is an aspect of our public life which foreigners - particularly in my experience the French - tend to find inpenetrable. They know all about the paying of fiddlers and the calling of tunes and are confirmed in their believs about Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy. The fact is, however, that we have exercised enormous ingenuity in this country, by devising such things as buffer committees and block grants and the arms-length principle, to make sure that the tune played should not fall too discordantly on academic ears, and that public funding remains something quite distinct from state control.

It's not a new skill, of course. Max Beloff wrote interestingly about some of its earlier manifestations when he was making the case for an independent university.[19] He described this country's role as what he called a progenitor of lively institutions for managing social affairs. It was, he said, the British boast, both during the ancien régime and after the new impetus given to continental statism by both Napoleon and Bismarck, that Britain was different; that each generation was capable of adding to our range of native independent institutions - the medieval colleges and guilds, the great trading companies of the 17th century, the public schools and the civic universities in the 19th - so that the British state was traditionally an external guarantor of a free society, not the universal provider of modern times. What de Tocqueville believed to

be the special characteristic of the New Englanders - their ability, that's to say, to create voluntary bodies for the achievement of public purposes - was in fact New England's inheritance from Old England.

The BBC, even though it is a public corporation, seems to me to stand in a clear line of descent from the sort of free institution there described, and shares with the universities a responsibility for propagating those intellectual and moral values without which a society cannot be properly free.

Silly old Jean-Jacques Rousseau said that we were born free, but of course that is absurd. We edge our way towards freedom - and it is never more than a relative and precarious state - only through the refining disciplines of family life and religion and education and through the painful cultivation of self-restraint and tolerance. These are not characteristics which one encounters in the nursery. If Rousseau had done a couple of terms as a supply teacher in a primary school he might have been a better philosopher.

I am not here advocating endless Open University series about Lord Acton or suggesting that Radio 4 should give over 'A Book at Bedtime' to readings of John Stuart Mill. The Mill family is important to my theme, however; "one of the grand objects of education" - this is James Mill, John Stuart's father - "should be to generate a constant and anxious concern about evidence". The duty which he impressed on his son of accepting no opinion on authority is important alike for those who work in the universities and those who make the best programmes in the broadcasting organisations.

I call it important duty, but it is not an absolute. There are considerations which temper it. Very high on the list of civilised accomplishments in a free society comes the ability to make common-sense judgements about the social consequences of one's conclusions. It was Lord Robbins, I think, who once said that the maxim "let justice be done if the skies fall" came from the childhood of the race, and that on any civilised assessment the falling of the skies was a consequence that should give mature men and women pause for thought.[20] Again, the ability to make such judgements emerges in the family and should grow in the schools and universities, but it is not unreasonable that the population at large should find help in forming them from the broadcasters.

There is in the Book of Genesis a vivid line which describes sin as a demon crouching at the door. In the modern secular world, at the door of all rich and powerful institutions that enjoy high reputations there crouch twin demons whose names are Self-Absorption and Self-Regard. It is not all that difficult in a beautiful university town, or a glamorous broadcasting organisation, to become a shade Panglossian and to feel that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. T.E. Kebbel caught the tone well in an article in the National Review: "In Oxford and Cambridge alone were found these ancient immemorial nests of life-long leisure, the occupants of which succeeded each other like rooks in a rookery, where the tall elms tell of centuries of undisturbed repose and inviolate prescription".[21]

When real life intrudes, the shock can be severe. In his account of Victorian Cambridge, D.A. Winstanley gives a telling description of the impact of Lord John Russell's announcement that he

wished enquiries to be made into possible improvements at the universities and that there was to be a Royal Commission - "The mirror into which the University had long been looking, and which presented such a pleasing picture of a venerable institution, proceeding at its own pace, and unmolested by the State ... had cracked from side to side; and those who had so long gazed upon this bewitching vision may be forgiven for thinking in the first shock of disillusionment that the curse had come upon them".[22]

Those pleasing pictures and bewitching visions which one sees in Cambridge mirrors - or on television screens in West London or the South Bank - are, of course, highly seductive. No harm in that. Or at least no harm so long as those who gaze stop short of believing that outside Cambridge or the broadcasting centres nothing of real significance exists. If, however, real life begins to be viewed solely through the distorting prism of our own immediate professional passions and preoccupations, then something has gone badly wrong - we are indeed faced with a flat negation of what we both stand for. If one wished to be polite, and give it a philosophical pedigree, one could say that it was a form of solipsism, but a number of less flattering terms suggest themselves, too.

I spoke earlier - and approvingly - about those aims of a liberal university to which Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman and others gave such classical expression. In this century, those aims have been elaborated and redefined, in this university, among others, by Lord Ashby. "All civilised countries", he wrote, "depend upon a thin clear stream of excellence to provide new ideas, new techniques and the statesmanlike treatment of complex social and political problems. Without the renewal of this excellence, a nation can drop into mediocrity in a generation. The renewal of excellence is expensive: the highly gifted student needs informal instruction, intimate contact with other first-class minds, opportunities to learn the discipline of dissent from men who have themselves changed patterns of thought: in a word (if it is one that has become a five-letter word of reproach) this sort of student needs to be treated as élite".[23]

I think that if it is to serve the public good to the top of its bent some of the intentions of a proper broadcasting organisation must also be élitist - just as those of Covent Garden or the MCC or the Royal Society are.

The aim is a very straightforward one. I was an undergraduate here during the Mastership of that gentle and good man E.A. Benians, and I conclude with some words of his. He wrote them about this College, but they have equal force when applied to a body like the BBC. "The forms of our existence change, the medium in which we work is different from age to age", but "the true treasure of the College is the original purpose of its foundation, made stronger or weaker by its fulfilment in each succeeding generation".[24]

Ian McIntyre
Controller of BBC Radio 3

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'Big Bob' Remembers

HEAD PORTER FROM 1 OCTOBER 1969 TO 22 JUNE 1985

I commenced work at St John's on 28 September 1946, after six and a half years of army service, at the Kitchen Gardens, 18 Madingley Road, with Mr R.E. Thoday, the Head Gardener.

Born at Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, on 13 January 1920, I attended the local school until I was eleven and then went on to Burwell Senior, where I stayed until fourteen. I lost my father when I was thirteen, so it was on the farm for me. I was hoping to go into the army as most of the family had served with the Guards; some the Life Guards, others the Grenadiers. At the age of twenty, my chance came. I was called up on 13 February 1940. After ten weeks of intensive training, muscles ached - muscles I never knew I had. I was sent home for a few days, then joined a unit going overseas, not ever believing that for the next two years I would be in the Arctic. We did not stay long in Northern Norway, then to the North of Iceland for the next two years, on and off. When we finally came home, I returned to my unit and then off to North Africa: what a change of climate. From Africa to Sicily where I did not stay long. It was back for a spell in hospital, then training for Normandy where we landed, getting our first bloody nose at Caen. I was with the G.A.D., Guards Armoured Division. Crossing the river at Rouen, we pushed up through Arras to Brussels - Louvain - Albert Canal, then on to Eindhoven - Nimegen - Elst. We did not make Arnhem - it was one bridge too far. Christmas 1944 found us in the Ardennes. In February we were pushing up through the Reichswald Forest. Through the mud of Goch and Cleves, the R.A.F. had done us no favour with their 1,000 bomber raid. It was like Caen again. We eventually crossed the Rhine amidst the smoke at Wassel-Rees, a steady push up to Bremerhaven - Bremen - Luneberg Heath. But for me it was home again to hospital, this time in Norfolk, not far from home. I had not seen much of Mary for five years - an occasional field card or green envelope. It was not much use writing as the censor must have taken a dislike to me.

While in hospital I was informed that as soon as I was fit, I would be on draft for the Far East. So on finishing convalesance I was given ten days' leave. We married at Fordham Church on 7 July 1945. Back to the army on 9 July, I sailed on the 13th on the Morton Bay from Avonmouth. On the Troop Decks of the boat were 3,000 rabbits, and on deck 5,000 ducks, while the holds were full of frozen lamb. We set off. Of course, the army had to look after the ducks and rabbits. G.O.C. Western Command told us we could have all the duck eggs: they were all ruddy drakes. The rabbits did well - when we eventually left the boat at Bombay we had about 7,000. On the way, it was Gibralter, Algiers, Sfax, Tripoli, Tobruk, bringing back memories of the years before. Through the Suez Canal to Aden, then across the Indian Ocean and up the West Coast of India to Bombay. There we said goodbye to the Morton Bay, rabbits, ducks and our Navy

and Royal Marine friends. It had been a wonderful journey. training all the time on the boat and in the sea, with a few punch-ups with the other services on board. But that was life.

On leaving the boat, to a transit camp, Dolalli; must have been the larges in the world. A spell in Delhi, then on to Secunderbad for a year. One spell in Bombay to quell the mutiny. I enjoyed India and got down to twelve stone. By this time I had risen to Sergeant-Major WOII. The partition of India was underway. We were a buffer force, so impartiality and discipline were very strict - no favours either way.

I came home on the Empress of Scotland - no war, no rabbits. I arrived this time at Liverpool, was demobbed at York, and finished with the army on 11 September 1946. It had been a long time, but I had not worried much. It might have been a different tale if the Atom Bomb had not been dropped on 6-7 August. I had been sometimes promoted, and sometimes demoted, but getting married had a steadying influence on me.

At Christmas 1940, standing on a hillside in Iceland after a blizzard, reading a card by the Northern Lights, I did not think that it would be six more years - wounded four times, carrying a few bits today. Still, it was Ubique and Ich Dien.

Then trouble began - what to do? I did not intend to go back to the farm. I had a chance of going back to the Army: Mary said NO. Emigrate - no. British Control, Germany - no. She did not intend to leave England. Settling down was hell. We lived at Corpus for a while as Mary was with Sir Will and Lady Spens. It was the first time I had seen College life; Mary has had more of it than me. In September 1946 I started at St John's in the old vegetable garden. The College kept about a hundred pigs. This was like home before 1940. Still I could not settle. One week, it was Australia, another South Africa. Still it was no. Suddenly, it was a new life - a creative life. All my war years had been destructive. I took to the new life. Mr Thoday gave me all the assistance he could. Professor Daniel was Steward after Professor Briggs. So the garden it was. I even went to night school and learnt about shrubs etc. Thoday and me got on well, but spare a thought for Mary. She must have had a hard time those first few years. She used to help in the garden with the fruit. I ran the vegetable garden for the last few months after Thoday retired, but in 1960 they closed it. I asked Mr Brookes, then Junior Bursar, if I could change because the College gardens did not appeal to me. So on 1 October 1960 I became a New Court Porter. We carried coal as well in those days; the Old JCR, Dr Evans, Professor Daniel and the Senior Combination Room were the last fires.

I enjoyed a Porter's life; it was like being a Lance-Corporal in the Army again. Having travelled quite a lot was an asset to me. I met men from the countries I had been in. One of the first was Professor Fyzee who came from Bombay: we had been practically neighbours on Colabour Causeway in 1946.

Sport was my No.1 - cricket, rowing, boxing, etc. I am a cricket umpire: how do you think we get to the Cuppers Final? Rowing: twenty-nine years on Peter's Post. I took over from Cecil Butler, late Head Porter. Boxing: I have been a Steward since 1948. I very seldom miss a game of College rugby. I often hear and see many of the Old Johnian sportsmen. Jack Davies gets me to umpire for

the Buccanneers who years ago made me a member; Mike Brearly, John Dews - we all keep in touch.

In 1968 I was made Deputy Head Porter, and 1969 Head Porter. I did not ask for the job as I thought it would curtail my sport. I, myself, played cricket for Cherry Hinton until I was over fifty. But it was just the reverse, it brought me into contact with the students more and time means nothing to me. So I have seldom been at home in the summer. (Ask Mary.) My Deputy was Mr G. Skill - a fine man. Mrs Skill still works in the Tutorial Office. After him came Mr D. Tompkins. My motto as a Head Porter has been to see all, hear all and say as little as possible.

I have a large staff of porters and Mrs Softley on the switchboard. Occasionaly I have to revert to my Sergeant-Major days. No one is spared. But on the whole, the best bunch of porters in the University. My greatest day of the year is taking my Third Years to the Senate, right through the middle of Cambridge. Of course, the smartest bunch in the Senate.

About ten years ago I was elected an Eagle. That tie means a lot to me. I hope I can go on wearing it for a few more years.

If medals could be given, Mary deserves one: on our Silver Wedding Day, the students presented her with a lovely brass one - on it was "For Endurance".

On 1 October 1982 Ladies came in officially. Of course, all the time I have been at St John's, we had ladies up and down the drain pipes, coming in dressed as men - all part of College life. I have been called a misogynist, but they are not so bad. I can say so now I am retiring. They even sent me Valentine cards. During a BBC Documentary, I was branded a cuddly bear by Nicola Richards. I have still to live this down among other Head Porters.

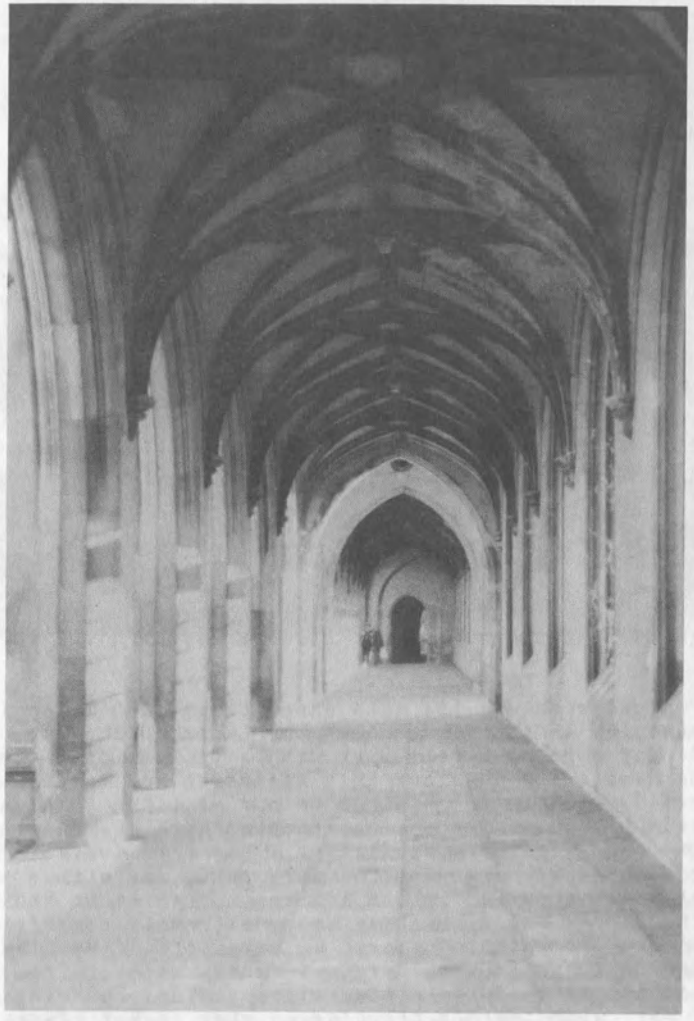
There are a few little things we shall be remembered by. For the past twelve years we have had 10 - 15 students for Christmas Dinner. On Boxing Day we go to see the hounds meet. On New Years Eve, just a few students in - twenty-eight last year. Mary does us a Cricket Dinner in early February; a few rugby boys for lunch on Sundays. This year we had the JCR Committee for dinner. Get to know the students and be a good listener.

I am also a University Constable - so my life has been full.

It was a great surprise to me when I saw my cousin fixing the New Gates on Forecourt. He had made these at his Forge in Norfolk. So I shall have left a small part of our family life in College.

Good luck to my successor.

Bob Fuller



Johnians Abroad

So many people at St John's seem to go on exciting trips in the vacations and summer break. Here are three reports from widely separated parts of the globe.

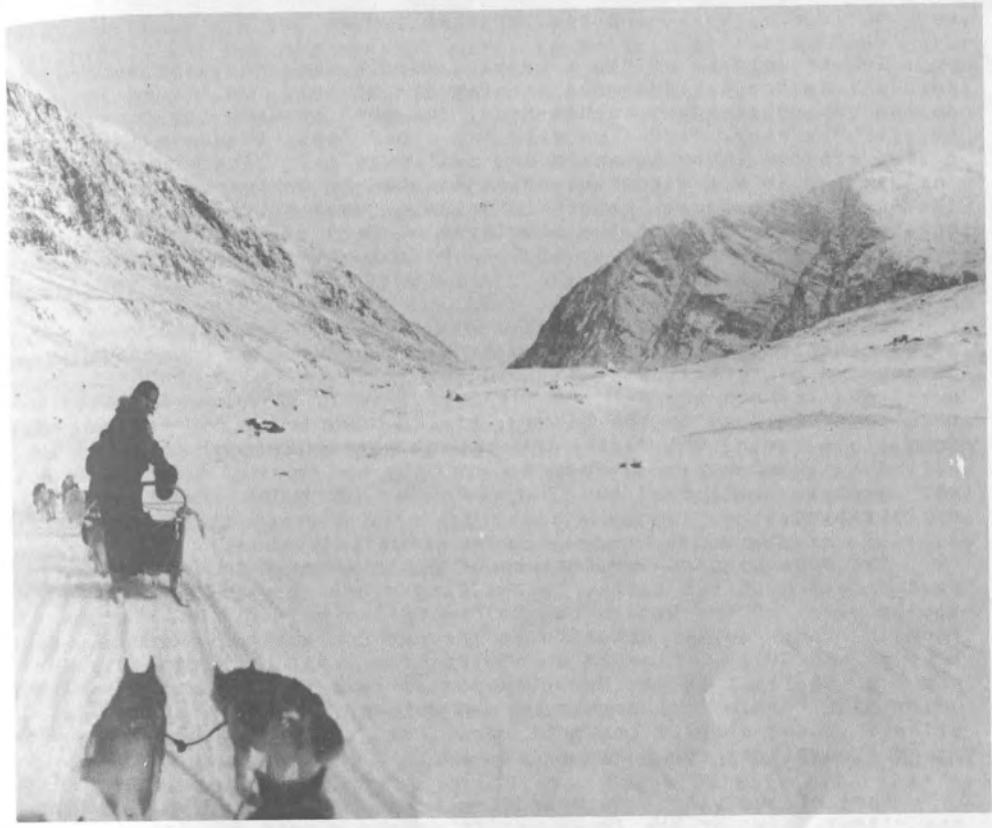
ARCTIC WINTER

Suddenly the dogs jerked away from me and I fell in the snow, face-down. I was utterly exhausted. "Get up" - it was Robert on the next sledge. "I can't go on", I whispered. He replied, "you have no choice". Crawling to my feet I stumbled in tears up the trail to where my dog-team had been caught. Somehow we reached the next camp.

That was the worst moment of my exhilarating trip to the Arctic last December. Six of us from all over England flew to Kiruna, 240 miles north of the Arctic Circle in Swedish Lappland, and from there to Jukkasjani, a Lapp village, by minibus. The first couple of days were basic orientation, learning how to handle huskies, sledges and the environment. (Temperatures as low as -40°C). Our first trip was three days in the forest camping out at night. The evenings were long and spent sitting on reindeer skins by a blazing fire. Total darkness was from 1 p.m. to 9 a.m. so although we did occasionally drive in the dark (very hair-raising!) there was a lot of time for Lapp legends and jokes and just silence watching the cold northern skies.

The second week was the main expedition. 180 miles in five days in the mountains - "the wilderness" the Lapps called it. Waking up on the Sunday morning I felt sick with anticipation. Certainly we could now handle the dogs but this was harsh and merciless terrain. We drove 140 miles in the minibus to our starting point and started to harness the dogs. The endless tangles were even worse than usual because the dogs were very excited. I had four (we each had our own whom we got to know). At last we were ready and with a knot of fear in my stomach I pulled up the iron anchor which we had to use to anchor the sledge - four huskies being extremely powerful and with the customary frightening jerk we were off. My team was inexperienced so I had to work hard. Normally we stood on the extended runners at the back of the sledge with one foot covering the brake - a metal bar with teeth a bit like a comb - but "working" meant pushing with that foot and even running and jumping back on. In the mountains this was crippling for leg muscles.

The first day we took 7 hours to do 20 miles the snow was so deep - up to our thighs at times if we stepped off the sledge, but that meant we were sledging in the moonlight and nothing could be quite as beautiful. A world frozen out of time touched by the radiance of the moon against a blue black sky was breathtaking. The second day we reached Kebnekaise, Sweden's highest mountain and took



an hour to make the almost vertical ascent of less than half a mile. I felt shattered but worse was to come!

The next morning we had to make the descent and as the dogs ripped away the moment the anchor was pulled up the horror of hurtling down the mountainside hit us. All of us came off!! And the guides who admitted after that they had been worried about the descent had to catch six dog teams! Ruefully, but gratefully, we left Kebnekaise behind - and ran into a snow blizzard. We drove 2000 feet up over 18 miles as the snow bit our faces and froze there. Ice continually formed on our goggles so we had to scrape it off. One minute vision was 20 feet, the next even the dogs had vanished. That was the day I fell. It was a pretty rough day.

The three remaining days were easy by comparison but physical and mental weariness preyed on us all. Even a snow wash in -22°C did not refresh me, although it caused much amusement to the others. As we celebrated on the last night back at Jukkasjani, I knew it had been worth it though. With all its challenges and tears that trip was a once-in-a-lifetime and I was privileged to enjoy it.

Elizabeth Miller

SOUTH AMERICAN SUMMER

In the middle of Rio a bronzed middle-aged man with an arm two inches long frolicked around earning his living. He tossed an orange in the air, bounced it on his head, 'caught' it with his foot, kicked it over his head, caught it with his other foot, then shoulder, then, a few minutes later squashed and swallowed it. The end of the show for him - with a few cruzero notes donated by onlookers - and for me the end of a long, rather interesting road which stretched from Bogota in Colombia, to the mountains of Peru, the deserts of Chile, from the wealth and beauty of St John's to the poverty, yet beauty, of Bolivia and Rio.

The first person I visited in Colombia was a baby dealer or, more euphemistically, he helped people from western countries obtain babies which are 'unwanted' in Colombia. It is a business that sometimes answers the natural needs of poverty-stricken families with too many children in the South, giving unwanted offspring to those from the North who desire but cannot have children; but it is a business which has been abused - by baby kidnapping and retailing - and perhaps reflects the North-South attitudes - put crudely, exploitation.

The most spectacular feature of South America is, however, the vast Andean mountain range, stretching south thousands of miles from the jowles of the Damien Gap to the frozen extremes of Tierra del Fuego. They splay beautifully through Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile, flanked on the Pacific coast by sinuous deserts, and on the east by the dense Amazonian rain forest, and the huge uninviting plains of Argentina and Bolivia. They create what is without doubt some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and stunning settings for human existence.

Most of you will have heard, or seen, pictures of Maccu Picchu - the 'lost city' of the Incas set in deeply gorged mountains in Peru. It is a vivid and unforgetable scene but, sadly, untypical of much of the archaeological remains that have been uncovered. There is, in fact, remarkably little that remains of the pre-Hispanic past. Spain in its language, its Roman Catholic religion, and its monumental western architecture, dominates many of the countries. South America has become a complex pastiche, heavily influenced by centuries of Spanish involvement - even the population in the Andean countries is 90% 'mestizo' (halfe-caste) - with little to show (like the USA) of the culture that was before.

South America is, however, a land of distinct contrasts. Contrasts between rich and poor, between development and underdevelopment. In the major capitals - like Bogotá, Lima, La Paz - there is on the one hand the vast wealth of an opulent indigenous minority, gained perhaps from the huge international drug-dealing which is a mainstay of local economies, and on the other hand the squalor of the poor masses, living often in the burgeoning multi-million-populated cities. The poverty does not surpass that of India or Ethiopia, but it comes depressingly close to doing so.

Overriding all this, there is the constant factor of debt and foreign influence and in particular that of the USA. The vagaries of the (American dominated) I.M.F. and World Bank, frequently condition the economic and political organisation of the nations. Manifest destiny, it seems, has become real. Appropriately, as a symbol of this, dollars are the common, and safest, currency in most of these countries. In the one month I spent in Bolivia inflation was over 100%. Governments, except the neo-Nazi state of Paraguay, are unstable whether democratic, or military and authoritarian. In the last century, Bolivia has maintained a record of more governments changed than years passed.

Low costs of living (by British standards) and cheap flights make South America, today, perhaps more than ever before, one of the most interesting and most accessible continents in the world - not just for the rich playboy, or the research student studying minerology in an obscure Bolivian Altiplane village - but to you the ordinary, or extraordinary, Johnian, or Old Johnian. It is cheap to reach (little more than going to the Magdalene May Ball) and its geography and culture, ancient civilisations and modern slums, politics and people, are of great interest.

But forget facts and preconceptions, South America remains a fascinating continent to visit. People, as in Britain, get on with living whatever the politics; life is not a constant begging for aid from the west. For the traveller, it is the encounters with the local people, encounters with different scenery, civilisations and culture, the famous broadening of horizons, which make a visit to South America both advisable and unforgettable.

Tim Gardner

THE 'OTHER' FAR EAST

In September of 1984, I was lucky enough to be amongst the eight students from Universities all over Great Britain selected by Mitsui & Co. to participate in the 11th MESP.

My main aim was to be able to experience Japan through my own eyes, to dispel or confirm notions which have grown up about such a distant country. I wanted to see how Japanese culture had been affected by the West, as the country is emphatically at the forefront in certain fields of technology, and whether the close apposition of cultures had created any problems. Also, having travelled extensively in South East Asia, it would be interesting to visit another oriental country which is geographically rather remote from the rest.

The study tour essentially began when all eight of the participants came together for the first time at Mitsui's London office. We were an extremely diverse group but an 'espirit de corps' prevailed from the start. This initial meeting enabled us to get to know each other and, more importantly, to learn a little about Japan.

The first full day in Tokyo was spent at a briefing session at Mitsui's head office, from which we had a splendid view of the Imperial Palace and its environs. The company's attributes tended to read off like an unintelligible list of statistics. We were all, however, amazed at Mitsui's major and varied role in the Japanese economy, including technology transfer, financing and a worldwide distributions network. The talk on 'sogasosha' introduced us to this Japanese phenomenon but left me still slightly baffled as to where all the departments fitted into the overall picture.

INDUSTRIAL VISITS

The programme included visits to a spectrum of Japanese industries, ranging from heavy, through traditional, to the latest 'hi-tech' industries.

The Kimitsu works of Nippon Steel were particularly spectacular. A thorough tour showed us the various stages in steelmaking and I watched in amazement as red hot slabs of steel thundered past. The production lines at Nissan Cars were awe-inspiring in their high degree of automation. Robots worked frenzily interspersed by synthetic bursts of 'Für Elise' as the cars jumped forward one space. It was a shame, however, that we could not obtain an idea of the continuity of the process as certain portions of the line were top secret. The experience at the Sharp Corporation which I will never forget is the sight of LSI's floating around on air tracks, in a room designed to be almost dust free. The Sapporo Brewery and the Kiku-Masamune sake factory tours provided relatively light but liquid relief, and I can vouch that all of us enjoyed the tasting sessions. The visit to Kyocera, an industrial ceramics company, was probably the most interesting to me. There we were told how this company, the most rapidly expanding in Japan, achieved its success. Kyocera had a distinct management philosophy. Its management structure was somewhat unique in that the chairman and founder also had a large say in the otherwise 'bottom-up' system.

The MESP also included visits to Imperial Chemical Industries and Unilever near the end of the study tour. These allowed us to question key staff in British firms who had experience in working in Japan and, by this time, all of us had gained a fair perspective of Japanese industry. It seemed that the British had much to learn from the Japanese way of thinking and approach to the mundanities of working life.

CULTURAL VISITS

The cultural visits at weekends gave us an opportunity to relax and not to be 'on show'. I found the visit to Tokyo National Museum to be particularly interesting. The scroll paintings illustrated the linked nature of ancient Japanese and Chinese history. During certain periods there was direct copying from the mainland which the Japanese gradually modified into their own distinctive style.

We visited many temples and shrines of the Buddhist and Shinto religions respectively, and delighted in having our fortunes told. Kinkaku-ji, or the Golden Pavilion, was for me the most beautiful, set beside a lake with a myriad of tiny islands. In Nijo Palace, we shuffled barefoot across the 'nightingale' floor and I appreciated seeing in situ the exquisite screens of the Edo period that I had originally seen in the 'Great Japan Exhibition' at home and in the Fitzwilliam museum in Cambridge.

Our, unfortunately, brief stay in Nara gave us a taste of what life in Japan used to be like. I found the city charming with its temples and deer park. One could actually relish in the open space and less hectic pace of life. Kabuki drama with its much stylised gestures and speechform was enjoyed by all through the aid of instant translations through headphones. Watching the audience was an education in itself; a study in 'The Japanese at Play'. In the Kamakura region near Tokyo we were lucky enough to see demonstrations

of Ikebana and Cha-no-yu, or the tea ceremony. These two examples of Japanese culture demonstrated the country's depth of heritage, one which hopefully will be retained as an integral part of Japanese society.

SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECTS

Our first social event in Japan was the Welcome Buffet at Mitsui & Co.'s head office. Here we met many of the staff who were, without exception, friendly and approachable. I found that a fair proportion of them had spent time overseas for the company. They were, therefore, able to benefit us with their slightly different Japanese viewpoint.

Included in the tour was also a visit to one of Tokyo's many universities where we met students of our own age. This was a most informative afternoon where free exchnage of ideas occurred. The point which came to the fore after several hours of discussion was that the two groups were not as different as I had originally imagined. In one respect, however, that of the woman's role in society, I think that it will sadly be a long time before the 'other' sex will be accepted as equal.

One morning we rose very early to visit Tsukiji Central Wholesale Market where fruit, vegetables and fish are sold. We learnt of the complex distribution system and high quality standards, both of which have the unfortunate effect of pushing food prices up. It was indeed odd to see such perfect, identical fruit, all of the same size, shape and colour. This is explained by the presentation of Japanese food - it must look as good if not better than it tastes.

The home stay with a Japanese family was an excellent idea on Mitsui's behalf. Despite certain language barriers, we were immersed in everyday Japanese life, an experience I will not forget. We were all hoping to have a very traditional home but some were, sadly, somewhat westernised.

On our penultimate full day in Tokyo, we made a courtesy call to the British Embassy for tea with the commercial and political attaches. From the latter we learned something of the Japanese Diet. Interesting questions also included some on the continuing popularity of Mr Tanaka.

THE ENVIRONMENT

Everywhere we travelled in Japan, we were highly impressed with the degree of cleanliness. The subway was in a pristine condition, putting to shame the shabby London Underground. Everyone queued in neat lines, awaiting patiently to board the trains.

Also clearly apparent as we travelled around Tokyo was the population problem. This was exemplified by the horrendous traffic jams and the sardine-packed trains. I was grateful that we had chauffeured limosines waiting at the door! Urban sprawl was most

marked and travelling the 350 miles between Tokyo and Kyoto on the shinkansen, or bullet train, I did not see one piece of what I would call open countryside.

The environment was noticeably mountainous, so reducing agricultural and dwelling space. Golf courses were, consequently, rare sights despite the game being a national pastime. So four-tiered driving ranges abounded in attempt to suffice. We were disappointed in being unable to see Mt. Fuji on both of our trips past as it was enshrouded in low-lying cloud. I must admit that one of the highlights of the trip for me was to experience four earth-quakes. It felt strange to have a whole room shake and move, giving a certain unpleasant, queasy sensation.

FOOD AND DRINK

Japanese food and drink received mixed reactions but overall everyone learnt to distinguish their likes and dislikes. I found it very difficult to acquire a taste for raw fish but, fortunately, we did not come across any whale blubber! By the end of the stay, we were accustomed to taking substantial quantities of sake, much of which was also brought home as gifts. Green tea, however, went down less well as did miso soup - likened to cup-a-soup made with seawater!

INDEPENDENT ACTIVITIES

Even though the schedule was extremely packed, there were some breathing spaces whereupon we grabbed the opportunity to explore independently. These forays allowed us to get to know Japan less as 'tourists' but more as one of the people. They were the little experiences which we will savour most, simply wandering through the streets absorbing the alien sights and sounds.

As a medical student, I was keen to visit a hospital and the opportunity arose in Kobe at the Municipal Hospital. I was lucky to

chance upon an English-speaking doctor who showed me a video on the hospital's activities and then took me around the delivery rooms and obstetrics wards. The hospital was only three years old, built on the wholly manmade port island, and was, therefore, a showpiece. I was really impressed at the way that the latest technology had been put to use in the medical field. For instance, all the surgical instruments were sterilised and packed automatically, and then transported several floors via an internal track system to drop out of a wall to the side of an operating surgeon. This fully automated process ensured that the sterile instruments were never touched by human hands. I also asked questions about the high standard of health care and range of insurance schemes which have resulted in Japan having the world's highest life expectancy.

A noisy afternoon was spent at a sumo wrestling tournament. We were captivated by a sport in which the build-up lasts four minutes and the actual confrontation less than one. The vast human forms had a certain grace which belied their weight - the biggest men I have ever seen! It was also another opportunity to see how a Japanese family might relax - kneeling around the arena with lunchboxes and bottles of beer at the ready.

In Kobe, whilst staying at the Portopia Hotel, a few of us ventured into the nightclub. We must have been the youngest people there, the clientele consisting mainly of middle-aged businessmen accompanied by young ladies, acting as social escorts. On a totally different level, the eight of us also spent some happy hours in a coffee shop after our university visit with the students we had met, chatting and simply promoting Anglo-Japanese relations.

Our last complete day in Japan was at leisure so that each person could follow up private interests. It was a good idea to have this day at the end of our stay as we had by then obtained a good grasp of all things Japanese. I chose several related activities, the first being a visit to Nomura, the largest broking and eurobond dealing company in the world. I was given a talk by one of the bond dealers followed by a tour of the two sections of the Tokyo Stock Exchange. This was really exciting with a floor packed with hundreds of white-shirted men, gesticulating and shouting wildly at each other. My third visit was to the bond trading and foreign exchange departments of Mitsui Bank where the intricacies of their dealings were explained. I must admit, however, that I got a little lost. My busy day left me with a lot of valuable information and the friendliness of the many Japanese with whom I had come into contact.

AND FINALLY...

The nature of the tour was such that I felt privileged to see Japanese life from an unique angle - that of a group of students entertained by Japanese hosts in an attempt to bring about mutual understanding. I was most appreciative of the varied contents of the MESP. What we had seen and experienced certainly gave an all round picture of Japan and this understanding is essentially the basis for even better Anglo-Japanese relations in the future.

I would like to extend the greatest thanks to Mitsui & Co. for giving me an opportunity to visit Japan. I would also like to thank The Johnian Society for awarding me a travel scholarship which covered various transport fees, entrance fees and sundry items.

Sharon S.-L. Chen

Johniana

Perhaps I should be suppressing my childhood memories of playing under the spreading branches of the great yew tree just outside New Court - bouncing on the branches when at an age too tender to be aware of the very august history of that tree. It is a Donaston or Westfelton Yew, known as Babington's Yew, having been planted in 1843 by a Charles Cordale Babington, who rejoiced in the titles of 'taxonomist, polymath and Fellow of St John's'. It is a plant with parental problems, apparently - mother was not quite decided as to her own gender. John Donaston wrote that the parent tree "has food for the philosopher, as well as for the poet; for strange to tell, and what few unseeing believed, although a male ... it has one entire branch self-productive and exuberantly profuse in female berries ..." (No one knows whether our yew bears fruit.)

In fact there is very little plant life or architecture in the environs of St John's that does not boast an equally celebrated lineage - or at least occupy the site of something else that did - and casual researchers will be daunted by the quantity of scholarly records and speculation on every aspect of the grounds. Much learned conjecture was required to place Wordsworth's Ash of 'sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed', no longer in existence, in the garden of Merton Hall. (The Prelude VI, line 76) The area of the Backs now surveyed by New Court has a particularly knotty history. Storms and Dutch elm disease have destroyed the great avenue of trees which stretched from the present Old Bridge, designed by Wren, to the gate at the end of Broad Walk on Queens' Road. Successive improvements have transformed the area, which was once crossed by ditches and contained the 'St John's Walkes', with three 'cut arbours'. Present occupants will perhaps not be surprised to hear, recollecting the pools of standing water evident in the region of the washrooms during term, that New Court is built on the one-time Fishponds. The iron bridge crossing the ditch to Trinity Meadow was put there in 1874, as 'a happy mark of co-operation between the two colleges': its very rust figures in an erudite article as the bearer of a lichen - 'Lecander Dispensa is even to be found growing on an outside scale on an iron bridge in the grounds of St John's.'

The Scholars' Garden has the distinction of being one of the few formal gardens in the Cambridge College grounds though summer Bacchants may not be aware of the fact. A sole quince there is all that remains of the orchard which stood there before 1951, when the new plans of Dr Sharp for the garden took effect. It was intended as a foil to the Fellows' Garden or Wilderness opposite - not a part of the College which many junior members see officially, though various apocryphal stories are in circulation about sight-seeing raids. Wilderness it has not always been: until the late eighteenth century part of it was laid out as a formal garden - with paths in the form of a cathedral nave, transepts and chancel, as tradition has it - complete with a domed summer-house in the Classical style and bowling green. Possibly Capability Brown was the man responsible for its present more natural state. Most of the older trees have now been

felled, and light-leaved species planted so as not to cast heavy shade on the woodland floor. The squirrels do not seem to have taken exception to the arrangement. The garden is still full of snowdrops, aconites, daffodils, anenomes and bluebells and also martagon lilies which have naturalised there on the chalky and well-drained soil. The botanical gem of the garden, however, is an undramatic plant known as Arabis Turrita or the Tower Mustard which grows on one of the walls. First recorded in 1722, ours is now the only naturalised specimen in Britain. It has become extinct in Trinity, Magdalene College Oxford, Lewisham and Cleish Castle, Kinross. Botanists must come miles to see it, as otherwise it grows only in Southern Europe. Many and curious the claims to fame of the College and its grounds.

Juliet Frost

Many thanks to the Librarian for finding the following back copies of The Eagle-

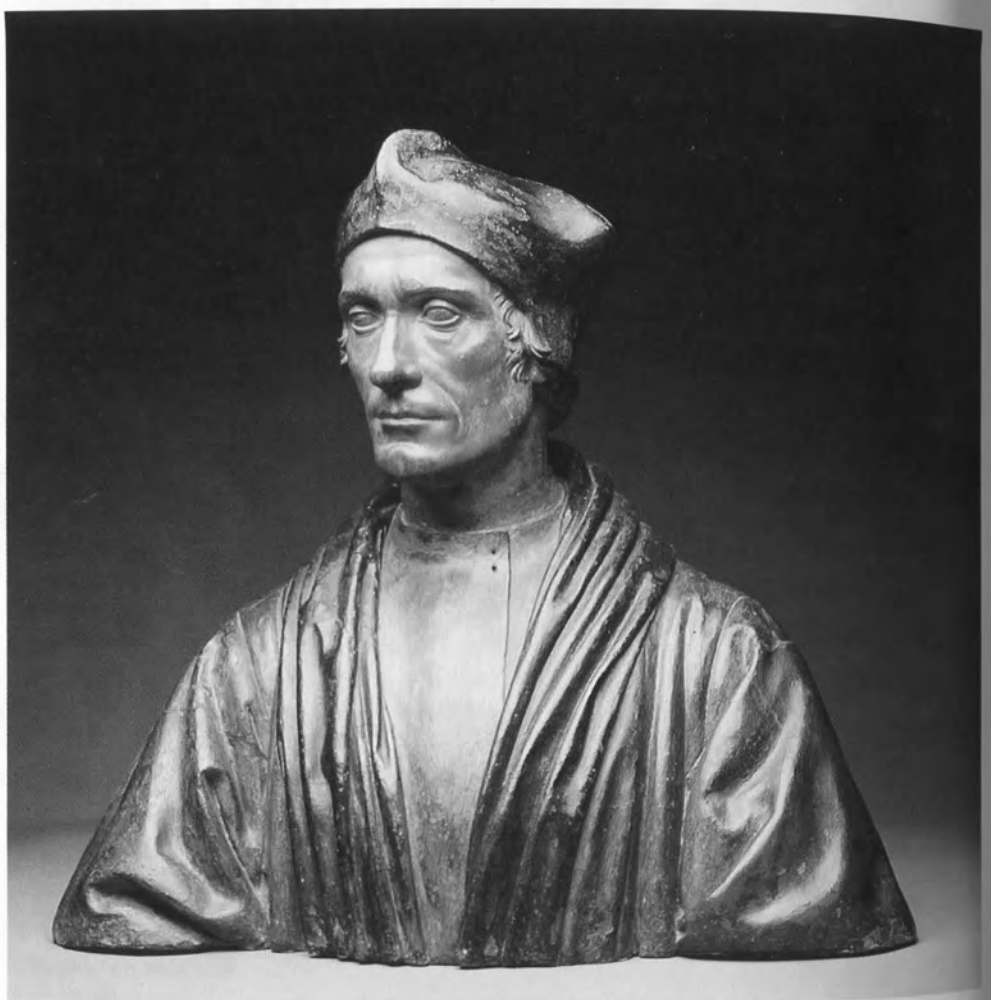
Volume LIII 1948-49
Volume LIV 1950-51
Volume LVI 1953-54

Also Gray, Cambridge Gardens and The Lily Yearbook 1959; City Library: A Flora of Cambridgeshire and "The Lichens of Cambridge Walls" by F.H. Brightman in Nature in Cambridgeshire 1965.

Our grass is greener

forgotten but not dead, we persevered, blithely habituated. that our experiments were no longer intended for the resolution of a dispute had long since ceased to be a truth capable of rousing one's colleagues' pedantic bile. expeditions continued to arrive and to depart. solitary colour-blind devotees of a recently devised cult, christened the Poephagii, preaching farbic parity, occupied strategic pitches around the camp's outskirts, and, upon delivery into their packed-mud begging-bowls of a few of the rusty washers exchangeable for proper food in mess-tents throughout the region under scrutiny, would monotonously betray what purported to be the latest methods or discoveries or plans of those over the hills whom we affectionately thought of as rivals. Black-market organic dyes were still hawked, and faddishly procured by the mischievous young for the purpose of deceiving and ridiculing their ideologically fettered elders, who obtained dye-detectors from the same peddlars. Mystics, capable of simultaneous binary location and perception, saw their testimonies variously vilified and paraded. The area was scourged by anthrax. we some survived and set out for new, unexamined pastures.

JOHN FISHER 1459–1535



'Fisher' by Pietro Torrigiano (c.1511)

JOHN FISHER, 1469–1535

An Address

Given in the College Chapel at a service of thanksgiving to mark the life and work of St John Fisher, 8 June 1985, by Cardinal Basil Hume, Archbishop of Westminster.

In the English College in Rome, where some of our Church students go to study, there is a corridor along which are hung the portraits of English Cardinals. I have stood from time to time in front of the portrait of Cardinal Wolsey, and reflected on the dangers of worldliness in a churchman, on the insidious nature of power, on the temptation to ambition. I have, however, not failed to remember that Wolsey did much good; he has, perhaps, been more severely judged than he merits. When I was thinking about such things I recalled the words of the Duke of Suffolk when the Papal Legate, Cardinal Campeggio, thwarted Henry VIII's insistence on an annulment of his marriage to Catherine. The Duke had said – and, I detect, with some feeling – 'It was never merry in England whilst we had Cardinals among us.' That was in July 1529. Experience of Cardinals has not always been good. I have then moved to the next portrait, that of John Fisher, appointed Cardinal by Paul III when Fisher was already a prisoner in the Tower. I thought of those chilling words spoken by that same King Henry VIII: 'He shall wear it' (that is, the Cardinal's hat) 'on his shoulders for head he shall have none to set it on.' That was in May 1535. Wolsey and Fisher were contemporaries, very different in character, not unlike in death. Fisher was executed, Wolsey shamed and humiliated. Both were reviled by contemporaries, deprived of honour and respect, unrewarded for their services to Church and State. These are narrow gates indeed through which to pass to another and better life.

I must now leave that corridor in Rome and my meditation, and remember where I am today, and why. You will readily appreciate how touched and happy I was to have been invited to be here in St John's College to celebrate the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of John Fisher and the golden jubilee of his canonisation. Let me say at once that I was able to quote the Duke of Suffolk and Henry VIII only because we live now in different times, when ancient wounds, first inflicted in Wolsey and Fisher's time, are now slowly but surely healing. I am very aware too of the courtesy you are showing to me, a twentieth-century Cardinal, in inviting me to speak on this lovely occasion. I am truly grateful.

St John's, more than any other College in Cambridge, claims St John Fisher for its own. I say, 'more than any other college' for others will wish to honour him as well, since he is part of their history too. Fisher's own College, Michaelhouse, eventually became Trinity College; Christ's owes its foundation to the Lady Margaret and in part to Fisher; Queens' can claim him as a former President; and

King's can be grateful to him for persuading Henry VII to complete their Chapel. Now it might be a little tactless on my part to speak to this particular congregation about the foundation of St John's, save perhaps in so far as it is appropriate to recall and honour the memory of John Fisher. You will, I know, readily agree that we cannot speak of St John's and Fisher without remembering at the same time the Lady Margaret Beaufort. It was in 1495 when Fisher, then a young Proctor of the University, first met Henry VII's Mother. He became her spiritual director, and her friend. This spiritual friendship was important for Cambridge, for the University benefited much from their shared ideals concerning learning and its importance for the life of the Church. When Lady Margaret died, Fisher, preaching the panegyric, said of her that 'all she did became her, all who met her loved her'. That was the tribute paid by a Saint to a very good woman.

It was a codicil in the Lady Margaret's will which provided for the foundation of St John's. The realisation of the project was by no means straightforward. The will was contested, the Bishop of Ely was reluctant to approve of the dissolution of the ancient hospital of St John, and there were other problems. Only Fisher, from among the executors of her will, was interested in the foundation and sought to realise it. It took all his characteristic tenacity and determination to ensure that the College came into being. But it made him weary nonetheless: 'Forsooth, it was sore laborious and painful unto me', he said – and we can almost hear him sighing –'that many times I was right sorry that I ever took that business upon me.' Fisher succeeded. The Charter was given in April 1511 and the opening – a magnificent affair – took place in July 1516 in the presence of a new Master, Alan Percy, and thirty-one Fellows. The task of the Master and Fellows was clear: they had to realise the aims of the College as codified in the statutes of 1516, namely 'Dei cultus, morum probitas et Christianae fidei corroboratio'. I make no apology for giving those aims in Latin, for those same statutes laid down: 'let them use no other language than Latin, Greek or Hebrew as long as "they are in the precincts of the college"...' You will be relieved to know that you would be permitted to use the vernacular in your rooms.

The worship of God, good discipline, and the teaching of the Faith – throughout his life Fisher was guided by those aims. Learning, virtue and discipline were to be the means to realise them, and each one was indispensable. There was nothing particularly new or original about this; but it was Fisher's insistence that academic distinction was impossible without discipline, and that the Church needed men of learning and virtue which gave his foundation its special character. Indeed his ideals were enshrined in the Statutes of both Christ's College and St John's. Furthermore chairs of divinity were founded with the help of the Lady Margaret, and preacherships established. Fisher also encouraged the study of Greek and Hebrew. He was largely responsible for their introduction into the University. He knew that these languages were vital for the proper study of the Scriptures. In Erasmus Fisher found an important ally who became not only Fisher's friend but also his teacher of Greek. He invited that scholar to stay at Queens'. Erasmus put Fisher in touch with the new learning, which had its protagonists both at Cambridge and Oxford. Fisher had much sympathy for the humanists, but was suspicious of

novelty and, as a loyal churchman, he could not sympathise with the new learning when that seemed to lead in directions which were in contradiction to what he had learned and himself taught.

There is so much more to say about what Fisher did for Cambridge, and Cambridge for him. But time, alas, is short. We must now leave Cambridge and move to Rochester. I wonder how Fisher felt when he had to leave this University. He had, after all, arrived from Beverley as a youth of fourteen in 1483. He had filled many posts, both in the University and at College level. He had risen to becoming Vice-Chancellor in 1501, and eventually Chancellor in 1504, and was so till his death. Fisher was, through and through, a Cambridge man. So it must have been with a heavy heart that he left the University to start his new life. It had been Henry VII's idea to make Fisher a bishop. He wrote to his mother, 'I have in my days promoted many a man inadvisedly and I would now make some recompense to promote some good and virtuous men which I doubt not should best please God ...' The King clearly recognised in Fisher a person of great distinction and a man of God – a powerful combination indeed. Thus on the 24th November 1504, John Fisher was consecrated Bishop of Rochester at Lambeth by the Archbishop of Canterbury, William Wareham.

At Cambridge, Fisher had always been priestly (he had been ordained in 1491), and pastoral considerations had determined much of his academic practice; at Rochester, as a pastor, he did not cease to be a student and an academic (he was frequently in Cambridge). Fisher entered whole-heartedly into the pastoral work demanded of a bishop, visiting the parishes of his diocese with exemplary regularity. He preached frequently, correcting abuses and encouraging virtue. Even when offered the possibility of moving to a more prestigious diocese, Fisher preferred to stay with his 'poor wife' rather than seek out some 'rich widow' elsewhere.

My reflections on the life of John Fisher have led me to conclude that even if he had not been martyred he would still have been honoured as a saint. He has been compared to Charles Borromeo and to Francis of Sales both, like him, devoted pastors and reformers.

As a pastor Fisher not only showed the dedication of which I have just spoken, but he also displayed a remarkable degree of steadfastness in times when he found both his administrative duties at the University burdensome, and the tasks of a bishop in a diocese full of anxieties and toil. He is, perhaps especially today, a lesson for us accustomed as we are to look for immediate solutions to our problems. Fisher was a patient man.

Yet this patience did not blunt his awareness of the need for reform. He often spoke out against the abuses of the time, especially to his fellow priests and bishops. He made a notably powerful speech in Convocation in 1517: 'Why should we exhort our flocks to eschew and shun worldly ambition,' he said, 'when we ourselves that be bishops, do wholely set our minds to the same things we forbid them.' There were too many 'golden chalices', too few 'golden priests'. As a reformer, then, he led the way, not only by the educational provision he established here in Cambridge but also by his personal example in the See of Rochester.

Two events in particular were to have a profound and decisive effect on Fisher: one we may connect with the name of Martin Luther, the other with that of Henry VIII. Fisher, as a result of the new and strange ideas abroad at the time was drawn, and against his will, into becoming a polemicist rather than a pure academic or a pastoral bishop. The problems caused by Luther and by Henry VIII forced him into that wider, and very uncongenial, world of ecclesiastical politics and controversy. His acceptance of the trials that accompanied both contributed considerably to his growth in holiness. He was being fashioned all the time for martyrdom.

Fisher feared the new ideas that were emanating from the Continent. He saw them as a threat to traditional Catholic doctrine and practice. He knew that it was his duty to defend the Faith, and he laboured to do so. He wrote in defence of the priesthood, of the Eucharist, of Papal authority. Furthermore Fisher had that special gift, given to very holy people, of seeing the wider implications of contemporary trends of thought and practice in public life. He saw danger in the ideas of the Reformers. He realised where the decision taken by the King and his advisers to clear up what has been called 'the King's scruple' would lead. He was aware, too, as More was, how Christendom was becoming increasingly disunited. The rise of the nation state and the emergence of the principle *cujus regio, eius religio* were contributing to that disunity.

The events which led to the split with Rome were complex indeed. Interpretations of those events will, necessarily, differ. The King's 'scruple' about his marriage to Catherine and his frenetic, but nonetheless understandable, desire for a son, combined with many other factors to bring about the great changes in our land which we call the Reformation. Political considerations played their part too. Now Fisher could not agree that it had been unlawful for the Pope to grant the dispensation which permitted the King to take to wife his brother Arthur's widow. He could not accept those Parliamentary measures which, from 1529 onwards, slowly effected the break with Rome.

Throughout this period Fisher, now almost seventy years old, was becoming physically weaker and increasingly weary of spirit. He lived in a cruel age, and at a time when opposition to a Tudor monarch was not to be tolerated. Fisher and More suffered for that just as Latimer and Ridley and Cranmer were to do some twenty years later.

In Henry's reign there was the additional fear of a disputed succession, and so the Act of Succession of 1534 was all important to the King. By this Act all who should be called upon to do so were to take an oath to recognise the issue of Henry and Anne Boleyn as legitimate heirs to the throne. The King saw the act as contributing to the peace of the realm; Fisher saw in it a denial of principles essential to the defence of true doctrine.

Fisher refused to take the oath. So on the 20th of April 1534, he was sent to the Tower, and there he awaited his trial and death. His mind and heart belonged already to another world. He prayed and suffered. He remembered his half-sister, Elizabeth White, and addressed to her his two last works, *A Spiritual Consolation* and *The Ways to Perfect Religion*. The titles themselves show what really mattered to John Fisher. He had no more to say or to do, save to die as he had lived, serenely and prayerfully.

We tend in our day to reassess or reconsider the heroes of the past and often to their disadvantage. We want our heroes to be closer to us, to be more like us, to share our fragility, and to have our weaknesses. We seek consolation for our mediocrity; it is more comfortable than being challenged by those who are greater than we are. There was nothing mediocre or fragile about Fisher. I suspect that any attempt to rewrite his story will show him to have been a person of even greater distinction than we had thought. He remains, as a bishop, a model and an inspiration.

Two contemporaries testified to their admiration for Fisher. St Charles Borromeo, that great reforming bishop of Milan, kept a picture of John Fisher on his desk. Reginald Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury in Mary's reign, wrote thus of John Fisher in his *De Unitate Ecclesiae* (Lib. III): '... were you to search through all the nations of Christendom in our days, you would not easily find one who was such a model of episcopal virtues. If you doubt this, consult your merchants who have travelled in many lands; consult your ambassadors, and let them tell you whether they have anywhere heard of any bishop who has such love of his flock as never to leave the care of it, ever feeding it by word and example, against whose life not even a rash word could be spoken, one who was conspicuous not only for holiness and learning but also for love of country'.

Next time I am in Rome I shall go once again and stand before that portrait of Fisher. I shall meditate on the danger of mediocrity, – especially in a bishop – and acknowledge the greatness of this Saint. I shall, remember, too, this happy occasion today at St John's, and pray with Fisher's Master and ours that we may all soon be one.

A Letter from the College to Fisher in the Tower

Reverendo in Christo patri D. Johanni Fishero Episcopo Roffensi:

... Nos tibi fatemur tot nos esse beneficiis obstrictos ut ne recensere quidem aut verbis consequi valeamus. Tu nobis pater, doctor, praeceptor, legislator, omnis denique virtutis et sanctitatis exemplar. Tibi victum, tibi doctrinam, tibi quicquid est quod boni vel habemus vel scimus nos debere fatemur. Quo autem tibi possimus referre gratiam aut beneficium rependere habemus nihil praeter orationem, qua continenter Deum pro te interpellamus. Quaecunque autem nobis in communi sunt opes, quicquid habet collegium nostrum, id si

totum tua causa profunderemus ne adhuc quidem tuam in nos beneficentiam assequeremur. Quare, reverende pater, quicquid nostrum est obsecramus utere ut tuo. Tuum est eritque quicquid possumus, tui omnes sumus erimusque toti. Tu nostrum es decus et praesidium, tu nostrum es caput, ut necessario quaecunque te mala attingant ea nobis veluti membris subjectis acerbitatem inferant. Speramus autem Deum optimum et clementissimum omnia a te mala prohibiturum, omnibusque te semper bonis pro sua misericordia aucturum. Sin vero aliquid interveniat quod durum et asperum secundum mundi judicium esse videatur, ut illud tibi molle, jucundum, facile, atque etiam honorificum Deus efficiat, quemadmodum Crucis odium et ignominiam in summum honorem et gloriam commutarit. Dominus noster Jesus Christus non destituat te consolatione spiritus sui in aeternum. In quo felix vale, Reverende Pater.

To the Reverend Father in Christ John Fisher Lord Bishop of Rochester:

... We acknowledge ourselves obliged to you for so many benefits that we cannot even count them or express them in words. You are father to us, teacher, counsellor, lawgiver, indeed the pattern of every virtue and all holiness. To you we owe our livelihood, our learning and every good thing that we have or know. But to return your thanks or to requite your generosity we have no other means than prayer, in which we make continual intercession to God on your behalf. For though we should pour out all our corporate wealth, all we have as a College, in your support, not even then could we match your generosity towards us. Wherefore, Reverend Father, we beg you to use as your own everything we possess. Yours is whatever ability we have, and we ourselves are yours, both now and in the future, totally. You are our glory and defence, you are our head, so that of necessity whatever evil touches you also brings suffering to us as members subject to that head. We trust however that God in his goodness and loving-kindness will protect you from all evil and ever increase you in all good things for his mercy's sake. But should anything befall which the world would judge to be harsh and cruel, may God make it gentle for you, pleasant, easy and also honourable, just as He changed the hatefulness and shame of the Cross into highest honour and glory. May our Lord Jesus Christ and the consolation of his Spirit be with you always, in whom prospering, farewell, Reverend Father.

(translation: Guy Lee)

Fisher and St. John's in 1534–1535

On 24 July 1534 the register of the Bishop of Rochester, John Fisher, records that he was 'out of his diocese'. The bland phrase of the clerk hides the famous story of imprisonment and death which, along with that of Thomas More, stunned Europe. The reaction was due not so much to horror at the cruelty of the methods employed – by law, had the king's mercy not been used, his death would have been more protracted – but at the identity of the victim. Here, going to the scaffold, was an ascetic bishop and scholar aged sixty-six, long part of the religious establishment, a notable patron of Cambridge University, and the foremost champion against Luther of Catholic orthodoxy. Had he been of a different character Fisher could have weathered Henry VIII's storm and

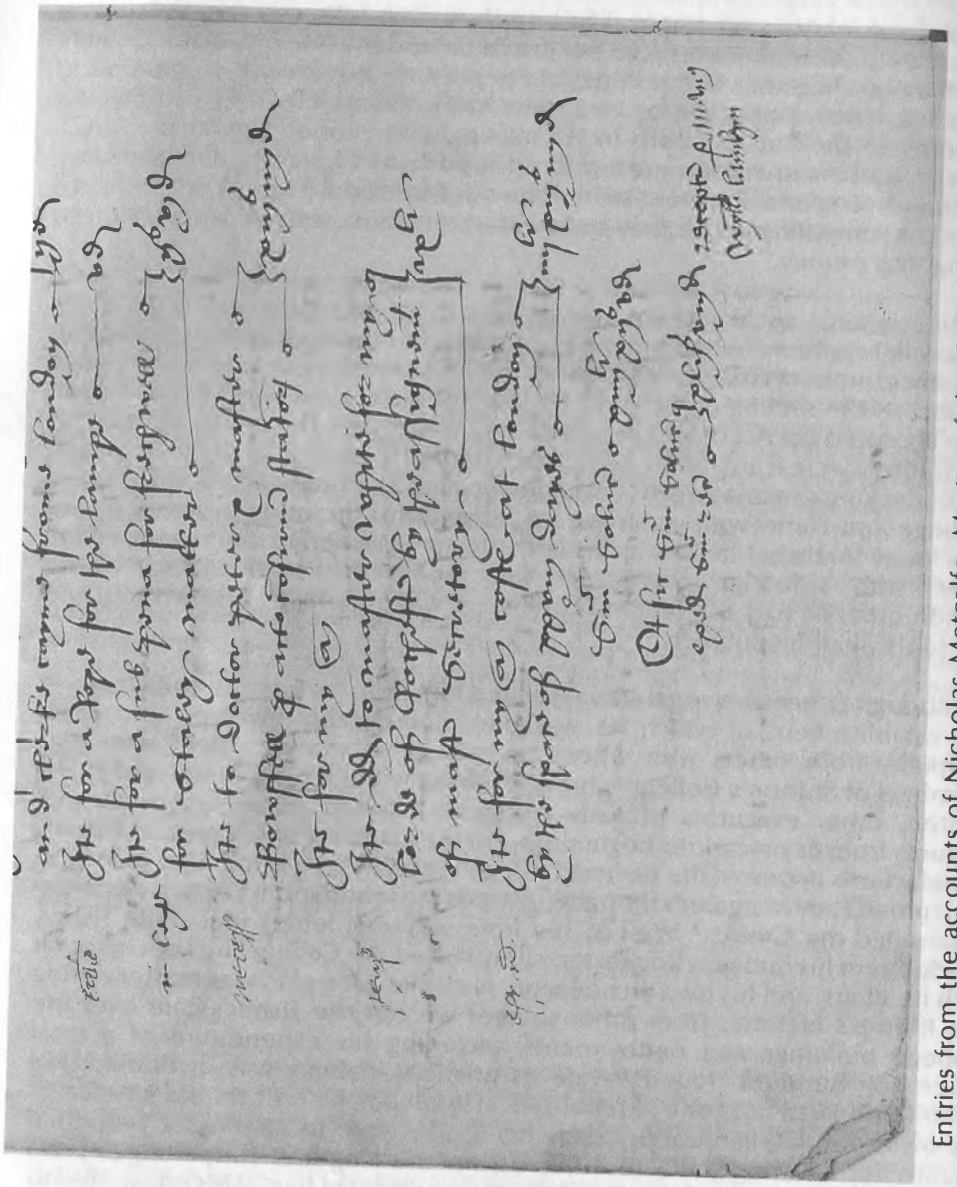
conformed, as did his episcopal colleagues: the prevailing religion under this king remained Roman Catholicism, although schismatic; the Cambridge foundations beloved by Fisher continued to flourish.

The conscientious scholar and bishop, however, followed the logic of his principles to the end. He resisted not just to defend the integrity of the Church, which owed allegiance to the Pope, but to preserve his own which was bound up with it. It was impossible for a man who had publicly defended the universal authority of the Papacy, both in its sole right to pronounce on the king's marriage and in the wider context of its position in the Church, to deny the same authority in England. Privately, neither he nor More could bring themselves to assent to something which they believed untrue, and to do so upon oath, so falling into perjury.

This personal sticking-point was sufficient to overcome in Fisher many opposing loyalties. He had been a loyal subject of the king and his father and had once praised Henry VII's bounty to the university, in true Renaissance fashion, as the shining of the sun.[1] He did not rush to martyrdom, and would have accepted the Act of Succession designed to secure Henry VIII's throne for his children, were it not for the parts which denied the authority of the Pope and made the king's marriage with Catherine invalid. The ties which bound him to his liege lord Henry were as strong for Fisher as for the other bishops; yet we now know that what he saw as his larger loyalty led him to discuss unseating Henry with a foreign power. He fully believed that this king, whose grandmother he had advised and confessed, was imperilling his own soul and the souls of all his subjects.

Although Fisher's personal stand isolated him from friends and colleagues in the establishment of which he was part, it inevitably involved and drew sympathy from others with whom he was close. Among them were the members of St John's College which he, along with Henry Hornby and Hugh Ashton, other executors of Lady Margaret Beaufort, had nursed towards maturity from its precarious beginnings. For the author of an account of Fisher's benefactions in one of the earliest College registers he was the wise man who had turned Lady Margaret's thoughts towards the foundation, just as Nestor had counselled the Greeks.[2] We can see from surviving letters that while Fisher, assiduous in his duties at Rochester, rarely visited the College, he kept in touch with its affairs, and his own archdeacon, Nicholas Metcalfe, was master during the Bishop's lifetime. From other sources we can see Fisher's care over the College buildings and endowments, including his expenditure of a total seventeen hundred pounds while its financial viability was in doubt.[3] His contribution had not gone unrewarded: at his death the Fellows and Scholars of his own foundation, supported by his funds, were to conduct a perpetual chantry for him, his family and friends, for the king and Lady Margaret 'his second mother'. He even confided the material care of part of his household to the College after his death: pensions to his brothers and servants were to be paid before St John's began supporting lectures in Greek and Hebrew which Fisher's statutes had appointed.

Ties between the College and its patron were further strengthened by his role



Entries from the accounts of Nicholas Metcalfe, Master of the College, for Easter term 1535, including one for nine pounds 'delivered to master White for my lorde of Rochester by the assignement of master Secretory'

as its legislator: successive statutes were framed by him in 1516–18, 1524, and 1530. When further modifications to the statutes were to be sought it was to Fisher that the College turned even in his disgrace. Several efforts to get his approval for revisions of the code of 1530 are recorded. The earliest biography, which was completed by 1577 from materials gathered earlier, depicts two Fellows visiting Fisher at his home at Lambeth Marsh before he went to the Tower.[4] If the account is accurate the visit would have taken place between 17 April 1534, when he was in Cranmer's custody, and 21 April when he was committed to prison. His visitors, Richard Brandisby and John Seton, were anxious to get his seal affixed to a code of statutes which Fisher had prepared but never confirmed.[5] Fisher refused to do this immediately: he said he wanted more time to consider the code, but the Fellows protested that time was running out. He would not be shaken, however, and he departed to prison, and the Fellows to Cambridge, without their purpose being fulfilled. The biography goes on to describe how a royal commission consisting of Cranmer, Thomas Cromwell and others then framed new statutes for the College which supplanted Fisher's, whose code of 1530 was restored for a brief period under Queen Mary.

The account of the visit to Lambeth is not supported by other evidence, and the only surviving statutes granted as a result of royal intervention were those of 1545 which, although they certainly supplanted Fisher's, cannot have been influenced by Cromwell who was executed in 1540. We do know, however, that attempts were made to see Fisher in the Tower for a similar purpose. A letter from the College to an unnamed figure at court, probably Cromwell, mentions changes to the statutes made by Cranmer, to whose work of revision Fisher had agreed. The College asks permission to get the prisoner's confirmation for these revisions. A second letter, this time to Cranmer, also written in October 1534, asks again for admission to the prisoner and also begs him to ensure that Fisher's library, pledged to St John's while he was at liberty but soon to be carried off by the king's men with his other goods, will reach it safely.[6] There is no evidence that these requests to see Fisher were granted, although the Master and Fellows were frequently in London, and Brandisby got as far as seeing Cromwell.[7]

We know a little of the conditions under which the prisoner lived. Like political detainees before and since he experienced a mixture of harshness and latitude. He was able at first to dispatch letters and to receive them since he corresponded with Thomas More and with those who supplied his diet. The correspondence with More was eventually intercepted and provided the opportunity for a detailed interrogation to which we have Fisher's replies. He mentions in one of these that he often wrote to Robert Fisher his brother and Edward White, another relative, both of whom had pensions due from the College, about his food in prison. After the discovery of the letters conditions worsened: Fisher's books and writing materials were removed, a great pain to one who had owned one of the finest libraries in Europe. In December 1534 he wrote to Cromwell asking for some mitigation, yet spelling out again why he could not submit to the royal will. We learn also that his clothes are in rags, that his diet is slender and unsuitable because a weak stomach only allows him 'a few kinds of meats', and that his brother Robert's money alone sustains him. He lacks even a book of devotions for the Christmas season, and asks that a

confessor be sent to him. During 1535 he fell ill and a physician attended him. The College Master's accounts for the Easter term of that year record nine pounds delivered to Master White for my lord of Rochester, by the assignment of Master Secretary (Cromwell).[8]

So Fisher passed through an increasingly rigorous imprisonment towards his trial, sentence, and execution which took place on the 22 June. Some time during his troubles, although we do not know exactly when, St John's wrote him the letter of consolation printed above, remarkably outspoken in the way the College identified with his cause and suffering. No doubt is left as to the justice of Fisher's cause, although no mention is made of any human agents of the divine wrath which has raised these perils of the times. In his hour of need the College offers him its resources to use as his own. Reaching a climax at once mystical and compassionate, it echoes the language of St Paul, speaking of Fisher as the head of the body and its members suffering with him.[9]

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of this delicately phrased epistle, which draws on many aspects of the response to suffering found in Christian theology. Unlike the formal and florid epistles which surround it in the College registers it could serve no practical purpose: the College had nothing to gain from its fallen patron. Yet we need to remember the College's apprehensions as to the future: the poignancy of this address must stand beside the effusive rhetoric of the letters to Cranmer and Cromwell in October 1534. Cromwell had to give leave before the College could send Fisher funds in 1535. The profits of his estates pledged to his own use for his foundation were being redirected to the king, the College had submitted to Cranmer's visitation, and was anxious about the library. The efforts of Fisher's own Fellows to secure his approval for the new statutes shows their anxiety for what might befall mixed with a loyalty towards what he had achieved.

The king's policy divided the College as it divided the nation, before the College, like the nation, was as a whole reconciled to the fiat of the state. The divisions in the College may not have appeared openly while Fisher's man Nicholas Metcalfe remained head, but his disgrace and resignation in 1537 began a period of uncertainty. The king's candidate for the headship, George Day, himself a former Fisher Fellow, was rejected by a majority of the Fellows who favoured Nicholas Wilson of Christ's, Fisher's countryman and friend, but Wilson withdrew to avoid a public clash. As the College was swept into the changes that accompanied the course of the Reformation, suffering royal commissions and visitations, it addressed those in power with different voices. Roger Ascham, Fellow in 1534 and later tutor to Elizabeth, composed the College address to the Protestant Protector Somerset, in yet another effort to secure Fisher's library and other help, in the reign of Edward VI. Fisher is described tersely as a man who, by his perverse attachment to false doctrine had robbed himself of life – no talk of martyrdom – and the College of a treasure of books, as well as of goods left it by the Lady Margaret. In another address presented to the Catholic Queen Mary the tale is reversed: the bishop suffered for true doctrine and wicked men compassed his fall, depriving the College both of his books and of the goods of the foundress.[10]

These sharply divided opinions reflect, of course, the College's wish to please the dominant faction in order to preserve itself in prosperity; in modern states academic bodies have experienced similar difficult situations. Yet they also witness to the fact that the reigns of Edward VI and Mary had occasioned a real and deep divide. The personal issue of resistance to the king in which Fisher had played so courageous a part had been swallowed up in debates over public doctrine which touched every parishioner in the realm. This was the age in which the materials for both the Life of Fisher, the Catholic martyr, and for the Book of Martyrs by the Protestant John Foxe, were collected. In the letter of consolation which St John's addressed to its greatest benefactor we have a glimpse of the prelude to these divisions when, in the immediacy of his peril and amid their natural fears, the Fellows of the College left him, and us, a record of their gratitude.

M. Underwood

Footnotes

1. In his oration before the king, as university chancellor in 1506 or 1507, Bodleian Library, Bodley MS 13 fol. 30^{v}.
2. J. Lewis, *The Life of Dr John Fisher*, London, 1855, vol. II, document no. XVIII p.290, printed from the Thin Red Book, archives C7.11 fols. 61–2.
3. Note in Nicholas Metcalfe's accounts, archives D106.5 fol. 4^{v}; an early list of benefactions gives a total of £1,600, archives C7.2 fol. 43.
4. *Vie du Bienheureux Martyr Jean Fisher*, ed. Van Ortroy, Brussels, 1893, p. 281–2.
5. A possible contender for this code is a disbound and incomplete text of statutes, altered later to accord with that of 1530, archives C1.40.14.
6. Both letters are in the Thin Red Book, fols. 108–110 and were printed by R.F. Scott in *The Eagle* vol. xxxvi no. 167.
7. His expenses are shown in the accounts, 1534–5, archives D106.14.
8. Archives D106.11 fol. 161^{v}.
9. The letter was originally copied into a register now lost, but preserved in any early seventeenth century copy in the College register of letters, archives C7.16, p.46–8. It is printed in Lewis, vol. II, p.356–8.
10. Both letters are copied into the Thick Black Book, archives C7.12, p.183–8 and p.360–1.

An opportunity missed? The Torrigiano 'Fisher' and St. John's

On 3 July 1935 the Master of St John's, E.A. Benians, was written to by Harris Rackham of Christ's with the information that there were for sale 'three terracotta busts, lifesize, by a follower of Torrigiano, of Henry VII, Henry VIII young (or perhaps Prince Arthur) and Bishop Fisher' (see frontispiece). Rackham had learnt of the existence of these from his brother, Bernard, Keeper of the Department of Ceramics at the V. & A. Bernard's written opinion, which his

brother conveyed to Benians, was that they were 'extremely important as contemporary portraits and not bad as works of art'. The Rackhams' question was, was St John's interested in acquiring the Fisher? The answer, given three months later, was that it was not. Shortly after the Torrigiano 'Fisher' was secured by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it was greeted as 'one of the outstanding exhibits in the Museum's collection of Renaissance sculpture', and where it remains: the bust – as it is presumed to be – of John Fisher in his forties done by Pietro Torrigiano, the tempestuous Florentine sculptor, in or around 1511 when he is known to have been in England and to have been commissioned to execute the tombs in Westminster Abbey of Henry VII and his mother the Lady Margaret Beaufort.

Why then in the summer of 1935, when it might have done so, did the College decide not to attempt to acquire the bust? Evidently not for lack of interest in the recently canonised Fisher. The quatercentenary celebrations had been arranged for 24 July; Benians was to lecture. On the 14th it was suggested to him by one of the senior Fellows, F.F. Blackman, playfully perhaps rather than ludicrously, that he might take the opportunity of signifying 'our acceptance of St John of Rochester' by announcing at this lecture the formal change from St John's to St Johns': 'How would the Public Orator [T.R. Glover] rise to that bait do you think?', Blackman asked. (Benians decided against casting a fly over Glover). On the day, having listened to Benians's uncontentious lecture in Hall here, the company went to Trinity for lunch. There of course the portrait of Henry VIII, Fisher's persecutor, commanded the scene: 'a curiously dramatic element', as the account in *The Eagle* noted. Some of those present knew that St John's had within its grasp the opportunity of acquiring a Fisher reputed to be nearly as striking as the Trinity Henry, and certainly more imposing than the Saint's posthumous portrait in the Hall from which they had just come. The matter was on the Council's agenda for the following day. Months later, at the end of October, J.M. Wordie was interesting himself in another Fisher portrait and some Fisher relics owned by an old Catholic family in Berkshire. Yet on the 25th, with echoes of the Master's lecture unstilled and memories of yesterday's hock cup still fragrant, the Council took no decisive action in the matter, indeed took no action at all. Why not? Some surviving correspondence in the College Library helps to explain why not.

Bernard Rackham's suggestion had been that St John's and Christ's should combine to buy the bust and then lend or give it to the Fitzwilliam. But his brother could see no prospect of Christ's getting involved and when he wrote to Benians in early July – which he did because Bernard had understood that there was 'someone called Gatty there [who] is likely to be interested', and Harris did not know Gatty – he did so with a view to St John's acting alone. The Rackhams' approach was not the first the College had heard about the Fisher bust, however. Apparently at Benians's request, W.G. Constable was already at work collecting information on the question. Constable was the ideal man to make enquiries. A former Assistant Director of the National Gallery and currently first Director of the Courtauld Institute, he was a member of the College and Slade professor-elect. It was in his capacity as Director of the Courtauld that he had received information about the busts from Sir Charles Allom, information which he forwarded to Benians on 4 July. Allom – a man of parts whose *Who's Who* entry described as an 'all-round athlete' and founder of White, Allom & Co. ('decorative artists and contractors, contractors to Admiralty and War Office for High Explosive Shells, architectural contractors') as well as a member of the Shorthorn Society of Great Britain and Ireland and Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts – wrote as follows:

> The busts were for a long time in an Eastern County Roman Catholic Institution and when it was vacated the principal left 'anything moveable' to a friend of mine. These three came under that category for they were standing high up in niches. I had them sent to Victoria and Albert Museum where they stripped off the stone coloured paint most ably and there is now the original colouring in wonderful preservation. The nation tried to buy them 6 or 7 years ago and cannot afford to now. They can now be bought for £6000 the three and will soon be worth £20,000. But I can get one for £2000, and I feel they should belong to a national collection.

This was the first hard information that Constable or the College had possessed. But how hard was it? Neither Constable nor anyone at St John's apparently was then aware of Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith's piece in *Old Furniture* (1928) which had identified the 'Eastern County Roman Catholic Institution' as Hatfield Priory, Hatfield Peverell (Essex). It must all have sounded rather cloak-and-dagger. Who, for example, was Allom's friend who had 'moved' the busts? What indeed was Allom's own role in the matter? 'Where Allom comes in, is not too clear', Constable confessed to Benians, 'but I think only as middleman'. For whom was he acting then? Certainly Allom's letter had been disturbingly unspecific. 'I can show you the busts if you will drive down into Kent' struck a John Buchanish note. The busts were 'still' the property of Arthur Wilson-Filmer, Constable believed, and were in Kent, at Leeds Castle, Wilson-Filmer's residence. ('Still' because that had been public knowledge since 1928 when they had been displayed at the *Daily Telegraph* summer exhibition, but also because Lady Baillie, from whom Wilson-Filmer had divorced in 1931 may have been suspected as having a claim to them; which she had. And Leeds Castle was not the acknowledged residence of either party.) Above all, were they what they claimed to be? The National Art Collections Fund had twice been offered them, Constable discovered, and twice had turned them down, 'partly on the ground of doubtful authenticity, partly because they did not consider they represented the people they were said to represent.' (So much for Allom's 'the nation tried to buy them'). The Fisher, it seemed, had at some period been believed to be a bust of Parker (? Matthew Parker). To Constable 'the whole business' did not seem 'very satisfactory': 'I do not like the doubtful ownership; I think the prices that have been asked are excessive; and I am not too sure that the busts are what they purport to be, though they may very well be work of the early 16th century', he concluded his letter of 4 July. On the 8th he wrote again: 'I must say I feel very dubious about the whole matter. Also I am still by no means convinced that the bust does represent Fisher.'

Constable's July misgivings proved decisive. They cut through any lingering Fisher euphoria there might have been. It was his July misgivings that prevailed when the Council considered the matter on 18 October. By Council minute 1473/14 it was agreed '(a) that in the present state of knowledge of the bust no

action should be taken by the Council; (b) that Professor Constable be asked to enquire further into the authenticity of the bust'. Here was that collector's item, a negative Council minute, disfigured indeed in its second part yet with that defect compensated for by its title 'Alleged Torrigiano bust of Bishop Fisher', which altogether minimised the degree of incertitude. But by then, as it happened, Constable had come round to the view that 'there is a strong case for the bust representing Fisher'. This he set out in a letter to Benians dated 18 October, a letter which the Master read out to the Council. Of course, Constable conceded, *definite* proof was not possible, but (he reported) his revised opinion was shared by Sir Eric Maclagan, Director of the V. & A. and also ('I am given to understand') by H.M. Hake, Director of the National Portrait Gallery – though when Benians met Hake in mid-November he came away from the meeting with a rather less firm impression of Hake's conviction than that ('Mr. Hake was of opinion that the question needed further examination from the historical point of view'). Constable's qualified conversion came too late, however. It might have been otherwise. Had he known a couple of days before the Council meeting, when he had been in Cambridge, that the Fisher bust was to be on the agenda he could, he said, have spoken to Benians about it – and to others too presumably – and perhaps have resolved doubts. But he had not known. (Twelve months after Benians's meeting with Hake, the *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art* announced the Museum's acquisition of the 'extraordinary painted terracotta bust of an English ecclesiastic, traditionally said to represent John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester'. The announcement was accompanied by information on the bust's provenance provided by Hake which is evidently the same as that upon which, having considered it, Benians concluded that the College should not act). The sceptics had carried the day.

The principal sceptic at St John's was F.F. Blackman (1866–1947), Fellow and Reader in Botany. Blackman's knowledge of the arts was considerable. He was also for many years a Syndic of the Fitzwilliam. It was to him that the Master had turned for advice in early July. The following month was punctuated by epistolary exchanges between the Lodge and Storeys Way. (The two men appear never actually to have *discussed* the matter or to have inspected together the photographs which Constable had procured for them.) The plant physiologist's canons of identity were severe. For him everything turned on Fisher's left eyebrow and the distinctive kink in it clearly visible in the Holbein drawing and less obviously observable in the College's portrait in the Hall. 'If Constable can ever report that the bust shows the malformation of the eyebrow ridge found in the pictures then I think we should be safe to go ahead', he suggested to Benians at the end of October. Whether or not in the absence of greater certainty regarding the dating of the various representations of the Fisher such a test would have been either sufficient or conclusive, the test was never applied because throughout the long summer months no one connected with the College – neither Constable apparently nor even 'someone called Gatty' – ever so much as looked at the bust. Left in two minds by his study of the photographs, Blackman asked Maclagan whether he might inspect the bust in London. But the bust was not in London, Maclagan informed Blackman. It was in Kent (as Benians had previously been told), at Leeds Castle, 'in itself not a very accessible place', he added, though Lady Baillie, who was in charge of the now

two busts (the Henry VII having been bought by the V. & A.) would, he was sure, make 'arrangements for anyone seriously interested to see them'. 'That [i.e. a view of the bust] does not seem possible without rather elaborate negotiations' was how on 19 July Blackman reported to Benians the gist of his correspondence with Sir Eric. (Possibly Constable had told him what he was to tell Benians three months later, that Lady Baillie was 'a very difficult woman', 'a very difficult woman indeed'.) Later in the vacation Blackman fell ill, yet even before this restriction had confined his movements, though he could contemplate travelling to London for the purpose, Blackman had excluded the possibility of venturing so far as Kent to indulge what he had described to Maclagan as his 'special interest in the physiognomy of Fisher'. (No one at St John's seems to have been aware of the literature on the subject which had been published since the busts had been exhibited in 1928. Much was made of the photographs obtained by Constable and later recovered by Benians from Blackman not without difficulty. Yet Harcourt-Smith's article and Beard's rejoinder, both lavishly illustrated, were available at the University Library).

It is not to be wondered at that Dr John Boys Smith, who was a member of the Council and present at both the July and the October meetings, can recall almost nothing about the bust, although his memories of 1935 are otherwise clear. 'It is possible', he conjectures, 'that much of the discussion took place independently of the Council'. All the signs are that the matter was aired hardly at all within the College, and that the formidable-sounding Lady Baillie may never even have known of the College's possible interest in the suppositious bishop of Rochester. Blackman's advice to the Council in mid-July was, instead, the less dynamic course that they should consider 'whether they would propose to spend one or two thousand pounds *if and when* [three times underlined] an attractive and authentic bust of Fisher should appear on the market' – though 'it will be for you [Benians]', he conceded, 'to decide whether this is so hypothetical an issue that it had better be put off for months': a course which Benians, in the draft of his reply, did not consider 'would be of *much* [deleted] use at present.' And so the entire question was allowed to lapse, first until October and then beyond and forever.

There were other difficulties of course. Above all there was the price. The possibility of St John's saving a hundred pounds or two on the deal by combining in negotiations with the V. & A. or the N.P.G. was mooted more than once. But what *was* the price? £6000 for the three as Allom had stated in June? Under £5000 as Constable *teste* Maclagan reported in July? Or £2500 for the two still available in October, as Maclagan understood it. As matters stood, Blackman's 'one to two thousand pounds' for Fisher alone, though speculative, sounded deterrent, whether or not it was meant to. Hake's view in November, as recorded by Benians, was that 'if the price were £500 he would take the risk and buy either of the busts'. But even £500 was a substantial sum, the equivalent of about £11,000 now – a quarter of what the College had spent on its Master in the financial year 1934–5, half of what it had spent on feasts, an even greater proportion of what it had spent on the Library. And in fact it went for well over four times as much. In the following year, when the pound was exchanging for just under five dollars, the Metropolitan Museum paid Seligmann Rey and Co. $10,964.36 for it.

Harris Rackham (to return to the point of departure) had been clear that Christ's should be included out of his brother's scheme for the two Colleges to club together to buy the bust. The corollary of that proposal – the idea that the two colleges would then either lend or give it to the Fitzwilliam: a necessary corollary of joint ownership presumably – was not returned to in the correspondence when St John's alone was considering the question. Whatever the price, Benians's view was that there could be no question of the College acting 'unless some private donor assisted us very substantially'. Stanley Baldwin had just taken office as prime minister. After lunch at Trinity the Council of St John's returned to contemplate the consequences of the depression. Safety First! In his Note on the 1934–5 accounts that autumn the Senior Bursar, Sir Henry Howard, explained that accumulated balances in the accounts would have to be drawn on to pay the Fellows their dividend in full. That was justified, in his view, by 'the circumstances of the year', which were 'very special'.

In those very special circumstances any one of the doubts attached to the Fisher bust must have sufficed to damage irreparably – and, to judge by Pope-Hennessy's estimation of the matter, correctly – any proposal for its purchase. Further hypothetical objections can be imagined: 'And where would we put it, Master?'. But no such effort of imagination is needed. Howard's Note provides reasons enough – the rewiring of the College; the new pavilion; Fellows' bathrooms; the works planned on First Court, on the bricks and mortar of the College Fisher had walked in. What were to be the Maufe buildings in Chapel and North Courts were under discussion in these very months; the final account for them (in 1942) would be £106,000. Doubtless Fisher would have approved the Council's sense of priorities, just as he might have reflected ruefully in the year of his canonisation on Howard's 'pious hope' that 'on the completion of the present programme [of building and restoration] we may be allowed a few years breathing space'. And if not, we should.

Peter Linehan

This note is based on the 29 letters and memoranda in the file labelled 'Fisher bust and portrait correspondence' (SJC Library); *The Eagle*, xlix (1935) 73–5; E.A. Benians, *John Fisher. A Lecture delivered in the Hall of St John's College on the occasion of the Quatercentenary Celebration by Queens', Christ's, St John's and Trinity Colleges* (Cambridge 1935); the College Accounts for 1934–5 and the Senior Bursar's Note thereto; A.C. Crook, *Penrose to Cripps* (Cambridge 1978); *Who's Who* 1935; C. Harcourt-Smith, 'Three busts by Torrigiano (?) in the possession of Mr Arthur Wilson-Filmer', *Old Furniture*, (1928) 187–99; C. Beard, 'Torrigiano or da Maiano?', *The Connoisseur*, lxxxiv (1929) 77–86; Preston Rimington, 'A portrait of an English ecclesiastic of the sixteenth century', *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*, xxxi (1936) 223–9; F. Grossmann, 'Holbein, Torrigiano and some portraits of Dean Colet', *Jnl. of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, xiii (1950) 208–09, 221–4; J. Pope-Hennessy, *Catalogue of Italian Sculptures in the Victoria and Albert Museum*, II (London 1964), no. 417 [regarding the provenance of the three busts and describing the Fisher identification as 'uncertain' while allowing the 'strong probability that this bust was executed in association with the others']; A.P. Darr, 'The Sculptures of Torrigiano. The Westminster Abbey Tombs', *The Connoisseur*, cc (1979) 177–84. For further information I am obliged to Dr John Boys Smith; to Professor Giles Constable; to Mr James David Draper (Curator of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York), to whose kindness the photograph of the subject of this note is due; and to Mr M.G. Underwood (College Archivist).

Habitat

A Series of photographs by undergraduates exploring the sometimes strange and often surreal quality of people's surroundings.

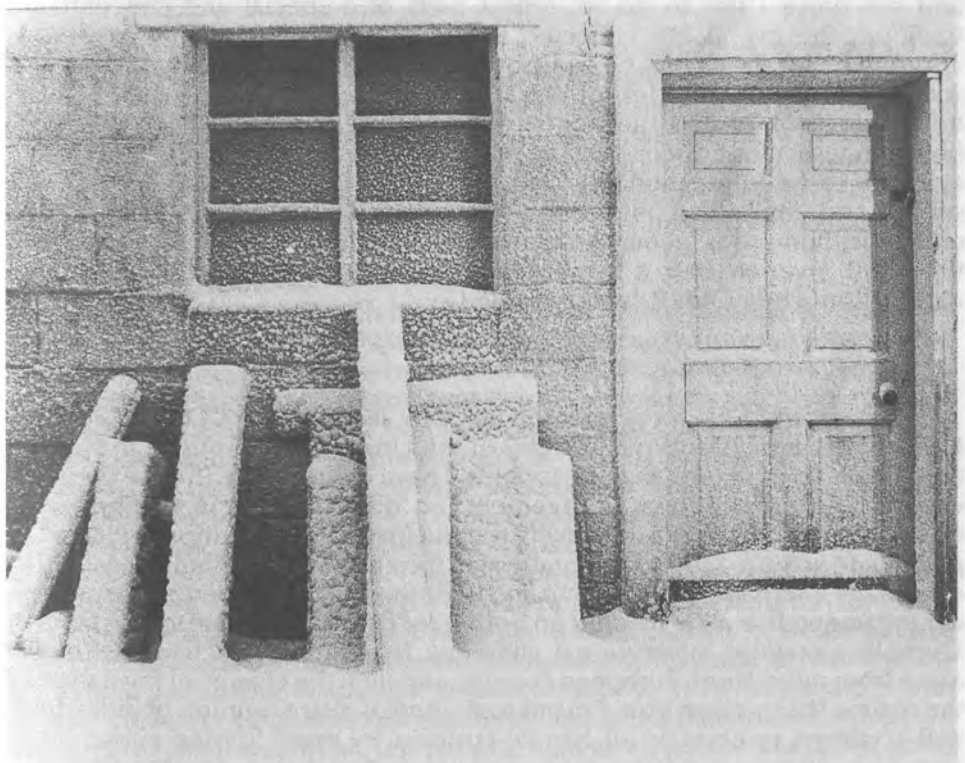
'Study of a Room'
Bedigliora Tessri, 1984 — Liz Miller

'Space Car'
Istanbul slums, 1985 — Franny Moyle

'Side Beach' Turkey, 1985 — Jeremy Podger

'The Smiling House' Istanbul slums, 1985 — Franny Moyle

'Flower Pots'
Istanbul slums, 1985 — Franny Moyle



Winter 1985 — Franny Moyle

In the steps of Gösta Berling

I wrote the draft on which this piece is based in June 1985 as a report to the Tutors of the College on an exchange visit I made to the University of Uppsala in Sweden, which the College had generously arranged and financed. The Tutors flatteringly asked me if I wanted to turn the report into an article for *The Eagle*.

While I was revising the draft on 28 February 1986 Olof Palme, the late Swedish Premier, was assassinated in a Stockholm street, walking home from a cinema (where he had had to queue for a ticket), without any official guard (as was his policy throughout his period of high office). This incomprehensible act of destruction saddened me profoundly. Olof Palme was a fearless Socialist, democrat, Social-Democrat, fighter for peace, opponent of modern imperialism, and a paragon of idealism combined with political astuteness based on an unshakeable belief in the power of reason. In my travel story which appears below the impression might be gained that Sweden is a hedonistic heaven (or hell). I feel it of paramount importance to stress that the occasions I describe, and the prose I use to do so, reflect parts of a special and concentrated tradition; the events are collected in the hope of entertaining as well as informing; they should not be construed as any more representative of Swedish society and youth attitudes, or the accuracy of self-consciously stereotypical behaviour, than would an account of May Week be of English. In the interstices between festivities I discovered the many Swedish friends I made, and remain close to, to be internationalists and polyglots – fun-loving indeed, but also serious and intellectual; informed, open-minded, eloquent, self-critical, and energetic; humorous, generous, concerned, committed. In all these qualities they and Sweden lost a symbol and living exposition of their unique nationalism when Olof Palme was killed.

* * * * *

Every May and June for at least the last forty years St John's College and two Nations (the equivalents of Colleges) in the University of Uppsala in Sweden have engaged in an exchange of students. I have been unable to trace the exact origins of this exceptional arrangement (no other College in Cambridge or Oxford, nor any other British University participates), but its purpose is clear: to participate in the extended celebrations of the end of the academic year, and to encourage international friendship and understanding. The former is expressed in fundamentally similar manner on both sides of the North Sea; for the latter in Uppsala a massive international gathering is mounted (exchange students arrive from every North European country, and until the change in the nature of the regime there, came from Poland too); there is also a reunion of individuals and common celebration of Nordic customs by many 'paying guests' from Denmark, Norway, and especially Finland, which has a sizeable Swedish-

Snärke buildings and the cathedral, Uppsala

speaking minority population. It was my fortune to follow many distinguished Johnians to Uppsala, which is about 40 km. north of Stockholm, though very insulated from the perennial cosmopolitanism of the capital. Most Johnian visitors have travelled to Uppsala by sea; a concatenation of misfortunes ensured that I flew and was bussed, as Swedish air-traffic controllers struck (thus propelling 'strike' into the conversations and journalism of my stay, Swedish, significantly, having no indigenous word for what we have decided to euphamize as 'industrial action'.) But my sleepy experiences of Copenhagen and Oslo airport riots have no rightful place in this account of a visit, the organisation of which and enjoyment derived by all from which, approached perfection.

Uppsala is the town in which Ingmar Bergman filmed Fanny and Alexander, and its centre, where all the Nations of the University cluster in bewildering number and nomenclature, is dominated by buildings and scenes familiar to anyone who has seen that magnificent (and in view of my stay, appropriately indulgent) movie: the massive twin-spired cathedral (the longest in Northern Europe by its own reckoning); the Bishop's forbidding palace ('Oh, Alexander, Alexander ...'); the narrow stream with its ferocious weir (which also brought alive for me the intense suicidal potential of man and nature in Ibsen and so much other Scandinavian literature). But Uppsala is, of course, much more than its university and historic centre. Like Cambridge it has a population of around 100,000 souls; and like Cambridge this other part of the locale is omitted from the itineraries of those who make brief visits. The Johnian visitor would have to explore this part of Uppsala her or himself, and the intensive schedule of my stay did not permit this, as was also the case in Stockholm. My only contact with the non-university youth was as I wandered lost and a little loaded one night after a party. Their mildly pitying attitude suggested to me that town-gown rivalry was probably absent in Uppsala, especially as they were very helpful in

providing directions which I immediately forgot. But then, unlike Cambridge, Uppsala, and the University and its Nations provide them with social facilities totally lacking here, and shares its resources generously with the town and its people.

Much of one's time in Uppsala is spent (in the evenings and at night at any rate) in a frantic search conducted among the Nations' buildings, for excitement, alcohol, and dancing. By and large these were successfully located - though not necessarily all together at the same Nation (the high price of state-monopoly alcohol made the obvious source of that commodity rather unattractive; at £50 a bottle, the litre of 50% vol. alcohol Smirnoff I'd purchased duty-free on my way out was a cause of some attention). The prolonged and sybaritic peregrinations between the Nations often led to extremely late hours for retiring, and this, combined with the ruthlessly early (7.00 a.m. and earlier) starts of the 'substantive' days, made the first hours of official activities the hardest to bear for all concerned. But before embarking on a tour of southern Sweden, it would perhaps be best to explain the system into which the foreign guests were first inducted.

All students of the ancient universities of Sweden, like Lund and Uppsala, (and some too in Finland), are organised for purposes of residence and social amenities into collectivities called Nations, which, like the Cambridge colleges to which they are analogous but nevertheless significantly different, are of varying sizes. While the University provides *all* teaching (rather than just lectures, faculties and examinations), the Nations own and administer large amounts of accommodation of various kinds and provide a distinctive social environment (for example, some Nations are well known for being livelier on one particular night of the week). The Nations all possess large central administrative and social buildings, many of which are architecturally magnificent and of great age (facts treated somewhat cavalierly by the students, though anyone as observantly censorious as myself will see no difference from St John's in that respect). However, what most signally distinguishes the Nation from the College is that the former is entirely student-run, legally, administratively, financially and electorally. Although membership of any particular Nation may be selected by entering students, most opt for the Nation associated by name with the area of Sweden from which the student originates. This is another principal difference from Cambridge or Oxford, where, in the latter case Worcester College would be populated predominantly by original residents of that county. The names of the Nations (at least before they have been abbreviated) correspond with the *lands* of Sweden, and sustained local patriotism is extraordinarily pronounced (something which the Johnian visitor has to come to terms with quickly, as her or his first days are spent with a group of Swedish students from various Nations, each eager to prove the superiority of her or his homeland). This aspect of national tradition, conflated with the natural rivalries between divisions within a university and the loosening of reserve after well-fortified evenings can cause bizarre results: the week before the Spring Ball is devoted by some to stealing (for triumphant exhibition and restitution to the owners on the night of the Ball) of prized objects from Nations' buildings. But such playfulness hardly compares with the orgies of vandalism which accompany victory and defeat (or bumps or whatever they are called) on

the river here in Cambridge. All students and visitors have green cards which admit them to the full facilities of other nations, making social contact between the nations easier than in Cambridge Colleges. In all the nations I was treated with great courtesy and friendliness, and great interest was shown by all in England and Cambridge, this latter in part a product of a surprisingly intense anglophilia, and in part because I was the only Englishman in the festival when a hundred or so foreign visitors arrived. This was no handicap, as all of the Scandinavian students spoke almost faultless English, and the whole week was conducted in English; the only drawback was that I became a walking dictionary for those intent on expanding their vocabularies or discussing arcane subjects full of neologistic terminology.

St John's visitors stay with Södermanland-Nerikes Nation (abbreviated to 'Snärke') on two exchange years, and with Värmlands Nation on a third. Södermanland is the area to the west of Stockholm, and Värmland somewhat further north and west of Uppsala. In the year of my visit it was the turn of Snärke to accommodate me. I stayed in a room vacated by one of Snärke's students. The room was in an apartment shared with six other students studying a variety of subjects. My room was immaculate, with fine views of the Cathedral and Nation buildings (though a collection of dead foxes was a trifle disconcerting); levels of communal responsibility in the apartment, however, were very low: but this hardly mattered as I was hardly ever in. The sun rose brightly into my room, thus allowing me to rise in time to observe early Mass in the Cathedral. The Swedish Church (the only Nordic reformed Church in communion with the Church of England) benefited from a purely political reformation: translation of church property and self-government to the state did not affect church decoration or liturgy, which many could easily confuse with pre-Vatican II Roman Catholicism (though the comparison does not extend to social policy, which is predictably liberal). Mass seemed perfect, as full vestments were worn, and the traditional Mass was solemnly celebrated in a foreign language (to me) other than Latin.

The morning after my arrival a group of fourteen set off in two minibuses to visit the provinces of Södermanland, Värmland, and Västergötland (Västgöta). Six Swedish students (two each from the nations of the three *lands* to be visited, and responsible for the arrangements there) accompanied four Finns, two Germans, one Englishman, and a scholarship exchange student from Värmland Nation in the University of Lund. The tour included some quite long periods of driving, during which acquaintances were made and strengthened, or Walkmen plugged in. The minibuses were well stocked with crates of beer (although Swedish 1.2% 'beer' was always last to be consumed) and soft drinks. Throughout the visit free alcohol was constantly available (apart from formal toasts at dinner, when the high price of hard liquor led to small charges for schnapps), and all meals were provided during both the tour and the days back at Uppsala and in Stockholm (including a meal in one of Sweden's nationalised hamburger chains!).

Overall responsibility for the whole ten days was in the hands of the international organiser, Fanny Wallér, whose humour and efficiency were in large part responsible for the delightful time had by all. Along the route we

stopped for visits to castles of pristine beauty, and the homes of famous Swedish authors and artists (all remarkably free of tourist trappings, and conducted by multilingual guides who charmingly combined enthusiasm for their 'provinces', multi-lingual informativeness, and an inability to bore), and for sumptuous luncheons. Perhaps there was a surfeit of castles, for when back in Uppsala trips to yet more conducted by the University for groups of fifty and more people experienced a good degree of absenteeism. In the evenings we were the guests of the local council of the town in which we stayed, which provided us with hotel accommodation, and fine formal dinners in the council chambers at night. It was here that one of the traditions of the tour emerged: all foreign guests and representatives of the *land* were expected to make speeches punctuating the meal.

Our first stop was in the rather grim town of Örebro in Södermanland. Explanations of what appeared to me to be highly rational and high-spending council administration were followed by a feast and dessert, during which the elderly Mayor loosened up in German (the traditional second language of pre-World War II Swedes) with fascinating anecdotes.

In Värmland we visited the home of Selma Lagerlöf, the first woman, in 1911, to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. I had never heard of Selma Lagerlöf, and was a little sceptical of claims for her international fame. This led me to read her most famous novel, *The Tale of Gösta Berling*, which convinced me that the claims were more than justified (and that her work is so little known outside Sweden a literary scandal), and also provided me with a unique insight into the Swedish spirit. Set in the 1820s and amid the landscape of Värmland (the proper names of locations easily identified by scholars, whose map in the front of the book provided the true nomenclatures in parentheses beneath the fictional names), Gösta Berling, a defrocked priest, pursues redemption through relationships with a number of suffering women, against the backdrop of suicide and suicidal attempts, brutally hostile environment, supernaturalism, unending grief, pain, and suffering by characters from all classes, and the ever present influence of the great estate of Ekeby. It was moving to hear the phonograph of Selma Lagerlöf's radio message of thanks broadcast by the Swedish Radio Corporation after her award in 1911 (the first and only time such a privilege has been extended to an individual), and to learn that in 1940 she had sent her Nobel gold medal to be melted down for the fight against Nazism. She died that year.

It was Värmland which provided the high-point of the tour. Spring had come late in 1985 after one of Sweden's harshest winters. Icebergs floated on the lakes, and the trees had yet to blossom. But ten days of brilliant sunshine and balmy winds made the forested countryside into the shimmering freshness we associate with Scandinavia. After we left Selma Lagerlöf's estate, we drove along rough tracks in what is considered one of the most beautiful areas in the whole of Sweden to the grand estate of the Count of Rottneros. Rottneros is Ekeby ('y' in Swedish is the equivalent of 'u-umlaut' in German). In the late twentieth century it was hard to imagine the Mistress of Ekeby and the tragedies of her twelve sybaritic artist drop-outs happening on the quintessentially immaculate aristocratic country estate (supported now by a highly profitable lumber

industry on the edge of the estate, owned by the Count's family). We were accommodated in two fine shingled houses in the grounds of the estates, full of the collections of aristocratic good taste which would make Mrs Marcos eat out her heart. The balconies of our rooms gave uninterrupted views of the lakes and forests around the estate pierced gold each morning from around 4.00 a.m. by the rising sun. Before breakfast many left their beds to half-slumber on the wooden slats of the balconies and breathe the chill air suffusing this idyll. Could one of these houses have been the 'guest wing' of *Gösta Berlings Saga* where bacchanal and fiddle music ended in a pact with the devil, leading to the destruction of life and the estate itself? Our own indulgences that night lasted till the dawn broke, but the nearest we came to making a pact with the devil was to practise the customary evasion of liquor tax: surgical spirit (every Swede makes the effort to form a relationship with a member of the hospital services) mixed with essences of juniper, molasses or 'scotch' sold openly in the supermarkets. The Count had thoughtfully provided mixers for this rather rough combination. And the conversation, ever witty, was still in the realms of comparisons of Roman and Common Law systems, ambition versus idealism, morals and society, and the emerging familiarity with the personalities of this increasingly cohesive group.

Earlier that evening the Count had given us a dinner in a glittering ballroom: one wall, entirely a window, looked across a small lake surrounded by silver birches; the other walls were all mirrors, reflecting and refracting the light streaming in across the lake and the glitter of the chandeliers above. I sat opposite the Count, whose urbane cosmopolitanism, and self-deprecatory encyclopaedial knowledge of world literature, and careful exposition of the customs of Värmland and the history of his estate put everyone at her or his ease. Once again, I thought of Ekeby, when bears ravaged animals and humans, and a bullet cast from a church bell at midnight was all that could fell one such beast; and when wolves snapped at Gösta Berling's coat-tails as he drove the horses harder and harder to pull him to Rottneros. After the dinner the Count conducted us around his famous sculpture-garden, a formal collection of classic pieces, and gems of avant-garde work distributed across a wide area of some wilder territory. Most moving was the memorial to the many members of the Count's family who had immediately volunteered in 1939 with the British forces, and died in the disastrous Norwegian expedition. It was a long list of names engraved into sombre greened bronze, a typically understated expression of Sweden's intense national patriotism, which, because it is a celebration of fondness for the Swedish, rather than a jingoistic assertion of superiority over other nations and peoples, never offends.

Our reluctant departure came after breakfast with the Count in the long dining-room of one of our guest houses. His old female Swedish servant (the only monolingual person whom I met during my entire visit) ministered cheerfully as hearty portions of fish and cheese were consumed with continually replenished coffee, and the Count looked on, a slight sparkle in his eyes.

After picnicking by lake Vänern we were guided round the perfectly preserved medieval town of Mariestad, and then went on to see the robotised

Electrolux factory, in which workers set production targets, and share on a rotating basis the few repetitive jobs, as well as moving among the factory's other production processes. Needless to say the factory is very profitable.

On our return to Uppsala entertainments continued with barbecues, a visit to the vet school (from which I absented myself), and traditional student plays called SPEX. No one could explain the exact meaning or derivation of this term, but their performance is a long student tradition. They take the form of stylised, declamatory comedies (with plenty of contemporary satirical references, most of which I was fortunate enough to have explained to me *sotto voce*) interspersed with songs, often reworkings of pop numbers. The play, so it was explained to me, must start and end with a factual historical event, but the causal links between the two which make up the play are fictionalised. Evenings were filled with dinners of varying degrees of formality. The most formal was on the penultimate night, when Snärke students and the visitors who had made the tour (whose links had been broken when we were subsumed into University-wide activities) joined those members of the University teaching and administrative staff who were not on strike. All such dinners were punctuated by the familiar speeches (mine, which I modelled on the style of Norman St John Stevas, received particular praise, by which I was much flattered), exchanges of symbolic national gifts, and Swedish student songs. The participation in these latter is imperative, and though at first one is prone to think one is in the Third Reich, the intense good humour of the proceedings quickly dispels such impressions. With such 'interruptions' dinners can last five or even seven hours, though there is plenty to do less formally afterwards, as I mentioned at the start of my account. The evenings finish always with a rendering of 'O gamla klang', a happy but poignant leave-taking by students, which is sung standing on one's chair, and the room must be quit by walking across the chairs: to dismount would be a greater insult than not to have sung at all (itself deemed a discourtesy).

On my last day, and that of the Spring Ball I was able to use the morning and early afternoon to return to Stockholm (around which we had been given the only truly 'touristic' inspection of my time there: the only interesting things about the uninhabited Royal Palace, larger than Buckingham Palace, and a real mausoleum, were the uniforms of its guards to see something more of the city, charming and surprisingly Southern-European in appearance as the tourist areas of the Old Town are. By a remarkable stroke of luck, given the nature of my visit, I was also able to visit Gunnar Myrdal, whose book An American Dilemma (1944), a study of race relations in the US in the 1930s is a work at the centre of my research. The Nobel-Prize winning economist, and husband of the Peace Nobel Prize laureate Alva Myrdal (the first to propose a nuclear free zone in Europe, and who died recently), was living in Djorsholm, a spacious Stockholm suburb, reached by a long subway ride and taxi journey. I was accompanied by Torbjorn Wingardh, a young economist from Lund and a member of our tour group, who assisted me with an interview. Myrdal's English remained impeccable, but afflicted at 86 with the most advanced stages of Parkinson's disease, and almost blind, he needed many acts of assistance as we recorded an hour-long interview. It was distressing and moving to see one of the greatest minds of twentieth century Europe (and who, as a minister in the Swedish

Government during the Great Depression – one of the numerous political posts he held in addition to being a prolific and inventive academic – had successfully implemented Keynesian policies six years before the publication of Keynes's General Theory; then as a minister after the War, been effective creator of the Swedish welfare state) so debilitated in body, yet so lively in mind. Separated by her illness from his wife, depressed by his failed health, and unreconciled to the prospect of death, it was like watching a candle flickering out as a new one began to burn alongside him in the form of the young Swede whom he always addressed as 'brother'.

The Balls that day began with me in a subdued mood after my visit to Myrdal. But my spirits started to revive with the cocktails which are served at the nations from 4.00 p.m. onwards. There was then a dinner, similar to but less formal than (and with yet more singing) the one the previous night, which lasted from seven until midnight, when the Ball proper began. The Balls are held in the buildings of the nations, which are far too small to accommodate the number of people to whom tickets have been sold (the dinner tickets having been very few). I felt it a great disappointment. Having been told to bring the obligatory white tie, I found that this was actually only used as the basis for bizarre fancy-dress additions by many. One does not have a formal partner, and as more men attend than women, there is a tendency for sexual meat-racks to form. Everything seemed to be descending into a squalid squash. Even on acquiring a dancing partner this is in no way a guarantee of the next dance, or even the whole of a single one. Social contacts are taken up and broken off in a manner which to this Englishman seemed very impolite (though I was assured it was not so, just Swedish informality), while the delicacies of English politeness which I attempted to employ were often interpreted as hypocrisy (which I in turn attempted to assure people was not the case). It was with great sadness that I left Sweden, my gloom having returned during the Ball, but far more because I was leaving a society which in a very short period I had broadly come to feel at home in, and great affection for – even a strange transference from. Was it Gösta Berling who sleepily called a taxi to start his journey to the airport? But perhaps most of all it was sadness at leaving so many good friends, departing in every direction for every destination, close links with some I have fortunately retained, but most of whom were now to me as were the people of Ekeby to the hero of that place.

* * * * *

Håkan Olovsson visited me for the ten days leading up to the St John's College May Ball. We made two trips to London (which hardly surprisingly, after Sweden, he found very dirty), including observing a debate in the House of Lords and one to my home in Warwickshire to sample Shakespeare country, as well as to engage on a pub-crawl which took in both the trendy haunts of the yuppies of Leamington Spa, as well as the working class ones of the very large South Asian population of my home town. Otherwise our time was spent in Cambridge, where the weather, after one of our hottest ever first weeks of June, provided continual cloud and drizzle, and torrential rain on the night of the Ball. Håkan found us English (it was his first visit to this country) a bit stiff I think (though I tried to assure him that the collected episcopate of the Anglican, and

Cardinal Hume of the Roman Churches solemnly 'celebrating' S. John Fisher was not a wholly typical College event; things began to ease afterwards in the marquee, and Håkan was constantly appreciative of our food and wine, the latter especially). A visit to the first night of the Footlights Revue *Topical Heatwave* was a great success, and as the actors and actresses of the performance were persuaded to join us at our table in the Pentagon afterwards Håkan began to behave as if in Hollywood rather than the Arts Theatre. This stood in stark contrast to an outdoor performance of *The Tempest* at Queens', where our lack of umbrellas and ear-trumpets was a distinct disadvantage. Happier were *commedia dell'arte* at Emma, and a punt outing on one of the few fine days. After many fearful refusals to try, Håkan turned out to be a fine punter. Flatteringly, Håkan said that the conversation at garden parties was spectacularly accomplished, though I felt at the time it was better described as 'bitchy'. The Ball was, though, a triumphant success despite occasional soakings. Håkan appreciated having a partner, though it was mine to whom he paid most attention. He could not believe the unending supply of wines (especially when delivered by a fountain – at the Swedish Balls you have to buy all your own drink all night long) or the diversity of activities. Even the English Gösta Berling had a great time! Håkan departed the day after the Ball. I don't know if May Week's cynical hedonism brought out the Gösta Berling in him, but whether such a subconscious link was established or not, I pay tribute to St John's College for its unique exchange of students to which I owe a great deal, and which offers in the future to my successors, budding Berlings or not, such remarkable potential.

Charles Bourne

Along the Paraguay

We left Asuncion just after dawn, taking our last look at a city of paradoxes as we walked from the Hotel Nanduti (so called after the quite literally web-like lace traditionally made by the local indians) to the harbour. Asuncion provides the traveller with a near perfect example of the fabled extremes of rich and poor to be found in South America. Coming from Brazil, where the division is much less pronounced, it was a shock to find a quite different pattern of life only a few hours away. The inconsistency in outlook between Brazil and Paraguay was apparent even at the border. The Brazilian frontier post was a ramshackle outfit, sleepy officials flicked through our passports with all too evident boredom. On the Paraguayan side young men brooded over machine guns, posters of President Stroessner (ruler of Paraguay for the past thirty years) emblazoned the walls. The officials cracked well timed jokes and sent us on our way with cheerful contempt.

Asuncion bristles with energy during the day. The aggressively rich speed along the streets in their Cadillacs, Mercedes or Chevrolets, stopping perhaps to shop at one of the designer boutiques (Christian Dior, Valentino ...) or to sip a cocktail within the black glass precincts of the Da Vinci bar. The poorer sections of society, mainly indians, sell their wares on the streets, coming in from the suburbs and outlying villages to sell nanduti, silver trinkets and bow and arrows. A train ride through the suburbs of Asuncion, out to one of the indian villages, provides ample evidence of the resigned poverty of the majority of Paraguayans.

The train itself, a throwback to the early days of railway, was another reminder of social differences: if you want to travel fast you need a car; little provision is made for those without.

At night Asuncion is almost unrecognisable from the frenzy of the day. The streets are largely deserted: only the Playboy Club and one or two restaurants or bars show any sign of life. An armoured car is stationed at every other street corner; three or four soldiers stand about smoking in the almost complete silence.

It was with some relief that we found ourselves on our way to the harbour, leaving the contrary ways of the capital for the powerful serenity of the Rio Paraguay. The President Stroessner, a riverboat with slight overtones of 'Death on the Nile', was to take us down the river to Concepcion, a journey of approximately twenty-four hours. The quay was crowded with people waiting to see off a friend or relative. Uniformed officials supervised the cargo loading, while workers seeing to an incoming cargo of reeds laughed and waved at embarking tourists, gaily striking poses for photographs.

On board the deck passengers were slinging their hammocks from every available railing or post. Vegetables and piles of fruit littered the centre of the deck, protected from the gathering heat of the sun by a metal awning. The more affluent passengers, mostly tourists, took cabins on the lower deck fitted with darkly polished wooden bunks and large, incongruous mirrors. The towels were new, too new for my liking as mine turned my face green and then bled green dye over a large section of my sheet after I had unsuspectingly used it.

Once on our way the only place to be was up on the top deck leaning over the railing, staring at the silent water, chameleon-like in colour. It changed from a sparkling blue, reflecting the pale sky of early morning, to a deeper blue almost purple, while in its shallows it appeared brown. The intensity of the sky was only relieved by the occasional cloud suspended larger than life. In the heat of the day the coolest place to be was under the awning, reading or writing up a logbook. The indians slept or suckled. The unexpectedly icy breeze from the movement of the boat brought a chill to the day.

As evening drew in the fantastic clouds were haloed pink and gold and the trees and thick shrubs on the banks gradually became black silhouettes against the skyline. The sun slowly sucked the blood from the day and sank on one side of the boat while the moon rose on the other.

Dinner took hours to appear. The cabin passengers were first summoned to the table and then the chef began to cook. By the time it arrived all desire for food had vanished. It was more exciting to be on the top deck watching as, at certain points along the river, passengers disembarked or came aboard, ferried to and fro from the bank by fishing boats, while the light of the incandescent moon radiated over the water. Or again to stand at the prow looking up at the innumerable stars of the Southern Hemisphere flecking the deep sky. It was hard to sleep on such a night and one or two of us spent most of it prowling the decks, waiting for dawn and the reversal of the roles the sun and moon had

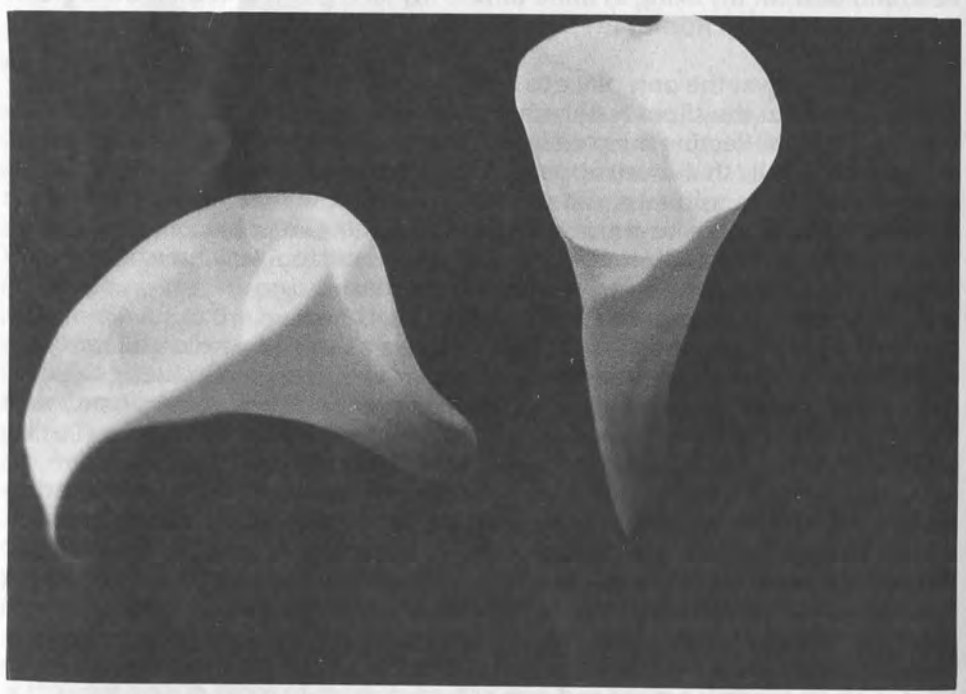
played the evening before.

We arrived at Concepcion at about 8.00 a.m., pulling in with the fishing boats. Mules stood by the quay; some drew old carriages. Concepcion was dusty and delapidated and we moved quickly to wind our way back into Brazil.

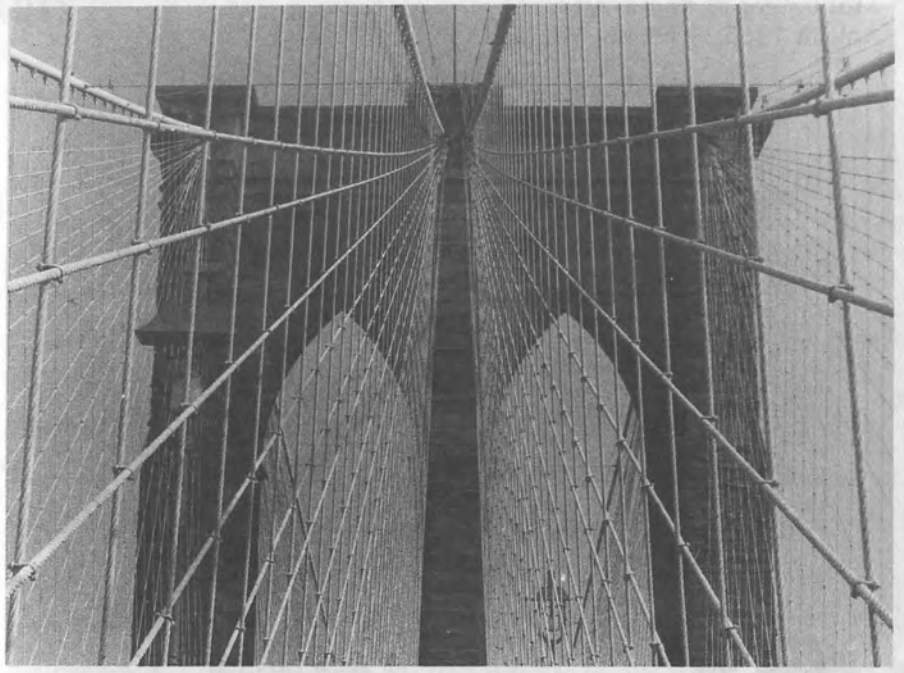
Sophie Waterhouse

Abstractions

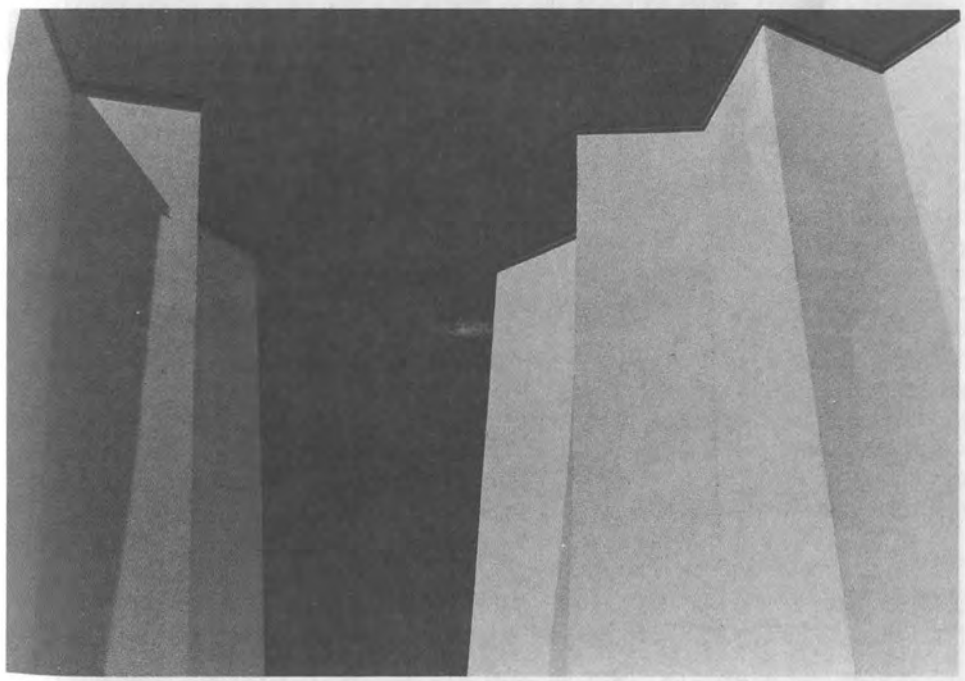
Architectural and natural worlds are metamorphosed in these photographs by Toby Walsh and Franny Moyle.



1. Lillies — Toby Walsh



2. Brooklyn Bridge — Toby Walsh



3. Montreal — Toby Walsh

4. Monument to Kemal Attaturk.
Ankara 1985 — Franny Moyle

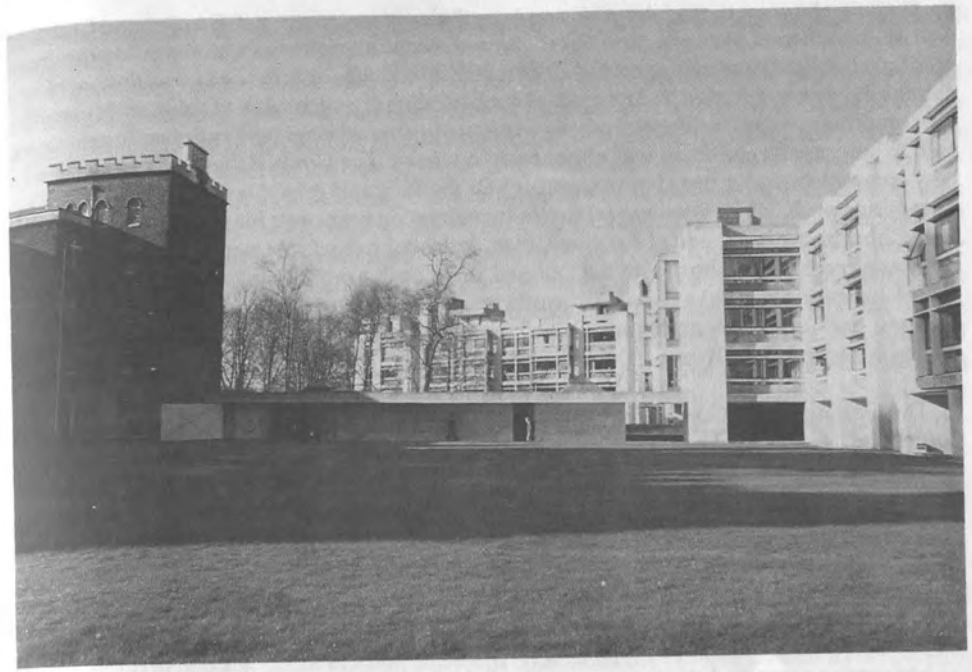
THE FISHER BUILDING

THE INCEPTION OF THE BUILDING

Now that the new building is so solid a presence between New Court and Cripps, it is becoming difficult to remember what its predecessor looked like. It was a narrow one storey block, essentially L shaped, lit by pyramids of glass and containing two rooms, one of which gave onto a patio. One room - the Boys Smith Room - was a medium-sized meeting room the other an L-shaped JCR, with a small servery at one side. Since the building had been first constructed, heavy use as a bar and as a site for games machines had rendered the JCR very squalid, partly because it had never been designed for use as a bar and partly because of episodes of vandalism. Persistent leaks through the roofs of both rooms had turned them into a maintenance nightmare.

It was, however, before either of these problems had become compelling that the then Junior Bursar initiated discussion of a project for extending the College's public room capacity. In May 1979 he circulated a *Note on College Facilities* to the Council, pointing out that the College's provision of living accommodation was satisfactory, as it then was, but that there were keenly felt gaps in non-residential provision: in particular for music, painting, indoor games and a large room for concerts, meetings and lectures. The Council asked the Junior Bursar to carry the discussion forward to the Governing Body at a meeting in March 1980. By that time, discussions surrounding the decision to admit women were far advanced, and the Tutors and the Junior Bursar were giving much thought to arranging for the necessary physical alterations and additions to various College facilities. One consequence of this was the recently completed installation of new bathrooms and showers in New Court. Another consequence was to give added emphasis to the need for improved JCR provision generally. The poor state of the Cripps JCR/Bar, together with its unhappy association with drunken violence, and the effective restriction of the JCR in First Court to use only as a TV room, led the Council to establish a committee under Professor Milsom's chairmanship, to consider future JCR provision on both sides of the river. The committee was to consider such rearrangement and reconstruction as might be desirable on the site of the Cripps JCR and in the area of the old JCR, bearing in mind the existing amenities and facilities throughout the College and the needs that would be created by the move to co-residence. The committee had been established in February 1981, and reported to the Council first in May 1981 and then again in November. All the threads which eventually wove themselves together into the brief for the Fisher Building are to be found in this report. It dealt first with the future of the JCRs in general, and recommended very strongly that the First Court JCR should be moved into Second Court, so as to concentrate the Buttery, the Buttery Bar and the JCR into one area sharing a common foyer. When it came to consider provision in Cripps, the Milsom committee recommended that the JCR and the Boys Smith Room should be converted as part of a two storey structure so as to provide two small meeting rooms, one large room, one small JCR, new lavatories and enough new sets to equal those lost to a Second Court JCR. To provide for extra music rooms and a drawing office, the committee recommended that the ground floor of I staircase New Court should be converted, since it was already the site of an extended College archive. This proposal provoked a rapid and unfavourable response from those Fellows who had sets higher on I staircase.

The Council referred the committee's report to the Governing Body for discussion at its meeting on 3 December 1981. Considerable misgivings emerged at the Governing Body,



THE OLD "CRIPPS JCR" BUILDING

particularly about matters of detail arising from the proposal to site a JCR in Second Court, as well as about broad principle, and about the architectural problems which would arise from putting a two-storey structure on the Cripps JCR site. It was equally clear that the problems that the Milsom committee had addressed were important and in need of solution. Moreover, the committee was not willing to carry its work any further without new and clear instructions, and, in any case its chairman was about to go on leave. The Council therefore established a new committee under the chairmanship of Dr Garling and give it a substantial brief. The Committee on JCR Facilities was (a) to produce detailed proposals for moving the JCR from First Court to the west side of Second Court, to be submitted in a paper to the Governing Body as a recommendation from the Council; (b) to draft a more detailed brief for the Cripps complex, bearing in mind a paper by the officers of the GAC on the need for additional sports facilities; and (c) to consult Messrs Powell and Moya about the aesthetic complications of adding a second floor to the existing Cripps complex.

The Garling Committee held six meetings during the spring of 1982, and reported to the Council on 15 and 29 April. The second report reaffirmed in the strongest terms the main conclusions reached by the Milsom Committee, and was able to record that Powell and Moya favoured a complete redevelopment on two storeys of the Cripps JCR area. The detailed recommendations on this topic played such a crucial role in the eventual character of the Fisher Building that it seems right to reproduce them here: 'If such a reconstruction is carried out, it appears that a properly sound-proofed building, in keeping with the Cripps building, could contain the following rooms (with approximate dimensions): (i) a large meeting room (46′ x 54′), with entrance lobby (15′ x 6′), (ii) a separate bar (26′ x 30′), (iii) a JCR (33′ x 23′) (iv) bar service areas and stock rooms, and, on the first floor, (v) a replacement for the Boys Smith Room (35′ x 21′), (vi) four music practice rooms (three sized 11′ x 8′ and one 13′ x 11′), (vii) a drawing office (16′ x 13′) and art room (19′ x 19′), (viii) projection room (16′ x 17′).'

During April 1982, there was a parallel discussion in progress about College sporting facilities. The need for some training capacity in College had formed a part of the Junior Bursar's 1979 *Note* and the decision to admit women had added further point to this and other sporting needs. On 26 April 1982, the GAC proposed to the Council that a Sports Complex should be constructed over the Cripps Car Park and that its main hall should serve a dual function as a large Reception Hall or Lecture Theatre. The simultaneous arrival of these two proposals provoked a discussion about whether solutions to all or some of the needs outlined could be conflated in one building. If so, where should such a building be sited, since the Cripps JCR site was barely big enough to absorb a new building adequate to meet the *desiderata* stated in the Milsom and Garling reports? The most obvious site was indeed the Cripps car park; but there were awkward problems there, too. The most serious of them was the loss of amenity which so large and tall a building would cause to Magdalene. The rear of Merton House and the bank opposite Merton Hall were also reviewed; but both would have meant separating the proposed functions, thus duplicating a number of facilities, and led to a continued need to redevelop the Cripps site in some form. These considerations were outlined in a report sent by the Council to the Governing Body for its meeting on 20 May, 1982. That report also noted another factor bearing on the provision of sporting facilities. There was about to be a proposal, and probably a subsequent appeal on its behalf, for a major University Sports complex, which might do more to meet the College's sporting needs than any project the College could contemplate on its own. The Council's report concluded by proposing to the Governing Body that the recommendations of the Garling committee should be approved both in respect of forming a Second Court JCR and of constructing a

new building on the Cripps JCR site, for which the Council would generate detailed proposals.

The meeting of the Governing Body on 20 May 1982 accepted the proposals of the Council. The Council then decided that detailed proposals for a new building could not be assembled without first appointing an architect and so, on 27 May, a Committee was set up to recommend an architect for the new scheme, under the chairmanship of Dr Boys Smith. The committee reported in mid-January, 1983 in unequivocal terms that Mr P.S. Boston, who was already known to the College for his work at the College School, should be appointed architect. The committee rejected the idea of asking Messrs Powell and Moya to extend their previous work, but secured their generously and instantly given cooperation with any newly appointed architect. The committee had also discussed the advisability of holding a competition; but by the end of their discussions, they had received a previously requested feasibility study from Mr Boston which had indicated that the College's requirements could be fitted onto the site, and had been expressed in the form of very preliminary drawings. Its effect on the committee may be judged from the final paragraph of their report to the Council: 'The Governing Body has already decided that a new building shall be erected linking New Court and the Cripps Building, rather than separately elsewhere in the College grounds. If the decision had been to erect an independent building on a new site, there would have been a strong case for holding a competition. But the committee think that such a course is less appropriate in the case of a *linking* building. They kept an open mind on this point, however, until they had inspected Mr Boston's preliminary design and discussed it with him. The high quality of the design both in its fundamental conception and in its sensitive working-out in relation to the existing buildings convinced the committee that a competition was not necessary.'

The Council forwarded this report to the Governing Body, together with Mr Boston's preliminary designs, for its meeting of 24 February 1983, when a straw vote indicated that the Governing Body was strongly in favour of the appointment of Mr Boston. His formal appointment as architect followed on 3 March 1983. At the same time the Council established a new committee to produce, in consultation with the architect, a refined final brief, so that a complete design could be presented to the Governing Body as soon as posible. This was done on 13 October 1983 and the designs were approved *nem. con.*. The Committee then became the Cripps New Building Committee, under the chairmanship of the Senior Bursar and, shortly afterwards, the Council having approved a name for the building, the Fisher Building Committee. It was charged with overseeing the construction of the new scheme.

The first task of the committee was to bring the designs to the point where detailed costings could be made, since it was evident that the project had been so much modified that previous rough estimates were likely to be substantially too low, and it would be necessary for the College to determine whether it could afford the scheme it wanted to have and had approved. Thus, after the Royal Fine Art Commission had seen the designs and planning permission had been given, the Council followed the Fisher Building Committee's recommendation of June 1984 that contract drawings and tender documents should be proceeded with, so that a detailed Quantity Surveyor's report could be obtained. This was intended to allow time for the issue of tender documents to the selected contractors in January 1985 for return in March, and discussion by the Council and the Governing Body would follow with an intended building start in July, provided that a satisfactory tender had been approved. The Quantity Surveyor's preliminary estimate of £1.845m. was reported to the Council in October 1984, and the highly complex process then began of obtaining

engineering, structural, electrical and acoustic reports. The result, embodied in the Quantity Surveyor's detailed estimate, was not in the event available for the committee until April 1985. The Fisher Building Committee then reported formally to the Council on 2 May 1985 that 'a wholly satisfactory scheme will be possible for £1.75m to £1.78m. The total including fees and fluctuations would be £2.2m.'

A Governing Body meeting had already been fixed for 16 May and plainly tenders could not be received in time to be reported and discussed then that meeting; but, the report said, 'the officers are confident that the Quantity Surveyor's latest estimates are accurate enough to permit further discussion of the project by the Council and Governing Body'. The tenders would be opened on 11 June and reported to the Council on 19 June 1985. In view of the very large sum which it was now proposed to spend on the building the committee rehearsed the reasons for embarking on such a project:

From the first discussion of the project, successive Committees including undergraduates and graduates have been concerned to bring about an improvement in the indoor facilities available to members of the College. Since the construction of the Cripps Building, the College has had outstandingly good accommodation to offer to its members. It has excellent sporting facilities, by Cambridge standards unusually near the main College buildings, it has an impressive Library and is well endowed with both formal and informal catering facilities. Except for the heavily used School of Pythagoras, however, it has been short of public room space in general and of facilities for music in particular. The most glaring lack, however, and the one commented on most frequently by several generations of junior members, has been that of a large meeting room. Such a room is needed for large scale JCR events, for concerts, for meetings and for indoor games. In addition, experience of using the Cripps Building JCR/Bar and the Boys Smith Room, has shown that both rooms are inadequate to meet the needs of the College as they have developed, particularly since the admission of women junior members. It is also clear to the Committee that in these respects, not only does the College lack facilites to equal those it can show in other areas, it is falling behind what is offered in other Colleges. Some have already converted or constructed buildings to meet similar needs, and more are doing so now. There seems to be no good reason why a College of our resources should be any less well equipped than Churchill, Robinson, Queens' or Downing, to name only a few.

The Committee recognises that a by-product of the Fisher Building project will be to increase the College's ability to derive revenue to the benefit of junior members from letting its accommodation out of Term. Taken together with the New Court bathroom project, by 1987 the College would have achieved a convergence in its facilities so that around 350 could be accommodated, confer as a single group and be catered for within the College. This will upgrade the type of conference which the College could take and lead to higher charges per person per day and thus larger profits for the Kitchen and Internal Revenue Accounts.

The committee went on to show why they believed that the College would be getting good value for money and observed:

The Committee recognises that the building cost estimates, now based on a definite scheme, and lower than the prediction of October 1984, were considerably higher than those given on a square metre basis in January 1980. The Commmittee also recognises, however, that since that first estimate was given, the proposed Fisher Building had been substantially increased in size, so that the design approved by the Governing Body on 13 October 1983 was nearly twice the size of the first draft design, because of the decision to place the JCR, new Boys Smith Room and the additional seminar room in a separate octagon block closer to the Bin Brook. The Committee notes with satisfaction that although the building had grown in size as discussion had proceeded, the cost per square metre has fallen.

However, close consideration had been given to ways of reducing the cost, first by reducing the size of the building. On this the committee was very clear:

The Committee recognises that the increase in cost was the consequence of the increase in the area of the building, and that therefore the only way of achieving any large-scale reduction of cost would be to reduce the size of the building. The Committee feels strongly that this should not be done. All the additions to the building have been made after careful and lengthy consideration and are to a large extent now interdependent: no part of the design can simply be amputated. Even more weighty a consideration in the Committee's discussion had been the nature of the site. The Committee recalled the discussions both in previous committees and at the Governing Body about where any new building should be put and how these discussions had converged on the desirability of the central Cripps site. The College now has a design which has met with widespread admiration and which makes a most ingenious and full use of a very difficult site. The Committee feels that there would be no point now in making anything less than the maximum use of the site.

Secondly, the commitee had considered a reduction of quality. On this, too, the report was unequivocal:

At the time when a preliminary Quantity Surveyor's estimate (£1.845 million) was received for the present design, the Committee considered a list of possible economies presented by Mr Boston. The greatest saving could be achieved by altering the mode of construction of the external walls, so as either to reduce their life expectancy or change their appearance by substituting brick for stone. After considering the costings of four cheaper means of construction provided by Estate Management and looking at elevations showing a partly brick construction prepared by Mr Boston, the Committee decided that

i) it would be wrong in principle not to build to a very high standard on a site in such a sensitive position in the College;
ii) it would be foolish to make economies which would sharply increase the maintenance costs for succeeding generations;
iii) stone facings should be retained for aesthetic reasons.

Finally the committee summed up as follows:

The Committee recalls that both at the time it was decided to appoint Mr Boston architect for the Fisher Building scheme, and at subsequent meetings of the Governing Body, the design has been thoroughly discussed and approved. It wishes, however, to record again its view that the fully developed design is an elegant solution to very difficult architectural problems. Three stand out:
(a) the nature of the site itself, which is constricted both by existing structures and the Bin Brook;
(b) the need to find an appropriate style and scale so as to produce an acceptable link

between two pre-existing buildings of very marked character;

(c) the manipulation of the available space so as to give the College what it had asked for - art and music rooms, seminar rooms, the foyer/exhibition area, a new JCR and a three-hundred-seater meeting room.

This report was sent by the Council to the Governing Body on 16 May 1985. Having received an assurance from the Senior Bursar and the Use of Endowment Income committee that the College was able to sustain the proposed expenditure without prejudicing any academic developments that might be proposed, the Council reported to the Governing Body that 'the Council has agreed, subject to the views of the Governing Body and to subsequent approval of final tender figures, to accept the recommendation of the Fisher Building Committee that the building should be constructed as now designed. The Governing Body warmly concurred with this conclusion, and when, on 19 June, the Council accepted a tender from Shepherd Construction Limited, the project first foreshadowed six years before, and certainly one of great significance in the history of the College, was launched. Construction began in July 1985, and is now (in May 1987) drawing to its close. As can be seen from the accompanying photographs scaffolding is being removed from the elevations and for the first time it is becoming possible to judge the effects both at ground level and from the roof of the Cripps Building. It is already clear that all the predictions of skill and elegance made for the design since it was fully worked out in the summer of 1982 will be realised in the finished building.

Richard Langhorne

THE ARCHITECT'S VIEW

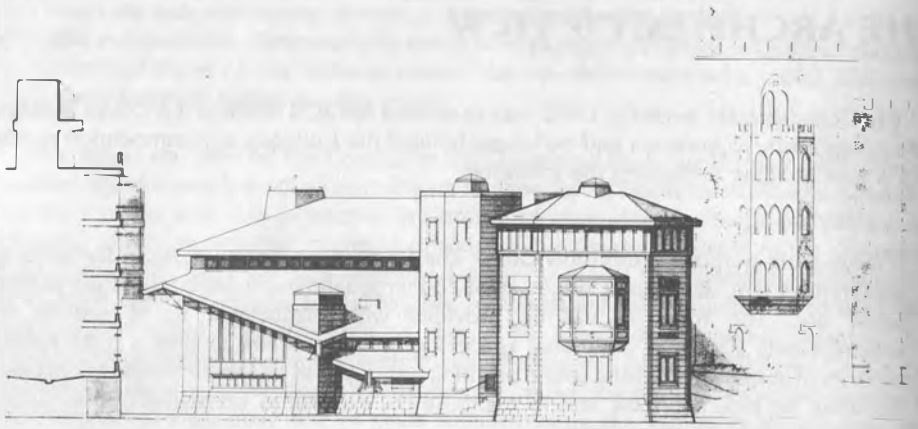
The College's brief, issued in 1982, was to replace the JCR Block of the Cripps Building (which was costly to maintain and no longer fulfilled the College's accommodation needs) with a new building containing the following:

a) A large multi-purpose room (now called The Palmerston Room) suitable for lectures, conferences, film/slide shows, discos, small concerts, badminton, table tennis and general social use. The room should be provided with respectable tiered seating for approximately 250 with additional space for ordinary chairs to give a total seating capacity of about 300. Careful sound proofing was required to prevent conferences being disturbed by external noise and to minimise the distress to occupants of the Cripps Building during late-night discos.
b) A foyer with bar facilities adjoining the Palmerston Room, for the use of the College generally and in connection with conferences, with display space for exhibitions.
c) A new junior Combination Room and nearby JCR office.
d) A Conference Office in close contact with the Palmerston Room.
e) Two general meeting/seminar rooms to seat up to 50 people. One of these rooms would be a replacement for the Boys Smith Room in the original JCR Block.
f) Four sound-proofed music practice rooms.
g) A general art room.
h) A drawing office to accommodate four or five draughting stations.
i) One or two other small meeting rooms as and where possible.
j) Additional lavatory accommodation for College and Conference use including provision for the disabled.
k) A wheelchair lift.
l) Alteration and extension of the previous basement to provide extra space for air conditioning plant, storage of furniture and bicycles and a room large enough to accommodate a full size billiard table.

The site was by no means generous - a triangle of land bounded on the south by Rickman and Hutchinson's New Court, on the north by Powell and Moya's Cripps Building, on the west by the Bin Brook and on the east by the lawn of Cripps East Court. I believe that there was some doubt in the mind of the College authorities as to whether it was in fact possible to provide the accommodation required on the land available.

Use of the site was further complicated by the presence of the basement of the then existing JCR Block, which it was desired to retain. Any new structure would need to span over this since there was insufficient headroom in the basement to permit the introduction of any downstand beams. A further physical problem which whittled away the usable ground area was the fact that an entry corridor 12 feet wide and 12 feet high needed to be provided through the building to allow access for fire engines (weighing 10 tons) to drive into Cripps East Court in an emergency. These fire engines also would need to be carried across the basement.

The Cripps Building, dating from the late 1960s, appears to be supported on massive piers of Portland stone; these are actually only plumbing ducts with a fairly thin stone facing and the window elements between them are framed in slender mullions and transoms of



◦ Elevation to Bin Brook ◦

reinforced concrete. This form of construction precluded any direct contact between the new building and the Cripps Building since there could be no way of inserting satisfactory flashings into the latter. Likewise the windows of the residential sets in the Cripps Building at ground and first floor levels needed their daylight to be preserved - a further reason for detaching the new building from the Cripps Building as far as practicable. On the other hand the wall of New Court Tower at the south end consisted of thick solid brickwork with no windows so that new accommodation could be stacked up against this wall without detriment.

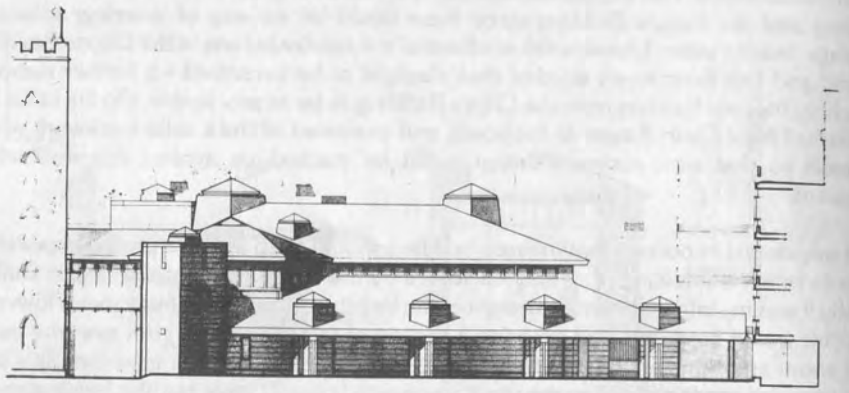
It was clearly important that the new building should keep as low a profile as possible in order to retain the feeling of overall enclosure by the bold skyline of the Cripps Building. Initially it was my intention that the height of the building should be about a metre lower than it is. This would have involved lowering a section of raised concrete roof over the existing plant room and bringing it down to the main basement ceiling level. However, this would have involved modifications in the plant room which would have put the heating and hot water services of the Cripps Building out of action for some time and this proposal was reluctantly abandoned. It was thus necessary to raise the stage in the Palmerston Room to a level above the existing boiler room roof, with consequent raising of the stage roof itself.

The main element of the building - and its principal raison d'être - is the Palmerston Room. This required an uninterrupted floor area of 18m x 13m, with a comfortable height to match, and it would be structurally perverse to construct other floors above this. This room therefore positioned itself inexorably at the north end where a single storey structure was required to preserve daylighting to the Cripps Building.

The foyer/bar area needed to adjoin both the Palmerston Room and the main entrance lobby and consequently took up the remaining ground floor area of the central structure. Music rooms, art rooms and drawing office fell into place above this, where a two storey structure was acceptable against New Court Tower. The passage of fire engines was catered for by providing 12 foot high by 12 foot wide hinged glass walls at each side of the bar area adjoining New Court Tower. This area would normally be clear of furniture and was the only space in the building through which passage of fire engines could be contemplated. The JCR and the two seminar rooms each required a similar floor area and these were conveniently placed one above the other in the south west corner of the site.

It was not practicable to plan all the accommodation on this triangular site with rooms of rectangular shape, without interrupting the curved fire path approach from the south west or building over Bin Brook. The introduction of diagonals - and hence octagonal shapes - acted as a lubricant, allowing the various elements of the plan to slide past each other along the diagonals and settle into a compact outline which corresponded with the shape of the site. The theme of these diagonals has been exploited throughout the plan, giving easier changes of direction on the main circulation routes. It is also echoed in the shafts supporting the cloister, in the east staircase tower, and in the placing of the rooflights. The theme is also repeated in the internal elevations in the design of the main doors, diagonal panelling, carpet design etc.

Although this building replaces a part of the Cripps Building its architectural loyalty is necessarily very different. The previous building was solely a part (albeit a small and self effacing part) of the Cripps Building and was separate from New Court. It was so small that in elevation it could have been mistaken for a stone wall.



◦ Elevation to Cripps Court ◦

The new building is too large for such concealment; on the other hand it does not have sufficient elbow room to develop its own long- distance rhythms. It lies in the tight embrace of two buildings which are radically different from each other in scale, detail and conception but equal in architectural stature and public esteem. In such a context any new building must embody considerable architectural tact so as not to offend either of its immediate, eminent and contradictory neighbours. The secret of such tact is to be found in scale, materials and a tough reticence. Any aggressive egoism would cause friction and discord.

On the west side, the new building is somewhat detached both from New Court and from the Cripps Building but on the east side, in Cripps Court, the building directly links these two extremes and the resolution of scale becomes more important. The cloister facia on the east elevation is carefully aligned with the edge of the first floor slab over the cloister of the Cripps Building itself. The scale of the window mullions is similar to that used in New Court and is continued northwards from New Court along about three quarters of the east elevation - that is to say as far as the end of the clerestory windows. Reading from the other end, the shafts supporting the cloister march southwards with exactly the same tread as the piers of the Cripps Building and this rhythm continues for most of the east elevation as far as the east staircase tower. The two different rhythms therefore overlap in the centre of the building like ripples from opposite sides of calm water, and each dies away before reaching the source of the other.

The walls of the new building are faced in Portland stone, continuing the material of the Cripps Building; whereas the roof is covered with slate in common with New Court (although this can only be seen from a distance). The rooflight shafts are covered in lead- coated stainless steel which will weather similarly to the lead water tank housings on the roof of the Cripps Building, with which they are generally comparable in bulk.

Therefore both the scale and the materials of the new building represent a harmonious fusion of elements from both sides. Although the Cripps Building has massive vertical elements, the treatment of the spaces between these consists of a multiplicity of horizontals and this horizontality is clearly reflected in the east elevation of the new building. The west elevation is more deeply modelled and its setting precludes it from being comprehended in purely elevational terms. The cluster of octagonal towers at the south west corner forms a group with the tower of New Court, with its broadly similar proportions.

The College asked for a long-life building and it was decided as a matter of principle that flat roofs were to be avoided, the College having suffered severe maintenance problems in recent years from such construction. The roof is therefore covered with heavy Westmoreland slates. In view of the fact that the roof is in the centre of a courtyard of taller buildings whose windows will look down upon it, it has been treated as an area of floorscape with a symmetrical pattern of rooflights and some contrasting bands of Elterwater grey/green slate to form a discreet 'pinstripe' pattern. Flashings and gutters in general are of lead coated stainless steel with facias, eaves and windows of iroko - one of the hardest and most durable of timbers.

Gutters on the three storey octagon at the south west corner would inevitably collect leaves from the nearby trees, and access for maintenance would be arduous owing to the fact that the walls of the building rise directly out of Bin Brook. It was therefore decided to dispense with all gutters and rainwater pipes in areas where these could not easily be reached. Thus the roofs on the west side are designed to shed their water directly into Bin

BUILDING THE CHAPEL . . .

" I DON'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, SO LONG AS IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO SEE FROM THE TAVERN ON TRUMPINGTON STREET AFTER DARK . . "

Brook and the upper roof of the Palmerston Room will discharge its water directly onto the lower roof. Wide eaves overhangs provided to ensure a good run- off and to protect walls and windows from blown rainwater.

All windows are constructed of twin-coupled casements, each section of which is single glazed. This gives better insulation than provided by a sealed double glazed unit, as well as obviating the risk of seal failure after expiry of the normal five year guarantee. All windows are easily cleanable from the inside.

As well as providing a covered passage across the east court (as was provided on the earlier building) the cloister is also designed as a meeting place. There is a large covered area outside the main entrance and the west wall contains deep recesses provided with seats for reading and discussion or for simply contemplating the distant passage of punts on the Cam. Walking down the cloister from the Cripps Building towards New Court the outlook is diagonally southeastwards towards the morning sun. At other times of day sunlight will be reflected down the open hollow shafts which support the outer edge of the roof and will give a glow to the interior. Travelling from south to north along the cloister a completely different atmosphere will prevail. The stonework of the left hand wall is pierced by slotted windows into the coat hanging area, then follows the main entrance doorway, and on each successive diagonal projection is a window into the Palmerston Room or foyer, inside each of which is a window seat giving views out through the cloister to the southeast. Going northwards therefore the cloister will give the enclosed feeling of a covered street and a constant appreciation of the interior of the building on the left hand side.

The importance of controlling noise entering or issuing from the Palmerston Room has already been mentioned. Likewise control of noise from the music practice rooms on the first floor adjoining New Court Tower is a serious matter to residents in New Court. Sound insulation of walls, roofs and windows has therefore been given careful study and in this we have had the advice of acoustic experts attached to the University Department of Architecture. Equal attention has been given to the control of noise levels and reverberation within the Palmerston Room and the music practice rooms. The apparently eccentric plan shapes of the music practice rooms are specifically designed to cut down cross-reverberation between opposing walls, while in the Palmerston Room the provision of panels of faceted brickwork and specially designed reflective and absorbent boarding have been incorporated to try to produce the best acoustic conditions for the various activities conditions anticipated.

The College has suggested the possible commissioning of various works of art to complement the building, including external sculpture between New Court Tower and the new east staircase tower, and a tapestry and some areas of engraved glass within the building. Also some areas of internal facing brickwork may be decorated with sandblasted low-relief sculpture. The framework of the large central rooflight at the highest point of the building (over the upper foyer) has been designed to allow for the possible addition of a large decorative weathervane at some future date. There is also the possibility of an ornamental grille outside the circular opening in the north east face of the east tower which would enliven this smooth area with an intricate pattern of morning shadows. Some specially designed furniture for the stage in the Palmerston Room is also under discussion.

Peter Boston

COMMENT

The architectural variety and richness of St John's is not unique among Cambridge Colleges, but it is combined with a layout of singular clarity and order. It has been pieced together and extended over the centuries with a single-minded logic and rationale, which fully exploits its magnificent site and changing aspects. The urban front, river crossing, and uniquely Cantabrigian situation to the North of the Cam, where the College's buildings have a relationship with the Backs, of unmatched elegance, present individual but connected experiences.

The sequential arrangemant of enclosed courts, each unique in its character and context, is one of St John's great joys. New Court is an extraordinary building. It is a definer of space within, yet also an object, an overscaled pavilion which provides a theatrical back drop to the Backs. Its object quality predicated against its own extension, so the connection between it and the Cripps Building has been, in a sense, the weak link in the College's sequential chain. Cripps, though much maligned, is an extremely distinguished piece of architecture, almost without contemporary peer. As a meandering wall of rooms, it manages, in a modern way, to continue the established theme of the College's layout. It forms two vestigial courtyards, one partially bounded by the School of Pythagoras, the other by the magnificent ivy-clad near elevation, and open to the river and the Master's garden opposite. Powell and Moya's single-storey stop-gap, containing the Boys Smith Room and notorious Cripps bar, never satisfactorily made the link between the old and new. Its replacement presented a considerable architectural challenge.

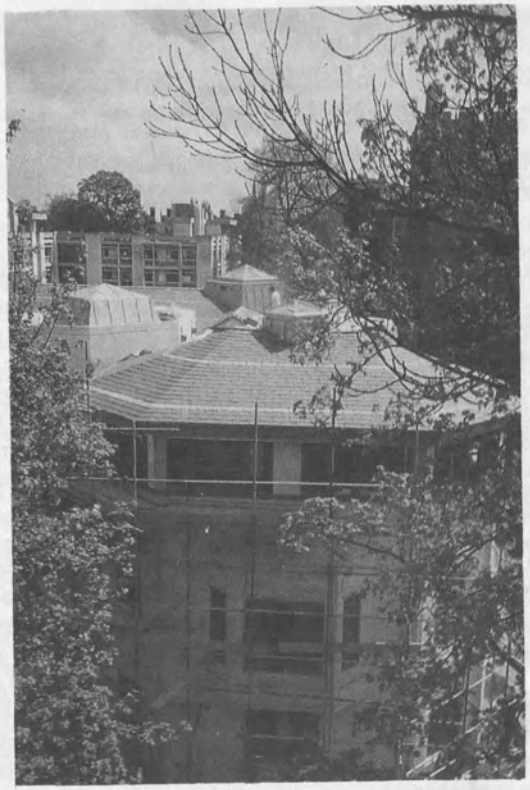
The project can be seen as analogous to the construction of an important new public building in a critically sensitive location within a distinguished, historic city.

The more demanding dimensions of the problem are in the realm of urban design. Plainly, the requirements that the new building must fulfil far exceed those of its programme (that is to say, the accommodation it contains). In this instance it is of the utmost importance to consider the building in its context. What it *does*, with respect to its setting, and the College as a whole, is as critical as what it *is*.

In the past, the College has shown itself to be a thoughtful patron, not inclined to the fasionable over the pragmatic. Against such a background, we are entitled to expect the highest standard of architectural achievement from any building that it commissions.

Designing a building for this particular location is plainly not a question of style. One has only to cast an eye over the College's existing melange of Tudor, Jacobite-Gothic, debased and inventive classicism, Victorian 'Palladian-Gothic', real Georgian, 30's quasi- Georgian and serious 60's Modern, to appreciate that the College is far more than the sum of its stylistically ill-related parts.

The site suggests a linear building of sorts, with two sides; to the North sheltered by trees, and overlooking the brook and one of the Cripps Building's more pleasant aspects; to the South, the lawn of the partially defined court spreading to the river's edge. Along the facade addressing this lawn, the thread of the route through the College is drawn. The manner in which this latter relationship is resolved is important. Here is an opportunity to repair or reinforce, through its pattern of movement, the fabric of the College, and to create a new focus North of the river that would enhance the life of this part of the institution. The River



Court could become something rather new; generically related to, but distinct from, the formal courts south of the river. Exploiting its situation, it could effectively become an 'utdoor-room' of a communal and recreational building to its North.

In appraising a new building, it is important to have an imaginary, ideal model in mind, with which to compare it. This is to counter the sense of inevitability which any built project, by virtue of its concrete reality, possesses. The intention of this preamble has been to allude to such a model.

There is an argument that buildings are generally quite indifferent to use. The inherent qualities of spaces, and the way they interconnect and interrelate, are ultimately of more importance than the function designated to them at any particular time. One need only consider the transformations that have taken place in the ways that the older buildings of the College have been used to understand the thinking behind this. Whether one accepts it fully, or with some qualification, it is clearly important that the rooms in the new building are durable, elegant and flexible. (This last only within reason, as it is easier to adapt one's habits than to occupy a room of an indeterminate nature, which hovers indeterminately between one thing and another.)

Another thing is the question of image. In both popular and esoteric terms, the way a building projects itself needs consideration. Buildings communicate a range of subtle and explicit messages. The significance of this property of buildings should not be underestimated. Its denial helped to propagate the kind of functional architecture which as little as ten or even five years ago would have been proposed as the natural solution to a problem such as this. It is good fortune that this building has been built now, when the view that architecture is the result of the coming together of forces from both inside and outside the building predominates. It is the subtle compromise of the diverse requirements of programme, site, use and context.

With all that has been said in mind, we can begin to examine and evaluate the building.

The most striking feature of the exterior is the bold and massive roof, cascading down from a high point on the end wall of New Court to a low eave, just above head height, where the building almost, but not quite, touches Cripps. The route from New Court to Cripps is partially covered by the edge of the roof. It is supported on huge hollow piers which resemble those of Cripps in scale and material, but which are turned at 45° to the ordering grid of that building. The western end of this arcade is punctuated with a distinctive stone-clad staircase tower which sports a circular opening of a kind that has become something of a trademark in recent Cambridge architecture. The need to provide access for fire-engines to the buildings close to the river, in this case through a section of the ground floor of the new building - ingeniously equipped with folding walls - has prevented the establishment of a covered route from Third Court to the most distant part of Cripps.

To the North, a collection of polygonal towers clusters against the crouching mass of the roof, which is covered with slate of two colours. The exterior materials are of the highest quality. The two attractive kinds of Portland stone, with which we are familiar from Cripps, are used again here. The overall form of the building makes sense. The pitched roof enables the mass to diminish to the point closest to Cripps - so as not to obscure the windows of rooms there, whilst accommodating the large volume of the auditorium within. The building's

independence of form is quite justified. The only way to bridge between the disparate architectures of Cripps and New Court was to introduce a third element of an autonomous nature. If it could be related to its immediate neighbours in detail, while preserving its own character, (and the architect has attempted to achieve this) then so much the better.

The internal organisation of the building is governed by the use of the 45° diagonal in plan. According to the architect, this was a response to the curious geometry of the trapezoidal site. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with this idea, and a similar approach has been used by many architects to produce great buildings. The Hanna House, by Frank Lloyd Wright, based entirely on a hexagonal grid, is one example. But it is essentially an idiosyncratic device, and must be used with great vigour and flair if it is to be justified. All the other buildings in the College have been generated according to their own specific sets of architectural rules; in fact, good buildings invariably are. These rules, unwritten, unspoken, but a constant framework for the conception of the building, have been culturally and socially established, or generated from deep thought about the formal or tectonic nature of architecture. Alas, I cannot say this about the Fisher Building's diagonal. It is essentially arbitrary, and, I am afraid, meaningless. Moreover, it has become a straight-jacket. The implications of the first diagonal on the drafting-table have been pursued to a sort of logical conclusion. The Building's plan has become a preponderance of bevelled corners, shifted axes and diamond-shaped or triangular broom-cupboards.

Some of the primary spaces, notably the main seminar rooms in their detached tower, have benefited. Others, such as the main first-floor lobby, have suffered badly, and are irregular polygons without order, form, or axis. Some of the smaller rooms are similarly distorted, perhaps legitimately, given their lesser importance, but even so, positioning furniture inside them could be a real headache.

The auditorium has not escaped unscathed. It has sprouted a casual seating area to the North, albeit with pleasant views, of dubious usefulness.

It is possible that, in use, these peculiarities will present no problem. I must, therefore, reserve judgement. The diagonal has undoubtedly proved a useful tool in mediating between the octagonal spaces and bevelled modelling of New Court, and the rational modernity of Cripps.

The great roof is eminently practical, and weathers the whole building in no uncertain way. It will be warmly welcomed after the tribulations of Cripps' pioneering flat terrace-roofs. Furthermore, it recalls, quite happily, the barn-like form of the nearby School of Pythagoras.

It is perhaps slightly disappointing that the building has not entered into a closer dialogue with the court to the South. The entrance is heavily screened by the stair 'turret', and no major public room directly addresses this potentially wonderful space. This is a response to a perceived need to preserve a degree of reserve and tranquility in what is a residential courtyard, despite its partially open, 'public' side facing the river. The architect has, however, worked hard to create an arcade of interest and character, well constructed and detailed. In this way the disappointment of a blind elevation has been somewhat mitigated.

The auditorium, while generally more appropriate to conference use than musical or dramatic performance, on account of its configuration, acoustic and lack of back-stage

facilities, promises to be a room of some potency, with its balcony, clerestory lighting from window strips set into the roof, and bold exposed roof structure.

The Fisher Building is, in the words of its architect, Peter Boston, an intuitive, and not a dogmatic, building. Though students of architecture might draw many parallels - with the deep, overhanging eaves of Frank Lloyd Wright's prairie houses of the turn of the century, for example - the architect denies adopting any particular precedent or model. This could be construed as either wisdom or wariness. In either case, it has produced a building that, in a way, sidesteps the mainstream of current architectural debate.

It is not a great building, but a sensible one. Retiring, perhaps a little modest; apologetic even, its architectural aspirations are not high. It provides a range of useful facilities which will enrich College life. It is carefully made and should stand problem-free for many years. Time will show whether it can adapt to use as well as fulfil its function. If so, it will become well loved.

James Lambert

" Rubbish, boy, Rubbish..."

EXPEDITION TO PERU 1986

Little did I realise what a grey and dusky city Paddington emerged from. No wonder he always carries a suitcase. Lima in June is shrouded in fog, with a miserable aura of unfriendly nonchalance pervading every street corner, and a barricade of armed soldiers to greet you at the airport on arrival. A drive around the outskirts feels like a trip through a builder's yard, with shanty houses springing up at an uncontrollable pace, and political slogans scrawled across every available surface. It was the day of the World Cup, and after 22 hours travelling, and 2 hours crossing the Amazon with narrow wisps of smoke winding upward as the only sign of occupation, we were sat in front of a television in anticipation of an Argentinian victory. NOT what I had come to Peru for, and most certainly not my idea of an expedition!

Our main reason for going to Peru was to attempt, and film, a world record cycling ascent from sea level to the top of the volcano El Misti at 21,000 ft. This was to generate publicity through which we could talk of the work of Intermediate Technology (I.T.) in South America and elsewhere. The political situation before our departure however was such that we were advised not to enter Peru for reasons of safety, and were unable to visit I.T.'s three projects in existence there. But, 18 months planning was not so easily abandoned, and the unofficial correspondence with Lima residents was more hopeful; so ... rucksacks, bicycles and medical kit in hand, we departed.

Our first task was to obtain a Landrover - donated if possible - to act as mobile base for the two cyclists, and to get us and our equipment to the starting point on the south coast. The Peruvian shore is a barren desert, dissected by occasional valleys where irrigation creates an oasis of green fields and grazing cattle. Great sand mountains towered over us, half hidden by the same coastal mist that shrouded Lima. But on climbing upward through the bank of cloud we emerged into brilliant sun, hazy skies, and a world that to some seems like endless monotony - no person, animal or tree in sight - whilst others enjoy a rare feeling of freedom and space that is not supplied by the Cambridge atmosphere. Evening arrives very quickly in the desert, though not without a spectacular display of colour that casts a magical glow over the landscape, and picks out each dune in sharp relief. Fireside conversation inevitably revolved around the thousands of stars and their constellations - either that or complaints at the eternal sardines and pasta that provided our staple diet (being cheapest and most accessible).

Whilst crossing the desert we wanted to locate a forgotten Inca road network, marked by cleared broad pathways bounded with stones, once used to guide herders and their packs of llamas crossing from one valley to the next, and perhaps by the Inca emperor as he inspected his conquered lands. This was mapped, and we continued on, filming the cyclists as we went. By now we could see the volcano we would climb ahead, capped with snow, and standing alone and above the adjacent mountain chain that formed a part of the Andes. Below it was

the Spanish colonial town of Arequipa which was to provide our base for the next few weeks, as well as an interpreter and many friends. The contrast with Lima was total - blue sky, bustling plaza, friendly market, and massive architecture that was cared for with a pride rarely seen in the Capital.

Altitude training was advisable before attempting El Misti, so we headed up over the boggy, frozen grassland of the Pampa, for the Colca Canyon, deepest in the world and renowned for the condors that glide overhead. We had heard of another Inca network of trails leading from the Canyon up into the mountains on either side, and wanted to follow one that led back over the range between us and the desert routes we had found before. This crossed a pass at 20,000 feet, abandoned long ago in favour of a longer, lower route (breathing is not easy at that altitude), so we had problems finding a guide. Finally a donkey owner agreed to lead us for part of the way in return for our map of the canyon which had so fascinated him.

We were living in the small village of Achoma (about 12,000 ft. up the canyon side) with one of the residents whom I had met in Arequipa. Early one morning as I sat in the plaza I was caught up in a procession of dancers and trumpet players leaving the church after a wedding, and invited to join in their festivities. The bride passed beneath a banner of childhood toys as if to signify her entrance to womanhood, yet, if the expression on her face was any reflection, with a feeling of tremendous fear and uncertainty. The Peruvians look for every excuse to celebrate, and this was no exception, with home-brewed spirit by the jugful until all were dancing madly round the newly-weds - and all well before breakfast!

After a week's cycling at altitude along the canyon we were ready to follow the Inca trail to the altiplano above. We set off before dawn, the path paved and walled at first and then merging in to a steep winding track with occasional steps cut to ease the gradient. All this was mapped, as well as the abandoned ruins we passed, and the remains of the gateway to a one-time settlement and fortress overlooking the canyon. Once on to the open grassy plain we could see the two mountains ahead of us, and the Pass between where we were heading. By day the sun beat down mercilessly, but at night the clear skies meant freezing temperatures with streams turned to ice by morning. We travelled as light as possible, with only cheese, chocolate and Coca-leaf tea (the Andean speciality for altitude) for the later stages of our journey. Nearing the snow-line however, the trail ended amidst the scattered remains of corrals and shelters, and the two cyclists developed symptoms of altitude sickness which grew worse that night, so that we were forced to return down to the village for their recovery. This did not bode well for their ascent of El Misti, though we hoped good food and a rest would make the difference.

One week later we stood resplendent atop El Misti (or rather I was 500 feet lower experiencing prolonged blackouts!), looking down on the mountains to our left, and out over miles of foothills and desert, with Arequipa town below - a most exhilerating feeling, that put behind us the biting cold, roaring wind, and the sheer exhaustion from lack of oxygen that leaves one panting, with limbs feeling like lead weights. This last part of the climb, from our top camp at 17,000 feet, had taken over 9 hours, and my next thoughts were of getting back before dark and lighting a fire to guide the others. The sun was sinking low over the horizon, casting a sinister shadow all around us, and they still had a broad expanse of ice to cross before beginning their descent. The scarcity of any vegetation to set alight proved a problem on my return, so I used up our small container of whisky, so carefully carried up, to produce a flare at regular intervals. A long two-hour wait followed in which I kept imagining I could hear

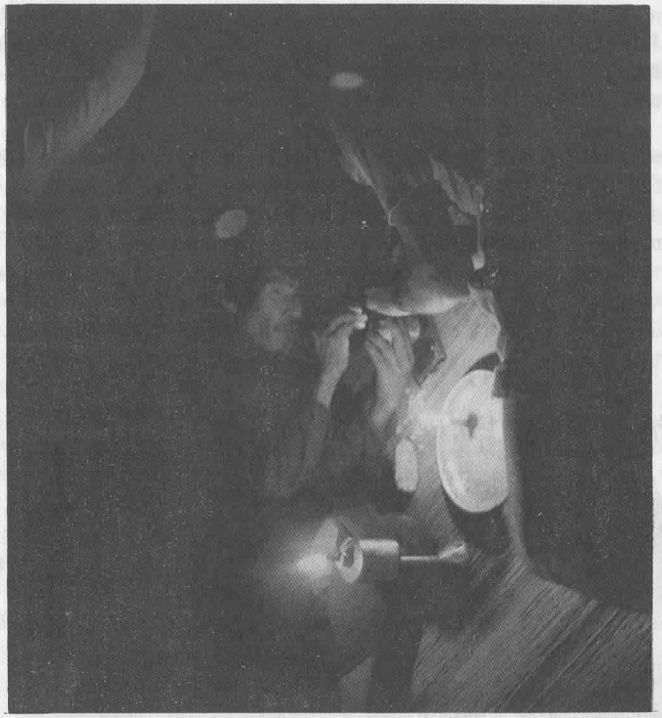
their voices above the wind, thinking of how they would survive if left outside all night. In fact when they did find their way, our night was far from peaceful, with the tents all but blown away, and our thoughts dribbling over long cool drinks and huge plates of chicken, or even ... sardines and pasta!

As I look back now from the comfort of St John's, my conclusion has to be that I hate mountains, and I hate bicycles. But I love archaeology, and I LOVE travelling, where every opportunity and every experience is new and exciting (sometimes more than anticipated), opening up horizons and possibilities that, until their discovery, never exist.

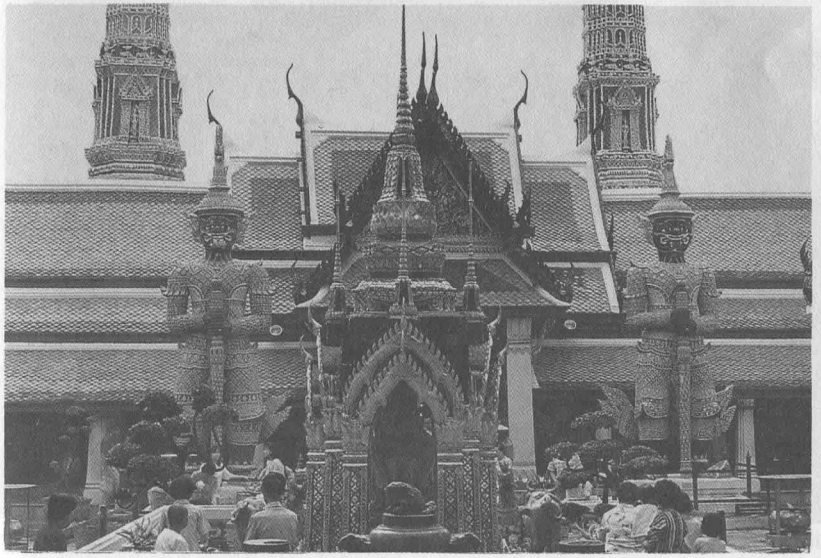
Sarah Brewster

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Photographs by Peter Potts



IN NORTHERN THAILAND



GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK

IN THAILAND

TIBET

'When the iron bird flies and horses run on wheels, the Tibetan people will be scattered like ants across the world.'

Pad Masam Bhava, 8th Century

The tantric prophet was not far wrong as some one or two million Tibetans have followed the Dalai Lama into self-imposed exile since the Chinese invasion of 1959.

The first trickle of foreigners into the country began in 1979 and since 1984 independent travellers have been allowed in too, bringing the country within range of a student budget. Before that, Tibet held claim to being the most expensive destination in the world - for most of its history the price was death by bandits, hypothermia or the xenophobic government. More recently the country was open only to those on overpriced package tours.

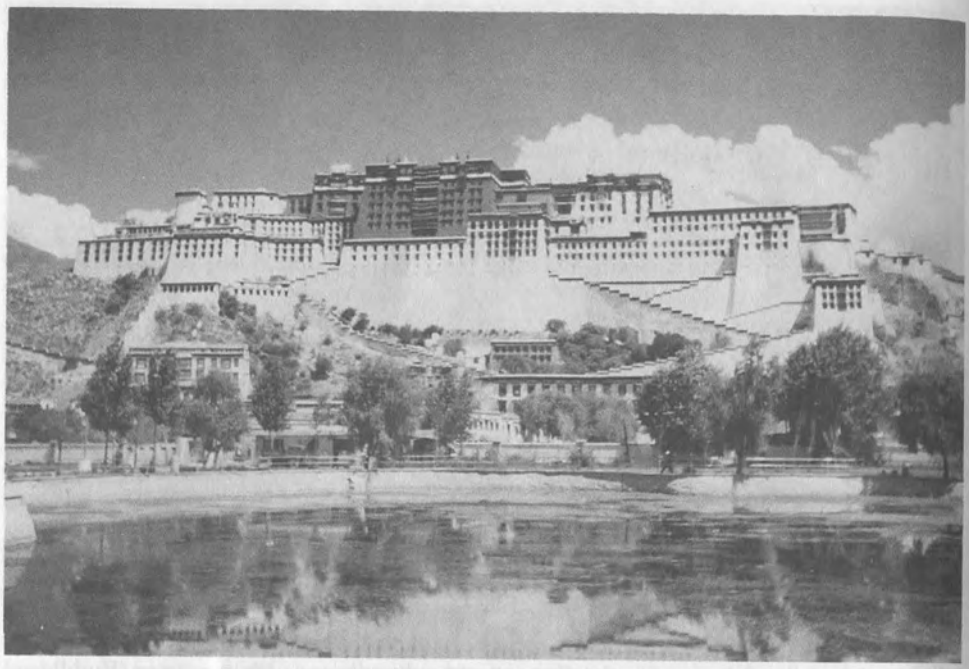
Tibet is accessible by air from mainland China or Hong Kong, but this would be a mistake. It is only by travelling overland that the visitor can fully appreciate how isolated it is, both culturally and geographically, and why it evolved into such a fascinating other-worldly place.

Descriptions of it soon lapse into a list of superlatives. Perhaps the attraction lies in the sheer uniqueness of its many contrasting aspects: culturally and with its religion (Buddhism) it reaches an almost unparalleled level of sophistication; physically, Tibet is very much the 'wild west' of Asia - the rugged, desolate scenery and the high altitude give a feeling of being in complete limbo. The ambience of the towns is at once timeless and at the same time intensely political - the Chinese presence is not welcomed by the Tibetans.

My route took me from mainland China along the Great Silk Route by train and then south by bus from Golmud for the 35 hour trip to Lhasa. This is not for those who value their comfort - the bus broke down for the night at 17,000 ft; the combination of altitude sickness and a temperature of -10C was not a happy one - but the scenery during the day is astonishing. This route is central Asia in the raw: a huge void of breathtaking beauty and emptiness; the population density is equalled only by the Sahara.

Exhausted, and usually with a touch of altitude sickness, arriving in Lhasa is both a relief and an excitement. The bus swings round a corner and many tired eyes gaze unbelievingly at the Potala Palace for the first time ... Lhasa is surely one of the world's most exotic capital cities. Not much larger than an English market- town, and where nothing goes very much faster than a bicycle, its streets are a visual delight. Pilgrims, traders, monks and visiting nomads throng the city centre for religious ceremonies and merriment. The Tibetans' warmth and spontaneous good humour give Lhasa an atmosphere which will be remembered long after the sight of many strange costumes and the smell of incense is left behind.

The main 'sights' are the three great monasteries, the Potala Palace, the central Johhang temple and the summer palace of the Dalai Lamas. The views of and from the Potala are superb in the bright, high-altitude light. Inside it all sense of time is lost as you wander round the veritable maze of rooms. The eye becomes almost tired at the sight of gold - the tomb of



'THE POTALA, LHASA'

the 13th Dalai Lama is encased in 3700 kg of it - and, while most of the monks have gone, it is not difficult to imagine how it must have been at the height of Tibet's greatness.

The highlight of my stay was the 'Yoghurt Festival' during which the city was full of pilgrims from all over the country. One morning at dawn, thousands gathered to watch the ritual unfurling on a nearby hillside of a 'Thangka' - a patchwork-quilt figure of a Buddha the area of two tennis courts.

This mixture of the exotic and the friendly is a powerful one but the time came to leave and tackle the four-day bus ride to Kathmandu. For two days you ride along the plateau visiting the two other major towns, Gyantse and Shigatse. Then on the third day you realise that you have been truly on the roof of the world as the bus begins to descend and Himalayan peaks soar out of the clouds on either side. This is the highest metalled road in the world and the engine only just works in the thin air. By evening you have descended over 10,000 ft. and then overnight at the Nepalese border.

Tibet is a very sad country. Once its armies successfully sacked Peking, and more recently it has enjoyed peaceful seclusion. Since 1959 it has been dominated by the Chinese who station a quarter of a million soldiers within its borders. The Western part of the country is now the site for nuclear missile tests and the dumping of Chinese radioactive waste. Despite all this and the ravages of the Cultural Revolution Tibetan culture and religion remains intact. It is fascinating to see and, in the opinion of the Tibetans, its survival is the most important thing.

Richard Mash

Wordsworth's Mathematical Education

When William Wordsworth went up to St John's in October 1787 he was expected to study mathematics as his major subject. Why was this, what types of mathematics were then being taught, and what did he achieve?

At Cambridge at that time the influence of Sir Isaac Newton, who was professor of mathematics there from 1669 to 1702, was still of great importance. Mathematics was the dominant subject in the university, and its study was compulsory for all students, together with moral philosophy and theology. The students had no choice of subjects. The final degree examination (the Tripos) was in mathematics, philosophy and theology, but honours were limited to those candidates excelling in mathematics. The undergraduates were allocated in classes before the examination, with a right of appeal for those who considered they had been placed too low. The results of the examination determined where they were placed in order of merit within the class. Consequently there was intense competition between the candidates, particularly between those intent on the highest honours. Those who achieved the highest class, first class honours, were known as Wranglers. There were two lower classes of honours, Senior and Junior Optimes, and a pass degree. Separate examination papers were set according to the standards expected in the different classes (Howson 1982).

Some Tripos examination papers from the relevant period are available in published form (Wordsworth 1877, Ball 1889). They reveal the scope of the topics studied. These can be roughly divided into arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, astronomy, optics and mechanics. A form of calculus known as Fluxions was also studied, but not differential calculus. Here are some examples of the problems set. Questions 1–7 and 11–12 were set to prospective Junior Optimes and 8–10 to Senior Optimes in 1802, and 13–14 were set by dictation to candidates in 1785. No problems were ever set to candidates for a pass degree, but they were examined in book work, which could be learnt by rote.

1. If ¾ of an ell of Holland cost ¼£, what will 12⅔ ells cost?
2. Find the interest of £873.15s.0d for 2½ years at 4¾ per cent.
3. Solve the equation $3x^2 - 19x + 16 = 0$.
4. Sum the following series $\frac{1}{1.2.3.} + \frac{1}{2.3.4.} + \frac{1}{3.4.5.}$ ...+ ad infinitum.
5. Inscribe the greatest rectangle in a given circle.
6. Prove that the diameters of a square bisect each other at right angles.
7. Given the sine of an angle, to find the sine of twice that angle.
8. Given a declination of the sun and the latitude of the place, to find the duration of twilight.
9. If half the earth were taken off by the impulse of a comet, what changes would be produced in the moon's orbit?

10. Prove that in the course of the year the sun is as long above the horizon of any place as he is below it.

11. Prove that when a fluid passes through pipes kept constantly full, velocity varies inversely as area of section.

12. Define the centre of a lens; and find the centre of a miniscus.

13. Suppose a body thrown from an Eminence upon the Earth, what must be the Velocity of Projection, to make it become a secondary planet to the Earth?

14. What is the relation between the 3rd and 7th sections of Newton, and how are the principles of the 3rd applied to the 7th?

The level of attainment required to answer some of these questions is low. In present day terms, the standard is nearer to that of O level than to that of current university studies. It must be remembered however that at that time many of the undergraduates went to the university in their early teens, much younger than at present, and that many of them would have had no instruction in mathematics at school. Question 14 has been included to draw attention to the fact that much basic information was then learnt by rote. Sir Frederick Pollock, who was Senior Wrangler in 1806, said in a memoir that he could repeat the first book of Euclid word by word and letter by letter. At the end of the eighteenth century the minimum requirement for a pass degree was a competent knowledge of the first book of Euclid, arithmatic, vulgar and decimal fractions, simple and quadratic equations, and parts of the works of Locke and Paley (Ball 1889).

In addition to the Tripos examination, set by the university, some of the colleges, including St John's, set their own examinations in the years preceding the Tripos. The subjects were more varied than those of the Tripos. At St John's in 1774, the subjects examined were:

Hydrostatics and optics
2nd Vol of Locke
Antigone of Sophocles
6 first books of Euclid
Hutchinson's Moral Philosophy
21 Book of Livy
Stanyan's Grecian History
Horace's Art of Poetry
St Mark's Gospel.

The students were also required to be proficient in colloquial Latin (Wordsworth 1877).

The first six books of Euclid comprise:

Book 1. Definitions, postulates, axioms: triangles, parallels, parallelograms and squares.

Book 2. Transformation of areas, geometrical algebra.

Book 3. Circles, chords, tangents.

Book 4. Constructions with straight edge and compass.

Book 5. Theory of proportion.

Book 6. Proportion applied to geometry.

There are a further seven books.

Two colleges, St John's and Trinity, were outstandingly successful in preparing undergraduates for the Tripos examination.
For example, in the decade 1780 to 1789 the number of Wranglers from St John's was 35, from Trinity 32; their nearest rival, Queens', had 17 and no other college more than 3. This dominant position was maintained over a long period. From 1747 to 1884 the number of Senior Wranglers from St John's was 46, from Trinity 37, and no other college had more than 13 (Howson 1984).

In the eighteenth century there was increased interest in the study of mathematics, and some schools, particularly in the north of England, specialised in the subject. This interest did not extend to the public schools and most grammar schools, many of which taught no mathematics, sometimes because they were restricted to teaching classical subjects by their deeds of foundation. Hawkshead Grammar School was one of the exceptions. It was renowned in the latter part of the eighteenth century for the success of its pupils at Cambridge.
The masters in Wordsworth's time were all Cambridge graduates, and Taylor, who was headmaster from 1782 to 1786, had been 2nd Wrangler in 1778. Many of Wordsworth's schoolfellows, contemporaries and near contemporaries, became Wranglers. These included Fleming of Rayrigg (5th Wrangler), William Raincock (2nd), Gawthrop (16th), Thomas Harrison (Senior Wrangler 1793), Sykes (10th), Younge (12th), Jack (4th), Rudd (10th), and William's brother Christopher Wordsworth was 10th Wrangler in 1796 (Schneider 1957, *The Eagle* 1950).

What of Wordsworth himself? He had considerable advantages at Cambridge. He came from a school with an excellent record of success in the Tripos, and was at a college which was outstanding in obtaining high honours, and for part of his time there his tutor was Dr James Wood, considered to be the best mathematician in the University.

Wordsworth may even have had some doubts about his academic career before he ever arrived in Cambridge, according to a report by his cousin Mary Myers Robinson. On the way to Cambridge in October 1787 he stayed in York with her and her husband Captain Hugh Robinson. The latter said to him 'I hope, William, you mean to take a good degree', and Wordsworth replied 'I will either be Senior Wrangler or nothing' (Reed 1967).

In the Tripos examination in January 1791 he took a Bachelor of Arts degree, a pass degree. This was clearly a great disappointment to those who had expected him to obtain high honours. Those undergraduates who wished to do well in the Tripos stayed at Cambridge to work in the Long Vacation during the preceding summer. Wordsworth's decision to travel on the continent at that time proved that he had rejected any possibility of academic success. He does not attempt to make excuses for his failure to obtain honours.

In his Autobiographical Memoranda which he dictated at Rydal Mount in November 1847 he said:

> 'When at school, I, with other boys of the same standing, was put upon reading the first six books of Euclid, with exception of the fifth; and also in algebra I learnt simple and quadratic equations; and this for me was unlucky because I had a full twelve-months' start of the freshmen in my year, and accordingly got into a rather idle way; reading nothing but classic authors, according to my fancy, and Italian poetry' (Wordsworth 1851),

and in a letter to Miss Taylor, written in 1801;

> 'I did not, as I in some respects greaty regret, devote myself to the studies of the University' (Wayne 1954).

In the third book of *The Prelude* he describes his life at Cambridge.

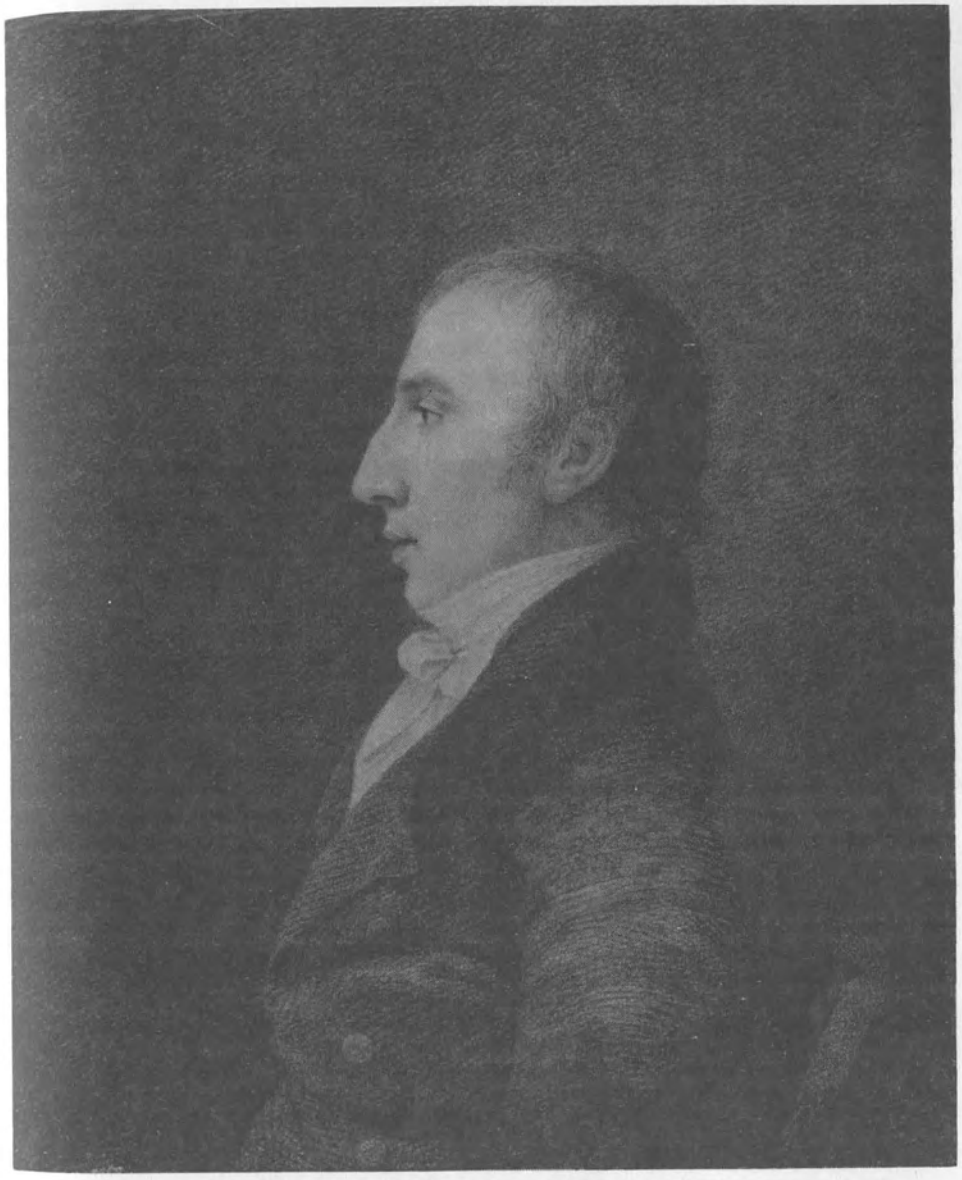
> The weeks went roundly on
> With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
> ...

and
> We sauntered, played, or rioted; we talked
> Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
> Drifted about along the streets and walks,
> Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
> To gallop through the country in blind zeal
> Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
> of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars
> Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought.

and
> Look was there none within these walls to shame
> My easy spirits, and discountenance
> Their light composure, far less to instil
> A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed
> To puissant efforts. Nor was this the blame
> of others but my own; ...

In these autobiographical fragments there is no suggestion that Wordsworth was incompetent in mathematics, or that he disliked the subject. Bowman, who taught him from 1785 to 1787 reported that his pupil 'did well enough under him' in both classics and mathematics.
While still at school Wordsworth borrowed Newton's *Opticks* from Bowman, and in the school library were several mathematical works, including Adam's *Essays on the Microscope* and Bonnycastle's *Introduction to Astronomy* (Thompson 1970).

The results of the first two college examinations showed that Wordsworth was capable of achieving a high standard. He did not opt out because he thought he would fail, but he did dislike the extremely competitive system and its effect upon those involved.



The Young Wordsworth

Wordsworth considered both mathematics and poetry to be of extreme importance. In the fifth book of *The Prelude* he tells of a friend who mused

> On Poetry and geometric Truth,
> The knowledge that endures, upon these two,
> And their high privilege of lasting life,
> Exempt from all internal injury,
> ...

and how this same friend had a dream of an Arab who carried

> ... underneath one arm
> A Stone; and in the opposite hand, a Shell
> Of a surpassing brightness. ...
> ... the Arab told him that the Stone,
> To give it in the language of the Dream,
> Was Euclid's Elements; 'and this', said he,
> 'This other' pointing to the Shell, 'this Book
> Is something of more worth' ...

The Shell and the Stone represented the two aspects of knowledge, Poetry and Mathematics, considered most worth preserving from the Deluge.

Wordsworth's attitude to mathematics and his opinion on its influence on his development as a poet is revealed in the sixth book of *The Prelude:*

> Yet may we not entirely overlook
> The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
> Of geometric science. Though advanced
> In these enquiries, with regret I speak,
> No further than the threshold, there I found
> Both elevation and composed delight;
> ...
> ... did I meditate
> On the relations those abstractions bear
> To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
> Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
> Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
> From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
> From system on to system without end.

He continues by telling the story of a man shipwrecked without food or clothes, but having saved a treatise on geometry, and how this man would go apart from his companions and gain solace by drawing diagrams in the sand. He then compares his own state with that of the shipwrecked man:

> So then it was with me, and so will be
> With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
> Of those abstractions to a mind beset
> With images and haunted by herself,
> And specially delightful unto me
> Was that dear syntheses built up aloft
> So gracefully; even then when it appears
> Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy
> To sense embodied: not the thing it is
> In verity, an independent world,
> Created out of pure intelligence.

Wordsworth obviously found enjoyment in mathematics, and he considered it an

important factor in 'Nature's laws', on which his philosophy was based. He regretted however that he had not continued to study the subject in depth, and had only attained a comparatively low level of competence.

Why did he achieve so little at Cambridge? He was not the first student, and certainly not the last, to be carried away by the excitements of life at the university after the restrictions of school life, and for him the lack of a settled home at that time must be taken into account. It would appear that the thorough grounding in mathematics which he had received at Hawkshead would have been sufficient to enable him to acquire an honours degree with very little further effort. If he had done this he would almost certainly have obtained a Fellowship at Cambridge and with it financial security. However he rejected both academic and financial rewards. He disliked the hypocrisy of some of the senior members of the University, and was not tempted to join them. Even more he disliked the intensively competitive system of the Tripos examination, which put tremendous pressure on those straining to obtain the highest honours. He comments in *The Prelude:*

> Examinations, when the man was weighed
> As in a balance! of excessive hopes,
> Tremblings withal and commendable fears,
> Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad -
> Let others that know more speak as they know.
> Such glory was but little sought by me,
> and little won ...

and

> ... I grieved
> To see displayed among an eager few,
> Who in the field of conquest persevered,
> Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart
> And mounting spirit, pitiably repaid,
> When so disturbed, whatever palms are won.

If he had had the will to try for an honours degree, he could probably have done so by working hard at his studies in his final year. His decision to tour the continent was crucial, and showed that he had definitely decided against academic success, and its attendant stresses.

Wordsworth makes reference to mathematics later in *The Prelude*, when at the end of his visit to France he

> Yielded up moral questions in despair,
> And for my future studies, as the sole
> Employment of the enquiring faculty,
> Turn'd towards mathematics, and their clear
> And solid evidence ...

It is plain that he had derived lasting satisfaction from the study of mathematics, in particular geometry and astronomy.

Charlotte Kipling

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Johniana

[Palmerston's] father had been at Clare College, Cambridge, but since nothing was too good for Harry, in his case only the two largest and leading colleges, Trinity and St John's, were considered. It was not easy to choose between them, however. St John's had been the leading college for most of the previous century, and between 1749 and 1775 it had had eight Senior Wranglers to Trinity's one and between 1752 and 1780 eighteen Chancellor's medals (for classics) to Trinity's nine. But in the last part of the eighteenth century Trinity had caught up in Senior Wranglers (each had had seven) and eclipsed its rival in medals by sixteen to nine. Palmerston himself spent a day looking around Cambridge late in May 1802 on his way to Edinburgh. But the following spring still found him undecided where to go. For his own part Dr Bromley's recommendation would have been enough, but his mother thought it best to consult in addition two family friends from Cambridge who were also old Harrovians and future Prime Ministers. Inevitably each recommended his own college, and St John's therefore won by two to one. In any case Lady Palmerston was inclined to accept Fred Robinson's judgement as superior to Spencer Perceval's, and so was Palmerston. 'As for Perceval,' he wrote, 'he is a very good humoured fellow but not very remarkably bright.' It also weighed with him that there were more Harrovians at St John's and, perhaps, that he would be allowed to keep a horse there. So, with the approval of Malmesbury and Pelham, Palmerston was admitted at St John's on 4 April [1803].

Kenneth Bourne, *Palmerston: The Early Years, 1784-1841* (London, Allen Lane, 1982).

Wednesday 8 July 1835

Grand dinner at St Johns to more than 300: The company assembled in the hall & on the grass in the middle court: & there were seats benevolently provided for a large n^{o} of spectators: ... The arrangements of this dinner did the highest credit to St Johns: there was a profusion of Turtle (unfortᵞ burnt) Venison, Champagne, &c: & the dessert in partʳ was the most abundant & sumptuous I ever saw set on a Table: - The waiting too was excellent, & the accommodation & comfort of the servants must had been admirably attended to for they were satisfied & spoke in high praise, wch they have not done hitherto. - The Master of St Johns gave the 1st Toast (the King): the Orator gave out all the rest with brevity & propriety in general ... At this dinner the A. of Cantᵞ thought proper to speak for 40': any thing more sickening I never heard in my life ... Of course the Master of Downing slept during this tedious harangue of the Primate, as he did during much that was better worth hearing. - I (as usual) went away immedᵞ after the Duke of Wellington's speech. ... At this dinner I was much disgusted with a brute (who was fool enough to think himself a wit) who tapped me on the shoulder (tho I had never seen the illmannered ass in my life) in the middle of the Archb's speech and said 'tho no Johnian he is a great bore'[1]:- so vulgar a platitude in return for magnificent hospitality could only have come from a very contemptible fellow.

1. St John's men were known to Trinity men as 'Johnian pigs': hence the joke.

Celebrations for the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor, from *Romilly's Cambridge Diary, 1832-42*, ed. J.P.T. Bury (Cambridge University Press, 1967).

The First English *Vita nuova*

If books have fates, then it is the lot of some to be forgotten. And that seems to have been the fate of the first complete version in English of Dante's *Vita nuova* ever to see print.

Published as an octavo in Florence in 1846 by Felix Le Monnier (1806-1864), and illustrated with portrait engravings of Dante and Beatrice Portinari, the title page of the translation reads *The Early Life of Dante Alighieri, together with the Original in Parallel Passages, by Joseph Garrow Esqr* M.A. Garrow, who was an English resident of Florence in the 1840s and after, has long since dropped from sight as a literary figure, and this is his only book. But his story, if a trifle shadowy, is remarkable - not least for its literary connections. Born in Madras in 1789, his father was Joseph Garrow, secretary to the British commander-in-chief, and his mother an Indian. There is no convincing evidence that the parents married. In June 1808 he was admitted to St John's College, Cambridge, as the college records show; he graduated there in 1812, and became Master of Arts, as his title page proclaims, in 1818. Some months before his first graduation, in February 1812, he had married a rich Jewish widow at Torquay in Devon, Mrs Fisher, *nee* Abrams.

His final years, down to his death in 1857, were spent in Florence during the last days of Austrian rule in Italy. In 1848 his daughter Theodosia, who was already known as a poet to Elizabeth Barrett in Torquay, had married Anthony Trollope's brother Thomas Adolphus, a resident of Florence; and T.A. Trollope's autobiography, *What I Remember* (1887), was eventually to include a vivid portrait of a father-in-law who by then had been dead for thirty years. Garrow is described there as "the son of an Indian officer by a high caste Brahmin woman, to whom he was married" (2:150); and it is impossible at this distance to judge whether that fabrication is Trollope's or Garrow's. There is no record of a marriage, at all events; and the name given for Garrow's mother, which is Sultana, is unlikely in a high-caste Brahmin of south India. But T.A. Trollope may be right to report that the young Joseph Garrow was "sent to England at an early age," perhaps before 1800, and that he was never again to see either parent. His description, recollected over many years, remains striking:

> My father-in-law carried about with him very unmistakable evidence of his eastern origin in his yellow skin, and the tinge of the white of his eyes, which was almost that of an Indian,

adding that, though educated for the bar, he never practised law, marrying a woman of considerable means. Shortly after his marriage his brother, Sir William Garrow, as solicitor-general, achieved notoriety by prosecuting Leigh Hunt for libelling the Prince of Wales, later George IV.

Garrow's family circle was artistic. The Abrams sisters were all musicians, one of them being the composer of the song "Crazy Jane"; and T.A. Trollope describes Garrow as "a decidedly clever man" and a violinist, as well as "a draughtsman and caricaturist of considerable talent." His daughter Theodosia Trollope wrote for Dickens' *Household Words*; and after the Risorgimento, she composed a highly anti-Catholic account of

recent events in Tuscany for the *Athenaeum* collected as *Social Aspects of the Italian Revolution* (1861), where she amiably described the liberation of Florence and its surroundings as "a revolution with rosewater." Theodosia kept a literary salon in Florence from 1848 to her death in 1865, first in the Piazza di Santa Maria Novella and later in the Piazza dell'Indipendenza, in a house known as the Villino Trollope. The company, at its best, must have been remarkable. It included Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had settled in Florence in 1846; Walter Savage Landor, whom Garrow cared for when (out of an unconquerable irascibility) he was estranged from his wife; and of course Anthony Trollope himself, who often visited his less famous brother in Italy.

The rest of Garrow's story, sketchy as it is, can only be pieced together from fragments. An obituary in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1858 reports that Garrow had died of a paralysis on 10 November 1857 in the Villino Trollope; and half a century later, *Notes and Queries* (11 July 1908) was to record an inscription in the Protestant cemetery in Florence that reads simply "Joseph Garrow, Arm. of Braddon, Devon, b. in India, 1789; ob. 1857."

There remains the book. Garrow was a friend of Landor, who had met him in Torquay, persuaded him (perhaps) to come to Italy, and in all likelihood suggested that he translate the *Vita nuova* of Dante. When Garrow died, eleven years later, Landor was to write but not publish an epitaph in three rhyming four-footers that eventually appeared in his *Letters* of 1897:

> How often have we spent the day
> In pleasant converse at Torquay.
> Now genial, hospitable Garrow,
> Thy door is closed, thy house is narrow.
> No view from it of sunny lea
> Or vocal grove or silent sea.

That long, convivial friendship, like everything of Landor's may have involved an occasional quarrel and some capacity for blunt speaking. Indeed it has already been suggested that Landor was the probable author of an atrabilious review of Garrow's *Early Life* in the *Examiner* for 17 October 1846, and it is hard to imagine anyone else who could have written it, or who might have been willing to see it published, with or without his name:

> We differ from the translator in his opinion that the *Vita nuova* is 'replete with beauty both in prose and verse': on the contrary, we think the greater part of the prose quite destitute of it and, we will venture to add, no small portion of the verse. But the whole is deeply interesting ...

and the reviewer adds that "all this twaddle" is endurable only because it relates to Dante, though "it is deplorable that he should have written it." It was only long after, the reviewer suggests, and in exile, that Dante was to become a great poet:

> Sorrow, the sorrow of reflection, had greater power over Dante than love had; and his calamities made him greater than his affection.

But the review allows some merit to one or two of Garrow's poetic versions, and to the final prose paragraph of the work, which Garrow had sonorously rendered:

> ... If it be the will of Him in whom all things have their being, that my life should continue for a few years longer, I hope to speak of her as no woman was ever spoken of before. And may it please Him who is the God of mercy, that my soul may ascend to behold the glory of its Lady, the blessed Beatrice, who in a beatified state seeth him face to face ....

That was the only review Garrow was ever to enjoy, apart from one in the *Athenaeum*, which praised his little book as "both faithful and spiritual," adding blandly that "at times it might be more elegant - but then, perhaps it would have been less faithful" (10 October 1846). The book made no real mark, and is now moderately rare, only three copies being recorded in the United States - in the Library of Congress, at Harvard, and in the New York Public Library. A copy in the British Library, however, though not catalogued under Garrow's name, has the interesting distinction of containing marginal notes by Landor himself.

The copy (C.134.3.19) was evidently presented to Landor by Garrow, being inscribed in ink on the flyleaf "From the Translator"; and it bears an ink correction, also probably Garrow's, on page 105, in the sonnet "Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare," where the version of

> E par che della sua labbia si muova
> Uno spirito soave

is altered from

> And from her lips there seem to flow as well
> A soft and loving Spirit

to

> And from her mien ...

The remaining notes in the copy are in pencil, and in Landor's hand. They are mainly legible, and all to Garrow's extensive preface. I publish them here for the first time - partly for their intrinsic interest, and partly to confirm, through similarity of tone and substance, the attribution of the *Examiner* review to Landor.

At a point where Garrow argues that the Beatrice of the *Vita nuova* and the *Convito* (as he calls the *Convivio*) are "the same in name only," that of the *Vita nuova* being real and of the *Convito* allegorical, he adds:

> in the *Vita nuova* we find not only the name of Beatrice but her age, the death of her father and also of herself (p.xiii).

Landor underlines "death of her father" and adds "[?] not the death of the Deity if allegory."

On the following page, where Garrow multiplies details about the real life of Beatrice, Landor underlines the phrase "70 of the most beautiful Ladies of Florence" (xiv) and adds in the margin "this gave Boccaccio the idea of his Bella Brigata."

Two pages on, where Garrow alludes to Plato's ladder of love, rising from "the love of beauty in an individual terrestrial body" to "the contemplation of the beautiful in the abstract" (xvi), Landor scribbles cynically in the margin "which it never did but the contrary"; and when Garrow quotes from a French gloss to Plato's *Symposium*, Landor underlines

> who does not look upon the beauty of all bodies as one and the same thing

and comments "who then ever had much." His derision of Platonic love runs on. Where Garrow writes

> I stated in the commencement that this little work of Dante might be considered as the foundation of all the Romances which have since been written; the idea I believe originated with M. Delecluze (xvii),

Landor underlines the French critic's name and remarks "and an absurd one it is." On the next page he underlines Garrow's suggestion that "the *Vita nuova* is the type of the modern Romance" (xviii), adding dismissively "which is never personal." When Garrow cites Boethius and Augustine as pioneers of the confessional mode in literature, Landor underlines the name of Augustine and adds "and Apuleius," with a further illegible note.

And finally, when Garrow suggests that the *Vita nuova* had exercised an influence "on the Poets and Authors who have succeeded him" (xix), Landor underlines the phrase, commenting "which of them ever read it? perhaps not one"; to Garrow's suggestion that Petrarch owed much to Dante and to the "Dantesque invention" of amorous self-analysis, Landor approvingly comments "yes"; and when Garrow lists Lorenzo de' Medici among Dante's imitators, Landor writes "and better than Dante's."

Such marginalia suggest that even Landor, who may have proposed the version of 1846, found little to commend in the result, stiffly composed as the poems were in the original rhyme-schemes; and the fact that it attracted only two reviews, and survives in so few copies, confirms the failure of the book. As a version of the *Vita nuova* it was soon to be eclipsed, in any case, by Charles Eliot Norton's version in the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1859, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti's more lyrical rendering in his *Early Italian Poets* (1861), and by Theodore Martin's limping translation of the following year. Rossetti and Martin had worked simultaneously, as Martin emphasized in his introduction of 1862, and in ignorance of each other. Neither seems to have known Garrow's version of fifteen years earlier: indeed Rossetti, in his introduction, remarks that no complete *Vita nuova* in English "has been published in any full sense of the word" (190). That may be an allusion to Charles Lyell, a Cambridge Scot who, as a friend of H.F. Cary, had published versions of only the poems of the *Vita nuova*, along with those of the *Convivio*, as *The Canzoniere of Dante* (1835) to supplement Cary's famous version of the *Divine Comedy* (1814) in English blank verse. Shortly before he died in 1844, Cary urged Lyell

to publish a version of the whole work, a task he never performed. By then there had already been a mild awakening of interest in Dante's minor writings in the English mind: Shelley had read the *Vita nuova* to his wife in Pisa in 1821 and translated a fragment of it, as well as the first canzone of the *Convivio*; Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's friend, purposed to translate the whole of the *Vita nuova* shortly before his early death in 1833; and Theodore Martin had published a version of its poems in *Tait's Magazine* for 1845, a year before Garrow.

New England, too, suddenly awoke to Dante's works beyond the *Divine Comedy*. Longfellow interested himself in the poems of the *Vita nuova*. Margaret Fuller urged Emerson to read the book, and offered to translate it for him, but soon decided that neither her grasp of Italian nor her poetic skill was equal to the task, and left Emerson to perform it for himself. His version of the *Vita nuova*, now a heavily corrected autograph in the Houghton Library at Harvard, was made exclusively for his own use, and the world was content to allow it to remain in manuscript until 1960.[1] Margaret Fuller did not survive her return from Italy in 1850, when she was drowned off New York; and Emerson's Italian remained unequal to the task he had set himself. In his journal for June 1843, in an entry written while he was translating the *Vita nuova*, he inappositely compared it to the Book of Genesis, "as if written before literature, whilst truth yet existed," adding innocently that it is "the Bible of Love." The remark, though appreciative, confirms that the scholastic sophistication of Dante was opaque, even invisible, to the Anglo-American mind before modern erudition revealed its sources and its ends. Dante was not so soon to be understood. Landor and Garrow, like Emerson and Longfellow, were men of the late Enlightenment; Dante's piety can have meant nothing to them, except as a curiosity; his Aristotelianism even less. The flutter of interest in Dante's minor writings after the success of Cary's *Divine Comedy* in 1814 can only have had two causes; a flickering curiosity to learn more, and above all more private facts about the author of a masterpiece largely neglected by the English mind before the nineteenth century; and a sudden sympathy for a new mode of self-revelation and poetic autobiography - a sympathy which, four years after Garrow's book, was to prompt the publication of 1850 of Wordsworth's *Prelude* and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

The odd distinction of having completed and published the first entire *Vita nuova* in English, then, plainly rests with Joseph Garrow. On the other hand, one cannot say that his version of 1846 made Dante's book easily intelligible to readers of English. His preface does little more than to summarize European biographical scholarship of the day, mainly French and Italian, especially on the probable identity of Beatrice. It makes no serious attempt to explain the formal structure of the work, where thirty-one poems (twenty-five of them sonnets) are symmetrically arranged around three canzoni; still less Dantes audacious attempt to analyze himself in passages of scholastic prose that incongruously envelop poems of profound self-revelation. Garrow is content to call it a work *sui generis*, simple in its conception and execution (v). And Landor's scribbled notes in the British Library copy suggest that a romantic age was not yet ready to digest a work at once so seemingly frigid and so bafflingly intense.

The bilingual *Vita nuova* of 1846, then, survives as a forgotten book, even an unknown one. Its story - or part of it - was eventually to enter the consciousness of the Victorian age by an altogether different route. Dantes second meeting with Beatrice in 1283, when he was eighteen, has for the past century been one of the most familiar of

English images, but through the agency not of literature but of painting. The celebrated oil by Henry Holiday (1839-1927), friend and illustrator of Lewis Carroll, was completed in 1883, after a visit by the painter to Tuscany, and it now belongs to the Walker Gallery in Liverpool. Famous through countless reproductions, it may have been prompted by Holidays friendship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose London studio he often visited; and it chooses the moment when Beatrice jealously disdains Dantes greeting by the Arno - or, as Garrow puts it, when my most noble lady ... denied me her most graceful Salutation as she passed me (29). That image is familiar to thousands sho have never read the *Vita nuova*, whether in English or in its original. But as for Joseph Garrow - born in India, schooled in Cambridge, and married in Devon - his name is by now as neglected in literary history as the grave in Florence where he lies.

George Watson

1. Angelina La Piana, *Dante's American Pilgrimage* (New Haven, 1948) 89f.; Emerson's *Vita nuova*, edited by J. Chesley Mathews (Chapel Hill, 1960).

The Winthrop Family and St. John's College

In 1630 John Winthrop led a great migration of people from East Anglia and other parts of the country to New England. In that year some 1,000 men, women, and children were conveyed across the Atlantic in 17 ships, to be joined during the next few years by many others. It was these settlers who founded the city of Boston and colonised the surrounding area. They are to be distinguished from another group, the Pilgrim Fathers who had, some years earlier, settled further south.

In the entry under John Winthrop's name in the Dictionary of National Biography, it is stated that his father, Adam, was auditor to St John's College and also to Trinity College. This statement, which is also to be found in a number of other places, is derived from a life of John published in 1864 by R.C. Winthrop, a descendant who notes that between himself and John "six entire generations have intervened".[1] He based his statement on entries in a diary kept by Adam and then in his possession.[2]

The truth of the statement as far as Trinity is concerned was kindly confirmed to us by Mr Alan Kucia, archivist of the College. Adam's connection with St John's is, however, somewhat different from what is stated. His name does not appear on the lists of auditors, but in 1575 he was appointed to the stewardship of the College manors in Kent and Berkshire and to the office of receiver for Berkshire.[3] This is entirely consistent with the diary and it would appear that R.C. Winthrop's error was the result of a superficial reading. The duties of the steward were to superintend the manorial court, keep the rolls and enter changes in copyhold tenure, and impose fines. The receiver, somtimes called collector or bailiff, gathered the rents and profits of the court.

Winthrop soon resigned his responsibilities in Kent; according to Richard Potman, his successor, he did this when he realised that a yearly attendance in Kent would be necessary.[4] He retained his offices in Berkshire, and, as far as that county is concerned, his association with the College continued until the end of his life. However, a change in the relationship occurred in 1580 when the head lease of Broomhall, the College's principal manor in Berkshire, was assigned to John Wolley, the Queen's Latin Secretary. Wolley was a rising lawyer who was admitted to the Privy Council in 1587 and sat on the commission to try Mary Queen of Scots.

In 1576 Queen Elizabeth appointed a commission to draw up a new set of statutes for St John's. The principal commissioner was Lord Burghley who had been a student at St John's and was at the time Chancellor of the University. The Master, Dr Howland, himself a protege of Lord Burghley's, was much concerned in the negotiations. The new statutes, which were approved by the Queen in 1580, were very favourable to the Master, since they increased his powers and reduced those of the Visitor. They were written in Latin, but it is not known whether Wolley as Latin secretary was involved in their drafting. However, it is a fair assumption that he had been helpful to Dr Howland in this or some other way, and that the grant of the lease was his reward. It was a common practice for corporate bodies to grant leases on beneficial terms to great men, as well as, in the case of colleges, to Fellows and former Fellows.[5] That Wolley was under a debt of gratitude to the College appears in his letters which are phrased in the most obliging

terms. In one he promises to see if he can use his influence to stay a lawsuit with which the College is apparently threatened, "not meaning to forget your good friendship toward me in any thing I am able to do". Another letter, addressed to the Master and Fellows, ends with the phrase "with my very ready desire to gratify you in anything which may be for the good of your house".[6]

The licence for the previous holder to assign the lease of Broomhall contained a clause binding Wolley to collect quitrents from other tenants in Berkshire and to remit them to the College along with his own rent. In other words, Wolley was to take over duties up to that time performed by Winthrop as receiver. In a letter dated 2 November 1583 Winthrop stated that he had resigned that office at the time Wolley took over the lease, but there is no formal record in the College archives of his having done so.[7]

The change-over was not conducted smoothly. There was some dispute as to whether certain rents due before the change-over had been paid by the tenants, Winthrop claiming that they had not. Wolley writes to say that he has investigated the matter and found that the rents had in fact been duly paid to Winthrop's deputy collector. Possibly, Winthrop had been let down by his deputy. At all events, he came out of the change-over in debt to the College for certain arrears, as appears both from the accounts and from his diary. He continued to be credited from time to time with varying sums, but the accounts do not give a clear picture of how these were calculated; moreover, the terms steward, bailiff and collector are used indiscriminately as though the clerks were uncertain as to Winthrop's exact role. He had held the office of receiver by life patent and it is possible that his resignation had not been properly recorded. It was some years before the debt was paid off. After Wolley's death in 1596, his heirs remained in possession of Broomhall and continued to collect rents. At that time Winthrop was receiving 13s 4d a year, the correct fee for the office of steward.

It is difficult to understand the motive of the College in involving Wolley with the collection of rent. Possibly it was thought that it would be advantageous to have a man with Wolley's growing national as well as local influence involved in the management of its estates. However, the long-term outcome was not very satisfactory, since Wolley also ran into arrears which his executors did not finally pay off until 1606. The episode well illustrates the methods used by corporate bodies to collect money due to them and the difficulties they had in doing so.

Adam Winthrop was himself lord of the manor of Groton in Suffolk about 45 miles from Cambridge. On 16 December 1574 he married Alice Still, sister to John Still, Rector of Hadleigh, some six miles from Groton. Still had a few years earlier moved to Cambridge on being elected Master of St John's. It was during Still's mastership that Adam Winthrop's association with St John's began. Still was an enemy of Nonconformism; Thomas Baker, historian of the College, writing at the beginning of the eighteenth century, says of him that he "seems to have been raised up to root out Puritanism in St John's College".[8] Alice died in 1577 and it was Adam's second wife, Anne Browne, who was the mother of John. Nevertheless, there is some irony in the alliance between the Still family and that of the Puritan leader.

Adam Winthrop's father, also called Adam, was a man of substance in London. He was admitted to the Clothworkers' Company in 1526 and became its Master in 1551. In

1546, while he was Upper-Warden of the Company, his services were required to enquire into chantries in London under the Chantries Act of the last year of the reign of Henry VIII. There is in the College archives a letter dated 12 March 1545/6 and signed by him and other Commissioners. The letter is addressed to the Master, John Taylor, in his capacity as Rector of St Peter's Cornhill.[9] In 1544, Adam Winthrop senior could afford to buy Groton from the Crown for £408 18s 3d and three years later to send his son to Magdalene College as a fellow-commoner. John Winthrop in his turn was admitted at Trinity in 1603, but not as a fellow-commoner.[10]

The Winthrops had other connections with Cambridge. John's sister was the great grandmother of the Sir George Downing who died in 1717 and whose estate eventually went to the foundation of Downing College. Still was succeeded, at one remove, as rector of Hadleigh by George Meriton, a member of St John's and a fellow of Queens'. It was through him that Adam resigned his auditorship at Trinity and received £20 by way of consideration.[11]

Maurice Wilkes
Malcolm Underwood

1. R.C. Winthrop, *Life and Letters of John Winthrop* (Boston 1869), p 32.

2. Since published *in extenso* by the Massachusetts Historical Society. See *Winthrop Papers* (Boston 1929), vol 1.

3. Thomas Baker (ed J.E.B. Mayor), *History of the College of St John the Evangelist* (Cambridge 1869), p 401. The fees for the stewardships in Kent and Berkshire were two marks and one mark, respectively, and that for the receivership in Berkshire two marks, making a total of five marks (£3 6s 8d).

4. Richard Potman to the Master, 24 April 1611 (College archives D94.256). The rentals book shows Winthrop for the last time as steward for Kent in 1581. Potman is mentioned as holding that office in 1584.

5. H.F. Howard, *Finances of St John's College* (Cambridge 1935), p 48.

6. Wolley to Howland, October 1582 (College archives D94.431).
Wolley to Master and fellows, 8 January 1586/7 (College archives D13.94.12).

7. Winthrop to the Master, 2 November 1583 (College archives D94.248). It appears probable that the Master, Winthrop, and perhaps Wolley, met together at Broomhall in 1580 to discuss the new arrangements. The College accounts for 1580-81 show that the Master drew expenses for a visit to Berkshire in that year and Winthrop refers to seeing him there. The Master also waited on Lord Burghley in the course of the same trip. His expenses for 20 days amounted to £5.

8. Baker-Mayor, History, p 169.

9. College Archives D94.251. Winthrop was actually a member of a sub-Commission appointed by the King's Commissioners. In addition to being Master of St John's and Rector of St Peter's, Tayler was also Dean of Lincoln.

10. Neither Adam nor John took a degree; this was not unusual at the period.

11. Adam's Diary, 1610.

Roll Up For The May Ball 1888 - 1988

May Week is the pinnacle in the hectic and varied Oxbridge student social calendar. It is presented in many different forms, from a contemptuous example of student over-indulgence to a justified release (and indeed reward) for a pressurised term of intense examination preparation and anxiety. There is the option of the Grandiose - such as a Pembroke white tie occasion - or the serenity of Clare Ball with its romantic and intimate atmosphere. Wherever you choose, you are guaranteed a memorable experience to take away and ponder during life's duller moments! Personal reflections are often the richest source of feedback and have helped to keep the College May Ball as one of the major events of the academical year.

For St John's, this is particularly the case as it celebrates the Centenary May Ball in 1988. Only war interrupted the Summer Festivities. In those days the L.N.E.R. was inundated with eligible young debutantes (all searching for that ideal viscount or a man destined for high things in the Foreign Office), who headed east in pursuit of romance. Years later, Newnham and Girton were popular party venues where men exercised silvery charm and chivalry to secure a partner, amidst fierce competition. Now a more even balance in the male to female ratio at Cambridge eases such technical difficulties. Equality also reduces the financial pressure on the Ball-going males, as ladies follow a path towards the Netherlands!

Preparations for the Ball transform the College from its functional role as a self-contained educational unit to an enormous party room. As huge marquees swamp the courts, John's begins to buzz with speculation about the main band, the vogue ball gown and the weather conditions. The popular tradition entertained is simply that if it rains on Trinity Ball (on the Monday of May Week), John's will be blessed with fine weather the following night. This was certainly the case in 1987 when the St John's May Ball was held on the only night it didn't rain in May Week - exemplary planning. As the College takes on its new persona, it seems as if the Ball is a spontaneous event; that somebody had decided a day before that the Ball should take place. In fact it is the culmination of a whole year's discussion, planning and execution. The Committee, armed with walkie-talkies, engineer a strategy involving many in manoeuvres, assembling a multi-venue entertainment complex. The local pub, your favourite restaurant, a West-End nightclub, a plush theatre and a giant concert hall are all integrated into the architectural beauty of the Courts. A whole new environment is created.

Each Ball goer savours a particular moment. The wealth of variety in victuals, music and cabaret caters for all tastes as each couple plan their night appropriately. Post "Ball" mortems vary from the outrageous comedian to the rhythm of blues. John's is especially noted for its comprehensive array of food and liquid refreshment, indicative of its wide spectrum of guests. Many Old Johnians return year after year to see how things change. Others vow never to return, finding the event too large, impersonal or perhaps just uninteresting. Whatever the case, nobody can ignore its impact or fail to respond to the event.

The May Ball, 1911

And what of the band of Committee Members? Consulting behind closed doors, operating under a shroud of secrecy, privately anxious, publicly nonchalant - Committee members' work is never done (as also is last week's supervision work). The groundwork is discretely done and no sign of the Ball emerges until mid-February when a wave of advertising heralds its advent. The build-up commences.

The enigma of the May Ball has survived through changing times and opinions. John's has evolved from the 'poor man's College' - a classic misnomer - to a successfully mixed College and the Ball has responded to this. Women have flourished in the role of President; College acts are frequently billed and the preparation always involves all levels of College personnel. It remains a John's Ball for Johnians, who actively support each other. This constitutes a firm foundation for years to come, allowing John's to justify the widely held belief that it is the biggest and best Ball in Cambridge.

Centenary May Ball Committee

Greek Studies in Tudor Cambridge

It is necessary to dispel the exaggeration that England in the Middle Ages had no Greek. Some Greek was known by Robert Grosseteste (1175-1253), Bishop of Lincoln and the earliest recorded Chancellor of Oxford. He certainly encouraged Greek learning, even if he did not have a lot of it himself. For the two following centuries, he was probably the greatest single influence upon English thought and English literature.

Nevertheless, Greek studies in England were essentially revived as a result of the Western Renaissance, and that did not effectively reach England until the early Tudor period (1485-1558). The innovatory content of the Renaissance in England came chiefly from Greek studies, rather than Latin. In a nutshell, these began in Oxford, were fostered in London, and thence they spread to Cambridge, where they flourished and expanded as nowhere else in England. Although the precise dating is difficult, it seems that the teaching of Greek at Oxford began about the year 1491, after William Grocyn (1446–1519) had returned from Italy. In 1496, he left for London, where the great Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) became his pupil. Greek had, by that time become a fashionable accomplishment among the intellectuals; although it is questionable whether many of them got very far with it. At any rate, it was increasingly regarded as an essential avenue towards the questing curiosity which was typical of the Renaissance. To be fully educated a man had to know some Greek. Therefore, it must be taught in the best schools. Greek studies in Tudor England began in the schools - especially St Paul's, Eton and Shrewsbury; from there it spread to the Universities, and only the the Age of Shakespeare (1564-1616) did it finally emerge in its mature form: as fully assimilated into the English mind and character, and productive of English literature.

Merchant Taylors' School, in London, under that admirable Tutor schoolmaster, Richard Mulcaster, taught Greek, as well as Latin and Hebrew. John Colet (1466-1519), Dean of St Paul's, founded and endowed St Paul's School in London. Greek studies from the first were prominent there; and William Lily (1468-1522), its first Headmaster after 1512, had studied Greek in Rhodes. Sir Thomas More himself drew upon Plato as well as St Augustine for the ideas of his famous "Utopia" (1516). In 1516, too, the foundation deed of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, made a specific provision for the teaching of Greek (as well as Latin). "This was the first permanent establishment of a teacher of Greek in England".[1]

Two years later, in 1518, Cardinal Wolsey set up at Oxford a University Lectureship in Greek. Cambridge may have been rather less speedy in its official provision for Greek studies. Nevertheless, the latter certainly circulated in the University almost from the dawn of the Tutor period. The famous Dutch scholar, Erasmus (1467-1536), brought to England by the good offices of Sir Thomas More, commented that in the year 1516 Greek studies were already apparent in Cambridge, brought in as an essential part of the "polite learning" of the Renaissance.

St John's College, in particular, was a centre for them. Founded in 1511, it was exceptionally open to the new Greek learning; and its first inmates included quite a number of distinguished Greek scholars. By 1530 some Greek was being officially

taught there; and a Greek dictionary was one of the first books bought for its Library. After 1538, it had an official College Lecturer in Greek.

A pioneer of Greek studies in Tudor Cambridge, and particularly at St John's College, was the often-forgotten Richard Croke (1489-1558). He became a Fellow of St John's College. Like so many of his Tudor sort, he had been obliged to learn most of his Greek abroad, on the European Continent. Before coming back to Cambridge, he had already taught Greek, with much apparent success, at Cologne, Louvain and Leipzig. Although thus early there was no official recognition, Croke began to arouse interest in Greek at Cambridge, early in Henry VIII's reign (1509-1547). At any rate, by the year 1520, he delivered at Cambridge two orations on the importance and utility of the Greek language and literature. It is said also that he was employed to teach the King himself the rudiments of Greek. Between 1522 and 1528, he was the first Public Orator at Cambridge (although, of course, that implied greater dexterity in Latin than in Greek). But after 1532, he moved to Oxford; and it was in London that he died, in August, 1558. That was at the very beginning of the great reign of Queen Elizabeth I: climax and fruition of the cultural achievement of the Tudor Renaissance. What was so effectively sown in the educational aims of the early Tudors, the later Tudors discernibly reaped in the literature of the Age of Shakespeare, with its very evident debts to the inquisitive spirit of the Greek mind and outlook.

Cultural life in England under any of the Tudors - first or last - was necessarily exclusive and restricted (certainly in comparison with anything that we may know and accept today). Greek studies, therefore, there and then, percolated from the top downwards. They can scarcely have touched at all the general mass of the population. I do not think we should reject them, for that reason. They are still very valid, expressive, and meaningful. We may also observe that Greek studies under the Tudors centred around the "cultural triangle", comprising Oxford, London and Cambridge. The rest of the country seems scarcely to have mattered at all, in that narrowly intellectual context. Oxford and Cambridge were then the only two Universities that little England had: the "two eyes," luminous and evocative, of the Tudor State. It follows that there was then remarkably little difficulty for scholars - even pseudo-scholars - to move from one to the other; and this both Erasmus and Richard Croke seem quite easily to have done.

But Greek studies in Tudor Cambridge did not finally receive the accolade of Royal Approval until the year 1540, when King Henry VIII established there a Regius Professorship of Greek. Henceforth, the University of Cambridge had no excuse for neglecting its Greek; this was permanently established on a University as well as a College level. Evidently, however, it had needed all the earlier pioneering endeavours - of isolated and singular scholars, often arguing against the wind, and sustained chiefly by their own personal dedications - in order to justify the eventual decision, to make Greek an official and important part of the Cambridge curriculum.

The first Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge was a very distinguished Johnian: Sir John Cheke (1514-1557). He, too, had studied abroad, in order to acquire his Greek. His salary, as Professor, was a meagre £40 a year. He continued to occupy that important position until October 1551. He lectured on Sophocles, Homer, Euripides, and Herodotus. Those were still quite pioneering years. Cheke had to concentrate on rudimentary matters, without making major discoveries or textual innovations. Even

those few scholars who by then had managed to acquire some knowledge of Greek pronounced it in a manner which Cheke believed to be corrupt. He set himself to ascertain (as far as possible) an improved pronunciation which is now always to be associated with him. For that purpose, he went back to his studies of the Ancient Greek authors (especially Aristophanes). "He found footsteps to guide him how the Ancient Greeks pronounced." Although his new forms of Greek pronunciation attracted a lot of initial ridicule and rejection - and they were, in that tempestuous age, associated with the clash between Protestantism and Catholicism in religion - they eventually gained ground, even at Cambridge, and became generally accepted in England. But that was not until towards the end of Cheke's life.

The year 1544 saw Cheke appointed as Public Orator at Cambridge, which had been the first English University to set up such a position. By that time, he did not conceal his allegiance to Protestantism, based as it must have been upon his insights into the nature of the Greek New Testament. Yet, he was essentially a scholar; he had no wish for the strife of either religion or politics. About the same time, he was appointed Tutor to the young Prince Edward. These responsibilities gradually drew him out from his teaching role at Cambridge, and for the rest of his life he had the dubious pomp and circumstance of a Royal Court official. Occasionally, too, he acted as Tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. He prospered substantially after the accession of King Edward VI (1547), finally returning to Cambridge - where he was always most at his ease - in 1549. He was knighted on October 1, 1552. But under Mary (1553-1558) the reaction in favour of Roman Catholicism led to his inevitable disfavour. After 1554, he was in exile abroad, when he supported himself chiefly by teaching Greek. But he was able to return to England in 1556 (before the death of Queen Mary), when the prestige of his possible conversion induced Cardinal Pole to make determined efforts to win him over from Protestantism to Catholicism. At last, he did in fact make a somewhat hesitant conversion to the "Old Religion." He died, remorseful and in sad circumstances, in London, on September 13, 1557. It was before the death of Mary Tudor - also sad and ill-fated - which did not come until November, 1558. Cheke, therefore, did not quite live long enough to witness the coming greatness of the Elizabethan period, when indeed the harvest was reaped, in literature as well as in education, of so much that he had attempted to do, between 1540 and 1553, in both Cambridge and London.

Essentially a devoted scholar and academic, Cheke was evidently out of place amidst the religious acrimony of his times. It would have been better had he been permitted to remain always among his Greek studies in Early Tudor Cambridge. But, of course, no man can ever entirely determine his own fate; the times were his, whether he liked them or not; and there was far too much strife in them to suit him. He loved his Greek studies. He benefitted from them, and he wanted others to benefit from them also. It was no fundamental concern for him that Greek studies, there and then, became generally confused with untimely innovation in religion, or that the Renaissance, for the most part, seemed then to lead on inexorably to the Reformation. He was no religious zealot; but at any rate when he was in London, it proved to be quite impossible for him to steer clear of politics.

Nevertheless, the story of Sir John Cheke illustrates still the entire role of Greek studies in Tudor Cambridge, and in Tudor England. They drove him insidiously out of scholarship and into public affairs. Greek studies at that time seem almost destined to

make a man a candidate for matters of state. Yet, we must remember him today as scholar rather than as politician. "Cheke was unquestionably one of the most learned men of his age".[2] He set Greek studies in England on a much better basis, chiefly as a result of the success of his new pronunciation of the Greek language. But he failed in his other attempt to introduce a phonetic method of spelling English. He has been described as "beneficient, charitable, and communicative." Even his reformed Greek pronunciation was, for a very long time, dismissed by the bulk of the Continental Europeans, on the grounds that it was too "English" and "insular". The English isolation, even in the pronunciation of Greek, was still so noticed by the poet, John Milton, in the seventeenth century.

When in 1542, Cambridge University officially decided against the reformed pronunciation of Greek, it was a triumph as much for the "Old Religion" as for tradition in linguistics. This controversy in Tudor Cambridge may well seem now to have been aggravated and largely immaterial. In its time, however, it excited more heat than light. It was widely accepted as crucial for the future of Greek studies in England. Rejection of Sir John Cheke's reforms in Greek pronunciation meant, in effect, the putting back of the clock for Greek studies in England. If they had been permanently frustrated, "Greek would have continued to be pronounced in the Byzantine system." [3] Even after 1542 - brief and temporary as the reaction at Cambridge was - there was "a sharp decline in Greek studies in the University." Roger Ascham confessed: "it completely extinguished almost all the ardour we had felt for learning Greek." As long as the Cheke legacy remained so overcast, Cambridge University would never be permitted to recover its first enthusiasms for Greek studies, in the fullness of the Renaissance vogue.

During the long and eventful reign of Queen Elizabeth I (1558–1603), Greek studies were pursued at Cambridge; but apparently without the same distinction or animation. Such was the work of the scholar, John Bois (1561–1664), who entered St John's College, Cambridge, from Suffolk, on February 27, 1557. He worked hard at his Greek. He "is said to have worked in the University Library from four in the morning till eight at night".[4] He was a Greek Lecturer at Cambridge from 1584 until 1595. He generally began his lectures at four o'clock in the morning. But he left to take a country living near Cambridge in 1596. He devoted much labour to a large edition of St John Chrysostom (subsequently published by Sir Henry Savile in 1611–13). But his case, for those times, was almost unique; he lamented that "besides himself there was but one in the College who could write Greek".[5]

Similarly, Bartholomew Dodington (1536-1595) often found it difficult to attract a satisfactory audience for his Greek lectures. It seems to have been a symptom of a fairly general malaise for Greek studies in the late Tudor Cambridge. Indeed, for those times, over England as a whole, Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" must have been fairly typical. Dodington, however, also of St John's College, persisted from 1562 until 1585, as the University's Regius Professor of Greek. Those were uniformly dangerous and disputatious years, for the calm and marginal study of the intricacies and the delights of Greek. Perhaps we should never have expected a revival of Greek studies during such times, even in the detachment of Cambridge. Dodington did his best. But, even in his Greek studies, he could achieve nothing as distinctive or as formative as did his predecessors in the early Tudor times, especially the great Sir John Cheke.

Apart from Sir John Cheke, the most interesting of all the individual characters of Greek studies at Cambridge, in the Age of the Renaissance, must certainly be Roger Ascham (1515-1568). With him we must at once return to the pioneering endeavours which effectively introduced Greek studies into the national educational system of England. With him, Greek was still a daring, investigative, and exciting pursuit: even hazardous for the life and happiness of any who diligently set their hearts upon such a quest. Significantly, too, Greek studies in the early Tudor period centred quite remarkably upon the newly-born St John's College. It was Cheke's College; it was also Roger Ascham's. Ascham, at St John's taught Greek to undergraduates younger than himself, and he collected a distinguished group of pupils, based on such studies, after he became a Fellow in 1534 and official College Lecturer in Greek in 1538. He was only fifteen when he came up to Cambridge; he was a Fellow of his College by the time he was nineteen. Young scholars matured quickly in the Tudor times. They had to do so: time was short, money scarce, and the cares of the world became perilous and pressing.

Roger Ascham, like Cheke, became virtually a Protestant, and the fact must have put him in some peril during the religious vicissitudes of the early Tudors. He was yet another diligent Cambridge scholar, somewhat out of his depth in the big, grim world of politics and statecraft. After 1538, he was happy in his work as College Lecturer in Greek. The salary was sufficient for his simple needs. His success was remarkable. He concentrated especially on Sophocles, Europides, and Demosthenes. These then largely replaced the Cicero of former times. Eventually, although it was after some hesitation, he accepted Cheke's reformed Greek pronunciation at Cambridge. But the University's formal rejection of this, in 1542, forced him to leave Cambridge. His academic career was thus lost for good. In 1548, he was appointed to succeed Cheke as Tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. She was then resident in Cheshunt. He taught her a lot of Greek. But - like his mentor Cheke - Ascham was never very much at home in the Court circles. He longed for his books and for Cambridge. While he remained as Tutor to the future Queen Elizabeth I, he rarely visited Cambridge, although his thoughts were very often there.

Under Mary Tudor his Protestantism brought him into bad times. But, after 1558, with Elizabeth on the throne, fortune was better to him. Alas, however, after 1558, he was frequently in ill-health, and he died in London in his fifty-fourth year, on December 20, 1568. Queen Elizabeth, on hearing of his death, declared that she would rather have lost £10,000 than Roger Ascham. That was high praise indeed for so stingy a monarch. "All scholars in England and on the Continent lamented Ascham's death. His place in English literature depends less on his efforts to extend the knowledge of Greek at Cambridge than on the simple vigour of his English prose."[6] His principal work, "The Schoolmaster", a study of Classical education, was published in 1570, after his death, by his widow, essentially as her husband left it, but with the addition of a graceful dedication to Sir William Cecil, then lately elected Chancellor of Cambridge University.

History is pleased to record several very illuminating episodes relating to the Greek studies of Roger Ascham. In 1550, for example, we are told that (before he went to Germany), he discovered the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, in her Leicestershire retreat reading the Phaedo of Plato.[7] He consistently preferred Greek to Latin, and he held that, in any case, translations could be no more than imperfect substitutes for the originals. He believed that the ascendency of Italy over learning in England was already over.

Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), author of the posthumous *Worthies of England*, which was later much admired by Charles Lamb, wrote of him: "Ascham came to Cambridge just at the dawning of learning, and stayed there till the bright day thereof, his own endeavours contributing much light thereunto".

Fundamentally, of course, Roger Ascham was a scholar rather than a theologian (although he did become a rather mild sort of Protestant). He developed an excellent epistolary style in Greek, as well as a very beautiful penmanship. The latter was inevitably denoted at its best in his use of the Greek alphabet (for which he is still fondly remembered by calligraphers). But it was quite evidently the religious debate - between Catholic and Protestant - which for those times effectively put an end to his academic career at Cambridge, otherwise so very productive and promising. That was a very great pity. He might otherwise have achieved "a distinguished and prosperous future in the University".[8]

Instead, in the fickle circumstances of that age - its inconstancies and its manifest infidelities - Roger Ascham was driven into the precarious and uncongenial role of the courtier. At his death, however, he was rightly remembered chiefly for his devotion to his Greek studies. It was these which, naturally and effortlessly, led on to his mature role as a supreme and admirable architect of the English language, particularly the English sentence. For this, however, he was very often ignored by his Elizabethan contemporaries. But, in the end, it was that part of his work which made him again memorable: as a maker of English prose. There is much that is still evocatively Greek, in that concern for language. "He was the indispensable link between the earlier Tudor and the great Elizabethan and Jacobean writers of prose".[9]

William Cecil, first Lord Burghley, married Mary Cheke, sister of Sir John Cheke. He was also at St John's (1535-41). He was only fifteen years old when he entered the College. But he had already acquired "a certain mastery over the Greek language which at that time was an accomplishment few young people could boast of". "St John's was at this time the most famous place of education in England".[10] The two "most important Grecians of the time" were Roger Ascham and John Cheke, both of whom were then in residence at St John's. The young William Cecil had a total of six years in the College: a tranquil period in preparation for his years of statecraft in aid of his Queen. But he left to study law in London, and without taking a Cambridge degree. He married Cheke's sister in 1541, the year he left Cambridge. There may have been some linkage, because - surprisingly - his own father regarded this as a "mesalliance", so low was the rating of a scholar in those snobbish and land-greedy times. Mary, his wife, however, died on February 22, 1544, so she cannot have had much effect on his subsequent political career. The little episode, however, has been significantly described as "the one romantic episode of the great statesman's life".[11]

It is possible to select a great variety of interesting examples of characters who contributed, in their different ways, to the development of Greek studies in Tudor Cambridge. Only a few have been mentioned here. Even these, however, may serve to indicate the several stages in the evolution of Greek at Cambridge, which accompanied the vicissitudes of both politics and religion within the Tudor period. It was of course always a very formative and crucial process: with Cambridge as a microcosm of what was happening elsewhere in the general education and culture of England.

For that purpose, perhaps, it is as apt and as significant as anything else, to take Cambridge in general, and St John's College in particular, as a valid point of study for the progress of Greek studies throughout Tudor England. Greek studies essentially embodied the Renaissance in England. That began as education - in both School and University - at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It almost perished in the religious strife of its middle years. Enough, however, of the authentic and infectious spirit of both Ascham and Cheke seems to have survived even the corrosions of religious argument, between 1547 and 1558, to ensure that in the Elizabethan times Greek studies did continue at Cambridge; and these although rarely very original were valid and important.

The light of Greek learning, at any rate, was passed on with the generations. The great years earlier in the sixteenth century could never be recovered. But these were the very foundations of all that followed them, especially at Cambridge. It was fundamentally English, of course, ministering to the English society in those Tudor times. But its essence was distinctively and definitely Greek, transmuted somehow to these different and distant shores. The transition was remarkable; but so also was the continuing vitality, since the Renaissance, of those Greek ideas and attitudes.

We must still acknowledge and recognise the extraordinary prominence of St John's College, in most of the records of Greek studies in the Tudor times. The latter was generally foremost in the University for scholarship; at any rate until the early part of the nineteenth century, when its neighbour, Trinity, was able to forge ahead, owing to its greater endowments. Again and again, therefore, we can come across stories of scholars of St John's, pursuing their Greek in the apparently unpropitious conditions of the Tudor times. John Christopherson, as another example, studied Greek at St John's. He graduated B.A. in 1541. He was one of the comparatively few students of Greek, then resident in the College, who did not become a Protestant. Mary Tudor made him Master of Trinity in 1553, which was just as soon as she could. Cardinal Pole sent him to inspect the University in 1556-7, he being then styled "Bishop-Elect of Chichester".

But the Protestant ascendency, after 1558, ended his brief career, and he died, imprisoned by the new Queen, in December, 1558. His religious views apart, he was a good scholar in many languages: Greek, Latin and Hebrew. His Greek was perhaps his weakest; his translations from Greek are frequently marred by inaccuracies and a confused syntax. He never achieved the profound Greek scholarship of Ascham or Cheke. He died on the very eve of the varied greatness of the Elizabeth Age. Nevertheless, his is also a story worthy of some recollection. It continues to illustrate the perplexitites of all scholars in those difficult times.

We must look, not for success or failure, in the records of Greek studies in Tudor Cambridge, but for diligence and sincerity. The latter was certainly not the prerogative of any one political or religious grouping. The best common bond, which we can find, should be the shared allegiance to the value and the relevance of Greek studies, in the fact of so much animosity in Church and in State. In the end, the constant images of Ancient Greece - lucid, beckoning, and transcendental - have survived all the ravages of fashion and of time. But we must owe them still chiefly to the diligent insights of the Greek scholars of those uncertain Tudor times; and among these a surprising proportion

came for the cloisters of St John's College, Cambridge: first as well as last within the transient generations of the Tudor times.

Eric Glasgow

NOTES

1. J.E. Sandys: *A History of Classical Scholarship in England*, Cambridge, 1908, Vol.2, p. 230.

2. *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. 10, London, 1887, p. 181.

3. R.M. Ogilvie: *Latin and Greek: A History of the Influence of the Classics in England*, London, 1964, p. 16.

4. *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol.5, London, 1886, p. 312.

5. R.M. Ogilvie, *op.cit.*, p. 16.

6. *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. 2, London, 1885, p. 157.

7. J.E. Sandys: *A History of Classical Scholarship*, Vol. 2, Cambridge, 1908, p.235.

8. L.V. Ryan: *Roger Ascham*, Stanford University Press, California, U.S.A., 1963, p. 18.

9. *Ibid.*, p.292.

10. *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. 9, London, 1887, p. 406.

11. *Ibid*.

Old Bridge Street

Anniversaries, even generally forgotten ones, provide useful pretexts. This academical year is the fiftieth anniversary of one of the most visible incursions made by the College since its foundation into the town of Cambridge: the demolition of much of Bridge Street - up to the Master's Lodge - to make way for a northern range of buildings, designed by Mr (later Sir Edward) Maufe. This provides us with a pretext to show our readers a small selection of the extensive and rare photographic collection held by the College Library.

Old Bridge Street, as its surviving parts and these photographs show, was a picturesque if doubtless cramped warren of yards and passages, occupied by the familiar mixture of shops, warehouses and living quarters. In that pre-conservationist era it seems to have been valued little, and was probably doomed by the City Council's desire to widen the street. The College, perennially short of space, took the opportunity to demolish a large part of the southern side and construct new buildings.[1] After much discussion and an architectural competition, Maufe's scheme was chosen. In spite of practical advantages and the high quality of detailed design, its restrained 1930s neo-classicism will perhaps never engender widespread affection, and fortunately the most ambitious project, which would have extended all along Bridge Street and the river, demolishing the Master's Lodge, was abandoned. Financial constraints, a desire not to pre-empt the choices of future generations, and pessimism concerning the declining birth-rate contributed to this decision. So did the international situation, to which the placards outside Darkins the newsagents testify; prudently, a gas-proof bomb shelter was planned for the cellars of the new building, which now safeguard the College's port.

Apart from photographs, at least one material relic of old Bridge Street remains: a fine mantlepiece from Sussums Yard, now in the Combination Room.

1. A detailed account is given by Alec C. Crook, in *Penrose to Cripps* (Cambridge 1978), pp. 99-114.

Bridge Street
Looking towards
Magdalene Bridge;
now the site of
the cycle sheds and
Song School

Nos 57, 56 and 55

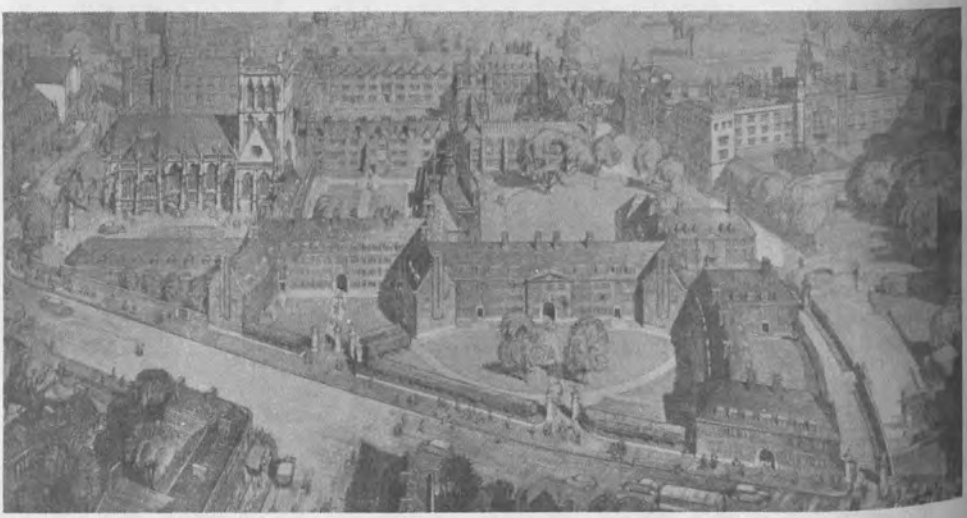
Bridge Street: from inside the College

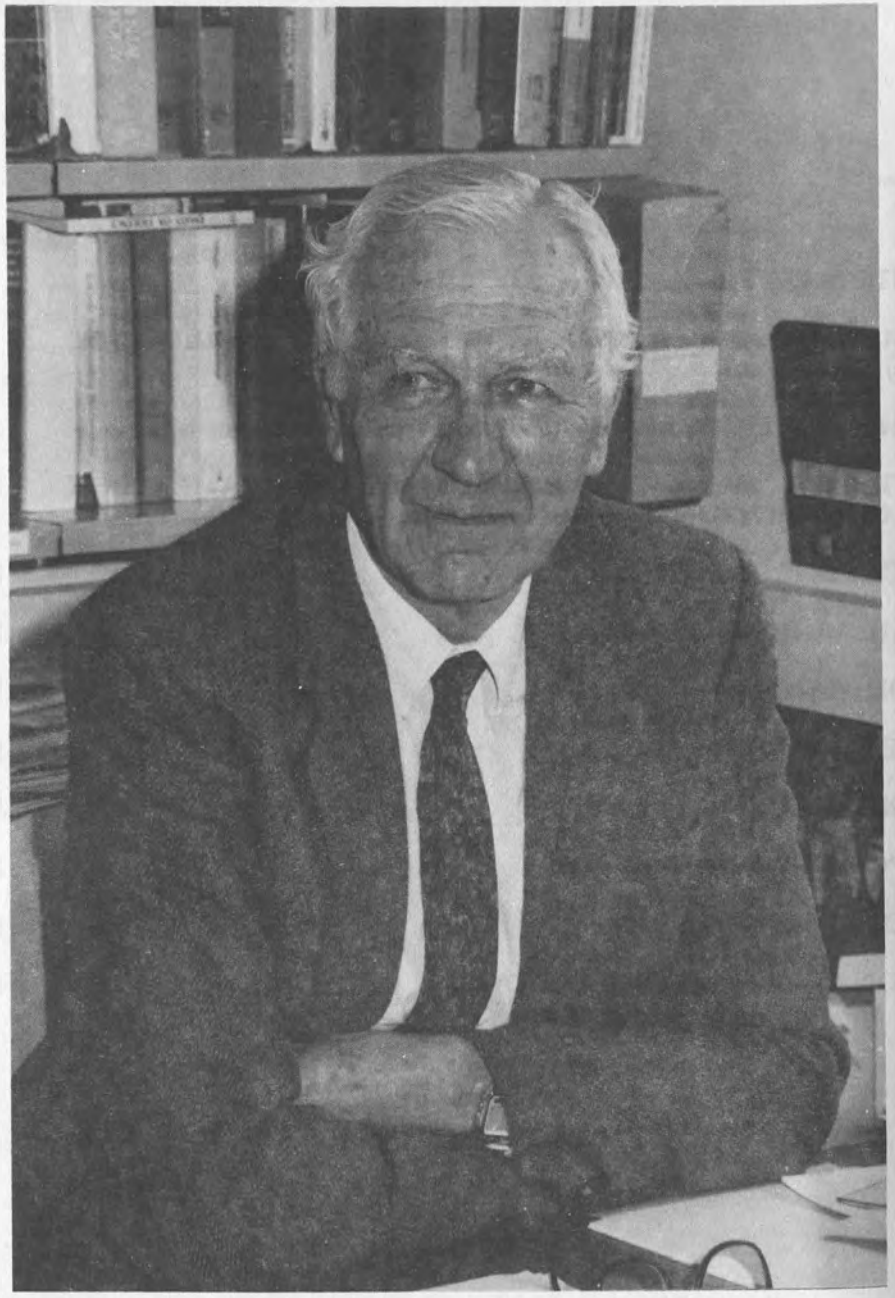
Nos 56 and 58

No 53 and
Sussum's Yard

Building Chapel Court and the Forecourt

The New College Buildings: the full project





Professor R.A. Hinde, CBE, Sc.D, FRS

The Master Elect

In the College Chapel on 17 November 1988, the Fellowship pre-elected Professor Robert Aubrey Hinde, CBE, Sc.D, FRS to the Mastership. A member of the College since 1946, he has been a Fellow since 1958, a Royal Society Research Professor since 1963, and Director of the Medical Research Council Unit on the Development and Integration of Behaviour since 1970. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1974 and was awarded the CBE in 1988. Among his many scientific honours, he is a Foreign Associate of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He is an Honorary Member or Fellow of the Association for the Study of Animal Behaviour and the Deutsche Ornithologische Gesellschaft as well as the British Psychological Society and the Royal College of Psychiatry. Hinde has received Honorary Doctorates from the Université Libre (Brussels) and the Université de Paris (Nanterre), and in 1987 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of Balliol College.

Robert Hinde comes from a Norwich family. At an early age he developed an interest in the natural world through his father who besides being a family doctor was also a keen naturalist, and through I. Hepburn, his Housemaster at Oundle School. Soon after the outbreak of the Second World War, he volunteered for the RAF and trained as a pilot. He saw active service flying Catalina and Sunderland flying boats on convoy patrol in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. This gave him the opportunity to watch not only the sea, but also a variety of animal species, particularly birds, in their natural habitats. An Exhibition at St John's allowed him to continue his interests in biology, reading Natural Sciences (Zoology). As a D.Phil. student at Oxford under David Lack, he was also influenced by a post-war arrival from Holland, Niko Tinbergen, later to become a Nobel Laureate.

In 1950 Hinde returned to Cambridge to be Curator of the Ornithological Field Station at Madingley, newly established by William Thorpe of the Department of Zoology and Jesus College. In 1951 he was elected a Research Fellow of the College for his dissertation on the behaviour of the Great Tit. He then served as Steward (in spite of his admittedly poor senses of taste and smell) and in 1958 became a Fellow and Tutor.

Robert Hinde is one of the most distinguished active scientists working in the area between Biology and Psychology. His papers and the theoretical principles derived from them are widely quoted. He has contributed to medically related fields, on the role of hormones in behaviour and more recently on the development of social behaviour in rhesus monkeys and in children. The Medical Research Council Unit at Madingley was set up under his direction. Here, he and his colleagues have shown the importance of detailed analyses of behaviour for understanding social relationships and their underlying physiological mechanisms.

Robert Hinde has a formidable reputation as a forthright and demanding critic in the field of behavioural science. Any contributor to a volume which he has edited is unlikely to forget the experience. His reputation extends far beyond the confines of

the British academic world. Apart from bringing rigour and organisation to undecided issues, he has promoted inter-disciplinary research through his many scientific papers and influential books. The latter include: *Animal Behaviour: A Synthesis of Ethology and Comparative Psychology* (1966; 1970); *Biological Bases of Human Social Behaviour* (1974); *Towards Understanding Relationships* (1979); *Ethology* (1982); and *Individuals, Relationships and Culture* (1987).

On a broader front, Robert Hinde was the first Chairman of the Cambridge University Disarmament Seminar, and has co-edited *Aggression and War* (1989) and *Education for Peace* (1989). Currently he is playing an active role in promoting environmental issues.

We take great pleasure in welcoming Professor Hinde as our forty-first Master. His wife, Joan, is a Developmental Psychologist and a Fellow and Tutor at New Hall. We offer the new Master and his family our warmest good wishes for the years to come.

J.B.H.

British Intelligence in the Second World War

On 5 May 1988 the present Master gave notice of his intention to retire from the Mastership as of 31 July 1989. All members of the College will join in wishing the Master and Lady Hinsley every happiness in their retirement from the arduous duties of the Lodge. To mark the occasion, *The Eagle* has prevailed upon the Master to allow us to publish his lecture 'Allied Intelligence in the Second World War', which he delivered on 10 March 1989 as the ninth Johnian Society Lecture.

* * * * *

In the Second World War, if we leave aside the information they obtained by overt means from embassies, the Press, the radio and other such channels, governments got their intelligence - defined as information which other governments were at pains to keep secret - from four sources. They were:

1. physical contact in the form of captured documents, the censorship of mail and the interrogation of prisoners;

2. espionage;

3. aerial reconnaissance, particularly aerial photographic reconnaissance; and

4. signals intelligence, Sigint for short.

About these four sources we should note two preliminary points. Essentially, each of them had always existed. There never was a time when governments did not avail themselves of censorship, captures, prisoners and spies; aerial reconnaissance was old-fashioned reconnaissance greatly extended by the development of flying since the beginning of this century; Sigint, in the same way, was the product of the marriage of one of the most ancient of crafts - cryptanalysis - with the advent of wireless communication from the same date. In the second place, and by the same token, all governments exploited all these sources in World War Two or did their best to do so.

Until the Autumn of 1941 - for the first two years of the War - the intelligence bodies on both sides achieved roughly equal success. To illustrate this further point by reference only to Sigint, which was always and increasingly the most valuable of the sources, British success in breaking the cypher used by the Germans in the invasion of Norway in April 1940 and in reading the communications of the German Air Force from May 1940 was balanced by the fact that Germany read between 30 and 50 per cent of British naval traffic in the North Sea during 1940, and a considerable amount of that of the French Army from the outbreak of war to the fall of France. The fact again, that the British were reading the high-grade cyphers of the Italian army, navy

and air force from September 1940 to the end of 1941 was off-set by Axis successes during most of that period against equivalent British cyphers in the Mediterranean and the Middle East.

Axis successes against British cyphers did not cease at the end of 1941. With few exceptions, however, of which the most notable was Germany's ability to read for much of the time from January 1942 to June 1943 some of the codes and cyphers associated with the Atlantic convoys, the previous rough equivalence of advantage in Sigint gave way from the autumn of 1941 to massive British superiority. It did so in a process by which, while Axis openings were successively blocked, the Allied penetration of Axis communications, and especially of German communications, was progressively expanded. It was expanded to a degree that had never previously been achieved, even in war-time. Leaving aside the decryption of tactical codes and cyphers - confining ourselves to the highest-grade decrypts for which London used the code-name Ultra and Washington used the code-names Ultra and Magic - the Allies were reading from early 1943 some 4,500 German signals a day and a large, if somewhat smaller, volume of Italian and Japanese traffic, whereas to Germany, Italy and Japan virtually all the Allied cyphers apart from those of Russia, another important exception to Germany's declining success, had by then been made invulnerable.

* * * * *

How was this transformation brought about? In the answer to this question nothing is more striking than the extent to which both fortune and foresight, both good luck and good judgement, played their part. This point was most central to the transformation - the conquest of the German Enigma machine.

The Enigma was Germany's answer to the problems raised by the wish to harness radio to efficiency in military operations: the need for impregnable cyphers if large volumes of signals were to be put on the air and the need for speed in cyphering and decyphering large volumes of signals. In order to achieve the further advantages of mass production, she chose to rely almost exclusively on the single resulting electro-mechanical typing machine, distributing it widely throughout each of the three Services and within such other organisations as the Abwehr, the railways and the police. By each of its user organisations, however, the machine was adapted to different arrangements and procedures, and each of them operated it with different keys for different functions and in different theatres. Some 250 keys, each constituting virtually a different cypher, were identified during the war, and at no time after 1941 were less than 50 in force concurrently. As each key was re-set daily once war had begun, and as the finding of any setting involved the selection of one out of many millions of possible solutions even by those who might have captured the machine and its wired wheels, the Germans felt confident that even in war conditions the Enigma would remain safe against all but local and temporary compromises of settings. And yet the machine was radically, if not yet irretrievably, compromised as early as 1932, and beginning in May 1940, after an interlude since September 1938, the British went on to recover over 180 of the war-time keys.

The pre-war compromise owed almost everything to chance or, as the Germans might think, to treachery. The Poles broke into the machine by methods which involved great mathematical ingenuity, though not profound mathematics, but the

methods were possible only because in 1931, entirely on his own initiative, a German signals officer had supplied its operating instructions and settings for two months to the French Secret Service, which passed them to Warsaw. Fortune played no part, on the other hand, in the war-time conquest of the Enigma.

The Polish success had been brought to an end in 1938 by the last in a sequence of pre-war German security improvements. Despite invaluable assistance obtained from the Poles, and despite the fact that from September 1939 the Germans were using the machine more heavily in operational conditions, whereas they had previously used it sparsely and mainly for practice traffic, the British did not fully solve any war-time keys - bring them to the point at which the settings were found daily without great delay - until the Spring of 1940, when they mastered the key used in Norway from 10 April and the general purpose key of the German Air Force from 20 May. Many regional and specialised keys of the Air Force were thereafter solved, often as soon as they were brought into force; but it is further testimony to the formidable problems presented by the Enigma that no naval keys were solved regularly before June 1941, no Abwehr keys before December 1941 and no Army keys (with the exception of one of the Russian front from June 1941) till the Spring of 1942. Nor need we doubt that but for careful preparations over a long period of time the British authorities would not, even then, have overcome these problems.

Without their foresight in centralising cryptanalysis on an inter-departmental basis after World War I, in recruiting the best available talents to it from 1938 and not least in recognising that those talents should be inter-disciplinary, the conquest of the Enigma would have been impossible. For while it would have been impossible without brilliant mathematicians, and particularly without their development of machinery of a sophistication which the Germans had not allowed for, it would equally have been impossible without the in-put of a whole array of non-mathematical ingenuity. Mathematicians provided the means by which the 24-hourly solutions could alone be found without great delay. But the ability to apply the means rested on continuous and sometimes inspired analysis of German operations, German signals procedure, and even the habits and methods and vocabulary of German wireless operators.

* * * * *

These successes once achieved, they could not be counted on to continue. They were subject to two threats. The Germans, who had made successive improvements to the security of the Enigma before the war, might continue to do so as a matter of ordinary precaution. Or they might refashion it from suspicion or conviction that it had been radically compromised. In the event, under the pressures of war and in view of the unexpected wide dispersal of their armed forces, the German authorities, with one notable exception, deferred precautionary overhaul until after the middle of 1944; and not until early in 1945, when the Enigma settings were in any case wide open to physical compromise, did they take measures in the belief that it was no longer secure. The exception was the U-boat Command. In February 1942, motivated initially by suspicion - which was, however, set aside after an enquiry - it took the precaution of bringing into force a new Enigma system, one that used an additional wheel and was 26 times more difficult to solve.

The effects of this set-back, as of those which came from the burden of solving the ever increasing proliferation of ordinary keys, were off-set, though not without some delay, by another of the novel developments for which World War II is remarkable in the history of intelligence. By the Spring of 1942 the British and U.S. intelligence bodies had created for Sigint, as for intelligence as a whole, a single organisation in which the amalgamation of resources and the division of labour were virtually complete. It was thanks to this co-operation as much as to Germany's delay in introducing serious security measures, that the Allies kept their advantage, and even extended it, down to the end of the war.

It is tempting to attribute the German delay to the fact that to undue confidence in the invulnerability of the Enigma before the outbreak of war the German signals and security authorities subsequently added incompetence and complacency. But there are good grounds for holding that their original confidence was not unreasonable, and that to think otherwise is to belittle the ingenuity and the versatility of the Allied Sigint effort. These were displayed against Japanese and Italian cyphers as well as against Germany's and against other German cyphers besides the Enigma - most notably against the system which Germany introduced for communication between her high-level Headquarters in signals based on teleprinter impulses that were automatically cyphered and decyphered on transmission and at the point of reception. From the end of 1942 the British solved the product of this further technological advance, and did so before it was fully operational, by developing an approximation to the modern computer. In the last two years of the War its decrypts made a contribution to the stock of intelligence that was even greater in value, though not in volume, than that made by the Enigma. And in the same way the argument for war-time German incompetence overlooks some important considerations.

In continuing to make no allowance for the extent to which machine methods might be developed against the Enigma, the Germans were undoubtedly swayed by their own inability to make any progress against Allied machine cyphers, but this inability was chiefly due to the fact that that Allies applied their knowledge of Enigma to strengthen their own cyphers. The danger that, even so, the enemy would come to believe that, if only as a consequence of captures, the Enigma had become insecure - this was contained by, on the one hand, the existence of the other intelligence sources and, on the other, exceptionally careful Allied security precautions.

The other sources produced valuable intelligence. Espionage and Photographic Reconnaissance threw as much light as Sigint on the early development of the V-weapons. The first news of the development of revolutionary new types of U-boats and aircraft came from prisoners. Eighty per cent of the information about the fixed anti-invasion defences on the French coast was provided by Photographic Reconnaissance, and over fifty per cent of the intelligence about the German Army's order of battle in the west before the Normandy landings was obtained from captured documents and from the French, Belgian, Dutch and Polish underground organisations. But it was not only the case that the intelligence value of these sources was greatly enhanced because they could be guided by and mated with Sigint; they were less useful for their intelligence than for the security they provided for Sigint. Because the enemy was oblivious of the existence of Sigint but knew that the Allies possessed the other sources, he attributed to prisoners, deserters, spies and traitors the set-backs he encountered as a result of Allied Sigint - and this was especially so in the

case of Germany, who fought alongside unreliable Allies in occupied countries with hostile populations.

The British authorities themselves utilised the other sources to preserve the secrecy of Sigint in relation to their own forces, citing them as the basis for orders or evidence which were in fact inspired by Sigint, and severely restricting knowledge of the existence of Sigint to the highest echelons of command. Security in relation to their own forces, however, was only one part of the meticulous system of precautions the Allies evolved to avert the enemy's attention from the use they were making of Ultra intelligence in the course of their operations. At some stages in the war - as it happens, with the assistance of Italian machine decrypts as well as of Enigma decrypts - the British were sinking sixty per cent of the Axis shipping that plied between the European Mediterranean ports and North Africa, but no Axis ship was attacked before the enemy had learned that it had been sighted by an aircraft or warship which, unknown to itself, had been put in a position to do the sighting. There were occasions on which, to the alarm of the Allied authorities, the regulations broke down - when orders were issued which referred to the intelligence or when cover was not provided for the action that might result. There were situations to which the regulations could not be applied. In the Atlantic, in particular, there was a long period in which the decrypts of the instructions to U-boats though used to great effect, were used only passively or negatively, to route convoys out of the path of U-boats rather than to steer escorts to where the U-boats were waiting or re-fuelling; and in such a situation, in which more and more U-boats made fewer and fewer sightings, the mere absence of sightings of convoys was bound to create enemy suspicions unless cover was found. Immense trouble had to be taken to lull these suspicions by exaggerating the extension of Allied air reconnaissance to the mid-Atlantic and by propagating the rumour that the Allies had invented a miraculous radar which detected submerged U-boats over great distances.

As against these considerations, it may still be felt that the Allied precautions were effective only because the Germans were extraordinarily overconfident or extraordinarily careless. The moral is, rather, that while it is unwise to be confident about anything, ever, that is a counsel of perfection in human affairs. This is illustrated by an example of fallibility on the part of British authorities. With all the benefit they were deriving from Sigint, and despite their preoccupation with keeping it secret, they did not suspect that Germany was reading their convoy cyphers until, from the end of 1942, the truth was revealed in decrypts of the signals of the U-boat command. But this conclusion prompts another question. If, whether on account of German gullibility or as a result of British security or from a combination of the two, the Allied superiority in intelligence could remain undetected for so long, what was its value? Can its influence have been decisive, as is so widely believed?

* * * * *

In addressing this question it is important to distinguish between the impact of intelligence in the course of operations and, on the other hand, its strategic value.

As every commander and any intelligence officer knows, intelligence is only one among many elements affecting the course of battles. It is necessary to consider much

else when reaching decisions, and many other factors besides the decisions affect the outcome. In the Second World War for these reasons the operational influence of intelligence was always variable, not to say haphazard.

It was especially so up to the summer of 1941 when, as well as giving roughly equal advantage to both sides, intelligence was limited in volume and usually obtained with some delay if obtained at all, which was only sporadically. Although claims to the contrary have been made, few British operations before that date benefitted from intelligence, least of all from Sigint. Although the German Air Force Enigma was read from May 1940 the decrypts were practically useless during the invasions of Norway and France and in the Battle of Britain because Whitehall had not yet solved the enormous problems that had to be overcome before they could be safely distributed. With photographic reconnaissance, but with assistance from no other source, the authorities were able in the autumn of 1940 to time their bombing of the concentrations of invasion barges in the Channel so as to obtain maximum effect. In the winter of 1940-41 they were able somewhat to mitigate the ferocity of the Blitz with the help of Sigint, prisioners of war and equipment recovered from crashed enemy aircraft. In the Spring of 1941, thanks to advance warnings from Sigint, the Bismarck was sunk at the beginning of her cruise, whereas the Graf-Spee had been caught at the end of a long sortie without benefit of intelligence; the Navy was able to intercept the Italian Fleet and defeat it at the battle of Matapan; the defending force was able to extricate itself from Greece without great losses and inflict a severe mauling on the German airborne troops in the invasion of Crete; and East Africa was taken from the Italians with an astonishing economy of effort.

After the summer of 1941, in contrast, most battles or sizeable encounters in the European and Mediterranean theatres were influenced by the Allied superiority in intelligence. But the contribution made by intelligence was by no means always important, let alone decisive. Random factors like luck or misjudgment were sometimes uppermost. A great deal was known about the enemy's intentions when the convoy PQ17 sailed for Murmansk in June 1942, but the convoy still ran into disaster because he was constantly changing his plans. On the other hand, the sinking of the Scharnhorst in the Arctic at Christmas 1943 was almost wholly brought about because intelligence, though small, became crucial when the enemy made mistakes. Sometimes relative strength settled the question. In the first battle of Alamein in June-July 1942 intelligence about the Africa Corps was not yet plentiful, but it was decisive in enabling the British Commander to prevent Rommel's greatly superior armour from breaking through to Cairo - and this despite the fact that Rommel was also better supplied with field intelligence. Before and during the second battle of Alamein in October 1942 in contrast, the amount of intelligence about Rommel's forces was massive, but those forces were by then so inferior to Montgomery's that it played little part in the British victory.

The upshot was that when intelligence was operationally decisive, its decisiveness was masked from outward gaze. It would be wrong, moreover, to assess the significance of intelligence for the outcome of the Alamein battles by measuring only its direct impact on them. What limited Rommel's superiority before the summer of 1942, and helped to eliminate it by the autumn, was the British use of Sigint to destroy his supply shipping. Axis losses, rising to a peak of over sixty per cent of southbound Mediterranean shipping in November 1941 and to another peak of nearly fifty per

cent in October 1942, were almost entirely attributable to decrypts of cypher keys which had been solved regularly since June 1941. Nor was this the only direction in which the transformation of the intelligence situation to the advantage of the Allies now laid the basis for the indirect, long-term, strategic effects that intelligence was to exercise till the end of the war. Also from June 1941, for the first time, the British read the U-boat traffic regularly and currently, an advance which almost wholly explains why they prevented the U-boats from dominating the Atlantic during the autumn of 1941 and the winter of 1941-42, and drove them out of the north Atlantic in the spring of 1943.

What, then, was the overall influence of intelligence on the War? It is not easy to give a precise assessment. If its impact on individual operations was not always decisive, and was sometimes nil, its strategic impact was indirect and cumulative, and it is thus difficult to measure it now, as it was difficult for the enemy to discern it at the time. But two conclusions may be advanced without qualification. In the first place, the claim that intelligence by itself won the War - a claim that is self-evidently absurd - may be dismissed. The British survived with little benefit from it before Germany invaded Russia in June 1941, Russia survived the invasion with no benefit, and as Russia's survival was followed by the entry of the United States in December 1941, the Axis would have been defeated even if the allies had not acquired at about the same time the superiority in intelligence which they retained till the end of the War. Till the end of the War? Nearly four more years is such a length of time that it might be thought that, far from not producing on its own the Axis defeat, intelligence made little contribution to it. That this was not the case, however, is the second point that may be made without qualification.

The war effort of the Western Allies on every front after the end of 1941 was guided by massive, continuous and frequently current information about the enemy's dispositions, intentions, resources and difficulties. The information was so comprehensive, though never complete, that, though the Allies occasionally misinterpreted it, the expectations they based on it, whether positive or negative, were generally correct. This enabled them not only to strike some decisive strategic blows and avoid some strategic set-backs, but also to shorten the war by setting the time, the scale and the place of their own operations in such a way as to achieve enormous economies for themselves in lives and resources and to add enormously to the burdens the enemy had to bear.

By how much did the Allied superiority in intelligence shorten the War when this continuous strategic advantage underlay its irregular but often enormous contribution to the outcome in operations? Even if the question is limited to the War in Europe the answer can only be approximate but some elements in the calculation are firm enough. By keeping the Axis out of Egypt it probably brought forward the conquest of North Africa and the reopening of the Mediterranean to Allied shipping, which were completed in the middle of 1943, by at least a year. By preventing the U-boats from dominating the Atlantic in the winter of 1941-42, and by contributing heavily to their defeat there in the winter of 1942-43, it probably saved the Allies another two years. Had delays of this order been imposed by shortages of shipping and specialised landing craft on the Allied invasions of the Continent, those undertakings would have been further delayed by other considerations. As it was, the invasion of Normandy was carried out on such very tight margins that it would have been impracticable in 1944

without precise intelligence about German strengths and order of battle and the fact that the Allied commands could be confident that the intelligence was accurate. If it had had to be deferred it might well have been delayed beyond 1946 or 1947 by Germany's V-weapon offensive against the United Kingdom and her ability to finish the Atlantic Wall, not to speak of her deployment of revolutionary new U-boats and jet and rocket aircraft which, as intelligence revealed, became imminent in the early months of 1945. At the best, the return to the Continent might have been delayed till 1948 and the defeat of Germany till 1949, and that is probably a conservative estimate. For we must not overlook the fact that as the Allies struggled after the autumn of 1944 with Germany's attempts to improve the Enigma they came to fear that not even their combined resources would suffice to maintain their critical advantage over her for much longer.

Neither the Western Allies nor the Russians would have been idle in these circumstances. What different strategies would they have pursued? Would the Russians have defeated Germany, or Germany the Russians? What would have been decided about the atom bomb, which, as was known from intelligence, Germany had not got? Historians cannot answer these questions, but fortunately they are concerned only with the War as it was. And it was not least because of the contribution made by intelligence that the War was as it was, and that such questions do not arise.

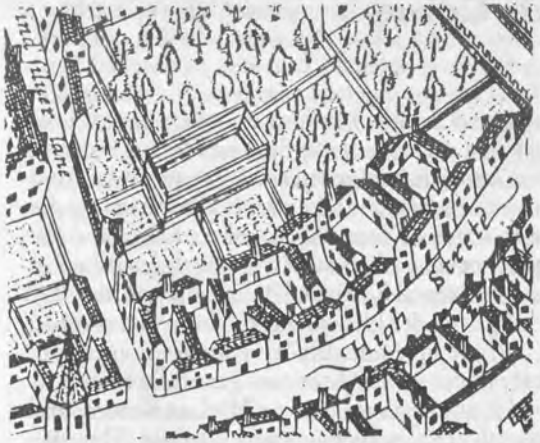
F.H.H.

The First College Tennis Court

Most of us are familiar with the game of Lawn Tennis, but few are aware that it is of relatively modern origin. It was in fact created at Leamington Spa, by Harry Gem and Augurio Perera, as recently as 1874. Lawn Tennis is composed of elements taken from various earlier games, and its unusual system of scoring is taken from the ancient game of tennis. Scoring in fifteens (the present score of forty is an abbreviation for the original score of forty-five) and playing deuce and advantage were first described in 1555, by Antonio Scaino in his *Trattato del Giuco della Palla* ('A Treatise on the Ball Game'), published in Venice. A number of games are known which share this method of scoring, as well as many other rules, and they presumably have a common origin. The ball was originally struck with the bare hand, so the game was generally known as *jeu de paume,* and varieties of this are played in the open air, in Friesland, as *Kaatsen,* and in Tuscany as *Palla.* At the end of the fifteenth century rackets came into use. They are used to play *longue paume* in the open air in Picardy, and a similar game is played with a racket in a closed court, where it is known as *courte-paume* or *Jeu de Paume* in France, Court Tennis in the U.S.A., Royal Tennis in Australia and Real Tennis in the U.K. The court has a penthouse round three of its sides with galleries beneath. The galleries were probably built in the early courts to accommodate spectators, but now play a part in tactics and scoring. However neither galleries nor penthouses are essential and the game is played to similar rules whether in a court or in the village street.

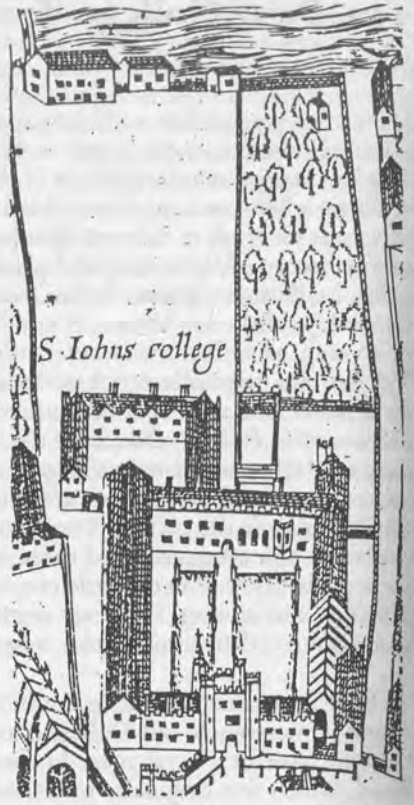
Real Tennis has had a long tradition at Cambridge, especially at St John's. Howard Angus, a member of our College, became World Real Tennis Champion in 1976 and held the title for several years. He learnt the game in the University court on Grange Road, which was originally by Trinity and Clare Colleges in 1866. In former times many colleges had their own courts, and the St John's archives reveal that a court was first built here in 1574.

An examination of the College records for that year throws some interesting light on the structure of tennis courts at that time. In his book on the ball game, Scaino uses the word *steccato* for a tennis court. This word implies a wooden structure and is derived from *stecca* a stick. The modern use of the word is for a palisade or stockade. But, since all the known Real Tennis courts are of brick or masonry construction, nobody has a clear idea of what Scaino meant by his description. However, the College records provide a very interesting explanation of what he was describing. The first College tennis court stood to the west of First Court, and may be seen in Hammond's Map of Cambridge in 1592 (Illustration 1a). The tennis court can be identified because, according to the contract with Ralph Symonds for the building of Second Court, he was 'to convert to his own proper use ... two brick walls, the one enclosing the Master his orchard and the tennis court.' The structure shown on the map can therefore be nothing other than the tennis court, the end wall of which was formed by the wall of the Master's orchard. The rest of the enclosure appears to be of broad planks of wood laid horizontally. The method of construction is shown clearly in the Trinity College tennis court (Illustration 1b) on the same map standing among the orchards behind the buildings lining the High Street. An idea of the appearance of the interior of the courts can be seen in Illustration 2. This is one of a series of



1b.

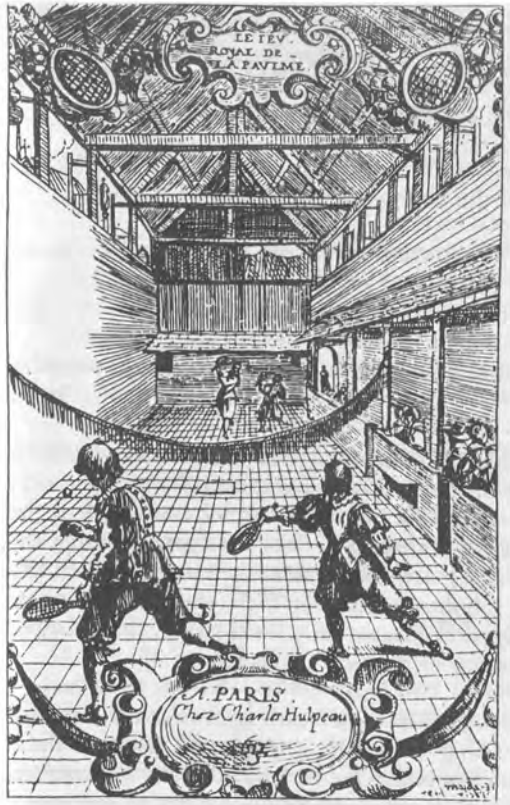
John Hammond, *Map of Cambridge*, 1592



1a.

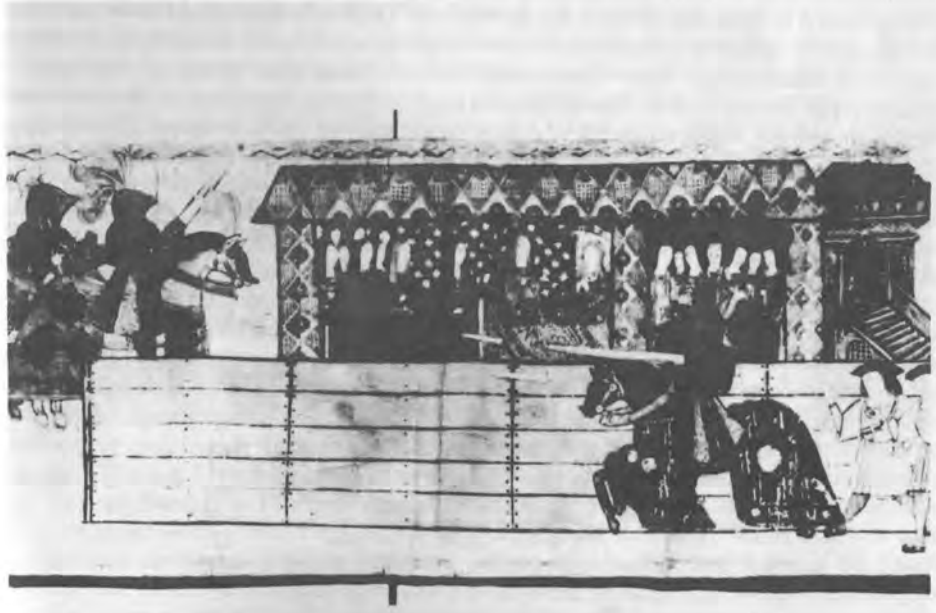
. Lucas Gassel, *David and Bathsheba* (detail)

Photograph by Courtesy of Christie's of London



3. Charles Hulpeau,
Le Jeu Royal de la Paume (Paris, 1632)

Reproduced by permission of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris



4. Westminster Tournament Roll 1511

(reproduced by permission of the College of Arms)

sixteenth-century pictures illustrating the story of David and Bathsheba, all of which show contemporary tennis courts. Spectators are shown sitting on a bench by the cord, just as they do in Tuscany today. The court does not have galleries and the dead-ball line is marked by a board set at an angle round the upper part of the walls.

Further information about the construction of the college court is provided by the College Rental for 1574 which contains the following entries:

Item for 38lb of iron-work for the tennis court at 2d the pound. 6s 4d

Item to 3 carpenters for setting up the tennis court. 4 days apiece. 12s

Item to 2 labourers. 4 days apiece, ramming the spurs and digging places to set them in at the tennis court. 5s 4d

Presumably the iron work mentioned would have included nails, hinges and a latch for the door. Further evidence of the nature of the structure is found in Ralph Symond's contract. He was allowed to take 'all the old board and timber which doth enclose the tennis court and the pavement there.' It is interesting to have confirmation that the court was paved. Oblong paving is shown in many illustrations of tennis courts at this time and Juan Luis Vives, the humanist scholar, writing in 1539, says that the game played in cobbled streets in Spain is played in France on a level paved floor, 'super pavimentium lateribus constratum, planeum et aequale' (Illustration 3).

In Scaino's time the word steccato which he uses for a tennis court was also used for the lists, the wooden palisades surrounding a tournament ground. An excellent illustration of this may be seen in the barrier between the horsemen in the Westminster Tournament Roll of 1511 (Illustration 4). Here the construction of broad horizontal planks nailed to uprights set into the ground can be clearly seen, and shows very well the manner in which the tennis courts were built. It would seem from Scaino's writing and from Hammond's map that many courts at this time were of this type of construction. Being built of timber they did not survive and no trace of them remains. When they were replaced the new courts were built of brick or stone. The College court was rebuilt on the far side of the river in 1603, where it may be seen in the Loggan engraving over the fireplace in the Green Room.

Roger Morgan

William Morgan's Bible and the Cambridge Connection

On 18 May 1988 the College held a commemoration of the fourth centenary of the publication by Bishop William Morgan, a member of this College, of the first complete translation of the Bible into Welsh. The Master and Fellows invited Professor Glanmor Williams to deliver a lecture on Bishop Morgan that day. Professor Williams has kindly consented to allow the published version of his lecture to be reprinted (with some abridgement) in *The Eagle*. Professor Williams' lecture is appearing in full, with footnotes, in a forthcoming issue of the **Welsh Historical Review.** The Master and Fellows would like to take this opportunity to thank Professor Williams once again for shedding lustre upon the occasion with a lecture that was in style and learning worthy in every way of the man and the work it honoured.

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For most of the Middle Ages and during the century of the Reformation, the University of Oxford was decidedly more popular with students from Wales than the University of Cambridge; presumably because it was nearer and easier to reach. Recently compiled figures of Welsh students at the two universities from 1540 to 1640 show that only about one Welsh student proceeded to Cambridge for every seven who went to Oxford. In spite of that, the number of Cambridge graduates who were appointed bishops in Wales was disproportionately high. This was particularly true of Elizabeth I's reign; out of the sixteen bishops then appointed in Wales, no fewer than nine were Cambridge graduates, when we might, on the law of averages, have expected perhaps two. That compared with six Oxford men, when we might possibly have looked for a dozen or more. Such an abnormally large number of Cambridge men among the Welsh bishops is, no doubt, the result of a succession of three archbishops of Canterbury covering the whole of Elizabeth's reign - Parker, Grindal, and Whitgift - all of whom were Cambridge graduates, and it may possibly be due to the long and powerful arm of that other Cambridge stalwart, William Cecil. It may even owe something to the favour of the Queen herself, when it is recalled that in 1564 she had adjured the young men at Cambridge to remember 'that there will be no directer, no fitter course, either to make your fortunes or to procure the favour of your prince than ... to ply your studies diligently'. Whatever the explanation of this remarkable preferment of Cambridge students in Wales, some of them were interesting and highly influential figures; men like Nicholas Robinson, bishop of Bangor, Thomas Davies, bishop of St Asaph, Gervase Babington, bishop of Llandaff and later of Exeter, or Richard Vaughan, bishop of Bangor and later of London. But unquestionably the greatest among them and the man to whom Wales owes its most incalculable debt was William Morgan, bishop of Llandaff and later of St Asaph. Though the merits of Morgan and some other Welsh bishops have often been singled out for commendation, this is the first time, as far as I am aware, that attention has

been drawn to the exceptional contribution of Cambridge University in general, and St John's College in particular, to the Reformation in Wales. It is on the crucial value of the role played by William Morgan and other Cambridge alumni that attention will be concentrated in what follows.

After that, it may seem more than a trifle incongruous and even churlish to begin on a note of minor criticism by drawing attention to the need to correct a plaque set up in St John's College to commemorate Morgan. It records the year of his birth as 1541 - as, indeed, did a plaque set up in his birthplace a century ago. However, the records of his ordination at Ely reveal that he was born some time between 18 December 1544 and 15 April 1545; very probably during the early months of the year 1545. The place of birth was Ty Mawr or Tyddyn Mawr at Wybrnant in the parish of Penmachno, Caernarfonshire. As part of this year's celebrations, the house has been tastefully restored and refurbished by the National Trust, which now owns it. In the process, there have been discovered a few slight remains of sixteenth-century work, which indicate that a house roughly contemporary with Morgan's birth then stood on the site. Morgan was one of five children, probably the second son, of its occupants, John ap Morgan and his wife Lowri. Though the father was a tenant on the estates of the Wynn family of nearby Gwydir, both he and his wife could claim descent from ancient gentle families. Nor were they necessarily in poor circumstances, since it seems improbable that anyone but a substantial farmer could have afforded to live in a house like Ty Mawr or to help keep his son for many years at university.

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Wherever Morgan's early education had been undertaken he had, at all events, by the time he was twenty years of age, learnt enough to enter the University of Cambridge, where he matriculated on 26 February 1565. The decision to go to Cambridge could well have been the most fateful one he took throughout his life. The influence which turned his steps in that direction may have been that of Gwydir and Dr John Wynn and possibly Gabriel Goodman, who had graduated D.D. at St John's College in 1564.

A few words about the College which William Morgan entered. St John's, founded in 1511, had within the next half century or so become one of the two or three most celebrated Cambridge colleges if not, indeed, the best known of all. When one of its members, Thomas Nashe, wrote in 1589 of 'that most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint John's in Cambridge, that at that time was an University within itself, shining so far above all other houses, halls and hospitals whatsoever, that no college in the town was able to compare with the tithe of her students', he may have been borne too far aloft by enthusiasm for his alma mater, yet the general point he was making might have been widely accepted. Associated from its inception with scholars of such distinction as John Fisher, Roger Ascham and John Cheke, it had become especially celebrated for the attention it paid to Latin, Greek and Hebrew. By Elizabeth's reign it was growing rapidly in size. In 1565, the year when Morgan entered, it numbered about 290 in all, with 47 Fellows and about 240 young men. Many of its Fellows were themselves youthful; only two had been elected before 1558, and seventeen of them had matriculated in 1559 or later. It was these 'rash young heads' who were responsible for the Puritan tumults experienced in the College during the summer and early autumn of 1565, when the majority of its members gave

up wearing surplices at daily morning and evening prayer. William Cecil was so incensed by their insubordination that he wrote to Bishop Cox of Ely of his 'earnest desire' to 'quench the wild fury broken loose' there. Yet within a few years worse was to follow, when St John's and other colleges were to be in even greater ferment as the result of further Puritan controversies arising out of Thomas Cartwright's root-and-branch Puritan criticism of the Anglican Church.

This, then, was the Cambridge which was to leave its indelible stamp on the young man from distant upland Penmachno. It undoubtedly made of him a wholehearted adherent of Protestant reform, if indeed he was not one before he entered the University. But, unlike another zealous young man from the Welsh hills, John Penry, Morgan was not pushed by Cambridge in the direction of radical Puritan views. Although his tutor, John Dakins, seems to have embraced Puritan opinions, he himself took the opposite side and, in a letter from the President dated 17 December 1565, is listed as one of those who agreed to wear a surplice. A cryptic statement by a satirical poet, Stephen Valenger, also seemed to suggest that Morgan sided with the orthodox party. Throughout his life he appears to have remained a staunch Anglican. Although not attracted to Puritan doctrine, he nevertheless left the University of Cambridge outstandingly equipped by his education to become what Puritans themselves might have described as a member of a 'learned and sufficient ministry'. In his native Wales the number of effective preachers was even more disturbingly low than in England, where Thomas Lever, a Master of St John's, calculated that scarcely one in a hundred was able and willing to preach the word of God. But Morgan, throughout his ministry as student, parish priest, and bishop, proved to be a singularly eloquent witness. Cambridge also impressed upon him the indispensable place of vernacular translations of the Bible in the religion of Protestants if preachers were to evangelize tellingly and congregations to listen intelligently. While he was yet an undergraduate, there appeared in quick succession two major scriptural translations which could conceivably have made a powerful impression on him. In 1567 came the first Welsh version of the Book of Common Prayer and the New Testament. A year later was published a new and officially sanctioned English Bible - the 'Bishops' Bible' - undertaken by a team composed mainly of bishops and commissioned by Archbishop Parker in an attempt to oust the popular but Calvinist-tinged 'Geneva Bible'. In that same year, 1568, when Morgan was being ordained a deacon at Ely, he publicly proclaimed his 'zeal to God his Word' and his implicit faith that 'Evangelium Christi est potentia Dei ad salutem omni credente' (Romans1:16). Twenty years later, he was to reaffirm his belief in the same text from Paul's Letter to the Romans by giving it a place of honour on the title-page of the New Testament in his Bible of 1588. It was a declaration of faith entirely in keeping with the whole tenor of his later career as priest, preacher, and translator. Finally, his long studies at Cambridge had also taught him to appreciate the significance of printed books for the new faith and the need to encourage literacy among the populace.

All these considerations borne in mind, Morgan can hardly have been unaware of the immense debt which he owed to his University. Unlike some alumni, he does not seem to have left any direct acknowledgement of it - he did not, like Ridley for instance, refer to Cambridge in terms such as 'my loving mother and tender nurse'. Nevertheless, on the title-page of his Bible of 1588 there may be a barely concealed reference to his undying gratitude for the education he had received there. Quoting

from 2 Timothy 3:14-15, he says, 'Eithr aros di yn y pethau a ddyscaist, ac a ymddyriedwyd i ti, gan wybod gan bwy y dyscaist. Ac i ti er yn fachgen wybod yr Scrythur lan, yr hon sydd abl i'th wneuthur yn ddoeth i iechydwriaeth trwy'r ffydd yr hwn sydd yng-Hrist Iesu.' ['But for your part, stand by the truths you have learned and are assured of. Remember from whom you learned them; remember that from early childhood you have been familiar with the sacred writings which have power to make you wise and lead you to salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.'] The quotation, to have been placed where it was, was obviously one of critical significance in Morgan's eyes; but we cannot be sure to whom it was directed. It may have been the Queen, to whom the Dedication of the Bible was addressed; and it would have been very appropriate in her case. Or it may have been her Welsh and English subjects he had in mind, in which instance it would have applied to the latter considerably more than to the former. Or it may have been to Morgan himself; or indeed - and this seems distinctly possible to me - it could have been addressed to all of them in a deliberately imprecise but all-embracing context. But whichever way it is interpreted, it can be construed without strain as a reference, in part at least, to his indebtedness to his own teachers, chief among whom must have been those who had instructed him at Cambridge.

It had not always been an easy life for him at university. Thomas Lever, who belonged to a slightly earlier generation of students at St John's, referred to those 'poor, godly, diligent students', of whom we can assume Morgan to have been one, who laboured through an eighteen-hour day, beginning at 4.00 a.m., and had to maintain themselves on a meagre diet and virtually no heating. For Morgan, as a sub-sizar and sizar, obliged to wait on wealthier students to earn his keep, it cannot have been a very agreeable existence. It was perhaps his need to be more than customarily prudent in husbanding his meagre resources that led the satirist, Valenger, to deride him for his miserly attitudes towards life. Still, he appears to have persevered for years on end, graduating B.A. in 1568 and M.A. in 1571. Not until after he had taken the latter degree, perhaps, did his circumstances improve somewhat, for he was now preferred to some ecclesiastical livings. He went on to study for the degree of B.D., to take which he would have to be a Master of Arts of seven years' standing. This was the phase of his career when he applied himself wholeheartedly to the study of the Hebrew language, probably under the direction of the famous Anthony Chevallier, a French aristocrat who had taught at the Geneva Academy before returning to Cambridge in 1569. Another Welshman, Hugh Broughton (Fellow of St John's in 1570), said of Chevallier that 'Men might learn more of him in a month than others could teach in ten years'. It may also have been Chevallier who instructed Morgan in the French language, knowledge of which was attributed to him by the poet, Rhys Cain, for French was widely, if informally, taught in Cambridge at this time. In the course of his studies for the B.D. degree he would have been expected to preach at least twice in Latin and once in English at St Mary's, Cambridge. He completed the degree in 1578 and proceeded D.D. in 1583. For this latter degree - only about three of which were conferred in Cambridge in an average year - he was not expected to be in residence all the time, but was required to take part in disputations, deliver a sermon at the University church, and promise to preach at the most famous preaching station in the realm, Paul's Cross in London, a year after his inception.

While he was a student at Cambridge, Morgan made a number of friends among other young Welshmen who were up at university about the same time as he. Among

those with whom he was certainly known to have been on terms of intimate friendship long after they had all left Cambridge were William Hughes, Hugh Bellot, Richard Vaughan, Edmwnd Prys, and Gabriel Goodman. All these men formed part of the highly influential Cambridge circle in the Elizabethan church in Wales and each had his own part to play in helping Morgan to produce his Bible. But much the most influential of all his later friends was to be John Whitgift. Master of Trinity and leader of the Anglican party for most of the time that Morgan was at Cambridge, Whitgift was the leading establishment figure at the University. Though Morgan always seems to have been a loyal member of the orthodox faction, there can be no certainty that he came to the future archbishop's notice at this time. However, his friendship with Gabriel Goodman may have drawn him to the attention of both Whitgift and Cecil, with each of whom Goodman was on close terms.

Morgan had already been ordained a deacon at the nearby cathedral of Ely on 15 April 1568 and was made a priest there on 18 December in the same year. Not until four years later, however, but before he had completed his studies at Cambridge, was he instituted to his first church livings. Morgan's first recorded benefice was the vicarage of Llanbadarn Fawr in the diocese of St David's, to which he was collated on 29 December 1572. The Bishop of St David's who conferred it upon him was Richard Davies, and their contact with one another may have been of more than ordinary interest. Davies was, along with William Salesbury, the key figure in early Elizabethan translations of the Scriptures into Welsh. Was it he who, if not the first to awaken the idea of translation in Morgan's mind, was nevertheless the first major personality to have encouraged him? Morgan's next preferments he owed to one of his Cambridge friends, William Hughes, bishop of St Asaph. Hughes has a tarnished reputation in Wales, mainly on account of his greedy pluralism, but he was in some respects a keen and effective bishop. Certainly, he was at all times a staunch friend to Morgan, and in August 1575 he presented him to the vicarage of Welshpool and the sinecure rectory of Denbigh. When, in 1578, Morgan became for the first time a priest actually resident in the parish of which he had charge, it was Hughes who again presented him to the vicarage of Llanrhaeadr ym Mochnant and the living of Llanarmon Mynydd Mawr. Llanrhaeadr is the parish and benefice above all others which is associated with his name and here he was to spend the next sixteen or seventeen years. For it was here, at this out-of-the-way country parish, 'off the main road, even to market', that he took up the translation for which he is always remembered. In his memorable poem, called 'Llanrhaeadr ym Mochnant', one of the greatest of the contemporary poets of Wales, R.S. Thomas, writes:

> This is where he sought God,
> And found him? The centuries
> Have been content to follow
> Down passages of serene prose.

The first steps in providing Welsh versions of the Bible and the Prayer Book had already been taken. In 1563 an Act of Parliament had been passed requiring the translation of the Bible and Prayer Book by 1567 and their use in Welsh-speaking parishes thereafter. Three Oxford graduates - Richard Davies, William Salesbury, and Humphrey Llwyd - had probably been responsible for steering the measure through Parliament; but two Cambridge men, Matthew Parker and William Cecil, may well have had a decisive say in bringing about the major change in governmental attitudes

which allowed the measure permitting the use of Welsh in church services to pass through Parliament. Another Cambridge graduate, Thomas Huet, translated one book for the Welsh New Testament of 1567, and yet another, Edmund Grindal, as bishop of London, authorised the translations of 1567 when they were completed. Two Welsh bishops, each of whom had an intense personal concern for seeing that Welsh versions were available - Nicholas Robinson of Bangor and Thomas Davies of St Asaph - were responsible for enforcing their use in the northern dioceses of Wales, and both were Cambridge graduates.

There is no doubt that Davies and Salesbury had intended to complete the translation of the whole Bible into Welsh in the years immediately after 1567. But for some reason, which has never been entirely satisfactorily explained, they failed to do so. They were said by a near-contemporary, Sir John Wynn, to have quarrelled irreconcilably over one word, c. 1575. Davies then appears to have enlisted the help of his nephew, Sion Daffydd Rhys, with further translations; but that scheme also ran into the sand. By this time, the bishop was becoming an old man in his seventies and the responsibility for administering his large and unwieldy diocese, with its multifarious problems, must have been an almost intolerable burden. He had known Morgan at least as early as 1572 and may already have discovered something of his interest and potential as a translator. Was it about 1578, when Morgan would have completed his B.D. degree, that the patriarch of St David's handed on the responsibility for completing the translation to the younger man? It may even be that Morgan had the benefit of seeing some of the work that Davies and Salesbury had been able to complete, and that this explains the sardonic and biased comment which John Wynn was later to make that the earlier pioneers had accomplished the bulk of the work for which Morgan took most of the credit. Or was it in 1581, when Davies died, that Morgan took over? Or even later, in 1583, when Whitgift became archbishop? The difficulty about both these later dates seems to be that they are too late for Morgan to have been able to complete his translation by 1587. In most countries, the Old Testament took far longer to translate than the New. It took Luther, who was no slouch, ten years to complete his translation of the German Bible; or again, the team of twelve responsible for the 'Bishops' Bible' spent from 1559 to 1568 over the task. So it seems that for Morgan to have completed it between, say, 1583 and 1587 would have been asking virtually the impossible of him.

However long it may have taken Morgan to complete his translation, one thing is certain: he had been thoroughly conditioned by his upbringing in Wales and his long education in Cambridge to play the decisive part in bringing about for his own country what other Cambridge men had already so largely achieved for England. Just as they had accomplished the religious reorientation of the English, Morgan wished to do the same for the Welsh. The new faith which Cambridge graduates had had so large a hand in introducing into England had been inspired very largely by the Bible. What was more, in the process the Bible and the Church had not been set against one another but the appeal had been to Scripture and to history. Or, as the Canons of the English Church of 1571 had put it, 'to observe and believe that which is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old Testament and the New, and that which the Catholic fathers and ancient bishops have gathered out of that doctrine'. An appeal to Wales in just such a spirit had been launched by Davies and Salesbury in 1567, but Morgan perceived with crystal clarity that if this central core of the Reformation were successfully to be planted in Wales the work begun in 1567 must not only be completed but perfected. In

his Dedication to his Bible in 1588, therefore, he was to pay warm tribute to the translators of 1567 but was also obliged to acknowledge that they had fallen seriously short on two counts. They had not only failed to translate the Old Testament but also Salesbury's highly individual views on language and orthography had caused grievous difficulties. Morgan might be forgiven for being confident that he could remedy both deficiencies. Moreover, he was well aware that there were other urgent reasons for pressing on with his translation without delay. He made particular mention of those insidious hostile voices urging that, in the interests of uniformity, the Welsh should be made to learn English and be forbidden the use of a Welsh Bible. Reacting vigorously to that argument, he pleaded with passionate eloquence that countless thousands of his fellow-countrymen ought not to be allowed to go to perdition because a Bible was not available to them in the only language that the vast majority of them understood. Besides, he contended, a common religious faith would provide a far firmer bond of unity between Welsh and English than a common language.

* * * * *

Morgan's task was daunting and arduous; but his path was made a little easier by the help he received from a circle of friends. They were, it is important to emphasise, Cambridge graduates almost to a man. One of the most helpful among them may have been his contemporary at St John's, Edmwnd Prys, a notable scholar, former Fellow of the College, and a fine Welsh poet and writer. It has recently once more been emphasised that Prys was probably better fitted than any of Morgan's friends to advise him not only on the original languages of the Bible but also on the particular problems of turning them into Welsh. Prys was, in fact, singled out for commendation by the Welsh author, David Rowlands, for his share in the translation. Another comtemporary of Morgan at St John's who helped him was Richard Vaughan, later to be successively bishop of Bangor, Chester, and London. Morgan further refers gratefully to two bishops who had lent him books for which he had asked and who had examined and approved his work. The one was the much-censured William Hughes, bishop of St Asaph, Morgan's friend at Cambridge and his patron in the diocese of St Asaph. The other, the bishop of Bangor, may have been Nicholas Robinson, bishop until 1585, a Cambridge graduate known to have advocated the translation of the Bible into Welsh. Or else it may have been Hugh Bellot, bishop from 1585 to 1595, a Cambridge man associated with the translation of the 'Bishops' Bible' but not thought to have had much knowledge of Welsh. A friend who was especially helpful to Morgan was Gabriel Goodman, the man responsible for translating 1 Corinthians for the 'Bishops' Bible'. While Morgan's Bible was going through the press between the autumn of 1587 and that of 1588, he not only provided its author with hospitality at his deanery for more than a year but also allowed him to borrow a large number of his books and gave him the benefit of his advice on many matters while the translation was being read over to him. Goodman's voice may also have been influential in helping to persuade Whitgift to authorise publication of the completed text.

However, the Cambridge man whose assistance was incontestably crucial in securing the publication of the Welsh Bible was Archbishop John Whitgift. Whitgift has always had a bad press in Wales on account of the way in which he hounded John Penry; but he deserves the highest praise for the help which he gave in bringing the Welsh Bible to fruition. Whether or not Morgan came to his attention when he was virtually ruling Cambridge from 1567 to 1577 it now seems impossible to tell; but he

certainly appears to have come into contact with him in the course of his quarrels with his parishioners c. 1579, when a lawsuit was taken to the Council of the Marches, of which Whitgift was then vice-president. He seems to have given Morgan immediate encouragement to proceed with the translation, since the latter tells us that, but for Whitgift's support, he would have had to content himself with publishing a translation of the Pentateuch only. Whitgift's continued backing over the ensuing years we can readily believe to have been invaluable. By 1583 he was archbishop of Canterbu y and primate of the Anglican church, a man who had the ear of the Queen, was a leading member of the Privy Council, and from 1586 onwards exercised such control over the press that no books might be printed without authorisation from him and the bishop of London. As such he was pre-eminently well qualified to overcome any objections from those who publicly voiced their pronounced opposition to there being any Welsh translations of the Bible. Moreover, Whitgift had a lively private conscience, rarely revealed in public, which led him to exert himself vigorously in those matters of religion and morality about which he felt strongly. Morgan's Bible was unmistakably one of them. Whitgift's contribution to it, in terms of encouraging and expediting the translation, helping to meet printing costs, and authorising the publication of the finished work and enforcing its use in Welsh churches was quite decisive. During the years 1587-88 particularly, no one had pressed Morgan nearly as hard as Whitgift to get his work published with the minimum possible delay. He urged him to come up to London and see the book through the press in person and stay at Lambeth Palace while doing so, though in the event it was with Goodman at Westminster that Morgan took up residence. The archbishop's anxiety to see the undelayed appearance of the Welsh Bible may be explicable on two counts. The one was his growing concern at the threat of invasion from Spain from 1586 onwards and his fears that the effects on a religiously conservative country like Wales might be disastrous, so that a vital step forward in protestantizing its people, such as the publication of a vernacular Bible, ought to be taken as soon as possible. The other reason may have been his intense anger at the mordant criticism launched in 1587 against him and his fellow-bishops by the Welsh Puritan, John Penry, for their failure to secure a Welsh translation of the Bible. It may be ironic that these onslaughts by one of the most famous Welsh graduates of Cambridge during the sixteenth century should have been instrumental in spurring Penry's most determined and dangerous adversary, John Whitgift, described by the former as a 'great enemy of God, His saints and truth', to hasten the publication of the Welsh Bible. In his Dedication to the Bible of 1588, Morgan tells us that a number of good men had urged upon him the need for a translation; but though some of these may well have been Cambridge graduates like Penry, it is difficult to believe that Morgan had the young Breconshire firebrand in mind when he referred to them.

Of the excellence of the translation much has justly been written in praise. Three qualities in particular have been seized upon for enthusiastic comment. First Morgan's impeccable scholarship in handling the original languages and texts of the Old and New Testament and his concern to make use of the most recent editions have been paid warm tribute by those fitted to judge. Second, he was able to eliminate the archaisms, pedantries and oddities which tended to spoil Salesbury's translations and to replace them with a splendidly consistent and intelligible presentation of the Welsh language. Third, his use of Welsh showed all the hallmarks of a great writer as well as a fine scholar. When his Bible appeared in 1588 Welsh poets and prose authors fell over one another in their eagerness to acclaim the work with understandable rapture. They

recognised instinctively the felicitous conjuncture of Morgan's *pietas* towards his faith and nation with his genius as a scholar and writer.

After the publication of his Bible, Morgan continued as incumbent of Llanrhaeadr for another seven years. His bishop, William Hughes, at once rewarded him with the additional rectories of Llanfyllin and Pennant Melangell, and some of the contemporary poets, with customary bardic fervour and optimism, forecast his immediate elevation to the episcopal bench; but it was not until 1595 that he was made bishop of Llandaff. He stayed there until 1601, when he was translated to St Asaph, where he remained until his death in 1604. His promotions seem to have owed something to his old friend Gabriel Goodman, who was on close terms with the Cecils. We know certainly that he wrote to Robert Cecil in 1600 commending Morgan as the 'most sufficient man in Wales' on account of his 'learning, government and honesty of life' and especially his translation of the Bible. He may have owed even more to Whitgift, who commented in 1594 that he was the best man he knew for the see of Llandaff, and in 1601 similarly referred to him as a man of 'integrity, gravity and learning' and added that the testimony he had received on Morgan's behalf from Llandaff and St Asaph was as good as he had received for any man. Quite apart from Whitgift's good opinions of Morgan himself, it is clear that the archbishop showed unceasing anxiety during these years for the appointment of men of ability and uprightness to high office in the Church. Nor did his confidence in Morgan go unrewarded. The latter was to prove himself an excellent prelate in a number of respects: in his desire to improve the character and fitness of his diocesan clergy; his resolute defence of the material possessions and spiritual liberties of the Church; his steadfast opposition to the large number of Roman Catholic recusants within his dioceses at both Llandaff and St Asaph; his continuing exertions as a translator right to the end of his life; and his encouragement of a number of promising young scholars and litterateurs.

His last great service to the Welsh was to publish in 1599 a new and greatly improved version of the Welsh Book of Common Prayer based on his own translation of the Bible. The previous edition had been that undertaken by William Salesbury in 1567 and re-issued in 1586 with virtually no changes. It suffered from all the familiar shortcomings characteristic of Salesbury's work and could hardly have been satisfactory for use in public worship. To have produced, as Morgan did, a revised and much more intelligible version of the Prayer Book represented as great a step forward in the field of liturgical translation as his Bible had done in scriptural translation. It constituted an invaluable contribution to Welsh religious life and worship, for which Morgan has not received nearly as much praise as he rightly deserves. Later on, at St Asaph, he completed a new translation of the New Testament, the text of which was unfortunately lost when its publisher, Thomas Salisbury, had to flee from the plague of 1603 in London before it could be issued. This more considered version of the New Testament was doubtless something which Morgan had wished to see completed ever since 1588, when in his Bible he had had time to do no more than content himself with revising Salesbury's Testament and ridding it of its most egregious errors. It must be accounted an immense loss that it never proved possible to make his revised version available to the Welsh people. Another loss was that of the Welsh dictionary he was reputed by his protégé, John Davies of Mallwyd, to have compiled at this time.

The debt which the Welsh nation owes to Morgan is being lavishly acknowledged during this year of celebration - and rightly so. What has not been pointed up to anything like the same extent is our indebtedness to the University which educated, trained, and inspired Morgan and others associated with the translation, and especially his own College of St John's. It can hardly be doubted that Morgan himself would devoutly have wished his obligations to his University and College to be fully and honourably recognised. The foregoing may be some small contribution to that end.

Swansea — Glanmor Williams

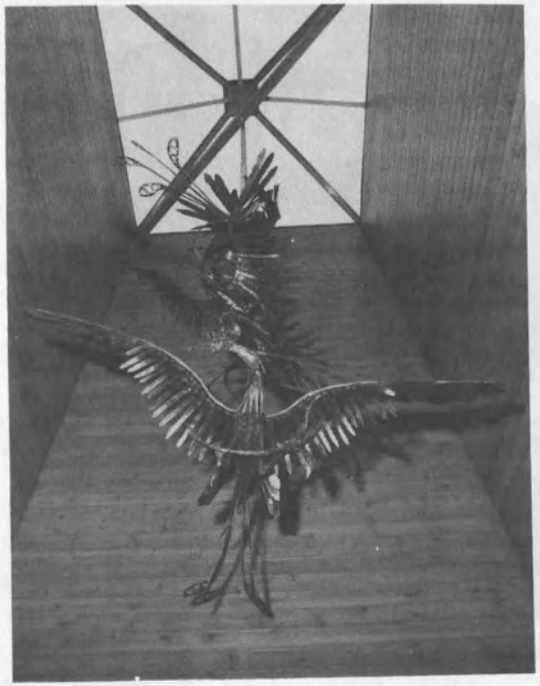
College Buildings

The Fisher Building was formally inaugurated on 16 June 1988 by the College Visitor, the Rt. Revd. the Bishop of Ely (see photographs). The building houses a complex of rooms suitable for lectures, concerts, seminars, and similar functions. These include the Palmerston Room, which can seat up to 300; a large foyer suitable for receptions and exhibitions; and the Dirac, Boys Smith, and Castlereagh rooms, which can seat up to 50 each. Further rooms offer facilities for music practice, art work, and technical drawing. The Fisher Building thus represents an important expansion of the College's facilities for academic and extra-curricular activities at all levels, and makes the College an even more attractive venue for academic or commercial conferences.

A great deal of work has also been carried out on other College buildings. July saw the completion of the cleaning and restoration of the Chapel Tower. The cleaning and repair of the main body of the Chapel are now under way, and should be finished towards the end of summer. The external refurbishment of the cloisters of New Court, together with staircases E, H, and I, is now almost at an end. Finally, between September 1988 and February 1989 the Cripps Building was entirely re-roofed in order to solve the long-standing damp problems. Needless to say, an extensive programme of restoration still remains for the coming years.

The Fisher Building

The Visitor (the Rt. Revd. the Bishop of Ely)
and the Master at the inauguration of the Fisher Building.



The sculpture which hangs above the upper foyer of the Fisher Building, designed by Mr Sean Crampton, and donated by the contractors, Shepherd Construction Ltd.

Photographs by Stills, of Toft, near Cambridge.

The Burghley Verses

This year sees something rare in the history of St John's College - the demise of an ancient tradition. That tradition was the annual composition by members of the College of verses in Latin and Greek for the heirs of William Cecil, First Lord Burghley (1520-98). It originated in 1581, when Burghley, then Elizabeth I's chief minister, made a generous benefaction to the College, where he had studied in the 1530s. As a zealous devotee of classical learning and the Protestant religion, he required in return a suitably pious and scholarly tribute. Each year the College was to send a Fellow to preach a sermon in the parish churches of Stamford and Cheshunt (near the Cecil mansions of Burghley House and Theobalds respectively). And he was to take with him Greek and Latin versifications of passages of Scripture by scholars of the College. This obligation has presumably been faithfully carried out. But while the Burghley preachers can be traced reasonably well through family and College records, none of the Burghley verses are known to survive anywhere. The tradition has undergone some changes. The venues of the sermons have moved with the family seats, and the subject matter of the verses was altered from scriptural texts to passages of English verse. If any readers can offer any further information about the history of the verses, the editor would be pleased to hear it. This year, however, a more drastic change has been decided upon. Because classical verse composition no longer occupies a prominent place in our educational system, it has been agreed that the tribute of the Burghley verses should no longer be exacted. Some readers will doubtless be relieved to know that the Burghley sermons will, for the time being, continue. In the meantime, it hardly seemed fitting to allow a four hundred year old tradition to pass away unmarked. So for the first time, the Burghley verses are to be published. Guy Lee has kindly let us have his suitably melancholy rendering of Prospero's epilogue.

PROSPERO

Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe.

Shakespeare *The Tempest* IV i 148-158

Ludicra peracta nostra sunt. en, histrio
(ut ante dixi) quisque nil nisi umbra erat
euanuitque in aera, in leuem aera,
et, textum ut huius lubricum spectaculi,
nubifera turris, splendidum palatium,
aedes uerenda, magnus ipse orbis, simul
illius omnes incolae, ex oculis cadent
uelutque pompa haec tenuis atque euanida
nullam reliquent pone se omnino uolam.
materia talis nos creat quae somnia,
nostram et breuem rotundat aetatem sopor.

A.G.L.

Johniana

David H. Rees has brought to our attention the following passages from *Charlotte Bronte* by Rebecca Fraser (Methuen, 1988), pp. 6-8

This patronage was Patrick Bronte's much needed leg-up from fate. The Reverend Thomas Tighe was ... a distinguised former Fellow of St. John's College ...

(Bronte) was surrounded by distinguished former Fellows of St. John's College in the shape of the Tighes, and visions of Cambridge University and eminence must have shimmered before him. They were shortly made reality. Through (Tighes's) influence a young man of Irish peasant stock ... made the astonishing leap to Cambridge ... which, if it had lost its reputation as a temple of learning, remained a nursery for politics and power.

The Reverend Patrick Bronte's journey from being a barelegged blacksmith's assistant at the age of twelve to a member of the Establishment - as one of the clergy he became a 'gentleman' ... was considered quite remarkable by his contemporaries at Cambridge. His friend, the Cornish Wesleyan missionary Henry Martyn, was amazed by his life story. Writing to his patron Wilberforce about the background of the bright young Evangelical recruit while Patrick was a student at Cambridge, Martyn said that

> "its singularity has hardly been equalled, I suppose, since the days of Bishop Latimer. He left his native Ireland at the age of 22 with seven pounds, having been able to lay by no more after superintending a school some years. He reached Cambridge before that was extended and then received an unexpected supply of £5 from a distant friend. On this he subsisted some weeks before entering St John's, and has since had no other assistance than what the college afforded."

St John's had been founded as a training school for the clergy - though not every graduate took orders. In the early part of the nineteenth century Simeon was only just beginning his reign there as one of the most important leaders of the Evangelical party in the Church of England, but by the mid century the College had become synonymous with fierce, poor, Evangelical sizars, the 'Sime' whom Samuel Butler describes so eloquently in *The Way of All Flesh*. It is not certain that Patrick Bronte had made up his mind to enter the Church before he left Ireland ... What is certain is that two years after he arrived at Cambridge, Patrick Bronte had determined to take Holy Orders and was moving in the inner circle of the Evangelicals ...

Readers may also like to note a book of essays about St John Fisher. *Humanism, Reform and the Reformation: The Career of Bishop John Fisher*, edited by Brendan Bradshaw (a former Fellow of the College), and Eamon Duffy (CUP, 1989), £27.50, contains much of interest about the man who was the virtual or vicarious founder of the College. The chapter 'John Fisher and the promotion of learning', by the College Archivist Malcolm Underwood, is of especial relevance to St John's. Among other things, we are reminded that in its earliest years, "St John's was ... a modest College, uncertain of its endowments" - a condition which Fisher and his right-hand man, Nicholas Metcalfe (third Master, 1518-37) did much to remedy.

H.H. Huxley has edited a memorial volume of the *Proceedings of the Virgil Society* 19 (1988), in honour of Deryck Williams (d.1986). Largely composed of elegant lectures, it is a fitting tribute to a popular lecturer and enthusiast for the classics.