Commemoration of Benefactors

A sermon given in St John's College Chapel on 7 May 1989 by the Revd. Canon John Emerton, Fellow and Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge.

'Let us now praise famous men' (Ecclesiasticus 44:1)

Year by year we hear the first few verses of Ecclesiasticus 44 read as the lesson at this service, and our minds then pass to the many benefactors of the College. Today let us begin instead by thinking briefly about that passage and its author. Ecclesiasticus, otherwise known as the Wisdom of Jesus the son of Sira or, to give the original form of the name, Yeshua ben Eleazaar ben Sira, was written in Jerusalem in the early second century before Christ. This was a period of relative tranquillity, just a few years before Antiochus Epiphanes, seeking to stamp out Judaism in Palestine, provoked the revolt that was eventually to lead to nearly a century of Jewish independence.

Ben Sira could thus look back peacefully to the past history of his people, and today's lesson is the introduction to several chapters in which he praises some of the great men of the past, from Adam to Nehemiah. His reason for praising them is not that they have made monetary gifts to his nation, not even those 'Rich men furnished with ability, living peacefully in their habitations'. It is rather to commemorate great men of the past of the Jewish people and their ancestors.

Is it, then, an inappropriate lesson for us on this occasion of the commemoration of our benefactors? A case could perhaps be made for that opinion. Yet the lesson has some relevance to the occasion because of its intention to remember what people of the past have achieved and to praise them, even though we may have in mind one particular reason for gratitude. In addition, I am not the first preacher to speak of members of the College who, whether or not they have contributed materially to its finances, have shared in fulfilling the purposes intended by our founders, and in making appropriate use of the gifts of our benefactors – that is, in terms of our present statutes, have helped serve it as a place of education, religion, learning, and research.

If today's lesson was ever read in the Chapel in the earliest days of the College, it was presumably read in Latin, and so in a version based on the Greek translation made by the author's grandson. This College was intended to be, among other things, a home of the new learning. One of John Fisher's concerns was to promote among its members the study of the Greek language. It is therefore to be hoped that at least some Fellows and scholars sometimes read the Greek text of Ecclesiasticus. Perhaps a few even studied the Syriac version or one of the secondary versions based on the Greek. Nobody, however, could study the original Hebrew, though Fisher would doubtless have welcomed such study if it had been possible. The difficulty was that the original Hebrew text had been lost, and the book was known only in Greek and other translations.

It was not until almost exactly ninety-three years ago, in May 1896, that those two learned Scottish ladies, Mrs Gibson and Mrs Lewis, brought back to Cambridge after a visit to Cairo some fragments of ancient manuscripts. They showed them to Solomon Schechter, the Reader in Talmudic and Rabbinic literature, and he discovered to his and their great excitement that they contained parts of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus – though not the part containing this morning's reading. It was then that the College entered the story. The Master, Charles Taylor, one of our benefactors, was not only a mathematician, but also an accomplished Hebrew scholar. He lent his support to Schechter, both in finance and in winning interest in the University, and Schechter went to Cairo in search of further manuscripts. Among those he found were other parts of Ecclesiasticus, including today's lesson, and in 1899 an edition by Schechter and Taylor was published by the University Press. An attack soon came from Oxford. D.S. Margoliouth, the Laudian Professor of Arabic, argued that the Hebrew text was not original, but was a translation from the Persian. This improbable theory failed to win support, though there have been others who have contested the originality of the Hebrew. All doubt that it is essentially what Ben Sira wrote has been dispelled in recent times by the discovery of other Hebrew manuscripts at Qumran, and also – and this fragment included much of today's lesson – at Masada, that fortress held against the Romans at the beginning of the 70s AD by those pious terrorists, the Sicarii or dagger-men. That does not mean that the Hebrew text is in precisely the form in which it left the author's hands, for there have been textual corruptions. But the text is, for the most part, what Ben Sira wrote around 180 BC.

Taylor served learning and research in Hebrew studies well, by his publications and by contributing to the endowment of the Readership, but more than any other way by helping to bring to the University Library that collection of manuscripts now known as the Taylor-Schechter (Genizah) Collection, which includes the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus. It is the practice in synagogues not to burn or throw away any document that may contain the name of God. Instead, documents are deposited in a room known as a genizah, and in due course they are taken out and reverently buried. In one place, however, they accumulated over a period of centuries and most of them were never buried. Further, this collection included many manuscripts that were not specifically religious in character. This place was the Ben Ezra Synagogue in Old Cairo – which, incidentally, I had the pleasure and excitement of visiting just a few weeks ago. The building was originally a Christian church, but it was sold in the ninth century to the Jewish community – a community that was later to include among its members the famous Moses Maimonides, some of whose letters were placed in its genizah. There, this collection of manuscripts grew over a period of many centuries. Its contents found their way into various western libraries, but, thanks to Taylor and Schechter, the largest number were presented by the Jewish community to the University Library. They provide a massive source for research, not only into Hebrew and Judaism and Judaeo-Arabic, but also into various aspects of life in the Mediterranean region in the middle ages and later – though the latest text in it was perhaps left by Schechter himself, a ticket for the Cairo electric tram. It is good that the College has in recent years contributed handsomely to current work on the collection, work of restoring and conserving as well as cataloguing the texts and making them more easily available for scholarly research. This was, of course, made possible as a result of many benefactions that the College has received.

This work and Taylor's services to the study of Hebrew were in accordance with Fisher's wishes for the College. His statutes of 1530 made provision for the study of Hebrew as well as Greek, and laid down that there should be a College lecturer in Hebrew, who was to lecture on alternate days on grammar and on the Psalter or on some other book of Scripture. They also list the languages in which Fellows were allowed to converse, which included Hebrew in addition to Latin, Chaldee (that is, Aramaic), Arabic, and Greek. Fisher himself studied Hebrew with Robert Wakefield, one of the early members of the College, who was a Fellow in 1520, and was later the lecturer in Hebrew until about 1530, when his disagreement with Fisher over Henry VIII's marriage to Catherine of Aragon made it expedient for him to move to Oxford.

Robert Wakefield's brother, Thomas, became the first Regius Professor of Hebrew in 1540, but his Roman Catholicism prevented him from lecturing for much of the time he occupied the chair, though he was allowed to lecture in the reign of Mary and the early years of Elizabeth. Thomas Wakefield was a member of this College. The link was established again in 1605 with the election to the chair of a Fellow of the College, Robert Spalding, one of the scholars responsible for the Authorized Version of 1611. Otherwise, it tended to be held by Fellows of Trinity. Indeed, although Robert Metcalfe, who became Professor about 1662, was at one time a Fellow of St John's, he later became a Fellow and the Vice-Master of Trinity. He was the last member of this College to hold the chair for three centuries.

Yet occupants of the chair of Hebrew are far from being the only, or even the most erudite, members of the College who have fulfilled this part of the intention of John Fisher. Perhaps the most distinguished Hebrew and Semitic scholar the College has known was Edmund Castell, who was Sir Thomas Adams's Professor of Arabic from 1666 to 1685. He had been an undergraduate at Emmanuel College, but he migrated to St John's because the library was better. It was perhaps precisely because he recognized its excellence that his name does not appear in our list of principal benefactors. When he died he left his books to his original college, where the need was indisputably greater. He did, indeed, leave us a silver tankard, but that was not sufficient to get his name into the list.

Castell shared in the preparation of Brian Walton's Polyglott of 1657, in which he had oversight of the Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic and Ethiopic texts. However, his supreme achievement was *Lexicon Heptaglotten,* which was published in 1669 after many years of toil. This lexicon included Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Ethiopic and Arabic. It was indeed a monument to his massive Semitic learning. Incidentally, Castell was not the only member of the College to occupy the Sir Thomas Adam's Chair of Arabic, for in 1804 a Fellow of St John's named John Palmer was elected. It was said of him that he could be silent in more languages than any man in Europe.

There have been other Hebraists in the College, less distinguished than Castell or Taylor, but still seeking to excel in a language dear to Fisher. One of them was P.H. Mason, who published in 1853 *An Easy, Practical Hebrew Grammar ... Arranged in a Series of Letters from a Teacher of Languages to an English Duchess.* The fiction is delightfully maintained throughout. In the sixth letter, for instance, he writes 'I have again to thank your Grace for having condescended to let me see the paper on

which you transcribed most correctly from beginning to end, which shows that your Grace has begun the work in good earnest, and which augurs well for the future' (p. 25). Despite his learning, Mason was not perhaps ideally suited for election to the Chair of Hebrew. When he was thus disappointed, his pupils endowed the Mason Prize for Biblical Hebrew. It involves a demanding examination, and it is not often awarded nowadays, but it is gratifying to know that the last person to receive it (in 1971) was a member of St John's.

Fisher intended the College to be a place where Hebrew was taught and studied, and many have sought to fulfil that purpose. None has surpassed or even equalled the learning of Castell, or done as much as Taylor to further research in Hebrew. Many have played their part in maintaining the College's character as a place of learning and research. Many people over the centuries have studied Hebrew here as a place of education. And what of the College as a place of religion, that other purpose? Hebrew is not itself a guarantee of piety, any more than any other language. But it is the language of the book that is the Jewish Bible and the Christian Old Testament, and without it an adequate study of the Scriptures is impossible.

Johniana

A new biography of William Wordsworth was published by Stephen Gill in 1989.

An alphabetical index to G.C. Moore Smith's *Lists of Past Occupants of Rooms in St John's College 1830-1895* has been compiled by Dr. W.N. Bryant (B.A. 1958), and is available for consultation in the College Library.

A Perfect Hero

Towards the end of March 1990, the College and the Lady Margaret Boat Club were involved in filming for the forthcoming television presentation, *A Perfect Hero*. Two eights were put on the river in 1930s period gear and hair-cuts, and the star of the series, Nigel Havers, was obliged to perform not only with the oar but also on a punt. Shots for the series (which will probably be shown later this year or early next year) will include the Boat House and the Bridge of Sighs.

Ad Lib

A programme in the Radio Four series *Ad Lib*, chaired by Robert Robinson, was recorded recently in George Watson's rooms (A 6 New Court). George Watson, Renford Bambrough and Jane Heal were among those discussing the state of the universities. The programme will probably have been broadcast by the time this appears.

The Linacre Lecture

The 1990 Linacre Lecture, 'Nature, Nurture, and Psychopathology: a new look at an old topic', was delivered in the Fisher Building on Friday 4 May by Professor Michael Rutter C.B.E., F.R.S.

Independent Airs

Readers of the *The Independent* may have been surprised to see in the 26 February 1990 edition a total of 36 column inches devoted to an attack on Peter Clarke (Fellow, and reader in modern history) by Lord Rees-Mogg. The background to this lay in an article Lord Rees-Mogg had written a week before in which he had sharply contrasted the modern economic performance of the free capitalist West and the unfree communist East, attributing the success of the one and the failure of the other respectively to their contrasting attachment to the liberal and to the socialist traditions of political thought. In addition, he ascribed the relative decline of the British economy since the Second World War to Britain's flirtation with the mitigated evil of democratic socialism. Peter Clarke wrote a letter (*The Independent*, 22 February) criticising this article, taking issue in particular with Rees-Mogg's idiosyncratic account of the liberal tradition (viz. John Locke, Adam Smith, Karl Popper and Friedrich Hayek), on the grounds that it was highly anachronistic to present Locke as a liberal democrat and Smith as a *laissez-faire* monetarist. Dr

Clarke also suggested that explaining Britain's economic decline purely in terms of socialist policies was simplistic. What really riled Lord Rees-Mogg were Clarke's statements that his article displayed 'lamentable ignorance of a whole generation of historical scholarship' on the thought of Locke and Smith, and that his 'Manichean view of the clash between coherent systems of liberty and tyranny' was a fantasy. Taking these as his departure, he launched a wide-ranging attack on the 'intellectual left' and the arrogance of dons, two eminently deserving targets, of course. The aspersions he cast on Dr Clarke's teaching methods were easily rebutted in the latter's dignified and good-humoured reply (*The Independent*, 28 February). The controversy smouldered on in the letter columns of *The Independent* for several days, though the protagonist and antagonist played no further part. Perhaps the real lesson of this storm in a tea-cup concerns not the clash between liberalism and tyranny, but, as Professor John Burrow pointed out in the final word (*The Independent*, 5 March), that between myth and history. Journalists deal habitually in simple truths, sometimes simplified so far that they cease to be true. Academics deal in a more complex currency. The temptation of arrogance is not limited to either group. If journalists should beware of ignoring the complex conclusions and convolutions of scholarship, so too academics must beware lest they seem contemptuous of the inevitable simplifications of those who lack the opportunity to keep abreast of learned debates and research.

Restructuring a Household

Service and its Nineteenth Century Critics in St John's

Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries looked in some respects like the households of gentry and nobles. There were physical similarities in the buildings: the pattern of hall, screens, kitchen and butteries was found in Tudor houses, small and great, and the whole dwelling was usually grouped round one or more courtyards. Colleges gradually acquired other features common to these households: galleries, gardens and planted walks, tennis courts and bowling greens. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they even began to respond consciously to the demands of architectural taste, enfolding their original courts in new decorative facades, or building whole new blocks in their grounds. Like the town and country houses they had a hierarchy of servants under the butlers and cooks, supervised by a higher level of officers, stewards and bursars, each rank with its accustomed fees and duties. Even the strong corporateness of colleges was, at least in the early period, not so far from the conduct of these other households. They too were governed by statutes and ordinances under which the domestic life of the household, as of the college, was seen as a unity of place and duty. Naturally, intellectual college founders articulated this more than many country gentlemen: for Richard Fox his Oxford college of Corpus Christi was a beehive of interdependent activities, while John Fisher evoked the Pauline model of 'one body' for St. John's Cambridge. The servants of his college, the feet on which it stood, were a part of the familia, the household greater than an extended biological family.

Corporateness, however, was also at the root of the differences between these institutions, the college and the lay household. In the household there was one master and his immediate family, in the college as in a monastery or cathedral chapter, a community of masters and a community of servants. What was more, the higher servants, or officers, were from the beginning in colleges chosen from among the masters. These masters themselves, the fellows, had as their apprentices scholars, some of whom performed the menial duty of waiting at table. To add to the complexity there was a class of poor scholars, the sizars, or servitors in Oxford, whose very education was bought in exchange for liability to personal service. These lads might be said to be more truly 'of the household' than the domestic servants, for unlike servants in a country house, college servants did not as a rule live in, and they sometimes had other occupations as well. In other respects lay households grew less like the colleges after about 1700. Not only were the colleges constrained by their sites to retain a courtyard pattern at their core, but they also retained their great halls, with their parlours behind for retirement after meals. An upstairs/downstairs atmosphere grew more marked in country and town houses as servants were allotted special suites of rooms, including their own dining room, away from the family, with which they were less and less identified. (1)

This is not to say that the colleges remained unchanged, gathered in patriarchal reverie around their central hearths. Changes took place, for example, in the service of the table. The sixteenth-century statutes of St. John's envisaged that

undergraduate scholars would help to serve up the food in hall, and a similar practice obtained at other colleges until the mid or late eighteenth century. (2) At St. John's, waiting by scholars was discontinued in 1765, and the duty was transferred to the sizars. They served until 1786 when professional waiters were hired to take their place. (3) Changing expectations of students, as well as declining entry to the eighteenth-century university, combined to eliminate their service role. At Queens' College sizars were excused from waiting in 1773, and the duties of gate-keeper and chapel clerk, usually undertaken by sizars, were given to servants until a sizar should come who was willing to perform them. (4) While the supply of poor scholars diminished, the demand for service in the university kept increasing, and town-based labour filled the gap. By the end of the century women bedmakers commonly waited at table and had become general servants. At St. John's the use of bedmakers to wait at table was to be deplored in 1854, but the lack of gyps and male servants generally was seen as a recent abuse.

Many lay households at an earlier period saw a similar increase in the number of maids and other female servants, and just as students paid from the college foundation ceased to wait and carry messages and food, so the apprentices of good manners, sons of gentry boarded out in a neighbouring great house, ceased the service aspect of their education. In colleges, however, certain roles of service running from top to bottom of the establishment meant that connections between serving and served persisted. These were not chiefly of a sentimental kind, indeed the idea of a college retainer is probably something quite new, based on the gyp and scout system established in the nineteenth century. Rather they were economic. In a great house there was a fixed divide, getting more marked, between the family who consumed and the servants who provided. In a college where both fellow-officers, such as stewards and bursars, and servants, headed by the butlers, had fixed statutory stipends, both also had means of augmenting them in their service role. Various perquisites and dues supplemented their incomes in an allowance-oriented economy.

In St. John's at various times between 1769 and 1880 this scheme of management came under a critical scrutiny which resulted in far-reaching changes to wages and service. The pioneer in criticism and reform was William Samuel Powell, master 1765-75, who also began the systematic classification and recording of students' performance in their college exams. (5) His reform of the college accounts in 1769-70 led him to notice and begin to correct several features of the ancient system of charges and perquisites which had remained undisclosed by the old forms of account. He noted that 'the junior bursar has certain regular errors in his accounts by which he gains a great part of his profits. He buys charcoal for the college but he charges for it at a greater sum than he gives and delivers less measure than he receives. It is certain that the difference of the measures if not the difference of the prices, was originally a fraud; for the bursar twenty or thirty years ago had no fixed rule for it, but made more or less advantage according to his inclinations and management.' In February 1769 it was ordered that the junior bursar should reclaim no charge from the college for charcoal beyond what he actually paid, or for boiling brawn. Nor should he receive any present from the charcoal merchant, nor claim any old iron or copper out of the kitchen, which should always be sold for the benefit of the college instead. In place of the above perquisites the junior bursar

was to charge the college in his accounts £22, besides which he was to receive his traditional annual stipend of £2, but nothing more. (6)

As the junior bursar was middleman between college consumers and a tradesman, the charcoal merchant, so the steward, also a fellow, received a commission from the brewer who supplied the college with beer and the chandler who supplied it with candles and other groceries. The steward's salary was likewise compensated for the loss of these perquisites in 1772. (7)

A third fellow-officer, the bursar of the bakehouse, stood between the senior bursar, from whom he received profits from the sale of that part of the college's rents received in corn, and the steward. The bakehouse bursar made money on what remained after the cost of meals, or 'commons', had been allowed to the steward. The bakehouse bursar also had to purchase corn from the farmers of the nearby countryside: after this transaction the miller who ground and the baker who made into bread also received their commission. The bakehouse bursarship was not recognised as a statutory office with stipend until 1848, although this recognition had been campaigned for in the college in the sixteenth century because the officer was tempted to profit by providing bread of short weight, since his stipend was nowhere guaranteed. (8)

In the same way as the fellow-officers the butler had his extra-statutory profits. Powell found that the old allowance for commons was entered in his accounts as though it were the current cost of food, 'but the much larger sum necessary and really expended for the commons is left entirely to the management of the butler, who, finding that his computation of this article was never examined, has for many years constantly inserted in it charges which could not have been allowed had they been known; besides almost every week he has made errors in his arithmetic to his own advantage.' Powell was measuring college practice by a more modern notion of accounts which better reflected the value of transactions, although his classified system was still based upon single-entry accounting.

In 1832 and 1835 the household economy again came under review: the purpose was partly one of cost-cutting, for the building of a new court from 1826-30 had placed a financial burden on the college of which it was not finally relieved until 1857. In this connection some traditional festivity was abolished: the number of college feasts was halved. The customary allowance to the cook for serving suppers was abolished and the money was redirected towards defraying the cost of the remaining feasts. Fees and perquisites were again examined, and this time the dues traditionally exacted by servants at the great occasions of college life were affected. In 1832 some fees were recognised by the college authorities as ancient, and forming an integral part of the recipient's wage: such were those demanded from undergraduates when, as freshers, they were admitted to dine in hall. They were paid direct to the college porter, butler, platewasher and knife-cleaner. Such also were the fees charged to undergraduates when they changed their rank in college and consequently progressed from one table to another in hall. The caterer, however, had made a practice quite recently of charging undergraduates per head per term, and this seems to have been a general service charge: it was deemed to have no satisfactory precedent, and was replaced by one payment per year on each

undergraduate's bill. In general the method of paying fees direct was thought unsatisfactory to both payers and receivers, and had the additional demerit of not being accountable to the college. They were therefore centralised as payments made to the butler and steward, who then paid the servants.(9)

In 1835 more direct action was taken: the traditional fees payable to the butler's men and the porter by those taking degrees were abolished, as were those for admittance to dine in hall and for changing tables. Compensation in wages was made to the platewasher, and to the scholar's , or junior, cook for the abolition of suppers, but no recorded compensation to the porter for whom the decrease in feasts meant a loss in payment for wine drawn off. Students on the college foundation shared some of the cuts in traditional largesse: in future the distribution of money made at the commemoration service for benefactors was to apply not to all scholars but only to those actually present in chapel. Another move away from occasional fees was made in 1852 when the chapel clerk's customary payment from newly-elected fellows and scholars was replaced by an increase to his regular wage.

Until mid-century the various reforms had been piecemeal, seeking to rationalise the perquisites and fees which supplemented ancient wages, but leaving untouched the basic structure of service under the college butlers. The committee on service appointed in 1854, and succeeding reformers, recommended and implemented more general changes. (10) The committee was active during the period that the first Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge was changing the structure of college education, chiefly by opening scholarships and fellowships to wider competition and consequently causing funds used for many closed awards, subject to limitations of schooling and place of birth or kindred, to be pooled for general use.

The Commission was also concerned with the cost of a university education, and on that subject its conclusions affected the household economy of the colleges. It found that, while necessary costs (such as tuition, degree fees, college dues) were 'everywhere small' and could not be reduced, personal expenses on 'dress, luxuries, entertainments and amusements' might be very large and difficult to control. (11) The Commissioners stressed that estimates of students' expenses varied widely from college to college, and decided that the regulation of personal extravagance was largely the reponsibility of parents and friends. They did not doubt, however, that the reduction of such expenses would open university education to more people, hitherto deterred by the prospect of having to live beyond their means. Although unable to make many practical recommendations to deal with the problem, the Commissioners did feel bound to suggest alterations in the management of service in colleges: 'We think it desirable that college servants should be paid by fixed stipends, and not by perquisites, and in particular that the system of profits on the sale of commodities, wherever it prevails, should, as far as practicable, be discontinued. Care should also be taken, that the prices of articles supplied for the use of students, should be frequently revised and made known in the college, and provision made for the frequent information of the Student, as to the amount, and the several particulars, of the liabilities he has incurred.' (12)

The committee on service at St. John's reflected these concerns. It saw a two-fold problem with both a moral and economic dimension. In the first place service as presently conducted was wasteful: the college acted paternistically as provider of allowances for place and duty, which the higher servants used to defer the cost of employing underlings, while making an independent profit through trade with fellows and undergraduates. In the second place the college, through the organisation of its service, which was also expensive, presented a retrograde social image.

The committee had before it an analysis of the place of fellows' butler. Through his hands passed a total of £1246, as compared with £1256 placed at the disposal of the master of the college. The butler's income was: profits on butter and ale, the trade through the college butteries, £214, cheese £10, carrying letters £62, allowance from the junior bursar £80, for ruling and writing accounts £7, for cloak money, or clothing allowance £2, small beer £8, and miscellaneous small fees including those received at the election of new fellows. Expenses were: the butler's men's wages £104, wages of women and waiters on feast days £107. The value of the butler's own place was computed at £299 per annum. The scholars', or junior, butler got a salary, a fee from each member at his degree and each fellow at his election, and a payment at the customary distribution to fellows, scholars and servants on Ash Wednesday. His expenses were the wages of the buttery and hall attendants and a clerk, who had lately been his own son, to assist in writing accounts. The total value of the scholars' butler's place was reckoned at £179 per annum.

The committee disliked the combination of the roles of servant and clerk in the butlerships, which it was felt deprived their management of accountability. There was, however, a wider issue. 'Neither of the butlers', claimed the committee's report to the college seniors, 'have any practical acquaintance with the usages of a gentleman's table.' This lack of professionalism was seen as extending to service in hall: 'the exclusive employment of women bedmakers to wait on fellows and students, and the gradual discontinuance of gyps, has led to a very defective system of waiting, and an increasing lack of respectable men servants in the college'. 'Respectability' had only troubled the Royal Commission in so far as students in lodgings were exposed to temptations from servants whose selection was not as easy to control as those in the colleges; but both the Commission and the committee were in general concerned with the morality as well as the efficiency of the conduct of service. The committee recommended that both the butlers should be placed on full stipends rather than making a living from their management of the various allowances, and that a third officer, called hall butler, should be employed to manage the service of the dining hall: ' a *professional* [my italics] should be hired who will dress and keep the tables, linen and plates in order.'

Considering the structure of service under the butlers the committee thought there were 'too many sinecures; these officers [the butlers] take too great an income for the nature of their duties, by employing inferior persons. As a particular instance of this we think it unnecessary to employ one person at a considerable salary to superintend the washing of the dishes while other persons are employed for the same duty as regards the plates. There seems to us to be no impediment in the immediate suppression of the dish-washer's office. Mrs Ballard's husband is in independent circumstances and there are no charitable considerations ... the

abolition of this office would save £60 a year'. The report similarly criticised the office of scholars' cook, which involved a whole sub-staff of foreman, account-keeper, and housekeeper; and the shoeblacks who employed deputies, each paid a journeyman's wage. One of the shoe-blacks was also employed as back-lane porter, a duty which the committee wrily suggested might be dispensed with by shutting the back-lane gates.

There are aspects of the committee's attitude which it is easy, perhaps fashionably so, to condemn: the idea, for example, that instead of women bedmakers acting as general servants more men should be hired as waiters, and others put in groups of rooms looked after by their wives whom they would pay. Should the woman not be the man's wife her wages would be regulated directly by the college. Later, in 1888, it was recommended that in general married couples should be appointed and their wages were regulated by the college through a service fund towards which members contributed. (13)

On the other hand the duties of servants were being better defined after 1860: earlier the bedmakers had been the workhorses of the college, but now waiting was to be separately managed, and hall-cleaners were hired. In 1888 it was laid down that carrying messages beyond the college was outside a servant's duty and that waiting at entertainments given by students merited an extra fee. A regular quarterly wage replaced a system of capital charge by the number of rooms attended, and the beginnings of a pension system came in, based on the purchase of annuities with deferred pay. Scattered duties had been more difficult to provide for and although pensions had been awarded at least since 1857 it was by order of the college council in each individual case. The freedom to pick up perquisites by extra service diminished, but income security increased.

The general tendency in 1860 and later was to rationalise allowances for place into wages for job: it happened with fellowships and scholarships; it happened also with allowances to servants. The steward wrote to his successor in June 1860: 'In the old bursar's book you will find a share of commons (food allowance in kind) estimated at a certain sum. I had long believed that it was worth much more at the present time and, being desirous of ascertaining the fact, as the persons died who were in receipt of the shares, I took them in hand and disposed of them. I found that I was right in my opinion, the sums realised being much larger than those given in the old book ... my sole object was to ascertain the real value of the commons in hall with the view to placing them ultimately in the hands of the cook and claiming from him their full worth.' The sequel shows what the steward had in mind: in November the fellows' cook took over the commons share of meat of two servants, with a quarterly payment of £2 2s from the college on condition that he find two servants for the scullery, paying them all the year round.(14)

While the Victorian college might condemn old forms of profiteering by servants which it regarded as waste, it was not opposed to what it considered well-regulated capitalist enterprise. Hence in 1873, after the merging into one of the two cooks' offices, it was decided not to pay the sole cook a stipend: rather he would carry on his trade privately, standing his own losses and making his profits independent of any college allowance. The conditions of employment for the cook were that he provide at his own expense all coals, gas, brooms, brushes and 'whatever may be

required for the current service of the kitchen, including the wages of all the servants . . . that he shall contract to provide all dinners at a fixed price per head, and also provisions for private rooms according to a printed tariff'. He was to repair at his own expense all fixtures provided by the college.(15)

Five years later the prices of meals and the conduct of the kitchen were still a subject of dissatisfaction; numbers of students had just begun to fall, and their pockets were on the average leaner. A mathematician and fellow of the college, William Garnett, undertook as steward a complete change of kitchen management. His general approach, according to William E. Heitland, a former junior bursar of the college who in 1932 contributed to Garnett's obituary in the college magazine, reflected the 'crude liberalism' fashionable in the 1870s: the college was now to become the managing capitalist running a completely integrated system of service. Garnett proposed firstly that the cook should once more become a servant rather than an independent trader; secondly that the ancient protectionism which bound the college to a local market should if necessary be broken; thirdly that an almost military discipline should be introduced to safeguard efficiency and honesty in the workplace.(16)

Garnett's notes and reports show that he had researched the subject in other colleges, and found considerable diversity. At Christ's, King's, Queens' and Emmanuel the cooks were servants, but the degree to which they paid staff wages and provided their own utensils varied. At Queens' the prices on incidental trade to individuals' rooms were lowered when profits were made on main meals; at Emmanuel price regulation worked the other way round; at King's the cook needed his own capital to carry on trade with rooms at all. At St. John's service was to be more integrated, with wages and equipment directly paid for by the profits of dinners in hall and provisions sent out to rooms.

Besides control of service Garnett wished to have greater choice in the sources of supply. In order to seek goods at competitive prices, tenders were invited from London, immediately accessible by railway since 1846, as well as from Cambridge. The contracts would be for three months' supply, but duration would vary with market prospects. If, as a result of the threat of competition, a conspiracy became evident among Cambridge tradesmen, supplies would be obtained exclusively from London even at a temporary sacrifice. For vegetables the college's own kitchen garden would be developed as a source of supply: in this commodity more than any other the college was in the hands of the local market, whose prices were high. Such proposals affected sharply the traditional relationship between the college and the local community. In the past both cooks and butlers of the college had organised their own supplies and had sometimes themselves provided them. Garnett was also felt to be breaking into an area not rightfully his. One trader is said to have confronted him with 'How would you like it if I went in to compete in *your* line?'; to which Garnett replied 'There is nothing I should welcome more'. (17)

Service and supply were to be supported by staff reorganisation and discipline. Garnett researched widely, investigating the commissariat of the Royal Naval and Military Club and of the Royal Naval College as well as St. Thomas's Hospital and the recently-founded Keble College, Oxford. As a result new names were proposed for the staff at St. John's, although few if any of them endured: the steward was

'canteen officer', the assistant steward 'mess manager'; the fellows' butler and other staff were 'commissariat officers'. A new professional kitchen clerk, the kind of post desired by the service committee of 1860, was to manage accounts in a way similar to the steward at Keble or 'the canteen sergeant in a military canteen.' Discipline went beyond the naming of names: all perquisites were banned and in compensation the twenty-one kitchen staff were allowed meals in the kitchen. As a means of cutting out commissions to servants all ordering was henceforth to be done by the steward, so that tradesmen would feel that they were dealing directly with him rather than with his servants. Kitchen waste, traditionally in the gift of servants, must be sold to tradesmen under supervision and entered in the accounts.

The assistant steward was to act as a kind of kitchen policeman, reporting all gyps and waiters causing breakages, and fining them if negligence were proved. A retired officer or other stranger, outside the college mould, should be engaged for this post. Gyps and bedmakers taking home broken meat or crockery should likewise be fined; bedmakers had been threatened with sacking in the eighteenth century for taking college plate into the town, but no mention had been made before of crockery or food. In a typically late-Victorian postscript to this regime of discipline Garnett suggested that such fines should go towards establishing a servants' reading-room above the butteries.

There were some evident gains in adopting these proposals. Garnett was anxious to improve working conditions by provision of proper meals and a staff sitting room, and wanted to improve the college cuisine by employing a larger staff of professional cooks. Yet the scheme threatened the basis on which kitchen service had hitherto worked: from the cook who had made the bulk of his profits on his own private trade with college members, to the gyp who, in one recorded case, could take home three quarters of a chicken as a perquisite although it was charged to an undergraduate's account. (18) In the case of the lower servants such perquisites had given them a useful supplement to their basic wage.

Garnett's far-reaching scheme provoked a storm of protest: the kitchen servants resigned *en masse* but, nothing daunted, Garnett engaged a substitute staff from London. He went ahead with buying food at wholesale prices from the capital and elsewhere and the immediate results delighted the undergraduates: dinner in hall became known as 'Garnett's sixpenny blow-out'. In the long term, however, the scheme failed. William Heitland, himself a conscientious junior bursar and manager of college staff, wrote that the breakdown of the wholesale buying policy was the first sign of the failure: supply at times outran demand in the college and their balance could not be governed as effectively as with a local market.(19) In 1882 Garnett's successor as steward found 'a huge balance of trade debts against us'. (20) Since the kitchen establishment had been paid for directly by the steward out of kitchen profits since 1878, undergraduates who did most business with the kitchen found that they were subsidising the service of the more frugal, and student numbers themselves were on the decline.

The college gradually returned to a more cautious policy. The audit committee of 1894 stated that although the practice of wholesale purchasing had continued, it had been found that local prices were by no means unfavourable.(21) The

committee also stressed that it was important to keep and extend goodwill between the colleges and the trades of the town. The kitchen farm, which had begun to operate under the steward in 1887, was given up in 1893 and its herd of cattle sold, though the kitchen garden continued to provide vegetables.

In general the later Victorian college maintained an integrated and paternalistic attitude to service. In 1893 the kitchen was re-designed and new two-storey offices were built, replacing cramped premises built in 1850 or earlier. (22) The new arrangements took greater account of the needs of privacy and sanitation as well as space for cooking and storage of goods. A college committee advised, for example, that there should be a separate female servants' room, to avoid scullery women having to share the cook's room. The cook remained a servant, as proposed in 1878, while the college baker lost some of his independence. Before 1894 the baker had a house rent-free, provided his own fuel, and was paid an annual salary of £160. When he retired in that year his replacement was an employee of the college kitchen whose wage was around £70 annually. Employees and pension schemes replaced servants with allowances and independent trades. As a comprehensive wage and pension economy developed, vestiges of the old system of perquisites began to look to the college authorities both untidy and immoral. In 1890 the dean wrote to the senior bursar that he was 'astonished to learn that there is a system of heavy perquisiting in connexion with the communion wine. The chapel clerk asked whether three bottles would be required or two. I thought he meant for the term, but the senior dean tells me that he meant for the day . . . It is part of the wretched old plan which made all these men drunkards in the past. Perquisites in drink belong to an order of things which can no longer stand the daylight.'(23)

Nineteenth-century reforms in this as in other areas, from the new poor law to the attack on close corporations and the battle between free-trade and protectionism, marked a watershed of attitudes. Yet no more than in our age are they to be seen in isolation, whatever one's opinion of their long-term wisdom, their justice or their harshness. There were physical changes in the college which left their mark as the unchanging pattern of the courts had set its stamp on previous developments. One such was the development of a second household in a new master's lodge. In the 1860s the ancient parts of the college were completely redesigned to make way for a neo-gothic chapel. This involved the extension of the old hall and the appropriation of the master's old suite of apartments for a new fellows' combination room. A new lodge was consequently built, apart from the college, in 1865. It was laid out on the plan of a large Victorian household, with circular carriage drive, terrace and garden, and a purpose-built servants' domain: servants' hall, housekeeper's room, and domestic offices. These rooms must have been the envy of servants using the cramped range in kitchen lane which served the college before the new buildings there in 1893.

There were also technical transformations to be reckoned with: in the St. John's kitchen in the 1870s there were steam boilers; by 1893 the site of the old roasting range had been replaced by a vegetable-washing area, and gas-powered roasting ovens had been introduced. (24) We are by then almost into the age of pools of secretaries and clerks working in offices with specialised machinery, their lives partly determined by adding machines and typewriters as they had once been by special fees. In colleges this transformation was slow, with fellows still committed

to corporate life and business , despite fears to the contrary when they were allowed to marry, and with forms of accounting not completely standardised until 1926. It was quite logical that in 1913 the first St. John's College general office should be located above the butteries, the old centre of service.(25)

The transformation from the idea of role and place supported by fee, to job supported by wage, is not a clear-cut story: both stipends and perquisites persisted under various forms. It could be argued that under direct management the late-Victorian St. John's College was economically more of a unified household than it had been for centuries, possibly ever. Society in general is perhaps now once more allowance-oriented as familiar economic pressures ebb and return. There are some household aspects of the life of the college which have similarly ebbed and flowed: the provision of beer for instance moved from supply by town brewers early in the sixteenth century to the acquisition of its own brewhouse by the college in 1574. After 1649 this brewhouse was no longer reserved out of the holding for the use of the college, and a book of tradesmen's receipts shows various suppliers of beer to the college. In 1850, however, the college took on a new enterprise: a brewhouse again behind Bridge street but on a different site. There it brewed its own bitter, both table and college beer, till 1866. Thereafter it again diversified, trading with Henry Fuller of Sidney Street, Whitmore and Sons of Hobson Street for porter, and Christie and Co. of Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. (26)

Yet the shift of tide has some effect, however minute, upon the landscape of the beach. Some ways of doing things vanished irrevocably in the 1850s and 1860s, and in the service context they were the relics of a household based upon the perquisites of supply and the fees of place. The eighteenth-century university, like the close corporations and the political and legal establishment, lived, however scoffingly, amid a world of place, perquisite and traditional duty which it slowly began to modify. The Victorians abandoned this world, except perhaps as an indulgence in a colonial setting. We live in a world of much technology and muted ceremony. It is rare that ritual stages such as taking degrees or moving from one table to another, or even going down through the great gate from college, will affect other people's rights or incomes. We also live in a world in which wage-scales and pensions in some organised form are looked on as an integral part of working life. College history can shed some light on the process of these changes; seen in social perspective they are no less momentous than movements of educational reform.

M. Underwood
Archivist.

Footnotes

I am grateful to the Master, fellows and scholars of St. John's College, Cambridge, for permission to make use of material in the college archives.

1. For this transformation in houses of the nobility see M. Girouard, *The English Country House*, (Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1980), especially pp. 138-41. A recent study of a gentry household suggests that this separation may not have been so marked in smaller houses. M. Waterson, *The Servants' Hall. A Domestic History of Erddig*, (London and Henley, 1980), pp.9-10.

2. J.E.B. Mayor, ed. *The Early Statutes of St. John's College Cambridge*, (Cambridge,1869), pp. 156-60.

3. College Order of 1765 appointing sizars to wait printed in T. Baker, *History of St. John's College*, ed. J.E.B. Mayor (Cambridge,1869), vol.2, p. 1071; order of 1786, Admissions Book 1767-1802, p. 47, margin, St.John's College Archives (henceforth SJC), C4 . 4.

4. J.Twigg, *A History of Queens' College Cambridge*,(The Boydell Press, Woodbridge, 1987), p. 193.

5. Powell's comments on the accounts are preserved in two notebooks, SJC D57.120.

6. Order, 1769 , *History of St. John's College*, vol.2, pp. 1073-4.

7. Orders, 1772, ibid., p. 1077.

8. Sir H. Howard, *Finances of St. John's College*, 1511-1926, (Cambridge,1935), pp. 39-40.

9. Junior Bursar's Order Book, SJC JB2. 1.

10. Reports of Committees and other papers about reform of management in St. John's, 1854-1916, SJC CC4.

11. *Cambridge University Commission Report* (London, 1852), pp. 147-9.

12. Ibid., p. 149.

13. Minute of the College Council, 4 May 1888, SJC C6 . 2.

14. SJC JB2. 1.

15. Order of 17 May 1873, Conclusion Book 1873-94, SJC C5. 5.

16. Garnett's papers are in SJC CC4.

17. B.M. Allen, *William Garnett, a Memoir*, (Cambridge, Heffers, 1933), pp. 25-6.

18. W.E. Heitland, *After Many Years* (Cambridge, 1926), pp. 103-4.

19. Obituary of Garnett in the St. John's magazine, *The Eagle*, vol.47 no.210, (1932), pp. 184-6.

20. SJC, CC4.

21. Audit Committee Reports, SJC CC3.

22. A.C. Crook, *Penrose to Cripps* (a history of college buildings, 1885-1969), (Cambridge, 1978), pp. 117-18.

23. Letter, 3 Nov.1890, SJC D92.1.120d.

24. Papers about modifications to kitchens, SJC D33. 17, plans SJC MPSC13. 34-6.

25. In 1912 residential rooms had been appropriated for the purpose; E.E. Raven, *Occupants of Rooms in St. John's College, 1895-1936*, (Editors of *The Eagle* for the college, 1936), p. 6.

26. Brewing accounts and accounts for the purchase of beer, SJC SD6. 7-10.

The Annotations of Thomas Baker

Thomas Baker, a controversial fellow in his life-time and the first historian of the College, lived from 1656 until 1740. Like most fellows of the College then, he lived within College. His rooms were in what is now F6, Third Court. Here he housed his extensive private library of both books and manuscripts.

Around 1,500 of the 40,000 books that are now in the Upper Library are from this collection, which was left to the College in his will. He was the librarian of the College for over 30 years, during which he left his mark in very literal fashion on the books that have been passed down to us. Most of the volumes that he acquired were to be annotated, to a greater or lesser extent, in his distinctive, rather spidery, handwriting. These annotations reflected his deep interest in the books that he owned and cared for. Among them are his attempts at verses upon subjects that range from current political affairs to the cost of his books.

An event that affected him deeply was his debarrment from fellowship in 1717 as a 'non-juror', that is, someone who refused to swear an oath of allegiance to George I. The Master at the time, Dr. Jenkin, had previously held views similar to Baker's, but upon becoming Master had taken the oath that Baker refused to swear. Baker always felt that the Master could have protected him from the consequences of being a non-juror yet chose not to do so. Though he was allowed to remain resident in his rooms, he henceforth signed his name in all his books as 'Tho: Baker Coll: Jo: Socius Ejectus', i.e. ejected fellow of St. John's College. This epithet eventually became the epitaph on his tombstone in the remains of the Old Chapel in First Court.

Strangely, just the day before he died (suddenly, of apoplexy), his nephew, George, had entered the college as a commoner. It was George who subsequently published Baker's well-known two-volume history of the college.

Below are a few examples of the many annotations to be found in the volumes in the Upper Library, along with their press-marks. It should be noted that no complete list of Baker's books exists in print at present, though Dr. Frans Korsten of the Katholieke Universiteit, Nijmegen, Netherlands, is in the process of publishing such a list. Dr. Korsten also has a complete list of annotations, having inspected every book in the Upper Library individually, a task that took him nearly two years to complete.

The annotations below have been quoted verbatim from each of the books mentioned. Reference numbers for the volumes in question are given in brackets.

1. *Speeches and Passages of this Great and Happy Parliament, 3rd. November 1640 to June 1641*, (Ee.1.37):

'Is there no Church? We'll put it to the Vote;
Is there no God? so some do say by rote;
Is there no King? but P[ym] unto us sent;
We'll have it tryed by act of Parliament;
No Church, no God, no King, thats very well,
Could we but make an Act there was no Hell.'

(Pym was a leader of the Parliamentarian faction during the Long Parliament and the English Civil War.)

MAIN PRATTLE

'What some man at first thought
would prove main pratle
That proov'd at last inst nought
but tittle tattle.'

'We fasted first, then prayed the Warrs would cease,
When praying would not serve, we paid for peace,
And glad we had it so, and gave God our thankes,
Which made the Irish harme the Scottish pranckes.'

2. Wheatly's *Common Prayer*, first published 1686, 4th. edition 1722 (S.9.2.):

'The common Prayer Book, the best companion in the House and Closet, as well as in the Temple.'

3. *An Account of the Ministers, Lecturers, Masters and Fellows of Colleges and Schoolmasters who were Ejected or Silenced after the Restoration in 1666*, 1700 (U.9.48).

'A list of the names of such Puritan ministers who were in orders in the Church of England, but being disturbed by the ecclesiastical courts, for non-conformity, transported themselves to New England before the year 1641. In all 77.'

(The above book is heavily annotated with remarks about each person, possibly indicating Baker's sympathies with these previous non-conformists.)

4. *The Divine Catastrophe of the Kingly Family of the House of Stuarts, or A Short History of the Rise, Reign & Ruine Thereof*, 1652 (C.15.4).

'This book, tho' a libel, yet is very scarce & hard to be met with, it cost me more then it is worth.'

5. John Milton, *Letters of State*, 1694 (Gg.18.13).

'This book, when purchesid, I thought, had been in Ealin(?), otherwise I had not bought it. But it did not cost me much.'

6. Jerome, *Vitas patrum*, 1502 (S.8.16).

'No book was more read or valued or oftner quoted two hundred years ago, then this, especially in Sermons. It was translated into French, & from French into English by Caxton, & finisht the last day of his life, & printed by Wynkyn de Worde at Westminstre, 1495.'

7. J. Moxon, *A Tutor to Astronomie and Geographie*, 1659 (Ff.12.39).

'To free thy selfe from danger cleane,
shun the extremes and keep the meane.'

'Mens thoughts like courtiers cloakes and often shifted
And changed as oft as they are truly sifted.'

8. Descartes, *Opera*, 1664 (Ff.11.40).

This text is to be found on the bookplates of all the books Baker gave the College:

'Ex dono viri reverendi Thomae Baker, S.T.B.
Qui olim fuerat hujus collegii socius:
postea vero, ex senatus consulto ejectus;
in his aedibus hospes consenuit;
vitae integritate et fama,
quam ex antiquitatis studio consectus erat
celeberrimus.'

Finally, one of Thomas Baker's letters, which were collected and published by his nephew George Baker, is evidence of a perennial problem for the College and a fine example of the directness with which it was tackled.

Replying to a friend who has applied for an Exhibition for his son:

Worthy Sir,
I can assure you that I am not alone in the Disposal of these Exhibitions, nor is it any Qualification by the settlement, to be the Son of a Clergyman. In the Disposal of them, I have commonly had regard to those that want them most, and I thank God, that is not your Son's Case. But I will do him that Right to say, he wants no other Qualifications.

I am sorry to hear, your Lady is indisposed, to whom I wish as much Health as her vertues deserve, &c

Yours, Tho. Baker.

References:

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography* (London, 1885), Vol.3, pp. 18–20.

[2] J.H. Hexter, *The Reign of King Pym* (Cambridge, Mass., 1941).

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Matthew Doar

Battle of the Brains

Towards the end of 1989, the Samuel Butler Room, supremely confident in its youthful vigour, challenged the Senior Combination Room to a test of intellectual prowess or quiz. The fellows, characteristically, were slow to respond. The true intellectuals among them were loth to descend to such trivial pursuits, while those who might have been interested were deterred by the folk memory of a humiliation some years ago when a formidable group of fellows led by Renford Bambrough were trounced by the junior members' 'University Challenge' team. Nevertheless, inspired or at least chivvied by the stalwart Peter Linehan, and enticed by the S.B.R.'s offer of champagne for the winners, a team of fellows was assembled: Howard Hughes (token scientist), Richard Rex (token younger fellow) and Malcolm Schofield (joker in the pack). The challengers were Patrick Tooth, Kit Kilgour, Jonathan Black, and Rhiannon Mathias. The date chosen was Monday 5 March, the time after dinner, the venue the School of Pythagoras. Before that day arrived, the Junior Combination Room heard rumours of the quiz and asked to be included. The J.C.R. was represented by Ollie Handy, Andrew McClellan, Helen Naughton, and John Louth.

Advertised under the label 'Battle of the Brains', the quiz attracted a respectable though far from respectful audience of about 70, despite the rival attraction provided by the fire that had broken out an hour or so before in New Court. Only the Master could be expected to maintain proper impartiality in a contest between the three estates of the College, and he had agreed to be question-master for the evening. The scorer was the chaplain, George Bush, who passed this unwonted test of his numeracy with flying colours. Before proceedings got under way, however, the vital need for refreshment was met, courtesy of the S.B.R. Fuelled by a rather ordinary, but (let's face it) free port, the teams were ready for battle. The questions were divided into five rounds, three of general knowledge, and two of 'College knowledge'. From the very first, the audience were at a loss to understand why the S.B.R. had issued their challenge. Although the questions had been set by one of their members, Matthew Doar, they were unable to capitalise on this tactical advantage. The opening question went first to the undergraduates: 'Whom am I describing? Born in 1923, and educated at Oundle School, he served during the war in Coastal Command before coming to the College. He has taken a special interest in the behaviour of the Great Tit'. After some hesitation, the undergraduates suggested the Head Porter. The graduates, a little closer to the mark, thought it might be Dr Clifford Evans. The happy task of identifying the subject as the Master himself devolved suitably enough onto Howard Hughes. Thus the fellows at once established a lead which they were to maintain and extend for the rest of the evening (there are few limits to a fellow's powers when free champagne is in the offing). Dr Rex's age was pinpointed by his familiarity with the works of the group Abba. A request for three trademarks which had become synonyms for the products they described had the fellows struggling for a moment. They stumbled around with 'Hoover' and 'Kleenex' before Dr Schofield's *savoir faire* brought home the bacon with 'Durex'. It was the undergraduates, however, who knew more of literature and culture. Oliver Handy deduced that Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* – a book he had not even read – was intended by a superbly obscure description. John Louth was rewarded with wild cheers, though only half-marks, for the response 'bass guitarist of Led Zeppelin' to the question 'Who was John Paul Jones?' [correct answer, captain of the Chesapeake]. Before the fourth round commenced, the fellows launched an impassioned appeal for further refreshment. By now there was only dry sherry left, but nobody complained. Then it was back to work for the last two rounds on College knowledge, which on the whole caused the three teams rather more problems. Estimates of the height of the Chapel Tower ranged wildly from 190 to 400 feet – in fact it is a mere 160 feet. Equal puzzlement greeted the question of which letter was omitted from the alphabet in the denomination of staircases in the College. 'Q' suggested the undergraduates, 'Z' said the graduates. As if inspired, Dr Schofield stepped in. 'Q', he said [the correct answer was of course 'J']. Peace was soon restored, and Dr Schofield went back to sleep. It says much for the sobriety of the junior members that they were less well informed about the names of the College barstaff than were the fellows. And Dr Hughes revealed an unsuspected interest held in common with the Master - ornithology. He was able to put the correct number (seven) on the brood of signets hatched last year by a pair of swans nesting in the brook under Cripps. Dr Hughes claimed modestly that this was pure guesswork, but we know that no aspect of College life can hope to escape his scrutiny.

At the end of the fifth round, the result was decisive, at least as regarded first place. The fellows had amassed 163 points, with the S.B.R. a distant second on 93 and the J.C.R. a close third on 92. In view of the close result at the bottom, it was agreed by popular demand – the S.B.R. alone dissenting – to have a play-off for second place. Questions in the play-off were to be allocated not turn by turn, but according to 'speed on the buzzer'. Unfortunately the technology of the School of Pythagoras does not run to electronic buzzers, so affairs had to be arranged on the basis of a rattle and a squeaky toy shared between the respective teams. With the S.B.R. showing all the reaction characteristics of a wounded sloth, the J.C.R. rocketed into the lead. After a few questions they complained that the response time of their squeaky toy was considerably worse than that of the undergraduates' rattle. But the J.C.R.'s good start had suggested to the Master that he might deprive the fellows of their richly deserved and eagerly awaited champagne by helping the J.C.R. overtake their score in the play-off. So he brushed aside the S.B.R. complaint, and the J.C.R. continued to amass points. Increasingly anxious, the fellows handed over their noise-source, a sort of bell, to the graduates. The resulting improvement in the S.B.R.'s performance was just enough to save the fellows' champagne. When the questions ran out – and not before time – the J.C.R. had reached 150 points, and the S.B.R. 120. But if the S.B.R. were last, at least they had the last laugh: the promised champagne for the victors amounted to a quarter-bottle each, with a further quarter-bottle for the Master.

Grace at meals

Ernest Schupbach (B.A. 1931) has written from Switzerland to suggest that the College grace before and after meals be printed with an English translation.

The St John's grace, like those of most other colleges, is derived from the monastic grace of the middle ages. The pre-prandial grace opens with Psalm 145: 15–16, and continues with a variant on the most common petition for blessing. During term it is recited by a scholar of the college, outside term by the senior fellow present.

The post-prandial thanksgiving is lengthier. It has on occasion been timed at 45 seconds, in other words about as long as it takes the clock to chime midnight in Trinity Great Court. Although there is little direct historical evidence about either of the graces, the post-prandial grace is mentioned in passing in the College statutes of 1530 (in a passage discouraging diners from lingering in Hall after meals). The reference to the foundress and benefactors suggests that it harks back to the earliest days of the college. This grace is always recited by the President or the senior fellow present.

For further information on the forms of grace used at St John's and other colleges, see S.J. Mitchell, 'Cambridge College Graces', in *Cambridge* (the magazine of the Cambridge Society) 24 (1989), pp. 32–45; and H.L. Dixon, *Saying Grace* (Oxford and London, 1903).

Ante Prandium

Oculi omnium in te sperant, Domine, et tu das illis cibum in tempore, aperis manum tuam, et imples omne animal benedictione.

Benedic, Domine, nos et dona tua, quae de tua largitate sumus sumpturi, et concede ut illis salubriter nutriti, tibi debitum obsequium praestare valeamus, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum.

Post Prandium

Infunde, quaesumus, Domine Deus, gratiam tuam in mentes nostras, ut his donis datis a Margareta Fundatrice nostra aliisque Benefactoribus ad tuam gloriam utamur; et cum omnibus qui in fide Christi decesserunt ad caelestem vitam resurgamus, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum.

Deus pro sua infinita clementia Ecclesiae suae pacem et unitatem concedat, augustissimam Reginam nostram Elizabetham conservet, et pacem universo Regno et omnibus Christianis largiatur.

Before Dinner

The eyes of all creatures look to you in hope, O Lord, and you give them food in due time, you open your hand and fill every creature with blessing.

Bless us, O Lord, and these, your gifts, which we are about to receive from your bounty. And grant that we, wholesomely nourished by them, may manage to perform the duty we owe to you, through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

After Dinner

Pour your grace into our hearts, we beseech you O Lord, so that we may use to your glory these gifts given us by Margaret our foundress and by other benefactors; and so that we may rise again to heavenly life with all who have departed in the faith of Christ, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

May God in his infinite mercy grant peace and unity to his Church, watch over our most illustrious Queen, Elizabeth, and bestow his peace on this kingdom and on all Christian people.

The College Fire

Between 7.05 p.m. and 7.50 p.m. on Monday 5 March 1990, a fire broke out at the top of G staircase New Court. P.D. Nellist (occupant of G8) noticed smoke coming from under the door of G7 as he left his own room just before 8.00 p.m. He alerted the porters, who sounded the alarms on F and G staircases and summoned the Fire Brigade, which arrived in force – two engines and a turntable ladder – shortly after 8.00 p.m. The fire was extinguished swiftly, but not before it had gutted the gyp room and bathroom, and severely damaged the sitting room and bedroom. Fortunately nobody was hurt.

An assorted crowd of displaced students and intrigued fellows looked on throughout, and were rewarded with the spectacle of an enormous fire engine inching slowly through the great glass portal built – with remarkable foresight – between New Court and the new Fisher Building specifically to allow emergency vehicles access to River Court.

As is often the case with College fires, this one seems to have started in the gyp room (see e.g. the report of a fire on 13 February 1943 at E4 Third Court, in *The Eagle* 52 (1943), p. 129). In this case, the fire was perhaps caused by a fault in the construction or use of a microwave oven. It was unfortunate that the fire broke out in a part of the College not yet equipped with smoke-detectors.

Recollections of an Organist

Dr George Guest retires this year from the post of Organist which he has held with great distinction for forty years. He has kindly provided for The Eagle the following recollections of his time in the College.

Towards the end of 1946 many of those young men who had survived the war were beginning to resume their civilian life, some in the professions, some in the universities, some in the factories, some with neither jobs nor prospect of jobs. For me, returning after almost five years in the RAF (the last two years in India), the thought of taking up my position as Assistant Organist of Chester Cathedral at a salary of £120 per annum was bliss indeed. After the uncertainties of war I looked forward with immense satisfaction to a period of untroubled calm, and I believed I had achieved my life's ambition - for I had been a chorister at Chester, and had come very much under the influence of the Organist, Malcolm Boyle, a brilliant and charismatic man, who had the gift of inspiring by his example all who came into contact with him. It was with some disappointment therefore that, just a few months later, he told me that I should compete for the Organ Studentship at St John's College, Cambridge, the competition for which was to be held in the following March. Fortunately there were very few candidates, and I can remember my great pleasure when I was told by Mr Thistlethwaite (as he was then) that I was to be recommended for election - and this without a single A-level, but with an F.R.C.O.

The music of St John's College was not well-known on the North Wales coast in those days, and I was pleasantly surprised to find that there were boys as well as men in the Choir. The twenty choristers were educated in the old Choir School (now occupied by Mrs Glyn Daniel), and the School was presided over by the Revd. Sam (never Samuel!) Senior, who had been Headmaster since the days of World War I. Mr Senior was paid a small salary by the College, and he was permitted to augment this by taking as many non-singing pupils as he could reasonably accomodate - the fees going to himself. The result was that the school, consisting of just two rooms, was cramped to an intolerable degree, and I recall that in one of the two rooms the pupils entered by one door, and the master by another - there was no aisle! It was, of course, a day-school, and the pupils were taught good manners, together with some basic subjects. Science was not taught. It is extraordinary to think back to those days, and to realise that the area of the Headmaster's house was considerably larger than the whole of the teaching area! Choristers wore Eton suits on Sundays (the week-day services had fallen

away during the war), and these suits were handed down from one boy to another by parents. They were not of a uniform design and, indeed, insufficient trouble was taken to see that they fitted their new owners properly. I well remember Professor Orr, who was of course Organist at the time, being irritated by the fact that a rather fat boy was frequently obliged to go out of rehearsal or service because he felt sick. One day Robin triumphantly came up with the answer that the family doctor had failed to provide - 'his trousers are too tight!', he told me with considerable satisfaction, and they were, too!

The alto, tenor and bass parts were sung by three lay-clerks and six Choral Students. The lay-clerks had been members of the Choir for many years, and, although extremely pleasant people, had become somewhat set in their ways. Mr Sharp, the tenor, was old enough to remember Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958) as an undergraduate in Trinity College. He also had a glass eye, and I quickly learnt which eye to concentrate on when bringing him in for a lead, though I must confess that I never felt completely at ease with the situation. The lay-clerks took all solos, and so the Choral Students never found it easy to show the enthusiasm which has long become a characteristic of their successors.

This was then the situation which faced Robin Orr on his return in 1946 from War Service. St John's was musically very much the poor relation of King's at the time; Boris Ord 'down the road' was at the height of his fame, and Robin had the very difficult task of building up the repertoire, and improving the standard of singing. The two Sunday services were Matins and Evensong. Very few people attended the former, though there was usually a large congregation, consisting almost entirely of undergraduates, at Evensong. Dean Raven was in charge, assisted by the President, Martin Charlesworth (who had taken Orders a short time previously), the Chaplain (Noel Duckworth), and Sam Senior. Neither of the first three were singers, and indeed the Dean was said to be tone-deaf. In those days the arrangements for the following week were announced just before the anthem, and I shall always remember Raven saying on one occasion, in his precise and clipped voice, 'The Preacher next week will be' - and, searching desperately through the Chapel List, finally saying in triumph 'myself'. He immediately went on to announce the anthem as *'Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,* words by William Byrd'! But slowly and quietly the work of rebuilding went on. The Choir, under Robin Orr, took part with the Choir of King's College in the Chancellor's Music to celebrate the election of General Smuts as Chancellor of the University in 1948.To Boris Ord's ill-concealed delight Trinity College Choir had dropped out because Boris had not given Dr Hubert Middleton the music in time for it to be rehearsed; I well remember Robin saying 'St John's Choir will be

present whether we have the music or not!' It was an inspiring occasion, made all the more noteworthy by the presence of Winston Churchill in the congregation, and the sight of those two old men, former enemies, greeting each other warmly was a most moving sight.

As my time as Organ Student drew to a close in 1950 and I had begun to think for what position I could reasonably apply, I received a summons from the Master, Mr A.E. Benians, to see him in the Lodge. He told me the unexpected news that Robin Orr wished to resign from the post of Organist, in order to devote more of his time to composition, and that the Council had it in mind to offer me the vacant position. The Council wished to know, if it was so offered, whether I should be inclined to accept it. I replied, without hesitation, in the affirmative, and so, on 1 October 1951, I began what has turned out to be my life's work.

I had many advantages. By this time Robin Orr had persuaded the three lay-clerks to retire, and the College had decided to make up the number of Choral Students from six to twelve. Dean Raven had died prematurely, and the then Chaplain, Edward Knapp-Fisher (later to become Bishop of Pretoria) was in charge until James Stanley Bezzant became Dean in 1952. Gradually the number of services increased, and the custom of holding a 'men only' Evensong on Wednesdays was started. The problem then was somehow to get the Choir and its work more generally known. There was at that time a maddening rumour that St John's College services were for members of the College only, so the number of outside visitors was still fairly small. One saw only too clearly that if the time came when undergraduate attendance dropped significantly, the choral services without visitors would be hard to defend, and so it became vital to build up outside support. The first step was to form an Old Choristers' Association (now rather in abeyance, because so few choristers at the present time live in Cambridge or in the immediate vicinity); then, efforts were renewed to get the BBC to broadcast Choral Evensong from the Chapel. We were obliged to have an audition, but we did get on to the BBC's books on a permanent basis, and these broadcasts have done much to obtain a wider recognition of the Choir and its work, as have the numerous television appearances.

In 1954 the retirement of Sam Senior was imminent, and it was clear that the School could no longer satisfy the Inspectors, and that the College would be obliged to close it. As it happened, St John's House (once the home of Sir John Sandys) had just become available. It was an ideal building for the School as it was then constituted, but there were those who felt that the choral tradition at St John's was not really worth preservation, and that the Council was certainly not in the business of

running a school as well as a College. A committee was formed, and the outlook seemed desperately gloomy until Professor George Briggs said, 'I'm a plain and blunt man; it may be that the Choir of St John's is worth preserving, and that in order to preserve it successfully a Choir School is necessary, but I should like some written evidence to that effect'. Shortly after that the then Master, Mr Wordie, telephoned me to say that he had received a cable from Rome, reading 'Save St John's Choir School at all costs', and signed 'R. Vaughan Williams'. 'Would this be a relation of the composer?', asked the Master innocently. It was indeed the composer himself, and soon a number of other letters from eminent musicians of the time began to arrive. The opposition slowly melted away, and, when the decision was taken to open a new school in St John's House, it was especially heart-warming to note how whole-heartedly the former opponents of the scheme now threw themselves into the task of making it the wonderful success that it has subsequently become.

The new school in Grange Road was opened in 1955, with the Revd. C.F. Walters as Headmaster. At first there were no boarders, but within a short time a boarding house was seen to be a necessity if St John's was to have a College Choir of international fame, and an increasing number of boys coming from a musical background was soon attracted to compete for choristerships. The next objective was to persuade a record company to make a record of the Choir, and this was accomplished in 1958 when Argo made the first of our large number of recordings. Altogether about 110 discs have been made; many, particularly the series of Haydn Masses, the Beethoven Mass in C and the Fauré and Duruflé Requiems have become best-sellers, providing the College with many thousands of pounds by way of royalties over the years.

During vacations the opportunity was taken of giving outside concerts. In the Court Circular of 27 July 1954 appeared the following: 'Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by the Princess Margaret, this evening attended a choral concert given by the Choir of St John's College, Cambridge, in St Margaret's Church, King's Lynn'. Since that time (and disregarding foreign tours which will be listed later), the College Choir has given concerts in St Peter Mancroft Church Norwich, Saffron Walden Parish Church, Freshwater P.C., Great Dunmow P.C., St Mary's Church Shrewsbury, All Saints' Church Newmarket, Guildford Cathedral (the last item on this programme, Herbert Howells' 'Sequence for St Michael' coincided topically with the opening of a new branch of Marks and Spencer in the High Street on the following day), St Matthew's Church Northampton, St David's Cathedral, St Alban's Abbey, Manchester University, Coventry Cathedral, Blackburn Cathedral, Monmouth School, Westminster Abbey, Waltham Abbey, Leeds P.C., St Clement Dane's Church London, Walpole Saint

Peter P.C., Carlisle Cathedral, Aldeburgh P.C., Barnack P.C., Huddersfield Town Hall, Bangor Cathedral, St Asaph Cathedral, Llandaff Cathedral, Norwich Cathedral, St Mary's Church Nottingham, St Edmundsbury Cathedral, Victoria Hall Halifax, St Paul's P.C. Bedford, Worcester Cathedral, Clare P.C., Brecon Cathedral, Wakefield Cathedral, Framlingham P.C., Chesterfield P.C., Bridgnorth P.C., St Peter's Collegiate Church Wolverhampton, Ely Cathedral, Canterbury Cathedral, St Nicholas' Church King's Lynn, Capel Penmount Pwllheli, All Saints' Church Hertford, Holy Trinity Clapham, Christ Church Cathedral Oxford, Bedford School, Capel Bethlehem Rhosllanerchrugog, Uppingham School, Barnet P.C., Bradford Cathedral, St Giles Church Northampton, Rossall School, Ealing Abbey, Hitchin P.C., Chichester Cathedral, Chester Cathedral, St Mary's P.C. Swansea, All Saints' Nothampton, Westminster Cathedral, St George's Chapel Windsor, Bromyard P.C., Wrexham P.C., Capel Jeriwsalem Blaenau Ffestiniog, Snape Maltings, Royal Festival Hall London, St Woolos' Cathedral Newport, Sheldonian Theatre Oxford, Corn Exchange Cambridge, Derby Cathedral, Rugby School, The Great Hall Aberystwyth, St Paul's Cathedral London, Oundle School and Lincoln Minster. In addition, a BBC Promenade Concert was given in St Augustine's Church, Kilburn.

Foreign tours have included concerts in the following countries and cities:

Holland:	Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague, Breda, Helmond, Haarlem, Hilversum, Maastricht, 's-Hertogenbosch, Boxtel, Utrecht, Tilburg, Doesburg, Dordrecht, Meppel, Groningen, Weert, Leiden, Schagen, Sittard, Eindhoven, Zwolle. The Choir also gave a concert in the Royal Palace, the Hague, in the presence of the Queen of the Netherlands.
Belgium:	Bruges, Ghent, Maaseik, Dendermonde, Hasselt, Brussels, Turnhout
Norway:	Oslo, Rygge
Switzerland:	Gstaad (Menuhin Festival), Zurich
United States:	Detroit, Buffalo, Fredonia (NY), Saratoga Springs, Hartford (Conn), New York, Tanglewood, Salisbury (Conn), Washington DC, Richmond (Va), Norfolk (Va), Baltimore, Princeton (NJ), Indianapolis, Albany (NY), Brattleboro (Vermont), Yantic (Conn.), Lynchburg (Va), Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Kansas City, Worcester (Mass), Garden City (NY), Geneva (NY), Denver (Col), St Paul (Minn), Philadelphia

Italy:	Milan, Modena
Greece:	Athens, Heraklion (Crete)
Ireland:	Dublin
Spain:	Barcelona, Montserrat, Terrassa, Tarragona, Monastery of Santes Creus, Llivia, Torroella de Montgri
Germany:	Altenberger, Essen, Heilsbronn, Aachen, Cologne, Nuremberg, Kempen, Munich, East Berlin, West Berlin, Detmold
Japan:	Tokyo, Fukushima, Sendai, Kanazawa, Kyoto, Takamatsu, Matsuyama
Canada:	Ottawa, Barrie, Montreal, Kingston, Kitchener (Ont), London (Ont), Toronto, Brockville (Ont), Port Hope
Australia:	Perth, Adelaide, Canberra, Sydney (Opera House), Melbourne, Hobart, Cairns, Townsville, Rockhampton, Brisbane, Newcastle
Sweden:	Falun, Goteborg, Ystad, Stockholm, Brunnby, Falkenberg, Lysekil, Halmstad, Varberg, Stromstad
France:	Houdan, Chartres, Paris (La Sainte Chapelle), Coutances, Rouen, Caen, Saintes, Le Havre. The Choir also sang at the French Government Memorial Service for Earl Mountbatten in the Church of Saint Louis des Invalides, Paris.
Brazil:	Recife, Brasilia, Sao Paulo, Curitiba, Rio de Janeiro
Hong Kong:	Cultural Centre Concert Hall

Choral services during term-time had by the 1970s increased to seven a week, and the repertoire, containing music of all periods, was becoming perhaps the largest of its kind in the country. Not only was music from the established masters being added, but a large number of new compositions were being written specifically for St John's College Choir. Such works are tabulated:

1.	Lennox Berkeley: Three Latin Motets
2	Malcolm Boyle: 'O perfect love' (31 October 1959)
3–4	Dilys Elwyn-Edwards: 'Yr Arglwydd yw fy Mugail'; and 'Codi fy llygaid wna'
5–6	Gerald Hendrie: Evening Canticles (Coll. Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense); and Responses and Preces
7	Tony Hewitt-Jones: Evening Canticles (Coll. Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense)

8–9 Herbert Howells: Evening Canticles (Coll. Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense); and A Sequence for Saint Michael (1961)

10 Michael Tippett: Evening Canticles (Coll. Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense)

11–12 Gerald Near: Evening Canticles (Coll. Sancti Johannis Cantabrigiense); and Responses and Preces

13 Alun Hoddinott: Three Advent Carols

14 Jean Langlais: Psalm 112

15 William Mathias: 'Yr Nefoedd sydd yn datgan gogoniant Duw'

16–18 Robin Orr: 'Come and let yourselves be built'; 'O God, ruler of the world' (in memoriam G.E.D.); and 'Jesu, sweet Son dear'

19 Stanley Vann: 'There is no rose' (1988)

20 John Rutter: 'There is a flower' (1986)

21 Robert Spearing: 'Jesu, Son most sweet and dear'

22 George Guest: Responses and Preces.

As I come up to the date of my retirement in September 1991, I rejoice that the College Choir and the choral services seem fairly well established at the present time. There are, however, two disturbing factors. First, unlike the situation in King's College, Cambridge, and Christ Church, New College and Magdalen College in Oxford, the choral services in St John's are not mentioned in the College Statutes; they could easily be terminated at the whim of an unsympathetic College Council or an unwatchful Governing Body. But I believe that such an eventuality, however remote, would provoke a world-wide reaction to what would undoubtedly be called vandalism. A more potent threat, however, is the ever-increasing tendency to reject good singers because of their inability to meet the very high academic demands now insisted upon by those college officers responsible for admissions. When I became Organist it was sufficient for Tutors to be satisfied that applicants, if admitted, would not fail their Triposes. This is no longer the case, and it is becoming more and more difficult to obtain singers of the necessary high standard and of acceptable academic standard. It is perhaps worth observing that if the present Prime Minister had applied for a Choral Studentship to this College he would certainly not have been admitted on academic grounds, nor would the newly-appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, nor would I!

The training given to a Choral Student is unique, and many have subsequently become international artists. This, too, has been the case with a succession of Organ Students and Assistants:

1 Sir David Lumsden: Southwell Minster, New College Oxford, Principal Royal Scottish Academy of Music, Principal Royal Academy of Music, London.

2 Peter White: Leicester Cathedral

3 Brian Runnett: Norwich Cathedral

4 Jonathan Bielby: Wakefield Cathedral

5 Stephen Cleobury: Sub-Organist Westminster Abbey, Westminster Cathedral, King's College Cambridge

6 Jonathan Rennert: St Michael's Cornhill, London

7 John Scott: St Paul's Cathedral, London

8 David Hill: Westminster Cathedral, Winchester Cathedral

9 Ian Shaw: Assistant, Durham Cathedral

10 Adrian Lucas: Portsmouth Cathedral

11 Andrew Lumsden: Sub-Organist, Westminster Abbey

12 Andrew Nethsingha: Assistant, Wells Cathedral.

It is difficult to condense forty-four years' work into a few pages. There have been many highlights, but perhaps the most satisfactory and pleasing aspect has been the fact that I was given the opportunity to take a prominent part in keeping choral services alive in St John's College, and that I have been enabled, on leaving, to hand over to Christopher Robinson a going concern, in the sure hope that he will be able to build on the foundations already laid.

G.H.G.

Commemoration of Benefactors

The outgoing Senior Bursar, Dr C.M.P. Johnson, delivered the address at the service of Commemoration of Benefactors held on Sunday 5 May 1991. He has kindly consented to make the text available to The Eagle.

I take as my text the heart of the College Prayer which appears at the end of the order for this service: 'grant that love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here.'

We hear these words Sunday by Sunday, and they seem to me to state the aims of the College in a wonderfully succinct way. At the Commemoration Service it is appropriate to think of the Prayer in the context of what our benefactors have done for us, and what they wish us to do. They have demonstrated their love of the brethren and their dedication to all sound learning and we might think of this Service as a spiritual counterpart of the statutory audit of the College Accounts – a sort of moral audit. Are we living up to the aspirations of our benefactors? Are we using with sufficient imagination the talents (in the very sense of the parable) which our benefactors have entrusted to us? Will our stewardship of this heritage attract future benefactors to help our successors to ensure that 'all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here?'

This Service and the solemn reading of the list of benefactors is by no means the only way in which these persons are commemorated. We hold specific Funds bearing the names of practically all of those in the last two-thirds of the list that we have heard today; nearly all of our prizes and scholarships are named after benefactors and often reflect their interests or wishes, and following a happy suggestion of Mr Bambrough we use the collective term 'Benefactors' Studentships' for the successful scheme of supporting able research students, each one of which is named after one of those benefactors. By contrast, in the early days, almost all of the benefactions were in the form of land, which until relatively recently was the main way in which the College held its endowments. Today's Commemoration of Benefactors represents one of the most ancient traditions of the College, going right back to the foundation. The Lady Margaret's executors made provision for a yearly commemoration of the foundress. Hugh Ashton, whose monument is behind me in the antechapel, was one of those executors, and his own executors paid for a solemn obit to be kept for the souls of Ashton and his friends, and of the Lady Margaret, on 4 January every year, the day of

Ashton's burial. There was to be a distribution of money to the Master, the Fellows and the Scholars – provided always that they remained for the duration of the whole Service! In case, by this recollection, I have now generated eager expectation, I must tell you that this custom was discontinued when the 1860 Statutes came into operation. In earlier days, a brief description of each gift was added to the name and title of the giver, and as the catalogue grew in length it was divided into parts, and Commemoration Services held more frequently. Since 1860 there has been one Service a year, on or near 6 May. Limitations of time, and consideration for the voices of the Deans, have led to the explanatory matter being omitted and the names alone being recited. A nineteenth-century Dean, A.F. Torry, collated the many earlier lists of benefactors and added biographical and other notes, which make fascinating reading. I shall have a little more to say about Torry and his family later.

The early years of the College were wonderfully dramatic in the way in which land was accumulated, starting with the endowments of the hospital site we took over, and lands belonging to the Lady Margaret or bought with money from her estate after the skilful and persistent activities of John Fisher. A little later, Fisher added some of his own land as well as land from Henry VIII which included in particular three monastic endowments. One of these endowments would not have seemed at all promising, in that it belonged to the very poor nunnery of Broomhall, dominated at the time by the much more prosperous Chertsey Abbey. The aphorism of the modern property men – that the three most important things about any property are 'location, location and location' – was, however, confirmed once again because the land in question straddled the main Roman Road from London to Silchester and thence to the west country. This route eventually became the modern A30. When the railway came last century, the objections of a neighbouring landowner caused it to be diverted round his land and intersect the A30 at the village of Sunningdale. Construction of a golf course by late nineteenth century entrepreneurs led to the development of a prosperous residential estate of very great value to the College.

From 1518 to 1537, in the words of our historian Thomas Baker, the benefactors were crowding in. By 1937 we possessed nearly 11,000 acres of land, which accounts for sixty per cent of the area of land that we own today. Some of the hospital land, out in the Milton direction, augmented by purchase in 1534, recently became the St John's Innovation Park, and land at Huntingdon bought with the foundress's money has become extremely valuable. I have sometimes wondered what the Lady Margaret and John Fisher would make of a Gateway Supermarket Distribution Depot and a Business Park; I like to hope that they would

be pleased by our good fortune, and we for our part must remain grateful to them.

What were the objectives of these benefactions? As Torry says in the introduction to his book, 'the wants and fashions of each age are reflected in the predominating type of its gifts and endowments'. As well as providing for the building of First Court, the Lady Margaret had intended there to be fifty Fellows and fifty Scholars, but after her death Henry VIII limited the value of the endowment so the number of her Fellows and Scholars was much diminished. Consequently, the early benefactors concentrated on Fellows and Scholars, and by 1537 about twenty-three Fellowships and thirty-seven Scholarships were given, in addition to those funded from the Foundress's estate. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries the gifts changed to advowsons, in effect the pension scheme whereby Fellows who retired, or who married and thus ceased to be Fellows, were able to accept preferment to livings in the gift of the College. In their day, these gifts were much valued, though nowadays, apart from occasionally helping ordained members of the College to move from one diocese to another, the benefits to the College are not really commensurate with the work involved for the Livings Committee and in particular the Dean. During the same period, there was also a steady stream of endowment, and of books, to the Library, which had been built in 1624 largely at the expense of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln. The pendulum so elegantly described by Torry has swung again and we shall again be seeking gifts for the extension and refurbishment of the Library.

One of the privileges of my office is the opportunity from time to time to discuss their plans with prospective benefactors. I am constantly touched by the way in which these people repose trust and faith in the College to carry out their wishes. In some cases, to be sure, it extends to leaving complete discretion to the College; though as often as not a benefactor has a particular intention; thus, he wishes to commemorate a relative, or to renew, for others, the particular benefits which he himself enjoyed here. I will give one example only; I think it illustrates the interplay between private help to an individual, service to the College, benefaction and long term family connection. One of the benefactors whose name was read out was Miss Euphemia Torry, with whom I had correspondence and whom I visited in the early 1970s. In Miss Torry's words, her paternal grandfather 'had been ruined when railways replaced turnpike roads, whether by losing his money or his job, or both, I do not know'. Her father A.F. Torry went to Brigg Grammar School in Lincolnshire and came to the College through the generosity of Lord Yarborough, a Lincolnshire landowner. Torry matriculated as a Sizar at St John's in 1858, becoming a Scholar in 1861 and graduating as Fourth

Wrangler in 1862. He took a First in the theological examination in 1863 (with special distinction in Hebrew) and was elected a Foundress Fellow of the College in November of that year. He was clearly a participator from his undergraduate days onwards - Cox of Lady Somerset Boat Club, Secretary of the Jesus Lane Sunday School, Member of the College Council, President of L.M.B.C. and of the College Lacrosse Club, and Treasurer of the College Mission. He was a member of the editorial committee of the Cambridge Review. He was ordained in 1864 and after three parish appointments came back to the Cambridge area as Vicar of our living at Horningsea in 1875; thereafter he was elected Dean of the College in 1877. According to Euphemia Torry, he married late because he was supporting his mother, but on his marriage in 1886 to the oldest surviving daughter of the Revd C.D. Goldie (also a Johnian) he resigned his Fellowship. Here I should say in parenthesis that his wife's eldest brother was J.H.D. Goldie who matriculated at St John's in 1868, was President of Cambridge University Boat Club and so regenerated Cambridge rowing that the Goldie Boat House was named in his honour as well as the second boat in the annual University Boat Race. Euphemia Torry's brother also came to this College and read Mechanical Sciences. In 1914 he was refused a Commission on the grounds of bad eyesight, volunteered as a Private and was eventually commissioned; having been awarded the Military Cross while attached to the Royal Flying Corps, he was killed in action in October 1917. Euphemia Torry told me that she herself had a thin time in her youth; but in a letter referring to her situation in old age she said 'so many of my cousins have died and their money has fallen to me when (at 82) I cannot really spend it *enjoyably*. Hence my desire to spend it *usefully*'. Her emphasis, not mine. She established Studentships in memory of her father A.F. Torry, and of her late brother, and also, through the flexibility she permitted in the use of the funds, we have been able to make grants to help young Johnian clergymen to buy books. This little story illustrates, I think, how acts of generosity multiply and flower on the soil of a collegiate society. Without the initial sizarship of the College and the private benefaction, A.F. Torry would not have been able to serve the College as he was later able to do. He is not himself recorded in the list as a benefactor, though he is one of the countless people who have served the College well and it is fitting that he should be commemorated, as well as his son who gave his life for his fellow men in the First World War. Miss Torry herself led an active and interesting life as a journalist in Australia; she travelled extensively and did a fair bit of writing; her particular interests included the hospital work of the Knights of St John.

To quote Torry again, 'of its long roll of munificent benefactors the College may justly be proud'.

To return finally to my text, how should the *brethren* interpret 'love of the brethren'? I offer two suggestions - though there could be many. It is good both to put forward suggestions for change and to debate or question those suggestions but let us not doubt the good faith or good intentions of either the suggester or the questioner. It is good that we should take pride in our own academic prowess - but let us not become obsessed with it or fall into the trap of doubting the scholarly capacity of others because they work in different fields. Let each of the brethren bring richness and diversity to the College. In short, and using the literal sense of the word appropriate to this place - for God's sake grant that love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here. Amen

C.M.P.J.

Joseph Larmor and the Physics of the Ether

Joseph Larmor (1857-1942) was one of the most distinguished mathematical physicists of the late nineteenth century. He introduced both the electron and the so-called Lorentz transformations into physics. The research school that he founded dominated research in mathematical electromagnetic theory in Cambridge until the end of the Great War. Today, however, Larmor is remembered by physicists for just two formulae which, although correctly attributed to him, were actually tangential to the bulk of his research. In this essay I should like to discuss Larmor's research programme in electromagnetic theory during the 1890s - his most productive period - and explain the origin of the work for which he is now remembered.

Born in 1857 at Magheragall in County Antrim, Larmor was educated at the Royal Belfast Academy. There he distinguished himself in mathematics and classics before moving on to Queen's College (Belfast) to read mathematics. In 1876 he came St. John's as a mathematics scholar. At Cambridge, he was coached for the Mathematical Tripos by the most successful of the mathematics coaches, E.J. Routh, and in 1880 Larmor added to Routh's astonishing record by becoming Senior Wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. The Mathematical Tripos of 1880 is especially noteworthy as the student beaten into second place by Larmor was J.J. Thomson. In 1884 Thomson succeeded Lord Rayleigh as Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, while Larmor followed George Stokes as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in 1903. Both men were subsequently knighted for their services to science.

During the period in which Larmor and Thomson were preparing for the Tripos examination, a group of British physicists - who have appropriately been dubbed the 'Maxwellians' - was beginning to develop and apply the contents of James Clerk Maxwell's *Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism* (1873). By the early 1880s, the Maxwellians had successfully reinterpreted such concepts as electric charge, conduction current, and electromagnetic induction in terms of Maxwell's equations of electromagnetism and his notion of electric displacement in the ether. Moreover, the builders of this 'Maxwellian synthesis' further articulated Maxwell's greatest accomplishment, the identification of light as a fundamentally electromagnetic phenomenon, so that the study of physical optics was gradually subsumed within electromagnetic theory. Following these developments, Maxwellian electrodynamics rapidly became an appropriate topic for able graduates of the

Mathematical Tripos to tackle for their Fellowship Dissertations. Thomson's first publication, for example, was a study of the electromagnetic effects produced by the steady motion of a charged conductor through the ether.

Following his success in the Mathematical Tripos, Larmor was elected to a Fellowship at St. John's and appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at Queen's College, Galway. In Galway he was cut off from the Cambridge Maxwellians, but nevertheless took Maxwell's account of electromagnetic induction as the starting point for his first major piece of research. In 1885 Larmor returned to Cambridge to take up one of the newly created University Lectureships in mathematics. He continued to contribute occasional papers on the development of Maxwellian electrodynamics throughout the 1880s, but confined the bulk of his research during this period to more traditional Wrangler problems in dynamics and analytical geometry. Some time during the early 1890s, however, Larmor received an invitation from the British Association to prepare a report on magneto-optic rotation and recent theories of light propagation. While preparing this report, his interest in Maxwellian electromagnetic theory was piqued by a paper written by the Dublin physicist George FitzGerald. FitzGerald had noticed that a remarkable formal similarity existed between the expressions given by James MacCullagh in 1839 for the mechanical energy stored in his rotationally elastic ether, and those given by Maxwell for the energy stored in the electromagnetic field. By replacing the mechanical symbols in MacCullagh's theory with appropriate electromagnetic symbols, and applying Hamilton's principle of least action to the resulting Lagrangian, FitzGerald was able to follow MacCullagh's analysis to obtain an electromagnetic theory of the propagation, refraction and reflection of light.

As an Irish protestant, Larmor aligned himself closely with the distinguished school of mathematical physics associated with Trinity College Dublin – including James McCullagh, William Rowan Hamilton and George FitzGerald – and considered himself to be developing the tradition that they had begun. Furthermore, Larmor ascribed special importance to Hamilton's 'principle of least action', believing it to embody the most fundamental formulation of the principles of mechanics and applicable in every branch of physics. Through his work on the analytical dynamics of magneto-optic rotation and through reading FitzGerald's paper, Larmor became convinced that MacCullagh's ether could provide a common dynamical foundation for Maxwell's synthesis of electromagnetic and luminiferous phenomena. Larmor's goal at this point was to find the mechanical properties that had to be ascribed to the ether such that the application of Hamilton's

principle to the resulting Lagrangian would generate Maxwell's equations.

The fruits of Larmor's research were published by the Royal Society as 'A Dynamical Theory of the Electric and Luminiferous Medium' (referred to hereafter as Dynamical Theory), in three instalments (with various appendices) between 1894 and 1897, but during this period his theory changed considerably. The first instalment came in for some powerful criticism from George FitzGerald himself, who acted as a referee for the Royal Society. Through an intense exchange of letters during the spring and summer of 1894, FitzGerald encouraged Larmor to introduce the concept of 'discreet electric nuclei', or 'electrons', into his theory. But the introduction of the electron did far more than solve the immediate problems that troubled Larmor's theory; over the following three years it also had a profound effect upon his understanding of the relationship between the electromagnetic ether and gross matter.

According to Maxwellian electromagnetic theory, developed during the 1870s and 1880s, all electromagnetic effects were attributable to processes taking place in the ether. Consider, for example, the Maxwellian interpretation of an electric current in a wire. The current was not thought of as a material flow of one or more electrical fluids, but rather as a spontaneous 'breaking down' of the electric tension, or 'displacement', in the ether in the vicinity of the wire. By some unexplained mechanism, the material presence of the conducting wire caused the electrostatic energy stored in the ether to be converted into heat. This conversion was accompanied – also by an unexplained mechanism – by the appearance of a magnetic field around the wire. The continuous nature of the electric current was accounted for by postulating that the discontinuous process of build-up and breakdown of displacement occurred many thousands of times every second. Prior to the introduction of the electron, the electromagnetic ether and real matter were thus distinct concepts whose mechanism of interaction was seldom discussed. With the introduction of the electron, however, the situation changed dramatically.

If electric conduction and associated electromagnetic effects were due solely to the motion of electrons, and if, as Larmor postulated, matter was itself composed exclusively of positive and negative electrons, then virtually every problem, both in electrodynamics and matter theory, became a problem in the electrodynamics of moving bodies. Indeed, these two previously distinct realms of physical theory – electrical theory and matter theory – became inseparable. Such well-known effects as the electric polarisation and magnetisation of matter – which

previously had been ascribed to changes in the dynamical properties of the ether somehow brought about by the presence of matter – could now be explained in terms of the electronic micro-structure of matter. Polarisation, for example, was now attributed to the micro-separation of the electrons of which matter was composed, while the magnetic properties of materials were attributed to the micro-circulations of their electrons.

By 1897 Larmor had constructed a comprehensive electronic theory of matter (ETM) which rendered redundant much of the Maxwellian physics of the 1880s and early 1890s. According to the ETM, the universe consisted of a sea of ether populated solely by positive and negative electrons. These electrons could be thought of mechanically as point centres of radial strain in the ether. They were, moreover, the sole constituents of ponderable matter. This view of the universe diffused the problem of the relationship between ether and matter by reducing all matter to moveable discontinuities in the ether. Larmor attributed the inertial mass of gross matter solely to the electromagnetic mass of its constituent electrons. By 1897 he had also shown that the ETM predicted that moving matter would contract in precisely the way proposed by FitzGerald in 1889. This led Larmor to argue that, far from being problematic, the null result obtained in the famous Michelson-Morley ether drift experiment provided powerful evidence in support of the ETM.

A further important aspect of Larmor's ETM was its incorporation of new space-time transformations to explain the electromagnetic measurements made in the rest frames of moving electrical systems. Larmor believed that Maxwell's field equations were only truly applicable in the stationary ether frame of reference. The fields measured in this frame, he claimed, represented real physical states of the ether. He knew perfectly well, however, that Maxwell's equations were also applicable on the surface of the earth, which he believed to be moving through the ether with a velocity of several miles a second. In order to explain this puzzling fact, he developed new electromagnetic and space-time transformations which correlated the fields measured by a moving observer with those real fields that would be measured by an observer who was stationary in the ether. By 1900, when he published his book *Aether and Matter,* these new space-time transformations had become precisely those that would later be given by Lorentz (1904) and Einstein (1905).

It was Larmor's interest in the role of space-time transformations in the ETM that led him, in 1897, to derive the two expressions that now bear his name. Having found that the electrical effects of linear motion

through the ether could be eliminated by employing new space-time transformations, Larmor wondered whether it would be possible to accommodate the electrical effects of rotational motion in a similar manner. He quickly found that this was not possible, but in the process became familiar with the technique of referring electromagnetic processes to rotating frames of reference. Then, in 1897, Larmor heard that the Dutch experimentalist, Zeeman, had succeeded in producing a new magneto-optic effect. Zeeman had shown that a very powerful magnetic field was capable of splitting each of the D-lines in the sodium spectrum into a triplet of polarised components. This at once became known as the 'Zeeman effect'.

Larmor took a keen interest in this development because Zeeman's close colleague, H.A. Lorentz, had shown that the effect could be explained by assuming that the sodium spectrum was produced by the rapid oscillation of charged ions within the sodium atom. Furthermore, this explanation made it possible to use Zeeman's experiment to measure the charge to mass ratio of the ions. The value obtained by Zeeman accorded well with that recently given by J.J. Thomson for the charge to mass ratio of the corpuscles from which he believed cathode rays to be composed. Larmor claimed that Lorentz's 'ions' and Thomson's 'corpuscles' were simply his own electrons and that the experiments of Zeeman and Thomson were thus powerful evidence in favour of the ETM.

Lorentz had based his analysis of the 'Zeeman effect' on very general theoretical principles and Larmor quickly set about constructing an alternative analysis that would give a more physically comprehensible account of how electrons moved inside atoms. In a paper published in the *Philosophical Magazine* in December of 1897 he considered the effect of a magnetic field of strength **B** on an electron describing an elliptic orbit around an attracting central charge. He drew upon his familiarity with transformation theory to show that for an observer moving with a frame of reference that rotated with angular velocity $\omega=(e/2m)\mathbf{B}$ (where e is the charge and m the mass of an electron), the effect of the magnetic field on the electron would, to a very good approximation, be negated. This result enabled him to give a simple physical explanation of the Zeeman effect. He argued that the magnetic field caused the orbits of the electrons to precess with angular velocity ω. The sense of the precession depends on the sense of the electron's orbit with respect to the applied magnetic field which enabled Larmor – assuming also that in some orientations the electron's orbit would be unaffected by the magnetic field – to give a simple physical explanation of the triplication of the sodium D-lines. The frequency ω has since been known as the 'Larmor frequency', while the phenomenon itself is known as 'Larmor precession'.

Having shown that the Zeeman effect could be attributed to the orbital motions of sub-atomic electrons, Larmor continued his paper by deriving a general expression for the rate at which energy would be emitted by an accelerating electron. By considering the path of an accelerating electron as composed of a series of infinitesimal virtual electric dipoles, he derived a simple expression for power radiated by an accelerating electron in terms of its charge, the velocity of light, and the acceleration. This expression, now qualified as non-relativistic, has since been known as 'Larmor's formula'. Larmor wrote the above paper during the few months that elapsed between the completion of his monumental 'Dynamical Theory' and the beginning his Adams Prize essay 'On the Theory of the Aberration of Light' - the latter being published in 1900 as *Aether and Matter*. Thus both of the expressions for which Larmor is now remembered were given in a single short paper which he published whilst working on much more ambitious projects.

That Larmor's more fundamental contributions to electromagnetic theory - the introduction of the electron and the Lorentz transformations - have now been forgotten is symptomatic of the way late-nineteenth-century British physics has been portrayed by historians. Relativity theory and quantum theory have become definitive of 'theoretical physics' in the twentieth century and much of the work done by historians during the last thirty years has been directed towards explaining the origins of these theories. In the case of relativity it is Lorentz's work on 'ion' physics, rather than Larmor's work on 'electron' physics, that is understood as the direct precursor of Einstein's relativistic electrodynamics. Indeed, many of Einstein's contemporaries conflated his work with Lorentz's in referring to the 'Lorentz-Einstein principle of relativity'.

British mathematical physics of this period has more typically been cast as the villain of the piece, with British physicists too obsessed by fanciful theories of the ether and ad hoc hypotheses to make any real contribution to electrodynamics. But as one of Larmor's students, J.W. Nicholson, reminded his readers in 1912, the principle of relativity could be regarded from two points of view: it could either be 'postulated, as by Einstein and others' or else 'derived, as originally by Larmor, from the result of an analytical transformation'. Nicholson was pointing to an important difference between the interpretations of the principle of relativity adopted by Larmor and Einstein, but he might equally have contrasted Lorentz and Einstein. Unlike Lorentz, however, Larmor and his students continued to work explicitly on the construction of a purely electronic theory of the world and flatly rejected Einstein's interpretation of the principle of relativity as empirically unfounded. By

emphasising the differences, rather than the similarities, between their work and what was to become a cornerstone of twentieth-century physics, Larmor's group became increasingly isolated. When their enterprise collapsed at the end of the Great War, the foundational work undertaken by Larmor during the 1890s was quickly forgotten.

A.C.W.

Enthronement Sermon of Stephen Sykes, Bishop of Ely,

Stephen Sykes, Fellow and Dean of Chapel of St John's from 1964 to 1974, who returned to the fellowship in 1985 as Regius Professor of Divinity, was enthroned as the new Bishop of Ely on Saturday 5 May 1990. He succeeds the Rt Rev Peter Walker, who has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the College. The following is the text of the sermon which the new bishop preached at his enthronement.

'We have great resources.'

I want my first words to you, as your new bishop, greeting you all in the name of our Lord and thanking you for coming to support me today, at no small inconvenience to yourselves, to be words of complete confidence. We need to know, in the terms of our reading from Ephesians, 'how vast are the resources of his power open to us who trust in him' (Eph 1:19), or again, 'how immense are the resources of his grace' (Eph 2:7).

But it may be that coupled with a thought must be a certain stripping of pretension. The subject of an 'enthronement' is in a spiritually precarious position, in the face of a God who 'puts down the mighty from their thrones, and exalts the humble and meek' (Luke 1:52). I remind myself that every Christian is enthroned, as our reading makes abundantly clear. 'In union with Christ Jesus, God raised us up and enthroned us with him in the heavenly realms' (Eph. 2:6). It was instructive to read that one of the purposes of the letter to the Ephesians (which was perhaps a sort of encyclical to various churches) may, according to one scholar, have been a gentle deflation of rather new episcopal claims. Our common enthronement puts my chair in its place.

But it may be that today there is a more important stripping than that. It may be that we owe it to our understanding of the gospel to think of ourselves back beyond this moment, in this wonderful Ship of the Fens, so notably and ably cared for in these last years by our Dean and his Chapter. It may be that we are required to think of ourselves behind the memory, so fresh and so happy, of the ministries of Bishop Peter and Bishop Edward, both of them true Fathers-in-God to me as to so many, and the latter, most especially welcome to this old cathedral this

afternoon, the Bishop who made me deacon in this very building.

For a sense of perspective on the true nature of our resources we must go behind the immediate memories of the present, and go back in time; back beyond, for example, an earlier Regius Professor who became 42nd Bishop of Ely, Peter Gunning, Master and benefactor of my own beloved College, back behind the turmoil of the Reformation, beyond even the 27th Bishop, John Morton, (so unkindly mentioned in our introductory note as having walked barefoot from Little Downham, a walk I was happy to do on Thursday, but comfortably shod) back in time to the Norman founding and hundred-year building of the cathedral; and even now we are less than half-way back to the days of the letter to the Ephesians. Think back, then, to a very different Ely landscape, 'an island surrounded by water and marshes' as Bede described it, when St Dunstan was re-founding St Etheldreda's monastery, and the parish system which still underlies our pastoral practice was in process of taking shape.

We have, it seems to me, to shake off not a little of the over-familiarity of the words and cadences of the New Testament, so misleadingly transformed by the solemnities of a 'great occasion', to get back to the sense of the letter to the Ephesians. 'We have vast, immense resources'. But those words were spoken to little groups of Christians, which could rarely have been bigger than could meet in the largest room of the largest house of the district.

And now there is a hush in the room, and a reader is given the task of reading aloud the letter; and to those few he reads: 'I pray that your inward eyes may be enlightened, so that you may know what is the hope to which he calls you, how rich and glorious is the share he offers you among his people in their inheritance, and how vast are the resources of his power open to us who have faith.'

This great letter to the Ephesians is written in highly exalted language. In some ways we do it better justice in our Authorised Version, which is not afraid to reproduce the impossible length of some of its sentences, one of which is split up in our modern version into three, covering no less than fifteen lines of print. I see the writer as intoxicated with the thought of the resurrection, and with the importance, solemnity and utter mysteriousness of his theme. He wants to say that our everyday existence is set against a background of high drama, in which tremendous cosmic forces are battling for supremacy. The drama is told in a narrative, into participation in which God invites his people. To have faith and to live in love means to set one's life within that narrative, whose outcome is a share in the rich inheritance of the people of God.

This explains the tone of the letter, which is one of overwhelming gratitude: 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ' [this is from the Authorised Version] 'who has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in the heavenly places in Christ' (Eph. 1:3).

Gratitude issues in lives patterned and given meaning through living within this narrative. Its form is the transformation of our experience by grace. 'Once we were dead; now we have been brought to life. Once we were under alien rule; now we have been set free under the rule of Christ'. And so it comes about that there is set before us a whole life-work of 'good deeds', not as achievements to boast about, but the natural expression of living within the pattern of gratitude, in what the Prayer Book calls 'such good works as God has prepared for us all to walk in.'

The whole of the letter to the Ephesians is full of complete confidence and trust in God. It is a letter to contemplate, I believe, at a time when one is bound to take a fairly sober view of the church's situation and prospects in Europe, for the last decade of our century and beyond. We are well acquainted with the difficulties; the difficulty of keeping our own young people interested in the potentialities of Christian faith, prayer and worship; the difficulty of evangelism, in an entertainment culture, for which the Christian era is a phase the world has passed through and discarded as dull and restrictive; the difficulty of sustaining a sense of the mystery of human personhood in a technological culture which is in danger of accepting what a recent philosopher has called 'the bizarre view that we, at this point in history, are in possession of the basic forms of understanding needed to comprehend absolutely anything' [Thomas Nagel, *The View from Nowhere,* Oxford 1986, p.10].

And yet it is the case that not much about our situation would have surprised, and still less would have dismayed our writer of the letter to the Ephesians. Amazed though he might be by the consequences of our technology, his theory of cosmic drama would be able to take in its stride our contemporary experience of living in the context of powers and processes and structures of enormous potential for good or ill. He would believe, and rightly, that followers of Christ can and must live in the confidence that they have insight into the ground-rules of the whole of the created order, irrespective of their numbers or of their influence. And our author would well have understood the situation of a church, which, having a positive and constructive view of human life, nevertheless experienced all about it the ruinous consequences of rebellion and slavery.

Our task, in this last decade of the twentieth century, is to respond to this vision and not to be disheartened. We have great resources. They are expressed as the love of the creator for creation and the whole of humanity; as the gracious entry of Jesus Christ into the sin and confusion of human life, bearing forgiveness and reconciliation; and as the power of new life in trust and fellowship through the gift of the Holy Spirit, resources summed up in the Christian symbol of the Trinity.

As a Church we can have full confidence in the central truths of our faith. I declare myself a disbeliever in some modern myths – the myth of a divided church on the brink of falling apart, and the myth of a church whose last hope resides in the appointment of a new leader. The revival of the Church is in God's hands where it is perfectly safe. Our task is the same as it has always been, confidently to live the next episode of the Christian story, so that everything we do and everything we say, bears witness to its truth and reality. We have to do with a God who is with us so that we may be with one another; with a God who loves us so that we may love one another. And we do that best when we reflect the underlying tone of the narrative, that of gratitude, when we 'show forth thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives' [from the General Thanksgiving, Book of Common Prayer].

That is the task. It is easy to declare in principle and generalities, but in practice and in detail it requires of us hard contemporary work. There is a serious problem in the expression of common praise in a fragmented culture, and one in which the devil appears no longer to have all the best tunes, but rather the loudest tunes. There are serious tasks in theology, which I see not as an irrelevant or destructive interference in the life of the church, but (like the whole of education) as the praise of God through the service of God-given intellectual powers. There are major responsibilities in realising the faith in the context of highly competitive, high-technology business, including agriculture, of being, as a local industrialist put it – and I honour him for the phrase – a distinctive culture in a business context.

My sense is that the greatest danger to the church is inner discouragement, a leaking away of the heart and spirit of the thing in the face of a suspected final collapse. It is for this reason that the example of the churches from Eastern Europe, both Protestant and Catholic, is so important. Here, in many different circumstances, Christians have found ways of contriving to provide room – sometimes literally, sometimes in heart and mind – for an alternative to that lethal combination of communism and consumerism, which made human beings (as Vaclav Havel pointed out in 1975) 'incapable of appreciating the ever-increasing degree of [their] spiritual, political and moral

degradation'[*Living in Truth,* Penguin 1989, p.12]). Havel's argument through the decades-long winter of the 'post-totalitarian system' was that it is impossible permanently to suppress the needs of the human spirit. And that should be our position too, throughout whatever period of acute secularisation now confronts the Christian Church in this country. We need the courage and the confidence to insist that human beings are made for mutual trust, support and love in communities of humane size, and we should strive to open a new debate about the nature of human freedom, for which we need the expertise to make a reasoned and effective contribution.

But the situation requires from us something more, much more than arguments. Indeed the position we represent will carry no weight if it is not supported by what we are, and what we do. We must ourselves live in a liberated zone, embodying that freedom to trust, to care and to love one another. And that can only be done in practice. 'Our love', said St. John, 'must be genuine and show itself in action' (1 John 3:18).

This is where the parishes of our land come into their own. As I have already mentioned, it was about a thousand years ago, in the latter part of the tenth century, that what we now call parishes began to be organized, a process taking many centuries. A parish church embodies an important principle; that it should be publicly known that there is, accessible in every locality, a space where men and women can gather to thank God for the gift of human life, and to care for one another. It is all done on a small scale, locally, parochially. We should not be tempted to think that nothing whatever is happening, if nothing big is happening. It is enough if what we can do in our parish is done well. That is why I have asked you this afternoon to remember that our reading from Ephesians was first read not in a cathedral, but in rooms in people's houses, and not to those reckoned to be the great and the good, but to a motley, almost haphazard collection of those whom God had called into his service.

The mission of the Church now as then begins with men and women who are convinced and confident, and attentive to God and to one another. As I commit myself to this mission, I appeal to you here and now not to be tempted to stand as spectators or observers of processes or structures supposedly beyond your ability to influence. I ask you to consider whether what is required of us at this stage in European history is not once again a commitment to trust, to love and forgiveness, a commitment to gratitude for the gift of life, not just of one's own life, but the life of fellow human beings, and not only those whom we reckon to be interesting or economically useful, but affirmative and inclusive of those most vulnerable in our society, a commitment of gratitude for the

whole of human life in a living environment, guarded and cared for as God's creation.

We have great resources. We are lifted out of the death of detachment and discouragement by the knowledge that 'we are God's handiwork, created in Christ Jesus for the life of good deeds which God has designed for us' (Eph. 2:10).

The College Library: Past, Present and Future

Amanda Saville, Fellow and Librarian since September 1988, and Malcolm Pratt, retired Sub-Librarian who worked in the Library from 1947 to 1990, trace the history and future of the College Library.

The College last built a library in 1624, when an anonymous donor, later revealed to be Bishop Williams of Lincoln, funded the building which is now the Upper Library. A portrait of Williams by Gilbert Jackson hangs in the Library today, and the letters *ILCS* (*Iohannes Lincolniensis Custos Sigilli*, John of Lincoln, Keeper of the Great Seal) appear over the central gable of the oriel window at the river end of the building. The original College Library had been built to the south of the Great Gate in First Court; the site is still distinguishable today by its fine arched windows. A 'new' Library was first mooted in 1616, when the books were removed from this Library to a chamber above the kitchens. By 1628, they had all been moved from their temporary store into the carved oak cases which are still in the Upper Library today. In 1615, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, friend and patron of Shakespeare, had purchased for the College Library a collection of books and manuscripts belonging to William Crashaw. Both Wriothesley and Crashaw were members of the College. While the new (Upper) Library was being built, the collection remained at Southampton House; the books eventually arrived at St. John's in 1626 and the manuscripts followed in 1635. This fine gift formed the core of the Upper Library's collection, and Crashaw's books and manuscripts are still today some of our most precious holdings. In 1654, the diarist John Evelyn visited Cambridge and described the Upper Library as the 'fairest of the University'.

The original design for this Library had included an arcade on the lower level similar to the later design of the Wren Library in Trinity. However, Williams insisted that rooms were built underneath his Library to accommodate the holders of the Fellowships and Scholarships which he had also endowed. This proved to be a fortunate decision, for by the middle of the nineteenth century the Library was full. Storage space had been cleverly increased at the beginning of the eighteenth century when the smaller intermediate cases had been raised by the height of one folio volume to hold the generous bequest of books and manuscripts belonging to Thomas Baker. (This controversial figure signed all his books *socius ejectus* ('ejected Fellow'), since he had

forfeited his Fellowship by refusing to sign the Oath of Allegiance to William and Mary in 1680.) However, despite further ingenious uses of space, including the construction of book cases which run along the centre of the Upper Library, by 1858 there was room for no more books.

Using the three sets of rooms on the ground floor one by one, the Library gradually extended along one side of Third Court to become what is known today as the Lower Library. An attractive wrought-iron spiral staircase joined the two parts of the Library at the river end. By 1903, the Lower Library was much as it is today, and by 1906 the entrance was directly from Third Court through one of the original doors of the earlier sets. The initial design for the Lower Library had aimed to create an atmosphere similar to that of the Upper Library, but the huge increase in book publishing and the burgeoning number of subjects taught for Tripos crowded the shelves with books and caused the College to extend the cases from floor to ceiling. This practical necessity created the book-lined 'rooms' of the Lower Library as we know it today.

The next major change to the College's library arrangements came in 1938 when an undergraduate reading room was established at the east end of the Lower Library at F Second Court. This room provided much needed working space for students; the Lower Library was then, and still is, only poorly provided with tables and chairs for readers. The nucleus of the new reading room's collections was the books previously held by the various Directors of Studies and handed out directly to undergraduates. There were no further changes until 1966, when the reading rooms were further extended to form a second general reading room and a small Law library. Soon afterwards, the Science and Technology books were shelved in the reading rooms leaving the Arts and Social Sciences books in the Lower Library, where they are still to be found today. In 1969, a Library office was created for the first time. It was constructed out of the old Muniment Room on the ground floor of E Second Court. Soon after this, the College muniments were transferred to a specially designed strong room in New Court, under the supervision of the newly appointed College Archivist. In more recent years our innovations have taken other forms. For example, St. John's was the first Cambridge College to computerise its Library catalogue. This mammoth task is now complete and we are in the process of re-classifying all the material which will be on open shelves in the the new Library.

It is as true today as it was in the seventeenth century that the Library must respond to the needs of all members of the College, from the Master to the newest undergraduate. Therefore, after much consultation

and discussion, the College has decided that in order to serve the needs of its members as it should, we must match the vision of Bishop Williams and build a new Library. The Master's Letter outlines the decision-making process which led to the choice of the site and design of the new Library. Edward Cullinan Architects have designed a building which we expect to see us admirably through the next three hundred and fifty years of College Library history. The new Library will seat at least one hundred readers, and for the first time store and display our newly-classified working collections in one sequence. A computerised house-keeping system will form an integral part of the new building, and will include a completely automated issue system and OPAC (On-Line Public Access Catalogue). The building incorporates two computer rooms for junior members and a seminar room for classes and meetings related to the Library and its Collections. A large basement will give us adequate expansion space for the future.

The Upper Library will remain as it has been for the last three hundred and fifty years, whilst the Lower Library will be transformed into an echo of the beautiful room above. It will hold the magnificent rare book and manuscript collections which have been acquired in the last two hundred years and kept until now in cramped and unsuitable stores. The Architects' aim in the Lower Library is to create a space worthy of the books that will be housed there. At its eastern end, a reading room has been designed to accommodate the many scholars from this country and abroad who visit St. John's to consult our special collections. The current Library Office will become an exhibition space to enable many more members of the College to enjoy the riches of the Rare Books Library. At this level there will be a connection through to the working Library in the Penrose Building and its new wings. In this way we hope to continue to foster the close relationship that has always existed between the undergraduate and research facilities of the College Library.

Edward Cullinan's building will combine a beautiful and exciting exterior with an interior that is both immensely attractive and profoundly functional. It will be a Library where reading is both an edifying and pleasurable experience, and will be a worthy successor to the earlier College libraries.

Science in Britain, circa 1992

Due to a shortage of research funding, Universities are under pressure to assess **rigorously** *the progress of Research Students. The following parable has been written by Fergus Campbell, Fellow and Professor in the Department of Physiology, to illustrate the difficulties of making such an assessment.*

An Oxbridge College, circa 1666

The Master, the Vice-Master and the Chaplain are in the Master's Study.

Master: Gentlemen, I have heard that some of you doubt whether we should continue young Mr Newton's Fellowship?

Chaplain: He does not keep the Statutes, Master. He has a dog in his rooms – only cats are allowed.

Newton appears in the court outside, and the Chaplain asks the Master to look out of his window to the Court below.

Chaplain: Look Master! He is walking his dog.

The Master forgets to don his myopic spectacles.

Master: I see before me only a cat walking in front of Mr Newton.

Chaplain: Master, he also sleeps for long periods around Noon, for his shutters are often closed then.

Master: There is nothing in the Statutes about when a Fellow has to sleep.

Chaplain: I have much worse to report; he has been seen at Stourbridge Fair mixing with the common people, which includes many women of doubtful repute.

Master: His visits there might have been quite innocent.

Vice-Master: I shall ask him, Master.

Next morning a further meeting is called attended also by the Regius Professor of Divinity, the Bursar for Buildings and Mr Newton.

Vice-Master: Mr Newton, have you ever been to the Fair?

Newton: Yes, frequently, there are many interesting opportunities to be purchased there very cheaply, although there are very few books for sale.

Master: What kind of 'opportunities', may I ask?

Newton: I recently bought there three prisms, from an old chandelier, for three shillings.[1]

Master: I see you have polished it well on two sides. Why have you not done so on the third side?

The Regius Professor of Divinity is pacing up and down with impatience at this folly.

Newton: I only need two good sides and it takes weeks to polish each side.

The Master returns the prism and Newton handles it tenderly like a newborn infant and returns it to his pocket for further polishing as the meeting progresses.

Newton: I have bored a hole in the shutters of my room and let the South Sun shine through it...

The Chaplain is looking crest-fallen.

Bursar: Mr Newton! This is a very grave matter, you have damaged College property.

Newton: The aperture is only one quarter of an inch, Sir!

Master: Bursar, please remain silent until you have recovered from your temper.

Newton continues after the Bursar's rude interruption.

Newton: ...When you hold the prism close to the aperture, in my darkened room, it produces a spectrum of beautiful colours on the opposite wall – red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. It is the most beautiful think I have ever seen in all my life. It is at least a hundred times more brilliant than the Rainbow.

Regius Professor: Any common artist knows that!

The Chaplain and Bursar nod their heads vigorously in agreement.

Master: Have you anything more to say, Mr Newton?

Newton *(speaks rapidly now)*:
Yes, yes, yes if you place a second prism in the coloured beam the light all returns to white, like the Sun.

Bursar: Mr Newton, you must understand the very considerable cost of my workforce that will be involved in repairing this damage you have done to College property. Will these so called 'experiments' that you are conducting on College property result in any profit to mankind, or even cover the cost of repairing the window shutter?

Newton *(now speaking very slowly)*:
Well, they might result in a better type of telescope for seeing the Heavens better.

Regius Professor: There was a chap in Pisa who developed a telescope, he was condemned at an Inquisition in the Vatican at noon on the 23rd February, 1633, I have forgotten his name.

Newton: I remember his name very well, for I was born in the year he died. He was called Galileo Galileo.

Vice-Master: Are you suggesting to us that you are the reincarnation of that chap in Pisa? This is ridiculous and absurd.

Newton: Master, I have only reminded the Regius Professor of Divinity of the name of the chap in Pisa.

The Chaplain, the Bursar and the Regius Professor of Divinity all stamp out of the Master's study and slam the door in anger. The windows rattle.

Master: Mr Newton, I too would like to ask whether this work you are doing will have some practical outcome during your future tenure.

Newton: I do have a considerable interest in Astrology but its laws, I think, do not permit predictions of this type. I shall, however, look into this matter of Astrology and let you know. However, it may take some time.

Vice-Master: But you do admit that you have wasted much time polishing prisms?

Newton: With due respect Sir, it was not wasted – you see, that time was used to plan my future experiments, now that I have three prisms almost ready.

Pulling hard on the handle, the Master opens his door for Newton and thanks him cordially for coming. The Master looks out of his study window and watches Newton running and jumping with excitement back to his rooms clutching the third prism in its polishing cloth.

Master *(turns to the Vice-Master)*:
What is the name of his dog?

Vice-Master *(looking rather surprised)*:
Why, Diamond, Master!

Master: Ah, now I understand; he needs an intelligent and silent friend who cannot contradict him. Cats can only catch mice. Tell the Bursar of Buildings to find bigger rooms for them both and as many cats as they need to deal with the mice. Oh, also tell him I shall myself pay the cost of plugging what will become the most celebrated aperture[2] in the history of Mankind.

He hands the Vice-Master a piece of sealing-wax, and thanks him for his help as he leaves. The Master collapses into his fireside chair and pulls the bellcord to summon his Butler. Jeeves enters, puts more fuel on the fire and clears up the by-products of the meeting. He then sets the table for two with a precision of one tenth of an inch.

Master: Jeeves, I noticed a few minutes ago, as your wife crossed the Court, that she is some three months pregnant. Congratulations! Make sure that you feed her well with lots of meat, milk and fresh fruit. The College Kitchens will supply you with all you need. There is much illness in London, it may spread in this direction *[The Plague]*. Jeeves, who is coming for lunch?

Butler: Thank you Sir! I will convey your good wishes and concern to my wife. Isaac Barrow is very anxious to see you and I thought it would save your time if I fitted him in for an early lunch. Somebody has damaged your door; I shall fix it after lunch, when I have collected my tool bag.

Isaac Barrow (1630-1677) enters as the Butler leaves. (He became the next Master in 1669 and had taught Newton mathematics – in 1669, he resigned the Chair of Mathematics in favour of his former pupil).

Barrow: I can see from the twinkle in your eyes that all went well. As I came to see you I noticed Newton closing his shutters. By the way, you should get your door fixed, one of the hinges is broken.

After Lunch:

Barrow: Well, I must see this spectrum with my own eyes before the Earth rotates too far. I love to see rainbows and it is difficult to believe that he can produce white light again with a second prism. I wonder what he intends to do with his third prism? Thank Jeeves for the excellent lunch. Ah, he is coming up the staircase with his tool bag to repair the damage caused by our angry Bursar of Buildings.

FINALE

All the Clocks in Camford strike Noon, but their combined effects will not be heard in the Houses of Parliament nor at 14 Park Crescent (The Headquarters of the University Funding Council) until some 324 years later.

[1] In the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, there is a notebook in which Newton (1642-1727), recorded his expenses in the period from May 1665 to April 1669. There is an entry 'for 3 Prismes 0.3.0'. Other entries vividly illustrate Newton's domestic and experimental life: 'Lost at cards at twist 0.15.0'; 'At ye Taverne twice 0.3.6', 'shoos 0.3.6'; 'Drills, Graver, a Hone & Hammer & a Mandrill'. Returning from his home to Cambridge, in February 1667, he records, 'Received of my Mother 30.0.0'.

[2] It is a great pity that Newton did not extend his ¼ inch aperture into a short slit, for he had the tools and his Mother's research grant to do so. If he had, he might have found the Fraunhofer (1787-1826) lines in the Sun and advanced physical-chemistry by 150 years. Of course, Newton would also have needed a low-power positive lens to focus the lines on the wall. No doubt he could find a suitable pair of reading glasses at Stourbridge Common Fair 'very cheaply!'

An early version of Newton's reflecting telescope is now kept at The Royal Society, London. It bypasses the problem of chromatic aberration found in simple glass Galileon telescopes.

Some Historical Notes on the College Council

The College Archivist, Malcolm Underwood, highlights college events and personalities during the life of the College Council, which had its 3000th meeting on 7 November 1991.

The College Council, consisting of the Master and twelve fellows, met for the first time on 30 May 1882. The eight senior fellows who had previously governed were a self-perpetuating body. When a vacancy arose among them, the fellow next highest on the roll of fellows succeeded to the place. This manner of succession by length of tenure had come about since at least 1580, when it was enshrined in the Elizabethan statutes. The statutes of 1530 and 1545 had referred explicitly only to the fitness in morals and learning required in potential seniors.

A larger voice in government had been given temporarily to other fellows by the Oxford and Cambridge Act of 1856. This act made the fellowship in each college its governing body for the specific purpose of making new statutes, to be approved by Statutory Commissioners. The final version of the statutes given to St. John's in 1860 once more restricted its government to eight seniors, but it also included provision for annual general meetings of the fellows. At these any fellow could contribute to the making of College policy by advising the seniors of 'any proposition for the more efficient government of the college or the promotion of its interests'.

The next occasion on which college statutes were redrawn was in 1882, as a consequence of a second Universities Act in 1877. It aimed principally to harness college resources more efficiently to support a wider range of university teaching, especially in the natural sciences. By this time the number of fellows actively engaged in lecturing for the College and university had slowly but steadily increased, and the general meetings had occasionally provided a vehicle for advocating change. After considering the form of government for the College, a majority of fellows agreed to replace the seniority with a governing Council henceforth to be elected, as never before, by the body of the fellowship.

The members of the Council who sat down together at its first meeting represented the oldest and newest disciplines in the College – a hebraist

and the Superintendent of the chemical laboratory were among those who deliberated at that meeting. To preserve continuity, the existing members of the old seniority (of whom one was absent) were deemed elected. They were accompanied by four properly elected members: in course of time all the places would become so. There was not, however, a confrontation of old and new in any simplistic sense: Mr Philip Main, a fellow since 1863 and one of the seniors who had formerly governed the College, was the man who presided over the chemical laboratory set up by George Liveing. The great Latinist, William E. Heitland, one of the newly-elected council, was the man who married Margaret Bateson, authoress and protagonist of women's rights. The college of 1882 was one in which reminders of the exclusively clerical past, such as the custom of announcing vacant church livings in hall to the assembled fellows, existed in a world of burgeoning Triposes and mushrooming Boards of Studies. It was also a world of shifting economic sands, and shrinking fellows' dividends, in which the college was seriously affected by the impact of the agricultural depression on its estates. One of its responses was to bring in more income by developing building estates in Cambridge and Sunningdale during the 1880's. The community of fellows was modified by the abolition of the requirements for holy orders and celibacy (though exceptions for certain college and university posts had already been made under the statutes of 1860). The removal of the second requirement resulted in what J.R.Tanner described as 'a great rush to the altar'. When asked what he thought of the effects of this change, one of the old seniors was said to have remarked with worthy phlegm, 'The breakfasts are better, but the dinners are not so good'.

The one-thousandth meeting of the council found the College in the darkest days of the Great War. Undergraduate numbers sank in 1917 to below forty; there was bread and sugar rationing; Cambridge at night became a gloomy place under a blackout imposed from fear of night bombing by airships. Officer cadets occupied New Court, and at the end of the war American officers also colonised the colleges. College clubs were suspended: the historian of the Lady Margaret Boat Club recorded bleakly that 'owing to the war, no serious rowing of any sort took place at Cambridge during this period'. W.E. Heitland, however, recalled that an American officer rowed in a Lady Margaret boat, and took his oar back home with him.

Fellows had differing attitudes towards the hostilities. Heitland, convinced that Prussian swollen-headedness had taken the place of German Gemütlichkeit, refused to have anything to do with a graduates' petition to the Government to keep the country out of the impending war. He later lamented that among its victims was the leader

of that petition, the junior fellow and historian Henry Russell-Smith. Another objector to the war was Ebenezer Cunningham. He had become a pacifist at the time of the Boer War and maintained his conviction in the face of the closer and more terrible conflict. At its one-thousandth meeting the council resolved to grant him a special allowance of £100 a year during his absence on work of national importance. For a time this meant employment on Chivers fruit farms at Histon. During the War he was also doing work of national (and indeed international) importance of another kind, by pioneering the theory of relativity in England: his *Relativity and the Electron Theory* appeared in 1915. Two recollections of him by pupils illustrate his love for his discipline and his clarity of expression. To one, who asked him a question about the tripos, he replied, 'You're not interested in exams, you're interested in mathematics', while another described his supervisions as 'seeing the senior wrangler in action'.

At its two-thousandth meeting, on 14 November 1952, the council discussed the gift of £100 made to the College at the wish of the late Master, Ernest Benians. He had held office since 1933, and was noted both for his contribution to the study of American history, and his devotion to the life of the College. 'To be a tutor', said Benians on one occasion, 'is a humane education'. He considered the Colleges as places of preparation 'for an ever-widening circle of occupations', in the midst of which an ideal of service to society should be encouraged, as it had been, though in a different framework, in the days of John Fisher. Benians was speaking against the background of of a university in which, since 1926, the technical facilities for education in terms of laboratories, specialist departments and lectures and some state aid had been greatly increased, without losing the benefits of the personal contacts made across disciplines in the colleges. Aided by the generosity of many of his former pupils, St. John's soon established in his memory a prize for the best performance by a Johnian in Part II of the History Tripos.

The successor of Benians, James Wordie, exemplified his idea of the university man with a role in public service. A member of the Colonial Office Discovery Committee and Chairman of the Scott Polar Institute, Wordie, a polar explorer himself, was deeply involved in national projects for Antarctic exploration. In 1951, he was elected President of the Royal Geographical Society. He is certainly the only Master to have appeared on a postage stamp – an issue n 1980 by the British Antarctic Territory for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Society.

Since 1952, the College has changed its physical appearance, and, most dramatically, its membership. The refurbishment of the fabric of the older courts was accompanied by the construction of the Cripps Building in 1964-67. This addition was designed to enable the accommodation in College of seventy-five percent of junior members with proper conditions for study. Since that time, work on maintaining and adapting the fabric has been constant. The community of the College has been significantly enhanced by the admission of women since 1981. This major change required a carefully worded addition to statute XLIII: 'In these statutes and in any order or regulation made under them words of the masculine gender shall import the feminine, unless this interpretation is excluded expressly or by necessary implication, or, in the case of trust funds, by the instrument governing the trust'.

Awareness of the need for more well-equipped meeting rooms and a lecture theatre, both for College and university use and for the growing number of conferences accommodated in College, led to the new Fisher Building, opened in 1988, incorporating these features. The conference facilities have been used and valued by many of those who, by their business and professional activities, are active in shaping modern industrial society. The College is indeed contributing to an ever-widening circle of occupations, not merely by preparing its members to enter them, as Benians envisaged, but by hosting those already so engaged. It is also contributing to the world-wide academic community, by affording opportunities for study to visiting academics from abroad, particularly those from Eastern Europe. Their time here leads to the mutual enrichment of learning in our own and foreign universities.

Commemoration of Benefactors
St John's College, May 1993

Our special purpose today is to commemorate those who through their generosity have contributed to the College's endowments in the past. We have heard read the list of our major benefactors, for whom we express our gratitude yearly. It is important to remember those who have given lesser amounts in absolute terms, but amounts which may well be more relative to their resources. During the last year I have been privileged, perhaps more than any of my predecessors, to meet many such Johnians. Their loyalty and generosity is truly heart-warming, and I am happy to tell you about it because, if those who were here more than a few years ago still feel that strongly about the College, our attempts to maintain standards for present day students must surely be worthwhile.

It is incumbent on us, I feel, to ask whether we make proper use of the benefactions the College has received. The College prayer refers to 'Love of the brethren and all sound learning'. We do pretty well on the second, on promoting sound learning, and that is of course our raison d'être. But what about the first? Do we create an environment in which loving personal relationships flourish? We must remember that for many students the College is a model for the world which many will treat as a yardstick by which to measure their subsequent experiences throughout life. How far does the College give them a sense of community with their peers that they will try to maintain throughout their lives? Do we promote cooperation both within the College and more widely?

I would like to discuss this issue of cooperation at three levels of social complexity from the person to the community to the nation. First, cooperative personal relationships. I believe, and I am confident that you would all agree, that personal relationships are the most important issues in most people's lives. And indeed, when one talks to old Johnians the friends they made here often seem to be the most important aspect of their student days. I believe that the College does all that can be done to promote cooperative personal relationships within its society. The Tutors put the Freshers all together in the Cripps Building to facilitate their mutual acquintance; the J.C.R. is active when the Freshers arrive; the Tutors and other Fellows bring undergraduates together by entertaining them, and form their own relationships with

students. College societies, rowing and field sports provide different sorts of opportunities suitable for different sorts of people. The admission of women gives women and men a chance to pass through an important stage of development together and learn to treat each other as equals. In saying all this, I must add that encouraging good relationships within the College must not be allowed to act against good relationships with others. Elitism is a real danger.

In the University as a whole there is inevitably a degree of competition in Tripos examinations, but the balance between individual competition and cooperation can often profitably be swung in favour of the latter. Supervisors can play a crucial role here, and some departments manage to create a valuable feeling of common endeavour among their students. For instance, the Department of Anatomy runs a course on 'Disease and Society'. This includes group sessions which explore the feelings of individuals about their careers as doctors and about the relationship problems they will encounter. This affects the atmosphere of the course as a whole, and the result is an extraordinary dedicated and cohesive Part II course which becomes a group endeavour. The students, I believe, acquire *wisdom* as well as learning medicine.

We can also do quite a bit about the maintenance of the relationship formed here when students leave Cambridge and go their separate ways, and we are taking further steps to help Johnians to keep in touch with each other and to meet from time to time.

The second level I would mention is that of the College. What is it that makes individuals feel loyalty to the College? One issue is the quality of the environment. We are fortunate in having such beautiful buildings and the Backs, and we do our best to maintain them so that students will treasure the time they spend here. This is an important issue. The beauty of our environment is valuable not only because all that is beautiful is valuable, but also because it has a real effect on our lives. It gives us all a sense of space, of the value of links between old and new, and it provides us with a microcosm of much that is beautiful about the world.

Loyalty to the College is also engendered by just belonging. Two of the factors recognised by social psychologists as promoting group loyalty are perceived interdependence with other members of the group, and shared rules and customs. Many extra-curricular activities, games and rowing and such like, help to promote a feeling of interdependence for students. For the Fellowship, the College's Statutes and Standing Orders provide mechanisms for encouraging cohesion and interdependence, including the custom of eating together, the procedure for Governing

Body meetings, the election of the Council and other formal and semi-formal occasions.

Indeed we must not forget the importance of the customs and rituals of the College in building College loyalty. We must see behind the outward form of our customs to recognise their consequences. Since becoming Master, I have changed my mind about many of them. As a Tutor, I resented the time apparently wasted in the Combination Room while a seemingly endless line of scholars swore their oaths and signed their names in a book, before being shepherded over to the Lodge for tea. But now, having heard several of them say that they felt different once they had been formally admitted to a community of scholars stretching back over four hundred years, I have come to realise the value of the ritual. This is a true rîte de passage.

For the students, the loss of compulsory dining early in my time as a Fellow, though inevitable, was sad. It contributed in no little way to the Collegiate spirit. No doubt Chapel services did too. I often think how wonderful it may have been when all members of the College came together to Chapel, united in humility and a common belief. Now attendances are rather low. For some the sheer beauty of the singing is enough - an issue over which every Johnian feels pride. For others, it is the repetition of familiar and perhaps once loved phrases. But these are not enough for all of us. In my case I have felt an inability to accept many of the words that are said, and this has been exacerbated by the insistence that it is actually considered creditable to accept statements and ideas that run counter to common sense and are certainly unverifiable. How is it that the service can be so full of meaning to some, but not to others? Does the answer lie in the difficulty of coming to terms with the metaphors implied in the liturgical ritual?

The writings of some of our Fellows are relevant here. First, Gilbert Lewis, from work in New Guinea, and David McMullen, studying ritual in the Chinese Court, have emphasised that the meaning of a ritual may be different for the several participating individuals. That must surely be true also for Christian services.

Second, Renford Bambrough argues that many Christian tenets cannot be taken as literally true, and asks whether the words should now be taken to mean something different from what they originally meant, or appear at first sight to mean. Perhaps the Creed has a new meaning in the context of a nineteen nineties *Weltanschauung?* Rejecting the view that there is some extra-sensory transcendent reality, Renford Bambrough nevertheless argues that the Christian religion must contain much *knowledge and truth,* even for those who reject its doctrinal foundations.

But perhaps knowledge and truth are not what we are looking for here. This less cerebral line of thought, which I would now like to pursue briefly, means abandoning the Christian claim to uniqueness, but is not incompatible with the suggestions of Gilbert Lewis. Writing as an anthropologist about ritual in general, he asks whether we can look behind the form of the ritual actions and see them as metaphors for intangibles, values if you like, that we would all wish to accept. He emphasizes that the very notion of metaphor demands that two concepts are distinct, its virtue lying in the way it isolates and emphasizes the quality that provides the ground for a perceived identity between the two. (This incidentally, is very similar to the way in which models are used in the Natural Sciences). Gilbert Lewis suggests that, although we recognise in metaphor some identity between metaphor and original at one level, we are troubled by the features that conflict. In striving to reconcile them, we may acquire a feeling of richness, discovery and elusiveness - we free our perceptions to find meanings in the metaphor richer but less precise than those in the literal words.

Now metaphors can be dangerous if wrongly interpreted, and another Fellow, Magnus Ryan, has made me aware of how disputes about the Eucharist spanned many centuries. But Gilbert Lewis's analysis implies an importance in their *imprecision*, and here may lie a route to meaning in the services for those of us who cannot accept the words in a literal sense.

Of course I am a fool here, rushing in where even the Dean perhaps fears to tread. But on the other hand of the ritual, of the metaphors used, are crucial to the understanding of Chapel Services, and they are issues over which our clerics might well see it as their duty to give us more guidance. Thomas Aquinas rightly wrote, "For a man cannot assent by believing what is proposed without understanding it in some way."

On the other hand here lies a danger. If "knowledge and truth" are now what we are looking for, if that is too *cognitive* a formulation, perhaps *too much* guidance can constrain the freedom to discover the elusive experience behind the ritual. Perhaps, for some of us, the injunction to 'believe' implicit in the Anglican Service limits what we can *experience*. Perhaps the emphasis has been too much on religious *belief* and too little on religious *experience*.

To return to the more general issue of Collegiate spirit, loyalty to the College often brings with it a tendency to denigrate other colleges. But here, as in so many other walks of life, the maintenance of a proper balance between competition and cooperation is crucial. Recent events

in the University show that governmental pressure for competition between universities makes greater cooperation between colleges essential - but that cooperation must be achieved without loss of collegiate identity. Without diversity amongst them, colleges would lose much of their point.

The issue of cooperation, competition and diversity is again crucial at the third level I would mention, the international level. We must do what we can to promote understanding of the importance of cooperation between cultures and between nations, but we must do so without creating a uniform Coca-Cola world. We must seek cooperation whilst preserving integrity at the national, just as at the collegiate, level. We must promote patriotism, in the sense of one's country, but not nationalism, in the sense of denigration of others. Too many of today's problems depend on religious or ethnic conflict: we must seek to understand and to appreciate different cultures and beliefs, not (in most cases) to eliminate the differences. This, to pick up a thread from what I have just said, will be facilitated if we move the emphasis from religious relief to religious experience.

So far, in considering ways to encourage and maintain interpersonal relationships, to foster and maintain a College community, and the need to promote understanding between different cultures, I have implied a stable situation. But we must be aware that we live in an era of rapid change at each of the levels I have mentioned. What can we do to help our students to cope with accelerating change? Technical change to some extent we can prepare for: for instance we are building a library with the potentiality for coping with new methods of information transfer. At the interpersonal level, we can peer only a little way into the future, but we can for instance try to ensure that the College provides an environment where men and women have truly equal opportunities. This involves a community which provides for the development of each individual's potential.

It is at the social level that the real challenges arise. Let me mention a few issues. The industrial revolution, the profligate use of fossil fuels, involved the cracking open of a safe where millions of years of solar energy were stored, a safe which, with our present patterns of use, will be empty in the not so very distant future. This was a Faustian bargain with nature, because not only will the fossil fuels in due course become exhausted, but also because their use produces poisons the environment. At the same time the human population is exploding; we are losing agricultural land by erosion and desertification; and we are causing extinction of species at one thousand times the normal rate. This is not

scare-mongering: only the time scale is not clear, the trends are evident.

At the same time 80% of the world's non-renewable resources are used by the 20% of the world's population that lives in the North. The inequalities are staggering. The energy consumption per person in the North averages 8 KW per person, with a figure of nearly 12 for USA and Canada, while that in the South is less than one. In Bangladesh it is .3 KW - say a thirtieth of that in North America.

Humankind has a knack of not seeing what it is looking at, and it is almost impossible for us to imagine what it is like to see one's loved ones starving to death. Sooner or later we *must* re-distribute resources and cut consumption in industrialised countries - and the sooner we set about this, the less traumatic it will be. We must remind ourselves that a high standard of living is not the same as high quality of life. Nearly 40 years ago, when I was a Tutor, one of my pupils was Chairman of the Ceylon Society, as it was then called, and he invited me to hear the High Commissioner for Ceylon speak to the students. The High Commissioner talked of his hopes that Ceylon would be able to raise the standard of living of its people. "But", he said, "I hope we shall not go on seeking ever higher and higher standards of living, as I see the people in Paris and London do, and lose our quality of life". I have always remembered this. It is a lesson we must try to take to heart and convey to our students both by precept and example - and that is a very hard thing to do.

The achievements of science, so necessary both for the standard of living we have now and for the quality of life that we must seek to maintain, too easily allow us to think that there will always be a technical fix for all our woes, that the engineer or chemist will always be there to get us out of any mess we get ourselves into. Not so. Most modern science is based on the functioning of systems, and recognises that the biological systems of which we are part can continue healthy functioning only so long as the supply of nutrients continues and so long as the system is not poisoned by its own waste.

In contrasting standard of living with quality of life I know I shall be in trouble with some Fellows who may think I am advocating cutting a course out of our evening meal. Indeed we must in the long term cut consumption, but we must also remember that the evening meal plays an important role in our Collegiate community, and so do many of the other customs and rituals of our society. Isolated gestures that destroy something good are not always what is needed. But we do need a world of changed values, where needless extravagance and waste are regarded

as morally wrong; we need a world where war is abolished as an institution; where the resources now wasted on weapons are used constructively; where a stable world population of moderate size lives in comfort and security (free from fear of hunger and disease); with a sustainable economic system where the prices of resources are not simply the price of the burglar's tools needed to crack the safes of nature; which aims not at the ridiculous goal of unlimited growth but meets the needs of the whole human community; where kindness, wisdom and beauty are admired more than the assertiveness and greed of a Thatcheresque market economy. Science and the humanities can work together with theologians to create reverence for the beauty of nature, and respect for the dignity and rights of other humans.

Some will say this is a Utopian dream, but I argue that we must set our eyes on the hills and work towards these goals.

And we cannot shirk responsibility. This is not just a matter for policy makers. Living in a democratic society, we must steer the policy makers in the right direction. And even gradual change cannot be imposed autocratically. Success will depend on values and goals at the grass roots too. It will depend on the views and values of each one of us. And living in this privileged community, and we must now forget how privileged, we must have a special duty to argue and discuss with each other and to try to fashion the way ahead. I am not advocating sudden change. We are most likely to succeed if we work within existing institutions, seeking to change them gradually. In doing so, in preparing ourselves and our students for the changes that will be necessary in society, we must preserve what is best in this wonderful community of which we are fortunate to be members. In that way we can repay our debt to our benefactors not just with our lips but in our lives.

I have deliberately ranged widely in these remarks, but I want to suggest that if we are to be true to our benefactors, if we are to be genuine in expressing our gratitude, we must think broadly and boldly, must couple preservation of what is best in our heritage with the flexibility to face an unknown and certainly changing future, and we must attend to details at the individual and interpersonal level as well as to collegiate and international issues.

Nashe at Cambridge

Thomas Nashe (1567-1601) was born at Lowestoft, the son of a clergyman. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1582, as a "sizar" or poor scholar, expected to earn his keep by doing menial duties for his richer comrades. Throughout his turbulent life, he complained of the oppressions of wealth, and the demeaning results of his own prevailing poverty. At Cambridge, he seems not to have distinguished himself as a student; although he fared well enough, and by some accounts he became a "Lady Margaret Scholar", a high distinction in those times. At any rate, he took his B.A. in 1586, and thereafter - as with so many young men, then and since - he was for a while uncertain about his adult career. Anglican Orders were perhaps the obvious choice, especially since his father was a clergyman. That seems to have been the crux of the matter: the young Nashe did not want to have that career thrust upon him; he disliked theology as a study, taking up instead the new "humanism" of the Renaissance, then popular at Cambridge; his fleeting College years were devoted more to "cakes and ale," to plays and literary exercises, than to the disputations of rival theologies - Catholic or Protestant - then raging at the University. In his later life, Nashe suggested that he could have become a Fellow in St. John's College had he wished it. But it is more likely that - putting aside the question whether his learning was adequate - he was ill at ease in an increasingly Puritan College, which he accused of betraying the "humanist" ideals of Lady Margaret Beaufort when she founded it in 1511: a date sufficiently close to the times of Nashe himself to justify the controversy within the College while he was there, about its academic purpose and goal.

It is likely, therefore, that the young Nashe - with his bravado, high spirits, and literary tendencies - was not regarded by his College as sufficiently demure or nonconformist for a Fellowship, which might have ensured his permanent presence at Cambridge, and his career as a scholar. Perhaps, in his heart of hearts, Nashe himself did not want the strictures of academic life. He wanted freedom, literary and otherwise. He resented the formalities of life at Cambridge, and he longed to be free to exercise his undoubted literary gifts (which did not necessarily conform to the patterns or the expectations of scholasticism). At any rate, he left Cambridge, probably in the summer of 1588, to seek his wayward fortune as a literary man in Elizabethan London: "the vivacious and electric London of Tudor times, full of courtiers, merchants, mariners, shopkeepers, apprentices, rogues and adventurers" (A.L. Rowse: "The Spirit of English History," 1944, p. 58).

So Nashe, in the same year as the occurrence of the Spanish Armada (1588), deserted Cambridge for good, his student years ended, and the whole wide and perilous world of the Elizabethan Age set firmly (or perilously) in front of him. He left without taking M.A. at Cambridge. Going to London, after Cambridge, was at that time about the only option open to a young man with literary inclinations, who for whatever reason had given up the avenues of the University. Nashe, in particular, was reared as a "humanist" in the Renaissance tradition: he argued that Cambridge in his years (1582-88) - and these were crucial years for England and for Elizabeth - had deviated too much into the paths of Puritanism and religious controversy. He regretted the relative dimunition at Cambridge of the earlier and pristine tradition, of Classicism, studies in Greek and in Hebrew. He wished for what he regarded as a due return, especially at St. John's College, to the first Greek ideals, of such men as Roger Ascham (1515-1560), Sir John Cheke (1514-1557), and Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542).

It is still to be remembered that Nashe joined the community of St. John's College, Cambridge, in what was virtually the second stage in its gradual evolution, after its Tudor foundation in 1511. The College in the 1580's was still in the process of sorting out the social and regional composition of its ensuing inmates, and the relative balance within it, between rich and poor undergraduates. As Nashe evidently saw the matter, his College during his years was often torn by rivalries between the allegedly idle and ignorant "rich," and the equally allegedly industrious and laborious "poor." He put himself always in the second category; and throughout his life he complained vociferously that he had been let down by his patrons, who paid far too little to sustain his literary works and activities.

Nashe, therefore, found at St. John's College, Cambridge, a small community - certainly less than a hundred members - in transition; with all the arguments and the frustrations it inevitably entailed. The College did not obtain its formal Elizabethan statutes until 1580: just before Nashe entered. As it had begun, in 1511, it received what Erasmus called, in 1516, the full flood of the "polite learning" of the Renaissance, especially in Greek studies. The College Library - meagre at first - acquired a Greek dictionary reserved for "Fisher's scholars," in 1530. At the time of Roger Ascham, St. John's College, Cambridge, was already a centre of Greek learning, its first brilliant teachers of that highly enlightening subject including Robert Pember, John Redman, and above all, John Cheke. "Ascham in his turn taught Greek to undergraduates younger than himself, and he gathered up a distinguished band of pupils after he became a Fellow in 1534 and Greek lecturer in 1538" (Edward Miller: Portrait of a College," Cambridge, 1961, p. 12).

The College owed a lot of its Tudor scope and fame to the fact that the great William Cecil, Lord Burleigh (1520-1598), had studied there; and the lingering shadow of the Elizabethan Secretary of State, especially during the Armada years, cast its beneficial influence across the College, while Nashe was there (1582-88). But St. John's College is in Cambridge, and Cambridge is in East Anglia. The institution was quickly affected by Puritanism, although that influence remained religious in the Tudor times, not becoming dangerous to the State until the Stuart times of Oliver Cromwell, when it became political. Thomas Cartwright (1535-1603), Puritan leader, was for a time a Fellow of St. John's College. While Nashe was there (1582-88), the College was a centre of militant Puritanism, to a greater extant than anywhere else in Cambridge. Abortive efforts had earlier been made to root out the Johnian Puritanism, as by the Master, John Still, between 1574 and 1577. William Cecil, in particular, was strongly opposed to the pervasive Johnian Puritanism. He did all he could to get rid of it. But it had become deeply rooted in the College, thanks largely to the brothers James and Leonard Pilkington, successively Master from 1559 to 1564. Then, it was said, in the religious sense, the College had been "infected with an almost incurable disaffection" (Edward Miller, op.cit., 1961, p. 18). While Nashe was in residence at Cambridge, the Master was William Whitaker, a scholar of distinction but also strongly and firmly Puritan. Factions ruled in the College in his years, while arguments raged over theology, instead of about the Classical "humanism," so much more to the taste and the imagination of Nashe himself. That was certainly the ostensible and stated reason why Nashe in the end left Cambridge, and never attained the College Fellowship to which he may well have aspired.

"Whitaker was the last and perhaps the greatest of the ultra-Protestant Masters, and his death (in 1595) was the end of an epoch" (Edward Miller, op.cit., 1961, p. 21). During the early years of the seventeenth century, at any rate, St. John's College, Cambridge, settled down to a better record of religious conformity; and when it was visited by King James I, in 1613, Ben Jonson "penned a ditty" for the Royal occasion. But, of course, that was long after Nashe himself was dead: worn out by the turbulence, intrigue, and pestilence of the London of his times.

We must, therefore, see Thomas Nashe at Cambridge in somewhat ambivalent lights. Perhaps he should never be regarded as a formal scholar, in the strictest sense. He never acquired more than the rudiments of learning, and his lack of a Fellowship was probably due as

much to his own relative inabilities in learning, as to the turbulence of his character, and the factiousness of College affairs during his years. As always, in his later life, he remonstrated that his College had failed to support him sufficiently when he was poor (especially after his father's death). Nevertheless, the available evidence is plentiful enough that Nashe enjoyed his brief Cambridge years: even gained intellectual benefits from them that stood him in good stead for the rest of his precarious and perilous life, chiefly in London. He admitted as much himself; and the fact can also be derived from any intelligent perusal of the galaxy of his ensuing literary works. At any rate, Nashe in his later life - tumultuous and uncertain as that did become - eloquently acknowledged his debt when young to St. John's College, Cambridge, and he remembered it with some pride and even affection, despite all that he had found amiss with it while he was in residence there. Thus - in an often quoted passage - Nashe wrote: "St. John's was an universitie within itself, shining so farre above all other houses, Halles and hospitals whatsoever, that no colledge in the Towne was able to compare with the tithe of her students; ... in which house once I took up my inne for seven yere altogether lacking a quarter, and yet love it still, for it is and ever was, the sweetest nurse of learning in all that University."

Nashe at Cambridge clearly belongs to the era of the "University Wits," as George Saintsbury named them in 1898. Their vogue, at Cambridge, ranged roughly from 1570 to 1590: the central years of the whole Elizabethan Age. Their literary importance was that - from the basis of the "two eyes" of the Elizabethan State; the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge - they contrived to disseminate Classical culture, from an elite into the popular parlance and usage. Nashe was conspicuously successful in that: he, above all, brought into meaningful alliance, the academic and the popular in literature. After his migration to London, in 1588, this became his major literary task in life.

The relative balance between Oxford and Cambridge, among the "University Wits," is interesting and significant. Three of its illustrious members came from Oxford: John Lyly (1554-1606), George Peele (1557-97), and Thomas Lodge (1543-1600). But three of them were indubitably Cambridge men: Christopher Marlowe (1564-93), Robert Greene (1560-92), and Thomas Nashe (1567-1601). Out of the rivalry between the two English Universities for literary prestige and prowess, especially in the 1580's, while Nashe was at St. John's College, Cambridge, the bulk of the drama of the last years of the sixteenth century effectively emerged.

Nashe himself plentifully admitted that he owed a lot of his early

stimulus for literary work to the residuum of the "University Wits." Although he was never essentially a playwright, he began his literary career in drama: writing at least one play for a famous group of budding dramatists, collected within and around St. John's College, in the 1580's, and called the "Parnassus" group, with obvious Classical implications. For Nashe, probably, that was nothing more than an early and passing phase. But it involved him in a very fruitful and famous association with his fellow-Johnian, Robert Greene, who was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1575, and who graduated B.A. there in 1579. Remarkably like Nashe in his varied literary efforts - he subsequently wrote drama, pamphlets, and poetry, and was a typical "bohemian" in the boisterous London society of those times - Green perhaps lacked the genuine creativity and originality of Nashe; so that, in his more formal efforts, he merely popularized Sidney and Lyly, to no great effect.

Nashe was somewhat younger than Greene. But he was deeply influenced by the example of his fellow-Johnian (at that time by no means wholly beneficially; although then there was little choice for budding writers, apart from the competitive and boisterous life and society of London). It was another of his acknowledged debts to St. John's College, Cambridge. Nashe was certainly typical of all the "University Wits," in his literary career of mingling the academic with the popular; Classicism with the life and the language of the streets.

The religious controversies of his times, first encountered at Cambridge, became for Nashe an abiding pre-occupation. A strong supporter of the Church Establishment - of John Whitgift, as Archbishop of Canterbury, after 1583, and of "The Ecclesiastical Polity" of the admirably "judicious" Richard Hooker (1554-1600) - he fiercely entered the field against the notorious "Marprelate Tracts." Nashe always manifested a fanatical hatred of Puritanism, in any shape or form. His satirical and highly coloured style increased in its passion and its vehemence as life went on. He also picked and sustained many deep-seated quarrels; as with his fellow-Cambridge man, from Christ's College, Gabriel Harvey (1543-1630), who in his turn violently attacked him in the "Trimming of Thomas Nashe" (1593-97). Nashe, therefore, attracted a lot of very scurilous abuse, customary in that Age, which did not pull its punches in literary works. Perhaps he well deserved most of it: his style as an author was consistently haughty, rhetorical, and even bombastic. He regularly, in London, attacked all critics and opponents, and he sometimes incurred imprisonment, whether for debt or for sedition. Such was his nature, and such were his times.

Nashe obviously possessed very considerable literary gifts. It is a

mistake merely to dismiss him - as is sometimes done - as a reckless scribbler, who was incapable of making any permanent or original contribution to the history of the English literature of his times. He was typical in many ways of the academic Classicism of his times: responsive to the encroachments into the genuine "humanism" - in the spirit of which in 1511 St. John's College, Cambridge, was founded - by the corrosions of theological controversy and bitterness. While at Cambridge, Nashe must have been a lively lad, of great promise and ability. Clearly, he did not fulfil all of that large potentiality. Few men ever do. He was weakened alike in his literary endeavours by instability of character, and by the very precarious nature and course of literary life in late Elizabethan London. He fell easy victim to the pitfalls of pamphleteering, facile satires, and personal quarrels. So, in the end, his literary heritage is lamentably small: far less than his initial talents so evidently warranted. He fell short of that optimum goal that might have seemed to be his, during his brief Cambridge years (1582-1588). His first substantial work, "The anatomie of Absurditie", was published in 1589: the year after he finally left Cambridge.

By 1589, he was a literary hack in London. He worked with Marlowe in the play "Dido" (based on the "Aeneid" of Virgil). The pair had much in common: Marlowe, too, was a Cambridge man, educated at Corpus Christi College on a scholarship founded there for Canterbury boys by Archbishop Parker (1581). Marlowe graduated B.A. at Cambridge in 1584: just two years before Nashe. It is certain that Nashe wasted too much of his talent in the ephemera of pamphleteering, so failing to produce a sufficiency of solid contributions to the more enduring annals of English literature. He became increasingly tautological, rambling,and obscure. But he made a genuine incursion into the field of the English adventure story with his "Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton" (1594), described as "the nearest approach to the realistic novel which the sixteenth century has produced" (Sir Ifor Evans: "A Short History of English Literature," London, 1963, p. 154).

Nashe today, perhaps, is more remarkable for his personality than for what remains as lasting or memorable among the huge diversity of his writings. His personality too, is abundantly revealed and identified from the meagre records of his Cambridge years (on the whole, we know little about the facts of Nashe's life, in or after Cambridge). The evidence of his writings is partial, scattered, and suspect. He was a sort of Elizabethan Rabelais. Although he relied heavily on literary patronage, Nashe gained very little from it apart from his brief period at Carisbrook Castle, 1592-3, in the care of Sir George Carey, Governor of the Isle of Wight. Otherwise, he lived a mostly fugitive life in Elizabethan London:

with some occasional trips back to his birthplace in East Anglia, and a hurried if evocative visit to Cambridge in 1595. He stayed then at the "Dolphin" inn. Even then, therefore, he had not forgotten Cambridge: his College, its learning, and its appeal. He seems to have retained as much affection as William Cecil, for his "old nurse." St. John's College, Cambridge, while Nashe was there (1582-88), was limited to its single "First Court." Its second Court was not built until 1602, the year after Nashe's death; and its library building - abutting on third Court - not until 1623-5, in the last years of King James I. It cost £3,000 and was the first component of third court. So the College, in Nashe's times, was very much smaller than anything known to its successive undergraduates in the twenthieth century. Even then, however, it possessed its very impressive Tudor Gateway, fronting the main street with the Cambridge traffic; and it was located charmingly close to the meandering waters of the River Cam; idyllic, even in Tudor times, for boating in the languid hours of a summer's vacation. Nashe cannot have failed to indulge in some similar bucolic dreams, of water, sunshine, and sky: despite all the troubles of his Cambridge years (preparatory for the even bigger and more insidious ones of his adult life in late Elizabethan London).

In literary terms, Nashe is still very remarkable for his highly individualistic style. It is embellished with rhymes and sophisticated similes. Sometimes, these may even take us back to Chaucer and Langland with their echoes of alliteration. Nashe reflected a lingering Classicism, fostered largely by his Cambridge years. He was an acknowledged imitator of the Italian, Pietro Aretino (1492-1556); although he never went so far in the latter's rampant paganism. One of his pamphlets, "The Terrors of the Night" (1594), attacks demonology. Nashe was often quite indifferent to consistency.

"Lenten Stuff" (1599) describes the herring trade of his native Lowestoft, with verve and vigour. All in all, Nashe, in his mature career, demonstrated a sort of literary rebelliousness typical of the vigour and the individualism of his own Elizabethan Age. Perhaps, too, a lot of that individualism was fostered and nurtured during his Cambridge years. After all, at St. John's College, between 1582 and 1588, Nashe was evidently at odds with authority, whatever the reasons. This temper of reckless anti-authoritarianism he transferred to London, after 1588, and it haunted him, for better or for worse, for the rest of his short, teeming lifetime. He died of the plague - which then frequently afflicted London - in 1601: so removing himself from the whole scene - whether literary or political - before the start of the Stuart period, which was so quickly and thoroughly to transform and overwhelm the issues and the arguments that Nashe had known and experienced, within his own Elizabethan Age.

Eric Glasgow

A Sundial for the Scholars' Garden, St. John's College, Cambridge

Sponsored by the Chartered Institute of Bankers
Designed by Philip Turner
Constructed by the Workshops of Cambridge University Engineering Department

Primitive man's notion of time was, no doubt, largely derived from his awareness of the orderly movement across the sky of the sun and other heavenly bodies. From the second millenium B.C. a variety of sun-clocks was developed to quantify and give a measure of objective authority to this notion. Their origin centred on Eastern Mediterranean countries, Egypt in particular, encouraged no doubt by the near cloudless skies of this region. These timepieces together with water, sand, candle and, for the last 700 years, mechanical clocks, form a technological bridge across the ages without clocks and our present-day, time-ordered civilisation, with its clocks of ever increasing precision.

The stick-clock was among the earliest examples of such rudimentary timepieces. Time was estimated by the length and direction of the shadow cast by a vertical stick or pillar. The obelisk with large scale time markings laid out at ground level around it might be considered to be the apotheosis of the stick clock. The more sophisticated and practical sundial followed around 500 B.C. It took many forms but all had in common a precisely marked scale on which 'fell' the shadow of an inclined gnomon or style. All sundials of this basic type suffer from errors in the time indicated, although accuracy can be improved by the use of graphical or numerical corrections charts. These errors arise from the ellipticity of the Earth's orbit around the sun and from the fact that the axis of rotation of the Earth is inclined to the plane of its orbit, causing cyclic fluctuations in the sun's apparent position and speed. Such dials are strictly accurate at a certain time only, on four days each year. Between these times they show a maximum error, fast or slow, of about 15 minutes. Because of these and other more obvious limitations, such as cloud cover and the hours of darkness, sundials, for purposes of time keeping, became obsolete during the 19th century, although they were still highly valued for their sculptural and ornamental qualities.

My starting points for the present day design are the two essential elements of any sundial, the scale on which the time is marked and the gnomon to cast a shadow on the scale. The former can be mounted horizontally or vertically or in any intermediate orientation, but a horizontal dial is chosen, because it is, in this context, aesthetically more reposeful and because it yields high contrast between sunlight and shadow and so is easily read. The centre section of the scale, being redundant, is omitted, as also is the sector corresponding to time markings when the sun is too low in the sky to show a useful shadow. There remains a broadly crescent-shaped scale with truncated ends. The only moving part of the clock is the earth - and of course it is the earth's constant speed of rotation about its axis upon which the time

keeping depends. For this reason the optimum orientation of the gnomon is parallel to this axis of rotation and hence its position relative to the dial is determined. From these two components the form and structure of the sundial is developed, the gnomon being formed by the upper edge of a blade-like pillar, supporting near its upper end the crescent scale and mounted at its lower end on a plinth of Westmoreland green slate, a material not dissimilar from the green schist of which one of the earliest surviving sun clocks from Egypt was constructed. It bears the inscription, devised by Sir Jeremy Morse, "COELUM INDICO BENIGNUM", ("I indicate a clear sky"), the initial letters of which are also the initial letters of the Chartered Institute of Bankers.

The general aspect of this new dial may perhaps suggest a sun worshipper embracing the sun or evoke an hieratic Egyptian figure with arms outstretched and palms down. From a distance the scale is scarcely seen and the approach is primarily that of a pillar rising from the ground, whereas when more closely approached, the scale becomes the dominant feature. Thus, more fancifully, it may be imagined to epitomise the development of the sundial from the more primitive stick-clock!

Philip Turner

Nothing new under the sun...

Senior members are apt to deplore the manner in which students compensate for hours spent in the library and laboratory. The following letters, for which we are deeply indebted to Gilbert Dunlop (mat. 1979), indicate how quiet things have become in second court since the first decade of the century.

St John's College, Cambridge

March 8th 1909

Dear Father,

Thank you for the dress suit which arrived safely on Tuesday morning.

I think I mentioned in my letter of last Saturday that there was going to be a bump supper, followed by a bonfire. Of course I did not go to the supper as I had not then my evening dress, but I was determined to be present at the bonfire. Just before ten, Kirk came round with some other Caius' men to see the fun.

Of course everyone knew that there would be great goings-on at John's after the phenomenal success of our first boat. About a quarter to eleven we heard them winding up the proceedings in a distant lecture room and a few minutes later we saw by the glow on the chapel tower that the bonfire had already been started in second court, so we went down to watch.

I should think most of the College were there, wearing chiefly evening dress and scarlet blazers. Most people were engaged in throwing fireworks at someone else and it was a marvel to me to how it was that nobody was blinded. Most of the men were sober but there were a fair number, chiefly incautious freshers, whose behaviour was exceedingly funny.

One man for instance had put on a scarlet tam-o-shanter and was wandering aimlessly around brandishing a watchman's rattle. Others, usually the best of friends, were rolling over and over on the grass flats, locked in a mortal embrace. Another whom I was watching, suddenly lay flat on his back in the gutter and I really thought he was going to expire. However, two kind friends set him on his legs again and he soon resumed an active part in the proceedings.

A large number of men were diligently looking for wood and when they had produced their termly supply of fire-lighters and emptied their coal scuttles they began to start on their furniture. Four dining tables, half a dozen wicker chairs (average cost about 15/-) and many ordinary chairs were thrown on to the fire. Then they tore up the wooden stumps of the railings that surround the grass plots in many parts of the college, removed the wooden cases of the water taps and sinks on the stairs and wound up with closet seats.

The porters of course were busy noting down the names of all engaged in the work of destruction and the damage will be charged for in their college bills.

The scarcity of wood made the affair eventually stale and so Kirk and his friends went about 20 minutes to twelve. I stopped a little longer and it was just striking midnight when I got into bed.

I soon became aware however that the proceedings had by no means terminated. I guessed from a hacking and rending noise, which proceed from just across the river from my rooms in New Court, that another set of closet seats were in the process of destruction. Then followed a terrific uproar. The first verse of Old Lang Syne was sung over and over again for a quarter of an hour. This was followed by loud cheers at intervals of five seconds for a quarter of an hour. I heard a quarter to one strike and then fell asleep.

I learnt next morning that the men had gathered under the Dean's windows and called upon him for a speech. The Dean got out of bed, came down and regretted his inability, asking to be excused as he had an 8 o'clock service to take the next morning.

I went to the concert on Tuesday night. It was a fine sight to see the hall decorated with flowers and plants. There were plenty of ladies present and all the men were wearing multicoloured blazers, the most prominent colour being of course our own scarlet boating blazer.

I don't think I have ever said anything about work in my letters to you. One forgets to mention these details. However I am doing between two and three hours a day on an average, which Monty says is about twice as much as he did at a corresponding period.

Your loving son

Gilbert

St John's College, Cambridge

January 26th 1908

Dear Mother,

I received the strop and parcel safely, also PO last night. My socks are already in holes. I think I will send them to you to have washed and mended as I cannot find time to do it myself. If, therefore you receive a parcel from me, you had better open it in the courtyard.

Friday night witnessed one of the most remarkable rags of modern times. Mordell, the Yankee who was sent over here by a syndicate to capture the last senior wranglership, and another fresher conceived the idea of forming a Mathematical Society and fixed up a notice, signed by Mordell, to the effect that a preliminary meeting would be held in S. Lees's rooms on Friday, January 24th at 8.30 pm.

Some of the older men took umbrage at this presumption on the part of the freshers in wishing to form a society at all and especially at the use of the College notice board for the purpose of announcing the fact. It became pretty generally known therefore that the meeting would be ragged. I myself was not present, having been invited for dinner by a friend at Trinity, but the following details were given to me by an eye-witness.

About 70 or 80 men assembled outside the room, which was on the ground floor and jeered derisively as some fifteen or twenty maths men went into the meeting. Two or three leading spirits of the opposition went in as well and after partaking of the refreshments, waited for the proceedings to begin.

No sooner had the Yankee begun to explain the object of the meeting than one of the confederates complained of the heat and opened the window, whereupon a high rip-rap came sailing in, followed by squibs, bombs of sulphuretted hydrogen and all sorts of fireworks. The men who opened the window and his friend withdrew at once, but anyone who attempted to follow their example was greeted with a mug-full of water, which was poured on him from above.

Meanwhile the man who occupied the rooms immediately above had a truely Napolenic inspiration. He invited half-a-dozen friends to come and help him to bore holes through his floor so that they might pour

water onto the assembly below and flood it out. They immediately got to work but unfortunately under the boards was a special fireproof floor which they could not penetrate.

Meanwhile the noise outside was terrific and when the porters came to try and stop it they were told to go to various places which I will refrain from mentioning.

The owner of the rooms had put up two large candles on his table to provide the illumination. A gentleman on the outside, taking careful aim with a couple of soda water bottles, released the corks and put both the candles out, one after the other.

When the men in the room above had got tired of boring they played their trump card. Taking hammer and nails they walked downstairs and nailed the door to the doorposts, leaving the meeting to extricate itself as well as it could.

Your loving son

Gilbert

St John's College, Cambridge

May 17th 1908

Dear Father,

I received the PO, tie, strop and waistcoat safely and expect the trousers will arrive tomorrow. The socks are quite satisfactory, but you need not be afraid of sending startling colours. Waistcoats and socks are the two things in Cambridge for which no colour is too seismic.

A week last Wednesday we celebrated the feast of St John Porter Latin, whatever that is. We had a nine course dinner in hall, followed by a reception in the Fellows' Combination Hall. It was a squash and no mistake; about 250 people, all smoking cigars. The atmosphere, as a friend of mine picturesquely expressed it, was decidely 'frowsty'. I made my escape after about half an hour.

On Friday I went to hear Mr Haldane explain the future of the Bug-shooters in the Senate House. At the close of the meeting, Bobby (the Vice Chancellor, Rev Ernest Stuart Roberts MA) wound up as follows: "I am confident you will give a generous response to the appeal Mr Haldane as made." The response, which was of a nature unexpected by the speaker, came sooner than he had anticipated. The undergraduates in the gallery which was packed, treated him to a lavish shower of halfpence.

The river is full of punts and canoes at present and resembles Venice at night. Some are lit up by Chinese lanterns and one or two carry phonographs. It is very pleasant to be serenaded in this way, as one lies in bed at night. Moreover, we who keep above the river can amuse ourselves by dropping coal into the boats that pass underneath our windows.

Your affectionate son

Gilbert

Babes, Sucklings, and Hugh Ashton's Tomb

Johnians will quite likely recall the chantry tomb of Hugh Ashton, standing in the Antechapel. It is a reminder of the College's earliest days, for Hugh Ashton, Archdeacon of York, was controller of Lady Margaret's household and one of her executors, and so in at the very founding of the College as well as establishing Fellowships and Scholarships in the College on his own endowment. His tomb is original, authentic work of its time, the early sixteenth century. It is, as he specified in his will, a double tomb, with his effigy in full canonicals on the upper slab and as an emaciated corpse on the lower. The tomb was part of his chantry chapel, which projected outwards from the north wall of the old College Chapel. It has a vaulted canopy and is surrounded by an iron grille bearing, at intervals all round, his punning device of an ash-tree emerging from a barrel ('ash-tun'). The edge of the tomb bears, all round, a Latin inscription, and running along both sides of the grille is another Latin inscription, very plain to see, and seen by many tourists now that they are directed on a 'tourist route' through the Antechapel.

What does it say, that inscription? The purpose of this note is to illustrate human nature by suggesting that it's a very long time since anybody asked that question: but it ***was*** asked, recently, when the College Nurse was showing a school party round and one of the boys launched the devastating projectile: 'What does it say, Miss?' Maggie Hartley, skilfully ducking the missile, claimed that Latin philology was not part of her remit, and prayed in aid J.A.C., who, having never in fifty years had the initiative to ask himself what the familiar text said, now found his pride engaged. Not, fortunately, in the actual presence of the said eager young, otherwise that pride would have suffered an even ruder shock than it did; for, though able more or less to decipher most of the words, he could make nothing of the sense. (The inscription is, in fact, in surprisingly shaky Latin, which is all the odder in that the other one is quite all right; but accusing one's text of being wrong is like alleging that the map must be out of date - people, usually rightly, just conclude that you are a poor navigator).

Well, the great resource and resort is Willis and Clark, *The Architectural History of the University of Cambridge*, 1886: a hundred years ago they knew what those inscriptions said, all right, and on p. 350 of Vol. II the texts are quoted. The Latin of the one that concerns this note is, as said, oddly aberrant, but its general sense is mostly intelligible.

Malcolm Underwood has also fished out of the archives a slip of paper on the front and back of which, in October 1838, Mr Almack, Fellow and at the time Junior Bursar, copied the two inscriptions, with the comment on our text that 'The Latinity of the above is bad, but it is the best result that could be come in decyphering the inscription, before its present restoration, on account of its mutilated and corroded state.' What it says, then, is this [the reason for the oblique strokes and the numbers (1) to (4) will emerge presently, and *'squiggle'* means a squiggle]:

> *Squiggle* (1) PRIDIE NONAS JANVARI PERPETVO ANNVIS EXEQVI- *squiggle/squiggle* (2) IS CELEBRATIS PRESES MAGISTRO AC SENIORI V S *squiggle/squiggle* (3) SOCIVS QVILIBET XIID SCOLASTICVS ITEM *squiggle/squiggle* (4) QVILIBET VID EX PIA DEFVNCTI INSTITVCIO *squiggle*

(There wasn't room to complete the last word, INSTITVCIONE). Which, being translated, is:

> On 4 January, in perpetuity, after the annual obit has been celebrated, President to Master and Senior 5 shillings, each Fellow 12 pence and each Scholar 6 pence, according (or 'out of') the pious foundation of the deceased.

To translate even those few words one has tacitly to correct errors in the Latin; and in one respect the bad Latin produces an ambiguity: was it really the President who was supposed to do the distributing, or did the author of the text mean to say, 'To President, Master and Senior (i.e. the Senior Fellow) 5 shillings?' (But why should the President have been named before the Master?) A tiny scribbled note in Mr Almack's hand implies the bold and brilliant suggestion that PRESES was meant as an abbreviation for PRESENTIBVS, 'if they turn up', which would eliminate the President from the text (though not from the distribution, because he would have come in as a Fellow). Certainly, the custom of having an 'obit' annually for a benefactor, followed by a distribution out of his or her benefaction, to make sure people came, was common; and payments under this particular gift can be traced in the College rentals as late as 1859, i.e. they went on for over 300 years. But there is no mark to indicate that PRESES is an abbreviation, and the obscurity must remain.

What also appears to remain is the ineptitude of J.A.C. Why was he baffled by so banal a text, his Latin so un-handy in comparison with Willis and Clark and Mr Almack? Because, dear reader, the text as it is

now to be read in the Antechapel is in a funny order. The two long sides of the grille were each in two sections; you wouldn't notice that now on casual inspection, but Mr Almack already indicated the four parts into which the text was consequently divided (though he actually put one mark in the wrong place), and, when you come to think of it, the squiggles are confirmatory. Those four sections *have at some time been put back wrong:* go and look, and you will find on the south side, left to right, sections (1) and (2) - so that's O.K. - but on the north side, left to right, sections (4) and (3).

And when - that would surely have been Young Hopeful's next bombshell - was the shocking error perpetrated, and who were the Guilty Men? Willis and Clark, writing not long after the new Chapel was completed and Hugh Ashton's tomb relocated in the new Antechapel, quote the inscription correctly and without comment; so something must have happened after that, perhaps some time this century. When, for example, did Hugh Ashton in his canonicals last have a lick of paint?

Upon that thought a tiny bell started to ring in J.A.C.'s memory: had he not, himself, at some time seen that tomb without its grille? Malcolm Underwood then, with a dating parameter to go on, unearthed a file of miscellaneous correspondence about Chapel repairs and improvements in the years just after the second World War; and, yes, in April 1945 Hugh Ashton's tomb was pronounced to be in a bad way. A report was commissioned, whose recommendations included the following:

> 'II. The iron grille should be taken down and carefully freed of dirt and rust; if traces of old colouring are revealed it should be redecorated in accordance with existing remains'.

The College Council agreed, that July, to carry out the recommended repairs; and a letter of January, 1946 records that the work has been beautifully done to the satisfaction of all. [J.A.C. returned to College to read Part II rather late for the beginning of Full Michaelmas Term 1945, so, though he was not a very assiduous Chapel-goer, the disgrilled tomb in the Antechapel will have been one of the first sights to meet his returning eye.] The betting must be high that that's when they put the grille back in the wrong order.

Which is a shame in a way, because the correspondence reveals that the work was carried out by two of the leading craftsmen of the age, Mr Topper and Mr Toller. Mr Topper was senior stonemason of a firm later absorbed by Rattee and Kett, and did much important work in

Cambridge and specifically for St John's; Mr Toller, a lovely man of revered memory and legendary skill, was already in the employ of the College as a master painter, and had re-done the Front Gate just before the War. No wonder their joint operation on the tomb of Hugh Ashton met with such warm commendation - and can be admired to this day and will still be fresh and fine for many a year yet. In any case, they wouldn't have been responsible for the re-erection. Clifford Evans thinks that a specialist in wrought iron must also have been involved, but that trail is now cold. None of the Classical dons of the time can have been consulted, for they were real dons in those days, and a Latin inscription would have slunk back guiltily into place under their gaze. So the perpetrator has eluded detection: perhaps he did it on purpose and is chuckling in the bright realms of Heaven to see that it's taken fifty mortal years for anyone to notice.

J.A.C.

On Being the Chaplain...

"So you're a kind of social worker!" Such was the succinct attempt of one fresher to sum up my own explanation of my role as chaplain, offered to him at an introductory meeting. Few chaplains perhaps would be likely to resist the temptation to endorse the secular expectations of university life and to emphasise the professionally pastoral aspects of the position above the spiritual, let alone the ecclesial. Indeed it would not be over-sensitive to image that a chaplain is valued by a college not for the graces of his personality or the depth of his spirituality but for the proven usefulness of his or her pastoral and personal skills.

The young priest, acquainted in the first years of ministry principally with a gathered congregation will not necessarily find it easy to adapt to such expectations nor to the absence of the usual liturgical round, with its twin peaks of Christmas and Easter - which, of course, fall outside Cambridge Full Term. In John's, by contrast, the official festivals are Matriculation, Commemoration of Benefactors and Graduation, to which might be added the "folk" festivals, such as the Bumps and the May Ball. But while such celebrations may not be rooted in the familiar world of doctrine and liturgy, they throw up their own enthusiasms for custom and ritual and their own potential for ethusiasm, conflict and reflection. The chaplain will play his part in that.

Yet a chaplain who is convinced by the traditional Anglican model of the Church as one of knowledge of, and service to all those who make up a community, rather than just co-religionists, has in a college a unique opportunity to test this vocation. May it long remain the case. The price, however, is that one's witness to the Christian truths can often be bewilderingly tangential. The display of being approachable and unshockable may be read as giving the nod to unbelief or the absence of personal moral seriousness. And being available to "everyone" - that is, those one is likely to meet - can make one inaccessible to the remote and marginalised. But a college is not a school and no one has the right to intervene however transparently unhappy an individual may be - a fact which parents are occasionally slow to understand.

In fact, of course, with little job description the role of chaplain is largely cast in one's own image and it probably doesn't do to know too well what one is trying to achieve. Many students are unclear about their task and indeed about themselves, and a crisp, confident pastor with

mapped horizons may be the last thing needed to aid reflection and growth. The chaplain's main asset will be his own life shared with others, not in the hope of being in demand or sorting out many problems, still less of being popular, but for its own sake and because friendship is a good part of what the college is about. It is necessary to strike a balance – and perhaps more by luck than judgement – between familiarity and the role, both to discourage dependence and to allow for the possiblity of challenge.

It has been suggested of the chaplain's role that "The discipline is in waiting and paying attention, and success is not masterminding well-attended events, but in finding oneself accepted in hitherto inaccessible places". This is not readily manufactured. While it seems to me that the least one can do is to know who everyone is by name, even this may prove to be a snare; Harry Williams, sometime Dean of Trinity, warned chaplains that "pastoral lust" is the "most insidious kind of lust because so easily disguised as virtue."

Yet the chaplain also needs to be at ease in the professional world of pastoral care and he will need patience to cope with the frequent assumption that he is, at best, a well-meaning amateur. Counselling skills are now rightly and inescapably a part of the discipline and some modest qualification may well be of use both in day-to-day experience and in communication on equal terms with other professionals. The University has much to do to create a wider collaborative structure between the provision of the Counselling Service, G.P.'s and what is available in this respect in the colleges. But it would be a mistake to cast oneself as a counsellor, for students are not most appropriately the chaplain's "clients" so much as his friends. With "clients" you can be held responsible and called to give account; with friends you can make mistakes and will be forgiven and I have found St. John's to be a forgiving place.

This is not, I hope, fanciful and may provide a challenge to the common assumption that "care" is something that one person does to others, and in the college to the view that senior members have nothing to learn from those *in statu pupillari*. Plainly those who conventionally are "older and wiser" are not necessarily gentler, more responsible or more mature and the chaplain both in obvious professional practice and in the range of his contacts – and their impact on him – needs to bear witness to that truth. Institutionally, also, it may not always be the case that those who possess the power in the college are those who are most generous, thoughtful and caring, and the chaplain must mix on equal terms with all, and hope to treat all equally.

And care must be seen to be more than the management of crisis. A good deal of time, of course, is spent with individuals and groups, not only those needing help themselves but those who are supporting others; but equally it is spent in encouragement, taking notice, discouraging self-absorption and stimulating enthusiasm; such are the tools of the pastor. As an insatiable reader of obituaries, a sentence from one (of a peer and art dealer who died in 1988) has haunted me: "Wherever he was and in whatever company he found himself he was unchanged; kind, gentle, funny, disarming the spiky, pricking the self-important, warming the aloof and the alone, tending the least and the greatest, and in that order." Not a bad description of the chaplain's task!

Many will, not unreasonably, feel that the chapel is the chaplain's natural habitat – more so, perhaps, than High Table, the sports fields or the bar. Increasingly I fancy that this may well be right. A chaplain who does not play a full part in the marvellous liturgical life of our chapel and the formation of intelligent discipleship in our own generation may run the risk of missing the point of his ministry. For all that we are now (in practical terms) a secular institution, we need to acknowledge with the fulness of courtesy that a faith commitment is accepted here as a perfectly mature element in a developing approach to life. Certainly such a commitment will have been influential or formative for the majority of those who have studied here throughout our history. At the very least a struggle with values and beliefs needs to be presented as a necessary part of the search for personal integrity as for the preservation of all that we admire in St. John's as a community.

The values of charity, respect, humility and truth which undergird our tentative vision of the common life were inspired by the Christian Gospel and if they are to survive the economic depredations of educational reformers in our own day, they will need to be repeatedly traced to their source. That is a task for the chapel and the college clergy. If the outside world imagines that we are little more than a well resourced and exclusive hall of residence, we do well not only to target groups in our national community who might not ordinarily expect a place here, but also to preserve in worship and discipline the values of selflessness and mutual dependence which inspired our founders and benefactors.

The presence of a chaplain in college, and not least one without academic ambition or success, may perhaps hint at the fact that education and gaining maturity are about a great deal more than a student's place in the class lists. The chaplain will surely stand against

the present, largely unspoken assumption that those with lower seconds and thirds are barely worth the effort or have failed. His approach to pastoral care will not be motivated by utilitarianism, the desire to ensure that the academic year passes off with the minimum of disturbance or difficulty, but by the conviction that at its heart education is a maturing in virtue and not an acquiring of distinction.

The Dominican Herbert McCabe has written recently that "... Education in virtue is a highly complex matter involving much more than schooling. It demands that people grow up amidst the formal relationships and bonds of fairly small communities in which virtues have an immediately recognisable and desirable place." Education, he argues, takes people through that stage when, acting from externally inculcated motives people are merely self-controlled to the discovery, if they will, of real virtue. "We act freely as we find it in what we have made of ourselves to act." The chaplain, so far from applauding good behaviour, will encourage goodness itself.

The college chapel and the office of chaplain need perhaps to witness against the fragmentation of knowledge and excellence and point to the real purpose of study which is surely wisdom; this in its generosity and compassion is inseparably linked with goodness. If knowledge may be said to beget power then wisdom - more elusive - begets love. This surely must be the root of our collaborative pastoral task, which in part prepares students for life in the world beyond the college where there will be fewer tutors and nurses and chaplains to look after them.

Some of this becomes more difficult as the college changes in response to numerous challenges. The increase of graduate numbers makes it likely, despite the commensurate increase in attractive graduate accommodation and facilities that for research students the faculties and departments will become the primary places loyalty; this is unlikely to discourage the self-absoption that some research reinforces. Comparably an increasing number of students from committed Islamic backgrounds, for whom the assumptions of a liberal secular institution may be thoroughly foreign, raises its own issues of support and integration. This may be equally true of other ethnic minorities. And the attempt of some to communicate with those of different religious backgrounds often meets with the objection of some Christians that to do so is in itself a failure of faithfulness.

Meanwhile most members of the college returning for a visit will only notice continuties, as I did. I was somewhat surprised to discover that the chaplain's programme of events - talks, entertainments and visits -

was exactly as it had been ten years before - and I have found little reason for change. Many members will be glad to lean that a party continues to go to Rydal in the Lake District in the Lent vacation, although in the college's stretched financial circumstances this has become a smaller group, very much looking after itself - a more intimate and perhaps more challenging experience.

The chapel has also revived the college's links with our former mission parish of St. John the Evangelist with the Lady Margaret in Walworth, South London. Weekends spent in the parish by students (organizing a children's party for example) and return visits from parishioners to Cambridge have proved a valuable reminder that our rich inheritance encompasses communities very different from our own.

Recently the North-East transept in the ante-chapel (at one time the site proposed by some fellows for a tourist shop!) has been attractively re-ordered to create a small chapel specifically for early morning celebrations on weekdays in full term and to provide a setting more readily adapted to the Church's modern eucharistic liturgy. This has been an immediate success. As a result it has become possible to extend hospitality to the Roman Catholic chaplaincy for a termly mass on an informal basis.

By such small things the chaplain performs a distinctive part of his task - the training of churchmen and women. If the chaplain were to find this the most satisfying part of his work, he need not fear a charge of self-indulgence, for purposeful attention is at the heart of care as of education. Christian nurture works against the tendency to finality; it declares the pastor and those he cares for are not only tied by common faith and affection but are all equally under the mercy and generosity of God.

Basil Hall was admitted to the Fellowship of St. John's in 1975 when he was appointed Dean of Chapel. He retired in 1980.

Commemoration of Benefactors: May 8 1944

The Quaker William Penn wrote: 'A good end cannot sanctify a bad means.' This can serve as an epigraph to what follows. In the course of the Johnian year we are bound in honour to commemorate our benefactors. While the names of those who have left us material bequests deserve commemoration, we should also remember that our collegiate life of over four hundred years has been formed and invigorated by Johnians who, as the founding Statutes required, were devoted to 'great erudition' and lives of 'moral quality'. Bishop Fisher included in this goal 'the study of sacred letters through that spirit which leads to all truth'. These apparently simple words, however, in 1530 foreshadowed what was not then intended, namely, a revolutionary change.

Those statutes had been designed to operate within the restrictive domain of Scholasticism, a system bound to the verbalising of syllogisms and to the Aristotelian conception of knowledge and the way to acquire it. To place within this framework the study of the Bible in its original languages through the Spirit could be explosive. Bishop Fisher's friend Erasmus opposed Scholasticism in favour of this study of Scripture through Hebrew and Greek and the new latinity, supported by the writings of the early Greek and Latin fathers.

Here, in Cambridge and all over Europe, Erasmianism to its author's irritation became associated with religious revolution. Erasmus was a reforming Catholic who foreshadowed Protestantism without intending it, when he stated that Scripture challenged the ceremonies, for example, those related to Saints' images, pilgrimages and relics. He also criticised ironically the politicised institution which the Roman Catholic Church had become during the later middle ages with its massive defence works in Scholasticism, Canon

Law and Papacy. Luther and many others felt that the powerful resources available to papal control meant that the end justified bad means. The Reformers, soon after the decade in which those Johnian Statutes were established, broke with the papacy in this country under a vigorous royal lead, and gradually transformed the nation, the university and this College.

I pause here to comment on what is apparently regarded as revisionist history which is now attacking this Reformation, Protestant beliefs and their consequences. From the time of Lord Acton as Regius Professor of History, historical studies have had a central place in the life of Cambridge University. Acton, a Catholic, laid down the principles of historical writing: moral integrity, rigorous standards of accuracy and the avoidance of confessional particularism. For him conscience was the font of freedom; papal infallibility, decreed a dogma in 1870, and its temporal power, he regarded as 'an organised conspiracy against the existence of liberty and science', although he remained an uneasy Catholic. I have become much disturbed as an historian by a new trend in some Cambridge historical studies, the restoration of something akin to what was called Chesterbellocism in my youth, a form of Catholic confessionalism which ignores Acton's principles laid down for the writing of *The Cambridge Modern History*. This trend reinforces the need to emphasise the significance of the moral character of Protestantism which has had a marked influence on our Johnian history. With the Reformation, the Johnian goals of great erudition and moral character were brought to bear on the search for truth through the Spirit supported now by Protestant belief and piety in which the integrity of the means controlled the ends.

Our historian Thomas Baker described the coming of the Reformation as 'a happy period for the nation', and wrote of the seventh Master, the Calvinist Thomas Lever, 'as one of the best masters as well as one of the best men the College ever bred'. Under the stimulus of the Calvinist Lord Burghley, (and this should be numbered among the more important of his benefactions) Richard Howland, Master from 1577, introduced new statutes which among other benefits brought a great reduction in the power of the Bishop of Ely over the College. There is neither the time available, nor is this the occasion to define and describe the nature and achievements

of Protestantism, though in the great dissolution of religious patterns of belief today, especially in the Church of England, this could be a desirable goal. There is however one major Protestant principle which must be emphasised here. What Luther said before the Emperor of Worms in 1521, when he was an excommunicated heretic due to be burned, is often misquoted or misunderstood.

'Unless I am proved wrongly by the witness of Scripture or by evident reason – for I believe neither in the infallibility of the Pope nor in that of Councils since it has been established that these have often made mistakes and contradictions – I am tied by the biblical texts which I have cited. I am a prisoner in conscience to the word of God so I cannot retract and I will not retract. To go against conscience is neither safe nor right. God help me.'

Here he was opposing the demands of an institution, an organised political power, which could use ruthless means to achieve its ends.

It may be thought that this is a story of long ago and now is all changed in the Roman Church. Certainly, in the last thirty years, Catholic scholars have conceded that Luther's challenge to merit theology and his correction of certain Scholastic terms by Scripture were valid. But consider this, in the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of John, a trinitarian formula was inserted by a well-intentioned copyist, though it was nonetheless a forgery since it occurs in no Greek manuscript before the fourteenth century nor did it appear in early manuscripts of St Jerome's Vulgate Latin version. Nonetheless, the Holy Office of the Catholic Church in 1897 in reply to questioning Catholic scholars asserted that this verse was original and authentic and Pope Leo XIII confirmed the decision by his authority. The new and excellent Catholic Jerome Biblical Commentary of 1989 can do no more than put forward the scholars' evidence of the inauthenticity of this verse alongside the reference to the official declaration. It would seem then that in the end, support for the trinitarian dogma, overturned the means of truth.

The Protestant Principle that morally valid means are the only road to ends that are good was adopted as a characteristic emphasis in our Johnian history in our pursuit of 'great erudition' and 'moral

worth'. I have chosen three former Masters to exemplify this. First, William Whitaker, Master from 1586, described by Baker as 'one of the greatest men the College ever had.' Bishop Hall asked of him, 'Who ever saw him without reverence and heard him without wonder?' He was described as of 'a liberal mind and an affable disposition, a mild and yet not remiss governor.' Memorably Whitaker wrote, 'I command courtesy to everyone especially in an academic or man of letters' but characteristically he added, 'courtesy should not be so intent on its duty towards men as to forget piety and its duty towards God.' For him, an inadequate end must not master the means. His claim to being one of our greatest men lay in his being regarded as the most able defender in his time of the Reformer faith against the attack of Counter-Reformation Rome, not only at home, but abroad, for his collected works were issued in two folio volumes at Geneva and used in foreign universities. The Jesuit Bellarmine, his renowned Catholic opponent, is reported to have obtained a portrait of Whitaker because he said that 'he greatly admired this man for his singular learning.'

Something of Whitaker's erudition is shown in his translation of the Book of Common Prayer into Greek to maintain its dignity among the liturgies of the Church. Whitaker wrote that his aim was to make plain that, 'All our beliefs concerning the Church and its faith are not only founded upon scriptural authority, but also to show we have the support of the testimonies of the Fathers and the Councils of the Church and even of certain Catholic writers, our adversaries.'

May I insist that there is more here than a dead debate about words by forgotten scholars for the nature of Whitaker's defence of Protestantism challenged the heavy grip of decaying Aristotelianism in sixteenth century Scholasticism. That challenge had profound consequences since it made scientific advance possible. The trial and condemnation of Galileo was brought about by that same Bellarmine, now a cardinal, who had opposed Whitaker, and who insisted on the Scholastic Aristotelianism which denied that the earth rotated, and who required that mathematics should have nothing to do with the examination of nature. In all his works, Whitaker was one of the ablest of Reformed theologians since his aims, like his teachings, were essentially those of Calvin himself.

It seems to be a serious difficulty for modern literary critics, historians, and theologians to acknowledge and understand that not only the divinity, but also the intellectual world of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England, were deeply influenced by the thought of Calvin. This was true for ordinary citizens and the great earls, for the clergy, the writers and the universities. This difficulty is derived from ignorance of Calvin's writings compounded by the use of meaningless stereotypes. Those called Arminians belonged to the Caroline court circles and their associates. King James, a Calvinist, had no use for them. The Archbishops of Canterbury from Grindal to Abbot were Calvinists. The poets from Sidney through Spencer and Fulke Greville to Herbert were Calvinists. The English Geneva Bible of 1560 which derived its prefaces, notes and its catechism from Calvin's French Bible easily thrust aside the rival Bishop's Bible (the notes in which were also Calvinist) and held for long against the Authorised Version, one quarter of which was taken over from the Geneva Bible text. It can be demonstrated that it was not only used by Spenser and Shakespeare and other writers, but also that it continued to be used for its text by later Arminian Bishops.

When George Herbert was Public Orator of this University he wrote a Latin poem defending the Calvinist orthodoxy of Cambridge and Oxford. In it he referred to the witnesses to that truth of whom, he wrote, the greatest was Calvin. He drew attention to the dead Whitaker as the 'powerful defender of the eternal light of truth who was also the light of his country,' and a 'man who opened the sublime pathways'. When Herbert in a well-known poem referred to the English Church as standing between the extremes of gaudy Rome and dingy Geneva, he was praising Anglican Prayer Book worship while still holding to Calvin's teaching.

I have dealt at some length with Whitaker and Calvinism for two reasons. First, in France, there was a saying, 'Honest as a Huguenot', that is, a French Calvinist. Whitaker and his fellow Calvinists laboured for that honesty and integrity not only in their scholarship and piety but even to challenging the royal absolutism of the Stuarts when it sought to make their ends justify their dubious means. Secondly, Whitaker through his Calvinism 'opened sublime

pathways' not only to heaven, as Herbert said, but also to the development of Science.

Here, Francis Bacon is the exemplar whose 'Confession of Faith', written about 1603, showed he was intellectually a thorough Calvinist, even if his moral life as a judge is open to question. When he sent home his *Novum Organum* to Cambridge he addressed his alma mater, 'Faith is due only to the word of God and experience. To grow the sciences anew out of experience though laborious is practicable.' To achieve this, he consciously rejected the legacy of that Scholastic Aristotelianism which was to oppose and condemn Galileo, and continue to constrict and hinder scientific development. Calvin had written that the human mind is a perpetual manufactory of idols through which the mind substitutes vanity and empty imaginings in place of God, the creator of what is real. Bacon used this image of the idols of the mind, with Platonic additions, in a memorable fashion. Calvin had written that when we contemplate aright the works of God in nature then the faculties of the mind are liberated, making astonishing discoveries and inventing so many wonderful arts. He instanced both astronomy and medicine. He wrote that these and the mathematical sciences, remarkable arts and discoveries, were possible through the creative energies of God illuminating the mind. Bacon entered through these doors which Calvin had opened. He explicitly rejected what he called 'that style of imposture which is the rubbish and pother of the Scholastics'. We are aware that Bacon as a scientist and a philosopher can be criticised but did he achieve the breakthrough of constructing what are now called explanatory hypotheses for phenomena in, for example, the wave theory of light. Deservedly, at the foundation of the Royal Society its members gave due praise to the Calvinist Bacon as a predecessor.

The second Master is Anthony Tuckney, Master from 1653, of whom Baker wrote 'he was as much esteemed as any Master ever was.' He added of Tuckney and his predecessor Arrowsmith, both of whom owed a debt to Calvin though they had become Puritans in a more legalistic faith, that their 'government was so good and their discipline so strict and regular that learning flourished.' It was under them that he wrote that, 'great men, ornaments of the following age were educated.' Tuckney was also one who held strongly that the end

did not justify poor means, for, in a minor instance, when a Puritan President urged him to elect Fellows who were godly, Tuckney replied that 'he respected Godliness but desired scholars.' 'They may deceive me in their Godliness' he said 'they can not in their scholarship.' It is worth noting that Baker the Non-Juror, who certainly did not share their views, wrote of all these Calvinists that they were diligent, modest and reconciling men.

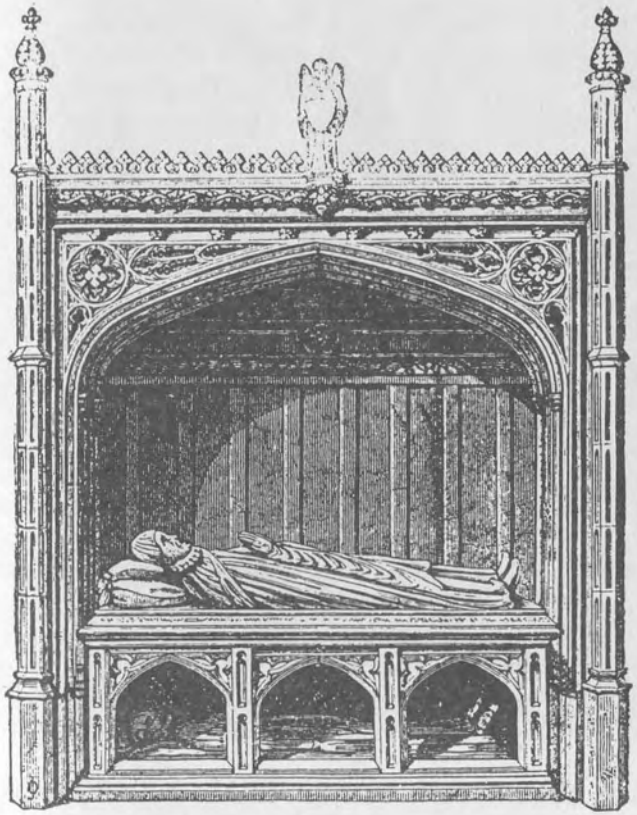
You will remember that Baker's account of the College closes with Peter Gunning, Master at the Restoration in 1661, a supporter of Laudian churchmanship and of Stuart absolutism, principles shared by Baker himself, but he says little in Gunning's favour as Master though he praises his actions as a bishop. Gunning was in fact a highly politicised Master and Bishop of Ely, a vigorous Jacobite in embryo and a persecuting churchman. Nevertheless, in spite of the grip of post-Restoration politics upon him, Johnians owe a considerable debt to Gunning for he managed to find a desirable end justified by desirable means. He not only decorated the old chapel and improved its services but he also left funds to establish the chapel choir whereby he wrote 'God's service may more solemnly be performed and decently sung on the Lord's Day, and other Holy Days and their Eves.' We rejoice to hear tonight the heirs of the choir which we founded.

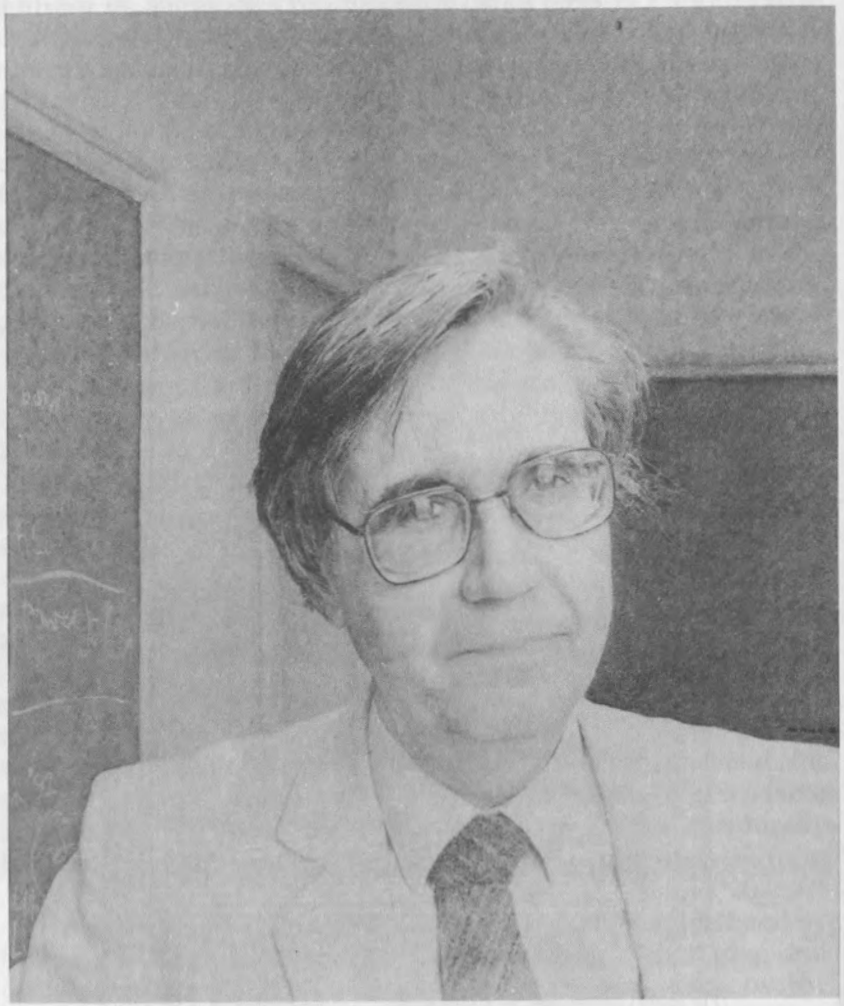
We may pause here to remember the considerable company of those called 'great men' of the College included Archbishop Williams who, whatever reasonable hesitation we may have about him, had the shrewdness to see through the pretensions of Archbishop Laud, and gave the College its Library building and valuable books. There were later Dr. Heberden, described by Samuel Johnson as 'the first of modern physicians', Herschel the astronomer, Wilberforce the social reformer, and it is surely worth adding, that challenging oarsman William Snow who was one of the founders of the Lady Margaret Boat Club and who initiated the annual boat race on the Thames. The range of Johnian achievement based on integrity of character, accompanied by great erudition, is wide and considerable in the Sciences, the Humanities, Religion, and we could also add Athletics.

Let us briefly return to that central Protestant theme that the end does not justify bad means, and to the third Master. It was my good fortune as an undergraduate to attend the lectures on early Christian doctrine, a difficult terrain, in which the subject was carefully surveyed, and illuminated by John Boys Smith. He would have been profoundly uneasy at the prospect of lecturing on Calvinism and would no doubt have found it unsuitable to do so, but he shared fully those two particular attributes which our historian gave to our Calvinist Masters, modesty and courtesy. Two things also which were said of Whitaker could likewise be said of Boys Smith. First, he was one of those Baker would have called 'The great men' of the College; this lay not so much in other matters as in the manner of his guidance of the well-being of the College. Secondly, I quote Baker again on Whitaker to point to Boys Smith's other achievement during his period as Senior Bursar, 'he was one who kept the College books to the vast improvement' of the stability of the College. Boys Smith wrote little but his writings were always sound and thorough. These words from a book of his are memorable, 'We must not separate the sacred from the moral, for the moral demand is laid upon us by some standard that is sacred.' Again he said in a sermon in this chapel, 'The Christian virtues are not commands however deep the obligation they impose: they are revelations of the nature of things, of what is disclosed to intelligent, penetrating and patient sight. If these virtues describe the right, the creative standards for men, so too they describe God in creation and salvation, the methods that are divine.' He added, 'The methods by which we seek to achieve our ends should be for us a major concern, our methods for good or evil will condition all that results from our efforts.' Here again is the theme I chose at the beginning as characteristically Johnian, the right means alone can produce a good end.

The life of this College over four centuries ago was liberated by finding the freedom of a Christian man from an inhibiting and dominating institution, the Roman Church. This gave us the possibility of new knowledge, it gave us integrity of life, it gave us dignified worship, and it gave us a reasonable faith. We do well to remember those who handed on to us these things.

May we all be able to say in our day what was said in 1642, a year before he was killed in Newbury fight, by Viscount Faulkland in a letter to the College, 'I am sure I still carry about me an indelible character of affection and duty to that Society of St John's, and an extraordinary longing for some occasion of expressing that affection and duty.' So be it.





Professor Peter Goddard, FRS
(Portrait by Bob Tulloch)

The New Master: a Profile of Peter Goddard

On Thursday, February 3rd 1994, the Fellows gathered in the College Chapel, and pre-elected Peter Goddard, FRS, Fellow, Professor of Theoretical Physics and Deputy Director of the Isaac Newton Institute, as Master. He takes office as forty-second Master on the retirement of Robert Hinde at the end of September.

Peter Goddard was born shortly after the end of the Second World War, on September 3rd 1945, the second child and only son of Herbert and Rosina Goddard. His father had been a stonemason's machinist before the war, and served in the Royal Artillery during it. Both his parents came from large families: Peter was the first from either families to go to university.

Peter grew up in Clapham. After primary school, he gained a place at Emmanuel School, which was then a Voluntary-Aided School. Here he had the good fortunte to be taught by a first class team of mathematics teachers (literally so, for four of them had first class honours) led by Aeron Rogers, a superb teacher, who had gained a first at Oxford. Aeron Rogers' speciality was classical theoretical physics, and Peter remembers with gratitude the rigour of argument and accuracy of presentation that was required by him. It is dangerous to compare one generation with another, but it does seem that there was a tradition of high quality in school-teaching then that is not so apparent today. I still recall with dismay, a distinguished physical scientist (not a Johnian, I hasten to add) remarking quite recently, if not in one breath then at least within the course of a single committee meeting, first that freshmen were not as well-taught at school as they used to be, and secondly, and with pride, that none of the graduates of his laboratory became a school-teacher.

In any event, Peter Goddard's abilities in mathematics and physics were recognised and developed. In the early 1960s, colleges still offered entrance scholarships (though the distinction between major and minor scholarships was abolished), and the examinations were held in Cambridge. The examinations were usually taken in the

December after A-levels, but it was not unusual for them to be taken, as a trial run, the year before. On this basis, Peter Goddard came to Trinity to take the examinations in the bitterly cold winter of 1962-63. He stayed in Neville's Court, where the flames in the gas fire barely flickered, and remembers looking longingly at St John's, which was surely warmer, and deciding to apply there in the following year. In the event, Trinity rcognised his quality and awarded him a Scholarship. Those of us who can remember the College without central heating, when the damp from the river crept insidiously into A and B staircases, New Court, and into Third Court, must wonder just how disillusioned he would have been.

Peter Goddard came up to Trinity in October 1963 to read mathematics. There can be few intellectual pleasures more intense and more rewarding than to find yourself among a group of bright contemporaries, with new horizons opening up daily. At least, that is how it is in St John's, and it cannot have been very different in Trinity. Interests develop and grow: Peter began by thinking that he was to be a pure mathematician, became convinced that fluid dynamics was not for him, and eventually found that his real interests lay in theoretical physics, and in particular in the theory of elementary particles. He graduated as a wrangler, and stayed on to take Part III of the Mathematical Tripos, which he passed with distinction (winning the Mayhew Prize in the process). Among other courses, he attended lectures from Paul Dirac on Quantum Theory. He then stayed on to do research, working with John Polkinghorne, now the President of Queens' College and well-known for his theological thoughts and writings, but then Reader in Theoretical Physics, and a teaching Fellow at Trinity. Subjects develop and move on, but Peter Goddard's early research, investigating the role of group theory in the Regge theory of scattering, must have been good, for he was appointed a Research Fellow of Trinity after only two years of research.

A year later, in 1970, Peter was appointed to a visiting position at C.E.R.N., the European Centre for Nuclear Research, in Geneva. I suppose that research into what happens within the nucleus is carried out there, and 'nuclear' is a word that attracts government funding, but C.E.R.N. is particularly famous for its experiments on elementary particles. In the latest machines, particles are accelerated

around an enormous circular track, some 27km around, crossing from Switzerland and France and back some 11,000 times a second, before being photographed as they metamorphose on collison with particles coming in the opposite direction.

In Geneva, Peter Goddard did not work directly on these experiments, but worked in the theoretical group. Here he began a line of work which impassions him to this day. This is in the areas of theoretical physics known as *string theory* and *quantum field theory*. I must try, as a layman, to explain what these are. During the twentieth century, the two main strands of physics have been relativity theory and quantum physics. Einstein began by developing special relativity. With hindsight, this was an inevitable development, as the laws of electromagnetic theory associated with Clerk Maxwell do not really make sense without it. General relativity, which Einstein introduced later to deal with gravity, is quite different. It has a peculiarly geometric nature: space and time form a four-dimensional continuum, which is curved to account for the presence of massive matter and gravitational attraction. What happened to the electromagnetic theory? As early as the 1920s it was realised that the electromagnetic laws could be fitted in quite naturally, provided that another space-like dimension was added.

Quantum physics brings new exigencies. New ideas are needed to explain the discrete quantum phenomena, such as the uncertainty principle, exclusion principles and a whole new non-commutative mathematical formulation. New forces appear both in the nucleus and when elementary particles interact. What is the nature of these elementary particles? Traditionally they were thought of as points in space, so that their world-lines in space-time are one-dimensional paths, which in relativistic terms are geodesics, or paths of minimal length. In string theory, these points in space are replaced by line segments or closed loops, whose motions through space-time trace out minimal surfaces. The extra structure that this allows fits well with physical laws and physical experience. In order to be consistent with both quantum theory and relativity, it is however necessary for space-time to have either ten or twenty-six dimensions. There is a real prospect that this framework will allow a unified theory of the basic forces of nature to appear, and the two strands to become one. But why, you may well ask, are we not aware of these dimensions in

every-day life? The theory requires that the extra dimensions are turned in on themselves very tightly indeed, on a scale that is much smaller than we can hope to observe directly.

Another area of Peter Goddard's interest is the problem of the existence of *magnetic monopoles*. We are all familiar with bar magnets, which have two poles, north and south. All magnets that have been observed in nature have this *dipole* structure. Is this fundamental (like the two sides of a coin), or are there magnetic monopoles, which combine in pairs to form dipoles? In the 1930s, Paul Dirac showed that in the context of quantum mechanics it would be very natural for such monopoles to exist, and that their existence would explain why there is a basic unit of electric charge, the charge on the electron. Peter contributed to the development and extension of these ideas in the 1970s and 1980s.

These then are some of the ideas with which Peter Goddard works (and I have far exceeded my understanding of what is going on).

Peter Goddard did not return to Cambridge from Geneva, as he took up a Lectureship at Durham University in 1972. In 1974, however, he was appointed to an Assistant Lectureship in the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics in Cambridge. At this time, St John's College was looking for a new teaching Fellow in Mathematics. The College's mathematical Fellows, and also the College Council, know a good thing when they see one. The College moved with commendable purpose and speed to appoint him, and after a term in Princeton he arrived in College in January 1975. He was soon fully involved in the life of the College: he was made a Tutor in 1980, and was Senior Tutor from 1983 to 1987. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1989, the same year in which he became a Reader. (He was appointed to an *ad hominem* Professorship in 1992). It is quite remarkable that a substantial part of the work which led to his election to the Royal Society was done while he held the onerous office of Senior Tutor.

Colleges and Universities are much more than buildings, but buildings are an important part of them. St John's moves with much deliberation and circumspection here, and Committees and their

membership come and go several times before a building appears. Peter Goddard played an important part in three of the most recent. Think of him, and all the others involved, when you browse in the shelves of the new library, attend a concert or film in the Fisher building, or drink a pint in the Buttery Bar.

Let us now move a little way outside College. The idea for the Isaac Newton Institute, a research institute for mathematics and mathematical science, arose in the late 1980s. It is perhaps of interest to tell some of its early history, as far as St John's is concerned. The idea began in Trinity, where the Isaac Newton Trust was being set up. It soon became clear that a wider scope was needed, and mathematical Fellows in St John's were approached. It was very quickly agreed that the College could best support the scheme, and get it off the ground, literally and metaphorically, by providing a building – a purpose built Institute on College land in Clarkson Road – and granting the use of it rent-free for five years. This great generosity by the College turned the vision into reality: Trinity followed by offering a munificent financial gift, the country's mathematical community supported it warmly, and S.E.R.C. agreed to help support it with a rolling grant.

It remained for the College to build the Institute. Here the College Council, through Christopher Johnson, the Senior Bursar, acted with great economy, setting up a working party comprising three Johnian members of the Isaac Newton Institute's planning committee – Peter Landshoff, now a Fellow of Christ's College, Peter Goddard and myself – to do the detailed work: drainage, planning permission (at that time, quite a nightmare) and detailed collaboration with the architect, Duncan Annand. I hope that members of the College will see the outcome for themselves: but please look inside, to experience the environment for research that has been created.

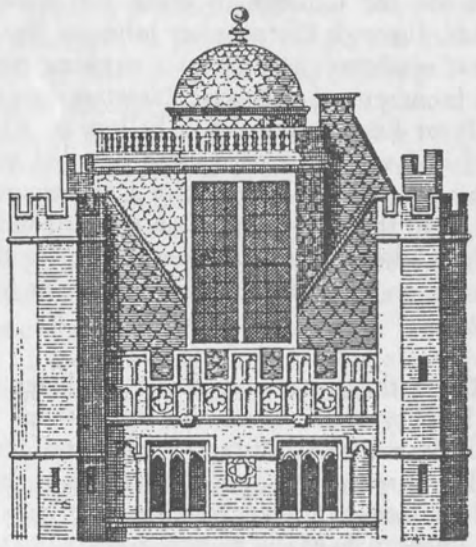
It is therefore both natural and fitting for Peter Goddard to be appointed as Deputy Director of the Institute in 1991 (with Sir Michael Atiyah, Master of Trinity and President of the Royal Society as non-executive Director). It opened its doors in July 1992, when the London Mathematical Society (the premier British mathematical society) and the American Mathematical Society held a joint meeting

in Cambridge. It immediately became fully operational, and the ninth and tenth six-month research programmes began in July 1994.

The College's integrity and character is not maintained by standing still, but by a continuing process of change and development. There have been great changes during the five years of Robert Hinde's Mastership, and the College owes him a great debt for his leadership and vision. New challenges will arise during Peter Goddard's tenure. Financial problems are always with us; the College must maintain its independence under the pressures that affect all parts of education, continuing to be accessible to all candidates of high potential; and the collegiality of St John's – Undergraduates, Graduates and Fellows – must be nurtured and cherished.

Peter Goddard is married to Helen, who teaches Geography in Cambridge. They have two children, Linda and Michael. We are happy to welcome Peter Goddard as our forty-second Master, and convey our best wishes to him and Helen as they enter the Master's Lodge.

D.J.H.G.



Malcolm Pratt came to work in the College as the "Library Boy" in 1947. In 1990 he retired as Sub Librarian after 43 years of service. In this article he describes some aspects of College life in the 1950's and 1960's.

Memories of St John's College: 1950-1969
By a former member of Staff

The Editor suggested that I might like to record some memories of people and conditions, having spent forty-three years working in the Library. My brief was to record a snapshot of the period of the 1950's and 1960's. We were at that time known as College Servants, and not as now, College Staff.

I began work at College on the morning of 17th March 1947. The College was still recovering from a severe winter, and the previous night a very severe storm had struck the Cambridge area. The lawns opposite New Court, used during the summer for tennis courts, were as far as the eye could see, one great expanse of water. The First Court was littered with fallen tiles blown from the Chapel roof, and branches of trees and assorted debris lay strewn about.

Masters

The first Master I remember was E.A. Benians. He was to me however a shadowy figure, a man of few words, but always a pleasant smile for you if he recognised you when meeting him. Undoubtedly the most outstanding personality during the time I was at College was J.S. Boys Smith. I first met him when he was Senior Bursar. I worked in the Bursary for a few hours a week in the afternoon. I would listen in awe as he dictated letters to his secretary in a beautiful speaking voice, annunciating each word so clearly. Later when he became Master, his influence on the College staff was pronounced insomuch as he seemed aware of everything that was going on in College, and the problems of day to day workings. He was respected by the staff, who responded in making sure the College was given of their best abilities.

Fellows

When H.P.W. Gatty the Librarian died in 1948 he was succeeded by Mr F.P. White, a lecturer in Mathematics. Mr White was an indefatigable worker. At the beginning of each term he would present the Sub Librarian with a work sheet listing his movements for each day of the week, indicating the times he would be lecturing, or supervising, or attending meetings. He was a member of the Library Committee of the University Library, also of the University Press Syndicate. Often he would attend meetings of one or the other, return to the Library at ten minutes before closing time at 1p.m, filling in the few minutes with some task before returning to his rooms to deposit his gown and mortarboard, then collect his cycle from the Third Court bicycle shed and pedal off down to Queens Road on his way home to lunch. He was one of the last dons I remember to wear a mortarboard on a daily basis, and a memory that long remains with me is of him entering the Library mortarboard in hand, slapping it against his side, a good indication that all was not well, when asked by a member of the library staff if he would care for a cup of coffee, he replied "No thank you, I had a good breakfast." Not a robust man, he suffered much ill health towards the end of his life, but he would brook no sympathy. Enquiries after his welfare would receive the retort that he was better "and no further bulletins would be issued." Mr White, however, was a kind man and I retain pleasant memories of his reign as Librarian during the years 1948-1961.

Professor Sir Frederick Bartlett, I remember with pleasure for two reasons. He knew of my fondness for cricket and would enquire how the team I played for had performed. In 1952 when he retired from his Professorship, he asked me if I would take on the task of collating the large collection of periodicals he had acquired, both bound and unbound. I spent some hours in his rooms in E. New Court performing the chore. He rewarded me with a cheque, not unusual, but it did happen to be the first one I had ever received, and necessitated me in opening a bank account. (I was at the time paid wages weekly in cash).

The Reverend Martin Charlesworth, who was President of the College, was a man not to be forgotten. On one occasion at the Staff V. Fellows annual cricket match I sat next to him at lunch. I was

fascinated by the way he carried on a lively and continual conversation with all who sat near at the same time as he consumed, with great enjoyment, a vast amount of food and liquid refreshment. A lovely man, and a very amusing one.

Staff

A veritable army of staff marched through the College during my time. The Head Porter, when I began, was George Bowles, a former regimental Sgt Major. He would stand outside the Front Gate Porter's Lodge, hands behind his back, top hat perfectly straight, keeping a stern eye on all things happening. He was followed by Bill Butler, and later his brother Cecil, all of whom held the office with distinction. Cecil Butler captained the staff cricket team for some years, with much enthusiasm, and not little skill. Harry Wright, a senior under porter, was a charming man with a dry sense of humour. He was also a chain smoker. Many was the time having need to ask his advice in some matter, I would have to wait whilst he lit the inevitable cigarette with a click and flourish from his lighter, inhaling deeply, then with a smile would come "Yes dear boy?"

Much nearer in time of course came Bob Fuller. Big Bob began his College service in the kitchen gardens. (A sight now lost forever was the arrival each morning of a truck wheeled through the College containing vegetables from the gardens on their way to the kitchens). He joined the staff of the Porters in 1960, and became Head Porter in 1969. Few will forget his discourses on the trials and tribulations of a workaholic Head Porter. A man with a big heart as big as himself, a man never to be forgotten.

Dick Toller was the College sign writer and decorator. A man with a sharp tongue, tempered with a twinkle in the eye. The autumn term was always heralded with the sight of Dick painting the names of occupants at the foot of each staircase, and resting from his labours squatting on upturned beer crates. He was above all a craftsman and the repainting of the College arms over the entrance to the front gate evoked admiration from many people.

Without question, the two members of staff I remember with most affection for the influence that they were to have on my life, were the two Sub Librarians under whom I served, Mr C.C. Scott,

and on his retirement in 1956, his successor N.C. Buck. They were both men of great moral character while at the same time possessing a sense of humour. Their knowledge of the Library, its holdings, the College and its history and customs was unrivalled. This was broadened by their keeping of the College biographical records – their familiarity of members past and present was unique. Between them, they served the College for over one hundred years.

Mr. Buck, when Sub-Librarian,
working in the Lower Library ca. 1960

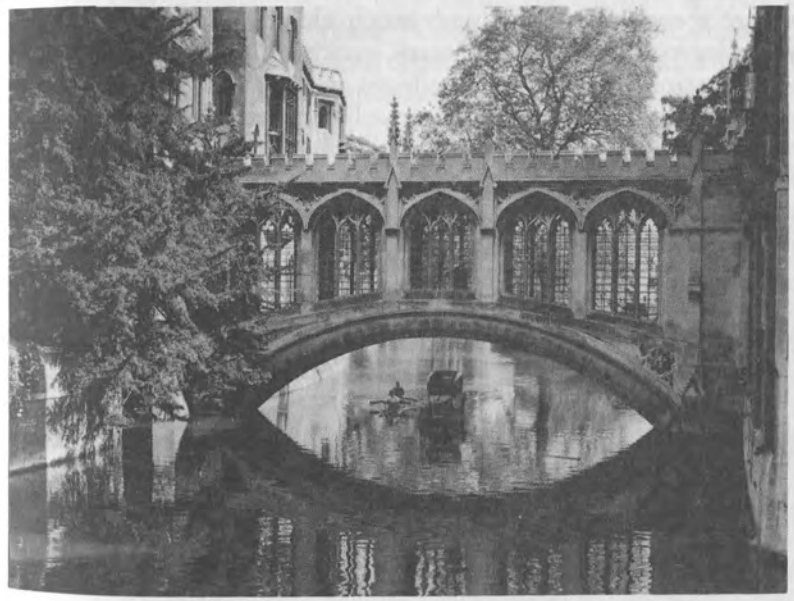
Staff Outing

The annual staff outing was an occasion which was always looked forward to with anticipation, although it always seemed in those days to end up in Yarmouth, with long stops on the way there and back at various well known hostelries. One member of the maintenance staff, an outstanding character, would always grace the occasion by wearing a Lady Margaret Rowing Club cap and would not remove it for any reason the whole day.

Customs and traditions

The distribution of soup by the College to the less fortunate was a custom still in operation when I began work. I can still recall the Thursday afternoon smell of soup which issued forth from the kitchens, and people arriving with all kinds of receptacles to carry away the bounty. The history and complexities of this custom are to be found in Bill Thurbon's excellent article in *The Eagle*.

The Poppy Day rag held in November in aid of the Earl Haig fund was an event which found favour with the people of Cambridge. The chaotic traffic problems caused by the parade of floats and marching bands played havoc with the bus timetables, but were endured by everyone in good humoured tolerance. The carport and bicycle sheds in Forecourt were turned into makeshift theatre for the day. A revue of comedy and song was held "On the hour, every hour".



The 1928 Austin Seven dangling underneath the Bridge of Sighs, June 1963

Undergraduate pranks and hoaxes were, although very troublesome, less vicious and more inventive. A small car suspended beneath the Bridge of Sighs (a local paper report and photograph exists in the Library files). A letter on the College notice board informing freshmen of the necessity of a medical check and the need to furnish a sample of urine to be taken to the Senate House. Bunting strung across the College from the Chapel to the Wedding Cake in New Court are occurrences which come to mind.

During the 1950's and 1960's it was possible to obtain a limited selection of groceries from the Buttery. Dining in Hall was compulsory, and in the evening three sittings were held, at something like 6.20 p.m. for the first years, 7 p.m. for second years and 7.45 p.m. for third years and graduates. Gowns to be used (woe betide anyone who left their gown lying around, for it was sure to be 'borrowed' by someone dashing late to hall). The Head Porter was in attendance to mark on his list those who were absent.

Sport

Sport has always been of great interest to me, and I followed the College sporting activities with much pleasure. During the 1950's the College staff ran a cricket team, matches were played during the Long vacation against other Colleges and many a 'Test Match' was played against Trinity and Jesus College staff. An annual fixture much looked forward to was an all day match against a Fellows XI.

St. John's College Servant v 1st Boat annual cricket match, July 1961

I followed the fortunes of the various College sporting clubs and its members and was delighted when a blue was awarded, and later if international recognition was obtained.

The 1951 First May boat contained eight blues, or future blues. Memories of the advent of a television set in College, and going along to watch the boat race on a flickering black and white screen in some darkened room were fun.

Changes

It is of course inevitable that over a period of forty-odd years changes should take place. This is certainly true in my own College department, the Library.

In 1947 the entrance was via Third Court. The hours were, during Full Term, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 5.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. (Undergraduates were expected to be on the sports field in the afternoons and not bother Librarians). No hot water, no fitted carpets, only a long strip of coconut matting down the centre of the Library. This matting was the bane of the life of Maudie Hall, the Library cleaner for thirty years. "Coker matting" she called it and she could never keep it tidy as it constantly shed bits in all directions. No strip lighting, only 60 watt bulbs, giving a dull glow high up in each corner of the Library bays. One learnt the trick of holding open a large volume at the foot of the bay to read the titles near the floor, in reflected light. Strip lighting was introduced down the centre of the Library in 1955, but it was not until 1970 that it was placed in the bays.

Visitors were allowed to wander in at will between the hours of 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. When the College, along with other establishments became security minded, a gate was placed at the foot of the Library spiral staircase that leads to the Upper Library. The gate was made by a member of the maintenance staff, Frank Austin, and long after his retirement he would visit the Library to admire his handiwork. Some years later a further gate was added half-way up the staircase, indicative of the times.

The mechanics of running the Library have changed, keeping pace with structural changes. The daily task of copying by hand the previous days borrowing titles into the catalogue volumes is no more. The 'New Library' is run by a body of efficient staff all of whom are well versed in the complexities of the Dynix Computer borrowing system, and other highly technical apparatus manufacture the holdings onto computer screens.

One remembers the College Office situated in First Court, and manned by a staff of four. The Front Gate as the main entrance to the College, and to my mind most fitting and proper, but now treated as a secondary station. The Porter's Lodge in New Court, alas no more, where a cup of tea could be obtained on the way home in the evening from a friendly porter.

Addendum

It is fashionable nowadays to be asked what you were doing at the time of the assassination of President Kennedy. I go back to one morning in February 1952, when a young undergraduate handed me his returned Library books and announced "The King is dead". (The young undergraduate has since become a Professor at Edinburgh University).

I have had the pleasure of meeting and working with many hundreds of Johnians, also learning about hundreds more through the histories, books and papers of the College. There are two past members I would liked to have met: John Couch Adams, the astronomer and discoverer of the planet Neptune, the other person being W.H. Rivers, medical man, psychologist and anthropologist.

M.B.P.

St John's College (Lady Margaret).

Annamarie Stapleton graduated from St John's in 1987. In 1993 she won a gold medal in the World Rowing Championships in Prague. In this article she discusses women's rowing in the U.K.

A Boat of One's Own

In 1880 Lady Greville wrote in *The Gentlewomen's Book of Sports* "It is essential for every English girl to learn to row; twenty years ago it was considered *comme il faut* for a lady to row but now everything is changed and it is clearly to be seen that it is the very best thing for her."

This was of course the more genteel, recreational rowing of the Victorian era judged on style rather than speed. Sunday afternoons on the Serpentine and the University Boat Race unfortunately remained the two strongest public images of the sport until the 1992 Olympic Games. Now people say, "You row? Oh, like that sweet little chap who cried in Barcelona! Do women row too?" And I reply, something like that, and yes.

The fact that most women arriving at Cambridge have not yet had the opportunity to learn to row at school was to my advantage. Having successfully avoided all sporting endeavours during school hours, the standard of college hockey and netball was beyond me. My school actively discouraged participation: the headmistress thought sweating an unpleasant and inappropriate pastime for young ladies. Looking back now, I realise what a great shame it is that so many women are lost to sport at such an early age by the belief that it is unglamorous to sweat or to get your hair wet. My contemporaries are understandably suprised to learn that I not only competed at the World Rowing Championships in Prague last summer, but that I stood on the podium to receive the first Gold Medal in the history of British Women's Rowing. To be honest it takes a while to sink in even when you're there yourself.

Over the last ten years the acceptance of women into the sporting arena and into the world of rowing has improved considerably. Not as fast as some would like to see, but perhaps such slow and

considered changes may provide more permanent and workable solutions. Recent media attention, increased support, and acceptance by acquaintances of my ambitions have changed my perspective on, views of and involvement in rowing and the game of politics. Since my first crew, the Maggie second Novice boat in 1985, I vowed to avoid the politics that invaded College sporting life. For a long while I succeeded. Much to my dismay I have found that it is not only in college rowing, nor just in rowing, that politics rears its unpleasant head. At all levels of all sports, as in other areas of life, there are factions striving to forward their opinions and cause. It is not just in LMBC that lower boats are dissatisfied with the equipment they get, nor just the women at John's that complain about lack of facilities, nor just in Cambridge that the Women's Boat Club think the attention and sponsorship given to the Men's Boat Race sexist and unfair. These things are largely determined by history, and despite Lady Greville's advice, rowing has remained a male dominated sport. In the 1990s it may not be politically correct but it is a fact that will take time and often unavailable resources, especially money, to change. Rowing is still an amateur sport which, it should not be forgotten, brings advantages as well as disadvantages.

The womens' section of LMBC was always, and continues to be, strong amongst college crews but during the 1980s the ease with which we won our oars encouraged mockery rather than recognition. The fact that St John's had only recently admitted women to its hallowed halls and that the LMBC women were still working their way up through the divisions may have eased those bumps but it did not stop us from training to be the fastest womens crew on the Cam nor make us complacent about racing. To define women's rowing as "assisted drifting" was unfair. We felt justified in celebrating our results, in using the best carbocraft coxed four and in wearing first May blazers. Looking back perhaps we should have had our own equipment, demanded more recognition, bigger changing rooms and organised training camps. Instead we just got on with training and made the best of the situation and produced results. Nowadays we have our own Henley Regatta; both men and women at LMBC benefit from the Old Johnian Henley Fund, despite the subscribers being still disproportionally male; and the women have at least as much University representation as the men.

Rowing has given me many things: friends, good times and experiences, and has taught me to have the confidence to try my best, regardless of the result. I have had support and encouragement at the level I needed to allow me to achieve year by year, without looking too far ahead. I have a lot to thank Roger Silk for, as well as everyone who coached and encouraged me when I was selected for the second novice eight and the second Lent eight. I still have all my Boat Club menus which, addmittedly with hindsight, are full of prophetic encouragement (as well as a few unpublishable ditties). By the Lent term of my third year when I gained selection to Blondie, the CUWBC reserve crew, by the skin of my teeth, rowing suddenly became serious. It involved going outside our safe environs of the Cam to train and race. I had never envisaged myself in such a sporting atmosphere and after beating the Oxford reserves I found myself successfully fighting for a seat in the National Championships crew. It was the first multi-lane race many of us had completed in and we won bronze.

I was now happy to retire to post-university life in the metropolis. Within a year Judith Slater who I had rowed with in 1986 had persuaded me to join her London club of Thames Tradesmen. My progress from club crew to National Champion in 1990 and subsequent selection to the national team was so unintentional I find it difficult to pinpoint the conception of any masterplan. At no point did I think further than the next step, the next heat, the next race, next trials, next season. One morning I woke up in Vienna and realised that I would be racing in the final of the women's lightweight coxless fours at the World Championships. The worst I could do that day was to come sixth in the World.

I came second.

Bill Mason, a lightweight women's coach for many years, has helped set new standards for women's rowing in this country. Not just through the physical training programmes and technical coaching given to us over the last three years but also by teaching us to approach our training and preparation with the same mental determination as we do our racing. Without committed coaches like Bill and Roger womens' rowing will always suffer from second rate coaching, equipment and results.

British women at the top of many amateur sports struggle to compete against opposition with excellent coaches, facilities, support and funding. They also compete against mens' sport for coaches, funding and recognition. I do not believe in positive discrimination, but I do believe in recognition for laudable achievements. Judy Simpson, the Commonwealth Gold medal heptathlete and Honorary President of the Women's Sports Foundation, believes that the only way to get recognition from the media is to achieve excellence, "the men in the media do not want to report on mediocrity in womens sport, they have enough of it in their own." It is not good enough to win silver or bronze: we learnt that after winning silver at the World Championships in Vienna, 1991, and Montreal, 1992: we had only come second. Gold, I am happy to say, is a different matter. There are people, perhaps too many, willing to campaign for both men and women who are not sufficiently rewarded for the time, money and effort they put into sport, by campaigning with the media, grant-awarding bodies and the government. One thing that I have become aware of are the number of different organisations fighting for a piece of a very small sporting pie.

One of the very many events we were invited to after returning as World Champions last autumn was the Young Sportswomen of the Year Awards organised by the Women's Sports Foundation. A number of people, mostly sportswomen, were appalled by the lack of media coverage given to our medal in comparison to the two men's pairs. I had to admit to quite the opposite having become accustomed to virtually no recognition: at most we were given a brief mention in the last paragraph of a virtually non-existent rowing report in the sports pages, generally amounting to "...and the lightweight women went too".

More recently I made it to the first paragraph of the Guardian and the Daily Telegraph, admittedly due to non-appearance because of injury, rather than an excellent performance. Last year we were pictured in the Sunday Times, Daily Telegraph, Daily Mail, The Times and Daily Express; interviewed on Grandstand and News at Ten, invited to the BBC Sports Review of the Year and numerous other sporting and social events. The fact that they may not be as many, nor as prestigious as the men were invited to is irrelevant. We

are moving in the right direction. This year our crew was awarded the largest Sports Aid Foundation grants in rowing, quite an achievement; as a lightweight woman I was more than surprised to be invited to represent rowing on the British Olympic Association Competitors Council. It is important to have a voice within such influential organisations, too often women suffer from missed opportunities because they do not have the confidence to push themselves forward. Had Virginia Woolf been a sports woman rather than a writer she might still have blamed women's present circumstances on the historical dominance of men and perhaps concluded instead that a woman must have money and a boat of her own... To move rowing, women's rowing and women's sport forward into the politically correct 1990's will take positive action and commitment from today's athletes both now and when they retire.

In 1990, after winning the British National Championships and with the onset of national team trials, I promised myself that I would not let rowing determine my lifestyle, but opportunity did not exist then. A mere four years later I have put my career on hold, given up a reliable salary, job security and a good deal of social life to concentrate on training, improve my sculling, reduce stress from work, have time to rest, attend meetings, organise training camps, find sponsorship and represent fellow athletes. All of which has been made possible by that Gold medal, a substantial grant from the Foundation for Sport and the Arts, and the fact that women's sport is taken more seriously now than at almost any time in the past.

Old Johnian Henley Fund

The Annual Meeting of the Committee of the Old Johnian Henley Fund took place in the Senior Combination Room on Saturday 11 June 1994, with the Master as Chairman.

The committee voted to meet the costs of the LMBC Ladies' VIII competing at Women's Henley Regatta in full, and to contribute towards the costs of the Men's VIII entering Henley Royal Regatta. Additional grants totalling £4,625 were made to assist the Lady Margaret Boat Club with the purchase of rowing equipment in 1994/5.

The OJHF is funded by subscription from Old Johnians with the object of providing financial assistance for men's and women's rowing at LMBC, at all levels of the club; subscribers receive an annual newsletter with news of LMBC's progress on the Cam and elsewhere. Further information and subscription details may be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Neil Christie, c/o the College Office or telephone 0432 760560.

Barney Hamilton graduated in 1993. He spent 1993-1994 as the President of the Cambridge University Students' Union. In this article he talks about the state of student politics in Cambridge.

A Year with CUSU

Student Unionism in Cambridge and St John's

Twelve months on, I have not quite worked out what I owe Thomas Pritchard. As St John's JCR External Officer of 1992/93, the year I was President, it was Tom who put the idea of taking a sabbatical year with Cambridge University Students' Union – CUSU - into my head. On good days, I will swear that he changed my life. On bad days, Tom would do well not to come anywhere near me.

For those heavily involved in their JCR or MCR, to the degree that their study becomes a nuisance – an *inteference* with their other commitments – a sabbatical year seems the perfect way to escape the guilt of late essays, and an opportunity to attempt to make the changes to their College which they can only dream of implementing while working as part-time JCR Officers. However, the only student union sabbatical years on offer in Cambridge are with CUSU, which in the past took its intake from the student political groups of the University. Now the tide would seem to be turning as JCR Officers, unable to take sabbatical years with their own College student unions, graduate to CUSU. Cambridge has now seen the successive election of two JCR Presidents to CUSU President – the 1994/95 CUSU President, Anna Dixon, was Trinity Hall's JCR President this past year – and Independent candidates taking the majority of sabbatical places.

It is two and a half years since I was elected as John's JCR President, and first became involved with student unions – although at John's we tend to forget most of the time that our JCR is actually a student union. Indeed, much is given away about the general character of a College – is it steeped in tradition, or is it "radical"? – according to the name that students chose for their JCR. King's,

Clare, Caius, Christ's, Sidney Sussex, and indeed even Trinity, have renamed their JCRs to SUs. Nevertheless, it has been argued and will be argued, that SJSU does not have the same ring to it that St John's College JCR does.

Whatever they called themselves – JCRs, MCRs, SUs, SA(ssociation)s – Cambridge's College student unions, and CUSU and the National Union of Students with them, had more to worry about in October 1993 than simply their names. The 1993 Education Bill (Part II) threatened not only the existence of the NUS, but also CUSU and great areas of work carried out by college JCRs.

When the Secretary of State for Education, John Patten, announced plans for the government's intended implementation of voluntary membership – a principle to which the final bill actually bore no resemblance – on July 1st 1993 (the first day of work for the new and inexperienced student union sabbaticals around the country and when undergraduates had already left their colleges and universities for their vacations), most commentators gave student unions little chance of defeating the government. Even when the Department of Education backed down over its consultation period, postponing the deadline for responses to November instead of October, allowing for student unions to consult students who otherwise would not yet have returned from their holidays, few held out real hope. But win or lose, it was a chance, indeed almost an excuse, to publicise and explain what student unions do.

In Cambridge, this is no easy task, not least because the various levels of student representation and student unionism mirror the complexity of the University's structure as a whole. Whereas most Universities have one union, crystallised in the mind of their students by the union building, Cambridge's system is, predictably, more fragmented. The student union with which Cambridge's students have most day to day contact is their JCR (Junior Common Room) or MCR (Middle Common Room, for graduates), all of which are at different stages of development. JCRs and MCRs deal with college issues only, but pay an affiliation fee to CUSU, the University student union, which is intended, due to the role that JCRs and MCRs play, to be one stage removed from the ordinary student. The National Union of Students, to which CUSU in turn pays an affiliation fee, is even further removed.

Most students have a general idea of the work that their JCR Committee does, and if they do not, the day to day contact with committee members is likely to give them one. Yet contact with CUSU is either through *Varsity,* their JCR President or External Officer, or one of CUSU's publications. None of these three mediums gives students much sense of the identity of the organisation, and as such it frequently remains a body "out there" that is probably doing something, though no one is quite sure what.

By the start of 1993's academic year then, student union officers around Cambridge were working frantically to convey the importance of JCRs, MCRs, CUSU and NUS. The 1993 Education Bill, if passed, would mean that JCRs and MCRs would be allowed to spend their money only on what the government defined as core services: representation to their college, welfare provision, catering services, and sporting activities. All other activities, such as academic societies, cultural, religious and political societies, college newspapers, RAG and Student Community Action, Entertainments, television hire and newspaper provision, or external representation and affiliation, would be illegal if they continued to be funded through the JCR. Since all of these activities had no other source of money – except possibly Entertainments, which do make a profit for some college JCRs – it was quite possible that JCR activities, and the activities of students across Cambridge, would in future years be decimated by these plans. However, the possible effect of the Bill on JCRs was as nothing when compared to the threat posed to CUSU and the NUS.

In order to eliminate its main target, the NUS, the Department of Education had defined affiliation to external organisations as a non-core activity – one that could not be financed by the funds that student unions currently receive from the Government. It was only in November that the Department of Education finally confirmed for us that University student unions in collegiate institutions – such as CUSU in Cambridge, OUSU in Oxford and DUSU in Durham – would also be defined as being external in relation to their college JCRs and hence ineligible for funding. In short, no college JCR would be able to affiliate to CUSU. CUSU would die.

But at last CUSU was provided with the chance to demonstrate its worth to anyone who would listen. The death of CUSU would mean the end of student representation to the University. There would be no more student involvement in the debate of academic issues, be they the exam appeals process, the length of terms and a possible reading week, or the divide between University, College and Faculty teaching; co-ordination of Faculty Representatives would die out, leaving them even more isolated and uninformed than the University and Faculties already leave them; vital training of JCR Officers, from Presidents to Welfare Officers, from Women's Officers to Treasurers, along with any central organisation of JCRs and dissemination of information amongst them, would become support services of the past; handbooks, diaries and welfare guides would no longer be given out to every student and incoming freshers would no longer receive a First Year Briefing; overseas students would be even less catered for, with no specialised briefing; prospective job-seekers would no longer gain the benefits of the Careers' Handbook; the position of women within the University would be further undermined with the death of the Women's Campaign; college Welfare Officers would no longer receive briefings; the continued underfunding of the Counselling Service would remain discussed behind closed doors; the one University support group for Lesbians, Gays and Bisexuals, the LesBiGay Campaign would have to operate without a budget; issues of student debt and hardship would be left to individual JCRs, with neither the information nor the time to pursue them; the inter-collegiate mail service would no longer operate; discounts in stores across Cambridge would finish; prospective applicants would no longer be able to read about the Colleges in an alternative prospectus, and new sets of possible applicants would no longer be encouraged through the Target Schools campaign. And all this was just the start, with no mention of the effect of NUS's intended demise.

It was with some urgency, therefore, that we began operating one of CUSU's most intensive campaigns. Having submitted a 21-page reponse to the DfE by the start of October, CUSU had to relay the bill, its effects and our responses to JCR Committees, short of information and needing to be briefed. At an unprecedented meeting of JCR Officers, University administration, College Senior Tutors, College Bursars and Heads of Colleges, the CUSU

sabbaticals, together with the NUS President Lorna Fitzsimmons, outlined the effects of the bill, and set the ball rolling for perhaps the most important campaign CUSU has ever run, ironically much of it behind the scenes.

As JCRs encouraged and cajoled students into writing to their MPs (at a conservative estimate, over 4000 letters were sent in the Michaelmas term, with many students writing more than once in response to the form letter that was returned to students time and again, forwarded from the DfE by their MPs), so CUSU began lobbying, more tentatively, the House of Lords. As the term wore on, the list of MPs rebelling against the Government began to grow, whilst the opposition in the House of Lords, with its large Oxbridge contingent, actually began to give cause to be hopeful. Then, just as student unions across the country were fighting on one front, preoccupied with their own survival, the Chancellor, in conjunction with the Department of Education, struck on another. At the beginning of December it was announced that the student grant would no longer remain frozen, as it had for three years. Instead, it would be cut by 10% for 1994/95, to £2,040. In the new year CUSU and JCRs would draw students' and the town's attention to the cut with a publicity campaign that saw over 10,000 balloons hung around the Cambridge Colleges, with accompanying television and radio coverage.

After Christmas, we decided to step up the campaign against the Government's plans for student unions, in one last push to encourage students to lobby their MPs. By the beginning of February, with donations from Rank Xerox and Endsleigh for paper and envelopes respectively, 15,000 personally addressed letters to every student in the University had been printed, together with further briefings. In two weeks I had hand-signed over 10,000 of them. It was Friday. I had a weekend to sign another 4,000, before every one of them was sent out across the University. It was to be the first time that CUSU had made direct contact with every individual student.

At midday, we received a fax from NUS. In response to opposition from the Lords, amendments were being put by the Government to its own bill to remove everything that was considered a threat to student unions. The Government had backed

down, and student unions across the country had won. Glumly we dropped 15,000 letters into the recycling bin, knowing full well that most students would never know a thing about the letters. Rarely have sabbaticals greeted a victory with such annoyance!

The downside of the victory against student union reform was typical of many of this past year's successes. The Corn Exchange on October 30th played venue to CUSU's – indeed Cambridge's –most technically ambitious dance event yet held, *Unity,* organised with the help of Johnians Richard Reed, Adam Balon, Vicky Jacobs and Jon Wright. Described by NUS Ents as the most "sophisticated and imaginative involvement of visuals, sound and live entertainment [they had] seen that year" and with film footage requested for BBC2's DEFII, hopes were high at least for positive coverage in *Varsity.* But the University newspaper declined to run a review without an accompanying photo, and with gremlins attacking their photographer's camera, the only comment appeared a fortnight later – the lead story on how *Unity* had made a loss. Despite, in relative terms, being a smaller figure than most JCRs lose on their Freshers' Event, and being easily recoverable from CUSU's other profit making enterprises, the news was seized upon by some within CUSU, who are hostile to the idea of the union providing high-profile entertainments, preferring to concentrate on student demonstrations, to ensure that CUSU Ents died a premature death. It is on such days that Tom would do well not to come anywhere near me.

Personally, the most satisfying and rewarding part of my year as CUSU President – when I would swear that Tom had changed my life – has been the ongoing contact with JCR Presidents who now, through newly instigated CUSU Presidents meetings, form a far more identifiable group than in the past. This year has also seen a massive increase in the development and training that CUSU has provided to JCR Committees –which, however, it would not have been able to offer without the support of St John's. Throughout the year the conference facilities of St John's Fisher Building have been used in order to provide day-long training modules in representation (where John's Senior Bursar, George Reid, was kind enough the relay his experiences to newly elected JCR Presidents), rent

negotiations, developing JCRs, and finances, together with specific officer related training for Welfare and Women's Officers. That CUSU depends to such a degree on the kindness and understanding of individual Colleges only emphasises the need for larger premises for the organisation, or indeed for a central student building.

In running this training it has been fascinating to see how developed, or underdeveloped, JCRs in different colleges are; how in some it is the system that supports those who are elected, sometimes so much so that they find it difficult to impose their own personality on their year, and how in others the system is at such a basic level that it sways back and forth according to the whims of the personalities elected. And, having seen other colleges student unions, it is interesting to reflect back on the position of St John's JCR with respect to the rest of the University.

To take some examples: few college student unions are as well developed as Clare College's, whose levels of representation on College committees, services that they provide, attendances at Open Meetings and seriousness with which they take the issues are all above the norm. Queens', King's and Caius might all be grouped with Clare. On the other hand, only Magdalene's JCR has quite as poor representation as St Catherine's, or as low attendance at Open Meetings. And no college JCR is quite as hamstrung by College authorities as Peterhouse's when it comes to providing their students with Entertainments.

Where, quite, does St John's fit in? Traditionally, we are not a "political" College (not that the term should ever truly be applied to JCRs), with our outside reputation based more around sporting achievements than JCR activism: it is with a wry smile that members of the Student Socialist Workers Party at King's recall the John's rent strike of '93. Indeed, at a College where so much runs quite so smoothly, it is often hard to put a case for activism about anything.

But there are areas where John's JCR can develop, if only to enable it to recognise itself as a fully-fledged student union. Yet to develop fully, both students and College authorities need to reassess the JCR's role. Should the JCR be allowed representation on the

College's Governing Body or College Council, as in many other colleges? How should the funding of societies work? Should JCR Open Meetings (once again as in other colleges, and indeed other Universities' student unions) decide the allocation of the once-termed "capitation fee", as opposed to AFAC, the College committee which currently distributes the money? How can the JCR itself develop the value and importance of Open Meetings, to make them well-attended and a means of both directing the work of the JCR Committee and holding it accountable? Should the College authorities and the JCR work together to ensure that editors of the College newspaper, *Cripptic,* also be held accountable? Should the JCR start pushing women's issues more fervently, or entering into discussions with the College on the reasons behind the University-wide under-achievement of women? Does the JCR need an elected LesBiGay Officer? Might the JCR follow the example of other colleges, and set up charters for bedders, maintenance workers and other staff, to protect both the staff and the students' rights.

None of these questions generates quite the excitement of debates on whether to hold a June Event as well as May Ball, or whether to organise a rent strike. But they are all questions prompted by deeper concerns – concerns over representation, finance, accountability, gender issues, minority discrimination, and the community within the College – which ultimately need to be answered before major achievements can be made in more "exciting" areas.

CUSU, too, must soon go through a process of revaluation, a painful process which was begun this year, and which I passionately hope will continue. For too long CUSU sabbaticals, defending the organisation to students who did not understand it and to the University who had no desire to see it progress *rapidly,* ignored its inherent problems. In March more than 150 constitutional reforms were put forward for discussion. If over this next year these reforms – to reduce red-tape, increase JCR President's participation, increase the size of CUSU's Executive and increase the co-ordinating powers of the CUSU President amongst other things – are passed, then CUSU will evolve from being essential but slow to essential and responsive. Inevitably CUSU's situation within the University dictates that progress is slower than for JCRs dealing with their College – the University is a more complicated organism than any

college – while communication and co-ordination amongst college student unions is always hindered simply by the time it takes to reproduce every mailing three times (JCR President, JCR External Officer and MCR President) for all thirty-one Colleges. But a Cambridge University Students' Union operating as one with all College JCRs, as opposed to all of us dragging the others along, roughly in the same direction, would be a force to contend with, and a body that would achieve startling results.

One knows one's getting on when one starts getting nostalgic. Perhaps one day I will be nostalgic about CUSU; in the meantime I've John's JCR 1992/93 to keep me going. Last week, when attempting to pursuade another College's JCR President to be wise and not recklessly head straight into calling for a rent-strike, I was accused of being soft on College authorities. Don't get annoyed, I thought.

Anyway, I was told, didn't I know that John's went on strike some years ago?

Should I tell him? No leave it, I thought.

I should learn my facts, and read up on what happened, before I "chickened" out on him, he said.

Just smile. He's not to know, I thought.

Besides, he said, he had the best committee he could hope to support him.

And then I remembered: Mark Onyett, Tom Pritchard, Adam Balon, Richard Reed, Emma Butler, Alex Cowie, Abigail Woods and John Vincent.

And for the first time I felt like arguing with him.

CUSU was good, but not as good as that.

Commemoration of Benefactors
7 May 1995
Scholarship and Community

A sermon needs a text, and I take mine from Psalm 87, the first three verses:

> His foundation is in the holy mountains.
> The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.
> Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God.

I toyed with the possibility of starting with the first verse of Psalm 137:

> By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

That would have been an inappropriately sombre note to strike on the festal occasion that the Commemoration of Benefactors is, even if it chimes in with some of the memories evoked by VE Day. But the advantage of 'By the rivers of Babylon' is that in mentioning Babylon as well as Zion, the mountain of the holy city of Jerusalem, it introduces a polarity I want to explore during the next few minutes. I shall be inviting you to think about some different ancient ideas about the City of God hymned in the words of our text, and about what we may be able to get out of them in pondering the nature and role of a Cambridge College at the end of the 20th century. But as we shall see, those ancient ideas were invariably worked out in terms of a contrast: Zion vs Babylon, the *megalopolis* vs Athens or Carthage.

First, then, Babylon and Zion or Jerusalem, and the meanings which that polarity took on in later periods of antiquity. My edition of Peake's Commentary on the Bible, which as I rediscovered the other day I got as a College book prize in 1962, in fact suggests that already

in the Psalms themselves the thought of Zion begins to change from a memory of something actual and historical into a vision of the ideal. Thus Psalm 87 as it develops seems to count men of *all* nations as citizens of Zion, conceived as it is as founded by God and the object of his special concern - the only *true* city. If we move on a few centuries we find an eschatological conception of Jerusalem in the New Testament. The Book of Revelation identifies Babylon with Rome, the power dominant in this world, in the grip of the devil, whereas the new Jerusalem is the heavenly city of the world to come. And if from the time of the writing of the New Testament we move forward another two or three centuries, that eschatological opposition between Babylon and Jerusalem reappears as the idea underpinning the last great literary production of classical antiquity, St Augustine's vast work *The City of God*. But Augustine introduces a crucial variation in his handling of the theme: Babylon continues to represent the temporal powers which hold sway in the world as it is at present, but Jerusalem too is a *present*, as well as a future, reality. Jerusalem symbolises the Church, or rather the communion of saints, the society of the redeemed insofar as they behave *as* the redeemed, responding to divine grace and no longer motivated by the sin of self-love. To help his readers understand his idea, Augustine offers a sort of spiritual etymology of the names Babylon, Jerusalem and Zion, designed to point us in the right direction (see e.g. *City of God* XVII 16 and XIX 11; *Sermon on Psalm 64 [=65]*, 1-3). Babylon signifies 'confusion', but Jerusalem, he says, means 'vision of peace'. Zion is *speculatio*, 'looking ahead and around' (like someone spying out the ground) or *contemplatio*, 'looking intently upon' - for the Church looks to the great good of the age to come, or again, we shall one day look upon God face to face. In these explanations the two cities are characterised by the moral and intellectual states which typically prevail within them: muddle in the world about us, alertness and intensity of vision in the City of God.

Ancient pagan philosophy had its own version of this tale of two cities. Here, for example, is Seneca, at one time tutor to the Emperor Nero, trying in his *De Otio*, ch. 4, to get us to see how the corresponding distinction goes in Stoic thought. One term of the contrast is again the temporal power, as it might be the commonwealth of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the other a more universal society:

> Let us embrace with our minds two commonwealths: one great and truly common - in which gods and men are contained, in which we look not to this or that corner, but measure the bounds of our city with the sun; the other the community to which the particular circumstances of birth have assigned us - this will be the commonwealth of the Athenians or the Carthaginians or some other city.

I shall return later to discuss more closely what is the identity of the great universal community Seneca talks about. For the moment I want to concentrate on what he tells us next, about what *service* to the universal community consists in, and the circumstances in which the service can best be rendered. I quote again:

> Some give service to both commonwealths at the same time, the greater and the lesser; some only to the lesser, some only to the greater. This greater commonwealth we are able to serve even in leisure, or rather perhaps better in leisure - for then we may enquire what virtue is, whether it is one or many; whether nature or artifice makes them good; whether this universe is unique, or whether God has scattered many such universes about; whether matter is continuous or discrete and mixed with void; what God is - does he gaze idly upon his handiwork or does he manipulate it; is he external to it or does he infiltrate the whole of it; is the universe eternal or perishable? And the person who studies these questions intently (*contemplatur*) - what service to God does he perform? He ensures that there is someone testifying to the greatness of what God has brought about.

The typical undergraduate or the average Fellow of the College, if I may invent such unlikely fictional beings, will spend little time, despite the efforts of the Dean and the Regius, thinking about the scriptural cities of Babylon and Zion. With Seneca we reach something that sounds a bit more generally familiar - something not all that unlike a list of Tripos questions. What Seneca is itemising is a selection of fundamental intellectual problems: starting with ethics, moving on to what with a bit of interpretative charity might be regarded as biology, and then to physics and to cosmology, which

gets mixed up quite properly with theology. And the proposition he is advancing is the claim that academic study of such questions is not just academic. It is a form of community service. Indeed it is *the* appropriate form of service to the great universal community Seneca has been talking of.

You can combine it, he suggests, with the practical life of service to your country - to Athens or Carthage or whatever. But it is best performed in leisure: *otium* in the Latin. Here Seneca introduces a notion rich in both Greek and Roman associations. The Greek for leisure is *scholë*, from which we get the words school and scholar and scholarship. These English derivatives testify to a successful exercise in linguistic and conceptual hi-jacking on the part of classical Greek philosophers. They managed so to convince the educated public that the principal respectable *use* of leisure was philosophical study or intellectual conversation, that the word for 'leisure' came to *mean* - not always, of course, but often - discussion, disputation, and eventually a group or school of persons engaged in such discussion. It is rather like the way *symposion*, which originally meant a drinking party, is nowadays - thanks again to Greek philosophy - used mainly for a species of academic conference. At Rome the ideology of the aristocracy set a premium on a life devoted to public duty or (to put it differently) performance on the political stage. But the time and resources to enjoy leisure were also essential marks of membership of the elite, and as the Roman upper classes became Hellenised and absorbed a Greek education they too - or the more serious and cultivated among them - came to see the study of philosophy as an important ingredient in the proper use of leisure. Once again, philosophy here has to be broadly conceived as engagement with a full range of speculative questions in the way indicated by Seneca's list.

Yet there is a moral question mark over leisure. Even if it only punctuates public service, mightn't it really be just the pursuit of pleasure, self-indulgence? And isn't that problem magnified several times over if a person were to refuse or abstain from public service altogether, and devote their whole *life* to leisure, even in its elevated guise as scholarship and study of theoretical questions? Seneca himself puts the difficulty a page or two further on (*De Otio*, ch. 6):

> Have you resorted to *contemplatio* (study) for the sake of pleasure, seeking from it nothing but unbroken study without any outcome? For that is something delightful; it has its own allurements.

Of course he is absolutely right. The intellectual pursuit of truth in science and scholarship is, at its best, when things are going well, immensely enjoyable, even if, or perhaps especially because, it's hard work. And if you top it up with a good Feast in the evening, followed by the beauty of evensong next day and the strains of our Choir in full voice, it cannot be denied that the academic life has, in Seneca's words, 'its own allurements'.

Well, no doubt everybody present in this Chapel will have their own opinions on how big a role the pursuit of pleasure should play in study and in the lives of those who study, whether junior or senior members. Probably most of us will think it legitimate to wonder whether the increasing burdensomeness of many aspects of academic life doesn't destroy much of its point if it destroys the pleasure of it. For his part, however, Seneca makes not pleasure but service the cornerstone of his defence of scholarly leisure. His argument turns on a paradox. The scholar or philosopher withdraws from the public life of service to Rome or Athens, but this enables him to render a more important kind of service to the greater universal community. Zeno and Chrysippus, the main originators of the Stoic philosophy, did not lead a life of idleness, Seneca assures us. I quote him again (*De Otio* ch. 6): 'They found a way to make their own *quies*, quiet, a greater help to the human race than all the rushing around and sweating other people go in for'. For they discovered truths, as he believes, of lasting validity which are universally applicable.

What we may find particularly interesting in this ancient defence of study and the academic life is the argument that it constitutes service not to the state, to the public good of the United Kingdom, but to the entire human race. This runs flatly counter to the prevailing contemporary climate of thought about education in this country. Politicians at the moment are insistent on the contribution publicly funded research must make and must be seen to make to the national economy: this is the prime focus of the recent White Paper on

Science and Technology. Only two days ago I looked in at a conference held in College for teachers of classics in the state sector, a beleaguered body of people. One participant I chatted to at lunch commented on how refreshing it was to meet a group of colleagues who saw education as something other than the inculcation of transferable skills young people will need to be useful to the economy.

Of course, the contribution of education and research to national life can and should be articulated and defended, though in terms not limited to those. Bodies in receipt of public monies as we are have clear obligations in this regard. But Seneca's emphasis on service to what we nowadays call the global village is right. I won't elaborate on the obvious point that the truth about DNA is true for everyone, that the discovery of penicillin benefits people of every nation, or that good research on metal fatigue is good news for bridge users and air travellers everywhere. But it *is* necessary in the current politics of higher education to insist that, as my scientific colleagues in particular reiterate, worthwhile research has increasingly to be conceived and appraised within an international framework. And since our future as a species depends on international co-operation, the long-standing aspiration of the College and the University to admit and teach students from all over the world is of growing importance. One of the most moving occasions of the year in which the President is privileged to participate is the reception for new graduate students at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, when a stream of initially bewildered new members of the College flow into the Combination Room from every continent, with charming excuses in every kind of accent for what is admittedly, despite the vigilance of the Tutor for Graduate Affairs, not always - again initially - perfect English.

One of St Augustine's correspondents contrasted his conception of the true city with the Stoic one we've just been considering (Augustine, *Letter* 103): for them it embraces all mankind, whereas Augustine takes its membership to be restricted to the spiritually elect - to Christians, not to recalcitrant sinners. This seems a fair assessment, given the interpretation of what Seneca calls the *magna res publica* we have been following so far. But there is a further dimension to Stoic teaching about virtue and happiness in general and

about society in particular which brings their position closer to Augustine's than perhaps he realised. For in their view only people who lead their lives in a consistently rational way achieve goodness and overcome the tyrannous passions which make for misery. Only rational people are able to make profitable use of whatever natural advantages - such as good health and physical resources - they may have, or we may add, following the Linacre Lecturer's argument on Friday, get the proper benefit of the achievements of science and technology. And it is only so far as we behave rationally that we are capable of the friendship and altruism that make for a true community or society. All human beings, to the Stoic way of thinking, are *capable* of such behaviour, but few realise that potential. They never attain to full citizenship of the city of gods and men, but are at best resident aliens, at worst exiles and fugitives from its laws.

It is hard to avoid the suspicion that this Stoic model of the conditions for the creation of a true community is among other things a kind of idealising projection of the philosophical, or as we would say, academic life, a replica of the cooperative intellectual enterprise of the Stoic school as the Stoics liked to think of themselves. They make the ideal society sound like a community of scholars - a community which does indeed transcend physical barriers and national boundaries, as of course Fisher, Erasmus and the humanists of the early sixteenth century at the time of our founding knew so well.

The Stoic idea of how such a society should work draws heavily and unsurprisingly on commonplace features of the structure of ancient Mediterranean society. Ancient Greek and Roman communities owed much of their cohesion to reciprocity. The social glue was mutuality: acts of assistance swopped as need arose by neighbours, the favours of the great offered in return for services rendered by the small man, and generating the expectation of further services from him in the future - one good turn deserving and often getting another. In short, these were societies built on gift exchange, or as the Romans put it, on *beneficia*, which literally translated is 'benefactions'.

Stoicism had some radical and - within the cultural context I've just sketched - paradoxical things to say about the reciprocity which

should obtain in the good community. For them the intention behind a gift was what in the end really mattered, not the actual gift or benefit itself. What is more, in their view *every* virtuous act, performed with a proper intention, is a gift or benefit - and not just to the person who is the direct recipient of it, but to the giver himself or herself too and to the entire community. So if you put a lot of well directed effort into writing your essay, and behave in a considerate way to your supervision partner in and around the supervision, not only does that make for a good supervision, which your partner and hopefully your supervisor get something out of, but you do yourself a good turn - and the whole College benefits inasmuch as the general cooperative commitment to high standards of academic work is maintained and enhanced. Perhaps surprising, but, I suggest, true. As Johnians above all should be able to recognise, the intellectual life is a game requiring as much reciprocity as rugby or squash.

Nor was this point lost on the ancient Stoics. To illustrate the proper way to give and receive gifts, Seneca reproduces from the Greek Stoic Chrysippus some tips on the game of catch - handy evidence, I imagine, for writers on ancient Greek sport. Let me quote again, from *De Beneficiis* II 17.3-4:

> I wish to make use of an illustration that our Chrysippus drew from the playing of ball. If the ball falls to the ground, it is undoubtedly the fault either of the thrower or the catcher. It maintains its course only so long as it is kept in play between the hands of the two players throwing and catching just right. The good player, however, must throw in one manner to a partner standing a long way off, in another to one who is close. The same principle applies to helping or benefiting people. Unless this is suited to the position of both, giver and recipient, it won't leave the one or reach the other as it should. If we are dealing with a practised and educated partner, we should be bolder in our throwing of the ball. No matter how it comes, his ready, nimble fingers will whip it back. But if we are playing with an uneducated novice, we shall not throw it so hard or forcefully, but lob it more languidly - in fact we shall move towards him in a relaxed manner

> and guide the ball right into his hand. The same strategy should be adopted in helping people. There are some people we have to teach how to receive help. And we should judge it sufficient if they try, if they dare, if they are willing.

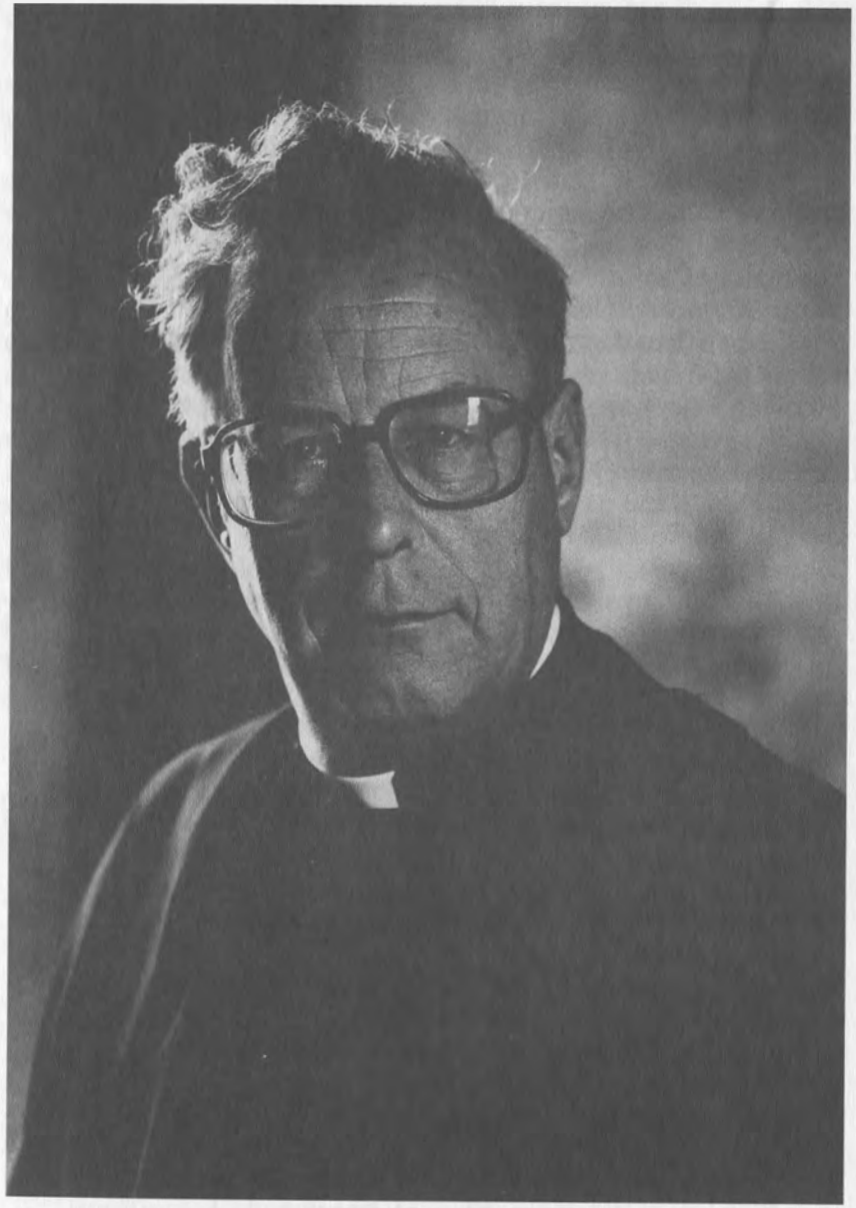
There you have the ethics of the supervision.

This piece of advice comes from a large treatise Seneca wrote in 7 books on moral questions about gift giving. It was entitled *De Beneficiis*, on benefactions. Had he been a Greek Stoic himself the title would have been *peri charitön*, *On Favours*; and here it is worth reflecting that *charis*, 'favour', is also the New Testament word for 'grace', since the final extract from Seneca I'm going to quote now seems to me not 1000 miles from the way Christians think about grace. Here is the passage I want to end this sermon with. Seneca says (*De Beneficiis* II 31. 1-2):

> This is in my opinion the least surprising or least incredible of the paradoxes of the Stoic school: that the person who receives a benefaction gladly, has already returned it. ... When a person gives a benefaction, what does he aim at? To be the cause of profit and pleasure to the person to whom he gives. If he accomplishes what he wished, and his intention is conveyed to me, and affects me with a reciprocating joy, he gets what he aimed at. He didn't want me to give anything in exchange. Otherwise it would have been not a benefaction, but a business transaction.

We can be sure that what our benefactors wanted was to be useful to the College and to give its members opportunities for proper pleasures. Those of us who have been privileged to study and teach here feel a profound sense of gratitude that our working lives - a bit of them, or in the case of some of us, a lot of them - have been lived in this place. If Seneca is right, and once again I think he is, our benefactors have therefore accomplished what they intended.

M.S.



Andrew Macintosh
Photo: Sally Soames

The Revd George Bush (BA 1981) is the Vicar of the Parish of St Anne, Hoxton, and was the College Chaplain from 1989 to 1994.

The New President: Andrew Macintosh

On 18 May 1995, the Fellows of the College elected the Reverend Andrew Macintosh to succeed Malcolm Schofield as President of the College, to take up office at the outset of the Michaelmas Term, 1995. The office of President is perhaps obscure to Junior Members in residence, who readily imagine that the Master enjoys sole executive power in the College. The President is elected to be the Senior among the Fellows; to encourage, support, entertain and perhaps warn them, and to exercise a wide influence thereby in College affairs. It might seem that the President has the right to be consulted in many matters touching upon the motives and manners of the College - save perhaps the Chapel; but with the happy election of Mr Macintosh, Dean since 1979, the writ of the President will stretch yet wider!

A former Chaplain, challenged as to how a topical matter of Church policy might be expected to affect the life of the College Chapel, suggested that for Andrew the Church of England and the Kingdom of Heaven were insubstantial things beside the Society which is Saint John's College, Cambridge. Certainly, in Andrew's presence the cares of the College can take on the seriousness of the fortunes of Israel on the lips of the prophets, and the promise of the Kingdom to come is traced in the images of tutorial intimacy, towpath victories and enthusiastic feasting. His election will give much pleasure to former pupils, oarsmen, Chapel attenders and especially perhaps to the College staff, whose warm regard Andrew has long enjoyed.

Andrew was born on 14 December, 1936, the son of the Reverend Felix Macintosh, a parish priest of High Church convictions who was to conclude his ministry in the lovely College living of Black Notley in Essex. Andrew went to Eastbourne College and came up

to John's in 1956 to read the Theological Tripos, in which he displayed a flair for Hebrew studies. Although sharing his father's Anglo-Catholic discipline, Andrew chose to train for ordained ministry at the sober Evangelical college, Ridley Hall on Sidgwick Avenue, where he recalls being mildly rebuked for walking his dog above a lecture room, as one of his erstwhile mentors held forth below.

Andrew was ordained (deacon in 1962 and priest in 1963) to serve as a curate in the South Ormsby group of parishes in the Lincolnshire Wolds under the Reverend Philip Goodrich, formerly chaplain of the College and now Bishop of Worcester. While still a curate, in 1962 he married Miss Mary Browning of Icklingham, Suffolk, with whom he has had three children; Alexander, an officer in the Brigade of Guards; Rachel, a pre-prep teacher in London; and Thomas, currently studying agriculture. Also part of the family is David, a foster son, now himself married with a young child. Mary Macintosh has spent most of her married life fostering children, and especially the handicapped, for which work she was awarded the British Empire Medal in 1989. Visitors to The Grove may successively be handed a drink and a baby!

In 1964 Andrew returned to academic life as a lecturer at St David's University College, Lampeter. He moved back to St John's as Chaplain in 1967 and was appointed *ad hominem* Assistant Dean in 1969. Although continuing to exercise a pastoral role, and not least as one of the Tutors, Andrew's principal concern as a College Lecturer has been with Hebrew Studies. He has directed the studies of all theologians in the College and has from time to time been puzzled by some of the courses offered, as well as the opinions of those in the Faculty of Divinity to whom he was bound to send undergraduates. He has lectured regularly in both the Divinity and Oriental Studies Faculties and his Hebrew classes have given delight to many.

In 1979 Andrew published a monograph on the prophet *Isaiah* for which he was awarded the higher degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1980. For much of the 1970s he was secretary of a panel of translators appointed by the Liturgical Commission to produce a new edition of the Psalter for use in worship, alongside the new services

which eventually appeared in the *Alternative Service Book*. In this venture Andrew collaborated with John Emerton and David Frost, also Fellows of the College, and the fruit of their labours is widely used in church worship. Somewhat reluctantly, they have recently embarked upon a revision which will take into account the demands of inclusive language. In recent years Andrew has been principally engaged upon a commentary on the prophet *Hosea* for the distinguished *International Critical Commentary* series, which volume is due to appear in the next year or so.

Andrew's commitment to teaching and research is matched by his attachment to the common life of the College. He was, for example, a prominent opponent of the admission of women in the early 1980s, but was an immediate convert when he observed how well the change worked. He likes to repeat the adage, 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over the ninety-nine Fellows who voted for women in the first place'. Andrew has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, rowing in the Fellows' Boat of 1978 (LMBC 11) which won its oars, and in the following year as the coach of the Sixth Boat he won a prow. He is a natural host with a talent for drawing into conversation even the most unpromising undergraduate; this, and his facility with languages, will be of great service as a principal entertainer of College guests during his years as President.

As *ex officio* Secretary of the Livings Committee, which assists in the selection of priests for over forty parishes of which the College is the historical patron, Andrew has been a dedicated supporter of the College's interests and a robust, yet realistic defender of the checks and balances by which the exercise of the Church's authority is rightly hedged about. He is no stranger to vigorous argument with those of the Church hierarchs who, seemingly unsympathetic to academic life, perhaps regret the College's continued interest. A Catholic Churchman, Andrew is refreshingly free of partisanship and has always welcomed the strong evangelical commitment common among many students. A Minister of the Crown recently described him as the best preacher in England; Andrew's style in this respect could perhaps stand as a job description of the College's President: warm, humorous, thoroughly scholarly and with a clarity of conviction, tempered by solid good sense.

Roy Papworth started work in the College Office in December 1951; he retired as Chief Clerk in November 1993. In this piece, which will be continued next year, he recalls his early years in the College.

Pig Club memories: some reminiscences by a former President of the Club

Having been a member of the College Pig Club for about 35 years, I was given the honour, in November 1991, of being elected its President for a term of three years. For those not familiar with College secret societies, the Pig Club was formed during the last war and was a means by which pigs could be reared by groups of people who could then enjoy the products of the pig without passing them all over to the Government.

When the original purpose of the club was no longer necessary after the war, it was decided not to dissolve it but to continue the club as a social venue for the officers of the College and senior staff to meet together. So as President I was following in the illustrious footsteps of such notable members of the College as Professor Glyn Daniel, Dr Clifford Evans, Professor H.A. Harris, Ralph Thoday, Head Gardener of the kitchen gardens in Madingley Road, Bill Thurbon, the Bursar's Clerk for many years, and Norman Buck, a long-serving and much respected Sub-Librarian.

It has been the custom to hold two ordinary meetings of the Club in each academic year, one in the Michaelmas Term and one in the Easter Term, at which members could continue to enjoy the products of the pig washed down with a suitable alcoholic or even non-alcoholic drink. At these meetings business is done in a suitably light hearted manner to be followed by a short address by the President. For me this was quite a daunting task for I was following in the footsteps of Presidents who could talk at length on country and piggy matters. My only knowledge of pigs is that, like horses, they have a leg at each corner, and so I was grateful when it was suggested that I should recall my early days in the College Office. This has given me the opportunity to compare the College of forty years ago and the College of today and once I sat down to do this I realised how much things have changed. The following reminiscences I have put together from the half dozen talks that I gave during my term as President.

Early Days

I first started work in the College Office in December 1951 at the age of 23 having done my two plus years National Service and spent two years in an estate agents office. My first impression was of how friendly the natives were. It was first name terms from the start which was a nice change from the previous two years being referred to as Mr Papworth and the two years before that by all sorts of titles.

The College Office in those days was situated on E staircase, First Court and the staff consisted of Arthur Martin the Chief Clerk, Harold Pettitt his deputy and myself as the male members, and the ladies were represented by Barbara Worboys, the Senior Tutor's Secretary, and two other secretaries. On the same floor was the Kitchen Office under the command of Ken North, the Steward's Clerk, and his staff consisting of Fred Benstead and one secretary.

Arthur Martin came to the College in 1926 and was the Chief Clerk in the College Office from 1946, and so, at the time of my retirement in 1993, there had been just two Chief Clerks in the College Office in nearly fifty years. I think this is either a tribute that we did the job right or simply that we were never found out.

Arthur Martin, Harold and myself all came from similar backgrounds in that we could all write shorthand, type and keep accounts and we all supported Cambridge City Football Club. One of the first things that struck me was that we finished work at 5 o'clock in vacations and 5.30 in term time, which was nice change from the 6 o'clock all the year round that I had been used to in the estate agents office. During term the College Office would remain open until 7 p.m. which suited Arthur and Harold very well as they didn't return after lunch until about 5 o'clock having spent the afternoon in their gardens, both being keen gardeners.

Arthur Martin lived in Gilbert Road and had a very long garden at the bottom of which he kept chickens. It was so long that he would ride up and down it on his bicycle when feeding the hens. He grew huge chrysanthemums and, if I had cause to call on him at the appropriate time of the year, I would come away loaded with armfuls of them and anything else that I could carry. It was said, perhaps unkindly, that he also grew the best bed of nettles in Cambridge.

He was, and he would no doubt have admitted this himself, a bit of a character. He loved the countryside and would have made an excellent farmer or market gardener. I have seen him in his element chasing a rat down Kitchen Lane and he could wring a chicken's neck in the twinkling of an eye. He was kindness itself and spent many hours away from his wife and son visiting sick College pensioners or helping some lame dog over a stile. He worked in the office in an absolute muddle and yet produced work of the highest order.

Arthur is no longer with us but Harold Pettitt is still very much alive and kicking and I see him for a word on most Sundays as we, as you might say, go to different churches together. Harold may not describe himself as a perfectionist but he was extremely neat and tidy in his work and liked things to be in their proper order. (He made an excellent first Chief Clerk of Churchill College when it was founded in the early sixties.) As an example of things in their proper order, in those days there were just two telephone boxes in the College, one on A New Court and the other in the JCR in First Court. These had to be emptied regularly, and so every Friday afternoon, at about the same time, he and I would carry out this task. We would emerge from the office, each of us with a box under one arm in which to put the pennies and shillings and it was always New Court first and then we would walk up to the JCR. Hardly ever can I remember doing it in reverse order.

If, as sometimes happened, the JCR box was occupied, we would read the Suggestions Book while waiting. In fact, I seem to remember there were two books, one for kitchen suggestions and one for general observations. These were often very amusing and some of considerable length and they became even longer when Dr Griffin was an undergraduate.

One of my first tasks was to wind the grandfather clock which stood in the corner behind my desk. This had to be done regularly every Saturday morning (no five-day week in those days). When the office was moved to Chapel Court the clock went with it and took its place in the Chief Clerk's office and so, when I succeeded Arthur Martin in October 1968, I again took on the job of winding the clock. So I have been winding that damn clock, man and boy, on and off, for over 40 years. It is an interesting old clock. Made about 1770 it tells one the time, the date and the phases of the moon and also the time of High Water at Bristol Quay.

It has been very much admired over the years, so much so that I have often thought that the tenth Commandment should be amended to read 'Thou shall not covet they neighbour's wife, nor his ass, nor his ox, nor his clock that standeth in the corner', though not necessarily in that order.

The office, being on E First Court, overlooked the court and therefore the Front Gate of the College. Arthur Martin always asserted that if you wanted to get hold of someone you had only to look out of the window and he would walk through the Front Gate. It was amazing how often this seemed to happen. When it did and AM spotted his prey, he would utter a loud cry and bound out of the door and down the stairs, usually catching his quarry before he reached the Screens.

High speed office procedures

My first job was the Bill Book, that is, the loose leaf sheets on which the students' names were entered. There were thirteen names across the top of each page and the charges down the left-hand side. These sheets were totalled across and later added up and each page agreed in the bottom right-hand corner. Nowadays we have just three charges for fees plus a room charge. Back in those days there were many more including an Admission Fee and a Matriculation Fee, a College Education Fee, Capitation Tax, College Establishment Fee, Kitchen Establishment Fee and then all supervisions were entered separately, sometimes five or six for one student. The University Lecture Fees came in separately from each Faculty and in the Easter

Term there was an Examination Fee, which varied according to the examination being taken. All students paid Caution Money, £30 for home students and £50 for overseas, and this was credited to their final account.

For everyone in College there was a room charge, not a single charge as now but one for the room, one for furniture and one for service and, just before I came to the College, a charge was still being made for the shoe black. A printed Room Book contained all the rooms with the charges to be made and the names of the occupants were written in at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term. This, of course, had to be added up and agreed with the Bill Book. In order to be sure that all the names were correct I had to go to each staircase in the College to check that the names painted up at the foot of the stairs agreed with my Room Book. I don't think anyone would consider doing this nowadays. But it was not as bad as it sounds. There was nothing further than the back of New Court except the bath house, squash courts and an orchard - no Cripps Building and no hostels existed at that time.

We did have one adding machine in the office, a Burroughs with a big bank of keys and, of course, in pounds, shillings and pence. Otherwise all items were added up in one's head or with the help of a ready reckoner. However, the adding machine was used for preparing the terminal bills, that is, printing and adding at the same time. As there were between 500 and 600 students this took about three days and getting things to balance at the end could be a bit tricky. My first term on the Bill Book was the Michaelmas Term 1951 and, I am pleased to say, the final figure came out right first time and Arthur Martin went out and bought me a packet of Players to celebrate. This was typical of him and, of course, went straight to my head. Needless to say the Lent Term wasn't right first time and I never qualified for any more cigarettes.

Thinking back it is surprising how many things that we take for granted nowadays just did not exist then. All the books were written by hand and they were bound - there were no loose leaf books apart from the Bill Book. When I asked if I could use my fountain pen when writing in the Bill Book, Harold told me that was simply not done and I was reintroduced to the steel pen of my schooldays

complete with bottle of ink and piece of blotting paper. This spat all over the place to start with but I soon got the hang of it and was able to write a quite good hand. Some of the books of the College are still written up with such a pen and ink.

There were no such things as photocopiers. We had an ink duplicator but if you wanted to make six copies of a paper, then you put one top copy and five carbons into a typewriter. If you made a mistake in the typing, then you had to separate each sheet from its carbon, insert a small piece of paper and start rubbing out from the front sheet, removing each small piece of paper as you went along. This definitely made for careful typing - you didn't want to repeat the exercise too often.

Our first copier, I seem to remember, took positive and negative paper. Firstly the positive paper was inserted together with the paper to be copied and when this had emerged, then the negative was put in the copier, or was it vice-versa? One thing I do remember about our first Xerox machine was that it had a habit of sending one's copy up in smoke. If the paper jammed then the baking process continued and the paper became charred and started to smoke. The instruction in these circumstances was, that whatever happened, you didn't open the doors in the front to free the blockage as the machine would go up in flames. It never did but we had plenty of smoke sometimes and it was just as well that we didn't have smoke detectors and a sprinkler system.

As I said, we did have one Burroughs adding machine and this was later increased to two. But there were no micro-chips and thus no electronic calculators. Calculations were done on paper with the help of a ready reckoner. I remember Aubrey Silberston, when he was Tutorial Bursar, asking me how we did our calculations and when I replied 'on the back of an old envelope' he went out and bought a Facit calculator. This, although driven by electricity, was mechanical and after much huffing and puffing and whirring, it would produce an answer. It ended it's days in the Chapel Court cellar and, when the new Library was being constructed, was thrown out when space was needed for books. Sadly, it bore no resemblance to the calculator sold at Sotheby's about twelve months ago for several million pounds.

Some will remember that in those days there was the quaint custom that all receipts and all cheques had to bear a twopenny stamp. Also, any cheques paid into the bank had to be endorsed by the payee on the back before they would be accepted. The College banked with Barclays in Bene't Street and had the special arrangement that no one in the College endorsed the cheques but they were instead done by the cashier when they were paid in. This was quite a good arrangement except when there were a lot of cheques, then the person paying them in was not very popular with the cashier in the bank. When I came to the College that person was me! I remember I would look along the line of cashiers to see which one looked to be in a good mood and had eaten a hearty breakfast. If I picked correctly then things were not too bad but, if not, the language was really worth listening to.

In those days most staff were weekly paid. A few were salaried and they were paid quarterly. The College Office was responsible for paying porters, gardeners, gyps and bedmakers, office staff, etc. There was no Wages Clerk as such - one of the secretaries would write up the two wages books that we had, and Harold or myself would check them, add them up (in one's head of course) and ink them in. All weekly staff were paid in cash as they have been until recently, when the cash has been delivered to the College in an armoured van and taken to the office by a man wearing a crash helmet and bullet-proof vest. Not so in my early days - I used to pop along to the bank on the bike! - fill a cash bag with the money, put it in my saddle bag and ride off down Bene't Street looking innocent. Anyway, nothing ever happened and I always returned safe and sound.

Footnote

Many of the above reminiscences I have taken from memory and some stories and anecdotes have come to me second or even third hand. If they are not entirely accurate, then I apologise, but I would suggest that they now form part of the folklore of the College.

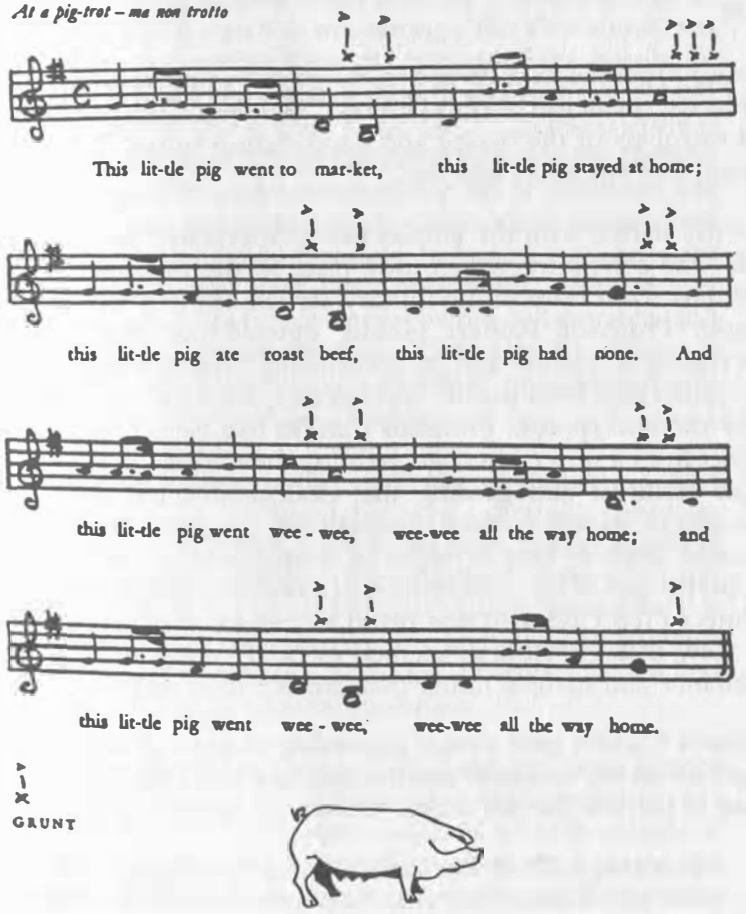
During the preparation of these notes for *The Eagle*, my twin brother, John, to my great sorrow, has died. I am indebted to him

for many of the stories of the maintenance staff and I would like to dedicate these reminiscences to him in memory of the many happy times we had together.

More of Roy's memories will be printed in next year's Eagle.

8. THE PIG CLUB ANTHEM

Set to the tune of 'Goshen', or 'Summer Suns are Glowing',
by Robin Orr, *Keeper of the Pig's Music*,
1955



An Account of the Official Opening of the New Library

September 27 1994

Whilst Open Days for the new Library were held on 11 February 1994 for College Librarians and Assistant Librarians, and on 17 February for the Press, both local and national, the formal Opening Ceremony did not take place until Tuesday, 27 September 1994.

Some 300 people were invited to the occasion, these included Heads of Houses, principal donors, Fellows, members of the College staff and members of the design and construction teams. The Dean of Chapel had ensured a fine day!

The day started with the visitors being entertained to coffee in the Hall. The ceremony, which took place in the new sunken courtyard directly in front of the Library, started at 11.00 a.m. The then Master, Professor Robert Hinde, opened the proceedings by welcoming all present and by introducing Professor Peter Carolin, the Cambridge Professor of Architecture, who had been invited to make the lead speech. Professor Carolin had been involved in the project from a very early stage, assisting the College in the selection of an architect and guiding the College through the intricate processes of an architectural competition, which went to a number of stages. Perhaps here it might be appropriate to mention that at the later stages of the competition activity the subsequently chosen architect (Ted Cullinan) was heard to remark that he had formed the view that the College seemed to be selecting an architect for endurance and stamina rather than architectural skills!

Professor Carolin gave a most interesting address, speaking at some length about the architect and the building and I thought it appropriate to include the full text of his speech in this account:

> Returning to the office on a Monday morning almost 34 years ago, I asked my first employer how the Saturday afternoon opening ceremony of the small swimming pool and conservatory for which I had done all the working drawings had gone. 'Very well', he said, 'apart from the entries in the client's Visitor's Book.' It appeared that the client had started with the word 'Inspiration' and entered his own name against it. This was followed on the next line by 'Architect' and my employer's name and so on. 'Quite wrong', spluttered my normally calm and very modest employer, 'the inspiration was mine'.
>
> Over the years, I came to the conclusion that my employer - who ran a small country practice and from whom I learnt much - was wrong. The first move was the client's: it was he who had conceived the possibility of a pool, who had selected the site and had chosen and put his faith in the architect. And if the architect's role is difficult, so too, is that of the client: computers, cookers and cars may be purchased with the aid of consumer test reports - but every building is a one-off, commissioned by a client who may be spending the largest sum of money for which he has ever been responsible, employing a group of persons who have never before collaborated (and never will again) in a situation which is totally unique. It is a nerve wracking situation in which time, money and reputations are at risk on all sides.
>
> This College rose to the challenge of building a new Library in a wholly admirable way - carefully considering the alternative sites, making the very courageous decision to proceed with the most controversial site of all and then searching for an appropriate design. Such a task is difficult enough when the client is an individual but with a very large Governing Body the potential for endless debate and compromise is enormous.
>
> Selecting an architect is one thing: working with him or her is another. Such a collaboration requires the client's time, patience and involvement in a wholly unfamiliar process. Once again, the College came up trumps: the success of this Library owes as much to the efforts of the

Librarian, Amanda Saville, as it does to the designers, Edward Cullinan Architects.

This is, rather surprisingly, Cullinan's first building in Cambridge (or Oxford). Ted Cullinan, who is at present in America planning the extensions to the University of North Carolina's vast campus, is well known in Cambridge architectural circles. A man of no great height, he was, as an undergraduate, once stopped by a policeman as he cycled along Kings Parade in the rain. It was not the very large drawing board that he held under his left arm to which the policeman objected - but the open umbrella which he clutched with his right hand. Later, he taught at Scroope Terrace and many of his colleagues have been Cambridge educated. Ted loves making things, has built a number of houses including his own, runs his office as a co-operative and, together with his colleagues, has a remarkable ability to engage in a creative dialogue with his clients.

Cullinan's were the only team who came up with a proposal which did not involve the demolition of the Penrose building. Instead, they suggested gutting and remodelling the existing building and adding a crossing to it in the form of a gatehouse facing the Chapel and an apsidal end projecting into the Master's garden. The view from the Lodge has been enhanced, the new Library has entered into a conversation with Gilbert Scott's looming pile opposite and what was a rather unattractive court has been reordered into a harmonious whole.

Let us spare a thought too for Francis Cranmer Penrose, the other architect whose work forms part of the new Library. A hurried search in my Faculty library earlier this morning revealed that he not only won the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture but, as an undergraduate at Magdalene, rowed in the blue boat on three occasions (winning twice). His building here has, in the tradition of many simple collegiate buildings, proved endlessly adaptable and has formed the starting point for many of Cullinan's most felicitous details.

Architects too often get all the glory but Cullinan's would surely be the first to admit that the engineers and surveyors have played a major role here. Hannah Reed brought their considerable knowledge of the College and local conditions to the extraordinary complexities of working with the old building and detailing the many exposed structural elements; Max Fordham and Partners have done a masterly job in designing what must be the first major 'green' building in the University - there is no air conditioning, the natural ventilation works very well and the lantern, as you surely know, is far more than a mere decorative folly; and, finally, Davis, Langdon and Everest have added one more to the astonishing tally of fine University and College buildings on which they have advised on costs.

To the untutored eye, this building betrays no hint of the complications of its construction, of the struggles and tenacity that lie behind its remodelling and extension and of the careful co-ordination that ensured the logical sequence of assembly of some quite complex elements (such as the external walls to the new crossing). But, as you wander round the building, you cannot fail to be impressed by the quality of the materials and workmanship, of the weatherbed Ancaster stonework, the internal joinery and metalwork and the lead roofs. Forming, shaping and assembling this work in all weathers and light conditions and completing it in the space of 15 months from June 1992 to November 1993 has been the task of many suppliers, sub-contractors and craftsmen led by R G Carter Ltd. - an East Anglian firm who, unlike so many of their competitors, have stuck to what they do best - building. Long may they continue to do so. And, if you want to see a very different example of their skill, I suggest that you take a look at the recently completed Library at Downing. The architectural comparison is quite interesting, too.

We owe an immense debt to our predecessors for the marvellous surroundings in which we live and work in

this University. We have a responsibility to ensure, as this College has done, that we pass on to our successors a place no less inspiring than the one we have inherited and for which we are now responsible. Between them, the University and colleges have a massive building programme and yet there is no forum in which a balanced discussion can continue on the most appropriate means of procuring buildings. I will refrain from mentioning some of the actual consequences of this but I would like to point out that project managers can be a very poor substitute for client commitment, that biggest is not best - the most successful developers in the country use small firms of architects but ensure at the outset that they are properly supported - and that the motives of 'experts' (such as myself) need to be carefully assessed. Is it not time that such a forum was created?

Architectural taste is fickle. So far, this building has been both praised and condemned by architectural journalists. Writing about the lantern, one local critic stated that 'Amidst the real monumentality around, it feels like a gift from the cornflakes'. But the most meaningful assessment of this building will surely come from those who use it and look on it. I would like to think that when the dust has long since settled, the exterior has weathered and many generations of students and several librarians have inhabited it, a future Master will still be able to say as you, Master, were heard to on Open Day earlier this year - 'I don't care what you architects think about it, what matters is that the undergraduates like it.'

Professor Carolin was followed by Professor Hinde who explained in some detail how the College had tackled the various aspects of this large development, from initial concept to the finished building. He went on to thank all concerned with the project, the design team, the construction team and the College personalities who had been involved. At this point, the College Choir conducted by Mr Christopher Robinson, and positioned in the archway to the main Library entrance sang two motets by Bruckner, a fitting finale to the ceremony.

All that then remained was for the tape, which had been set across the brick columns in front of the main door, to be cut - an act Professor Hinde achieved with a single snip of the scissors as he declared the Library formally open.

Robert Hinde cuts the ribbon to declare the Library officially open

The next hour passed with the visitors touring the entire Library, both the new building and the refurbished old Library. The Librarian's arrangements ensured that experts were always on hand to guide and explain - it was a very happy and satisfying tour. The visitors then retired to lunch in the Hall and the Combination Room, again joined by the Librarian's team of experts. The Library remained open throughout the afternoon for those who wished to revisit, and many did.

It was a very happy occasion and the culmination of a great deal of planning and detailed activity which had started in earnest some three years earlier.

R.H.R.

A view of the main entrance hall from the issue desk

Colin Rice, of Edward Cullinan Architects, first came to St John's in July 1990 on a preliminary visit with Ted Cullinan. He saw the building through from initial concept to completion, latterly as project architect. In this article he describes some of the principles underlying the design process.

The New Library at St John's College

At the completion of a project like the new Library at St John's College there is usually so much relief that the building is at last finished that both the ideas behind the design and how it will have to adapt to changing circumstances are often forgotten. So when I was asked by the Librarian to write an article for *The Eagle* I decided to offer some reflections on both these aspects.

Stewart Brand, in his recent book *How Buildings Learn: What happens after they're built* makes a potent case for buildings that can gracefully adapt with time and mocks and condemns the object buildings of architects which, from the day they are completed, frustrate and disappoint their owners and users.

Central to his argument is the observation that the word 'building' is both a noun and a verb, the object and the activity. The essence of buildings in reality is that they must change over time. A work of architecture on the other hand, he contends, merely strives to be an object of beauty, and, like most other works of art, is designed without the dimension of time.

He develops this argument[1], by distinguishing a number of layers in the make-up of a building the lifespan of each of which is shorter than the preceding one [fig 1]. These are:

•site: the physical setting which will outlast the building it supports. It is not unchanging: in Chapel Court, as recently as 1939, the ground level was raised by Edward Maufe with the unhappy effect of submerging the Penrose building. Nevertheless the site is clearly the most resistant part of a building to change.

•structure: the foundations and load-bearing elements which can last from decades to hundreds of years. Being expensive to change they generally are not radically altered.

•skin: the building envelope which is more susceptible both to deterioration from weathering and to rising standards of such matters as thermal insulation and as a result may well be rebuilt, overclad or replaced during a building's life.

•services: the drains, wiring, data cabling and alarms: all the working parts. These have relatively short lives. 'Many buildings are demolished early if their outdated systems are too deeply embedded to replace easily'.

•space plan: the interior layout of walls and ceilings and doors that can be expected to change many times in a building's life, and the

•stuff - the furnishings, furniture and decoration and loose equipment that is constantly on the move.

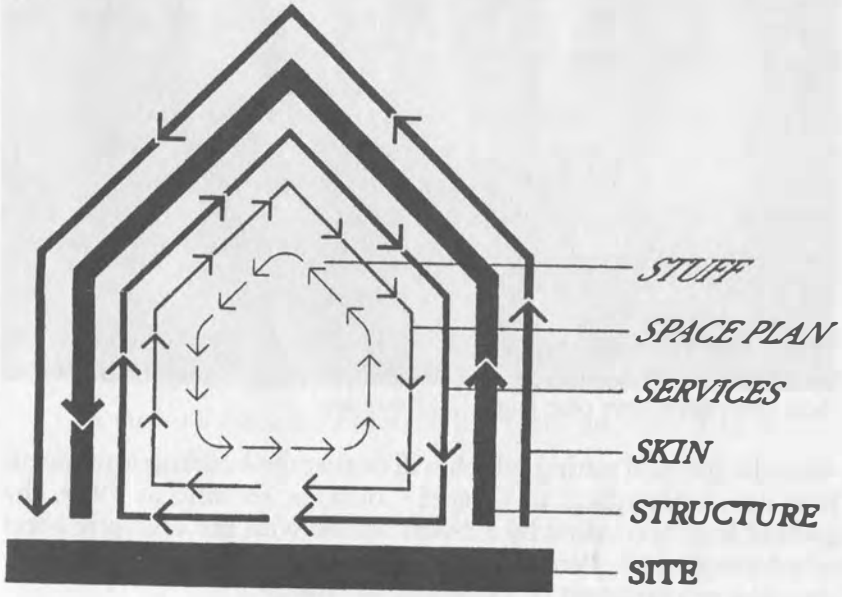


Fig 1 Layers and change (source: Brand)

A good building judged according to this argument is one which facilitates the natural rates of change of these various inevitable layers.

Being involved with St John's College for five years in the process of making a new building, it would be impossible not to have become aware of the continual process and pattern of change in the building fabric of the College. Indeed, as architects for the new Library we have played a small part in a continually evolving relationship between the human activity of the College and the physical framework of its buildings.

The sixteenth and seventeenth century buildings of the College's three historic courts provide an excellent model for adaptable space for the kinds of functions expected of them: shallow in plan so that they can be daylit and ventilated from both sides, three storeys high with many actual and potential entry points off the courts. Alec Crook has recorded in detail the steps by which these have actually changed over the past five centuries[2]. Recently this adaptability has been dramatically demonstrated by the astonishing way in which the sixteenth century buildings of First Court sustained the refurbishment of the kitchens to 1990's standards.

Because of this potential for adaptation it is all the more interesting to note the exceptions. Of these the old Upper Library stands out: apart from the raising of the book cases in 1740 to accommodate the books left to the College by Thomas Baker, the addition of the spiral staircase in the mid nineteenth century and the discreet installation of electric light and services it remains as it was built and had its 'stuff' installed.

In the context of this pattern of change - and with the existing Library celebrating immutability in the face of change all around - how should the new Library be? We were conscious that it was likely that the whole nature of libraries might change in the foreseeable future, certainly within the life of the new building. Indeed, this already has begun to happen. Reference material is now available on CD ROM. Books may become available electronically, accessible from a central database via terminals in every student's room, making the whole building redundant. With these possibilities in

mind, and they seem closer to reality now that they did five years ago, one approach to the building would have been to provide a serviced shell in which shelves could easily be replaced by terminals as required.

And yet one suspects that there will always be a need for a library of traditional books. In the same way that the College's historic manuscripts are available to scholars and form part of the collection of the College, so CD ROM, the Internet and its successors will form parts of the service that the Library can offer alongside traditional books on shelves. This suggests that what is important is that the building can adapt to such different media, and that it has within it a good balance of appropriately sized and serviced spaces where both the storage of material and study can take place.

The idea of a serviced shell is inadequate. The quality of the spaces where these activities happen must be balanced with their adaptability. Louis Kahn, architect of the library of the Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, gave much thought to the relationship between the reader, the books and the building housing them. With characteristic concision he observed that the instinctive behaviour of the reader was that 'a man with a book goes to the light. A library begins that way.' 'The windows should be made particular to suit a student who wants to be alone even when he is with others.' From the entrance one should be able to see the books and sense their invitation'.

Here is the essence of a library: the twin yet contrasting functions of a library as a container for storing books and providing places for study, with the implied contrast between light and dark spaces. Books should be kept in a relatively dark place, but to read the page must be well lit.

The way the balance between these two functions is held determines much of the character of a library. The old Upper Library has a clear and calm rhythm of shelves against piers and lecterns in front of the tall windows: nevertheless from the time its lecterns were raised to an impractical height it is a library in which the books dominate the readers. As the number of books increases, both numerically and in proportion to the number of readers, a new

pattern emerges: that seen in, for example, the British Library with its closed stacks and vast reading room. In contrast to either of these models, we favoured the idea of studying in book-lined rooms, which seemed more appropriate for a new college library.

From the earliest stage of the design when it was proposed to keep the Penrose building rather than demolish it, this idea determined the basic subdivision of the plan. The retained Penrose building with its thick masonry walls and small windows was the natural home for the majority of the books, and the new wings with their open corners the place to create the majority of the reading places. Old and new, heavy and light; a series of distinct, definite and characterful places.

Modern libraries can be bland sterile machines for storing books and cramming facts. We wanted this library to be a welcoming place where the users would feel at home. It should be easy to move within and give delight in doing so.

A library is a public building in which the normal public activities - such as meeting for discourse or entertainment - do not happen. How individuals behave in such an environment is interesting. A comparison can be drawn with the regular travellers on trains or buses who may have a favourite seat - or seats, chosen according to their mood or their knowledge of how the sun enters. A library is a public place but with the potential to create a personal world for the individuals who use it.

One of our main objectives was to create a library which offered a range of different places - to create potential favourite places for different personalities, from exhibitionists who might favour the oriel window over the main entrance or the projecting desks on the mezzanine, to recluses who might prefer the desks without views at the end of the first and second floors. The repetitive form of the windows in the new wings creates reading places which take advantage of the views out into the College with each having a unique aspect.

How is this objective of place-making compatible with that of adaptability? Although the Penrose building was 'retained' this is perhaps an illusion: its stuff, space plan, and services layers were

removed: its skin - the walls but not the roof - were kept but even the structure was substantially altered by the underpinning and construction of the basement beneath it.

One answer to this question lies in the way that the electrical and data services run throughout the building in a way that will enable terminals to replace shelves. Most of the desks have data and power supplied to them.

In the old Upper Library every book has its place and there it is and will remain. The content of each bookstack is recorded in a little panel on its end. Although the principle of identifying the content of specific shelves remains the same, in spite of the physical similarities, in the new Library the concept is quite different. The layout of the collection on the shelves is flexible and can and will change. The use of the OPAC (online public access catalogue) terminals mean that searching the catalogue can now be done throughout the Library rather than by a card index near the entrance. The signs on each floor and on each bookstack provide readers with clear guidance as to where to find books. The signs on the stacks are moveable and easily changed so that as the stock changes and shifts, the signposting to it can easily follow.

I have talked about functional layers in relation to the question of how buildings change over time. I want finally to say something about how the idea of layers in the way the building is detailed reveals its modern character.

The competition scheme was in many respects a more modern building than the final scheme. As Ken Powell in his recent article in *Perspectives* magazine notes, Ted Cullinan hates to be regarded as 'the acceptable face of modernism': he sees himself very much as a modern architect. In what way is the building modern?

The key drawing [fig 2] presented at the initial presentation shows the strategic approach to making the new building, the literal transformation of the Penrose building by the new crossing.

The composition of the competition scheme offered a much clearer distinction between the masonry massiveness of the Penrose build-

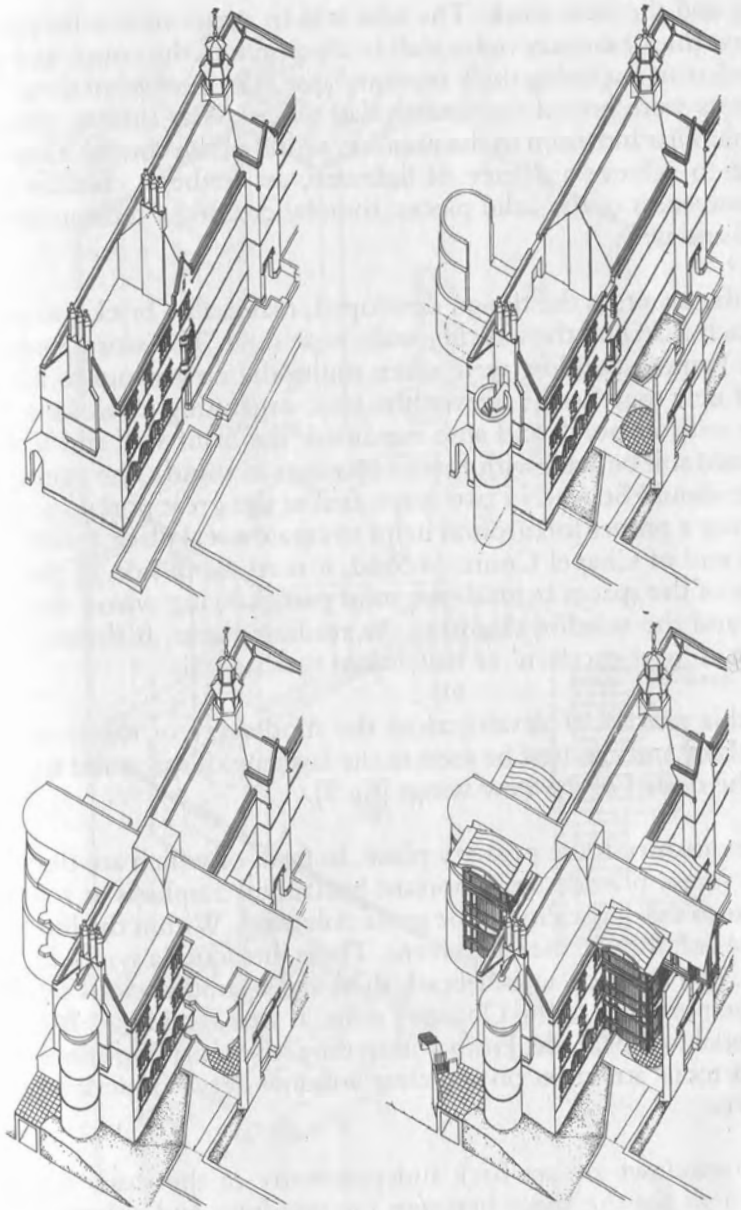


Fig 2 The transformation of the Penrose building: the competition scheme

ing and the new work. The idea was to create new solid pieces: a great thick masonry outer wall to the porch in the court, and in the garden an enclosing thick masonry apse. Then between these heavy pieces were poised the timber clad wings. Why timber, clearly an unfamiliar intrusion to the masonry world of the courts? The reason was to achieve a degree of lightness, an aesthetic contrast to the massiveness of the solid pieces, thereby creating a tension between old and new.

In the event, as the design developed, materials - brick and stone - which matched the existing walls were used. The string courses of the Penrose building were taken round the new wings to bind old and new together. However, the basic organising idea of the crossing with its porch and apse remained: the front wall and rear wall should still be seen with these objectives in mind. The front elevation should be read in two ways: first as the great portal, which by having a proper foreground helps to create a real place at the southern end of Chapel Court. Second, it is an expression of the function of the spaces behind, the solid part showing where the books are and the windows lighting the reading places. It should not be seen as 'post-modern' or half-baked neoclassical.

In this process of development the modernity of the design was subdued and can best be seen in the layering of space and materials in the design of the new wings [fig 3].

The masonry is the primary plane, in front of which are the ladder rails (these provide an important horizontal emphasis as a counter point to the verticality of the stone columns). Within the line of the stone columns lie the sun screens. These introduce a symbolic function, as a defence against book theft and a subconscious reference to the portcullis of the College's arms, as well as adding a finer level of detail to the facade. From within they have a shading effect which helps focus attention on the clear window between desk and light shelves.

The windows are set back independently of the stone columns, sufficient for the space between the windows and columns to be seen. From a distance there is of course a resonance between the Library windows and the bay window of the Master's Lodge, and

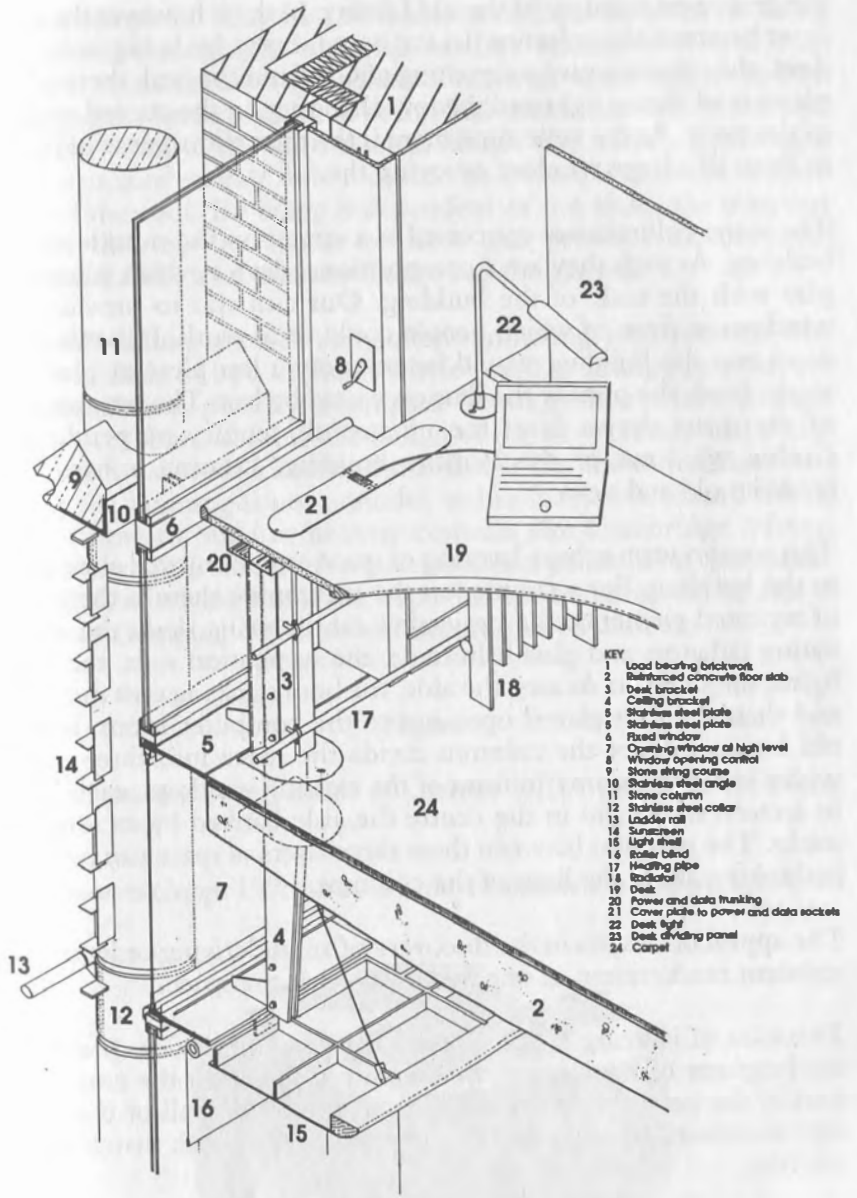


Fig 3 Isometric of the reading bay construction

the great west window to the old Library. In these however the glass is set between the columns. In the new Library, by being independent, the columns give a screening effect: from the desk there is the pleasure of seeing light and shadow changing on the curved surface of the stone. At the same time there is the marvellous sense of being in front of a large window, enjoying the full view.

The stone columns are conceived as a screen on the outside of the building. As such they are a compositional device which is used to play with the scale of the building. Our aim was to provide big windows in front of which people could sit to work. If that was all there was the building would be certainly a less pleasant place to work. From the outside the illusion would be lost. The proportions of the stone derive from the nineteenth century perpendicular Gothic windows of the Penrose building, creating a harmony between old and new.

This composition using a layering of space can be enjoyed elsewhere in the building. For example, on the mezzanine there is the series of repeated elements: the projecting cantilevering desk, the alternating radiators and glass balustrade, the suspension rods, the desk lights, the short bookcases, the aisle, the bookstacks against the wall, and then the four glazed openings to the computer room. In the old Lower Library the columns divide the space into three parts, with a series of 'rooms' in front of the existing windows, each with its lectern stack, and in the centre the aisle flanked by its sentinel stacks. The junction between these three layers of space can be seen by looking along the lines of the columns.

The appeal of this lies in the discovery of an underlying order in the apparent randomness, as one moves through the space.

This idea of layering is not a peculiarly modern device. Much of the language of neoclassical architecture is based on the compression of the peristyle of the temple and the blank wall of the cella into an elaborated wall plane that implies greater depth than it actually has.

What is different in modern architecture is that the composition of this layering is abstract, without reference to the particular model

of the temple. It may be the function of each layer that is being expressed, through the materials used to achieve it. There is an enjoyment of lightness and planes of material which appear to float allowing the limits of space to be implied rather than strictly defined. The new roof to the third floor illustrates this. Here a lightweight steel structure enabled new rooms to be created within the original line of the roof. By being independent of the walls, the structure allows the roof to appear to float and provides unobstructed windows and views into the Court and the garden.

A good building resolves many, often conflicting, requirements. The result is likely to be a 'difficult whole', rich in ambiguity, reference and association, possibly incomplete but suggestive of how it might adapt over time. Because the design of the new Library had a long evolution we would like to think that it has these qualities. As a result the building is not a model, either for how a library should be, or how to build in historic contexts like Cambridge. Nevertheless certain basic aims for how the Library should be were maintained. Underlying this is the hope that the building will be able to adapt to changing demands and become loved with age.

Notes

[1] based on the observations of current RIBA president Dr Frank Duffy

[2] *Penrose to Cripps* 1978 and *From the Foundation to Gilbert Scott* 1980

Continuing the Library theme, and linking with an article in the 1993 Eagle about a particularly rowdy bumps supper, the following extract from a letter of Stewart Priston (BA 1902) to his father shows how undergraduates were not always so respectful of the Library...

Union Society

26.II.1901

My Dear Father,

By the time you get this I suppose even half mourning will be almost over, but here the first stunning effects of the death of the Great Queen are only just wearing off. Your last letter which reached me a few days ago was written about a week before the first news of the illness came. I suppose that out in China until the fatal blow fell you scarcely thought much about it, but here where the telegrams of alternate faint hope and utter despair arrived hourly at the Union everything was forgotten in the one sad topic. On the fatal Tuesday evening the ordinary Choral evening service was proceeding in Trinity College Chapel - the Queen had been prayed for in the ordinary course in the Service. Just at the end however the Porters brought in the News from the 'Union' but were only in time to tell the organist Dr. Gray. Consequently the announcement to the crowded congregation took the dramatic but startling form of the Dead March from Saul at the end of the Service.

We of the C.U.R.V. had the privilege of lining the route of the funeral cortege in Windsor Castle just outside St George's Chapel. We had this melancholy pleasure because of the fact that the King is our honorary Colonel. It was of course a spectacle which will probably never be equalled and we had the best possible view of it all. The Royalties, Serenities, Holinesses, and Nobilities all passed down so close to us that we could have touched them with our rifles and then after the service they all repassed us together with all the Royal Ladies and Children and all the hundreds of British and foreign dignitaries that had not figured in the procession. It is not a duty that we shall any of us forget, and lest some of the detail should escape me in time, I made notes as nearly as possible on the spot and wrote an account when I got back, but it is much too long to send.

Now as I said the effects were beginning to wear off, and as part of the inevitable reaction we had a great 'Rag' here in John's on Saturday night last. Our three Lent boats had each gone up two or three places in the bumping races and in accordance with tradition there was a great 'Bumps Supper'. After the usual songs and toasts everyone turned out into the courts in a very merry mood. It was now just before midnight and the first sign of the general elation was the disappearance of all the lamps on all the staircases and in all the courts. Under cover of the darkness small bonfires were built all over the courts and these were soon lighted.

The porters of course at once appeared on the scene to extinguish these highly illegal festive beacons, and the more unpopular of the Roman Candle balls, squibs etc. The smaller fires were gradually put out however and interest began to centre in one in a corner of the Third Court near the lower library door.

Chairs, tables, mats, ladders, planks and thousands of devils (resinous fire lighters) were brought up and there was soon a bigger blaze than the porters cared to tackle.

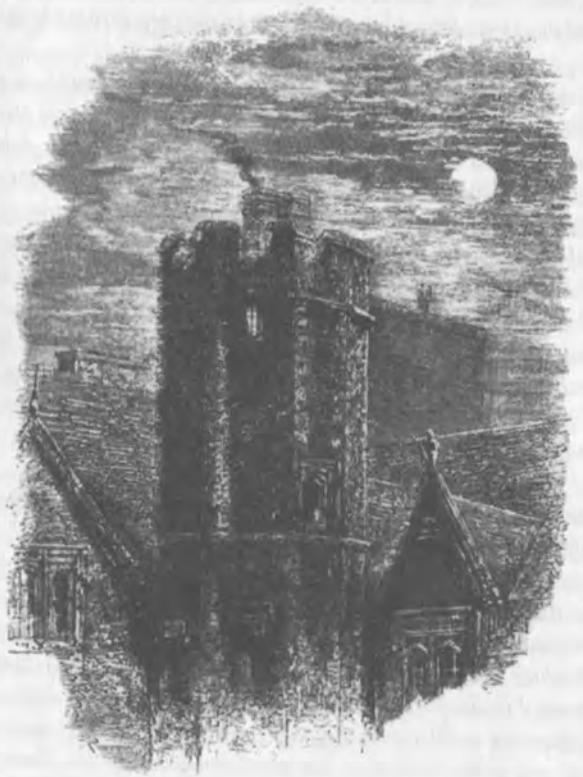
At this period someone appeared bearing the soft hat affected by our head porter, which is very objectionable to most of us, and there were loud and prolonged cheers as it was consigned to the flames. The Senior Dean was next observed and was duly cheered, the cheering being intended to prevent his remonstrances being audible. He apparently feared for the library and though this was not at present in danger it was evident from the reckless way in which fuel was being piled up that the flames might soon get unpleasantly near the door. His nervous remonstrances were for some time unheeded but the plucky way in which he dragged off a door from the blazing fire induced the men to pay some attention. Just at this time Ticehurst the Boat Captain and Greenlees the Varsity Rugger captain appeared and requested that no more fuel be placed on the fire. 'To the 2nd Court!' cried many and forthwith the blazing pile was miraculously transferred to the middle of the Second Court where it could do no harm.

Fuel was poured on the fire from all directions, all wooden College property which was not very firmly secured being sacrificed along with a good deal of private furniture. Doors and doormats, chairs, tables, boxes, washstands and many other articles made their appearance and there was a splendid blaze. When it was fairly going I came up to my rooms to take some photos of it. While taking them we were saluted by salvos of crackers, a few of which came in and did not improve the bookcase they burst on. Having taken my photos, I fired a few rounds of blank cartridge which I happened to have but so great was the noise in the courts that they were unnoticed. After much singing of the Boating Song and other choruses to the great annoyance of the Deans and dancing around on the forbidden grass we had had enough of it and with 'God Save the King' and cheers for the Deans (which they did not altogether appreciate) we dispersed. The blaze of the fire lit up the massive Chapel tower beautifully and it must have looked very fine against the dark sky from a distance.

At 2.00 am, they turned the hose on the blaze and there was a tremendous roar as a dense cloud of steam ascended from the Second Court for about ten minutes. The ashes were still smoking and steaming at 2.45 when I turned in. When I got up for chapel next morning there was a small army of men clearing the debris away...

Your loving son,

Stewart



Jan Darasz read History and graduated in 1982. Since 1985 he has been earning his living as a cartoonist and here describes his way of life.

Still Sober After All These Years

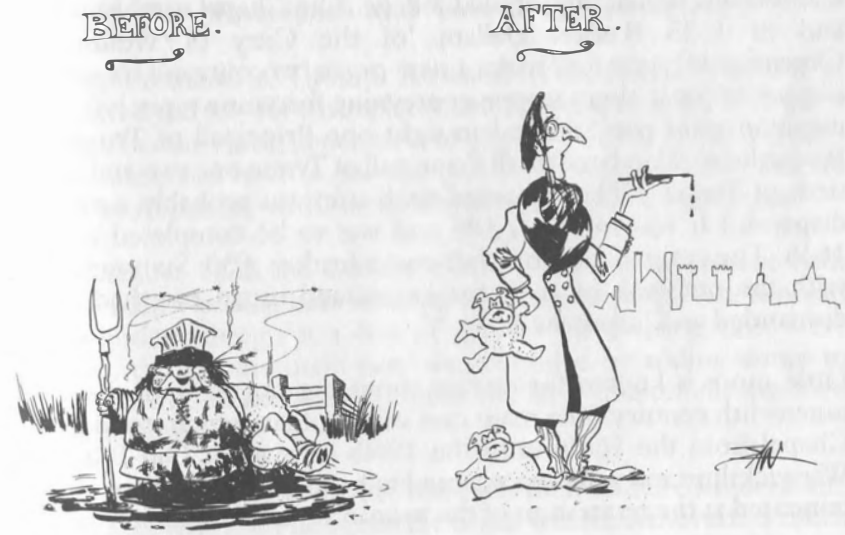
'I have worked myself up from nothing to a state of extreme poverty.' So said the great Groucho Marx. When cartoonists get together, our banter runs along the same mordant line. Most, if not all have come to their present positions by very roundabout routes - there are no cartooning degree courses, no PhDs (yet).In fact most of us have not the foggiest idea why we ended up doing what we do; but we are aware that somehow it was all meant to be - Kismet, I suppose. It was by a series of happy accidents that I came to be a cartoonist. Needless to say, nothing had prepared me during my time at St Ron's.

Most students study, pass their exams and then get a job. I managed the first two. The reality is that drawing cartoons for a living, like being a travel writer, journalist, actor, or a City financier, is not a proper job. It does not improve the general lot of mankind. When I graduated, I really did try for a proper job, (honest). In 1983 I worked in banking - as History graduates were advised to do - a Calvary that lasted a year. I spent several exciting months in North Africa hitching around and then returned to London to look for another proper job. This was in market research and was even briefer - six months. This discouraging period was valuable because it made me realise that there was a fundamental incompatibility between myself and the world of working in a company. I had always doodled as a boy, and always instinctively turned to the cartoons in newspapers and magazines, but the academic current of education excluded the possibility of earning a living from this. In 1985 there occurred one of those twists of fate: a happenstance. A former colleague knew of a magazine that was in search of a cartoonist. I had not had anything published and my artistic endeavours up to that time had been confined to landscape sketches and the odd cartoon for friends and personal pleasure. But I remembered Rule Number One - always say 'yes' (even if you do not know you can do the job). So I leapt at the chance.

The most difficult thing is to get published initially; editors are usually reluctant to give a complete beginner their first break. Once in print, it becomes easier to sell yourself to other publications and take advantage of opportunities that can arise. The rest is hard and does not get easier, but is fairly uncomplicated. This involves making a portfolio, contacting and meeting editors in the hope that they like your work - repeat this procedure a thousand, or maybe million times. So my first haltingly drawn cartoon appeared and I can remember the satisfaction still. Work snowballed in 1986 and 1987 and my niche is now in legal and business publications. Since that time, I have been in regular(ish) freelance work, commissioned each month to illustrate articles on the latest Venezuelan wizard tax wheeze, or Madagascan corporate re-structuring. Ironic to think that my contemporaries must be looking at my stuff in their offices. I have ended up in the City after all. Fellow Johnians, I am with you!

For me, the difficult part is to develop, sustain and improve technique. I love to draw, I love the papers and inks which I use, the feel and responsiveness of paint. Odd perhaps, but these tactile elements and my relationship with them keep me going as much as getting funny ideas. Putting down jet black ink onto a beautifully smooth paper is still very exciting - no doubt Freudians reading this will have other theories. When I was an undergraduate, part of the required reading was a short essay entitled 'The historian and his day.' I have forgotten the author. This neat little piece however demystified the life of an academic historian. The historian gets up in the morning and 'does history', has a break at lunchtime maybe and then 'does history' till dinner. The same is true of any artist. I go to my studio in Manchester and start work about 8.30am and draw till about 6pm whereupon I go home and live a more or less bourgeois life. It is that simple - no drugs or drink to aid the creative process, no wild nights (sadly) or fast women (sigh). The articles are faxed to my studio from the editorial offices, then I come up with several rough ideas from which the editor picks the best. I do not know where the ideas come from and I am always reluctant to analyse too closely, secretly worrying, like a native in front of a camera, that part of my soul will be stolen. The business is as much a part of the rat race as any other career, but it happens to suit this particular rat. There is the backdrop of uncertainty, but probably no more than any other employee in the private sector in Western Europe.

It can be a solitary vice however: everyday contact with other members of homo sapiens is limited. In fact, it is in essence no different from the daily routine of a historian. You plough your lonely furrow. You have to be your own accountant and office manager. I thought that I would be leading a bohemian lifestyle, but that would quickly lead to failure. The romantic image of the artist is precisely that - romantic. The successful ones have always met their deadlines, pleased their clients, kept their accounts clear for the taxman. This is the reality and you realise this very quickly indeed. The thought of an imminent deadline concentrates the mind wonderfully! However, I am lucky because in effect I am being paid for 'controlled daydreaming' and it is this element which I think lies at the core of every cartoonist. Life, as Shelley said, is a comedy for those who think and a tragedy for those who feel: the cartoonist, always a spectator, sees a bit of both these sides - but always looks on from an oblique angle. It will be ten years this July since I started in business - maybe I shall hold a party at Alexandra Palace. My daydreaming as a boy was briefly interrupted for a period of fifteen years by school and university but somehow now it is back and it feels right and in a sense 'proper'.



The Revd Nicholas Thistlethwaite is the Vicar of Trumpington. He advised the College on the recent refurbishment of the organ and here describes the history of the College organs.

St John's College Organs 1528-1994

The Early Organs

The first reference to the existence of an organ in the College Chapel is found in a list of benefactors drawn up in 1528 in which it is recorded that 'Sondry and divers marchauntes in London gave emongist theyme xli towards the byeing of the newest organs' - this having taken place at some unrecorded date following the foundation of the College in 1511. A 'lecterne' was provided for the 'orgaines in the quere' in 1557-8 (that is, a stand for a small instrument placed conveniently near the singers) but thereafter Puritanism established a grip on the College and it is likely that the organs disappeared early in Elizabeth's reign.

Seventy years later the mood had changed. Laudianism was in the ascendant, and William Beale, one of its leading advocates in Cambridge, was Master of the College. The Chapel was beautified, and in 1635 Robert Dallam 'of the Citty of Westminster Organmaker' agreed to make a new organ 'to conteyne six seuerall stoppes of pipes euery stoppe conteyning fortynine pipes [viz.] one diapason most part to stand in sight one Principall of Tynne one Recorder of Wood one small Principall of Tynne one two and twentieth of Tynne'. (The unnamed sixth stop was probably a stopped diapason.) It was to cost £185 and was to be completed by July 1636. The construction of a loft cost a further £30. Six years later, with the outbreak of civil war, organ and organ case had to be dismantled and 'taken away'.

Little more is known for certain about the organs until the early nineteenth century. The main case of the organ which stood in the Chapel from the 1660s until the 1860s survives at Old Bilton in Warwickshire and was long assumed to be the case of Dallam's organ reinstated at the restoration of the monarchy. In part this impression

has been sustained by the confident Victorian treatment which added renaissance features to the case. It is however at least as likely that it was new in the 1660s, perhaps provided by Thomas Thamar, a Cambridge organ-builder, whose name appears in the accounts as tuning or mending the organs on a number of occasions between 1663 and 1684.

The only entries which cast any light on this obscure period in the organ's history date from 1669, when John Ivory was paid £2 'for painting ye case of ye Great Organ, and grounding ye pipes wt blew, & guilding ye Armes & balls at ye top', and 1710 when the London organ-maker Renatus Harris received £150 for new open and stopped diapasons, basses to the principal, a trumpet and a sesquialtera. This is a large sum of money for simply replacing (or adding?) five stops. Did it account for more extensive reconstruction of the organ, perhaps including the addition of the handsome little Choir case which now survives at Brownsover?

Another local organ-builder, Humphrey Argent, undertook work in 1777 at a cost of £80, and the Lincolns were paid £63 and £27 in 1795 and 1806 respectively. But the old organ's days were numbered.

The Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries

The appointment of Thomas Attwood Walmisley as Organist in 1833 paved the way for the replacement of the old organ. Walmisley belonged to the rising generation of players who knew both Bach's organ music and how to use the pedals. It was inevitable that he would be impatient with the anachronisms of the John's organ.

In September 1838 the College entered into an agreement with Willam Hill, a leading London organ-builder, to supply a new organ to Walmisley's design at a cost of £690. The existing cases were retained, though the main case was extended by adding wings to either side in order to accommodate the large instrument specified by the Organist.

The building of a new Chapel was even then under consideration. So Hill and Walmisley designed the organ with its removal to a much

larger building in mind. No doubt this explains the reservations of a contemporary critic who observed that the organ 'had a very grand tone, with great power - power far beyond the needs of the small chapel and choir - and almost insupportable when heard in the confined space of the ante-chapel'.

The new organ included such novelties as a French horn, harmonica, claribella and German flute. There were also pedal pipes of 24ft pitch. Its design represented a transitional phase in English organ building, in which extensive keyboard compasses were retained alongside rudimentary pedal divisions and ambitious Swell departments.

Hill's organ had twenty-seven stops (compared with Dallam's six). When the time finally came to remove it to the new Chapel (1869) it had to be completely reconstructed, in part to take account of the considerable technical innovations of the preceding thirty years, in part as a response to the vastly different scale of Scott's new building. The result was that the mechanisms and structure of the 1869 organ were almost wholly new though most of the existing pipework was retained. It cost £1191.

The reconstructed organ had forty-eight stops, three manuals and a pedal division. It included bold flue choruses and powerful reeds, soft accompanimental voices and semi-orchestral registers: everything in fact that the progressive organist of those days required.

Scott provided an elevated chamber on the north side of the Chapel for the accommodation of the Hill organ. The intention was to provide new casework. However, money ran out, and by the time the project was revived Scott's drawings had been lost.

His son J. Oldrid Scott produced new designs which the College accepted. The new case fronts were installed in 1889, when Hill & Son made minor alterations to the instrument itself.

By the early 1900s when Cyril Rootham was appointed Organist the condition of the organ was far from satisfactory. It was choked with dirt, the action was extremely noisy, and the hydraulic engines were proving characteristically unreliable. The College therefore

commissioned Norman & Beard Ltd to undertake a major reconstruction. The principal objective was to replace the old action with a fully pneumatic system, but a good deal of re-voicing and some tonal additions took place at the same time in the quest for that opaque, smooth quality of tone which was then fashionable.

By 1920 the organ was again in a poor state of repair. Harrison & Harrison were brought in to replace the combination, drawstop and pedal actions, and to make certain tonal alterations at a cost of £2020.

Repairs had again become urgent by the 1950s. But by then a wind of change was blowing through English organ-building. The Royal Festival Hall organ (1954) expressed a growing desire on the part of musicians to recapture the clarity, coherence and balance of the classical organ. In Cambridge, the scheme for the remodelling of the St John's organ was the first to reflect this new movement, and it was by any standards extremely successful.

The contract was awarded to Hill, Norman & Beard. The key and pedal actions were electrified, a new console was provided, and the soundboards were overhauled. A fourth keyboard (Solo) was added. Existing pipework was adapted and some new registers were added to develop a tonal scheme capable of doing justice to most of the legitimate repertoire. The result of this work in 1955-6 (and some modifications made in 1974) was an instrument of great versatility which became well known through recordings and broadcasts as the fame of the St John's choir under its director George Guest spread.

The New Organ (1994)

By the late 1980s it was becoming apparent that the mechanism of the organ was in need of major reconstruction. The combination action, in particular, was seriously unreliable, and the actions generally were showing their age. Part of the problem was that every department of the organ (action, winding, chests and pipework) included components of varying date and style, some of which had been restored, some of which had not. The layout of the instrument had not been altered significantly since 1869 and later additions had

been accommodated so far as circumstances and the ingenuity of the builder allowed. It was clear that the time had come for the organ to be dismantled completely so that thorough repairs might take place.

At the same time the tonal scheme gave pause for thought. The Hill pipework had survived its various metamorphoses surprisingly well but the oldest pipes (1839) were now somewhat battered and the later ones (1869) had been fairly radically altered. Some of the additions were not an unqualified success, and the choruses lacked consistency.

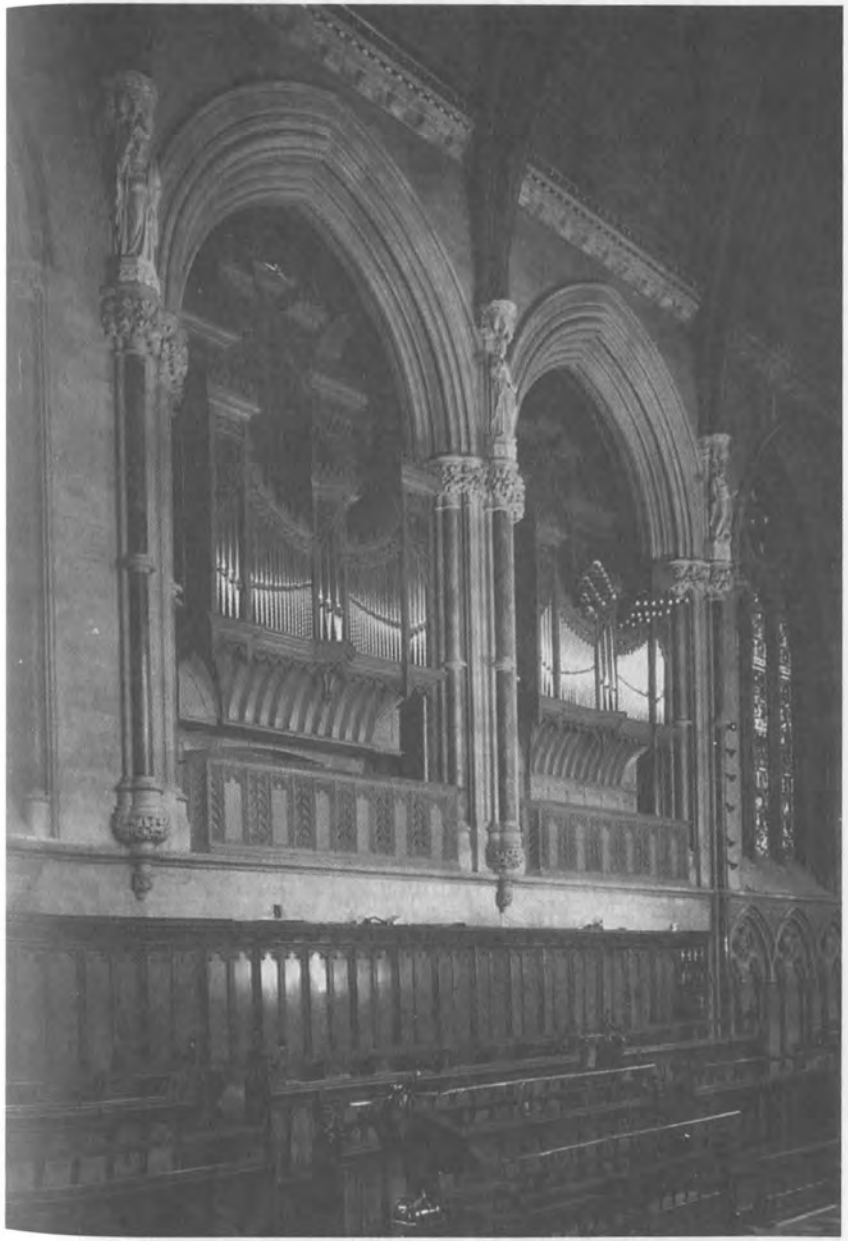
Following the appointment of a consultant in 1987 and a College committee, discussions took place about the future of the instrument. An early decision was that the mechanical side of the organ needed to be renewed in its entirety. After careful consideration, it was decided to recommend a mechanical (tracker) action in which the connection between the keyboard and the valves admitting wind to the pipes is formed by a series of rods and levers. This produces a more sensitive keyboard touch than an electrical system and is more durable.

The tonal scheme was greatly influenced by the old organ. Though, in the event, much of the existing pipework had to be discarded because of its poor condition, the intention was to build an organ broadly in the Hill style which would provide a wealth of accompanimental registrations for the choral services and yet be a flexible recital or practice instrument. Some of the old pipework has been kept (including the renowned trompeta real) and the stop list deliberately echoes that of the old organ.

The contract for the new organ was awarded to N. P. Mander Ltd of London. They began dismantling the old organ in January 1993, erection of the new instrument started in August of that year, and it was brought into use during the Lent Term 1994.

Technical Notes

The organ is sited in the original chamber on the north side of the Chapel. The casework has been raised a little to give more head-



The Mander Organ, 1994

room at the console, and the two pseudo-Chaire cases have each been brought forward by about 500mm so that the Choir Organ can be accommodated behind the westernmost case.

The manual divisions are accommodated in the western half of the chamber, the Pedal Organ (and Trompeta Real) in the eastern portion.

Mechanical ('tracker') action is applied to the keys and pedals with electric action to the Trompeta. The drawstop action is a dual-registration system, basically mechanical, but supplemented by powerful solenoids activated only by the combination action. This has eight levels of divisional settings and sixty-four levels of general piston settings, all instantly adjustable and with each level being separately lockable.

The soundboards are built of fine seasoned timber, incorporating tables and pallet boards of inert fibre-board, and sliders of polyvinyl chloride gripped by flexible slider seals. The pallets are made of jelutong and the upperboards of polished mahogany.

Key actions are constructed with fine-sawn and sealed cedar trackers, hardwood squares with friction-reduced bearings, and aluminium rollers with hardwood arms. The actions incorporate self-tensioning floating beams to regulate the depth of touch.

The wind system incorporates traditional square-rising reservoirs and concussions as needed. Tremulants are derived from the Dom Bedos *tremblant doux* design.

New wooden stops are made of Quebec pine with mahogany caps. Flue pipes are made of alloys of lead and tin with between 35% and 50% tin, except for the new display pipes in the case fronts which are highly-burnished 70% tin. The new reeds have been made of spotted metal (50% tin) except for the resonators of the full-length 32' reed, which are of zinc.

The keyboards are covered in bone with ebony sharps. The stop knobs are the existing ones of ivory from the old console, skimmed and re-engraved.

Poetry

Born in 1959, Michael Woodward was awarded an Open Scholarship to read English at St John's College. After graduating in 1981 he worked in India and received a Harper-Wood Travelling Studentship. He now lives in Wales with his wife and four children.

Bedtime Story

As I slept beside my son
My father filled my dreams.

He looked the age
He would have been,

Eighty-odd,
A kind-faced, silvered man.

I seemed a child again,
Held him by the hand.

We said some words.
It was his voice.

His smile I knew so well.
The dream ceased, I woke:

He had gone
Before he met my son.

Letter from Tibet

When the Mouroui Oussou's atoms
Ground to a halt, her waters froze.

A file of wild oxen was trapped
And stiffened quickly.
They swam on
Motionless
By night and day.

Lips parted,
Nostrils flared,
Great horns tossed
In baffled terror,
Each one's aspect
Sculptured till the spring.

One month further into winter
Our caravan
Descended to the ford,
Arguing behind the sweating yaks
What these distant stepping-stones
Could mean, sewn in the river's white scar.
An eagle floated overhead.

As we trudged past
The fifty icicled beasts,
Our camels, too, were awed.
In their docile silence
They seemed poised
On some threshold
Between life and death,
Until we saw
What the oxen could not see:
Their eyes pecked clean away.

Note

The incident which inspired this poem occurs in *Souvenirs d'un voyage dans la Tartarie et le Thibet* by Regis-Evariste Huc (1851), available in English as *Lamas of the Western Heavens*, published by the Folio Society (1982).

A collection of Michael Woodward's poems, A Place To Stand, *has been published by The Collective, and is available for £2.99 a copy. For further information, write to:*

The Collective
Penlanlas Farm
Llantilio Pertholey
Abergavenny
Gwent NP7 7HN

The Crime

Your crime is
Loneliness
He said, pointing
with word in disdain.

I cannot be friends
with someone who is
lonely.
It's not normal.

I brought some chocolates
to thank you for the cups of tea,
she said, embarrassed
and grateful
that people should give time when she was ill.

You need help, he said.
Grow up.
Whoever heard of thanking someone
for cups of tea?
Please leave me alone.
I cannot be friends
with someone abnormal.
It is not normal to be
lonely.

Anna Lindsay (Matric. 1994)

Technomancy

There are machines
In the towers of the chapel.
Never stopping, their muffled throb
Echoes past the colleges at night,
Keeps the undergrads in murky dreams -
But none will talk of them.
There must have been a time
When someone knew their secret,
Before the kings sealed up the doors
And had the engineers erased, untongued and killed.
No words remain; just this soft sound,
Set in motion by hands long dead,
Behind six feet of stone.
But no one dare mention it to another
For no one wishes to appear stupid.

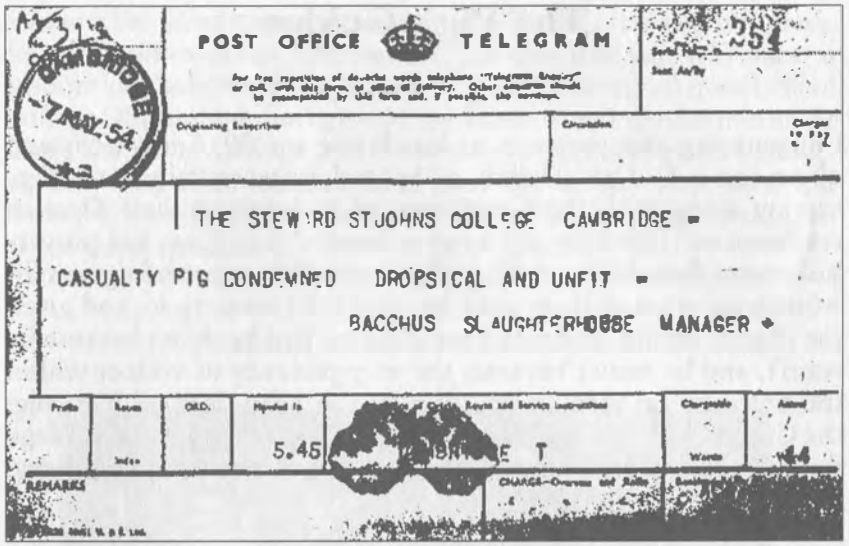
T.R.V.

The Pig's Golden

On entering the precincts at lunchtime on 20 April 1996 and observing a College Hallful of by and large restrained revellers singing along with the Gentlemen of St Johns in their Elgarian rendition of 'This little pig went to market' (arr. Orr), the proverbial visitor from Mars, or Magdalene, would have been forgiven for wondering what all these staid-looking folks were up to, and given the chance would doubtless have done so. But he didn't because he wasn't, and he wasn't because, the very presence of visitors within the precincts on such an occasion having been deemed infra-pig, the Council had adopted the extreme measure of closing the College for the duration, *of closing the College to paying tourists on a sunny springtime Saturday.*

So what were they up to? Well, what they were up to was their fiftieth. They were celebrating the (more or less) fiftieth anniversary of the foundation by a group of Fellows and senior members of the College staff on 4 September 1946 of a 'Canteen Pig Club' with the following purposes, as prescribed by the rationing regulation then in force: 'the encouragement of pig keeping as a means of saving waste; the keeping of pigs by means of the co-operation of the members; (and) the provision of meat for the users of a canteen or dining hall.'

After which, for eight years or so the Pig Club's pigs resided at the College's kitchen garden on the corner of the Madingley Road and Storey's Way, comforted by apples (in particular the legendary Mr. Thoday, the College's Head Gardener's, no less legendary Cox's Orange Pippins), and users of the College's 'canteen or dining hall' had them to thank for their crackling. For as Glyn Daniel, the Club's first Secretary, reminded members at its 25th Anniversary Meeting, by the rules of the S.P.K.C. (not the Society for the Propagation of Knowledge Christian but the Small Pig Keepers' Council), half the pigs reared were supposed to go to the Ministry of Food – though as he also reminded them, 'somehow (they) didn't get there' (minute of 31 July 1971). The receipt of the Beerbohmesque telegram from the slaughterhouse manager (illustrated) would not therefore have



POST OFFICE TELEGRAM

THE STEWARD STJOHNS COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE =

CASUALTY PIG CONDEMNED DROPSICAL AND UNFIT =

BACCHUS SLAUGHTERHOUSE MANAGER =

occasioned much grief. On the contrary, for it meant a buckshee carcass and roast pork on the undergraduate menu 'courtesy of the College Pig Club'. In those far-off pre-DPD-scare days, Pride of Madingley's dropsy spelt scoff for the boys.

By then, of course, by May 1954, the pigstrictions in force were about to be lifted. But no matter. Having lost its rationale, the Club immediately found its *raison d'etre*. Reconstituting itself as a society at whose meetings certain Fellows and senior members of the College staff gather once a term in order to observe how much they have aged since the last time they came, to consume such products of the pig as egg and cress sandwiches and Newcastle Brown, and be regaled by their President with piggy reminiscences, most recently and most notably by Mr. Roy Papworth, formerly Chief Clerk, on such porcine subjects as the coming of the double-entry book-keeping to the College Office and the annual Staff outing to Yarmouth.[1] 'Good Pig?', members are heard to enquire of one another in Second Court of a Monday morning.

The earlier stages of these developments were described by Glyn Daniel in *The Eagle* for 1955 (lvi, 146-8), at which time it was

The Suckling Pig is borne into the Hall

customary at each meeting for Professor N.B. Jopson (1st President) to pronounce the word 'pig' in all European languages (and once, being deeply moved, 'sow' too in every *Indo-European* one). In those days presidential addresses were rather more robust than of late. Especially so was this the case during the notably robust regimes of Professor H.A. Harris (2nd President), famed for the pronouncement 'if there is any place in Europe where it is more difficult to rear pigs than the Madingley Road that place is Trieste' (7 May 1955) and commemorated by the stone pig christened 'H.A.' which had somehow become detached from York Minster, and of Mr. Ralph Thoday (3rd President) by whom on 7 March 1970 members were let into the secret of Lady Margaret's very own recipe for pork sausages.

Like the Garter, there is no damned merit in the Pig. As was understood in those distant days, there is more to the Pig than merit. The privilege of membership is granted in recognition of service to the College, while at a time when so many are hazy about what Colleges are actually for, the Club itself serves as a memorial to the time when so far as government and the university were concerned it was always

pork tomorrow. That was why H.A. was right to censure Tutors who turned up late for meetings 'for putting tutorial matters before the Pig Club' (Nov. 1954, Feb. 1955).

Since 1954-5, the Club has of course moved on – like the College in some respects. In 1984, comfortably in advance of the Eagles, it admitted women to its membership. Notwithstanding the Thodayian maxim 'Alteration is awful' (Dec. 1977), when it mattered, the Pig Club has always been in the vanguard of progress, or thereabouts.

That being the case, an oinking providence decreed that in 1996 the office of President of the Club should be occupied by Professor John Crook (formerly 3rd Secretary, 1959-84). The party on 20 April was JAC's party. The Club was its President's guest for the day, which as well as being characteristically generous of him was also altogether appropriate inasmuch as it had been he, together with the late and much lamented Ben Farmer, whose 'pig-sheet', issued in accordance with the precedent in the University in favour of 'bodies – such as Colleges – which continue in existence although the original purpose of their foundation has been lost sight of' had in 1954

The Gents sing a piggy number

secured the survival of the Club 'for social and unspecified purposes as a glorious anomaly'.

Under such auspices, the arrangements were of course impiggable. Braced by fizz in the shadow of the chapel, the company sat down to roast suckling pigs etc. borne into the Hall in the grand manner, the presence on the bill of fare of 'maupygyrcheons' serving to remind the company of the various advances which the language as well as the College has made since 1954.[2] A message was read from Mrs. Alice Butler, widow of Cecil Butler sometime Head Porter, now in her hundredth year. 'Have a nice party', she said. We did. A very nice party indeed, with some hundred and twenty persons, members and their spouses, present, including no fewer than three Tutors. From amongst the younger generation, as well as Ruth Daniel, of the Club's original membership Colin Bertram and Frank Thistlethwaite were both in attendance, and both in mid-season form, with Colin eloquent on the subject of the merits of Tottenham Pudding (which turned out to have nothing to do with huskies). In memory of the occasion, Peter Linehan presented the Club with a framed print of William Weekes's 'The Pig's Picnic', depicting the comatose President exercising his back and a noble porker portrayed in the landscape mode currently favoured in all the best styes. As the President explained in his speech, there were to be no speeches. Instead, the Gents regaled the company with various hummy numbers and to loud acclaim gave Robin Orr's 'A wise man and his pig' its world premiere, the proceedings concluding with *two* performances of the Club Anthem,[3] conducted in Beechamesque fashion by the President.

Whereupon, with various expressions of gruntitude to their host, members and their companions rootled off into the warm afternoon, the College gates were thrown open again, and discussion commenced regarding arrangements for the centenary.

Peter Linehan
Piggiographer in Ordinary

[1] See *Eagle*, 1995, 22-9; and this number, 14–21, respectively

[2] Cf. Daniel, loc. cit. ('maupygernons').

[3] Setting by Orr, Keeper of the Pig's Music, 1955. See *Eagle*, 1955, 29.

In this, the second instalment of his Pig Club reminiscences, Roy Papworth who retired as Chief Clerk in 1993, recalls some more characters and events from his early years in the College.

Pig Club Memories

Days of sun and sand

Just a few words about that sweet mystery of College life – the Annual Staff Outing. I say mystery because it is a mystery to me how, in this day and age, the College almost entirely closes down on one day in the year for the staff to go off to the seaside.

I have not been able to find out very much about the origins of the outing – no doubt it was felt that the staff needed a day out. An early entry in the Staff Accounts says 'Staff Outing to Blackpool; kitchen staff £20.2s.6d., Junior Bursar's staff £40.4s.0d.' – this was in June 1938. In 1939 there was an outing to Southend costing £13.2s.6d. and Len Baker was paid 6s.9d. petrol money for a journey to Southend to make the arrangements.

In my early days at the College the outing seemed to be to Yarmouth at least every other year. I understand that a couple of years before I started there was a trip to Blackpool. Transport was not what it is today and three or four colleges would club together and hire a train for the day. On this occasion they set off at around 5 o'clock in the morning and returned at 5 o'clock the next morning.

One of the first outings that I attended was to Brighton. As I say, transport was not as it is today and there were no motorways. We went by Eastern Counties, whose buses were suitable for journeys in town and around the villages, but were underpowered for long distances. It took 4-5 hours to get there and 4-5 hours to get back and, in fact, our bus, struggling up the slopes of the North Downs, was overtaken by a man on a power-assisted bicycle.

I think this was the outing when we stopped for breakfast at a Co-op in the East End of London. Here I must mention, with regret,

a case of fraud. Not only did we go to this Co-op but some of the Christmas parties were held at the Dorothy Ballroom that was owned by the Co-op. Reg Chapman, who was a labourer in the maintenance department and who liked a moan occasionally, stopped me in the Court one day in a state of indignation to say that, in his opinion, it was unfair that Arthur Martin was putting the payments to the Co-op on his Divvy Number. I, of course, denied such a heinous crime, but I did find out later that this was indeed the case. Well, it had to go on someone's divvy number! I am glad to report that on this occasion the fraud squad was not called in.

After a couple of years my twin brother joined the staff as a carpenter on the maintenance staff. So I would join with him on outing day together with other members of the maintenance department. Such characters as Ted Elbourne and Reg Chapman (labourers), Peter Mortlock and Roger Jordan (painters), Dennis Smith (boilerman), Sid Merry (electrician's labourer), Wally Phillips (plumber's mate), Billy Bowers (bricklayer) and Wally Reynolds (cabinet maker). We had several outings to Yarmouth together and our ideal day would be a few beers at lunchtime and a game of darts, a walk along the front to the pleasure park and a meal and possibly a show in the evening.

We did at first have difficulty in finding a pub that had a dartboard, but after unsuccessfully visiting several, we found the 'Peace & Plenty' near the market place. This was run by a little old lady who said that we could use the dartboard as long as we 'Didn't break the place up'! And so we would have several games of 500 and 1 up and cricket on the dartboard whilst consuming a few beers. We would have a kitty and on one occasion the little old lady, who didn't have a till but kept her takings in her apron pocket, told Ted Elbourne that 'she was losing count.' 'Don't you worry dear' said Ted, 'We will see that you get the right money – just you keep the beer coming.' I'm pleased to say that we were able to give her our custom on several outings.

On leaving the 'Peace & Plenty' we would make our way to the Pleasure Beach and try to coax Wally Reynolds into going down the Big Dipper with a 'skin full,' as the saying goes. Needless to say,

cowardice being the better part of valour, I kept both feet firmly on the ground.

One memorable outing included a trip round Lacons Brewery at Yarmouth. On entering the brewery I am sure that some members of staff thought they had died and gone to heaven. Personally I thought I had died and gone to the 'other place' as the smell from the fermenting vats of beer gave me the worst headache that I can remember. We made our way from the ground floor up several floors where the beer was in various stages of production until, on reaching the top floor, we were provided with free drinks; this being at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on a hot day with the sun scorching through the glass roof. This did not deter some of our company and I can still see Bill Daish with a cigarette in one hand and a glass of brown ale in the other.

Bill was a nice old boy who worked in the Buttery. He came to an unfortunate end in that, cycling home from the College one dark night, he rode off the path by Jesus Green swimming pool and into the river, and that was the end of Bill. I think that, had he been given the choice, he would have preferred, not the cold and dark waters of the River Cam but one of those vats of Lacons best bitter, in which to end his days.

We usually managed a meal together and on one outing this was dinner at The Oasis on Yarmouth front. Steak was on the menu, but steak so tough that we couldn't eat it. So what to do? We could have called the manager and asked to have the knives sharpened, we could have shot the chef or we could have tried eating it. However, when you consider that Ted Elbourne had once lost his false teeth in a bowl of mushy peas, this was 'not on'. So we just used our ingenuity and quietly passed the offending steaks along under the table to Wally Phillips who wrapped them in paper serviettes and took them home to feed his ferrets.

Wally did later complain about this, saying that all the rich food meant, in his words, 'the ferrets weren't worth a light for a fortnight'. I should, therefore, advise anyone finding themselves in a similar position in the future that it only works with ferrets if rabbit is on the menu.

As I say, we enjoyed a game of darts although some of us, myself included, only played about once a year and that was on the College Outing. After one outing to Yarmouth, on our way home, we stopped at a village in Norfolk. One coach continued homewards but the other two stayed on and the majority of bedmakers went across the road to a small dance hall for a dance. About ten of us, not wishing to join them, went along to the local pub for a quiet drink. When we went in we noticed plates of sandwiches on the bar but thought nothing of it, bought our drinks and settled down. It turned out that there was to have been a darts match that evening but the opponents from another pub had not turned up, and so we were invited to make up pairs and have a friendly match. I remember my partner was May Wejknis who was with her husband Johnnie. He was Polish, she was Irish and they were the hostel keepers of 69 Bridge Street. Despite the fact that some of us were just amateurs, I am glad to report that, in the true traditions of College sport, we beat the local team on every leg and, not only did we beat them, but to add insult to injury, we ate all their sandwiches as well.

Of characters and kings

At the time that I started work at the College the Master was Mr Benians, though I am sorry to say I knew little of him for, as I started in November 1951, he died in the following February. He was very much respected by everyone and I know that Arthur Martin held him in great esteem. He was succeeded by Mr Wordie and Mr Guillebaud was made Senior Tutor. There were just five Tutors; Dr Bertram, Mr Bambrough, Mr Miller, Mr Howland and Mr Lee. The Senior Bursar was Dr Boys Smith and the Bursar's Clerk was Mr Wolfe. It was through somebody knowing somebody who knew Mr Wolfe that I first heard of the vacancy in the College Office.

Speaking of Dr Boys Smith reminds me of a story about his son, John Boys Smith, when he was an undergraduate. My twin brother, John was, as I have said, a carpenter on the maintenance staff and not beyond a bit of a leg pull at times. One day he had to repair a door in E1 Second Court where John Boys Smith and his room mate, Jeremy Ganz, were living. There was a problem of a draught that necessitated the removal of the door. So, having got the door

off its hinges, brother asked John Boys Smith to take hold of one end and Jeremy Ganz to take the other and then he asked them to pull as hard as they could. Having done this for several seconds they asked what they were supposed to be doing. 'Well,' said brother, 'You are complaining about a draught so the door must be too short, so I'm getting you to stretch it.'

The Head Porter in those days was Mr Bowles and his deputy was Bill Butler. (Bill was the stouter of the two Butler brothers and Cecil, also a porter, was the slim one). About twelve months after I started in the College Office, Mr Bowles retired and Bill Butler took over. His deputy was Harry Wright, a real gentleman in every sense of the word who always appeared to be calmness itself. One could imagine him on the telephone to a Fellow, in that careful, calm voice of his, saying 'I am very sorry to trouble you sir – but your room is on fire.'

He had been appointed in 1922 as an underporter but in 1931 was made storekeeper to supervise the work of the bedmakers and shoeblacks. He was again made a porter in 1940 when Miss Price was appointed as Lady Superintendent. Sadly he died very shortly after his retirement.

Amongst the porters were Stan Pridgeon, Frank Watson, Horace Brasher and, of course, Sid Miller. You could walk into the Front Lodge and say good morning to Sid and he would reply 'half past ten' simply because he had not switched on his deaf aid, for Sid was almost as deaf as a post. The story goes that Sid had an Austin Vll and one day when Bill Butler, who, as I say, weighed quite a bit, and Harry Wright squeezed in the back, the front wheels came off the ground – but I don't know how true that is. Then there was Harry Potter who complained that, when he retired, all he got was an extra duty, and Bill Lamper who worked for an undertaker on his days off – and so the College dark suit and top hat came in very handy for both jobs.

Bill Austin was the Clerk of Works; he retired after 30 years service in 1952. The maintenance department in those days was situated where the Song School is today. Bill suffered from breathing problems and even the short journey from the maintenance department

and the one flight of stairs up to the College Office, would mean that he would have to sit down gasping for breath. He was succeeded by Mr Grimes who was only at the College for a few years when he died very suddenly.

About this time it was decided to investigate the New Court cellars. There was no electricity in the cellars and so torches and candles were used to find the way. On coming to a blank wall it was decided to cut a way through to see what was on the other side. And so George Lawrence, the then bricklayer and George Orris, his labourer, working by candlelight, spent three days hacking their way through the wall with club hammers and cold chisels. It was Reg Chapman, coming through from the other end of the cellars, who pointed out that if they moved ten yards to their right they could walk round the end of the wall to the other side.

On another occasion a number of old beams were removed from Second Court and taken to the back of New Court where they were cut up into logs. These were available for fire wood and Dick Toller, the painter, made several trips home with these piled in his bicycle basket to burn on his fire. However, going home heavily laden one lunchtime he was horrified to see a fire engine in the distance in Histon Road, very near to his house. Sure enough, it proved to be at his house, for the logs had set his chimney on fire and the heat was so great that it cracked the chimney breast.

At the time I arrived, Bill Chamberlain was just restarting work in his new job as College postman. He had been pastry chef in the kitchen but trapped his hand in the mincer and it had to be amputated. The Kitchen Manager was Alf Sadler whom I found a very dour character, but no doubt a good manager particularly when you remember that there were three Halls every evening in term. The Kitchen Garden in Madingley Road was in being in those days, supplying vegetables and fruit to the kitchens. Ralph Thoday was in charge of the gardens and he had the reputation of taking to you or not taking to you. Harold told me the story of how he first met Ralph Thoday. He had occasion to go to the kitchen garden and cycling up the driveway he was met by Thoday who demanded to know what the so and so he was doing and told him to clear off. So Harold turned his bicycle around and set off back the way he had

come but he hadn't gone many yards before Thoday called him back and they were the best of friends after that.

One day, when the produce was supplied to the kitchens, Alf Sadler said that the apples were too expensive and refused to accept them. So, unbeknown to him, Charlie Young and Bob Fuller took them across to Matthews shop in Trinity Street, who readily bought them at the price asked. Later in the day, Alf Sadler, still in need of apples, sent across and bought those same apples from Matthews, happily paying shop price for them.

Mr Robinson was the College Butler. He had been the servant of Mr Brindley, a former Steward, on whose death he went to work in the Buttery and was later made up to College Butler. He had the unusual privilege of having rooms in I New Court. I remember him as being rather short in stature with quite a protruding corporation. He always wore the same dark suit which became heavily stained down the front and it was said that his waistcoat was boiled up to make the Poor's Soup.

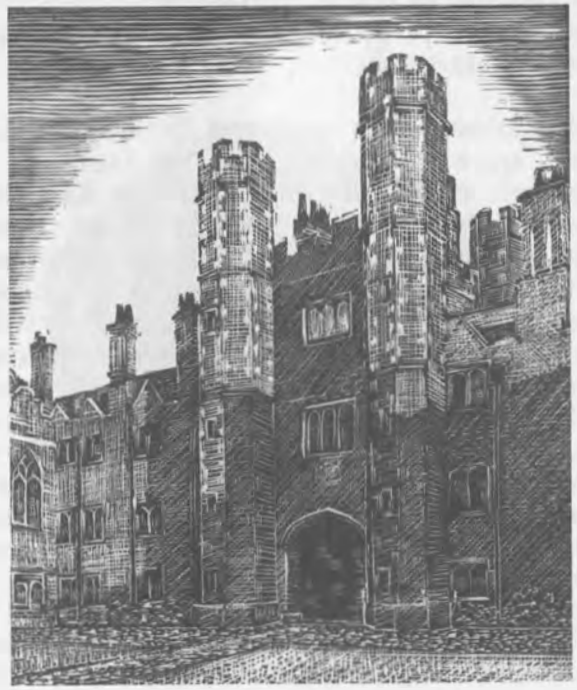
Among the Fellows, I suppose Professor Jopson was quite a character, often to be seen riding around the town bent low over the handlebars of his racing bicycle. Another was Roland Winfield who was a bit of a pain in the neck of the College Office because he invariably didn't send in his supervision return. This held things up and on one occasion Harold asked me to to go his rooms on M Second Court and wait until I got it. He said that I was not to be surprised if I was given some game to play whilst waiting. That is what happened, and I was left sitting playing, I think, solitaire, while Mr Winfield went off into the back room to fill in his return.

On another occasion I went to his house at the top of Castle Hill. I couldn't find a front door and so went round the back. There was a sort of covered way in front of the back door and I noticed a ship's bell hanging from one of the beams. Anyway I went to the back door, which I seem to remember was open, and after knocking and calling for a bit, eventually Roland Winfield heard me and came to the door. He asked me if I had been knocking for very long and when I said just for a few minutes, he said 'What you should have done was this' and stepping on to the garden he picked up a large

stone, or it may even have been half a brick, and crashed it several times against the ship's bell. This made a tremendous noise which set one's ears ringing and all the neighbourhood dogs abarking. I had to admit that I hadn't thought of that one.

Footnote: Many of the above reminiscences I have taken from memory and some stories and anecdotes have come to me second or even third hand. If they are not entirely accurate, then I apologise, but I would suggest that they now form part of the folklore of the College.

During the preparation of these notes for *The Eagle*, my twin brother, John, to my great sorrow, has died. I am indebted to him for many of the stories of the maintenance staff and I would like to dedicate these reminiscences to him in memory of the many happy times we had together.



The Choir in South Africa

The College Choir tour to South Africa was for me something of a dream come true. Having twice directed Summer Schools in Cape Town I have friends and acquaintances in various parts of the country and have often thought of trying to arrange a tour there. Following the demise of a planned U.S.A. tour I was optimistic enough to seek another venue where perhaps the opportunities might be greater. A quick phone call to the Organist of the Cape Town Cathedral directed me to John Badminton, an acquaintance from Oxford days; in my ignorance I had not realised that he had planned the Trinity Choir tour. John managed very skillfully to put together some dates for us. I marvel that prestigious venues like the UNISA Hall in Pretoria, the Cape Town Opera House and the Linder auditorium in Johannesburg still had free days in which to accommodate us. Funding was likely to be a big problem and I am grateful to a number of private sponsors who contributed toward the air fares and most particularly to the College for very generous support and encouragement.

We arrived in Johannesburg on August 29. Within the comparatively short space of fifteen days we sang in Pretoria, Pietermaritzburg, at the Drakensburg Choir School, in Durban, Cape Town (two concerts), Port Elizabeth, Lanseria and Johannesburg (two concerts and a TV programme). We sang to large and highly appreciative audiences. The musical fare ranged from the solemnity of Purcell through Mendelssohn, Vaughan Williams and Britten to the lighter numbers sung with such zest by the Gentlemen. Though these items tended to steal the show a little there was always particular enthusiasm for Mendelssohn's *Ave Maria* and Vaughan William's *Lord, thou hast been our refuge*, to name but two. Sunday morning in Soweto was both moving and memorable. The long service was a refreshing mixture of formal devotion and uninhibited joy. Such an atmosphere would be difficult to emulate in this country without a degree of self-consciousness. The two choirs sang separately and together and there was a real feeling of rapport. The Dean blessed everyone in sight and members of the congregation were delighted to identify *the* Andrew Macintosh

whose name is recorded for posterity on the back page of their Psalter as translator of the Psalms. We returned home on September 13 elated and exhausted.

From here many memories from the sublime to the trivial come flooding back. The sights and sounds of Drakensburg Choir School, snakes and elephants at P.E. (and a superb fish restaurant), singing Handel with the lusty voices of a black choir from Pietermaritzburg, boys playing with yo-yos, singing for our supper at the Hertford hotel, Soweto and Mozart's *Ave verum* at the final concert; I could go on ad infinitum.

Many people asked asked about the possibility of a return visit. I suspect that before long there will be quite a queue of choirs hoping to make this trip. Ample sponsorship would be a necessity for us next time I fear, but several people have already begun to make mildly encouraging noises. Let us just hope!

Christopher Robinson

Tour to the Rainbow Land

It was the tour that almost never was. The choir was to visit the United States, and though I was looking forward to that tour it would hardly have been a new departure; I had already toured North America with the choir in 1984 and 1986, and we were due to go to Canada at Christmas. However, there was still disappointment when the tour was cancelled, especially as it was the second in as many years to fall through. Thus it was with a mixture of scepticism and hope that the guarded mutterings of the Organist about the possibility of a tour to South Africa were greeted. Even when it was finally confirmed, I still only half believed we would go.

My hope changing to anticipation as the toy plane flew across the computer-generated equator on the in-flight movie screen, I reflected that I was fortunate that the custom of being thrown in the sea on the occasion of one's first crossing does not extend to aeroplanes. Although the time difference from London to Johannesburg is only one hour, the flight took eleven, and left us as thoroughly jet-lagged as if we had flown to San Francisco when we arrived at six o'clock in the morning.

At the airport we met John Badminton, the last-minute organiser of our tour. After collecting our luggage, including the two huge boxes of music and gowns which were to tax the resources of South African Airlines for the next two weeks, he gave us a running commentary as we were driven to St Margaret's Church, Bedfordview. It was to become a familiar sight. A modest brick building with a large lawn in front, it looked English; even the withered grass accorded with an English summer, and though it was winter in Johannesburg, it was the middle of their dry season. After a long wait (we had arrived earlier than expected), we were collected in twos and threes by our hosts, organised by St Andrew's School, a local private girls' school, and taken home for a day's rest.

The next day the itinerary promised a 4pm start, but one of the presenters of *Good Morning South Africa*, an Anglican minister, had other ideas, and arranged for the choir to be on breakfast television

at 8am. Because the studio was far too small to hold us all, and so as not to exhaust the boys, six men were duly detailed to represent the choir. It was probably the earliest that the Gentlemen of St John's have ever performed, and it was fortunate that we only had to sing a short madrigal. Beforehand, Christopher Robinson was his usual jovial self in what was the first of a series of radio and television interviews; he uncomplainingly spent more than one 'free' afternoon in stuffy studios with sometimes stuffier presenters.

Our first concert was that evening in Pretoria's UNISA Hall. We arrived to discover that the UNISA complex had been attacked by rioters earlier in the day; the staff treated this as a commonplace, and the atmosphere was one of calm efficiency. The usual first-night jitters did not prevent an enjoyable concert.

The next day we flew to Durban, thence to drive to Pietermaritzburg. At the airport we discovered that the Dean's seat had been mysteriously cancelled on all our internal flights. This proved to be a favourite trick of SAA; on the return flight to England they booked the Organist and his namesake son-in-law into the same seat.

The concert at Pietermaritzburg was in the City Hall; for one item we joined forces with a local black choir, to sing some Handel. After the concert the delighted choristers were beset by girls from a local school wanting autographs. We left the adulation to suffer a two-hour coach ride over increasingly pitted roads to the forbidding whitewashed buildings of the Drakensberg Choir School, dour in the dim lights that illuminated them. Struggling with our luggage, we were directed variously; in my case, with three other gents, up a hill to a distant light which looked to be miles distant but was in fact only thirty yards away. The house was that of the choir's director, Bunny Ashley-Botha, whose wife had sent us to the house while she and her husband made sure that everyone else was matched with their hosts. Having been told to make ourselves at home, we broached the CD collection, and listened to an astonishing rendition of *Der Hölle Rache* by a past Drakensberg boy. This combination of wild beauty and rough living summed up our visit.

The school is in the middle of nowhere, and has an odd history: it was founded almost by accident by a couple who bought the farm

on which it is built just after the Second World War, intending to become farmers. Until recently, the choir has had to travel to its audiences, but in June, just before our visit, a new auditorium had been erected, and finally audiences were beginning to come to the choir.

The next morning we awoke to a splendid surprise; having arrived in the dark, we were unprepared for the grandeur of the Drakensberg Mountains which loomed only two days' walk away, framing the border of mountainous Lesotho. After a morning spent exploring, we gathered at the school for lunch, followed by a rehearsal for that evening's concert. The Drakensberg boys looked on, intrigued by Christopher's lackadaisical direction, and then joined in, for there was one joint item in the programme, the *Gloria* from Mozart's *Coronation Mass*. After a supper, which in common with lunch emphasised vigour rather than refinement, was the most magical concert it has ever been my privilege to attend. We shared the programme equally with the Drakensberg boys, and were able to sit in the audience while they sang. They were split into two choirs of about forty boys each, one performing in each half of the concert. The first sang choral music, including the *Sanctus* from Gounod's *St Cecilia Mass* with a superlative fifteen-year-old tenor, and Ashley-Botha's evocative setting of his own poem about the Drakensberg, with atmospheric vocal sound effects supporting soaring solo lines.

The magic was in the second half, though, when the second choir performed a series of traditional African song-dances, some with instruments. From simple stories to a complete evocation of the savannah's wildlife, we were transported by an undirected group of boys, who, Ashley-Botha later confessed, largely taught themselves the steps, though most of them were white. Here were the fruits of the severe discipline we had observed ('Boys are only beaten for serious offences,' we were told, 'such as having their shirts untucked'). I was not the only member of St John's looking dazed as we left the auditorium. Inspired and moved, I will not forget that evening.

The next day we returned to Durban to give a concert, and then flew to Cape Town, where we gave two, the first in the Nico Milan Opera House, the biggest venue of the tour. I lost myself more than once in the backstage maze, and the choir felt rather lost in the dry auditorium, whose ungenerous acoustic did not return our sound.

Nevertheless, the large and sophisticated audience seemed to enjoy the concert, and the city newspaper's critic, of whom we had been warned, was smiling pleasantly afterwards.

Most of the tourists to South Africa come to see the wildlife, and we had our share. Here, as often, it paid to tag along on the well-organised choristers' trips, rather than risk the rather more haphazard and often less satisfying arrangements one could make oneself. On our second day in Cape Town we took ship, lurching through seas higher than the tallest member of the choir, to Seal Island, a bare rock barely out of the water on which dozens of seals reclined, evidently used to the attention. We were also hoping to see whales, but were, except for some of the more imaginative boys, disappointed. On disembarkation the choristers bought about a quarter of an astonished quay-side sculptor's soapstone works.

In the afternoon we drove along the coast to Cape Point. On the way monkeys loped along the side of the road. Later we went down to the beach to see the penguins. I thought penguins only lived in and around Antarctica, and these birds were brown with brightly-coloured bills, but penguins they undoubtedly were, with the inimitable lurching gait, wings clutched tightly to the sides.

I was taken up the tallest building in Africa in Johannesburg, but Table Mountain was unrivalled for exhilaration. A two-hour wait in the queue at the bottom allowed the unpromising mist to evaporate from the top, so that the perilous drop from the cable car could be fully appreciated, and by the time we reached the summit the view of the sea was clear. We dashed around the un-table-like plateau, and perched on boulders for photographs, as if about to leap over the edge. Perhaps the mountain's name actually refers to the restaurant, which was well provided with flat surfaces for eating, and of which many of us took advantage for lunch.

A third day ended with our second concert, but beforehand expeditions set out to Stellenbosch, one of South Africa's prime wine-growing areas, to take advantage of one of the best things about the tour: the exchange rate. Three Rand seemed to be worth about a pound, but the rate of conversion was nearly six to one. This led to an unprecedented spending spree; as well as the inevitable liquor,

cheaper in supermarkets than in European duty free shops, and several cases of Stellenbosch wine, there were more exotic purchases; Adam Green staggered on to the homeward flight with enough tribal memorabilia to furnish a Zulu hut, or, as it turned out, his third year rooms. The powerful pound was also used to advantage in the excellent sea-food restaurants of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. The men enjoyed several well-lubricated evenings out eating astonishing food; in particular the sight of Toby Watkin devouring a lobster nearly as big as himself is not easily forgotten. Curiously, the fruit was often second rate; this, it was explained by our hosts, was because all the best produce is exported.

We flew next to Port Elizabeth, the eastern-most point of the tour. In the afternoon we fulfilled the dream of many on the tour: we went to an elephant park. It was a long time before we sighted our first elephants, and longer still until we arrived at close range, but they were just as I had always imagined them: slow, gentle and incredibly good-humoured. Along the way we also saw a pair of ostriches mating. We were able to eat lunch in front of a small group of elephants, sitting at tables looking down a slope and across a hedge to a cunningly-placed water trough.

Our concert in Port Elizabeth was in St Mary's Church, founded in 1825 and one of the oldest Anglican churches in South Africa; it was proud of its long history and recently granted coat of arms. The jolly rotund vicar would not have been out of place in an English church, and the strong Anglican tradition made this the most homely venue of the tour.

Finally, we returned to Johannesburg. After flying into the airport we had a day free, it says in the itinerary, for sightseeing; I have no recollection of our activities. The next evening we recorded a concert for television; we had a token audience, who disorientingly occupied only one side of the auditorium. We were introduced at incredible speed in both English and Khosa; in neither introduction could I make out more than the names of Christopher Robinson, and one 'Sir George Guest'.

Though used to early Sundays, it was a grumpy choir that left at eight o'clock the next morning for Soweto. We filed into the front

pews in the church, and waited for it to fill up, which it did, until overflowing. The singing started and seemed to continue for the duration of the service, our Victoria mass sounding drab beside the exuberance of the resident choir and congregation. The only significant gap was during the sermon, which was preached in English and simultaneously translated into Khosa. At the peace the whole church was in turmoil; it seemed that everyone shook everyone else's hand; and when the children came in for the communion, they entered in a singing procession. We were introduced at the beginning and applauded at the end, and the Dean was given a special welcome, as his is the translation of the psalms in use there. He also enjoyed being addressed as 'father', a sobriquet absent from the rarefied atmosphere of his usual haunts. To see such joy amid such poverty would have made one feel ashamed were it not for the infectious nature of their happiness.

After another big concert in Johannesburg's Linder Auditorium, we had our oddest engagement of the tour: in return for lunch and dinner at a private game farm and hotel, we sang a concert in the small thatched church for the hotel guests. The hotel was run by a friendly and energetic woman whose husband, after being a fighter pilot in the Second World War, had had a career as an archaeologist. Some of us saw his intriguing collection of finds, though I was content to sit in the shade and doodle. The hospitality was tremendous, and we enjoyed the most relaxed day of the tour.

On the last day we visited Gold Reef City, a theme park devoted to the gold industry, in which we descended to the higher levels of a worked-out mine, and watched gold bars being poured. The audience were offered the chance to walk away with the bar if they could lift it, but the profile and slipperiness proved too much, as presumably they always do. The demonstrator informed us that bars were given out for free on 30th February, but that was little help, it being the middle of September. The appetite for fairground rides, junk food and junk shopping that had been festering throughout the tour was finally satisfied, and we left, wondering how much we could really take on to the plane as hand luggage.

As we flew home, the customarily asinine films allowed me to ponder the tour. It had lived up to all expectations, and looking

around, everyone seemed happy, though exhausted. There had been some lessons, too. It is to be hoped that the opening up of cultural links with Europe, allowing tours such as ours, and that of the Drakensberg Boys' Choir who, a few days after we heard them, started their first tour of Western Europe, will bring a much greater appreciation of the complexity of South Africa's situation, which in its bizarre mixture of backwardness and sophistication is unlike that of any other country in the southern hemisphere. South Africa is well named the Rainbow Land.

R. R. Thomas

The Colenso Lectures

The Bishop

Bishop Colenso, though not so well known as he should be in this country, is a legend in South Africa, and should surely be regarded as among the most distinguished of the nineteenth century Johnians. After early years of considerable privation, he came to the College as a sizar in 1832, graduated as second wrangler in 1836, and was elected into a Fellowship in the next year. While teaching at Harrow and elsewhere, and writing widely used texts on Algebra and Arithmetic, he moved away from his evangelical upbringing towards the 'broad church' movement. In this he was much influenced by the writings of Coleridge and by his follower, Frederick Denison Maurice. In 1844 he decided to take a College living in Norfolk in preference to a much better paid post as Principal of a college in Putney. A sermon by Samuel Wilberforce (3rd son of William Wilberforce, O.J.) in 1839 had given him an interest in missionary work, and in 1852 he was invited to become the first Bishop of Natal.

Quite apart from his early renown as a mathematician, his subsequent career was distinguished in at least two major ways. Before he went to Africa he had shown a willingness to defend humane action against the conventions of the times and, on arrival in Natal, he soon acquired a sympathy for the Africans, whom he felt had been exploited by the British. He quickly became fluent in Zulu, and subsequently published both a grammar and a dictionary, which are still highly regarded. Called 'Father of the people' by the Zulus, his sympathies with their viewpoint led him to argue that 'cruel injustices are being done in the name of that blessed religion', and he came into conflict with the settlers. There are numerous instances on record of his helping Africans and exposing injustice, though he is better known for his attempts to interfere in colonial affairs. During his career in Natal he made penetrating analyses of the situation and attempted to open the eyes of the British Government to the ways in which the Africans were being exploited. In 1879 the British received a major military setback in the war against the Zulus

and suffered heavy casualties. Colenso was asked to preach on a day of 'Humiliation and Prayer' – but, to the surprise of the congregation, his sermon was mostly devoted to exposing the injustice of the campaign.

But in many ways his conflicts with the secular authorities were of lesser importance to him than those with the theological ones. F.D. Maurice had influenced him towards a liberal and humane authority, and he sought an adequate response to social problems through Christian practice. He abandoned unquestioning acceptance of the Bible and the authority imposed by the Church in favour of personal conviction. His views were strengthened by the comments of his first convert Ngidi, an 'intelligent native', who helped him in translating the Bible. Ngidi was concerned with the logistical possibilities of getting all the animals into the Ark and feeding them throughout the Flood, and he asked 'Is all that true?'. Colenso felt he could not give a simple 'yes'. In due course he produced a four volume critique of the Pentateuch, the first being a general demonstration that it was 'unhistorical' – he deliberately dissociated himself from the adjective 'fictitious'. The argument revolved principally around the logical contradictions and logistical impossibilities of the stories of the Exodus. The remaining volumes involved more detailed textual criticism over questions of authorship, etc. Not surprisingly, this work and his other writings earned him heavy disapprobation from the church authorities. The Convocation decided that the monies voted to him, out of which he paid his clergy, should be withheld, and the bishops inhibited him from preaching in their dioceses. The hymn 'The Church's One Foundation', written at this time, containing thinly veiled criticism of Colenso, is not sung in St John's College chapel out of sentiments of Johnian loyalty.

This controversy with the church authorities continued all his life, and the saga of attempts to dethrone him makes incredible reading. Indeed the controversy still flickers to-day: even in 1970 the Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge tried to brush him aside as having 'no profundity of mind'. But for the most part his work is now more sympathetically regarded as are his views on the Bible: they can be seen as part of the formulation of modern views on the nature of Biblical truth.

The proposal for the lectures.

In March 1994 the College received a letter from Professor Jonathan Draper (OJ), Head of the School of Theology in the University of Natal (Pietermaritzburg), written with the support of Professor David Maughan Brown (OJ), the Principal at Pietermaritzburg, suggesting that the College should establish an annual series of 'Colenso lectures' in the University of Natal on the 'symbolic meaning of the life and work of John Colenso in Natal'. The matter was considered at several meetings of the College Council, and there was further correspondence with Professor Draper in which it was agreed to broaden the proposal to include disciplines other than Theology. At its meeting on October 20th (after I had retired from the Mastership), the Council agreed, for a trial period of three years, to support 'an annual lecture series ... by a member of the College at the University of Natal, and at other universities in South Africa if it proves possible, in order to promote academic exchanges between Cambridge and South Africa'. Subsequently the Master wrote to me inviting me to be the first Colenso lecturer, and I was delighted to accept.

The University of Natal had meanwhile established a committee of three Johnians to handle the arrangements – Professor Maughan Brown, Professor Draper, and Professor David Walker (Dean of Science at the Durban campus). They went to a great deal of trouble to make arrangements both in the University of Natal and elsewhere, though the political situation made a visit to what were formerly 'Homeland universities' unwise.

The Colenso Lectures

My wife (Joan) and I arrived in Durban on August 13th, 1995, and spent roughly half a week at each of the two campuses of the University of Natal (Pietermaritzburg and Durban) and at Grahamstown (Rhodes University and Fort Hare) and Cape Town (Universities of Cape Town and of the Western Cape). Of these, Fort Hare (Mandela's university) and the University of the Western Cape are known in the immediately post-apartheid era as 'traditionally black universities'. I had offered five lecture titles – 'The bases of violence and war', 'The study of interpersonal relationships', 'Towards integrating the behavioural sciences', 'Where do we get our values?', and 'Humans and

human habitats: reciprocal influences'. The first of these was accepted as the main Colenso Lecture at Pietermaritzburg, and the next three were requested elsewhere. I gave one other lecture at Pietermaritzburg and one at each of the other universities. In addition, Joan lectured on 'Maternal style and the mother-child relationship' and gave a seminar on Attachment theory in the Psychology Department at Pietermaritzburg, and a seminar at Fort Hare was given jointly.

For us the most wonderful part of those two weeks was the warmth of the welcome and the many stimulating discussions we had at each of the universities. I would mention especially Professor Maughan Brown, who came to Durban on a Sunday in order to drive us back to Pietermaritzburg, Professor Jonathan Draper who looked after us so well there, Professor David Walker, who came to take us back to Durban, and our hosts in Rhodes (Professors Stones and Andy Gilbert) and Cape Town (Professors Du Preez and Andy Dawes). Especially memorable moments were the drives between Durban and Pietermaritzburg; a visit to Bishop Colenso's house and cathedral (Mr John Dean); the drive from Grahamstown to Fort Hare (Professor Andy Gilbert) and the wonderful museum of African art there; and a walk in the unforgettable Botanic Gardens in Cape Town with Professor Du Preez.

With increased student numbers and shortage of funds the universities in South Africa are having a very difficult time, and that is perhaps the understatement of the year. But we were enormously impressed by the dedication of all whom we met and their determination to give the students the best that they could as well as to maintain their research.

After a fortnight of Colenso lectures Joan and I hired a car and spent a week in the Kruger National Park. Joan had not seen large animals in a natural environment, and it really was a wonderful experience – not to mention over a hundred species of South African birds. We also had opportunity to see both the modern urban centres and the shanty towns. I had last been in southern Africa when I was 18, for the aircrew training scheme set up there during the war. South Africa seemed such a very different place and I was left wondering which had changed more – the country or me.

Robert A. Hinde

The Development of the College Gardens

Our College inherited territory west of the Cam from the hospital of the same name out of which it was founded. By 1448 the brethren of St John the Evangelist had, immediately to the north of the site of New Court, a garden with fishponds in it, and to the south lay their meadow, where St John's Meadow or 'The Paddock' is now.[1] Nothing more is known in detail of the dimensions or layout of the Hospital's grounds. The map of Cambridge made by John Hammond in 1592 shows as 'S. Johns Walkes' a close surrounded by trees and ditches and divided by a triple line of trees, reached by a wooden bridge on the site of the present kitchen bridge. The three rows of trees probably enclosed paths, for in 1576-7 gravel had been spread on 'the myddle walke on the backside'[2]. To the west the close stretched as far as a ditch on the approximate site of that now at the western edge of the Paddock, where it was crossed by another bridge on the site of the present iron bridge. Beyond stretched pasture belonging to the Town and, across the present Queen's Road, the open arable fields. To the north St John's Ditch, linking the river and the Bin Brook, divided the close from the area of fishponds [3].

The first expansion of the College grounds took place in 1610, when pasture on the northern part of the present Fellows' Garden was purchased from the town. The new enclosure was surrounded by elms, ashes and poplars, quickset was bought for it, a willow hedge made 'to keep up the ditch', a wall was made round it, and earth was removed and the ground levelled within it. Whether or not the levelling was preparatory to making a bowling green, it was certainly known as such by 1625, when 27s. 6d. was paid for 'elmes, siccamors and setts in the bowling ground'[4]. The area of the bowling green is now covered by the croquet lawn in the Fellows' Garden.

The southern part of the Fellows' Garden, where is now 'the wilderness', was also originally pasture, leased from Corpus Christi College in 1640 and subsequently until 1708[5]. From 1660 the lease was held by St John's for a peppercorn, in exchange for its grant to Corpus of a lease of land at Trumpington on similar terms. After the expiry

The Wisteria surrounding the terrace entrance to the Master's Lodge

of the leases in 1708 both colleges simply retained their land, which was treated as freehold. When, in 1803, Corpus tried to reclaim its land, now an established part of the St John's College Gardens, in exchange for that at Trumpington, it was successfully opposed on the grounds that it had never demanded that St John's renew its lease![6]

The print of the College by David Loggan (1688) showed the area as a formal garden divided into two rectangular lawns, edged with trees and separated and surrounded by paths. Around the lawns were hedges varied by 'cut arbours', noted by the much-travelled Celia Fiennes, when she visited the College in 1697. It was a landscape of shrubs and tree-lined walks: 'close shady walks, and open rows of trees and quickset hedges ...'[7] In the southwest corner was a summerhouse, shown both in an engraving of 1743, and in Baker's map of Cambridge of 1830[8]. It was a substantial building with a domed roof, and had wainscot within it which was repainted in 1762, together with all the seats in the gardens. In the same year a reed hedge eight feet high was planted from 'the top of the garden

to the cross walk' (presumably along the northern side of the Fellows' Garden), and yews replaced an older hedge. A yew hedge beside the Garden wall was replaced in 1778 by 'Phylyrea and other plants proper for a wall'.

Plans for further improvements were considered. Among those commissioned to undertake work on the gardens was Lancelot 'Capability' Brown. The extent of Brown's work, for which he was awarded a silver cup worth £52 in 1778, is uncertain; but it is possible that he was responsible for transforming the formal arbours and paths of the Fellows' Garden into the 'wilderness' of today. Payments in 1776-8 totalling £44 for trees, carriage and planting of them and of shrubs, as well as £62 for a gardener and workman in the grounds and walks, may reflect this activity, though these are nothing like the scale of expense envisaged by Brown in 1773. The century was brought to a rather sad close by the activities of anonymous vandals in the gardens who, in 1794, destroyed a bridge and newly-planted saplings[9].

The enclosure of the West Fields of Cambridge in 1805 led to major changes to the gardens and grounds. The additional areas of land allotted to the College under the enclosure comprised the present Scholars' Garden, then an orchard, a plot bordering Queen's Rd on which the Field Gates are built, and the strip which now forms the path between the Wilderness and Trinity College's meadow and ends at the Gate leading on to the Backs. College Orders providing for the continuance of the Bin Brook in a ditch along the eastern edge of the Wilderness, and the erection of the Backs Gate and the Field Gates were made in 1822. The Bin Brook, hitherto the north-western boundary of the grounds, was now brought within them, and the Broad Walk was straightened to its present position with the new Field gates at its western end. An Order of 3 February 1823 authorised the cost of the alterations to the Walks to be met from the sale of stock worth £1500, from the fund provided by the bequest of Sir Isaac Pennington.[10]

The Broad Walk was now crossed by the Brook instead of lying on its south, and a new iron bridge had to be made to carry it. At the same time a matching bridge was provided on the site of an earlier bridge over the ditch on the south side of the Fellows' Garden. The

western bridge remained until the stream was culverted in 1854, when it was removed to the grounds of Quy Hall. In the College Archives there exists a bill, 5 September 1854, from James Tompkins, builder, for making 128 yards of brick tunnel for the culvert, and installing the cast iron sluice.[11]

In order to meet the needs of increased numbers entering the College, a new building was envisaged in 1824, and in January 1825 it was decided to site it west of the river. At the same time negotiations were in progress to acquire the Pondyard belonging to Merton College, in the northern part of the area between Bin Brook and St. John's Ditch, which was to be filled in. The new building – New Court – would lie across the site of the Ditch, becoming the centrepiece of grounds enlarged towards the north. When the work was finished in 1831 the ancient east-west sweep of the walks, terminating at Queen's Road, was balanced by the southward vista from the New Court Cloisters of river, trees and meadow stretching away along the Backs.

The Wellingtonia before the west front of New Court, just before felling in 1992, aged 150 years

An entirely new garden was added to the precincts in 1863-8, as a result of more building operations. The provision of a new building site east of the river had been deferred in 1825 because the necessary area could not be purchased in time, but it remained on the agenda, for in 1857 the Master, William H. Bateson, and the Senior Bursar, George F. Reyner, discussed the building of a new Chapel and Lodge north of St John's Lane, where Chapel Court, the Library and the Lodge are now.[12] The new Master's Lodge and Garden was built on the site of the tenements and yards which had stretched from Bridge Street south to the Lane. The Clerk of Works, William Cooper, reported on July 22 1865 that labourers were 'gravelling the walks' of the Lodge.[13] One plan, showing the garden with a meandering perimeter path, was prepared by William Cumming, nurseryman of the Madingley Road. The floral borders of the terrace, and wisteria around the porch of the Lodge, help to soften and mellow its Gothic exterior, and the Chestnut, planted between 1867 and 1870, creates a restful background for the new Library.[14]

The ancient elms and other trees in the walks planted in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries died natural deaths in the nineteenth, were felled in the 1820's, or succumbed to storms, one of which in March 1916 destroyed twenty-five great trees. In 1951-52 a general replanting scheme was carried out under the direction of Dr Thomas Sharp. As part of this general scheme the orchard acquired in 1805 was laid out according to a design by Miss Sylvia Crowe as the Scholars' Garden. Originally another site for a new garden, the Bin Brook meadow across Queen's Rd, had been considered, but Dr. Sharp in a letter to the Senior Bursar on 24 May 1950, urged the adoption of the orchard as a more convenient and better drained area. The Scholars' Garden is regularly used, its large open lawn and proximity to the College making it an ideal venue for the social gatherings of Junior Members.[15]

Another garden and grassed area has grown up around Merton Hall and the School of Pythagoras, acquired from Merton College in 1959. The 'School of Pythagoras' was in the later thirteenth century a house first rented and then owned by a wealthy Cambridge burgess, Eustace Dunning.[16] It was acquired by Walter de Merton, founder of the Oxford College of that name, and made over to his

College in 1271. The rectangular stone house, with its northward extension built between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, was the nucleus of a small manor, of which the Merton pondyard acquired by St John's in 1822 was part. In a situation rather similar to that in the 1820's, the probability of a post-war expansion of student numbers a century later again put the erection of new buildings on the College agenda. At first, however, the primary consideration for acquiring the land from Merton was to improve the landscape of the Backs, by restoring Merton Hall and the adjacent houses, which were in a somewhat decayed state.[17]

Merton fully appreciated that its property needed improvement, but it was not prepared to sell in 1928 when the issue was first officially raised between the two Colleges, nor in 1933 when St John's considered the matter in the light of the need for extra accommodation.[18] The additional rooms were provided instead by the Maufe ranges in Chapel Court, erected between 1938 and 1942. The matter was raised once more in 1958, when rising student numbers again demanded increased accommodation. In order to provide all the facilities required, including car-parking space and new squash courts, and a reasonable vehicle access to the new development from Northampton Street, the Merton property, along with land owned by Storey's Charity and Magdalene College, had to be purchased, and this was done on 4 November 1959, and 5 and 6 September 1961[19]. The area then occupied by a yard and outbuildings to the east of the School of Pythagoras and Merton Hall was subsequently integrated with the layout of the new Cripps Building and Squash Courts by a gravelled court, and a foot access provided from Northampton Street. To the south and west of Merton Hall there were already lawns, and a sunken garden to the north. The sunken garden was converted into a pool surrounded by new-planted roses, hostas and other herbaceous plants in 1980-81, when a Greenhouse financed from a bequest to the College by Cecil Jenkins (BA 1923) was also added to the site. The Merton Hall lawn is used, among other occasions, for the summer alfresco meeting of the College Pig Club for Fellows, Staff and their families, with the half-timbered western facade of the Hall making a pleasant background.

Malcolm Underwood

[1] In that year they came into temporary possession of more fishponds to the west , on the site of Cripps Court. These ponds had been owned by Merton College Oxford until 1446 when they were made over to the new foundation of King's College, and King's granted them to the Hospital in exchange for town property of the brethren needed for its large site. Merton was, however, able to reclaim its fishponds in 1464, and St. John's College did not regain them, by purchase, until 1824. See E. Miller, 'Fishponds Close and its Pondyards', *The Eagle,* vol. LIX no. 259 (Oct. 1962), p.354.

[2] Rental 1576-7, Archives SB4.2, fol. 40r.

[3] Loggan's map of 1688 shows a larger number of fishponds, concentrated closer to the river .

[4] Deed of sale, 24 April 1610, Archives D17.171; works: Rental 1610-11, SB4.3, fol. 264, 264v.; Rental 1625-6, Archives SB4.4, fol.170.

[5] See the article by Dr. J.S. Boys Smith, 'The College Grounds and Playing Fields', *The Eagle,* vol. LIV no.239 (1951), p. 301.

[6] Willis and Clark, *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge,* vol. II, p.238; Archives D101.29-31 (opinions of counsel).

[7] M. Batey, *The Historic Gardens of Oxford and Cambridge* (Macmillan, 1989) p.100.

[8] A summerhouse remained still in 1854, when old bricks and rubbish was carted away from it, and the moat near its' corner widened, Archives JB4, Tompkins's bill, 1854, 3rd. Quarter.

[9] Boys Smith, 'The College Grounds', pp.304-6, and 'The Alteration made in the Fellows' Garden and the College grounds in 1822-3', *The Eagle* vol. LIII, no.235 (1949), p.161; T. Baker, *History of St. John's College,* ed. J.E.B. Mayor (Cambridge, 1869), pp.1047-8; Conclusion Book, Archives C.5.2, pp.129, 136, 137, 244; Rentals 1776-7, 1777-8, Archives SB4.28, 29.

[10] 1745-1817, Regius Professor of Physic and Senior Fellow.

[11] Boys Smith, 'The Alteration ...', pp.147-52; Archives, JB4, Tompkins's bill, 1854, 3rd. Quarter. The works cost in round figures £124. There is no bill in the years 1854 or 1855 for the removal of the western bridge.

[12] Reyner's Diary, quoted by Sir. H. Howard *Finances of St. John's College 1511-1926,* (Cambridge,1935), p.183, (Archives SB1.6, 7 Feb. 1857).

[13] Reports, Archives D33.2.

[14] This date was given by the widow of Charles Taylor, Master 1881-1908. See A.C. Crook, *From the Foundation to Gilbert Scott* (Cambridge, for the College, 1980) p.124, note.

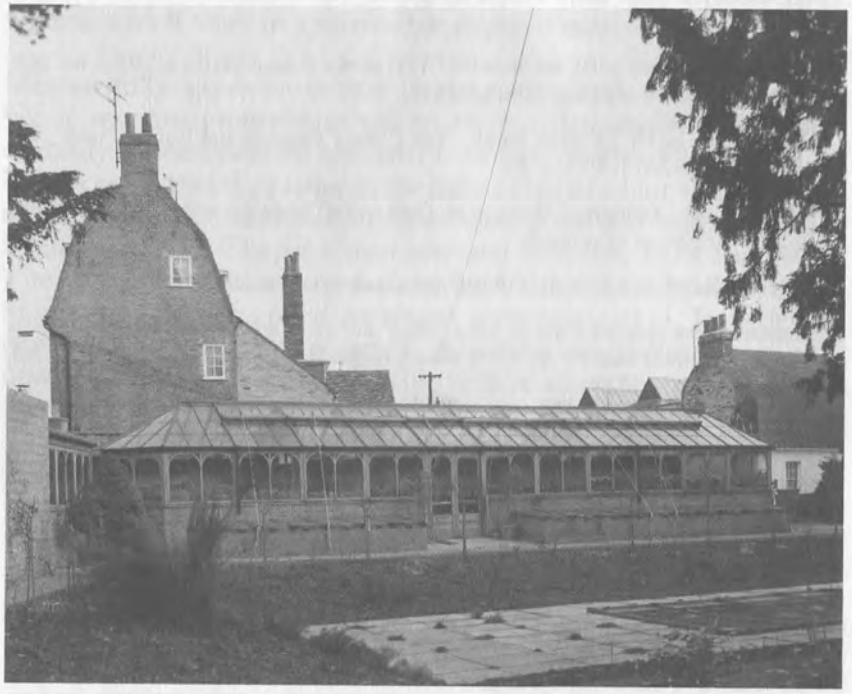
[15] Senior Bursar's File 'Replanning of College Grounds', SBF72 (1947-50, 1951-9).

[16] *Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, Cambridgeshire,* (1959) II. 377; *The West Fields of Cambridge,* eds. C. P. Hall and J.R. Ravensdale (Cambridge, 1976), p.61.

[17] E. Miller, *Portrait of A College*, (Cambridge, The College, 1961, repr. 1993), 115, 118.

[18] A.C. Crook, *Penrose to Cripps*, (Cambridge, The College, 1978), 101.

[19] Archives, D184.2.19, D184.3.5, D184.3.13.



The Greenhouse, with the newly replanted sunken garden, 1981

The Combination Room Table

The Combination Room table owes its origins to several College arrangements once customary, but now largely forgotten. Sixty years ago there were just over 50 Fellows, so that it was possible to hold in the Combination Room, without overcrowding, all five of the special annual dinners – May 6, the newly introduced Foundation Dinner, December 27, (all occasions when individual Fellows could not bring guests) and the two invitation nights, when they could invite guests. But to do so required a table over 70 feet long, which we did not possess. So on each of these occasions one was contrived by putting together a motley collection of tables from all over the College – tables varying in height and width, and bristling with legs. The ramshackle set-up was made to look decent by covering it with huge, beautifully laundered linen damask cloths about eight feet wide, which hung well down and concealed the forest of legs. Additionally, each edge of the 'table' was also covered by long, matching, linen runners on which all the places were set out. Before dessert, when surplus cutlery and wine glasses had been removed, these were rolled up, taking away all the crumbs and so on, and leaving a clean cloth. Nevertheless, the staff, who had to move a lot of tables and assemble the illusion, and the Fellows and guests who suffered from it, were agreed that the set-up left much to be desired. I have known my place to coincide with a junction of two tables of differing height, when, apart from cracking my kneecap on an unexpected leg, the soup plate was liable to tip up. So for a long time there had been a strong general desire for change.

For other reasons I had also been interested in tables for a number of years. In those days the rooms provided by the College for a Fellow were just that – rooms. One provided one's own furniture, carpets and cleaning materials and paid the wages of the bedder and all charges for services. The furniture of my rooms had gone into store in September, 1939, and had come out again in 1942 to help furnish when my wife and I set up house in Cambridge. In 1946 we decided that we would take our time about replacing it, starting with as little as possible and building up gradually. The long-term aim would be quality, so as to present to my pupils a good domes-

tic background for College teaching as a contrast to a laboratory. Consequently a good deal of thought went into what would best fill a particular need. On tables we had soon concluded that the most versatile had a centre pedestal, or if it were to be a long table, a row of centre pedestals. Looking over many examples one finds that the practical difficulty is that the vast majority of these tables are either rickety, because too lightly built, or ugly, because the massive construction is not concealed by a good design. I had surveyed very many such tables before I paid a visit to Hardwick Hall and saw the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire's dining table. This had so obviously got the design right that I promptly bought a postcard with a photograph of it and filed it away – purely as a matter of interest because it solved the problem. I could not imagine us ever having the money to buy such a table.

Another solution would have to be found for my College rooms.

There now enters a third old custom, also going far back in time. Before sherry parties had become a customary way of entertaining undergraduates, Fellows would invite pupils and friends up to their rooms for dessert (which the kitchen would provide) after Hall. Then they could sit comfortably and chat over fruit, nuts, biscuits and wine. The last Fellow to maintain this tradition, right up to shortly before his death in 1951, was E.E. Raven, 'Dave' the Dean; and then there was a hiatus, which both my wife and I regretted.

An opportunity for reviving dessert parties came with the introduction of an entertainment allowance for Fellows a few years later, but our plan would require a table large enough to seat twelve. Our idea was on each occasion to invite six of my pupils, and two other Fellows and their wives. This gave an urgency previously lacking to the leisurely search for a table for my rooms, which had been going on for years. For a while a suitable table which we could afford seemed no nearer, but then my wife found a formidable small ad. in the *Cambridge Daily News* (as it then was): 'Spanish mahogany dining table, seat 20, for sale or would exchange for anything useful', with a telephone number. She rang to ask what would be useful and was told 'a gent's wardrobe, or a hen-house', neither of which we had to spare. However, as the ad. had been inserted for five days and no-one else had rung, we were easily able to arrange a price. The

table turned out to be a massive early Victorian structure, which did indeed have a Spanish mahogany top, and its four removable leaves were clamped tightly into place by correspondingly massive brass clips, which we shall soon meet again.

A decade earlier the College had received a bequest from Norman Green (BA 1909), who died on 30 December 1944, of part of the residue of his estate 'to the Fellows of St John's College, Cambridge to be expended by them on a piece of furniture for the Common Room'. The receipt of the benefaction was recorded in Council minute 1832/14 of 4 October 1946, but it was not clear how best to fulfil his intention. Clearly the piece of furniture most needed was a large enough table, but the chances of finding one already existing were negligible, and stringent timber rationing prevented one from being made. Accordingly the bequest was invested and set aside for a more favourable opportunity. This arose after a cabinet maker joined the College Maintenance Staff, and it became apparent how accomplished he was. At the same time, a variety of tropical hardwoods were becoming readily available.

When the matter was raised again, I produced the Hardwick Hall postcard, and it was at once agreed that such a table, modified for the needs of the Combination Room, would be ideal. I wrote to the Dowager Duchess, asking her permission to make a copy of her table, and giving two reasons why it would be particularly appropriate – the fact that the Combination Room is part of a building put up at the instance of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, the daughter of Bess of Hardwick, the builder of Hardwick Hall; and the period, third quarter of the eighteenth century, which agreed with the set of dining chairs we had had for many years. She sent a most friendly reply, not only giving her permission but also offering accommodation for our clerk of works and cabinet maker while they were making measurements and drawings, constructing templates, and so on.

The next important question was – what should the table be made of? and in particular, what suitable wood could we get for the top? Here we had an extraordinary piece of good luck. Christopher Richmond, our clerk of works, was always on friendly terms with his suppliers, and talked over our problem with the representative

of Mallinsons, a large Manchester timber merchant with a branch in East London, who supplied us with a good deal of timber and also took a friendly interest in any special requirements. He soon came back with an answer. They had recently taken over an old-established timber merchant at Bury St Edmunds, and there, in some bushes right at the bottom of the yard, was a stack of Spanish mahogany one and a quarter inches thick and 40 years in plank. There wasn't much of it, and because it was so rare they would not put it into the trade, but carry out the intentions of the previous owners and make sure it was used only for special jobs. They were happy that we should have enough for the top of the Combination Room table, which would finish as a solid mahogany about an inch and one sixteenth thick. They would let us have it at 144/- a foot cube (ie: the equivalent of a plank an inch thick, a foot wide, and twelve feet long), at a time when English oak was running at about 90 to 100/- a foot cube. It was, in effect, a benefaction. As a check Dr Metcalfe, who at the time was working on wood anatomy at Kew, kindly made a microscopic examination of a splinter, and assured us that it was indeed 'Spanish' mahogany. Mallinsons were pleased to have this confirmation, not that they had any reason to doubt.

I ought, perhaps, at this point to say a word about 'Spanish' or 'Cuban' mahogany. It came from the 'Spanish Main', especially Cuba, and acquired its reputation in cabinet making during the eighteenth century. Botanically it is either *Swietenia mahogoni* or *Swietenia macrophylla*, whose woods are indistinguishable, even under the microscope. All the worthwhile timber trees of these two species have gone from the Caribbean area, and the only commercially useful stands are in Chile, on the Eastern slope of the Andes, above the cataracts of the Amazon. It can therefore now enter Western trade only by being flown over the Andes to a Chilean port, and I have no idea what it costs by the time it reaches New York. There is no substitute of equal quality, but 'Sapele' mahogany, *Entandrophragma cylindricum* (sic), from West Africa is closely related. This was chosen for the substructure of the table (and also, incidentally, some years before, for the strip-board floor of the Master's dining and drawing rooms). The planks required were four and six inches thick.

Materials selected and quantities ordered, the cabinet maker could then start planning the construction of a table section, starting with

the pedestal itself, which would follow the Hardwick Hall model in detail. There would have to be modifications to the top, because the uses to which the two tables were to be put were so different. Alexis Brookes, the Junior Bursar, Frank Thistlethwaite, the Steward, and I got together to decide these. First the height was settled, with reference to the long set of 'Chippendale' chairs. Then, the sections of the original were each six feet wide and four feet long, and therefore wide enough to display some of the Devonshire plate; and the table stood in a large dining room, well clear of the walls on all sides. The Combination Room on the other hand is only 20 feet wide, so we reversed the dimensions, making the table four feet wide, and the sections six feet long. The original had snap tops; when a catch was released the top could be turned vertical on a hinge, so that the section could easily be carried through a doorway, and the unused sections stored. We wished our unused sections to remain in the Combination Room and serve as side tables. Therefore, they had to have a double drop-leaf, with a rule-joint; and the drop-leaves would have to be wider than usual, so that the side-table didn't take up too much room when standing against the wall. At the same time we wished each section to be sturdy enough so that it could be used as a separate table if necessary. In this position, in the absence of a leg, the drop-leaves needed the most secure support possible, which is provided by two slides fixed to a cross piece, in effect a drawer without a bottom. These considerations determined the main features and dimensions of the sections, and the next question was; how were they to be assembled into a long table?

Sections of a composite table are normally aligned by pins, fixed to the edge of one section, and entering holes in the edge of the next one. But for our purposes it would not do to have a row of pins sticking out of one edge, if a section were to be used as a separate table, yet when put together the surface must be dead flat. We therefore decided that there should be a semicylindrical projection along one edge, and a corresponding hollow along the other. Thus all the edges looked finished, and it was most unlikely that anyone would ever notice that the opposite edges of a single table had different mouldings. But the absence of pins meant that strong clips were needed to press the sections together. A search of modern catalogues failed to find any. We now come back the table in my College rooms.

We recall that the sections of this were clamped together by massive brass clips. These had a rotary quadrant wedge with a thumb-piece, giving a substantial mechanical advantage, and producing a very tight fit. They were inscribed 'Cope and Collison Jany 1840'. We unscrewed one and Alexis Brookes took it to the Superintendent of Engineering Workshops and asked him to make a dozen pairs. Mr Barker (known to the older members of the graduate staff as 'young Barker', because his father had occupied the post before him) demurred, saying it wasn't a job for him, they could be bought from a catalogue. Challenged to do so, and having equally failed to find anything comparable, he then became interested, and improved on the original. On my table the clips were all identical because the sections were aligned, as usual, by pegs and holes and couldn't slide sideways. But on the proposed Combination Room table they could slide sideways, and, because of the pressure of the quadrant wedges on opposite ends, they were bound to do so during the final tightening up. This would never do – the assembled table would have an untidy jagged edge, so he made mirror-image pairs of left and right-handed clips. Then, providing that the table is assembled by two people standing opposite and working together (in any case, the easier way), the opposite pressures at the two ends neutralise each other, and the table edge stays straight.

There was only one more point of design. Two of the sections of opposite fit would have D-ends, so that the table would always be complete, however many sections it contained. The overall plan was for 13 sections, giving a table 78 feet long, and approximately 7 feet clear at either end.

We still had to make one more decision before our plans were complete – how was the top to be finished? We all hoped that it would be possible to dispense with the damask tablecloths and dine on a bare polished table: and particularly so as we were to have so superior a table top. The traditional finish for such a table two hundred years ago would have been oil polish, but although beautiful and resistant it is immensely time-consuming, and couldn't be contemplated nowadays. Nor could French polish. This would mark at every touch of a hot plate or a spill of water or wine, not at once wiped up. Maintaining it would be even more time- consuming, as there would be no end to the blemishes. We were therefore driven

to the modern, and relatively untried, plastic finishes. With one of these, Bourn Seal, usually used for floors, I had had long experience in my University Department. Two coats would soak into the surface of a tropical hardwood as into blotting paper, and then set. When the surface had been sanded off, the outer layer of the wood had become transparent plastic reinforced by the fibres of the wood. It would take wax polish and give a very resistant matt finish to a laboratory bench, standing up to heat and spills of all sorts of laboratory chemicals for many years, much better than the conventional all-plastic bench top. So the principle had proved sound, but we needed a higher polish. The cabinet maker rounded up three possibilities and polished three sample boards of Sapele mahogany. The committee met before Hall in the Combination Room. The Steward had the hot cupboard turned so high that plates could only be handled by a folded napkin. After the original state of the polishes had been examined and approved, one hot plate was placed on each, and next to it small pools of claret, port and brandy, each with a glass standing in it. They were then all left till next morning, when the committee met for another look. One polish had not marked with the hot plate, and a damp cloth removed all traces of the three pools. This is what the cabinet maker used to polish the table.

These considerations of use, and the experiment, answered all the cabinet maker's questions, and he could go straight on to finish the first sections, which took in all about a month to make, and which many people awaited with interest. Fortunately for all concerned it was at once approved. Because of his other commitments he could finish only three or four sections a year, but all the time the table was growing it was becoming more useful. Council minute 2188/11 of 21 December 1959, headed 'Combination Room Table' reads 'Agreed to record that the new table, three sections of which have now been placed in the Combination Room, is made by the College cabinet maker, W.A.Reynolds, and is modelled on a dining table at Hardwick Hall, the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire and now the property of the National Trust. Agreed further that the bequest of Norman Green (Council minutes 1788/8 and 1832/4 dated 9 February 1945 and 4 October 1946) be applied towards the cost of this table and that a plate recording this be affixed to one of the sections'. According, let into one end of the table is a bronze plate inscribed:

The gift of Norman Green, BA 1909
Modelled on a table in Hardwick Hall
Made by the College cabinet maker W.A. Reynolds.

But we are not at an end of the group of happy coincidences connected with the table. By 1960 the restoration of Second Court had progressed to the North range, and the stonework of the windows was to be replaced, necessarily putting the whole of the range out of use for a while. The opportunity was taken to clean, restore and redecorate the Combination Room ceiling, and also to improve the facilities for serving meals there, including a service lift from the ground floor. This worked in a plan to improve the Green Room and Fellows' Lobby, which had long been desired, and which had become more urgent with the increased number of Fellows. Details of all this work will be found in Alec Crook's *Penrose to Cripps*, pp 57-64, which should be read in conjunction with Plans 11 and 12 on pp 42-45 of Part 1 of Norman Henry' and Alec Crook's *Use and Occupancy of Rooms in St John's College*. While the work was proceeding, the sections of the table were accumulating, and all was ready in time for the Master's appointment as Vice-Chancellor in 1963.

The coincidental appearance of the table and the much improved means of serving meals in the Combination Room at once made possible a further change in custom. During vacations the Fellows could now normally lunch and dine in the Combination Room. This left the Hall clear for Kitchen use in connection with conferences, dinners and so on, which were becoming ever more important to help balance the books.

When the whole table had been set out for one of the special dinners, with all its glass and silver and over a score of pairs of candles twinkling away into the distance, Reynolds came up to look at it. He said to me afterwards 'You know, this is the kind of job that any cabinet maker worth his salt would want to do once in his lifetime'. In all it had taken thirteen months work, spread over more than three years, and he had earned a place in our long roll of benefactors, as have so many others who had devoted their best energies to the service of the College.

My thanks are due to the College Archivist and all those concerned with the design and construction of the table for help in compiling this account.

G.C.E.

Most of the table in the course of being prepared for a special dinner. Towards the end of the room, on the left, a single section standing by the wall, showing the proportions of the double drop-leaves; on the wall, to the right, a portrait of the Lady Margaret; on the end wall, of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, Bess of Hardwick's daughter.

Paul Lambah read the Natural Sciences Tripos, and pursued a medical career after graduating in 1938. In this article he recalls his friend, Rhodes Hambridge, and his influence on the LMBC of the late 1930's.

Rhodes Hambridge

It is doubtful if the rowing policy seeds sown by a former Captain of the Lady Margaret Boat Club were recognised let alone acknowledged in the late thirties and beyond. It was a policy which differed from the orthodox means of boat propulsion, the blade work venerated by the Establishment – Eton, Leander and satellite schools and colleges – towards which Lady Margaret leaned heavily at that time; different also from the *avant-garde* Fairbairnism, then producing successful and enthusiastic oarsmen who were having the effrontery to defeat orthodox crews. It was a policy that withstood the cross-fire from the big guns of the two main rival camps, conceived by a man who was able to keep an open mind and who eventually found in the teaching of Roy Meldrum the key to his rowing ambitions for himself and for the club. Before we look at some of the evidence, let us take a glance at that 'never-never' land before the Second World War.

An orderly peacefulness brooded, centuries deep, over the sun-drenched Cambridge Backs during the Long Vac. term of 1936. At St John's there was the usual unskilled traffic on the Cam, the mellow sound of tennis ball on gut from the well-tended grass courts, the occasional complaint of a teal from the backwaters of the Master's garden while the voices of leisurely strollers echoed gently from the venerable buildings across the immaculate lawns. An unusual variation to the scene was the sight of a lanky, though well-built, dark haired, bespectacled undergraduate, a shade over six feet tall and who rowed at thirteen stones, instructing a friend in the art of throwing a boomerang. Needless to say this extra-curricular tutorial was being conducted by a young man (ladies were not admitted to St John's in that illiberal era) who had grown up in Australia. His name was Rhodes Hambridge.

Hambridge had entered St John's in the Michaelmas term of 1933. Born in October 1913 at Rose Bay, Sydney, Australia, he had rowed for his school (The King's School, Paramatta) before coming to

A IV on the Cam with Hambridge at Stroke

England and although good at other forms of athletics, at St John's he soon decided to concentrate on rowing.

Ham – as he preferred to be called – was a year ahead of me, though some of our lectures (and exams) for the Natural Sciences Tripos overlapped. Amongst our teachers were those giants of the past, Professors Gowland Hopkins and Sir Joseph Barcroft. With two Colour Sergeant great-grandfathers and a gifted elder sister it is hardly surprising that Ham was a loner. However, we gradually became acquainted. In the cloud-cuckoo world of the thirties, unimpressed by the savage undercurrents covertly seeking to destroy an orderly society, Ham, like many undergraduates, was more interested in the social and particularly the sporting side of University life than the academic. He realised that the rowing world was beginning to change.

In 1933 Jack Faulkner was Captain of the Lady Margaret Boat Club and Sir Henry Howard, Coach. The Coach was in his sixties. No doubt he had been a first class Coach in his day but – brought up in the Eton and First Trinity tradition – was resistant to change. By this time his ideas about rowing could perhaps be regarded as fixed

as the 'fixed pins' of long tradition, whereas 'swivel pins' were now being introduced by some of the more up-to-date clubs and were to prove more efficient.

As a freshman in the May '34 College Boat, Ham became acquainted with an extremely tall, enigmatic coach called Roy Meldrum, some thirty years his senior, who was always accompanied on the towpath by his beautiful golden retriever, Briagh ('Beautiful' in Highland Scottish) who had a great time in and out of the water. In a recent letter Ham writes:

> Roy Meldrum had written a book on rowing, *Coach and Eight*, and it was said he was something of a painter, a lover of the Arts. But his theories on rowing were ... looked on askance by the LMBC Establishment and his period of coaching the May Boat was very brief. [Even so] It was quite long enough for me to detect a change in the run of the boat which became far more smoother for far less effort, and the boat moved distinctly further each stroke. Sir Henry Howard, the College Bursar, was undisputed head coach for the College and under his guidance we did not prosper in the Mays and were put out of the Ladies Plate at Henley by a school crew.

Ham goes on:

> The rowing world of 1934 was divided into two camps, Orthodox on the one hand ... and Fairbairnism – a style of rowing and coaching evolved at Jesus College, Cambridge, by a controversial Australian, Steve Fairbairn, himself not only an old Blue but possessed of sufficient private means to enable him to go disturbing the towpath on the Cam long after his undergraduate days were over – on the other. As an outsider to the continuing rivalry I had no built-in sympathy with either [side] and tried to keep an open mind on the most effective way of moving a boat. The key to my ambition lay with Roy Meldrum and I paid my first visit to his home overlooking Christ's Pieces in mid-July 1935 [Ham had recently been appointed Captain of Lady Margaret] and

> with some diffidence indicated my wish to engage his services as Coach. It certainly never crossed my mind that day that this first meeting was to be the beginning of a friendship which lasted twenty years and only ended with Roy's untimely death: and which during that time grew even more solid, turning eventually into a relationship much more akin to father and son than an association of two people with an identity of interests and beliefs.

When he invited Roy Meldrum to help coach Lady Margaret and insisted on the use of 'swivels', Sir Henry Howard's reaction was predictable. He was disgusted. He told Ham: 'You might as well go to Jesus for coaches!' It may well have been that he was glad to be relieved of the main responsibility.

The old Coach's words left Hambridge, as usual, unimpressed. In the Long Vac of 1935 the LMBC had as Junior Treasurer:

> [in Ham's words] ... an engaging and entertaining Scot, one Kenneth Macleod who lived near Oban. He had two younger brothers, Norman who was killed as a glider pilot in the Second World War, and Alastair, then a boy of twelve or so. This young fellow was destined to become in 1948 Captain of LMBC and be responsible for the initiation of the most remarkable era in the Club's history when at last, completely accepting Roy Meldrum's teaching and practice, the Club climbed to an unchallenged superiority on the Cam which it enjoyed for over five years and in doing so provided the University crews with a succession of outstanding oarsmen who at Putney made the Boat Race a foregone conclusion, and were the powerhouse of European Championships and Olympic crews in the 1950's. But such levels of success were not to be for Lady Margaret in 1935/6 for not only did the Club's senior men lack the necessary physique but there was no conviction in Roy's teachings [then] and it was an uphill battle ... Nevertheless we began to change the look of the crews on the rivers and after the Light IV put up a somewhat better showing in the October Term, I won my Trial Cap at Ely though was never in the running for a Blue.

> The picture of Arthur Dreyfus's crew of FCZ [Arthur Dreyfus: outstanding Swiss oarsman and coach: FCZ – Football Club Zurich, winners of the three Senior events at Henley in 1936] at Henley earlier this year remained firmly in my mind: and it was at Roy's instigation that I spent some of the Christmas Vacation that year in Zurich. Roy and Arthur Dreyfus had met during that summer ('35) and it was no trouble at all for Arthur to take me under his wing over Christmas, arrange for outings of the FCZ Eight in which I was installed for my edification, and hold outings on the snow-bound Zurichsee. Arthur Dreyfus and Roy saw very much eye to eye. Arthur *believed* he was coaching his men on Fairbairn principles. He had read Steve Fairbairn's books and was well versed in Roy's teachings, but Arthur's coaching differed from Fairbairn in as much as he devoted much care to precision in balance and blade-entry, and stipulated the same sequence of power application as did Roy [legs followed by back] ... I came back to the Lent term at St John's [1936] fired with determination and confidence in the prospect of producing a Lent boat which would, this time, not go down the river despite its physical shortcomings, and would look and travel over the river like something quite new. This was to be my penultimate term at St John's ...

In his rooms at B 10 Chapel Court, Ham had studious neighbours including Stanley Graveson, Joe Smith and Josh Cosh, all destined for eminence in the world of medicine. He admits that during the term '... precious little time was given to study.'

> The Lent Boat responded to the influences of Roy and Arthur Dreyfus. It managed to rise two places in the First Division thus being the first LMBC boat not to go down for three years ... Arthur Dreyfus had shown the rowing world at Henley how poetry in motion actually contributed to the speed of an eight and four and a sculler: Roy, given a chance, would have done the same some years earlier. But he had never been given that chance. Now, in 1936, with the conservative traditional restraints of bygone eras effectively removed from dominance in the form of Sir Henry Howard and others, the chance really did seem to exist, and come the May term, LMBC could undoubtedly bring to rowing on the Cam something which could be of lasting benefit and enjoyment to oarsmen anywhere if they could look and see and understand. Such were the thoughts which took me nightly to 9 Emmanuel Road to discuss with Roy over a cup of cocoa that day's outing and plan the work for the day to come: and his home gradually took on the form of my spiritual home and became to me the centre of Cambridge life.

Cambridge life, for him, was rudely disrupted in April when his father was suddenly taken seriously ill and Hambridge had to spend two months in Australia, missing the Final Tripos Exam and also the May Races. He was obliged to do a fourth Year Michaelmas Term at St John's. He then went to London to complete his study for the 1937 Tripos Finals.

In London, invited by Arthur Frazer, the Captain, formerly of Jesus College, Cambridge, Ham joined the London Rowing Club. At Henley that year, the LRC crews which by then included Hambridge, competed with distinction in 'The Grand' and 'The Steward Cup'. Some of the England selectors were present at the regatta and later that year Ham was invited to partake in the the trials for the 1938 Empire Games. Following these trials he was selected to represent England.

In January 1938 on the Nepean River, thirty odd miles from Sydney, the England VIII won the Empire Games major rowing event. Hambridge, an Australian, eligible because of the residents rule, rowed at number three.

The following month, on his way back to Britain on the S.S. Strathden, Ham met his future wife, Patricia Marion Baker, 'Patsy'. Though they had never met before, Patsy who was at Newnham College, had come down in 1936 with a BA(hons.) in English.

In 1938 Ham passed his Cojoint Board pre-clinical exams and also his Cambridge BA degree.

While in temporary residence at St John's that early June he was principal guest at the Annual Dinner of the Lady Margaret Boat Club. The evening was riotous and prolonged. Somebody must have complained. The festivities were terminated abruptly by the appearance of a seething Dean Raven. The Dean, with the help of the new Head Porter, an RSM type called Bowles, had tightened up discipline considerably during the previous year. No doubt the Dean was chagrined to find his sterling efforts suddenly demolished by the Boat Club. He was more than somewhat outspoken about Boat Club Dinners in general – including the rabid behaviour on the evening in question – and the part played by ring-leader Hambridge in particular.

Hambridge who enjoys a festive evening as well as the next person but who at all times was one of nature's gentlemen, was understandably put out.

It so happened that Hambridge had a low acquaintance taking 'resits' also temporarily staying in College at that time. Late though it was Ham sought him out. For long minutes the air was blue as Ham gave his 'old Adam' full rein. Eventually drastic measures were shelved. A council of war was held. The next day but one was Degree Day.

On Degree Day, many dignitaries, including those from overseas, visiting Dons, titled big-wigs, ladies in festive dresses and friends and families of successful candidates strolled through Colleges and Backs enjoying the warm sunshine that had seen fit to grace the happy occasion. To one and all who passed through St John's First Court, Hambridge's riposte to Dean Raven was clear to see. From the top of the nearest of the four mini-spires on the corners of the tower rising high above the rest of St John's magnificent Chapel, a Lady Margaret Boat Club cap and scarf, stirring gracefully in the light breeze, saluted visitors and Members of the University alike. The authorities had not been able to have scaffolding erected in time for their removal.

In September 1938 Ham began clinical training at St George's, Hyde Park Corner. In September 1939 World War Two started. A year later, after Dunkirk, London and some other cities were heavily and systematically bombed. From then until May 1945 clinical medicine training took place in somewhat unorthodox conditions for students in or near London.

In June 1940 with the reverberations of Dunkirk loud in their ears, Ham and Patsy had been married. Patsy had taken a job as a secretary with a firm of Gray's Inn solicitors.

In April 1942 Ham qualified MRCS, LRCP. He had a keen interest in chest work and after qualifying he spent approximately two years training in that speciality before going into the RNVR. He spent most of the remainder of the war in charge of Navy Chest Units in or near Sydney.

After the war Hambridge did further chest work both in Australia and England before taking up the post of Consultant Chest Physician for West Cumberland. In 1952 Ham and Patsy moved the family up to St Bees.

Sadly Patsy died in 1989, and Ham in 1993.

Their son, two daughters and four grandchildren are still going strong.

(Photo courtesy of the Sydney Morning Herald.)

Training for the '38 Empire games in Sydney Harbour.

Paul Sussman read Oriental Studies, graduating in 1988. In this article he describes working as a journalist on The Big Issue

It's All Gone Horribly Wrong ...

On my 20th birthday I wrote a letter to myself. I remember it distinctly because I wrote it in the garden shed after my long-awaited surprise 20th Birthday party failed to materialise. Penned on a piece of grotty foolscap, it started with a brief and rather pitiful summation of my life to date, and proceeded to a series of mysterious, Nostradamus-like predictions as to where I would be in ten years time, on my 30th birthday. Amongst the latter were confident assertions that I would have won my first Oscar, lost some weight, made a lot of money and married my childhood sweetheart.

Well, it's now ten years time and things haven't gone according to plan. No Oscar, no lissom physique, no money, and some great photos of my childhood sweetheart marrying my best friend. Instead – and who would have thought it sitting on a Homebase mini compost-mulcher on their 20th birthday? – I've ended up writing for *The Big Issue* magazine. Mystic Meg I'm not.

For those who have never heard of *The Big Issue*, or live in an offshore tax haven, perhaps I should kick off with an explanation of what it is and does. If you already know, or don't care, feel free to skip the next paragraph because you might find it boring.

The Big Issue is a news, arts and media publication, set up in 1991 with the express intention of helping homeless people. Don't worry – it's not one of those horribly earnest things full of well-meaning but dull articles on how to make nourishing winter soups from cigarette butts and rainwater. Rather, it is a (reasonably) intelligent, diverse and humorous weekly magazine, written by professional journalists and sold on the streets by homeless people, who keep 45p of the 80p cover price. It operates under the banner 'Helping the Homeless Help Themselves,' and its ethos is relentlessly pragmatic, pro-active and, dare one say it, Thatcherite: vendors earn money not because they are homeless, but because they have a worthwhile product to sell. It by no means offers an absolute solution to the problem of vagrancy, and is, in the words of founder John Bird, 'still a bit crap', but it does seem to be doing something right – it now has over 4,000 vendors, sells throughout the UK and shifts a million copies a month.

I started there selling advertising. This wasn't exactly my vocation of choice, and was thrust upon me by the fact that my nascent acting career had foundered after an abortive Eastern European tour of *James and the Giant Peach*. Penniless and adrift I thus ended up in a small, smoky office trying to persuade bewildered Greek travel agents to part with £2,000 in return for a full-page advertisement in a magazine sold by the destitute, which, not surprisingly, very few of them did.

At the same time I was penning a variety of reviews, interviews and articles for the magazine, and it was eventually decided, less to help me than to save *The Big Issue* advertising department, that I should abandon telesales in favour of full time writing, which is what I've been doing ever since.

By luck more than design I've wangled myself a variety of regular slots on the publication. I have a weekly column – called, with startling originality, The Paul Sussman Column – which allows me to say in print all the things I haven't got the courage to say to people's faces. These occasionally cause a bit of a hoo-ha: the Israeli Embassy got very huffy about a piece I did on the bombing of Lebanon, and my grandmother still isn't speaking to me after my description of an encounter with a prostitute (no, I didn't sleep with her).

I also commission and edit a two-page, general-interest section at the back of the magazine called – and it seemed rather witty at the time – Almost the Last Page. This originally appeared at the front of the magazine and was titled Front of House, but was relegated to its current graveyard position as a punishment for my persistently being late with copy. I have since been admirably, and unnaturally punctual in this department, and have high hopes for a gradual move forward through the publication as a reward.

Almost the Last Page is a composite section comprising a variety of small features. There is a fairly anodyne collection of Quotes of the

Week; a cartoon; and a mini-celebrity interview which has, to date, featured such luminaries as Kenneth Branagh, Kate Moss, Elizabeth Hurley, Hugh Grant and Mr. Motivator (twice, because he's easy to get).

There is also a 600 word column written by someone famous. It's my duty to badger people into doing this, with decidedly mixed results. Peter Ackroyd, John Mortimer, Miles Kington and Ian Hislop were amongst those who agreed immediately and actually sent their stuff in on time. Griff Rhys Jones agreed immediately and sent his piece in a year later, which was OK because it was very good. Jonathan Dimbleby agreed in 1992 and is, so far as I know, still working on it. Harold Pinter disagreed, and then sent in a poem about the Gulf War, 5 years after it had finished.

In many ways those who won't do a column are more interesting than those who will. Iris Murdoch sent a very nice letter saying she simply didn't have time, which was surprising because the letter was twice as long as the column needed to be. Brian Sewell said he would do something, but then phoned back in tears to say his mother had died and he was too upset to write. We held a most edifying, hour long conversation, ranging from Nepalese burial rituals to the pros and cons of Halal meat, which certainly wouldn't have happened if he'd been able to do the piece in the first place. Most gratifying of all, Bernard Levin refused, and accompanied his refusal with an enormous donation cheque which was, incidentally, far bigger than the sum total of all the advertising I'd sold during my *Big Issue* telesales career.

So far only two celebrity writers have really taken me aback. Victor Lewis Smith, probably the most acerbic man currently working in the British media, answered my column-request letter with a deliciously belligerent faxed refusal which I have now framed and hung above my toilet. Still more unlikely was the reaction of Dennis Healey. I spoke to the latter on the phone and he expressed unbounded admiration for *The Big Issue* and all it stood for. He agreed without hesitation to write a piece and we settled on subject matter and copy date. Only then did he ask how much he was going to be paid. I explained that people tended to write the column for free, to which he exclaimed: 'Good heaven's above, no! I couldn't

possibly do anything without financial remuneration.' Who says champagne socialism is dead.

Perhaps my most successful and idiosyncratic contribution to the magazine, however, comes with a section I write entitled In The News. The latter comprises a potpourri of bizarre stories culled from the world's newspapers – 'Woman tries to smuggle midget husband into Britain disguised as large koala bear' etc. – and owes, if I am to be perfectly honest, more to my warped imagination than any inherent skill I might possess as a cutting-edge journalist. These stories have, to general consternation, proved quite popular. Indeed, it is alarming to discover how much more interesting the public finds robbers holding up banks dressed as aubergines than they do important social issues. The stories have somehow resulted in me being nominated for Columnist of the Year, are regularly broadcast on Radio 4 and are due to be published in book form in September (Fourth Estate, £4.99, all proceeds to *The Big Issue*). I even get the odd fan letter, although most of these are sent by me.

Big trees from little acorns grow, and likewise medium-sized careers from homeless magazines. Working on *The Big Issue* has opened an unlikely number of doors. I now appear regularly in *The Independent*, *Independent on Sunday* and *The Spectator*; wrote that ground-breaking literary opus *The Virgin Encyclopaedia of The Movies*; and was also approached to produce pornographic stories for an Anglo-German magazine called *Hot 'n Sweaty*. Needless to say I jumped at the chance, but after expending 3,000 words explaining just why Hans, Marie and Ingrid had ended up stark naked in an ice cream van I realised pornography was perhaps not my forte.

I broadcast on Radio 4 and Talk Radio; script-read for the BBC and, most exciting of all, have my own show on Live TV. This is a species of talent show entitled *The Spanish Archer*, the joke being that the Spanish Archer is El Bow, which is exactly what acts get if they're not very good, which most of them aren't. As informed people everywhere know by now, I am Pedro Paella, the man on the donkey in the toilet. Kitted out in gargantuan sombrero, afro wig and fake moustache, I banter intelligently with the camera before supplying a musical introduction to the acts, accompanying myself on an inflatable rubber guitar. This is, to be frank, unfailingly

humiliating, and I can only hope that none of you have Cable TV. For those that do – sorry.

I started with a letter, and I'll finish with one, because I'm contemplating penning myself another prophetic epistle full of predictions as to where I'll be in another ten years, at 40. A decade ago I got it all horribly wrong, but now I think I'm getting the hang of it. The trick is to foretell exactly the opposite of what you actually want. I therefore predict that in ten years' time I'll be skint, single, Pedro Paella and writing ridiculous news stories for *The Big Issue*; on which basis, hopefully, I'll in fact be the millionaire editor of the *Daily Mail* with a Zeus-like physique and legendarily successful marriage to Michelle Pfeiffer. Watch this page in 2006 to see how it all worked out.

Poetry

Michael Elliott Binns was educated at Winchester and came up to St John's in 1941. He joined the Field Artillery soon after, and returned to his studies in 1945. These two poems are from his early days at Winchester and Cambridge, and are taken from Finding through war, *published in aid of the Royal Star and Garter Home.*

A Mountain Scaled

I never loved you till the day I passed
The treacherous surface of your ice-cold eyes,
The glacier torrents frozen from your heart,
The crumbling rocks that lurked behind your smile,
And reached the summit heavy with your frowns,
And saw amid charred homes the druid smoke
Dance its slow dance beneath the hooded clouds,
And in the midst you sat in pride, alone.

But now, made one by darkness, close we stand,
And on the rock's unseen, unfeeling face
We measure out the minutes of our pain,
And hew salvation from its countenance.
Until, eyes blazing unbelief, we gaze
At the first jewels that throb upon our hands.

Untitled

While sleep wells up in oceans as we drive
Past the unruffled river, past the trees'
Long soothing green caress across my eyes,
Your soft words through the landscape of my ease
Heave up smooth inclines, deepening peace, and weave
Into the throbbing twilight of my dreams.
And as you turn to speak to me, your smile
Is gentleness like fading evening light.

John Elsberg (BA 1969) has had poetry published in over 200 journals, mainly in Britain and the US. The following poems were written during his time at Cambridge.

The Risks of Perception

At midnight
in the middle of Cambridge
the butcher

with a limp
and a much-
stained

apron carried the red meat
under his arm

into the alley
He smiled
at the crowd

coming out
from the last movie.
His van was red

too.

On Leaving the University Library

1.

Tall windows, dark wood, yellow
shadows – and summer is in the next
field, beneath a clear, unchaptered

sky. But here we sit, to the sound
of schoolboys playing soccer beyond
our sight, and play instead the pearls

we worry so, regardless of the light.

2.

I lean back in my chair, balancing
with weight and toes, an act of sorts,
and hear the gentle drone of a plane

that fills the summer sky with the rounded
semblance of its form. The sun is warm
on my face – perhaps reflected

from those bright wings, as they turn toward
the light, surely silvery in
their dip, surely silvery in their

going

The Origins of Poetic License (in the laundromat)

Pastel blue boxes
a warming cadence
a lulling
as immediate
as the rain
that licks the window

and the intimacies -
panties, bra,
the bright blouse against
the glass

She stands just inside the entrance,

not venturing too far in,
not asking about
the last bus,
not even flinching
when the door
opens

and the cold wind
blows

Blue skies destroy a poem,

but she clearly
would bloom

Cambridge, England

COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS

4 May 1997

My text is taken from the gospel of St Matthew, from the 27th and 28th verses of his 24th chapter:

> For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.
>
> For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

It's an uncomfortable text, a text almost pointedly inappropriate to this festal occasion, it may be thought. Yet why not? Why should we not be uncomfortable this summer morning? Though it may be a bit soon after breakfast for carcases, it's carcases, after all, it's dead meat that we're here about. It's not all attar of roses. The uncomfortable fact has to be faced. The uncomfortable fact has to be reckoned with that those at whose expense we are here today, those who once were here too, and who once upon a time walked in First Court, when that was all that the College was, and those who lived in F Cripps, when that was all they had to go back to in the evening, before becoming the names on the reassuring list we have just heard so emolliently read out, had first to endure the agony of death.

Think of Cardinal Fisher, for example, whom in our list we prefer to call Bishop Fisher. Think of Fisher as he awaited execution at the hands of a savage monarch because he would not compromise with his conscience. Our effective founder would not have failed to be here this morning. Consider the agonies that Fisher suffered on that other summer morning, in July 1535. Be reminded of the letter that the College sent him shortly before his death, that 'noble letter',[1] noble on account of the risk it ran for the College at the time and also on account of the inexpressible affection for the man that it conveyed. The sixteenth century was not kind to conscience, either side of the line. And think of some others, at the other end of the spectrum, the memory of whose deaths is still fresh for some of us – and for some of us not only is still fresh but also on days like today is also still uncomfortable. We deserve to be uncomfortable this morning.

In particular, we ought to be uncomfortable on account of those of us who are not here – of all those beneficiaries who yet again are not here, ready enough though they are to sacrifice themselves for the College at conferences in Honolulu, or in exploring the antiquities of Benidorm, or in 'touring round Turkey on foot', for example. But 'twas ever thus. Almost three hundred years ago, a champion of the Lady Margaret to whom I shall be returning in a moment lamented the fact that 'amongst so many hundreds, I may say thousands, as have eat her bread, no grateful hand has been found to do her right.'[2] We may well share that sense of outrage.

However, it is not principally in order to regret the lack of pietas, or simple complacency of those who suppose that Colleges grow on trees that we are here this morning. What we are here for is simply to thank God (or providence, as may be preferred) for the likes of John Fisher, and for all those other benefactors – the girdlers, the bursars, the archdeacons, prebendaries and drapers, not to mention even more respectable types such as judges of the King's Bench, opium agents – and solicitors.

And in particular today to thank God for Thomas Baker, 'ejected Fellow, historian of the College', whose name occurs fifty-sixth in that list of 199 names. I am going to say something about Thomas Baker, about what Baker stood for, and about what he most minded about. I mean books and the College Library. Like Fisher, whom Baker loved on this side idolatry,[3] Thomas Baker was a northerner. A Durham boy, he matriculated in 1674 shortly before his eighteenth birthday, was elected Fellow in 1680, and sixty years later was found dead in his rooms in the Third Court with his tobacco pipe lying broken by the side of his chair.

The College is doubly indebted to Baker. Both for his History of the College and for the books with which he endowed the Library, Baker deserves to be remembered as one of the greatest of our benefactors.

The century in which he died, the eighteenth century, was not one of the College's – nor for that matter was it one of the University's – great centuries. The College in which Baker lived out his life was not altogether well either in body or in mind. Take for example the case of Thomas Todington's hand. At a time when Fellows were not allowed to have bits missing, in 1755 Thomas Todington took the Master and the

seniors (the College Council of the day) to the Visitor for not electing him to the Fellowship. They had declined to do so, Todington alleged, inter alia because of the mutilated state of his right hand, the fingers of which had been damaged in a childhood accident – although, as was claimed on his behalf in the King's Bench, where his complaint ended up in 1756, 'he writes better perhaps than most of the College.'[4]

In the course of the pleadings on that occasion, Todington's counsel recited a long list of halt, lame, blind and wooden-legged Fellows and Scholars. ('Here the Chief Justice said with a smile [to Todington's counsel]: Oh, you have a list of the deformities of the College.')[5] Well, of course, he did – though, needless to say, it was not an agreed list.

There was, for example, uncertainty as to James Barton's leg. Some believed that James Barton's leg was made of wood. Others however were of opinion that it was made of leg.[6] Now in an age reputed for the keenness of its perception, and in a place like a College, you might think that there would have been something approaching a measure of agreement on a matter of fact such as the condition of a scholar's leg. In James Barton's St John's, however, not so. In James Barton's St John's, the Tutors were plainly not accustomed, as in the 1990s they are required to do, to check such details.

This was casual. But we need not wonder long at the extent of such casualness. For the Master and seniors of the time had even graver problems to wrestle with. Just twelve years later – after Todington's case had been decided in his favour, I may say – in May 1768, we read of the said Master and seniors meeting to discuss the nice question whether 'the insanity of the two fellows next to the seniority, namely Mr. Allen and Mr. Stubbs', did or did not constitute 'a weighty cause why they should not be elected into the number of seniors.'[7]

Amongst the largely lacklustre company of Messrs Allen and Stubbs, Thomas Baker stood out as a shining exception.

Of Baker's History of the College I will say only this. He had not much on which to build, but what he left provided, and will continue to provide, the sure foundations for all his successors in that task. Having

embarked on his work, he was apprised of an allegedly definitive, but unpublished, treatment of the subject by a certain 'Dr M'. Baker 'procured a sight' of Dr M's work. And what he read did not disappoint him. 'I found', he wrote of Dr M., that 'he had gone little further than his own office (for he was a bursar), that he had delivered nothing but common things, and had swallowed down all the common mistakes.'[8]

That extract provides a pretty good account both of Baker himself and of the flavour of his History. As a scholar, Baker was, in every sense of the word, fastidious. As a person, he was more than a bit of a grouch. Throughout his History there are all sorts of clues to grievances and broken lances in lost battles scattered.

For example, when he concludes that the election of masters of the College had better be entrusted to the Crown, and remarks that 'whoever impartially views most of our [magisterial] elections, will I believe observe that good nature and a sociable temperament are generally made the first ingredients in a master',[9] he is not speaking (shall we say) generally. Similarly, in the terms of his approbation of William Beale (probably the only Master of the College, so far, to have come close to being sold as a slave),[10] we may begin to understand why it was that Baker chose to end his History in the year 1670, four years before he himself came here.

'I have no Fondness or Partiality for the present College', he wrote in 1708. 'Nor do I enjoy such Advantages from it, as to tempt me to deviate from the Truth, and I do here declare, that I have more regard to our Founders and Benefactors that are dead and gone, than I have to the present College now living.' [11] We may sympathise with, we may even applaud sentiments such as these. Even so, coming from Baker, it has to be said that in 1708 they were perhaps rather less than generous sentiments – for by 1708 Baker had been enjoying the sanctuary of the College for all of fifteen years. Baker, however, was one of those whom the College seems to nourish in every generation: men (or as often as not women) endowed with a positive genius for falling out with the powers that be. In his case, not with the College Council or the Council of the University, as might be the case today, but rather with Whitehall.

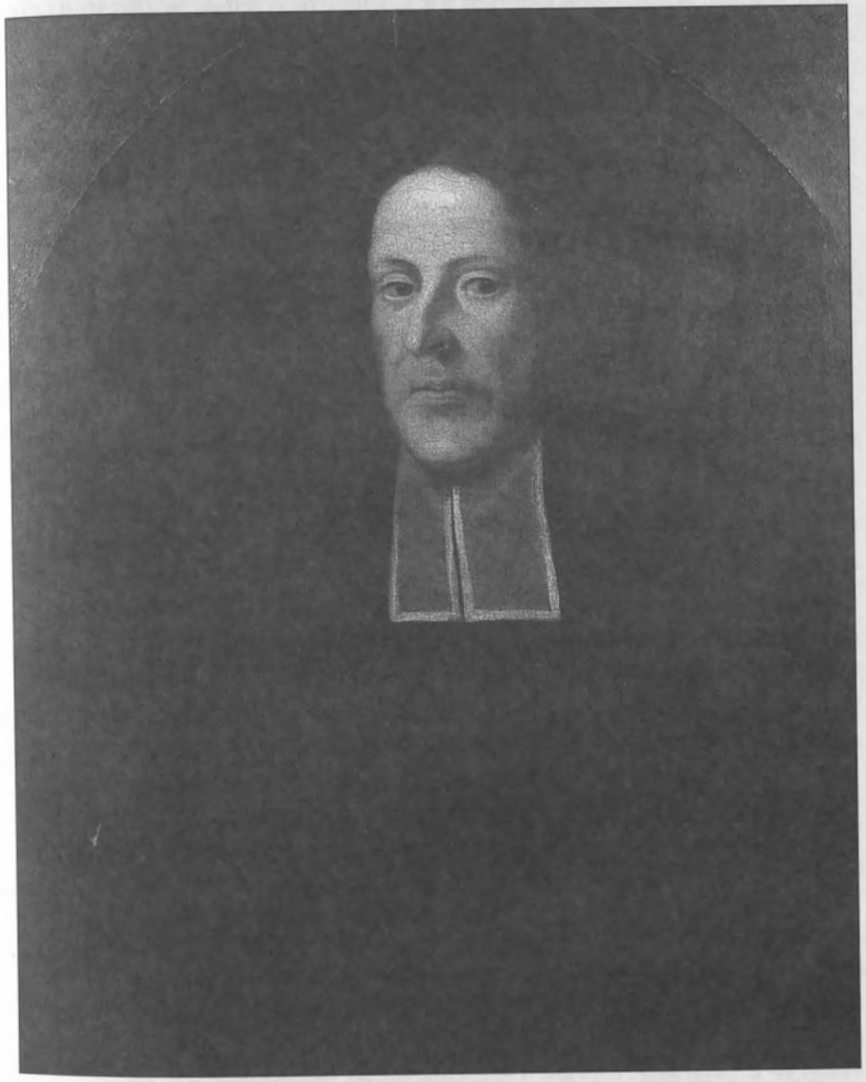
Baker's career coincided with momentous events in England's history. It straddled the Glorious Revolution (so called), on either side of which Baker contrived to make himself persona non grata with the authorities. Too little of a papist for James II, in the reign of Dutch William he got into trouble for being too much of one. Refusing to swear the oath of allegiance to the new regime, in 1693 he was ordered to be ejected from his Fellowship.

'I hate a feller who'll change his ancient doctrines for the sake of getting to heaven', the man in the pub in Thomas Hardy's novel said.[12] Thomas Baker held firm to his ancient doctrines. He refused to conform. Not all refused. Humphrey Gower, for example, our 24th Master and another of our benefactors, toed the line, and swore the oath, and for doing so received short shrift from William Cole, Baker's successor as historian of the College. Gower, wrote Cole, 'had been educated a presbyterian, and had a mastership, a canonry, a rectory and professorship to lose, and nothing to gain in the room of them, but the paltry satisfaction and empty honour of having acted according to his conscience.'[13]

Cole's account of Gower was perhaps a touch harsh. For it was Humphrey Gower and Robert Jenkin, 25th Master, who ensured between them that it was not until 1717, twenty-four years after the order had been given, that Baker and other non-jurors were finally ejected. Masters of Colleges these days, and Vice-Chancellors, tend to be rather more responsive to Whitehall – and even to HEFCE. What is more, even then the non-jurors were not actually removed. Baker, for example, was allowed to keep his rooms in the recently completed Third Court, as a commoner-master, and to remain there for the rest of his life.

These days the College is rather more sympathetic to the likes of Todington and Barton, to Fellows and Scholars with gammy legs. Given the adventures some of them get up to in the Long Vacation these days, it has to be. But not even now would the Fellows' Rooms Committee show the degree of indulgence that was shown to Baker in 1717.

Whether it ought, or ought not to, I leave it for others to judge. I would only remark that it was in those rooms on F staircase, where John Kerrigan now keeps, and where before him Norman Henry (Benefactor)



Thomas Baker

used to hold court, that Baker burrowed away. And that it was from there, where when I first came to the College as a scholarship candidate in December 1960 to be interviewed by Ronald Robinson, and on presenting myself at the appointed hour was roped in to field at square leg on the evening when Ted Miller, Baker's successor as historian of the College, notched up the still intact record of 222 not out, it was from there that Baker continued to conduct his erudite correspondence with scholars all over Europe, breaking off from time to time only in order to cross the court to Bishop Williams's Library, there systematically to emend the dedications of the thousands of volumes which he had presented before 1717 with the words 'socius ejectus'.[14]

Baker was never in any formal sense Librarian of the College. Only de facto was he that. Baker was a gentleman rather than a player. He was only an amateur of books, only an amateur of learning. That was all he was. But thank God he was.

On the Library front too he comes across as rather a bitter man. The ejected Fellow was also rather a dejected fellow. In a letter to Thomas Hearne, that giant of medieval scholarship, in 1729, he referred plaintively to 'the old Books I gave to our Library, where they stand not very much regarded or wanted.' Happily, though, they survived, those old books of Baker's. They now constitute one of our chiefest treasures. Although 'not very much regarded or wanted'[15] in the 1720s, books were at least safe then. Benefactions were secure. That was one of the things that Colleges were for. Of Gunning, the last of the Masters whose history he recorded, Baker wrote: 'His books were a considerable gift, left entire to the library, where they yet and always will bear his name.'[16]

Doubtless there was much that was deplorable about the eighteenth-century College. But not everything about it was deplorable. At least it left Baker alone to get on with his work. They let him read his books, they even let him smoke his pipe. There is something to be said for Walpole's England. Modern administrators ought to be made to take Walpole's correspondence course. Quieta non movere, Walpole said. Leave things alone. And, as well as for affairs of state, that went for dusty old things like libraries, and books, and Thomas Baker.

I move on. 150 years after Baker's death the Penrose building was built – the building recently colonised by the College Library as we now know it – the building predicted by The Eagle of 1887 as destined to 'rank as one of the best nineteenth century works in Cambridge.'[17] Whether that prediction was correct we shall never know alas. We were not quick enough about it. Fashions have changed even faster than the College has.

Indeed, fashions were already changing in 1887. There was something of the spirit of this in the commemoration sermon of that year, the first such sermon of which record has survived. The preacher on that occasion, the Rev. J. H. Lupton, Sur-Master of St Paul's School, took as his text the words of Isaiah, chapter 9: 'The bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones: the sycamores are cut down, but we will change them into cedars' – the first part of which, the part about the bricks falling down and new-build, will remind those Fellows who are present of innumerable such assurances to the Governing Body provided by successive Domestic Bursars down the years.

As to its second part, well with this we are out of the Combination Room and out on the Backs. Since this time last year the copper beech by the old bridge has been cut down and its roots torn out. And what have we done? What we have not done is to change it into a cedar. What we have done is to plant another copper beech. In places like this continuities matter.

And people matter too. I refer again to The Eagle of 1887 and in particular to the report there that the Clerk of the Works (Mr Dalton) had unhappily fallen from a ladder on May 19 and broken his leg. 'He is now progressing favourably', the report concludes.[18] I seem to have had rather a lot to say about legs of one sort or another this morning – wooden legs, broken legs and so on. But that may be no bad thing on an occasion such as this. For particularly at this time of year there tend to be more broken legs about the place than there are crutches.

On an occasion such as this – and particularly at the stage of the proceedings when there appears to be a sporting chance of the preacher drawing to a conclusion – one is all too apt to sit back in one's stall and

reflect on the names of the benefactors on the list – Baker's 'Founders and Benefactors that are dead and gone' – and to forget about those further legions of benefactors whose names are not read out because their names are writ in water. By whom I mean us.

Over the past twenty years I have served as a Tutor of the College, and for much of that time as Tutor for Graduate Affairs – and what a charming title that is. And in that capacity, for some years now I have been rather closely involved with the distribution of the largesse provided by those we are commemorating today.

The competition for Benefactors' scholarships which the generosity of our benefactors enables us to conduct year after year brings to the College from all over the world some of the ablest young scholars of their generation. Some of them perhaps are here this morning; I hope so. There are at least two reasons why they should be. For as well as its beneficiaries, they also are the College's benefactors. Alongside Baker's 'Founders and Benefactors that are dead and gone', they, who are alive and kicking, are its benefactors. They are the College. They – 'the present College now living' for whom curmudgeonly old Baker had such scant regard – are its principal asset.

They, you, we indeed – the Master, Fellows, Scholars, graduates, undergraduates and staff of the College – we who owe our being here at all to the likes of Thomas Baker, we are the College's benefactors too. We are its donors. We give to the place, we add to the place, by being of the place. As Baker said in the Preface to his History: 'If every one will add somewhat to what I have done, it may be a complete work in time.'[19] This morning we have already praised famous men. Let us now praise and congratulate ourselves. As the continuing makers of 'a complete work in time', those of us who are here have richly deserved a glass of the Master's madeira wine and a celebratory slice of his seedcake. Moreover, we may not be altogether disappointed in the company. For, as has been written:

'Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'

Peter Linehan.

Notes:

1. As Thomas Baker described it, 'penned in such a strain, that whoever was the composer must surely have been very sensibly and feelingly affected with the bishop's sufferings, as well as with the obligations of the College': History of the College of St. John the Evangelist, Cambridge, ed. J. E. B. Mayor, Cambridge 1869, 102. See Guy Lee's exquisite translation, ante, lxxi (1986) 8.
2. Thomas Baker, ed., A Mornynge Remembraunce had at the Monethe Minde of Margarete Countesse of Richmonede, London 1708, ed. J. Hymers, The Funeral Sermon of Lady Margaret Beaufort, Cambridge 1840, 1, cit. Michael K. Jones and Malcolm G. Underwood, The King's Mother. Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, Cambridge 1992, 5.
3. For Baker's panegyric of Fisher see Baker-Mayor, 102 ('In one word he was the best friend since the foundress and greatest patron the college ever had to this day').
4. St John's College Archives, D.89.199. I am extremely grateful to Mr Malcolm Underwood, College Archivist, for his guidance through the records.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid., D.89.197, dorse: 'James Barton, with a wooden leg; queried' (Barton had been admitted pensioner in March 1738: R. F. Scott, ed., Admissions to the College of St John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge, iii, Cambridge 1903, 89). The Visitor had been sent 'a letter [...] containing a collection of cases of deformed and mutilated persons, who had been f. or sch' – inter alios Christopherson ('with a hump back'), Shuttleworth, Twells and Benson ('all remarkably lame'), 'Ferne also now sch. remarkably deformed', 'Shaw had only one eye, but whether he lost it before or after his election, was not remembered': ibid.
7. Baker-Mayor, 1073.
8. Ibid., 9 (Preface).
9. Ibid., 199.
10. Ibid., 219.
11. Funeral Sermon, ed. Hymers, 52.
12. Far from the Madding Crowd, chap. 42.
13. Baker-Mayor, 993-4.
14. Cit. F. Korsten, A Catalogue of the Library of Thomas Baker, Cambridge 1990, p. xvii.
15. Ibid., p. xv. For Hearne, see D. C. Douglas, English Scholars 1660-1730, 2nd edn, London 1951, chap. IX.
16. Baker-Mayor, 238 (emphasis the Preacher's).
17. And this despite the characteristically Johnian propensity of 'the new Eagle Weathercock' to turn the wrong way in a strong breeze: ante, xlv, 408-9.
18. Ibid., 409.
19. Baker-Mayor, 10.

ONLY IN ENGLAND

The 1996 Royal Institution Christmas Lectures. An Insider's Report

So there you are: you have just lowered a plastic dinosaur into a lavatory cistern full of (clean) water. About 300 people, mostly children, are watching intently, and in due course this audience will be joined by another million. It is a demonstration in the very best traditions of the Royal Institution Christmas Lectures: simple, cheap, and infallible. The idea is straightforward and seeks to answer one of those nagging questions that occupy the brains of a surprising number of children. You tell me a dinosaur weighed more than ten African elephants, how do you know? Even if you could find a complete skeleton of a dinosaur that wouldn't tell you very much. Stacking all the bones up on a giant set of scales would only tell you how much a fossil dinosaur weighed, and that is not much help because the bones are impregnated with minerals and so weigh far more than the originals. But there is a way, using an experiment based on the principles of Archimedes[1]. First, calculate the volume of a dinosaur. This is achieved by displacing the equivalent amount of water, out and into an adjacent measuring cylinder. Now it so happens that the model used was not recovered from a box of cornflakes, but obtained from a much more reliable source, specifically the shop in the Natural History Museum. The dinosaurs they sell are exactly forty times smaller than their once-living counterparts. So to calculate the volume of the original we multiply the displaced volume, say 600 cm^3, by 40 cubed (403, or 40 x 40 x 40). This figure can be simply converted into the actual weight, because the overall density of the dinosaur is only slightly greater than water, thus 3.84 x 107 cm^3 is equivalent to 38.4 metric tonnes. So that is the background, and now the water is pouring out of the overflow pipe and, making some rather lavatorial noises, it is filling the measuring cylinder. The water has already passed the 300 cm^3 mark, and curiously shows no signs of abating. The correct figure, of 600 cm^3, is passed, but never mind, I reflect, it is the principle that matters. Or so it would be except that the flow is still unabated, and now the water is flowing out of the measuring cylinder and over the floor. Something has gone very wrong.

If, by any remote chance, you saw the lecture on television, you may have noticed the water actually stops at about 250 cm^2, far short of the correct figure. And that was on the third go. A fourth attempt? Better not, after 45 minutes of retakes, the audience was moving from mutinous to riot mode. And neither were they fooled. As they streamed out into the traditional Christmas scene of bomb alerts and conspicuous consumption, one irate father almost shouted 'Ten African elephants? Fiddlesticks!' I couldn't agree more.

But that perhaps was the high point in disasters. The only one that came remotely close was in the first of the five lectures. Many of the demonstrations are brought into the lecture theatre on trolleys. Because this is England, smooth and horizontal floors would be cheating. Hence the dinosaur and Archimedes. Sometimes, if the cargo is delicate or full of sloshing water, the trolley is more carried than pushed. A further feature, which would make our Government hug its collective self with joy, is an economy of trolleys. Why have enough, when you can just manage with less? Hence, one trolley used earlier for an impressive demonstration of squashing a cat with a million ton weight, was rejigged for the final demonstration. A central removable square, through which Bippin Parmar, hidden beneath the trolley top by tasteful drapes, had replaced the fluffy cat with the squashed version, afterwards had been improperly secured. And thus while I was explaining the intricacies of a stromatolite[2] growing on the equator 700 million years ago, assisted by two children and a Sun on a Stick, the centre of the trolley collapsed. For the first and only time, the floor manager Alex, a delightful man, who I am reliably informed is a household name amongst those who watch Songs of Praise, stopped the show. Members of the Surrealist Sportsman's Club[3] glanced at their fob-watches to see the hands race backwards and then stop. The same children, who had returned to their seats, were chosen from a forest of hands, each attached to an eager volunteer. Meanwhile, frantic surgery to the trolley had been completed. The six-inch nails had, in true English fashion, worked. The demonstration was concluded, the final words given and half an hour later we were going over the next lecture, assisted by a gin and tonic the size of which would, I believe, have met even the demanding standards laid down by Dorothy Sayers[4].

Four more lectures to go, each time learning more, adapting scripts and demonstrations right up to the last moment. Each lecture was preceded by a 'stagger', an entirely appropriate name as the cameras plotted the positions, followed by a dress rehearsal. Even on the last lecture, preparing to descend a steep flight of steps – pregnant with possibilities of disaster and appropriately ending beside a human skeleton – I murmured to myself 'What on Earth am I doing here?' It would have been more sensible to have told Peter Day, the Director of the Royal Institution, that I was most flattered by his invitation, but 'No'. But it was a Challenge, and if my ability to teach hasn't improved, I hope it is no worse for the experience. 'Only in England . . .', who else would try and prepare five hours of television, on a shoestring budget, demanding an uninterrupted delivery by an individual whose only claim to fame is the exhaustive study of fossil worms[5]. Not only that but are the lectures delivered in a commodious studio and to a hand-picked audience? Certainly not; they are given in a theatre eerily reminiscent of an anatomical room, that was designed to enthral and instruct the top-hatted and crinolined classes of the nineteenth century by the geniuses of the Royal Institution, notably Faraday and Davy. The cameras, lights, smoke machines and general paraphernalia are wedged in, one set of double doors is removed and converted into a projector screen, and around the ambulatory of the theatre there are going to be some extraordinary sights: a giant marine reptile collected by Mary Anning[6], neglected heroine of Lyme Regis who readily shared banter with the geological luminaries of her day, a tank full of piranhas, a man talking softly to a boa constrictor, a unique fossil from Greenland with an amazing anatomy that is frozen in the step between sea and land, and that squashed cat.

Work for the lectures got underway in September, initially with the producer Cynthia Page. She had only two questions: 'Where's the script?' and 'Yes, all very interesting, but who cares, what does it matter?' She certainly knows how to make programmes, but received her first set-back when she discovered I hadn't watched television for years. At this point I had to firmly insist that I had absolutely no intention of buying a television to see what antics one can get up to, so we compromised and I promised faithfully to look at previous Royal

Institution lectures on a video. Our new library in the College was the venue, and here I discovered the delights of a small button, marked 'Fast Forward'. My initial proposal was to give the five lectures with a broadly historical basis: primeval sludge to Tescos (or vice versa). The more I tried to justify it, the more my voice lacked conviction, worthy but dull. Instead, just as I teach my Part 1A class in the Natural Sciences Tripos, it had to be by topics, not history. The first lecture was suggested by the almost legendary Bryson Gore, the controller of all Royal Institution demonstrations. In the tiny room along the corridor from the theatre, where those invited to deliver the celebrated Friday Discourses wait in trepidation with decanter of whisky to hand and – so it is said – door locked in case justifiable panic changes into precipitous flight[7], the growing team would crowd in and try to thrash out a coherent plan. 'Tell them what a fossil is' insisted Bryson. He was right, of course. One of the many failings of academics is to assume that everyone else knows what the material is, how you study it, and why it matters. So the long path to, amongst other things, the squashed cat was underway.

By the end of November, less than three weeks before the first lecture, we were beginning to have a workable structure. In the BBC Centre at White City, the picture researcher was hunting for video clips and pictures, while the modeller Alan was hard at work preparing both the backdrop panels for the theatre and models of some of the more extraordinary forms of extinct life, such as the dream-like Hallucigenia. And then there was the problem with the specimens. Where can one obtain a giant millipede, a mammoth leg, or a fossil bird? This was in some ways the most heartening aspect of this whole enterprise, the endless willingness of people to listen to questions, give suggestions, and most important of all lend specimens, some of them entirely irreplaceable. A few days before the lectures began a convoy left Cambridge with the riches of the Sedgwick and Zoology Museums, while in the giant storehouse of the Natural History Museum in Wandsworth, once a bus depot, two of our technicians helped manhandle various items, including a huge tusk of the extinct mammoth. Room after room in the Royal Institution was crowded with fossils, each ear-marked for one or other of the lectures. Of course there were oversights, and more than once my secretary Sandra Last arrived

Professor Simon Conway Morris (photographed by Richard Kendal)

not only to hear the lectures but to hand over some vital specimen remembered at the last moment. And most important of all are the demonstrations, those apparently ad hoc items that are prepared with the minimum of expense and maximum of effect. 'What do you think, Bryson?' 'Impossible, can't be done'. 'How can we mineralize a bone in thirty seconds?' 'Here's an idea, but it probably won't work'. Bryson wasn't being awkward. He knew the theatre, its constraints, and all the tricks. When he approved it was going to work. By the time the cameras rolled, Bryson had left the Royal Institution, to go freelance but happily retained as a consultant and guide to his successor, Ilya Eigenbrot.

What was the best demonstration? In my opinion it was the illustration of what happens when a meteorite – it doesn't have to be that large, say 300 metres across – hits the ocean. A lot of kinetic energy is released, hardly surprising if something the size of the Albert Hall hits the Earth at 40 kilometres a second. The net result are tsunamis (or tidal waves) that radiate out from the point of impact. They are travelling fast, but in the open ocean they would hardly be noticed so low is their wave height. But things change dramatically when the tsunami approaches the land. As the water progressively shallows, the energy contained within the tsunami is concentrated so that the wave now rears up until it hits the coastline as a massive wall of water, 100 metres high. Graphic stuff, but in a lecture theatre? The idea came from Herbert Huppert in DAMTP, ably assisted by Mark Hallworth. A long tank was procured, with a sloping shelf at one end. It was then filled with two liquids, water dyed blue to represent the ocean overlain by colourless paraffin (yes, that's the atmosphere). The floor of the tank therefore was submerged, except for the highest part of the shelf which represented the land and so was tastefully arranged with model houses. Dropping a rock into this 'ocean' doesn't work, we tried it. But the principle of energy transfer is easily achieved by constructing a lock at one end, filling it with more blue water and then, having explained the idea to the audience, releasing it. The result was remarkable and frightening. As expected a low wave moved along the interface between water and paraffin, heading towards the 'city' at the opposite end of the tank. Crossing the slope the wave steepened dramatically and surged over the model houses. Replayed in slow motion the demonstration was even more

chilling; the audience had been given something to think about. These threats are real. Rocks do fall out of the sky, and if one hit the Atlantic Ocean the surrounding sea-boards would be inundated as tsunamis washed over our coasts. As the physicists who undertook the calculations[8] pointed out, maybe we should reconsider the legends of the destruction of Atlantis.

The lectures I gave seem to have been well received, and certainly I have never had a fuller, more entertaining and often kind postbag. If the series was a success, then my contribution was only part of the equation. Apart from the generosity of scientists and museums, what I most appreciated was the sheer professionalism of the BBC. In the broadcast van parked outside, the director Ian Russell with Cynthia Page and Caroline van der Brul stitched together the seamless lectures as televised. As a parting gift, Ian gave me two things: a bottle of gin and a tape of the voice-overs from the last, just-completed, lecture. The tape had both me lecturing and the commentary from the people in the outside broadcast van. 'Camera 5 steady, very nice, over to Camera 4, wish he would hold the fossil still, now he's going to walk to the screen, Camera 5 thank you, where's he gone to . . . .' Just before the last lecture, masked with make-up and with nothing to do until Alex tapped me on the shoulder before I had one last try at walking into the theatre and tripping over some neglected object, I sat motionless in an armchair with nothing to do but watch everyone else entirely confident and moving with brisk purpose.

I thought that even if I missed the War, this was a kind of substitute. Here was a team that had magically coalesced, but not congealed, and against all the odds we were going to win. Would I ever do it again? someone mischievously asked. No, definitely only once in a lifetime, thank you very much. Ah yes, but did you know that Faraday also gave the Christmas lectures? How many times? Not once, but on nineteen separate occasions. In comparison we are just a bunch of amateurs.

Simon Conway Morris

Notes:

1. For further details see the book by R. McNeill Alexander Dynamics of Dinosaurs and other Extinct Giants (Columbia University Press, 1989).
2. Stromatolites are laminated sedimentary structures built by microbial mats, notably the cyanobacteria. They are exceptionally common in the Precambrian, but thereafter are generally rare, although Recent examples are known from various parts of the world, including Shark Bay in Western Australia.
3. For those unfamiliar with The Exploits of Engelbrecht abstracted from the Chronicles of The Surrealist Sportsman's Club by Maurice Richardson, describing the prowess of Engelbrecht the Dwarf and a cast of grotesques, including plucky little Charles Wapentake, a delight awaits.
4. See Barbara Reynolds book Dorothy Sayers, Her Life and Soul (Hodder and Stoughton, 1993), where she reports (p. 333) that Sayers 'came away from the meeting very depressed. To Canon Cockin, a member of the committee, she wrote, 'It sent me out in a mood for a stiff gin and tonic''.
5. My research thesis for the Title A competition at St John's was entitled Interesting fossil worms. But if one is looking for a longer-term memorial remember N.C. Barbellion's suggestion, in his poignant book The Journal of a Disappointed Man, for a possible inscription on his gravestone: 'He played Ludo well'.
6. For an interesting introduction to the life of Mary Anning see the short account by Crispin Tickell entitled Mary Anning of Lyme Regis (Lyme Regis Philpot Museum, c.1995). More technical, but equally interesting, is the paper by H. Torrens in British Journal for the History of Science, vol. 28, pp. 257-284 [1995].
7. Alas, all a legend. Even the story of Wheatstone, leaping from the window into the fogs of Piccadilly, never to give his Friday Discourse, is an embellishment. The locked door? Fire Regs, old boy. Whisky? Certainly, but after the lecture.
8. See the paper by J.G. Hills & M.P. Goda in The Astronomical Journal, vol. 105, pp. 1114-1144 [1993].

THE COLLEGE CHOIR'S TOUR OF AUSTRALIA

9–26 August 1997

'Rarely does one hear a choral sound of such unforced intensity, balance and simplicity of pitch and vocal line . . . . The public response to this unimpeachable vocal quality..has been remarkable.'

From the Sydney Morning Herald review of the Sydney Opera House Concert on 16 August 1997

As Tutor to the Choristers at the College School, I felt very privileged to be asked by Christopher Robinson to accompany the Choristers on the 1996 Summer Tour of Australia. I had sung with the Choir in 1991 when they last went to the Antipodes, and I was very excited at the thought of a return journey, albeit with supervisory and pastoral, rather than vocal, responsibilities. My excitement was not misplaced, as this was a most successful tour.

The Choristers coped admirably with the eighteen days of travel (including a delay of five hours on the runway at Heathrow before taking off at 3.30 in the morning), as well as the considerable demands of rehearsals and concerts. Despite such rigours of touring and the difficulties of being far from home, some sickness, (attended to by the school Matron, Caroline Cooper, whose last tour with the Choir this was), and the inevitable jet-lag, the boys continued to produce polished performances throughout the tour. They additionally recorded a Television programme in Melbourne Cathedral.

The Gentlemen too, contributed very fine performances in the back row, with some excellent solos, notably from Andrew Hewitt in Mendelssohn's moving setting of 'Ave Maria', and from Ian Aitkenhead, whose performance of the alto solo in Gibbons' 'This is the Record of John' was singled out by the reviewer quoted above, as one of the highlights of the Sydney Opera House concert. The Gents, in different guise, also provided a Close Harmony item during the encores in each concert and this was very well received.

The Chaplain, Nick Moir, represented the College in clerical and secular roles. His contribution to smoothing the logistical arrangements at each concert was enormously valuable. Shirley Robinson is similarly to be thanked for her work backstage and for her willing help with the Choristers.

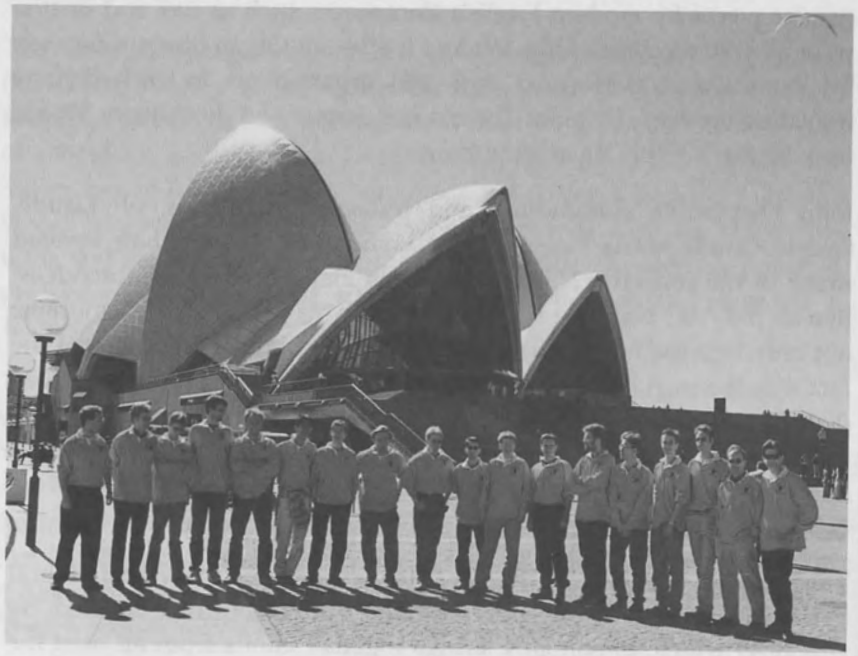
In terms of the performances, the quotation at the beginning of this article is typical of the reviews received by the Choir. It is also true to say that the response of the Australian public in Brisbane, Lismore, Canberra, Sydney (three concerts), Melbourne and Adelaide was indeed 'remarkable'. Capacity audiences were hugely enthusiastic and showed great appreciation of the repertoire offered by the Choir. This was organised into two programmes. Each offered a wide range of composers and styles ranging from the delicate beauty of the unaccompanied 16th Century setting of a Latin text by John Sheppard to the more passionate and extended works of Mendelssohn, Brahms and Bruckner. Coronation Anthems by Wesley, Elgar and Parry, and secular pieces by modern English Composers such as Bax and Britten were all well received. Allan Walker, the Senior Organ Student assisted by Peter Davis, performed two solo organ items in each concert including the Bach D minor Toccata and Fugue and the Allegro Vivace from Widor's Fifth Organ Symphony.

John Sheppard's shimmering and transcendent setting of 'Gaude, Gaude, Gaude Maria Virgo' for unaccompanied six-part choir, opened many of the concerts. The Sydney Town Hall performance (broadcast live on the ABC National Radio Network) was particularly memorable not only because of the quality of the singing, but also because of the fact that the start of this piece, and therefore the concert, was delayed (live) for many minutes while latecomers settled. The fragile beauty of the Sheppard would have been fractured by the least of interruptions and Mr Robinson was steadfast in waiting for absolute silence before conducting the first downbeat.

This concert was part of the Awards ceremony of the World Choral Symposium. This is an international Choral Festival funded by UNESCO which, bi-annually, brings together choirs from all over the

world to compete for a prestigious choral award. Choirs had been competing in Sydney for two weeks and the St John's Concert provided the climax of the entire event. Once the extended applause for the College Choir from this international and expert gathering had died down, the broadcast ended and the winning Choir was presented the award by Dame Joan Sutherland.

The Symposium also included seminars and workshops and, earlier on the same day, Mr Robinson, with the help of six Choristers, had presented a seminar for a large number of the aforementioned *cognoscenti* in the Town Hall on the subject of the English Choral tradition. Coincidentally, this event took place at the same time as the Mayor of Sydney stood on the steps of the Town Hall to welcome back the triumphant Australian Olympic Team. A cheering crowd of thousands lined the streets for a ticker-tape parade. Happily, neither event disturbed the other.



The men of the College Choir outside the Opera House

I could go on at greater length about the quality of the performances and the hospitality of our hosts and audiences, about the spectacular scenery, the glorious winter weather (twenty two degrees and blue skies in Sydney), the Gents' visit to a Winery, and what it is like to feed an Emu, let alone savour a Kangaroo steak or Barrundi, but, suffice to say: in every respect this was a most successful and rewarding tour.

Special mention should be made of the extent to which we were looked after and our needs catered for by Musica Viva, the promotions agency responsible for the tour. Damien Boyle, the operations manager and his team deserve recognition for their impeccable work.

Thanks are due to the myriad of sponsors who contributed through Musica Viva, to our own agents, Stephannie Williams Artists, and to the British Council for its major sponsorship.

The English Choral Tradition is a very special and much loved export on the world stage and I am sure that it will not be too long before the Australian concert-going public once again demands to hear the sound of St John's in its major concert halls and cathedrals.

Finally, thanks are due to Christopher Robinson for a series of world-class performances.

David Thomson

A dream come true

The Choir's tour to Australia, 7 – 26 August 1996

To tour to Australia was the dream of many in the Choir, and it lived up to expectations. Though we toured in late winter, the weather was pleasantly warm, except for a drizzly Melbourne. Starting in Brisbane, we made our way down the east coast to Adelaide via Lismore, Sydney, Canberra and Melbourne; sadly, we did not make it to Perth this time.

The tour was relaxed, with only eight concerts in nearly three weeks, so we had plenty of time to explore, especially in Sydney, where some of us fed sumptuously on sea-food, and managed to catch the Australian Olympians' ticker-tape parade, quite a contrast to scenes at home.

The concerts in Sydney were the most memorable. I can vouch for the acoustics of the Opera House's concert hall, as during the rehearsal I was able to hear our alto soloist, never the loudest of voices, from the very back. In the Town Hall, we were party to a presentation by Joan Sutherland (to a Finnish choir, I hasten to add) made after our concert, to end the Fourth World Symposium on Choral Music. It was on that occasion that the Choir became familiar with the Song of Australia which has all the qualities required to be the national anthem.

Everywhere we went we were showered with hospitality and kindness, and Musica Viva's comprehensive organisation was a welcome change from the DIY approach of many tours. May the Choir return soon; the only pity is that those of us who went this time will not be able to go again.

Reuben Thomas

THOMAS CLARKSON

(BA, 1783)

One of the kitchen staff, laden with lovely jubbly, was heard to say on the occasion of a commemoration of Wordsworth in the late 1960s, 'Why do they want to dig up old Bill Wordsworth now?' On 6 November, 1996, the College was moved to dig up old Thomas Clarkson. It was a memorable occasion and a fitting tribute to the great Johnian who, with William Wilberforce, himself a Johnian, were the Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee of abolitionists.

Clarkson, understood by many to be the true tireless worker in this endeavour and, unlike Wilberforce, hitherto not fully recognised, in September 1996 found his place in Westminster Abbey when the Master unveiled a plaque to his memory. It reads simply: 'A friend to slaves, Thomas Clarkson'. The Johnian character of this occasion was confirmed by the choice of preacher, Stephen Sykes, Bishop of Ely and Visitor of the College.

A service in Chapel initiated the proceedings on 6 November. The Introit anthem was Britten's setting of the Negro Spiritual 'Steal away to Jesus'. The piercing treble voice at once came between the congregation and its wits; it was that sort of sound which has a directly physical effect on its hearers. The Senior Tutor, Ray Jobling (who had done much to promote the day), read from Clarkson's writings and the Master from the Scriptures; the choir's principal offering was Elgar's 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me', a solemn meditation on prophetic vocation in big matters. Psalm 114, in exitu Israel, brought Clarkson's work into relationship with the classical, biblical liberation from slavery. A rousing sermon was given by Dr John Sentamu, sometime Vicar of Brixton and now Bishop of Stepney – the Church of England's second black bishop. The amplification system was not consistently up to the Bishop's lively diction, but, nonetheless, the Congregation perceived clearly both the serious tone of the preacher's message and also that their legs were being pulled – and hard! The Bishop's eye seemed to alight with particular force (as preachers' eyes sometimes do) on Colonel Robinson,

Thomas Clarkson, commemorated by a statue on the College Chapel

the Domestic Bursar, as if he were wearing a pith helmet, and the latter's infectious laugh mingled with that of the preacher for the rest of the day.

A buffet lunch proved a delightful occasion when fellows mixed with burghers of Wisbech, Clarkson's home town, foremost of whom was the Lord Lieutenant, James Crowden, as well as with descendants of the great man himself.

The day was completed by two lectures, naturally by distinguished Johnian historians. Professor Hugh Brogan of the University of Essex, urbane and witty, spoke to 'Thomas Clarkson's Life and character'. Dr Keith Hart who *mirabile dictu* spoke without notes of any kind, ably put Clarkson's work within its historical context: 'Clarkson, Cambridge and the International Movement for Human Rights'. The two lectures were admirably complementary.

The Library staff mounted for the occasion a fine exhibition which displayed Clarkson memorabilia in the College's possession.

If *souvent me souvient*, then her College, which has taken on this sacred duty, did, on 6 November, effectively call to mind one of her great sons.

Andrew Macintosh

JOHN COUCH ADAMS AND THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE

Just over fifty years ago, in October 1946, I came up to John's wrestling with the problem of whether to read Natural Sciences or Mathematics. I was much attracted by Mathematics which offered Astronomy as an option in the final year, and unfortunately at that time it was possible to do only half-subject Mathematics in Natural Sciences Part I. In the event, however, I decided on Natural Sciences, more particularly Physics in Part II.

On the first day of the Michaelmas Term 1946 a lecture was given by the Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Discovery of Neptune. Since John Couch Adams, the British astronomer involved in the discovery, was a Johnian, I decided to have a look at his papers in the College Library and write an account of what happened to mark the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the discovery.

John Adams was born in 1819 in Cornwall, of farming stock, and from an early age confounded his family and teachers with his mathematical ability. He earned a place at St John's and was awarded a Scholarship. At the end of his undergraduate studies in 1843 he was Senior Wrangler, with more than twice the marks of the Second Wrangler. Despite this success he was always modest, retiring and self-effacing, but always sincere and ready to help people.

He had become interested in the problem of Uranus in 1841 when he read a report on Astronomy by the Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy. The five planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn had been observed for centuries, distinguished from stars because they moved relatively to the stars from night to night. Through a telescope each planet was seen as a small disc, whereas a star was a point. Johannes Kepler had shown that each planet orbited the Sun in an ellipse – one of his laws – and Sir Isaac Newton explained these laws by the Inverse Square Law of Gravitation (doubling the distance between two bodies divides by four the gravitational force of attraction).

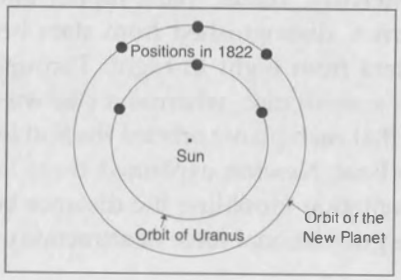
In 1781 Sir William Herschel, an organist in Bath, using a home-made telescope had discovered an object in the sky which moved relatively to the stars. It was the sixth planet, later called Uranus. Observations were taken of the position of the planet at various times so that its orbit could be determined. This involved finding:

its average distance from the Sun;
the eccentricity of its elliptical orbit (e.g. 0.9 if 'very oblong', 0.1 if nearly circular);
three angles which determine how the ellipse is orientated in space;
the date and time when the planet is at a known point in its orbit, e.g. when nearest the Sun.

To find these six 'unknowns' or planetary elements, the six equations needed were obtained using the positions of Uranus in the sky at three different times.

When records of observations previous to 1781 were examined it was found that Uranus had been seen (but thought to be a star) several times, the first time by John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, in 1690. The positions observed, however, did not agree with the positions calculated from the now known orbit. Discrepancies continued to be found as more observations of Uranus were made over the years.

John Adams thought that there must be another, hitherto unseen, planet beyond Uranus attracting it and causing small changes in its orbit, called perturbations. In the figure, the New Planet at U_1, and make it move faster round its orbit, whereas at N_3, the attraction would cause Uranus at U_3, to move more slowly. This idea had in fact, occurred to one or two people before, but no one had worked on it.



He spent a long time determining the orbit of the New Planet such that Uranus would be affected in the way that it is observed. He allowed for the fact that the elements of the orbit of Uranus were not known accurately, and made them unknowns in his equations, together with a similar set of unknowns for the New Planet. He made an assumption, based on the values of the average distances of the other planets from the Sun, that the New Planet was twice as far from the Sun as Uranus. Much of the work he did in his head before writing anything – in the Problem Paper in his Tripos he had thought for an hour, then picked up his pen and written all the answers without a pause.

To make the mathematics easier, he introduced other unknowns, and ended up with 27! He had values of the discrepancy for 29 different years, including readings for years both before and after 1781 when Uranus was discovered. So the problem was soluble, if difficult and tedious, and Adams solved it. Some of the later readings he had obtained from Sir George Airy the Astronomer Royal, through Professor James Challis, Director of the Cambridge Observatory, who had written to ask for them.

While an undergraduate, Adams had had rooms in the 'Labyrinth', a building which was on the site of the present College Chapel (built 1868). The rooms on the ground floor were very dark, and on a winter's night, he would work into the small hours by candlelight, often missing his first lecture the next morning (at 8 am!) After his success in the Tripos, he was appointed a Fellow and then had rooms in F1 Second Court, next to the Shrewsbury Tower. The top of the Tower was the site of the College Observatory, of which Adams was one of the curators. (The roof of the Tower has been rebuilt during recent alterations, but there are two pictures of the old Observatory in the Library). Later he had rooms in A9 New Court.

Towards the end of September 1845 Adams took his work, which included the predicted position of the New Planet for October 1 1845, to Greenwich to give to Airy, but discourteously he had made no appointment. Airy was away at a meeting discussing the design of a new breakwater at Cherbourg, but Adams left the letter of introduction which Challis had written for him. Airy wrote to Challis saying he

would be pleased to see Adams who called again on October 21 1845, again not making an appointment. Airy was out, but Adams gave his card to Mrs Airy, saying he would call back later that day. On her husband's return, she did not give him the message – she was, in fact, expecting her ninth child – and when Adams called back he was told that the Airys were at dinner and could not be disturbed. Mortified, he left his papers at the Observatory.

Airy found time to write to Adams to acknowledge the papers but, not liking the assumption made about distance of the New Planet from the Sun, he asked a question about it. Adams thought the question was trivial, because he thought it was important to find the planet first, then make certain of its distance. He did not reply to Airy, who took no further action.

On November 10 1845, a scientific paper reached Airy from France, published by Urbain Le Verrier on the perturbations of Uranus by Jupiter and Saturn, and another paper in June 1846 which convinced Airy that further perturbations of Uranus had to be due to a planet, as yet unseen. Airy wrote to Le Verrier asking the same question as he had asked Adams about distance. Airy liked the explanation of how the calculations had been done, and their accuracy.

At this stage Adams and Le Verrier did not know that the other was working on the same idea. But Airy realised that both of them had predicted the same position for the New Planet within a few degrees. He felt encouraged and on July 9 1846 told Challis to search for it, using the Northumberland Telescope (a 29.8 cm refractor) at Cambridge, which had a larger aperture than of any of those at Greenwich. Challis began searching on July 29 1846, and recorded observations of stars in the appropriate part of the sky on July 30 and August 12. There was no star map of that part of the sky in the University Library, and Challis knew that he would find the New Planet only by virtue of its being in a different position relative to the stars on different nights. He numbered the stars recorded on August 12 and found that nos. 1 to 39 also appeared in the July 30 records. It turned out later that no. 49 was, in fact, the New Planet. How nearly the New Planet was to being seen first by Britain! It had wandered into that part of the sky between July 30 and

August 12. Challis, however, continued recording stars for another 2½ months, doing some comparisons.

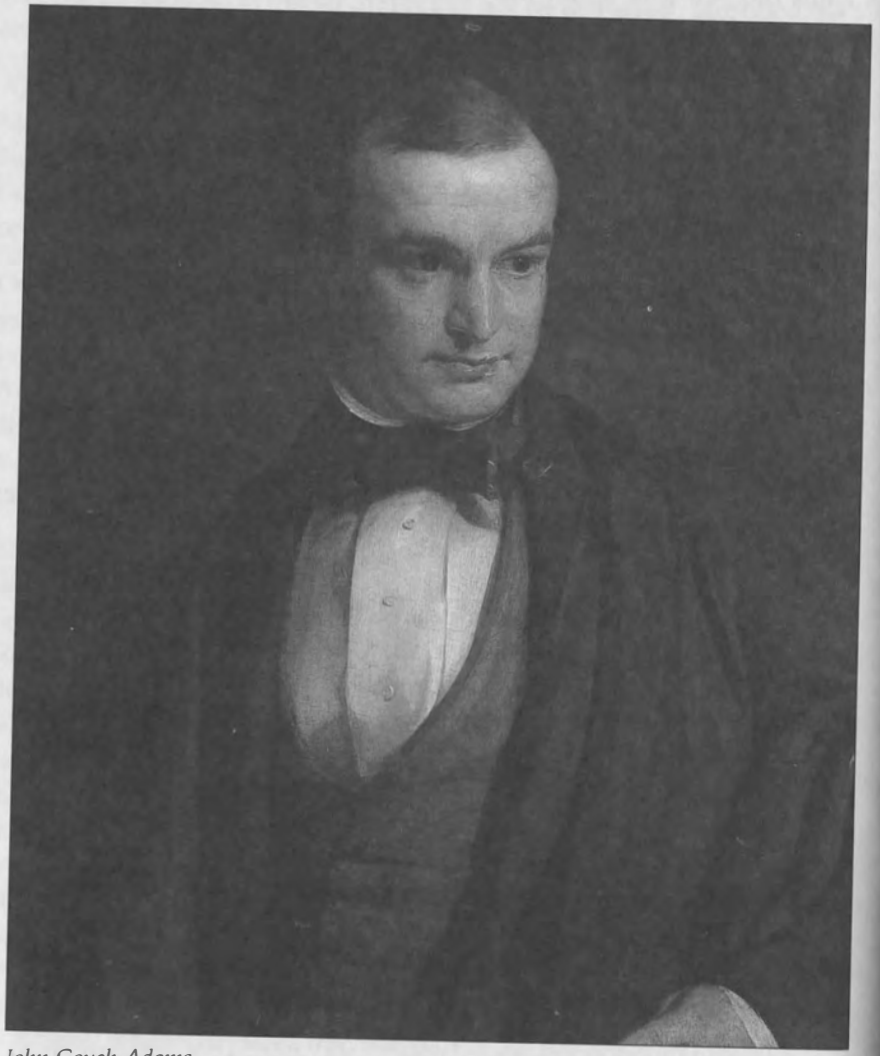
On August 31 another paper published by Le Verrier showed that the New Planet was large enough to be seen as a disc through a telescope. Challis did not hear about this until September 29, when he started looking for a star with a disc. This was a quicker operation than what he had been doing.

French astronomers were not searching for the New Planet because Le Verrier was an irritable and difficult person, who in the end sent all the information to Johann Galle, an acquaintance of his at the Berlin Observatory. With the aid of a new star atlas recently completed, but not yet published, Galle and an assistant sighted the New Planet a day or two later on September 24. The news reached Challis on October 1, two days after he had seen it himself.

Le Verrier and the French claimed the discovery. When Airy wrote later to Le Verrier he mentioned the work which Adams had done, and said that he had known about it earlier. Francois Arago, the Director of the Paris Observatory, heard about this and objected violently to any implication that the honours should be shared with someone who had published nothing.

Whose fault was it that Adams did not receive all the kudos? Should Airy have done something about Adams' work even though he received no answer to his question about distance. Was Adams too unassuming and discourteous? Was Mrs Airy forgetful? Was Challis ineffective, indecisive and lacking in initiative? On one occasion he had missed observing with a friend, because they had stopped to have a cup of tea with Mrs Challis before observing – and then the sky clouded over. Many people blame Airy, but he, though a Senior Wrangler himself, could not envisage that a prediction could possibly be made about a planet which had not been discovered. He was well-organised and efficient, but occupied with many other non-astronomical activities, such as the Commission which was deciding on what the Railway Gauge should be in Britain. And as Astronomer Royal paid out of public money, he felt that his main duty was to keep the work of the Royal Observatory up to date, rather than

spend time and money on something which might lead to nothing. No single person was responsible for what happened. Perhaps a brief summary of the situation is that Adams did the mathematics first; Le Verrier published first, and then the New Planet was discovered. The name Neptune was chosen very soon afterwards.



John Couch Adams

In 1847 Sir John Herschel, also a Johnian, son of Sir William, invited both Adams and Le Verrier to his house 'Collingwood' in Kent, where they got on extremely well together, acknowledging each other's ability. It was a kind of Astronomical Summit.

What Adams has done was hailed in Britain as a great discovery, and he was pleased to have his work recognised. He was awarded a Fellowship at St John's. He did a turn as Junior Proctor and had to deal with cheating by undergraduates in examinations. He was offered a knighthood by Queen Victoria, but refused it, because he did not have enough money to keep up the standard of living that would be required. He became Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at Cambridge, and in 1861 was appointed Director of the Cambridge Observatory. In 1863 he married an Irish lady, Eliza Bruce, a descendant of Robert Bruce. He was twice President of the Royal Astronomical Society, but declined the post of Astronomer Royal when Sir George Airy retired.

He died in Cambridge in 1892, his wife in 1919 (almost exactly 100 years after the birth of her husband). They are buried in a corner of St Giles' Cemetery, off Huntingdon Road, under a 70 foot high granite cross with Celtic design. There is a picture of him as a young man in Hall in College, one bust of him also in Hall, next to that of Sir John Herschel, and another bust of him in the Library.

He was a genius, the greatest English astronomer and mathematician since Sir Isaac Newton. He picked up a few more pebbles from the same Ocean of Truth as Newton. In Westminster Abbey in 1895, 50 years after he completed his preliminary calculations on Neptune, a memorial tablet was unveiled, near that of Newton.

It was in 1822 that Uranus and the New Planet were directly in line with the Sun. The next time that Neptune and Uranus were positioned like this was in 1993. Perhaps in 2015 or so, a young Ph.D. student will repeat Adams' methods – with the aid of a computer?

Mr A B Ruth

'BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER VIIIS': A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

The history of the Lady Margaret Boat Club is a tale of pleasure and pain, love and betrayal, defeat and victory, on an epic scale. It is a story of blisters, bumps and boat-burnings which links thousands of Johnians around the world. As editor of the third volume of the history, I have been privileged to preview the latest instalment, and am able to bring you a few of its highlights.

In the late 1950s, where my responsibility for the history begins, it may have seemed that the glory days of Lady Margaret were over. The legendary 1951 May crew, which formed the bulk of that year's Blue Boat and the following year's Olympic squad, will almost certainly never be equalled, but then the nature of rowing, and the nature of studying at Cambridge has changed much since then.

As usually happens, what goes up must eventually come down, and LMBC's progress over the last forty years has been cyclical. Unlike some clubs, who have sunk lower and lower each year, and others who have never quite made it to the top, Lady Margaret has continued to produce Blues, Olympians and Headship crews at regular intervals. Between 1957 and 1991, the Men's 1st VIII was Head of the Lents more times than any other crew (ten times compared to Jesus' eight) and gained an unrivalled number of May Headships (eleven compared to 1st & 3rd and Pembroke's five each). In 1974-1975, Lady Margaret won every major event in Cambridge, and started a seven year run as Head of the Lents. Even in the lean years, when the downward part of the cycle must have seemed disastrous, the 1st VIII never fell lower than eighth in the Lents (unequalled by any other club) and seventh in the Mays (equalled only by Pembroke). Although the Ladies' crews only feature towards the end of this period of LMBC's history, they have already added to the Club's successes. Within a decade of the admittance of women to the College, they had rowed up the divisions to Head of the Lents and the Mays, as well as contributing to University crews and producing an Olympian.

Although the Club has attracted many talented athletes, rowing for Lady Margaret is not limited to an elite. As time has progressed, the number of freshers with previous rowing experience has diminished, allowing novices the opportunity of working their way up the ranks into the higher boats. After a gruelling apprenticeship of early morning starts, these determined novices have been known to overtake more experienced rowers and attain the heights of 1st May colours and Club Captaincy. The breadth of the Club's talent has also been noticeable over the years. Competition for seats is usually fierce and, if disappointed triallists consent to row in a lower boat, strength in all the senior crews is ensured. The 2nd May VIII has held the second boat headship at least twelve times since 1957, and in 1979 rose as high as eighth place in the first division.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge so many triumphs and victories, but for many, rowing has never been rewarded with pots, pennants and blades. These Club members have enjoyed the sport for the exhilaration it produces, and for the camaraderie that comes with belonging to such a closely knit team. Every Easter Term rowers and non-rowers alike are tempted by the balmy summer evenings to put together crews for the fun of it. In 1964, the Club managed to put out fifteen eights, which meant that a quarter of the College were on the river that summer. Rugby, football and hockey players seem to forget their derision of 'boaties' for a while, and take up rowing. All of them know that, even if they do not win blades, they will be rewarded with a lively Bumps Supper at the end of their exertions.

The Bumps Supper is always enlivened by a boat burning. The combination of copious amounts of alcohol and a blazing clinker is the authorities' nightmare, the former being usually quite enough to handle on its own. Astonishingly, I have found no reference to serious injury in conjunction with this event, which has had occasion to be held at St John's in eighteen of the last forty years. When such pleasures were not to be had, other pursuits were found for an evening's entertainment. Hanging bicycles from the college flagpole, taking ballcocks out of other colleges' toilets, painting the Railway Bridge red, and changing the direction of traffic in Trinity Street by turning any parked cars round, were a few such distractions. Some activities occasioned the

involvement of the police, and the Dean would have to draw upon all his skills as a negotiator on the culprits' behalf.

As one of the oldest college boat clubs, Lady Margaret is fortunate to have a strong written and oral tradition. The conviction that the Club is the best is passed from generation to generation. This has given members the confidence to dominate the Cam, and has resulted in some of the lowlier clubs believing that St John's actually owns the river. Lady Margaret can also lay claim to producing the 'blazer', for the club's scarlet coat was originally the only jacket to bear that name. Some traditions have been forgotten, and new ones have arisen. The Club no longer performs 'Viva Laeta Margareta' at the May Week Concert, nor stays each year at Remenham Rectory in Henley. The pre-Bumps breakfast 'constitutional' has been replaced by the 'stomp': hitting a tree outside New Court, and jostling 1st & 3rd on the circuit through Trinity. 'Fitz's Picnic' at Henley is a welcome addition to Club tradition, whereas the more recent introduction of drinking mint sauce at Bumps Suppers may not please the elected participants quite so much. The function of the Club as a dating agency may seem to be quite a recent development. Certainly there have been a number of LMBC marriages since the arrival of women at St John's. However, my research has revealed that since the early days of the club, 'Henley romances' have been common between oarsmen and their fellow crew members' sisters.

It is not merely the social side of the Club that has altered over the last forty years: the nature of rowing at Lady Margaret has also had to change a good deal, especially with regard to equipment. Plastic and fibreglass have replaced much of what was once wood. Blade design has changed twice – amid controversy both times. Ergometers and cox-boxes are now ubiquitous, and have become ever more hi-tech. In addition, coach to cox communication is possible through a headset rather than a megaphone. LMBC has moved with the times, aided by David Dunn, Roger Silk and the late Brian Lloyd, who have been with the club since the 1950s. The success of Lady Margaret is due in no small part to the continuity of their support. Few clubs are lucky enough to have such dedicated and experienced coaches, a fact noted by the large number of LMBC members who cite them as their 'greatest influence'.

Lady Margaret, like every other boat club, relies not only on the talent of its rowers, but also on the multitude of coaches who, each year, give freely of their time and experience. Not all come willingly, and captains have been known to go to extraordinary lengths to persuade them to turn up. Methods have ranged from cornering their victims on a post-operative hospital bed to blackmailing those caught in compromising positions. And come they inevitably do, some to encourage considerable improvement, others to instil their proteges with great pride, a little technique, and to declare, with perhaps only a couple of years' retrospection, 'In my day we knew how to row'.

Thus far, mention has only been made of rowers and coaches, so I would like to remind you of the often forgotten, though indispensable, member of the crew: the cox. The cox must take charge of both rudder and rowers, inspiring and, if all else fails, bullying the crew into giving its best. Unfortunately the cox is more frequently remembered for the bad than the good performance, the crash rather than the 'perfect line', and some of us have contributed more to the spills than the thrills of the sport. However, many Lady Margaret coxes have represented the Club in University boats, as well as being instrumental in the successes of our own crews.

Before I conclude, I would like to draw attention to the 'infinite variety' of the Club. Members may have rowed at school, or never touched an oar before. They come from a wide range of disciplines, though engineering, medicine and theology do contribute a surprisingly large percentage. And when they leave, LMBC members become not only engineers, doctors and clergymen, but academics, government ministers and businessmen. A cartoonist, an oboe reed maker and the owner of a yacht charter company in the Virgin Islands all once rowed for Lady Margaret. There is no such thing as a typical rower and it is to every member of the Club, past, present and future, that I would like to pay tribute. They are all part of the tradition that has made LMBC successful, and that will continue to make it so.

Jane Milburn

Research for the third volume of the History of the LMBC is still going on and there is still a chance to add your memories. Please write to Miss Jane Milburn c/o the Johnian Office, St John's College, Cambridge, CB2 1TP.

WOMEN'S NETWORK AND DINNER

At the end of last year, in my capacity as JCR Women's Officer, I arranged a Women's Dinner, as Lucy Milton had done the previous year. The aim was to bring together former and present Johnian women in a relaxed environment, and to encourage the development of informal networks between Johnian women of all ages.

I was delighted at the general response to an event of this kind. Although many of the non-resident Johnian women were not able to take time out from their busy schedules, nearly all expressed great interest in attending future events and actively supported the idea of a women's network.

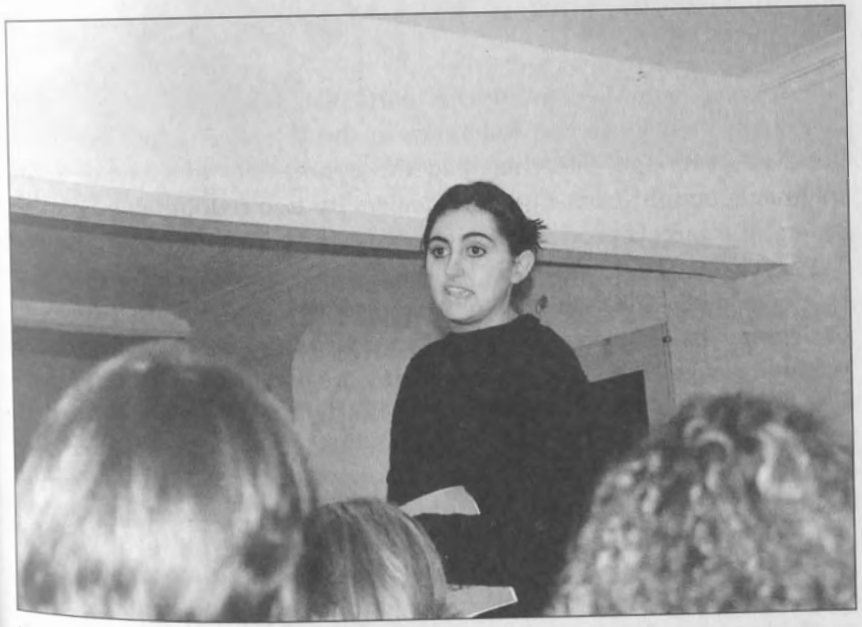
The dinner took place on 10 November 1996 and the evening was a great success, despite the fact that the main speaker had to cancel last minute to fly to Jordan and meet King Hussein – a clear indication of the high-powered potential of Johnian women! It was attended by 45 students, 5 fellows and 8 non-resident Johnian women. A pre-dinner reception was held in the Wordsworth Room where each of the 'old' Johnians spoke a little about themselves, their work and their memories of John's. This was followed by Hall and, finally, drinks in the Master's Lodge. The evening could not have gone ahead without the help of Catherine Twilley, the Development Officer, the catering and conference department and, in particular, the Master, who has always been extremely supportive of women's issues in college; I am grateful to all of them.

Obviously, women have not been at St John's College long enough to establish an effective networking system, but I believe that it is crucial to build one up. My view was reinforced by how well everyone got on at the dinner and by the interest shown by so many non-resident Johnians in meeting current students, and vice versa. The notion of networking has perhaps acquired rather negative connotations nowadays, associated with opportunism and unfairness. However, I believe that this view ignores the positive aspects of a system which encourages a great deal of solidarity. Over the years John's has developed a strong old boys network which has proved invaluable. It has allowed people to keep in touch with College life and old friends, provided them with support, with helpful contacts in the world of work, and the benefit of others' experience.

I hope, therefore, that these dinners have provided the first stage of a process of women's networking and I look forward to even bigger and better evenings of this kind. I also hope that future women's officers will recognise the importance of such a process so that both men and women may benefit equally from the many advantages of attending St John's.

Treeva Fenwick

If you wish to be involved in a Johnian Women's networking group, please contact Catherine Twilley, Development Officer, St John's College, Cambridge, CB2 1TP indicating your current occupation.



Treeva Fenwick at a College Women's meeting

ST JOHN'S AND THE CENTENARY OF THE CAIRO GENIZAH COLLECTION

On 27 February, 1997, the President of Israel, Mr Ezer Weizman, made a special visit to the University Library in order to view specimen fragments of the famous and priceless collection of Jewish manuscripts from the Genizah of the Ben Ezra Synagogue in Cairo.

Charles Taylor, Master of the College 1881 to 1908, though his principal discipline was Mathematics, took a keen interest in the Hebrew language throughout his life. He was not Jewish, but he developed a particular expertise in Talmudic studies and wrote a definitive edition of the tractate *The Sayings of the Jewish Fathers* (Pirqe-Aboth, Cambridge, 1877) which is still valued and in use to this day. He was physically a very large man and he married, late in life, a lady many years his junior. J S Boys Smith, sometime Master, who had met her as a widow, used to recall that she always referred to him not as 'my husband' but as 'my master'. Obituary notices of Taylor are printed in *The Eagle* XXX (December, 1908).

Taylor was, naturally enough, a particular friend of Dr Solomon Schechter, then Reader in Rabbinics in the University. Just over one hundred years ago, Schechter had the opportunity of viewing some fragments bought from Egyptian dealers by two redoubtable Scottish sisters, Margaret Gibson and Agnes Lewis who had, incidentally, toured the Sinai desert by camel. To his amazement he concluded that one fragment represented the Hebrew original of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus, hitherto known only in a Greek translation. Perceiving the importance of the find, he sought Taylor's help and the then Master sent him off to Egypt with substantial financial backing. He went, on the instructions of the sisters, to the Ben Ezra Synagogue in Cairo, and to its Genizah.

The word Genizah means 'hiding' or 'concealment' and is illustrated by its Arabic cognate Jinazah 'burial' or 'funeral'. From time immemorial Jews were forbidden to destroy any document which contained the ineffable name of God. Rather, they were required either to bury such

Dr Solomon Schechter studying the Cairo Genizah collection

documents or to place them in a Genizah, a sacred dump. In a sense, the other great modern discovery (1947) of ancient Jewish manuscripts was also the discovery of a Genizah, this time the caves at Qumran near the Dead Sea, and their contents, the famous Dead Sea Scrolls.

In the ninth century of our era the Jews of Cairo took control of a building which is likely to have been formerly a Coptic Church. They sealed off a room near the entrance, leaving open a small window near the ceiling through which habitués of the synagogue were encouraged to post all archives, scrolls, contracts, letters and receipts for which they had no further use. Most such documents, in accordance with the customs of the times, featured the divine name and hence the need for this Genizah.

Over a period of one thousand years, two hundred thousand documents had formed a rich compost and it was upon this compost that Solomon Schechter lighted. Sixty-thousand fragments had escaped before he arrived, and they had found their way via dealers to libraries and private collectors. But a haul of one hundred and forty thousand fragments was a massively substantial one. Without the use of gunboats, but in a manner which was not unlike a military operation, he removed the documents, following negotiations with the contemporary leaders of the Jewish community, to the Cambridge University Library.

For the past one hundred years, scholars from all over the world have examined the fragments, meticulously deciphering them and skilfully reconstructing the history of the period with their help. Here are letters written by Maimonides himself, documents which throw light on the Dead Sea Scrolls, electricity and gas bills, marriage certificates and children's writing exercises, parking tickets and supermarket print-outs. In short, the daily life of a Jewish community's one thousand years is here to be rummaged.

If it was a Master of the College who did so much to effect this great acquisition, it is a Johnian, Dr Stefan Reif, who has tirelessly directed the preservation and cataloguing of the fragments over the past twenty five years. The majority are now safely encased in transparent plastic envelopes. And, again thanks to another Johnian, Dr Douglas de Lacey, the reader can view specimens on the Internet: http://www.lib.cam.ac.uk/Taylor-Schechter/

A A Macintosh
A Shivtiel

HOME AND AWAY

Sarah Lacey came over from Australia in 1992 with the intention of travelling around Europe. She began working in the College Library in July 1993 and left to return to Australia in June 1997. She is well known amongst non-resident Johnians for her enthusiastic tours of the Library.

Working at the Library of St John's College as a Library Assistant has been an experience I shall not readily forget. The camaraderie and support of my colleagues and Johnians, both past and present, have made me feel so welcome that I have managed to stave off an almost overwhelming sense of homesickness for nearly five years. Now however, I feel that it is time to go home – a decision I did not reach easily. My time spent here means that I shall always feel I have two homes, though regrettably on opposite sides of the world! I have enjoyed so many unique experiences at the College and I am delighted to share some of them with readers of *The Eagle*.

Before leaving Australia, I worked at the University of Melbourne Library as a Library Assistant so when I applied for a similar job at the College, I naively thought that the positions would be similar. It was not long before I realised I was mistaken: I was working in a building parts of which were many years older than the capital city in which I had lived and I was handling books centuries older than the earliest date of white settlement in Australia! The borrowing of library books at St John's dates back to well before Melbourne was even founded. My sense of awe and trepidation at all this history was tempered partly by the gentle wit and irreverent humour of my colleagues, who helped to ease my nervousness. Dubbed 'Dame Edna Beverage' because of my tea-making skills, I quickly found my niche. On seeing Wordsworth's life mask for the first time, I commented on his gloomy countenance – to which one of my colleagues quipped 'Yes, it's no wonder he wandered lonely as a cloud!' Needless to say, I relaxed very quickly.

Yet my sense of awe at my surroundings will never completely diminish. I still have a sense of tripping through other people's memories, especially when showing non-resident members of College

around the Library. I can recall a particularly poignant moment when showing a Johnian couple the old Library. After forty years they were finally leaving Cambridge indefinitely. As they stood hand in hand at the bay window of the old Library overlooking the Bridge of Sighs, they reminisced over moments of their courtship at the College: the glorious May Balls, which they were at pains to explain were 'not like these loud things now'; sending each other love letters via the old post box near the Bridge of Sighs; their descriptions of the sheer romance and grace of the 'punting age'; their marriage in the College Chapel and their obvious adoration for both the College and each other. I hope they are as happy today as they were on that day.

I have been amused at the variety of responses to my being Australian. More often than not it has been of the jocular variety and I fondly remember the dear elderly lady who could not remember my name and, rapping the head of her cane on the issue desk announced 'I wish to speak to the colonial gel.' Recently, a student raced into the Library and breathlessly asked if I had seen an Australian man come in. 'I wouldn't know. We're not branded anymore,' I replied. Others have taken advantage of my 'rational' antipodean nervousness of spiders and once hid a rubber spider on the edge of a bookshelf in the old Library which I only discovered, to my embarrassment, with a piercing shriek when conducting a group of visitors around the Upper Library.

I have found the cliché of the world being a very small place to be quite true. I was delighted to discover an Australian student who lived just a few doors away from where I lived as an undergraduate at Melbourne University and I surprised a visiting Professor of Art with whom I had studied.

The new Library has also presented many wonderful new experiences. I have so enjoyed showing people the new Library and watching their reactions to the eccentricities of the building. Visitors often comment on the sense of airiness and light in contrast to the sombre atmosphere of the old Library. Some agree that the Mezzanine bubble should be renamed 'The Bridge' in honour of its resemblance to that same feature in television's Star Trek. The new technology in the Library is also a

source of interest. Many non-resident Johnians mourn the death of the handwritten essay and the old guard book catalogue, while others embrace the advantages of electronic mail and the Internet. Most leave wishing that such a Library had existed when they were studying.

Library cards have proved to be a source of great amusement. All Fellows receive a Library card with an advanced date of expiration inscribed on it. As one Fellow of long standing walked through the Library and passed the issue desk with a colleague, he mischievously remarked so all could overhear '..and I was most heartened to discover that the Library staff anticipate my longevity to reach the year 2050.' One student was overseas when we asked for a passport photo for her Library card. Her mother dutifully sent one to the Library explaining it was the only one she could find in her daughter's absence. It was with great glee that I assembled her card with a passport photo of the student at age eight!

While I am excited at the prospect of seeing my family again, I shall miss all my friends at St John's very much, particularly my colleagues in the Library who have made working here such a pleasure. I would especially like to thank the Librarian, Amanda Saville, for giving me so much support and encouragement. Thank you all for making me feel so welcome.

And students, remember! Please be quiet on the stairs!

Sarah Lacey

The new library

THE COLLEGE SCHOOL

The only knowledge that most members of College have of the College School is of the eighteen Choristers of the Chapel Choir. Yet the School, whose primary purpose to educate them, now boasts 420 pupils, boys and girls, aged between four and thirteen. The School strains the seams of a substantial site on Grange Road with recent buildings including a library, up-to-the minute computer room, a grand new music school and an indoor swimming pool.

Though the School itself is hidden from view, the children are visible on the playing fields, where miniature Red Boys mirror their College counterparts, playing with equal guts, determination and sheer physical fitness. It is there that I formed my slight connection with the School, it being a small step from organising cricket matches for the Choristers on tour, to umpiring at the School, where staff and parents alike have been welcoming. This connection has been fostered by singing with the Choristers in School concerts, and with the Gentlemen of St John's at the Bacchanalian PTA evenings, at which we are always well looked after.

At a time when numbers in private education are falling, particularly at this level, the School continues to expand. It is currently one of the largest preparatory schools in the country, a testimony to the quality of the staff and the leadership of their Headmaster, Kevin Jones, who says his aim is always 'to create an outstanding community of learning'. The College takes a keen interest in this aim: Mr Macintosh, the President, is Chairman of the School Governing Body which includes some other Fellows as well as external representatives. They clearly feel that the College does not end at Queen's Road, and does not begin at the age of eighteen.

Daniel Jordan
Choral Student

THE 1952 HOCKEY CLUB TOUR TO IRELAND

At the Johnian Society golf meeting at John O'Gaunt last summer, two Johnians had brought the same photograph (reproduced below) with them, which included four of those present on the day. What a coincidence that four members of the College team which toured Ireland in March 1952 should meet up again at a golf day. The four were David Peters, David Waddell, George McCaw and Tony Hall.

Tony Hall (BA 1953) writes: 'the tour party was 13 strong so that one of us could blow the whistle and one could rest (or be recovering from a ball in the eye as poor George is in this match against Trinity College Dublin when I was umpiring). We took the ferry from Liverpool to Belfast for our first two matches against Campbell College and Queen's University and then went by train to Dublin.

St John's College Irish Hockey Tour, March 1952

'We had a conducted tour of the Guinness brewery followed by a lunch which included the best Tournedos I have ever had and then played them on probably the best pitch in Ireland. We drew 1-1, thanks to the Northern Irishman who blew the whistle at the right moment as we had somewhat overdone the Guinness hospitality!

'That evening was unforgettable as our next match hosts, Three Rock Rovers, took us to dinner at Killiney Castle and we arrived back in Dublin between 4 and 5am! We got the ferry back from Dun Laoighaire, together with hoards of Irishmen coming over for the rugger at Twickenham – I can still recall the smell of Guinness in the saloon of the ship.'

The Johnian Society golf tournament takes place every year and is organised by John Loosley. He can be contacted at the address on the Johnian Society notice enclosed with The Eagle. At the golf day in 1996, the Marshall Hall Cup was won by John Jenkins and the afternoon greensomes were won by Tony Hall and Bob Jackson.

COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS

3 May 1998

'This is how we know what love is: Jesus Christ laid down his life for us. And we ought to lay down our lives for our brothers'. I John 3: 16.

It is a strange coincidence that the invitation to me to preach at this Commemoration Service should follow the Memorial Service for Professor Sir Harry Hinsley yesterday. I was privileged to be Chaplain to the College when Professor Hinsley was Master, but there is another link in that he was born and bought up in Walsall and attended Queen Mary's Grammar School, which is now situated in my Parish, and which my sons also attend or attended. So at a personal level the very different worlds of Walsall and Cambridge meet this weekend and for one who has worked in both places, the somewhat harsh world of the industrial black country near the perpetual traffic jam on the M6 contrasts with the relative tranquillity of the College, the sense of history, the quest for academic excellence.

Yet though the cultures vary, human beings still share the same needs - for hope, for meaning, for fulfilment and above all for love and I want, therefore, to focus on part of the College prayer and those four words which have universal application: 'Love of the Brethren'. 'Bless O Lord the works of this College which is called by the name of Thy beloved disciple, and grant that love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here . . .'

It was Mother Theresa who once said that the biggest disease today is not leprosy or tuberculosis, but the feeling of being unwanted, uncared for and deserted by everybody. The greatest evil, she said, is lack of love.

The theme of love and love of the brethren is one that dominates St John's first letter. If the purpose of St John's Gospel is to convince his readers that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, so that through him they might have life; the purpose of his first letter is to give confidence to the early believers living in a world of persecution and false teaching that

the step they have taken in following Jesus is neither foolish nor ill advised. 'I write' he says 'these things to you who believe in the name of the Son of God, so that you may know you have eternal life'. (1 John 5: v15)

Over 100 years ago Robert Law called his studies in the first epistle: 'The test of life', because in it are given, he claims, the 3 cardinal tests by which we may know whether we possess eternal life or not. The first is theological: whether we believe Jesus is the Son of God; the second is moral: whether we are keeping the Commandments. Any claim for mystical experience without moral conduct is to be rejected. The third is social: whether we love one another. It is the third test on which I want to focus -for St John: 'Love of the Brethren' and I believe we need to interpret that inclusively - must characterise his church and any Christian community. Hatred or lack of love is the denial of the abiding presence of God in a believer.

Love, says St John, has its origin in God. God is Love and love is from God, and that love is supremely displayed in the life and death of Jesus Christ. W.H. Vanstone in his book 'Love's endeavour, Love's expense'. writes vividly of God's self-giving love in Christ. He describes the love of God like a surgeon who expends himself for a patient and comes out of the operating theatre absolutely drained. In the book a young student describes it thus: 'It was the first time that this particular brain operation had been carried out in this country. It was performed by one of the leading surgeons on a man of great promise for whom after an accident there seemed to be no remedy. It was an operation of the greatest delicacy in which a small error could have had fatal consequences. In the outcome, the operation was a triumph, but it involved seven hours of intense uninterrupted concentration on the part of the surgeon. When it was over a nurse had to take him by the hand and lead him from the operating theatre like a blind man or a little child.' This is what someone might say self-giving love is like. It is this selfless sacrificial love which the New Testament speaks of - a love which Christ revealed as he emptied himself and became obedience even to death on the Cross. 'This is how we know what love is: Jesus laid down his life for us. And we ought to lay down our lives for our brothers'.

Christian love is therefore a response to God's self giving love. It is and has been expressed in different ways. Through the work of social reform, for example, as William Wilberforce felt God's call to work tirelessly for the abolition of the slave trade. Or it may be expressed through missionary zeal: another Johnian, Henry Martyn, whose work of Bible translation was colossal, died in his thirties having kept before him the saying 'I have but one life' - and so he spent himself for God and others. The world has moved on since those days, but there is still a need for men and women motivated by love of God and love of the brethren to work towards the eradication of poverty, disease, injustice and ignorance in so many parts of God's world.

During the past year the death of Diana, Princess of Wales released a huge display of public grief in our society. Some of it had to do with the fact, I believe, that many people are emotionally very vulnerable - a vulnerability which the princess herself represented and with which people could identify. In my own church a hastily organised Memorial Service drew over 600 people, many not regular churchgoers. It is still fashionable to display the stiff British upper lip, yet, below the surface in my experience as a Priest, there is often a great deal of pain: pain stemming from broken relationships, the pain of feeling under valued, the paid of sheer loneliness, the pain of bereavement, the pain of disappointed dreams.

It is not easy to listen and to love Christ's way. It is easier to be warm, cheerful, friendly than to cross the boundary of self-giving love which carries a cost in terms of time and emotion. C.S. Lewis wrote: 'It is easier to be enthusiastic about humanity with a capital H than it is to love individual men and women especially those who are uninteresting, exasperating, depraved or otherwise unattractive. Loving everybody in general may be an excuse for loving nobody in particular.'

Some time ago I took the funeral of the brother of a Johnian who was an undergraduate when I was Chaplain. His brother had a brilliant academic career before him, but in his second year at University developed schizophrenia and at the age of 20 became very ill. He never recovered to fulfil his potential - in fact life became extremely difficult -

so sometimes my Johnian friend had to go searching around the streets of London when his brother went missing. Throughout his illness he kept in touch. When he died at 41, he visited the bereaved inmates at his hostel, he contacted me so that the funeral could be taken by someone who had contact with the family. Because of the seriousness of the illness and the torment it had brought it would have been easier to breathe a sigh of relief when he died. But in illness and in death he wanted to make sure his brother was properly remembered. Love of the brethren is not sentimental, it is practical and it takes its example from Jesus.

St John in his old age, it is recorded, lived in Ephesus and was carried with difficulty by his friends to Church to speak at meetings. He was unable to say much except: 'Little Children, love one another'. At length the disciples who were there, wearied by the same words, said to him: 'Master why do you always say this?' St John replied: 'It is the Lord's command, and if this alone is done, it is enough'.

Michael Sanders
Chaplain, St John's College 1975-1979

THE CHOIR

Over the past three or four years the Choir has been as busy as ever with overseas tours, broadcasts, recordings, and more recently, television. Undoubtedly, these activities are good for the Choir and attract useful publicity but it is worth reminding ourselves that they are, in a sense, merely icing on the cake. The Choir's daily job in term time is to provide appropriate music for the daily worship in Chapel and we aim to tackle this with as much care and devotion as we can muster. Somehow, every day has to be made special.

During last summer I enjoyed a period of leave and though the Choir did not tour during this period much new repertoire was introduced under the able direction of David Lowe and the life of the Choir was greatly enriched. I returned in July to direct the Choir in concerts at St. Albans Abbey and Symphony Hall, Birmingham, together with various other choirs. At Birmingham I found myself also having to direct the choir of my old college, Christ Church, Oxford. This choir can certainly give us a run for our money.

I returned to full duties in October having lost about one-third of the Choir. There is always a sense of having to make a new start at the beginning of a new year. The new Psalter which had occupied so much of my summer leave took a little while to settle in but seemed to receive general approval. Schubert's Mass in E flat was sung liturgically in the Chapel on November 3 and in a concert with King's on November 4. The programme was recorded for Radio 3. The BBC has continued to treat us with some favour and the Advent Service, Ash Wednesday Evensong (a particularly fine Miserere this year) and the Lent Meditation continue to be part of its regular programming.

This year television and video have been very much on the increase. Hans Petri filmed the second Advent Carol Service and produced an abridged version for Dutch television. The congregation was rather mystified by the smoke which was pumped into the chapel to improve the general ambience but no-one seemed to come to any harm. This

year's novelty, which attracted some publicity was a new carol by John Tavener made possible by the initiative and generosity of Ruth Daniel.

After the end of term we joined José Carreras for a concert at the Royal Albert Hall. It was good to sing to such a vast throng and we enjoyed a little reflected glory from the enthusiasm of the tenor-adoring public. The Christmas season ended with a performance at the Nimbus Concert Hall organised by Geraint Lewis (BA 1980) who continues to be a valued friend and supporter of the Choir.

The Lent Term began and ended with the Duruflé Requiem. In early January we made a video which will be shown in Holland on Remembrance Day. Nimbus Records had already booked us for a Duruflé CD and this was completed in late March. I hope that this recording will complement George Guest's fine version made in the Seventies and the inclusion of the less often performed 'Missa cum jubilo' adds extra interest. Perhaps the greatest excitement of the Term was the filming of Poulenc's 'Stabat mater' in Grantham Parish Church. We were joined by the choirs of Clare and Caius and the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra for a project organised jointly by the BBC and Hans Petri for Dutch television. The programme was destined for Good Friday and had been widely advertised as a 'choice of the day' in various national dailies. When the day came I had a curious feeling that momentous events in Ireland might overwhelm us. And so it was. The devotional images on our screens were rudely interrupted after about five minutes and the Prime Minister's grinning face provided little comfort. The BBC telephones were jammed with complaints for the next hour or so and the programme was hastily rescheduled for 11.45 p.m. on BBC 1 on the same evening. Many people must have missed it, I fear, but I am hoping that it may get a showing next year which marks the centenary of Poulenc's birth.

During the Easter Term we remain busy in Chapel but extra events are verboten until the examination season has passed. Visits to prestigious Festivals (Spitalfields and Fribourg) are on the horizon and South Africa (August) and Japan (December) are in the final planning stages. More of all this in my next report.

Christopher Robinson
Director of Music

ST JOHN'S INNOVATION PARK

This article describes how the College came to own land at the junction of the A10 and A14 trunk roads, on the northern edge of the city, and in 1984 to begin the planning and development of the St John's Innovation Park. The story seems naturally to fall into two parts: from the thirteenth century to 1984 and from 1984 onwards. This article is the first part of the story.

Endowment considerations

The general endowment of the College is mainly used to provide corporate income to pay for activities falling under the general descriptions of education, religion, learning, and research - the charitable objectives of the College. Much of this corporate income has always been used to provide emoluments for the Master, Fellows and Scholars (members of the Foundation) and other officers and staff of the College. The only significant way in which the College has spent endowment capital (as opposed to the income derived from its investment) has been on College buildings, and then only when subsequently repaid out of income or appropriate benefactions. A regular and preferably increasing flow of income from endowments has been of vital importance to the College throughout its life, particularly because of long term commitments to paying people.

Because of munificent benefactions in our earliest years, farm-land and other real property has always been a dominant part of the College's endowment, sometimes perhaps too dominant. In 1882, for example, income in dividends and interest was less than 3% of the total endowment income, whereas over 80% of the income came from farm rents and tithe combined. An agricultural depression began in the 1870s and grew worse in the 1880s, with many farm tenants becoming bankrupt and land falling into hand, causing a serious loss in net income at a time when the College was also carrying the burden of debt arising from the building of the Chapel. Belts were tightened: Fellowships becoming vacant were suspended and the Dividend was reduced from £300 in 1878 to £80 in 1894.[1]

Ownership of farm-land does however provide opportunity from time to time for development by erecting buildings. The underlying value of land on which buildings have been or are able to be erected becomes considerably greater than that of even the best farm-land - an increase by a factor of 100 or more is not unusual nowadays. By selling the freehold or granting a long lease to a developer the College can either realise a capital gain, which in turn can be reinvested in whatever form is permitted by law (see the next paragraph), or it can produce new direct income streams, for example in the form of ground rents from houses built on former farm-land of the College in Kentish Town, Sunningdale and Cambridge itself. Although the College general policy has been to retain land, advantageous opportunities of realising capital gains have been taken from the 1890s onward.[2] By 1925 the income was more healthily diversified than in 1882, with 25% derived from dividends and interest, 20% from ground rents and 10% from rack rents of houses - though still with 37% from agricultural rents.

During Mr Boys Smith's tenure as Senior Bursar the College made further moves in the direction of diversifying its sources of endowment income, first by beginning investment in commercial and industrial properties and secondly (during 1955) by making an investment statute giving unlimited powers of investment. Until that time College investments had been restricted to trustee securities (which did not include equities at that stage) and land and property held under the Universities and College Estates Act 1925. The College continues to have careful regard to the need for diversity in its sources of endowment income; given the imperfections of even the most highly polished crystal balls in foretelling the future this appears to be one of the few incontrovertible principles of investment.

The ability to realise capital gains from a particular piece of land depends on the local and national economic circumstances, on the regional and local planning strategies and nowadays on the necessary consents under the Town and Country Planning Acts. Many years can pass before all these circumstances are simultaneously favourable - timing is crucial.

To summarise, in dealing with the land which has become the St John's Innovation Park the Senior Bursar and the Council had to keep in mind the need for income, and for diversity of investment, and to be prepared to take action when the time was ripe, bearing always in mind the future as well as the present.

The Site

The College succeeded to certain endowments of the Hospital of St John the Evangelist, dating from the mid thirteenth century. These included scattered parcels of land to the west and north of Cambridge in the parishes of St Giles and Chesterton. Records show that 8 acres of this land was in the east fields of the parish of Chesterton, and that in 1534 further land in these fields was bought from the Mordaunt family. The Chesterton Enclosure Act of 1840 consolidated these lands into a rectangle nearly 57 acres in extent with one short edge (900 feet) along the main road to Ely (A10), the long edges stretching to the north west. Awards were made to several other college land-owners under the Chesterton Enclosure Act, including in particular to Trinity College, land immediately south of the St John's land, later to become part of the Cambridge Science Park.

Over the years there have been several possibilities of sale of all or part of the land. For example, in 1908 there was correspondence with the Cambridgeshire County Council concerning the purchase or lease of the land for letting as smallholdings. J. Carter Jonas & Sons were asked to advise the College and produced a full Report and Valuation dated 13 March 1909, having investigated the gravel under the surface by making nineteen trial holes over the full area of land, then measured as 57 acres 2 roods and 25 perches. Where there was gravel, it proved to be of inferior quality, but Carter Jonas advised the College to let the land rather than sell it because "apart from the question of the value of the gravel, we consider that the property has prospective value for other purposes which will increase in the future" - prophetic words. They valued the property at £90 per annum for a 21 year lease. In the event, the property was let to C.T. Green at £75, who held the tenancy until Lady Day 1938 when the land was let to W. & G. Downham at the same rent. The Downham family farmed other land in the area and have since

been commemorated in the naming of Downham's Lane, off Milton Road further south.

During the Second World War the land was requisitioned with the adjoining land owned by Trinity for use as a tank repair depot and the land, already of indifferent value for agricultural purposes, was rendered less valuable; the War Department even removed some of the gravel and as we discovered later when landscaping the Innovation Park, they left various oil-tanks, ducts and lumps of concrete below and above normal ground level. The depot closed towards the end of 1958 and compensation was negotiated both by the tenants and the College.

It was already clear that development of this land for some commercial purpose would at some stage become much more desirable than a continuation of farming. In January 1959 an offer of £3,000 was made by agents for the purchase of land with a frontage of 150 feet and depth of 200 feet, for a petrol filling station. The Council approved this sale provided that contracts were exchanged within four months, but in May 1959 we heard that planning consent had been refused so the sale did not proceed.

In August 1969 an officer of the Road Construction Unit of the Ministry of Transport made preliminary contact with the College about the need of land for the Northern Bypass. A complication was the protracted debate by the Highway and other statutory authorities about the exact location of the Cambridge Northern Bypass, and the later addition of a Milton Bypass or re-routed A10. The Northern Bypass was clearly expected to be for many years a new de facto boundary to development north of Cambridge, and it was difficult to plan any development on College land until the location of the roads, and the interchange between them, had been settled. A further complication arose in the early 1970s, from the desire of the County Council to provide a gypsy caravan site in the south-east corner of what became site C (see below). The College made the alternative proposal of using site A, but the County Council nevertheless agreed to make a Compulsory Purchase Order on part of site C and made planning applications in November 1972, which the College opposed. In the end the matter was not pursued.

When the decisions were made, a major graded interchange between the Northern Bypass and the realigned A10, bypassing the village of Milton, was located in the middle of the College land, with the loss of some 16.2 acres for the roadworks.

Three segments of land remained:

A) an area of 17.9 acres bounded on the south by the Northern Bypass and on the north by the existing County Council land-fill site, leased from July 1990 to the County Council, at an initial rent of nearly £50,000 a year, as an extension of their existing land-fill site. After a period of settlement the land may become valuable for some form of development;

B) a 7.5 acre segment between the Trinity land and the Northern Bypass, sold to Trinity in May 1979, to enable Napp Laboratories (an international pharmaceutical group) to combine all their UK activities in a single fine building for which they needed a 15 acre site. This sale was advantageous because the development of site B was brought forward, a prominent and high quality building would set a standard for the area to the south of the by-pass, and in particular because it was agreed that (subject to conditions including a time limit) St John's would have the right to buy the freehold of the Trinity 7 acre paddock, forming the rest of the 'tear-drop' site of 22.5 acres when added to area C.

C) some 15.5 acres bounded to the north by the Northern Bypass, to the east by the former A10, now closed at its northern end by the bypass, and to the south by the Trinity land. This remaining land, together with the land-locked Trinity Paddock immediately south was described by the Press with unconscious irony as the 'tear-drop' site, and later became part of the St John's Innovation Park.

While the roads were in construction the College leased most of area C for site offices, a concrete batching plant and stores to Bovis, who built the new roads, from July 1976 for 3 years.

1. *Trinity College land in the city*
2. *Trinity College land in South Cambridgeshire*
3. *St John's land in the city*
4. *St John's land in South Cambridgeshire*

The aerial photograph (taken in April 1982) shows in the foreground the 15.5 acres of College land (area C), bounded along the northern edge by the slip road from the west-bound A14 to the interchange and to the east and west by the old and the new A10 roads. Remains of the former War Department depot, and of additional concrete laid by Bovis can clearly be seen. Immediately behind (south) of area C is the 7 acre paddock belonging to Trinity, mentioned in the previous paragraph. In the background are the first three phases of the Cambridge Science Park, and the large building to the right of the photograph is the Napp Building, constructed in part on the land (area B) sold to Trinity. See the paragraph which begins at the foot of page 23. (Cambridge University Collection of Air Photographs: copyright reserved)

Town and Country Planning and Science Based Industry

As soon as the road pattern was settled, Mr Dyke of Carter Jonas and I began actively pursuing the development of the tear-drop site. We were spurred on by the time limit in the agreement of Trinity to sell us the 7 acre paddock, and the need to enable commercially valuable development on the whole site, including the Trinity land, by obtaining appropriate planning consents. This proved to be a protracted, frustrating and expensive exercise. In order to understand what happened it is necessary to give an account of the development of planning policies in the Cambridge sub-region from the 1960s onwards. [3]The County Development Plan at that time had been approved by the relevant Minister in 1954, based on the principles of the Holford report of 1950, which sought to preserve the character of the city of Cambridge as a predominantly university city by reducing the rate of growth of the city and the immediately surrounding ring of villages. The Development Plan was the responsibility of the County Council and until 1974, all changes of use of land or buildings had to be approved by the County Council. Both the City Council and senior scientists within the University became concerned in the mid 60s about the immediate and future consequences of the strict application of planning policies by the County Council; which had already caused the relocation of science-based firms away from Cambridge. These worries, in the context of a letter from the then Government to all UK universities urging them to promote better use of technology in industry, led in July 1967 to a sub-committee chaired by Professor Sir Nevill Mott, head of the Cavendish Laboratory. After much consultation and a growing consensus among University and local authority planners, its report was published in Cambridge University Reporter on 22 October 1969 (page 370). The sub-committee expressed concern that future efforts to strengthen the interaction between teaching and scientific research on the one hand and its application in industry, medicine, and agriculture on the other may be held back by too inflexible a planning policy and stated that "it will require a positive policy of encouragement in the future to attract the necessary development, manpower, and funds." They also noted the need for sites for leasehold developments in the vicinity of Cambridge and said that "it would be in the interest of the County, City, and the

University to encourage a limited growth of existing and new science based industries and other applied research units in the City and its immediate neighbourhood".

There was a review by the County Council of their Development Plan for the Cambridge area, which was published early in 1971, dealing in particular with the recommendations of the Mott Sub-Committee. The review stated that "bona fide science-based industry" in particular R & D oriented industry with University links, was considered desirable and appropriate to Cambridge and would be encouraged on properly located sites. More freedom was also allowed for service industries and offices in Cambridge, particularly in relation to its role as a sub-regional centre. Meanwhile, in June 1970 Trinity College applied for planning consent to build a science park on 13 acres of "derelict land" immediately north of the St Ives railway line.

Local government was re-organised in 1974, and relations between the City and County Councils improved considerably, assisted by exchanges of senior staff. Ian Purdy, who had been the Chief Architect and Planning Officer of the City Council, went to the County Council as Chief Planning Officer, and the new Chief Executive of the City, Geoffrey Datson, moved from the County Council. Ian Purdy was involved almost at once in leading the development of the new Structure Plan for the County, which now incorporated the former county of Huntingdonshire. The greater need for employment generation in the northern part of the new county no doubt influenced Mr Purdy's later ideas of linking research and development in the Cambridge area with larger scale production in the Ouse Valley and in Peterborough - of specific interest to the College also in view of its desire to develop a Business Park in Huntingdon.

Planning applications, Local Plans and public inquiries

The draft Cambridgeshire Structure Plan was published in October 1977 and between then and late 1979 many discussions were held with developers and with the planners of the County Council, South Cambridgeshire District Council and Cambridge City Council; advance notice was given in December 1979 of the College's intention to submit

a planning application on the tear-drop site. Residential development was not suitable because of the proximity of the by-pass and the sewage works, and investigation of the possibility of major out-of-town shopping had brought to light serious political and practical difficulties. The Planning Officers were however sympathetic to the views of the College that site C was, because of its physical condition, ripe for development with warehouses and light industrial units, particularly in the light of Policy P.19/7 in the draft Structure Plan. The building of the M11 motorway, with an easy link to the A1, and the creation of the Northern Bypass, now part of the A14 east-west trunk road, had transformed Cambridge from an eastern backwater (in topographical terms only of course) to a strategically well placed centre with excellent road communications to the rest of the country. The site was not an immediately attractive one, with the Cambridge Sewage Works across the road and otherwise surrounded by the landfill site already mentioned and by fields damaged by war time activities.

While the planning applications were being developed in the spring of 1980, the Secretary of State proposed modifications to the Draft Structure Plan which were published, and in due course adopted. Acceptable types of new industrial development in the Cambridge sub-area were set out in policy P.19/6, incorporating as specific policies criteria which in the Draft had appeared in explanatory paragraphs only. Large scale expansion of existing small firms would specifically not be permitted, though science based industries concerned primarily with research and development, which can show a special need to be closely related to the University or other established research facilities in the sub-area, were to be permitted. The original policy P.19/7, relating particularly to parcels of land at Milton including ours, was deleted. The wording of our planning applications naturally took account of these changes when submitted, together with a supporting brochure after consulting the College Council, in June 1980.

Of the total area of 22.5 acres, about 7.3 acres lies within the City, because the administrative boundary between Cambridge City and South Cambridgeshire lies 200 feet from and parallel to the frontage of the site along the old A10, now the Cowley Road. It was accordingly

necessary to submit similar applications to the two local authorities. At that time a joint working party of the planning authorities, the Milton Study Team, were engaged in preparatory work for the production of a joint District Plan for the Milton area, and the planners advised that permissions were unlikely to be issued in advance of agreement on the recommendations of the Milton Study Team. It was agreed that consideration of the applications might be deferred pending the outcome of discussions on the Joint District Plan.

In July 1980 the planning team produced a document entitled "Milton Area Joint District Plan: Survey and the Basis for a Plan". The College site was identified in that plan as one of the most feasible of eighteen sites for development, and one of the most suitable sites to be developed for employment use - top ranking along with Phase 3 of the Science Park. By December it was clearly likely that we would be refused permission, even though there was evidence of real demand for space for vigorous young industry providing local employment and benefiting from the proximity of the University. It appeared that we might not get planning permission because we did not at that stage have a specific user of demonstrable national importance in mind - yet users of that kind not unnaturally want a firm possiblity of premises unencumbered by the need for a planning battle; a severe "chicken and egg" problem. In February 1981 we withdrew the planning applications.

Mr Purdy as County Planning Officer had received several approaches from American firms wanting to build major premises in or near Cambridge in order to be near the scientific and engineering activities in the University. As already mentioned, this would be unacceptable under the terms of the Structure Plan, hence Mr Purdy's idea of research and development near Cambridge and production in Huntingdon or Peterborough. In late 1979, following a major management reorganisation of the County Offices, Mr Purdy ceased to be Planning Officer and became Director of Land and Buildings of the County - in effect the "bursar" of the County.

I asked Martin Simpson, a member of the College who was managing a portfolio of high-tech investments for the College in New York, to

explore possibilities of interest by companies in the USA I also continued with enquiries in the UK about high tech companies wishing to build on the tear-drop site. In the end I discovered that two such companies, in whom the College had invested following a new policy of modest investment in venture capital projects, wished to expand out of their existing buildings elsewhere in Cambridge.

The Draft Milton District Plan was published in March 1981. In an explanatory paragraph it mentioned that in consequence of the limit on employment growth in the Cambridge area specified in the Structure Plan, not all the land suitable for employment use in the Milton area was allocated for development. It went on to state "nevertheless, Cambridge is highly attractive to certain types of science based firms, often with important research and development activities. Consequently, it may be in the national and regional interest to permit them to develop here, possibly with their main production site being located elsewhere in Cambridgeshire. Therefore, specific proposals of this nature on land not allocated for development south of the A45 will be considered on their merits." In the end, the two local authorities could not agree on a joint plan and eventually, in early 1983, South Cambridgeshire published for consultation a Draft Milton District Plan, which did not include the words quoted above. Meanwhile, the City Council on 8 March 1982 published their own Milton Road area policy statement, and on 6 July 1982 the College submitted four outline planning applications for the erection of research and development buildings and ancillary works:

(a) on the 7.3 acres within the City of Cambridge, whose frontage is on the old A10;

(b) and (c) outline applications for the two specific companies mentioned in the previous paragraph, on sites within the city land, and

(d) on the 15.2 acres of back-land in the South Cambridgeshire District.

Before the applications had been determined, South Cambridgeshire District Council asked the Secretary for the Environment to call in all four applications. This was done on the morning of the relevant City

Council planning meeting, but after a delay during which the Secretary of State received representations from the local authorities concerned, he decided that the applications should be determined locally in the usual way.

All three applications to the City were approved on 10 February 1983; in the end the approvals for the two specific companies were not implemented because one company went bankrupt and the other decided to expand on the Cambridge Science Park, where it was already located. The remaining outline consent enabled a start on the detailed planning of the Innovation Park which will be described in the next article.

Planning excitements were by no means over because, even before the publication of the South Cambridgeshire Draft Milton District Plan in May 1983, the application to South Cambridgeshire was refused. The College made representations on the Milton District Plan on 28 July 1983, and in their response in September 1983 South Cambridgeshire District Council made it clear that they intended to make a strong case against development on the College land. Informal contact with the officers, however, showed that their main concern was that the "gateway" to Cambridge should be attractive (which was of course also the aim of the College) and that they would consider favourably a large development which needed to include some of the South Cambridgeshire land as well as the City land. In September 1983, the College through the specialist legal firm which had been advising on the technicalities of the planning applications, appealed against the South Cambridgeshire refusal. The covering letter with the appeal mentioned that it might be appropriate for the appeal to be dealt with at the same time as an inquiry into the Milton District Plan, and expressed the hope that further negotiations might enable the withdrawal of the appeal. In November the Department of the Environment gave notice that the Secretary of State wished to determine the appeal himself, whereas under the normal arrangements it would be determined by an Inspector whom he would appoint.

Discussions continued with a wide range of professionals, both in preparation for the public inquiry on our planning appeal, and on the

best means of achieving high quality landscape and architectural design and building procurement, when a physical start on site became possible. The Public Inquiry took place in May 1984 and our professional advisers made a strong and eloquent case through leading counsel for overturning the planning refusal on South Cambridgeshire land. In the event, however, the Secretary of State in December 1984 upheld the refusal because he agreed with the Inspector's conclusion that there was no overriding need at that time to release the appeal site for the development proposed, within the context of the existing Structure Plan policies, sufficient to outweigh the importance of the site in maintaining the separation of the northern development limits for Cambridge from Milton village. The Secretary of State noted that the Green Belt position still had to be dealt with through the Draft Cambridge Green Belt Local Plan which had not at that time been approved (see below) and he concluded that the appeal site should be released for development only in exceptional circumstances. In effect the appeal failed because we did not at that time have specific proposals for R & D buildings for the South Cambridgeshire part of the tear-drop site.

Planning consent from South Cambridgeshire was not forthcoming until 1987. A public inquiry into the draft Green Belt Local Plan, prepared by the County Council, was held in February 1985 and evidence was submitted on behalf of the College, supporting the County Council's exclusion of the tear-drop site from the Green Belt. The contrary case was made by South Cambridgeshire District Council, the District Councillor representing Milton, and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. The Inspector in fact recommended that the Green Belt Local Plan be modified to include the South Cambridgeshire part of the tear-drop site within the Green Belt. At the time that this happened, the County Council was in the process of review of the Structure Plan and we made representations to the effect that it would be premature to complete the Green Belt Plan until the revised Structure Plan had been prepared for the Cambridge area. Our representations went on to say that buildings not exceeding 12% of the site coverage would achieve an economic solution enabling the whole tear-drop site to be developed into a properly landscaped park. This part of the representation had its origin in fruitful and informal

discussions held on our behalf by Ian Purdy (by then retired from the County Council and working as a consultant for the College - see the article in next year's Eagle) with Milton Parish Council and the South Cambridgeshire planners. Taking account of these discussions and the proposed formal agreement to restrict built development on the land to 12½% (sic) of the total site area and to carry out extensive landscaping, the County Council took the view that the landscaped scheme with a low density of buildings would enhance the appearance of the land and that it should not therefore be part of the Green Belt. This compromise was generally welcomed by South Cambridgeshire and at last, in early 1987 the final outline planning consent was granted by South Cambridgeshire District Council, subject to a Section 52 Agreement concerning density of buildings. The way was clear to develop the site as a whole, including the South Cambridgeshire land.

Science Parks in the USA and UK in 1984

From 1981 onwards the College Council had preferred that the land be used for research and development activities, preferably in association with University Departments. The tear-drop site was relatively small in extent compared with the Cambridge Science Park, but was one of the very few other sites close to the City centre, and suitable for commercially driven R & D, likely to remain under the control of the University in the widest sense. It might of course have been possible simply to link up with my opposite number John Bradfield, Senior Bursar of Trinity, who was energetically and successfully developing the Cambridge Science Park as is apparent on aerial photograph 1. Because the Cambridge Phenomenon[3] had developed considerably during the growth of the Cambridge Science Park from 1973 onwards, each influencing the other in ways described in the Segal Quince report, the business scene in the Cambridge region in 1983 was quite different from fifteen years earlier. Furthermore, the pace of development of the Phenomenon, measured both in the rate of foundation of new firms and otherwise, had accelerated in the last few years of the period. Perhaps in part because of my own background as a scientist I had begun to have ideas, imprecise at that stage, that it might be possible to benefit the University and the College, in the longer term, by some more focused development associated with technology transfer.

After the establishment of the first two science parks, at Heriot-Watt and the Cambridge Science Park, almost ten years elapsed before further science parks emerged in the UK but in the three years from 1982-1985, sixteen further parks became operational, all associated with higher education institutions. I thought that science parks and other similar activities were developing so rapidly and with such considerable diversity that it would be worth looking at developments elsewhere in the UK, and even more so in the United States where the science park movement had started earlier and was by then well established. The College Council agreed that this was worth pursuing and granted me leave of absence from the duties of Senior Bursar from 1 January to 30 April 1984. I should not have been happy to take leave without being satisfied that an able person would be 'minding the store' and I was grateful that Dr George Reid was willing to act and that the Council agreed to appoint him as Acting Senior Bursar.

In early 1984, in addition to visits to Parks at Heriot-Watt, Aston, Bradford, Warwick and the Merseyside Innovation Centre, I began to plan my visit to North America, which proved easier than I expected. During the 1970s Barclays Bank in Cambridge, under the leadership of Matthew Bullock, had been very active in supporting small new technology based firms in the region. In the early 1980s Bullock had visited universities, science parks and sources of venture capital in the USA [4] ; I asked him for his recommendations as to interesting people and places to visit, and made arrangements accordingly.

I visited seventeen universities and science parks, from Toronto and Madison, Wisconsin in the north to Austin, Texas and Atlanta, Georgia in the south, and from MIT and Yale in the east to Cal. Tech and Stanford in the west. All parks had different characteristics, and as was to be expected most were more advanced in development than the parks in the UK. I heard of many different forms of linkage and active collaboration between universities, high technology companies, the business world in general, park organisations, local, State and Federal government. The confident entrepreneurial spirit and the feeling that even apparent business failure could represent progress were most heart-warming.

It is beyond the scope of this article to describe all that I observed, but there follows an account of the Research Park at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. The two reasons for this are that most of the features I saw elsewhere were evident in Utah, and that my principal inspiration for what we have attempted to do in the St John's Innovation Park derived from conversations there.

My main informant was Professor Wayne Brown, who had been Dean of the Faculty of Engineering in the University of Utah and who still held a half-time position in the University. Some years earlier 320 acres of land (a former rifle range) had been bought by the University and the President of the University had decided to build a Research Park there. This was done mainly by leasing land to developers (insurance companies, banks, limited partnerships) for 40 years with an option of a further 10 years, at a modern ground rent based on the land cost, reviewed every five years in line with a consumer price index. The developers erected buildings and leased them to the occupying companies, and in due course the University will own a substantial endowment of land and buildings. In 1984 one third of the park had been developed, under the supervision of an architectural review board which co-ordinated building design, landscaping and other infrastructure, to provide a feeling of unity. The City of Salt Lake had put in the roads at their cost, in anticipation of enhanced tax revenue from the tenants. The University controlled the nature of the occupying companies, turning away purely professional and commercial organisations with no knowledge-based activity, except for services needed by the knowledge-based businesses.

I also visited David Evans of Evans and Sutherland, both of whom had their origins in the University of Utah, which was the major centre for computer graphics in the USA and had close links with the computer aided design group in the Cambridge computer laboratory. Evans and Sutherland had started fifteen years earlier, in old barrack buildings. They found eventually that they could not divorce manufacture from research, and built on the Park. The Cambridge-Utah link had continued, in that Evans and Sutherland had in 1979 become sales agents in the USA for Shape Data, which itself had been founded in 1974

by four leading members of the computer aided design group and became St John's tenants on what is now called the Triangle Site! Later, the founders of Shape Data sold out to Evans and Sutherland to provide greater financial resources to fund their R & D effort.

Even more importantly, Wayne Brown showed me round the Utah Innovation Center, a 76,000 square foot building constructed in three stages as need developed. The Centre started as a research project funded by the National Science Foundation, but had been bought out and made into a private corporation. The first two buildings had been erected with money borrowed from savings and loan companies (equivalent to UK building societies), the first later sold to Wayne Brown and the second to a company originally started by Brown in the mid 60s. The third building was built by a limited partnership of private investors, who later sold to a pension fund at a profit, which encouraged the investors to loan money for the next building.

The Utah Innovation Center included in its facilities a conference room, a workshop with some machine tools and welding facilities, a 200 square foot room rentable on a monthly basis for business start-ups, and provision of secretarial services. It had a staff of 6 - 8 people, providing business and technical advice, all of whom had the opportunity to participate as equity partners with others in an R & D partnership, which could provide start up capital for new businesses in exchange for equity in the business. The arrangements with the new businesses also involved giving equity to the University, in "exchange" for facilities provided by the University such as access to libraries, equipment and car parking. Outside venture capitalists would be introduced after the success of the project had been demonstrated. As with the Research Park generally, companies had access to consultancy advice from staff of the University. I was greatly impressed by the warm atmosphere of collaboration in support of innovation, coupled with financial realism, and noted that Wayne Brown had found the arrangements so successful that he was stimulating similar Centers in other parts of the USA. The next article will explain how some of these ideas were taken forward in Cambridge.

Christopher Johnson

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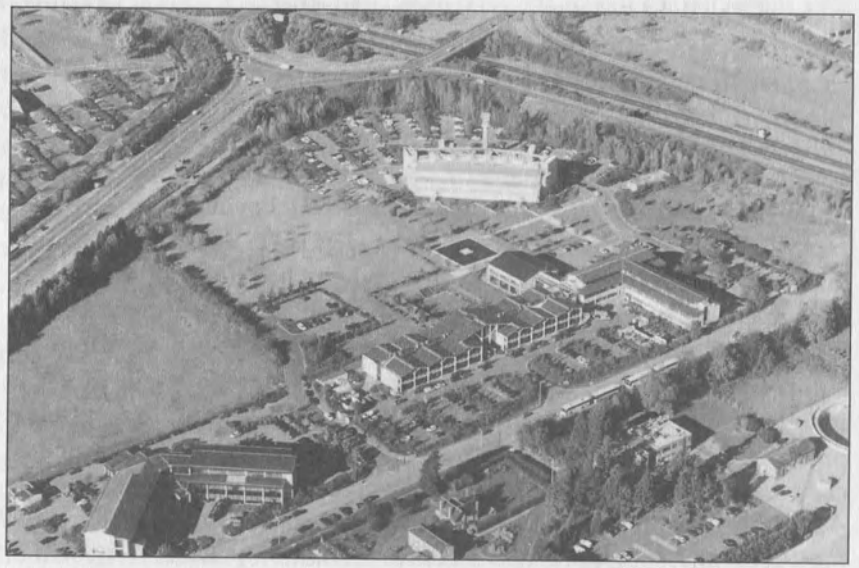


Photograph of the St John's Innovation Park in November 1997. The 200 foot wide strip of land in the City, with the first three buildings on the site, is in the foreground to the west of Cowley Road. From left to right, the inverted V shaped building is the third building constructed (the Jeffreys Building); in the centre is the Innovation Centre with the L shaped Dirac House joined on. To the west of the junction between the two buildings is the fourth building, housing the cafeteria and conference rooms on the ground floor and lettable space above. The curved Ionica building is to the rear. (Photograh by Michael Manni)

Footnotes

[1] *An Account of the Finances of the College of St John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge 1511-1926* by Sir Henry Howard (Cambridge 1935) explains the finances and estates in detail. The Dividend mentioned here was an important part of the emoluments of the Master and Fellows for generations, until the abolition of Dividend in 1967, following discussions and reports in the University leading to amendment of University Statute G and of the statutory form of College accounts. A detailed account of the historic arrangements for Fellows' emoluments appears in Chapter 15 of J.S. Boys Smith's *Memories of St John's College, Cambridge 1919-1969* (1983). He records that the dividend "came to be a share of the annual balance of revenue after payment of certain primary charges and expenses, divided among the Master and Fellows in fixed proportion and subject to defined limits." It follows that the Dividend was a direct index of the corporate prosperity of the College.

[2] See for example Howard page 236.

[3] For an excellent account of the development of planning policies in the County, and of the growth of high technology industry in and near Cambridge, see *The Cambridge Phenomenon* by Nick Segal and five colleagues, of Segal Quince and Partners (first published in 1985). This Report had its origin in June 1983, in a joint report by the Advisory Council for Applied Research and Development and the Advisory Board of Research Councils, on links between higher educational institutions and industry. They drew attention, in passing, to the Cambridge Phenomenon and observed that it would be instructive if it were better understood and any general lessons for university-industry links disseminated. Discussion nationally and locally in the public and private sectors led to the commissioning of the study by Segal Quince and Partners, sponsored by the Department of Trade and Industry, the Science and Engineering Research Council, the County Council, Barclays Bank, the Department of Land Economy of the University, six local companies and six Colleges including St John's.

[4] *Academic enterprise, industrial innovation, and the development of high technology financing in the United States* by M.P.D. Bullock (London 1983). Bullock also chaired the steering group which was formed to guide the Segal Quince study.

ARCHAEOLOGY ON THE RIVER NIGER

I was asked to write this contribution as a follow-up to the note in the *Johnian News* regarding a small exhibition on my archaeological research which is to be held in the British Museum starting later this year (October 1998-April 1999). The archaeological work which I am undertaking in the cities of Gao and Timbuktu in Mali initially started as a doctoral project but has grown during my tenureship of a Research Fellowship in the College. The project is a co-operative one with the Malian authorities (the President of Mali was formerly an archaeologist - the world's only archaeological president?) and our next season of excavations will be held at the end of this year.

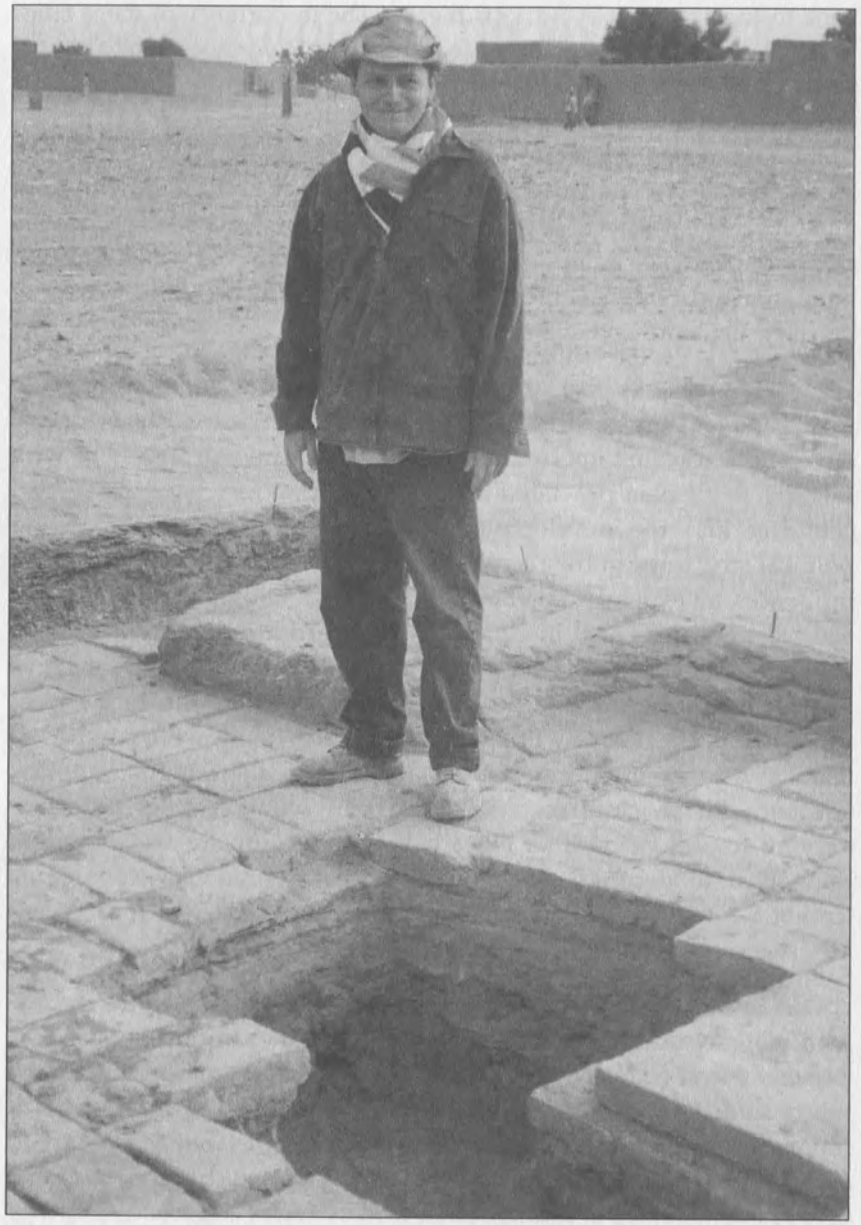
Mali is an impoverished land-locked country on the southern fringe of the Sahara in West Africa (GNP per capita was approximately £220 in 1992, with a population of nine million in a country twice the size of France). It is of great interest for a variety of reasons. Firstly, it contains a wide range of environments within its borders, from the Sahara desert in the north, through the semi-desert and into the grassland savanna, with dense woodland in the far south of the country. Equally diverse are its inhabitants, Tuareg and Arab nomads in the north, with numerous other farming groups in the rest of the country who are predominantly Muslim, although small pockets of 'pagans' or animists remain to this day. This diversity is also reflected in the archaeological record which covers all periods from the Palaeolithic to much more recent sites associated with the Muslim holy wars (*Jihad*) in the region in the early nineteenth century. Mali contains no less than three World Heritage sites, Timbuktu, the spectacular town of Djenne, and the Bandiagara Cliffs, home to the Dogon people. Unfortunately, because of its rich archaeological heritage, it has also attracted the attention of antiquities looters and a large-scale and illegal trade goes on (largely in the west) in stolen artifacts from Mali.

The 'medieval' period is the dominant focus of our investigation, with attention being focussed on reconstructing the origins of the towns of Gao and Timbuktu, and on identifying their trading partners through archaeological objects, by tracing pottery, metals, or glass for example,

back to their sources by various means. The importance of these cities lies in their ideal location for trade, astride the River Niger and thus for water transport, but also close to the desert and therefore functioning as termini for camel caravans. These traversed the Sahara from well to well bringing finished goods from North Africa, cloth, weapons, paper, spices, beads, and returned north leading slaves and laden with gold and ivory. The medieval empires of West Africa, Ghana, Mali (hence the post-independence names of the former British Gold Coast and French Soudan), and Songhai, literally fuelled the Muslim world economy between the tenth and sixteenth centuries AD.

Extensive archaeological evidence both for the development of these towns and for their participation in long-distance trade exists, but as we have only excavated in Gao thus far, the focus here will largely be with this site. Settlement pre-dated the arrival of Arab merchants by several centuries and the development of urbanism or of accompanying political structures in the region can no longer be attributed to foreign influences, an explanation which used to be commonly invoked. By AD 600 (all the dates I will mention henceforward are AD) occupation of Gao was established and inter-regional trade in commodities such as food, ivory, hides, salt and perhaps slaves meant that the ancestors of the Songhai, the people who inhabit the region today, were prospering (Gao was to eventually become the capital of the Songhai empire). Evidence for the local currency has been found, copper ingots of varying sizes shaped rather like a half crescent. Equally, we know that they liked to decorate their houses with coloured clay. Numerous 'crayons' were found in yellow, mauve and red, which if recent observations are reliable, were used for this purpose.

After the mid-ninth century evidence for trans-Saharan trade and for increasing wealth is found. The most spectacular example of which was a cache of over 50 hippopotamus tusks which had been buried within a pit for some unknown reason and then forgotten. This hoard appears to represent raw material for the ivory workshops of Islamic Spain, Egypt, and North Africa. This hypothesis is supported by the fact that hippopotamus ivory is ideally suited to inlay work, a speciality of many of these workshops, being whiter and less prone to splitting than



The author standing on one of the excavated fire-brick buildings, Gao (photo. R. Maclean).

elephant ivory, and also because the tusks present had been sorted and were those of use to an ivory worker. Another indication of the southern 'end' of the trade was a single gold bead which was discovered. This is a unique find, which is not surprising considering the value of gold and the ease with which it can be recycled. The factor of archaeological visibility is of great importance as many trade items have simply disappeared because of their perishable nature, cloth and salt for example, and we must rely on a limited number of Arabic historical documents to fill in the gaps.

Much more abundantly represented were items obtained from north of the Sahara. Numerous sherds of glazed pottery were found (the use of glaze was unknown in West Africa before the modern era) and these have been matched with vessels from Tunisia, Spain, Egypt, and even China. This latter source was a complete surprise and although the pots were not delivered by the Chinese, the distance over which the vessels travelled is astounding, even if it would have taken many years, and been via a variety of stages (I have recently surveyed a port on the Red Sea Island of Dahlak Kebir where I found identical Chinese pottery - but that is another story). A sherd of Chinese pottery from Gao dates from the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries but one from Timbuktu is much earlier, of eleventh or early twelfth century date. To these can be added many fragments of Islamic glass vessels, hundreds of glass and agate beads (preliminary indications are that some of these might be from western India), various pieces of brass metalwork (brass was likewise never produced in West Africa in the medieval period and is therefore imported), and even two fragments of window glass.

Window glass implies substantial buildings, and we were not disappointed. Although the dominant architecture was one utilising wet mud built up in layers or formed into bricks, we excavated parts of two large buildings built out of fired-brick. One of these was probably part of a palace or rich merchants' house whilst the other was perhaps a mosque. The use of fired-brick on such a scale in this fuel-poor semi-desert area also implies wealth, and once finished, red and white plaster was applied to the walls and floor. Recently, during a visit to Andalusia (former Islamic Spain), I found direct parallels for this style of fired-

brick architecture in the Alcazaba or citadel in Almeria. This is not actually too surprising as both Gao, large parts of the Sahel region of West Africa, and Spain, were controlled by the same Muslim dynasty, the Almoravids, between the mid eleventh and mid twelfth centuries. Traces of a stone wall which surrounded this commercial area in Gao were also recorded, indicating that defensive concerns were a factor, as perhaps the various knives and arrowheads we found also indicate.

The gradual acceptance of a new religion amongst the local population is also noticeable. Conversion to Islam is attested both by the mosques recorded, but also by the various Arabic tombstones which we have found. These are of significance, for as well as indicating that the person buried was a Muslim (also indicated through the position of the corpse), they 'personalise' the past through frequently recording the name and date of the deceased. Some of these tombstones were also imported ready carved across the Sahara, as several examples were found (by a previous mission) which were made of Spanish marble, again from Almeria.

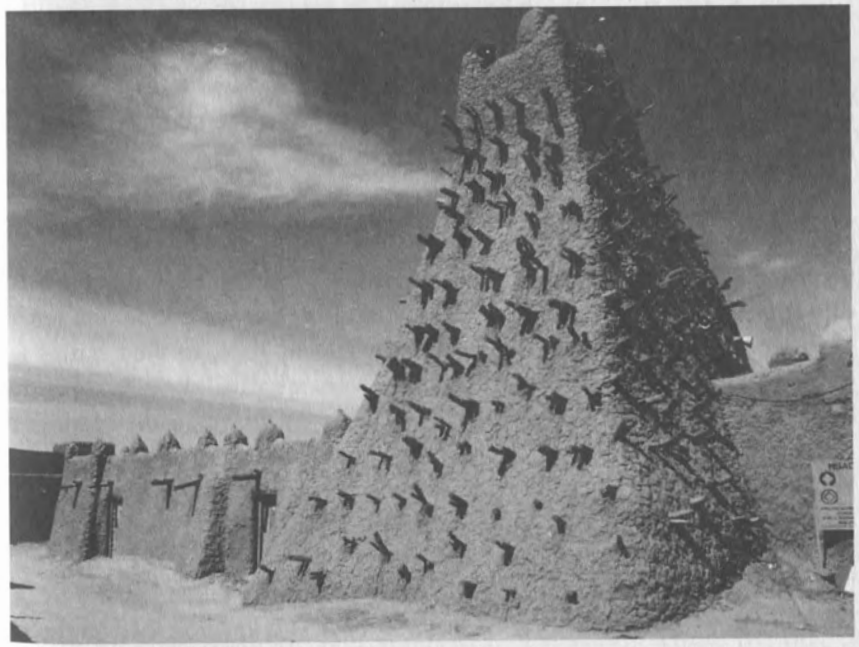
Alongside these more exciting finds we have also uncovered thousands of potsherds from types of pottery produced within West Africa, as well as many animal bones which have allowed the diet of the inhabitants to be reconstructed. They ate well, and conservatively, with goats, cattle, sheep, domestic and water fowl and fish all represented.

In contrast, our research in Timbuktu is very much in its preliminary stages. The survey is now largely complete and we identified two main areas which appear to be ones of early occupation, which will be the focus of excavation later this year. Scatters of pottery and other archaeological material on the surface helped us to see this, though in Timbuktu the ever-shifting sand deposits mean that frequently the archaeological sites are obscured. This build-up of wind-blown sand can be very dramatic, in one of the early mosques of Timbuktu, a literally disappearing doorway provided eloquent testimony to this. Timbuktu, though well-known today, having become a metaphor for the mysterious and remote, is in fact of lesser importance to its sister city of Gao. One of the primary reasons for its fame being the race by European explorers in the nineteenth century to be the first to reach the

city, and the often sticky ends they met. Our excavations, however, should shed more light on the first occupation of Timbuktu, helping to 'demystify' its status.

The conditions in which we work can be very basic, though the work itself, as can be seen, is very rewarding. The importance of the past to the people of the region is impressive, and because of the long traditions of oral history which exist, much can be learnt from listening to the accounts of old people. During the course of our archaeological research we have attempted to involve the local population as much as possible, through tours of the excavations (via a chain of translators), and through use of the local media. Future field seasons will continue this work, and hopefully continue to produce evidence allowing us to unravel the past of this fascinating region of West Africa.

Tim Insoll



Sankore Mosque, Timbuktu (photo. R. Maclean).

CHARLES AND HENRIETTA

'Sir,' said Henrietta Maria to Charles I in Dover Castle, kneeling before him in June 1625, at their first meeting, 'I have come to this country for Your Majesty to use and command.' A few months before that exemplary declaration, on 12th December 1624, their marriage had been ratified by James I in St John's College.

There was no mention of the part played by the College, according to the late J-B Barrère (*The Eagle* 1972-3), in the archives of the French foreign office. A French source has now appeared nearer home, however, in the British Library (Sloane 1156), where it has lain unnoticed as an anonymous manuscript since it was deposited there in the 1750s. It consists of ninety-odd pages in French, probably by an English copyist, in a clear italic hand of the period, handsomely bound in red-ruled vellum. Entitled *Relation du Voyage de Monsieur de la Villeauxclercs en Angleterre faict en l'année 1624*, it is so detailed about the hardships of the journey from Calais to Cambridge and back - an expedition of fifty-six days - that it can only have been composed by a member of the mission.

By 1624 Prince Charles' failure in Madrid to win the hand of the Infanta had led the ailing James I to ensure the succession by marrying his heir to Louis XIII's sister, and the manuscript recounts what the French diplomats saw and did in Cambridge and along the way. It begins with the French King's direction to his envoy, late in 1624, to visit James I, then in the last months of his life, 'en qualité d'ambassadeur extraordinaire pour faire ratifier les articles de mariage de Madame Henriette Marie, soeur de Sa Majesté, avec le sérénissime prince de Wales,' which makes it clear that the marriage was already agreed. In fact it had been concluded in Paris in the summer, a draft being signed in November. As for the ambassador extraordinary, whom I shall call Loménie de Brienne, seigneur de la Ville-aux-Clercs (1595-1666), and a lot is known about him, since he left *Mémoires* (1719) published in three volumes a good half century after his death. When he visited James I in December he was not quite thirty, a young aristocrat at the threshold of

his career, and after a journey that had called for all the stamina of youth.

Leaving Paris in November 1624, as the manuscript tells, Loménie de Brienne and his party arrived in Calais seven days later and found the sea too rough to cross. The first ship they boarded foundered as it tried to leave harbour, and the party saved themselves in small boats, losing their baggage and watching the wreck from a hilltop. Fortunately an English ship sent by James I took them off next day, receiving them on board with a cannonade, fanfares of trumpets and a feast of beef and chicken, which some for fear of the elements declined, though others ate - 'ce qui est bon à prendre est bon a rendre' - paying their tribute, as the unknown author puts it, to the fishes. They were met at Dover by the King's representative and at Rochester by the Marquis d'Effiat, French ambassador to London and father of Cinq-Mars, the favourite of Louis XIII whose heroic conspiracy against Richelieu would one day give Alfred de Vigny the theme of a celebrated novel.

The winter crossing of the Channel may have been the worst part of the journey to Cambridge, though the feast on board is suggestive of good spirits, for some, even if one is to imagine Frenchmen eating English food for the first time.

On 10th December (New Style) the party left Dover for Canterbury, where they were impressed by the cathedral with its tomb of the martyred St Thomas à Becket, and so by stages to London, taking barges from Gravesend, and were welcomed there on behalf of the King by Lord Dorset and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who had both served as diplomats in Paris. The Calendar of State Papers records that £253 was allowed by the exchequer for their journey to Cambridge, which sounds like sumptuous provision for a considerable party; another report speaks of being met at Dover by the King's own coach and fourteen hired coaches. The French were struck by the symmetry of London approached by water, ranged with its ships along the banks of the Thames. Then another night's sleep in a place called Ouare, presumably Ware in Hertfordshire, and another at Rouaston, which patrons of British Rail will recognise as Royston, a favourite hunting-seat of James

I. The King, they heard, had arrived at a town the manuscript calls Cambriche. Arriving there themselves on 19th December, they found a place of sixteen colleges and, as they report, five to six thousand students, which is about twice the probable total for the university in Jacobean times. The King was lodged at St John's, and Loménie de Brienne and his companions settled in Trinity.

Next day, on 20th, the ambassadors had audience of the king at 2pm, being greeted, as they entered the royal apartments, by Lord Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain and Chancellor of Oxford, who received them at the bottom of the stairs, Lord Hamilton meeting them above at the door of the King's chamber. 'But in order to understand the ceremony better, it may be helpful to indicate how the rooms of the prince are arranged.'

The description that follows in the manuscript is a teasing one:

> Le département qu'il possède dans son palais est au premier étage, y ayant trois chambres de plain pied: la première est appelée privée, la seconde est celle de présence où le Roi prend ses repas, et la troisième est celle du lit où le Roi couche.

In all three rooms, the manuscript goes on in wonderment, everyone goes bareheaded, whether the king is there or not, 'and they show thereby how much greater honour they would render to the majesty of their prince' – implying, as visitors from a more ceremonial court, that formalities are stricter in the Louvre. Entry to the royal apartments is free, what is more, a lack of security that seems equally to have surprised the French visitors, and without guards at the door. Nonetheless forms of ceremony are not wholly forgotten as you pass from one room to the other: only the third, the King's bedchamber, is restricted to him and his attendants.

This is a revealing but in some ways provokingly unspecific account, and to double the number of Cambridge students and to call the College a palace argues little knowledge of academic life. In the 1620s St John's consisted of only two courts, and the manuscript does not entirely clarify where James I kept his state and ratified a treaty between France

and England. The Master of the time was Owen Gwyn, the eighteenth to hold that office, and one of whom Thomas Baker was to comment tartly that he was an easy man who added no lustre to the College, being largely concerned with its revenues. The King had stayed before, and Gwyn would have been conscious that the large expenses of such a visit would find their reward. In any case he was a cousin of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln and Keeper of the Great Seal, who by a benefaction had just replaced the west end of the Master's Lodge, or that part nearest the river, with a new library, shortening the Elizabethan gallery when it was barely a generation old.

Building might in any case be suspended in midwinter, and no doubt the new library was already complete as a shell by December 1624, though the floor was not built till the spring of 1625. It remains a natural assumption that James I used the gallery, and this is confirmed by a letter of 8th December (Old Style) from the Bishop of Durham, Richard Neale, to the Master (*The Eagle*, June 1890) suggesting that it would be 'the fittest place' for the king's first audience with the French ambassador.

The manuscript offers a vivid account of the occasion. The King was 'sitting in his presence-chamber, seated on a crimson chair, with the prince at his left hand,' and as the French ambassadors advanced to make their bow they were followed by twenty-five to thirty members of their entourage. No room on the first floor of the College except the gallery is likely to have been large enough to accommodate such an assembly. James I offered his compliments, and then drew Loménie de Brienne to one side to discuss the marriage; and next day there was a second audience, where thorny issues like freeing Catholic priests and other prisoners were discussed. In the evening there was a celebration where Prince Charles, who had attended state balls in Paris and Madrid, danced, impressing his French guests with the elegance of his manner. No doubt that was in the gallery too. There is no mention of ladies, but dancing without mixture of sexes was common in that age, and it is known that musicians were brought in at a cost of ten shillings to the College (College Accounts, last quarter of 1624, archives SB4.4, fol.121). So modest a sum suggests no more than a small group of town waits,

Henrietta Maria (Combination Room window)

and it compares starkly with the four pounds and more 'for fish presented to the ambassador.' In short, the Master's gallery was used for the purposes Elizabethan galleries were built for: conversation and negotiation, dancing and music.

A week and more passed, and on 22nd December the king invited Loménie de Brienne to dinner at St John's. A comedy was planned, according to a letter from one John Chamberlain in *Records of Early English Drama* (1989) (I.598), but cancelled because of the King's indisposition and the eagerness of the ambassadors to leave. That is likely to have been a comedy in Latin, whether ancient or modern, and the month of December suggests it was to be performed indoors; there were also 'some disputations in philosophy', so the letter says, 'of no great fame'. The king was confined with gout, however, and Prince Charles took his place at table with the ambassador at his left hand, waited on by twenty-five and more of the king's guards, all more than six feet high and decked in scarlet; after which Loménie de Brienne spent two hours and more talking to the king in his bedchamber, where he was presented with a magnificent diamond, described in another report as a ring worth more than four thousand pounds, adding that the Prince gave him another worth over a thousand pounds. That was the end of his mission.

On the 23rd the French returned to Ware for the night and so to London on Christmas Eve, crossing to France from Dover soon after Christmas in another rough crossing and arriving at Calais on 15th January, after nearly two months. The marriage itself, which is unmentioned in the manuscript, took place soon after James I died in March, being solemnised in May by proxy at Notre-Dame after Charles I had enjoyed a mere two months as a bachelor King. His proxy in Paris was the Duc de Chevreuse, a Huguenot nobleman who waited outside the cathedral while Mass was celebrated within.

The anonymous manuscript is a far ampler account of the journey than any Loménie de Brienne offers in his memoirs of 1719, published long after his death and composed as the title-page puts it, for the instruction of his children. The manuscript is highly distinct in its emphasis, too,

which suggests it is by one of his companions. The memoirs add, however, some significant details, and again they have much to do with hats. When the ambassadors were presented to James I at St John's, Loménie de Brienne was surprised to see the Prince of Wales bareheaded, 'because he never covered himself in the presence of his father.' Since hat-wearing was a mark of rank, the ambassador removed his own, anxious not to suggest he thought himself superior to the prince; but the king pressed him to replace it, 'which I was only willing to do after having asked the Prince's permission with a profound bow, at which he seemed so pleased that he thanked me for it.' The matter may seem trivial now. But in an age in which ceremonial forms were crucial elements in the game of power, the remark suggests a noteworthy contrast between French formality and the laxity of James I's court and in the following year Charles, as king, was to tighten court procedure at Whitehall and to end the practice of courtiers entering pell-mell and without regard to rank. His experiences in Madrid and Paris would have taught him something.

Prince Charles withdrew at once after an exchange of compliments, so Loménie de Brienne continues, to avoid embarrassment as bridegroom to the proposed match. The King then ordered the document of ratification to be handed to him, along with a patent allowing Henrietta Maria to practise her religion; and after the treaty was concluded there was a dinner with the prince, much as it is told in the manuscript, the king being incapacitated with gout.

That is one of the few overlaps between the two accounts. The memoir is notably less concerned with hardship than the manuscript, notably more with ceremony. It records, for example, that Prince Charles was served at dinner in his father's absence as if he were king, which means on bended knee, and that a cup out of which James had drunk Louis XIII's health was handed to the Prince in that fashion by the Duke of Buckingham; after he had drunk, the French ambassadors drank from it too. James then received Loménie de Brienne in another room of the College, perhaps his bedchamber, which may have been what is now the Small Combination Room – perhaps larger then, since the staircase that divides it from the Upper Library was inserted only later, in 1628 –

and expressed his joy at the marriage. The ambassadors then returned to London for Christmas.

It is at this point of the memoir that a Johnian first enters the scene, for in London John Williams (1582-1650) invited Loménie de Brienne to sup with him. Intent as devout Catholics on missing a Protestant service, the French ambassadors left their lodgings deliberately late; but to their embarrassment they were met at the door by a ceremonial guard who took them to the service, where Loménie de Brienne told his rosary with lowered head in order not to join in. That is not the kind of detail to be found in the manuscript, which shows scant interest in form and protocol.

The manuscript, in truth, assumes a lot about the court kept by James I at St John's in the last year of his reign, and tells only a little. The king had stayed in the College before, more than once, sometimes on the way to Newmarket, so he must have liked its hospitality; and though he cannot have visited the new library he may have admired its shell and wondered why the Master's Lodge had been abbreviated, after only a quarter of a century, to build a place for books. Since the manuscript speaks of three rooms on the first floor and on a level, with the presence-room in the middle, it is likely to be the gallery that is in question here, though it remains odd that it is nowhere called a gallery or described as long. True, its present length of ninety-five feet leaves it a little more than half the length of Francis I's long gallery at Fontainbleau, and a French courtier may have found it unremarkable. A King is unlikely to have been housed elsewhere, and it is known that before the Hall was extended northwards in the 1860s into the present high table area there was an upstairs room (or rooms) to the east of the gallery on the first floor, entered by a staircase in the north-west corner of First Court near the door of the old chapel. That is likely to be where the French ambassadors entered in December 1624. Of their entertainment in Trinity one can say nothing, but at least they did not have far to come or, as they returned, far to go.

There are still more tantalizing questions that cannot be answered. What did the future Charles I dance in the Long Gallery, and what music was

played? Why does an oval portrait of Henrietta Maria on glass still adorn the central oriel of the room, now the Combination Room, based on a print after a lost painting by Daniel Mytens (c.1590-c.1648), though she never visited the College, and no portrait of her husband, who did? Perhaps something has been lost. The glass portrait, which is of uncertain date, is thought by a late Fellow of the College, Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, to be probably the work of Richard Greenbury or Greenberry (fl.1616-50), executed around 1630; he did portraits for colleges in both English universities and copied paintings for Charles I. It follows the engraving closely, cutting off the sleeves and the lace collar awkwardly, whereas the Mytens original is likely to have been a rectangle with full sleeves and collar, and it suggests a sitter older than the fifteen-year-old bride who met her husband only after marrying him and who in 1649 vainly tried to save him from the block. Its flat-topped hair-style with masses of tight side-curls is striking, rather like a royal lady of Velazquez; but the face is amiable rather than exquisite, and richly decorated with pearls at head, throat and bosom. Van Dyck, by contrast, always represented her delicately featured, with ringlets. Its isolation remains unexplained.

The whole incident must give pause for thought, and the thought may be a sobering one to those who dine nowadays at high table or upstairs in the gallery. Above the high table, in all probability, and in a high empty space where conversation now rises nightly in term-time, two Frenchmen once passed on serious purpose to parley with a dying King, and upstairs the fate of two kingdoms was decided and the seeds of the civil war sown.

George Watson

My thanks are due to Dr James and to the archivist, Mr Malcolm Underwood, for advice, and to Mr Hilton Kelliher of the British Library for showing me the manuscript.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS IN THE COLLEGE: SOME CLAY TOBACCO PIPES

During lowering of the river in 1991, when the banks were substantially exposed, a heavy shower of rain washed mud off the slopes, exposing debris, including, in the vicinity of the Old Library, thirty clay tobacco pipes which were recovered from a small excavation made below the flagstones of Third Court cloisters, during a refurbishment programme in November 1997.

The precise dating of clay tobacco pipes is not straightforward. Early, undecorated pipes usually relate to local producers and there is clear documentary evidence of manufacture in Cambridge from the mid-seventeenth century. When many small businesses are involved there may always be anomalies in relation to a general style, even locally, and where focal points for trade are concerned, such as the delivery of goods to a wharf by barge, pipes may be introduced to the site by people travelling from elsewhere.

There are, however, some general rules which apply. Bowl sizes tend to increase in relation to the availability of tobacco and the lowering of price after its initial introduction in the sixteenth century. Bowls tend to become less bulbous, initially hand-made, but with moulds of brass or iron by about 1590. With the introduction of a degree of mechanisation in moulding soon after 1700, using a gin press to ensure a high level of clay compaction, and with the movement of higher quality 'pipe clay' (kaolin) to producers for the purpose, the products become more consistent in dimension, with thinner bowl walls and a smoother finish. In the period circa 1680-1720 there were also major changes in the shape of pipes. Bowls became narrower and longer, and had rims which were parallel to the line of the stem rather than sloping forward, as was usual earlier. From the end of the seventeenth century also, the flat heel at the bottom of the bowl was replaced by a spur. The precise purpose of the spur is unclear. The flat heel, if sufficiently flat and of adequate size, made it possible to balance the pipe bowl in a vertical position. The spur developed at a time when stems were becoming longer and thinner and

maybe allowed the pipe to be rested on a table surface without spoiling the polish. Both features may have been intended to enable storage in a rack without pressure on the bowl.

The bore in the stem, made by a greased wire set in the mould, is also a rough indication of the date of manufacture. With increased mechanisation the bore could be held to a smaller size, accepted as being preferable in giving a 'cool' smoke, leading to a generalised basis for dating in this respect:

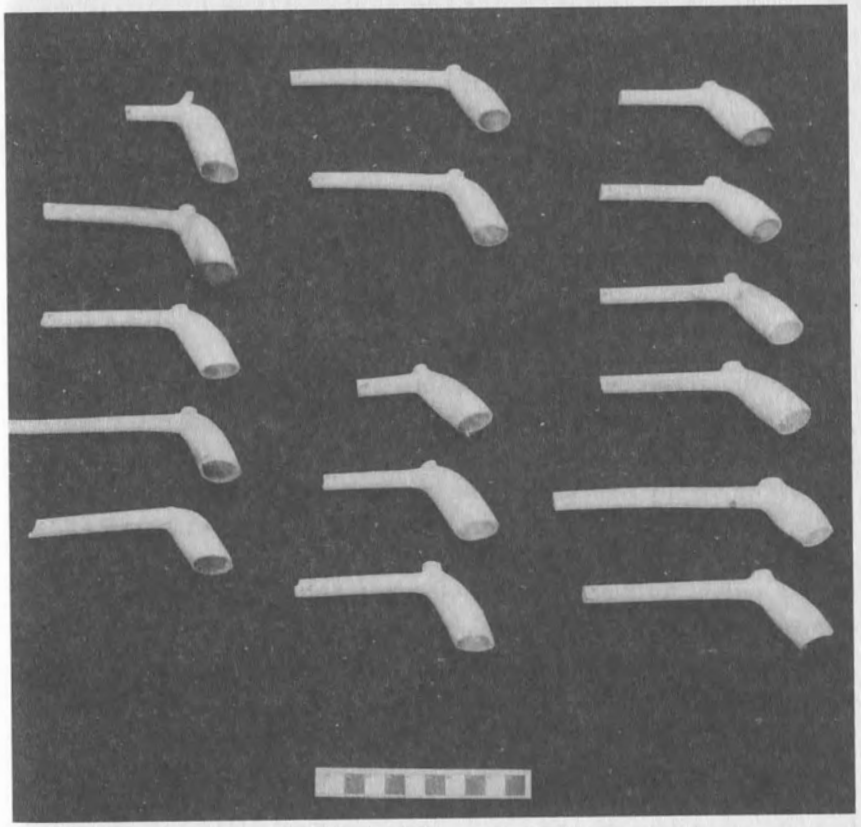
pre 1650	3-4 mm bore
1650-1700	2.5-3 mm
18th century	2 mm
19th & 20th century	1.5 mm

Decoration varied with the quality of the pipe. Whilst some pipes from the London area carry decoration as early as 1600, even with the use of a mould it was still relatively uncommon in the eighteenth century, but flourished in the nineteenth century when bowls were widely produced in the form of heads, or supported on claws, or carried an advertising symbol, even the sign of a friendly society. On late seventeenth/early eighteenth century pipes there was often milling or grooving present just below the bowl rim, which was left behind by a trepanning device for making true and smoothing the inside of the bowl, before firing. Some pipes, particularly in later production, carried a maker's mark, often on the underside of the foot or bowl; unfortunately none of those found in the College do.

Careful examination of the pipes recovered from the river indicated from bore diameter and on stylistic grounds a date range from c.1650 into the early eighteenth century. None carried any decoration other than milling around the rim. In the accompanying photograph showing some of the 'river finds' the earliest with the more sloping bowls are on the left, the later ones on the right.

The pipes were clustered on the river mud on both sides of the old Library and nowhere else, and it is interesting that these positions would have coincided with wharfs. Before the construction of Third

Court, there was a wharf, known as Foot Wharf, on the river bank between an older building Rath (or Rats) Hall, which stood next to the old bridge at the end of Back Lane, and the Library, as is shown in Hammond's representation of the College in his 1592 plan of Cambridge. St John's Lane, which ran on the other, northern, side of the Library, would have terminated in a wharf also, where barges unloaded coal and grain for nearby warehouse storage and materials for a foundry, all in the area now the garden of the Master's Lodge and Chapel Court, and for the passage of goods directly into the town. Barges brought materials to Cambridge from elsewhere in East Anglia



A sample of pipes found on the exposed river-bed in 1991

and from the sea at King's Lynn. Long after Third Court was built the famous Ackermann print of 1814 shows barges clustered under the Library and near the end of the Lane, which must have been established for centuries as a focal point of commercial activity. Small wonder, therefore, that greater numbers of pipes would have been broken and discarded by bargees, warehousemen, and others at that point.

A second association of clay pipes with Third Court relates to another group found in a small excavation in November 1997 when a short trench was dug for the provision of services beneath the flagstones of the cloisters on the north side of the third pier from the south.

The group consists of nine bowls, all except one with parts of the stem attached and fourteen fragments of stem of varying length up to seven inches. All the bowls have a flat heel and seven of them a milled ring just below the rim. All the stems have a bore in the range of 2.5 - 3.5 mm. None carry a maker's mark but is seems reasonable to assume that they were locally made. By comparison with pipes found elsewhere for which a rough chronology has already been established we can say with some confidence that these pipes are of a late seventeenth-century type, a date range which fits in with a number of pieces of pottery found within the same deposit.

Unlike the riverside pipes which were no doubt dropped by men working on the river or on the wharfs the origin of these pipes is more problematic. Third Court was probably completed in 1671, the date now to be seen on the west gable. The blackish soil deposit in which these finds were made was unstratified at a depth of between 18" and 2 feet adjacent to a brink plinth which underlies the stonework of the arcade at this point. As there was no visible evidence to suggest that this deposit was cut through in order to build the plinth (probably in 1669) it is probably infill of a slightly later date. Where the material came from, and how much later it was put in, is conjectural as the finds cannot be closely dated. Perhaps within a few years of the building it had become necessary to do some maintenance work on the footings. These would probably have been inundated in some years to judge from the much later flood levels of 1762 and 1795 recorded on the south face of the second pier.

Almost every hole that is dug in the old courts of the College (as they increasingly need to be for repairs and/or provision of new ducts and cables) produces fragments of pottery, masonry and clay pipes. While most of these objects are in themselves of little significance they can sometimes add a little to what is already known about the history of the College and, as in this case, raise questions about what we don't. For these reasons they are worth recording and preserving. At the time of writing it is not known where this collection of pipes will be kept; it is our hope that in due course some provision will be made in the College for their storage and, perhaps, occasional display. Meanwhile anyone wanting to see them should contact one of the authors for further details.

Dr Charles
Dr Glasscock

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Acknowledgement
We wish to acknowledge the help of the College maintenance staff in the recovery of these objects and, with reference to the 1997 finds, Mr M and Mr W Bassett in particular.

LIFE AT ST JOHN'S

This account of life at St John's was written by WF Eberlie as part of his memoirs before his death on 16 February 1986. He matriculated in 1910 and took his BA in 1913. The piece was edited by Ben Hoyle (BA 1998).

My Cambridge life began after this vacation [1910]. I went up a week before the term started to take the Little-Go. Although all the necessary exams for entering the Varsity had been passed, we all had to get through this strange exam also. It consisted of some Greek, not very advanced, but a working knowledge, i.e. ability to read, ability to translate and some understanding of Greek poetry and drama, and also Paley's Evidences, philosophical treaties of great complexity! It was a two day exam, written and oral.

I was allotted rooms in college. Old rooms in third court, St John's, sittingroom, bedroom with a tin bath! I walked the city on the afternoon of my arrival (having first bought a pipe and some tobacco) entranced with the beauties of the colleges and the backs with the river placidly flowing through them. Then after tea I stretched out on one of the huge chairs in my room and smoked my first pipe. Half way through I felt wretched, with headache, sickness and sleepiness. It was not possible to concentrate on my last few hours swatting for the exam next day, so I had to go to bed. It was definitely not a wise thing to do, but who is wise at eighteen!

However, I got up early, had a bath in my twin tub and worked for a couple of hours before breakfast, feeling fine but nervous. It was a gentle, kindly two days exam and after my last oral in philosophy I was informed that I would be received into the university.

My intimate friends were a mixed bag; Foster, a hefty rugger forward, a scholar reading classics; Adamson, tall, dark and cadaverous looking with a very dry wit, also a forward studying law; Russell-Smith, fair, tall and rugged, who rowed and read history. He had not got to do anything really with a very wealthy brewer as a father but actually he was brilliantly clever; HRE Clark, dapper, small, a mathematician and a

soccer blue; Colson, staid with glasses, a would-be parson, who played no games but rowed in one of the lower boats just for exercise; Armitage, flamboyant and beautifully groomed, another classical man; Bilsland, a wee Scot, always neat and expensive looking, a would-be lawyer (he too had a family with packets of money - biscuit manufacturers; he is now a peer). And there were Odgers, Schofield, Twentyman, Chadwick, Chippy Smith and Schroder, 6ft 5 ins gangling, an Afrikaaner and a Rhodes scholar, and Crick, a very fair-haired powerful oarsman who was a scientist and was the butt of us all and he enjoyed it. He knew there was affection only and no malice behind our chaffing!

Our talks ranged far and wide, religion, poetry, politics, music, what you will. Sex as in these days understood was very infrequently discussed. We were of a generation that had been brought up to realise that the making of male and female was a simple natural happening exciting but private between each participant. We were all late Victorians and we looked on our women with love and respect; they were treated courteously and protectively whatever class they were. One or two of my intimate friends did sleep with women from time to time. They never made a song or dance about it. None of my friends talked obscene smut; they would not have been my friends if they had been of that type; such remarks when uttered usually just to show off and accompanied by a snigger made me go hot and cold and left me disgusted. The four letter words now commonly banded about I never remember hearing in college. Today's young men might say we were prigs, but were we? We were a cross-section of middle class products of the early nineteen hundreds, a healthy robust clean living lot of men.

I had naturally friends here and there in the other colleges. There was Alan Courtis of Caius with whom I forgathered in the labs in my first term and he came to Barts with me and occasionally stayed with me in Highbury. I once visited his home in Cardiff where his father, Sir John Courtis was then mayor. He had two interesting but rather fearsome elder sisters and a large fat 'cuddly' mother whom I adored. Not so Sir John, who was forbidding and aloof. This family was well endowed with worldly goods. Alan drove me down in his Vauxhall car. We played golf, about the first time I had held a club. Alan joined the Navy

in 1914, as did I, and he too got married towards the end of the War while stationed in China. When the War ended, after a spell back in Barts he entered practice in Surrey not far from my parents' new home in Brasted. My wife and Madge Courtis, ash blonde, petite and very pretty, hit it off at once; they were two of a kind, vivacious, happy, intelligent and busy. Poor Alan died suddenly after an appendix operation just after his daughter had been born; he was only twenty-nine. Win who happened to be staying at Brasted at the time was a great comfort to Madge. Madge married again a few years later and had a second daughter. She and her husband Stewart, a Naval officer, and Win and I made free over the years with each other's homes, a week-end with us a few days with them. Now twice widowed, Madge lives in a flat in Knightsbridge with several grandchildren and many friends. I go and drink and lunch with her sometimes - she was always a good drinker and cigarette smoker, and let her talk - and she comes down occasionally to stay with me for a night or two. She is my daughter Elizabeth's Godmother. She has confided to me in her uninhibited, frank way that had I been a bachelor when Alan died she would have jumped at me! It might have been; I really am very fond of Madge.

Adamson, Schofield, Chadwick and Foster were north-countrymen, the two former lived in the suburbs of Leeds in large villas with big well kept gardens and stables, within ten miles of each other. They were the sons of men who manufactured something or other in Leeds. I stayed a few days with Adamson and visited Schofield's home and we played a lot of tennis and swam in the river close by. Schofield had younger brothers, but Adamson one sister only, tall and dark but otherwise unlike him. He with his sallow complexion, hawk-like nose, dropping lips and a perpetual frown looked most unprepossessing as if he were embittered by the world, a man to be avoided. How wrong the face can often be. In repose it was a face straight out of Dante's Inferno, but close up his eyes, clear, gentle and shining transformed him into what he really was, a happy man. Adamson I had a great affection for, perhaps more than any of them. He was quiet mostly, but could be talkative, even ebullient and extremely witty. If a few of us were smoking and talking in one of our rooms, he might remain mute for a long time, and then produce a few remarks of clarity and humour - the punch line of

the conversation. He would come from behind me when walking up to the rugger ground and drag me along often saying not a word. Or we would stroll arm in arm in the city stopping here to buy tobacco, there a book or a cake or a new tie or what-you-will, chatting or keeping silence and ending up in someone's rooms for a coffee or in The Blue Boar for a beer. It was a common practice walking arm in arm, sitting on a floor resting one's head on the knees of a friend or on the arm of a chair with one's own arm flung over his shoulders. Close proximity and touch was just natural, in our rooms, in the pavilion changing rooms, swimming in the Cam or lying side by side in a punt. There was no thought of homosexuality ever in our minds (in fact I hardly knew the word, we called it something more vigorous) and never any hint of it in any of my circle of friends. In these last few years some of us would, I am sure have been labelled 'queer' by the dirty minded of whom there now seem to be too many. They would have been wrong.

One's varsity friends remain friends for life; one's school friends seem to fade away. Because of those three short Cambridge years the senses, vision, hearing, touch, smell all reach their peak; the physique gets to its prime; the brain is at its most active. It is no wonder that those who go through this growth and experience together remain attached for always. When we leave school we are just groping, but when we depart with our degrees from university we have arrived at the threshold of real life. But alas very many of these friends of mine hardly crossed this threshold before they died. I came down from Cambridge in July 1913, the war started in August 1914. HRE was the first to go in early 1915 killed in the first Battle of the Somme, Foster and Schofield in the Dardenelles; Crick, Schroder, Twentyman, Chadwick, Chippy were killed, I do not know when or where. Adamson survived until 1918 and the second Battle of the Somme finished him. Russ was lucky; he was wounded in the head, recovered, was invalided out fortunately with no after effects. There were many sad moments afterwards and even now when I think of these young men whose friendship I valued and whose lives were never fulfilled. HRE the only child of lower middle class parents whose presence, manner and courtesy would have done credit to the highest born of the land; big solid Foster with his beautiful high tenor voice that swept round St John's Chapel and all the big choral

occasions in the varsity; Chippy Smith, very tall and willowy, with a perpetual grin who lived with mathematics and rowing; and poor dear Adamson who must have had few cheerful interludes during those three and a half years of hell at the Front; he was a major, an M.C. and a D.S.O. when he died twenty-six years old.

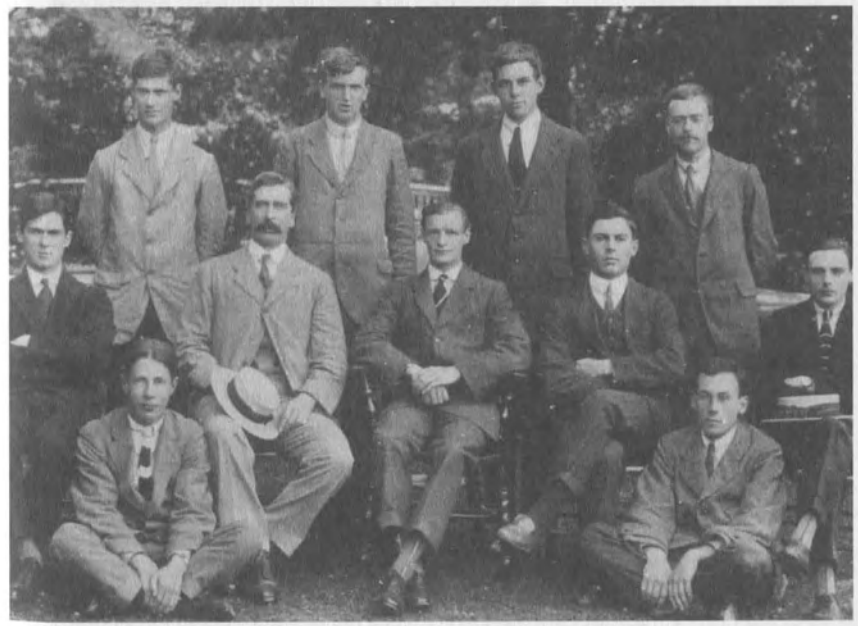
I played rugger for the college first fifteen in my first term. The varsity tried me in the freshmen's match. However, I had not got the weight or power and they did not want me again!

I played cricket for the college too and was capped. So I was made a member of the Eagle Club as was anyone with a double colour or a member of the L.M.B.C. first boat. I also became a member of the other select college club, the Fireflies. Members met in each other's rooms and they had to be the bigger and more expensive rooms to hold all of us (we never met in mine). There we read plays, smoked churchwarden pipes and drank port. We sometimes drank too much! I was president of the Fireflies in my last year. My own rooms were small and cheap compared to many; they were in First Court overlooking Second Court up and under the eaves; and it was easy to get on to the roof from my bedroom window as I often did sitting there reading in the sun. My rooms however were historic - Wordsworth once lived there and probably slept in the same bed; it was a very ancient iron bedstead! Russ had spacious modern rooms in New Court; one could climb into his rooms if one were out too late at night and found the main college gates shut. Closing time was 10.30 and after that hour one had to be admitted by the porter after ringing his bell and that meant being reported to the proctor and it also meant being sent down if it happened three times in a term! So a handy window via the college gardens to climb through was a God-send. I think I used it twice only. Stephen Billsland had the most palatial suite, a twenty-five, by twenty foot room with a bow window looking out on to Third Court, and a rear window facing the Cam by the side of the Bridge of Sighs; it was handsomely furnished too. But as I have said his money made no difference to his popularity.

Most of us breakfasted in our rooms; I did and often had guests for breakfast. The food was brought up by a kitchen porter. These porters

carried food round on wide wooden trays resting on their heads and they were able to carry a large number of breakfasts at a time and could walk up and down my old circular staircase with ease. The buttery was on the ground floor beneath me, so my food was always piping hot; the drawback was that often the smells of the kitchen pervaded my rooms. My 'bedder' was a dear old woman (old? say fifty). 'Bedders' were cleaners of rooms, makers of beds, etc. They were both male and female. A bedder had about six suites to look after and the men were also waiters in hall and would come and butler if one had a dinner party in one's rooms. We all had to dine in hall at least five nights a week, always an excellent four course meal. My lunch was invariably bread and cheese or cake and cheese with an apple or other fruit; and tea we had when and where we happened to be at the time.

Mater on several occasions came down to see me in college. She was unfailingly smartly dressed, but if she came up for a garden party - and they were gay and splendid garden parties in those days she was



William Eberlie, seated, middle of row

magnificent á la 'Lady Bracknell' with gorgeous gowns and speciality hats. I remember meeting her at the station one day and thinking 'God, she has overdone it this time', but it wasn't so, other mothers also vied with each other for the sake of their sons. Mater knew many of my friends, some had stayed with us in Highbury, and they liked her, not because she looked handsome but because she was clever, talked well and was quick-witted. Father only came up twice, once to watch me play rugger and once with Mater during May Week to see me on the cricket field and attend one or two college functions. They stayed at The Blue Boar and gave a dinner for half-a-dozen of us.

So much for varsity life and sport. I grew into a confident as distinct from cocksure man. I could hold my own in conversation about practically everything (except music) and it mattered little what class of man I talked with. I did not thrust, laughed very moderately, and smiled a lot. I was happy. I became considerate and conciliatory in my words - I was never a violent taker of sides. There were always for me two points of view. But I was still shy of girls and tongue-tied in their presence!

In my third year I found men often asked my advice or help over some problem. Sometimes they took it. As president of the Fireflies and an Eagle member I did finish my college life a man of some importance.

It was commonly said in those days that Cambridge accepted men with brawn rather than with brains, with athletic power rather than intellect. One heard the saying 'Of course, although frightfully clever, my son hadn't a chance; he hardly knew what a ball was!' It was never true; of my friends 80% were athletes, but all were very able, some brilliant, none stupid. An alert brain and well co-ordinated nerves and muscles do go together.

But my brain was not sufficiently alert. The first part of college life was to learn what living means, and the second to learn how to make a living. And in that I slipped up badly. I got over-confident about my work. At school I had found studying and gaining knowledge not too difficult and I had enjoyed competing with others and frequently coming out on top. Work at Cambridge was more serious and exacting, and I failed to realise it. I took it too easily. I got through my first MB at

the end of the first year; but my second year I did not work nearly hard enough, not that I missed lectures or cut the prescribed amount of laboratory work or anatomical dissections. I just did not put in the extra time. I ought to have done at least two hours a day more study of anatomy and physiology in the labs and in my rooms. The winter months were good enough but no man should have played cricket twice a week and then tennis every evening as I did in my second and third summer. I paid the penalty because I failed my Second MB. I got my BA degree, although not a good one. That mattered very little except to my pride. I was a graduate of Cambridge. All my friends seemed to have done much better than I, and it was a shock to realise that I was in reality not very clever and that hard slogging would always be needed if I were to get on in life.

The failure of the MB was a real calamity. The parents took it bravely; they could have upbraided me, but they didn't; they were kind and sympathetic and I felt rather a worm! Together we discussed ways and means, at least Mater and I did. Father just said he could not afford another year at Cambridge. So I could go to Barts, work at my anatomy and physiology, and take the exam the following year, a waste of a year. Or I could take the Conjoint Exam of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the next exam was September, and if I passed I could enter Barts, go straight into the wards and lose no time in getting qualified. The end result would be a Conjoint qualification, but not a Cambridge medical degree, and the latter carries more weight although as one found out afterwards there are hundreds of doctors with the Conjoint qualification who are the equal of others with university medical degrees. But I was determined to do that Cambridge exam later on! I therefore went back to John's for the long vacation July and August and luckily I got my own (Wordsworth's) rooms to live in. I swatted hard with several other medical students in a like predicament. An hour's tennis a day for exercise, otherwise just labs and books and notes. With relief all round I passed quite satisfactorily. So in September 1913 I went to St Bartholomew's Hospital and another stage of my life began.

William Eberlie

IN THE BEGINNING

Matthew Juniper (BA 1997) submitted this piece for the Master's Essay Prize while still an undergraduate. He was one of the winners of the Prize.

I was in The Cricketers when I was introduced to immortality. Half way through my scampi I glanced up at the table opposite me. A straggly man sat there reading and eating, just like me. He looked up and I think he smiled. Then I realised I recognised him. He was much older than before.

Years ago we had sat transfixed by this untamed man. With a mysterious wave of his sparrow hands he could turn water to oil and back again. He spread metals like butter and commanded birds to hatch before our eyes. Once he produced a solid silver cylinder for us. Inside was a Genie, whose steamy breath shattered everything it touched, but it cowered in front of him. In his presence, ten of us could stand on four ordinary balloons. Wooden rulers snapped like matches under the weight of a piece of paper. Water refused to pour from an upturned jar. Iron floated on a liquid so shy that it adopted other colours and so elusive that nothing could catch it but larger pieces of itself. Ice sank. He showed us magic and, in his image, made us masters of the world. And then we forgot him.

I carried on looking at him, hoping that he would look up again. Did he remember me? Had I changed too much? I didn't want to disturb him. His book must have been interesting, he didn't take his eyes from it. He finished his sandwich, then his chapter, shut his book, looked at me, and smiled.

'Peter,' he said. A statement.
'Sir.' I replied.
'Call me Gerald.' An order. 'I'll see you tomorrow.' And he left.

I went back to The Cricketers for lunch the next day. As I walked up the path I could see through the window that he was already inside, waiting, for me. Watching him, I felt that I could have been talking to

him every week since I last met him. He felt like an old friend returning from a long journey. He was abrupt. But there was also a tenderness, a real caring that inspired confidence.

I bought a drink and sat down opposite him.

'So, how have you been these last few years Peter? It's been a long time.' I didn't feel that it had. His knowing smile was slightly unsettling.

'Oh. OK. You know, so so. I've done most of the things I want to do. I can't complain really. I sometimes wish I'd worked a bit harder because I'm having a bit of trouble finding a job at the moment, but I'm fairly happy about things.' He stared at me, like a proud grandfather.
'Well, as long as you're happy. That's good.' There was a long pause. His smile now seemed slightly mocking. He took a breath, about to say more, but I started first.
'I'll get a job fairly soon. I don't know what in. I got a bit disillusioned with maths at university. Other things got in the way. I wouldn't mind a complete change of scene. Advertising, perhaps banking,. I'll have to see what comes.'
'And you'll be happy with that? The long littleness of life about to start?' I'd forgotten what he could be like but I wasn't annoyed. It was a genuine question.
'Yes I will. It's not a littleness. At least I'll be doing something at last.' I waited for him to say what he wanted to say, but he just carried on smiling. It was odd, I'd been having this sort of conversation a lot recently. Then I remembered who Gerald reminded me of, with this interest in happiness. I probably wouldn't have said, but I was uncomfortable with the silence.
'You know Gerald.' It was hard saying Gerald instead of Sir, 'I went to a talk not long ago by this explorer who went to live with some Indians in the Amazon.'
'Oh Yes?' He looked interested.
'Yes, they live in these huts, one tribe of a hundred people or so in a big round hut with a hole in the roof. When they want something, they just go and gather it in from the jungle, or from their banana groves or wherever.'

'And what has this got to do with anything?'
'Well, you reminded me a bit of this explorer when you asked whether I was happy, because that was what he asked us all in the talk.'
'And were you?' A small group of people my age sat down at the next table. A couple of pretty girls. One of the boys caught my gaze and I looked away.
'I didn't really think about it at the time. I mean, apparently these tribes only work for an hour a day, but they have more food than we could possibly dream of. It's nice and warm and they don't even get bitten by mosquitoes because the smoke going out of that hole in the roof stops them from coming in.'
He nodded thoughtfully. 'Sound pretty nice, doesn't it'.
'Well, exactly. This explorer said that after three years with them he really didn't want to leave, but he felt that he just had to tell everyone else what it was like.'
'Now he's told you, why don't you get on a plane or in your little dugout canoe and go and join them?' He was serious. I paused to test how serious. He didn't say a word.
'I don't know. You couldn't really do that, could you. I mean, not really. It's a nice idea but not really practical.'
'But do you think you'd be happier there?' He was still serious. 'Think about it. This explorer; his job is exploring, he goes to different places. If he finds this place and says 'I don't want to leave. This is it.' Surely we, who don't feel the urge to explore, would be happy there!'
'Possibly. We'd have to give up a lot though: television, music, chocolate. It's a lot to throw away.'
'You wouldn't be happy Peter. But not because of that.' He was looking out of the window.
'Why not then?' I looked outside too. A young lady with a pushchair was reading a book while waiting to cross at the traffic lights. Gerald waited, said nothing. The lights went to red and the woman started across the road, still reading. What if a car doesn't stop? I thought. What if it kills the baby?
'Because all they do with their lives is exist,' said Gerald, still watching. 'It's a happy existence though.'

The woman crossed the road. All the cars stopped. We carried on watching her as she walked down the street. For some reason, we'd both found the moment tense.

'Experiment today boys!' The tension broke. A little quiver of excitement ran down my spine. It was what he used to say at school before performing one of his test tube miracles. I turned back to see Gerald holding his glass by its rim between finger and thumb, four feet above the stone floor.
'What's going to happen when I let go?' He said, loud enough for the other table to hear.
'No don't Gerald! Don't. OK, It will fall and smash everywhere and there'll be a big mess and the barman will get annoyed and we'll get thrown out.'
'Why?'
'Because we'll have made a mess of his nice pub.'
'NO! Why will it fall when I let go? And why, when it hits the floor, will it smash? Why?'
What sort of a question was that?
'Because it will. That's what it will do. Gravity will pull it down and then it will hit the floor and smash. It's just obvious.' The same boy as before was watching us and nudging his friends. I was becoming embarrassed.
'But why should it stop when it hits the floor? Why can't it just carry on falling?' Now he looked at me with strangely calm eyes. 'And, when I let go, why shouldn't it just stay where it is?'
'But . . .' I looked at his hand. Then I looked harder. It must have been a trick of the light but I could have sworn that for an instant I saw a gap between his finger and the glass. Yes. There it was again. For sure. Something hit me inside, blew every thought out of by brain and started ringing in my ears. The whole pub was suspended with the beerglass in mid air, motionless. His eyes followed mine, the gap closed imperceptibly until it was there no more and he put the glass back on the table.
'How did you do that?' I asked, still watching the glass.

'I must go.' He announced.

'How did you do that?' I demanded
'Do what?'
'You weren't touching that glass.'
'Don't be silly, of course I was. Otherwise it would have fallen.' He stood and picked up his bag.
He turned away and I examined the glass. There was nothing odd about it at all. Just a half full pint of Guinness. On the other table, they were all chatting normally again as if nothing had happened.
'Good-bye.' He said, walking out of the door. I jumped up after him.
'How did you do that Gerald? Why didn't it fall?' He didn't stop, half way down the path.
'Tell me!'
With that, he swung round. 'Peter. Listen to yourself! Question after question. Now do you realise why you could never be an Amazonian?'

I went back to The Cricketers the next day. And the next, and the next. I'd heard about levitation, mind over matter, that sort of thing. I'd always thought they were just stories, or illusion. Mind you, I'd thought the same thing about hypnotism until I'd witnessed it first hand. I waited there for an hour or so each day and found myself surreptitiously trying to float things above the table. I even bought Guinness, which I don't like, but it didn't work for that either. I needed some sort of guidance. Four days later he turned up again, saw me and grinned.

'I thought you'd be here.' He said. 'Mind if I join you?'
'No.' I tried to sound nonchalant.
'Can I get you a drink?'
He bought two drinks and sat down at the table. 'My mother drank herself to death.' He said. 'Destroyed her liver. Brain was fine. I worry about following her sometimes.'
'A couple of drinks won't hurt.'
'No, probably not.' He looked around. The pub wasn't too full. 'A friend of mine, who's a surgeon, says that the human body is all the proof he needs that there is a God.'
'Why?'

'Because it is so complicated, and so incredibly well designed. Everything balances, everything works with everything else. As he says, he just puts things back in roughly the right place and the body mends itself. It produces all the right chemicals, all the right materials and if it can't mend itself perfectly, it adapts. Other bits get stronger. How could it just have appeared by accident without something making it?'
'So God's an engineer?'
'Oh, I remember laughing at him the first time he said that to me. But,' he shifted in his seat, 'well, think about it. Or better still, go into a hospital. See other peoples' bodies breaking down. Like my mother's.' He looked a bit sad now, staring at the table. 'Anyway, that was a long time ago.' I got the feeling that he didn't want to talk about it. Besides, I was far more interested in learning about levitation than hearing about his mother. I left a respectful silence, but it was he that spoke first.
'So, have you been trying to float beerglasses then?' he asked.
Again, that leap of excitement ripped through me. There was something about the way he'd said it. A sort of conspirator's 'down to business' tone. 'Time to teach you to levitate Peter'. I tried not to, but I smiled like a school's star pupil.
'I thought so.' He said.
'It can't really be done though can it? You can't float a full beerglass in thin air!'
'Let's do it. Just trust me. That's all you need to do. I'll do the rest.' And now he looked right through my eyes into my brain. 'Just trust me. Just do what I say.'
He had me.
'Get hold of your glass between thumb and forefinger. Now lift it up.' I did as I was told.
'Hold it out over the floor. Up a bit. Forward a bit. Left a bit. That's it. There, that's perfect. Now just hold it there.' The glass was just where he'd been holding it the other day. He was speaking very slowly with long pauses. 'Now. Empty your mind of all the prejudices you have. Empty your mind of all the knowledge you have. Just think of that beerglass without your hand there. Free in space. Only surrounded by air. Nothing touching it. Nothing to move it. Keep it hanging there in your mind. It's just still, in the air, motionless. It doesn't need your hand

there, it can stay up by itself. Just make your hand dissolve into the air. Let your hand become one with the air. It's not there.' I was holding the glass above the floor at full stretch and had been for minutes, but my arm wasn't even aching. I was in a trance. I'd seen a beerglass float before. I knew it could be done. It would just float, no forces on it, nothing to move it, it would just float, like a helium balloon. 'Now, very slowly . . . move your fingers apart. Very slowly. Don't disturb the floating glass, don't put any forces on it. It's very delicate. Move your fingers very slowly.' I moved them apart gently. The glass slipped. It fell. It smashed. Beer sprayed everywhere. The pub fell silent.

'You prat!' He said.

I got a mop from behind the bar, apologised to the barman and returned.

'Did I do something wrong?'

He snorted. 'you didn't honestly expect it to hang there did you?'

Blood rushed to my cheeks. The whole thing was a joke.

'Well, yours did.' I was angry now.

'But I'd stuck my little finger underneath. Look!' He demonstrated, evidently finding the whole affair very amusing. 'Look! That's how you do it. Good little trick.' I'd have sworn he was looking round the pub for applause. I could have left, but pride prevented me. Instead I silently mopped up the mess.

'So why did it fall?' he asked, back to teacher mode.

'Did gravity have anything to do with it?'

'But why does gravity pull, why doesn't it push? Why is it there at all? What causes gravity. Will it ever get turned off?'

'Look Gerald. Things are what they are and they do what they do and quite frankly at the moment, I couldn't really give a toss because everybody here who was watching, including me, thinks I am an absolute prick.' I left the mop against the wall and sat down. The smile had gone from his face now.

'Well, you were very interested to find out why it didn't fall. Weren't you? Actually, it's more astonishing that it does fall. We've just got used to it. What is more, things always fall. Again and again things fall to the ground in exactly the same way. Isn't it amazing?'

'No. Not really.'

'Things obey rules. That's incredible!'

'No Gerald, they don't. Things just happen. Things do what they do. They don't have this little rule book to consult before doing something. We made up the rules to fit our observations.'

'But that's the same thing! You say that things do what they do in the same way again and again and I choose to say that things obey rules. Same thing!' He waited for me to reply, I didn't, so he carried on. 'If things didn't obey rules, nothing would know what to do. It would be anarchy, complete carnage. What a mess! So things obey rules or, if you like, things 'do what they do'. I still said nothing. He leant towards me. 'But the beauty of the way I look at it is that the rules for a beerglass are the same as the rules for a planet, even though they do very different things.' He sat back. He had finished.

'But the whole history of science has involved people thinking up these rules and then others discovering that they don't always work.'

'Oh, you're right. But if it doesn't always work then it's not a rule. It's wrong. They're not easy to find you know,' he said, shaking his head, 'it's like trying to find the exit to a maze. You go down lots of dead ends, get lost, find yourself again, and just when you think you're there, round the final bend you discover another junction. More questions present themselves.' He paused. 'But that's not the worst of it! Because you can never know if you are out of the maze. You can only ever prove that you are still in it.'

I was beginning to understand him. I wasn't so angry now or so concerned about the others in the pub. 'Sounds like a bit of a nightmare.'

'Maybe it is. Now what I'm saying is that there are certain rules that govern how things behave These rules make the universe what it is. If we have found any, and we don't know for sure, they're only a few of the simplest ones. But we can find them, or at least try to.'

'But where did these rules come from in the first place? Why do things do what they do?'

He smiled. It was a proud smile.

'Now isn't that an interesting question?' he said gently. I got the feeling he'd been leading me to this. 'It's a question that science cannot answer.'

I thought back. What was he saying?

'Something made us, Peter.'

Over the next few days I started seeing patterns in the world around me. I'd burn my toast and ask myself why it went black. I'd fry eggs and wonder why they went white. I'd throw things into the air and marvel at that perfect parabola and then notice that it was the same shape as the silvering on my bedside lamp. Or was it? I thought about things that I hadn't thought about for years, since the last time I was under the magician's spell. It was a re-awakening to the wonders that I had begun to take for granted.

The next time we met in The Cricketers, I don't think I even noticed anyone else there. I wanted to know more.

'So Gerald.' I asked, 'If we have a Creator. If someone made us and gave us this universe, which works in certain ways, then . . . Well . . .' I realised that I didn't even know what questions to ask.
'Then, well . . . So what?'
He chuckled.
'Well we can say 'So what?' and just sit in it saying 'Hmm. Isn't this nice,' or 'Why do I feel miserable,' or whatever.'
'Yes. Or?'
'Well, we were also given the intellect to understand this world, to question it and find out how it works. Just look at the discoveries going on at the moment. We're unravelling the secrets of DNA. We're getting to grips with the unifying theories of Physics, the rules behind all the rules we've found so far. From those and our ever improving observations, we must be able to work out how the universe began. Indeed, there are some good theories already, although all with their limitations. We can work things out, we don't just have to sit here enjoying without understanding.'
'But what about weird things like levitation and faith healers. All sorts of unexplained things go on.'
'Well, as I said, science hasn't found all the answers yet. It's not even close. And the human mind is the greatest puzzle of them all. It may be far more powerful than we think. We don't understand things now, but that is not to say that we will never understand them.'
'But what if we're not clever enough? Why should we be able to understand everything?'

He stayed quiet for a few seconds, trying to decide how much to tell me.
'This is going to sound a bit far-fetched Peter, but you know how our bodies have evolved to adapt to our changing physical environment.' I nodded. 'Well, what is to say that our minds can't adapt to our changing mental environment? We think far more scientifically than we used to. As the centuries go by, man might get more intelligent.'
'But that would take ages.'
'But Peter. Don't you see? . . . We've got ages.' He looked at me as if he'd just had to tell me the sky was blue. 'our lives are just snaps of a finger compared to the lifetime of mankind. We, our descendants, are going to be here for millions of years to come. Millions of years. We've got all the time in the world.'
'Hopefully.' I added. I don't think he heard me.
'When you think how small you are, you realise that the knowledge you bring into this world is more important than your life on it, because it will last. You will not.'
I'd never thought like that before. Time expanded before me until my life was so insignificant I couldn't see it. 'We're all mortal.' I said.
'Are we? Really, are we?' He couldn't believe what I had just said. 'Have you ever head of Copernicus, Newton, Einstein, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Caesar, Confuscius, Monet, Mozart, Milton?' He looked at me. 'They were men once, just like you and me.'
'But their contribution to mankind lasts forever.'
'Well, not quite. If you want to last forever, you have to be careful about what field your contribution is in. We evolve. Mankind changes, so anything that's based on human thought and perception will get lost over thousands of years. People will eventually forget Shakespeare and Chaucer.'
'What they did might still be worthwhile though.'
'Yes, but it won't last forever. If you want to make a truly permanent contribution to mankind, it must be based on something that doesn't change. It must be based on something that is independent of human perception. It must be a universal truth. One of the rules of nature.'
He'd lost me a bit by then, I was looking out of the window at the traffic lights. He looked up with me and a few seconds later, the same young lady with the pushchair appeared on our side of the road. A funny

coincidence. She was still reading. The lights went red and she gently pushed the chair off the curb. What if a car doesn't stop? I thought.
'Immortality. It's something I'm particularly interested in.' said Gerald distantly.
What if it kills the baby?
'But does it really matter?' he asked.
I was frozen. A bad thing was about to happen. The woman stepped out onto the road. She wheeled the pushchair across in slow motion. Why couldn't she speed up? Now she was half way across. It was like watching a vase topple off a table. I know I'd re-live this moment again and again and wonder what I could have done to prevent it. I tried to shut my eyes, but they wouldn't. Three quarters of the way. Nearly safe. They reached the other side. Not a car had passed. The road was empty.
I turned back to him bewildered.
'Does what really matter? . . . What were you saying?'
He smiled at my discomfort. 'Knowledge without life or Life without knowledge,' his voice was cryptic, 'which is worth more to mankind?'
My thoughts leapt back to the ignorant baby. We both sat there looking at each other. Slowly, I realised that there were others in the pub.
'Gerald, you haven't answered my initial question. Why? Why try to work out how the universe works?'
He thought for a minute and then seemed to let go. 'We've been given this planet, with all its mysteries, puzzles and enigmas, and we've been given intellect. Some of us have chosen to use it. I believe that the Creator is just seeing how long it takes us to work out all these puzzles. And as we do, we rise above the mundane world of the animals and get more like him. We get closer to God.'
I could see why he didn't want to say that.
'But it doesn't get us closer to God. It distances us from him. Science replaces God.' He looked at me despairingly. 'Peter, have you listened to a word I've said? Have you?' I felt a stinging behind my nose. 'The purpose of mankind is to get closer to God. Trying to understand nature is the only rational way to do it. That is science. We see God through a window: the world. It's only short-sighted people like you who think we should be looking at the window rather than through it.'

'Well, you can't deny that science has got us into a lot of trouble. This world isn't a puzzle, it's more like a toy that we've taken apart and can't put back together again.'
'You're right. The earth is cursed because of us. The sad fact is that most of us don't distinguish the good uses from the evil uses. However, science can make us happier.'
I didn't completely follow him. It was all very philosophical. I tried a different tack. 'Don't you sometimes think, Gerald, that we'd have been happier if we had never thought about things and just lived like the Amazonians?'
He chuckled dismissively. 'That old chestnut.'
'What?'
'That's the oldest one in the book.'
Did he thing I was joking? 'No Gerald, I'm serious.'
'Of course you are. But think about it. I bet you that's one of the first things you were ever told.'
'What? That we'd have been happier living like the Amazonians?'
'Yes. Words to that effect.'
I thought for a second. 'No-one ever told me.'
He laughed out loud now. 'Yes they did. You've heard the story hundreds of times. You've just never understood it.' I started at him blankly. I didn't have a clue. 'Well go then. What are you waiting for? Go and join the Amazonians. Turn your back on science. Turn your back on immortality.' Now he stared right into my eyes like a snake about to strike. 'You won't. Because if you're who I think you are, you can't.'

The next day, when I went to The Cricketers, Gerald wasn't there. I bought a drink and was about to sit down when the barman called me back. I don't think he liked me. 'Your friend said to give you this.' He muttered, handing me a brown package. I sat down at our usual table and unwrapped it. Inside was a well thumbed Bible. Nothing else. Opening it, I saw that the margins were covered in doodles and notes. Hardly a page was untouched and there were loose pages of scrawl tucked in.

I read it in the pub all afternoon, but only scratched the surface of the meanings within. From what I could gather, Gerald's teaching career had been inspired by a certain Biblical character who had also used

miracles to demonstrate the power of his belief. A man who had come to earth to put mankind back on the right track. As I read his Bible, I realised that Gerald was more subtle than any other teacher that God had made. Some of the loose pages were plans of lessons which showed us how we could build on each others knowledge to achieve remarkable things. I'd never actually forgotten him. He had defined how I thought. Now he had shown me mankind's purpose and the path to immortality. He was right, I couldn't turn my back on it.

When I saw my friends starting mundane jobs I tried to warn them. The knowledge you bring into this world is more important than your life on it. I tried to lift them out of the trap that they were in, but they wouldn't listen. It was too late. They were blinded by the race for money and power, which so often ran hand in hand with the abuse of science. They were just living for today. They thought they were happy but they weren't really. I rejected them and they rejected me. That was when I started feeling miserable. The more I thought about it, the more miserable I got.

What should I do?

It was only then that I asked myself the most obvious question of all. What had Gerald done to be immortal? He had no family. He had left nothing for mankind because, like me, he was not a great scientist. He had, however, influenced a generation of boys and girls by showing them the mystery of science and making them think before they had become blinded. I had been one of them, but I was special. Why had he left me his notes?

I shut myself away and returned to his Bible with its spider writing. Slowly it began to make sense. This was the puzzle. This was Gerald's immortality. It was up to me know to show others the way.

That was thirty years ago. It's my turn to hand on the baton now. I hope my successor will be able to explain to me the dedication: on the first and whitest page, in the most perfect handwriting I have ever seen is written:

'Upon your belly you shall go and dust you shall eat.'

I've never quite understood that.

Matthew Juniper

THE LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

Text of an after-dinner speech by the President of LMBC, Professor Richard Perham, at the May Bumps Supper, 14 June 1997

Master, Ben [Richardson, Men's Captain], Sam [Davies, Women's Captain], fellow members of LMBC:

I am about to break one of the golden rules of being President of the Lady Margaret Boat Club. I intend to make a few remarks before we break up to go partying elsewhere. I do so because it is my pleasure to welcome the Master here this evening, and to announce that he has agreed to follow me as President of the Club. I am particularly glad that we can return to an old tradition at this time because it coincides with the appeal about to be launched by the College in support of its sporting facilities. Having the Master as President of Lady Margaret will do much publicly to underline the College's commitment to maintaining the opportunities for a full and thriving sporting life for its Junior Members, something which, however erroneously, has been called into question by a number of Old Johnians (and perhaps a few of you too) in recent years.

That said, I hope you will now forgive me if I indulge in a few reminiscences, since this evening also coincides with the completion of 25 years on my part as an officer of LMBC, first as Senior Treasurer and then as President. I became Senior Treasurer in 1972, in succession to Colonel Ken Wylie, an Old Johnian and retired from the Army, revered in sailing circles and on the towpath. To remind those of you who have difficulty imagining back that far, it was the year that the UK voted in a referendum to join the European Common Market. In the light of recent debates about European monetary union, you might think *plus ça change plus c'est la meme chose*!

In 1972 we were 5th on the river in the May Races, bumping up two places to 3rd in 1973. In the 1973 crew were two legendary LMBC men, Jamie McLeod and Neil Christie - the latter I am glad to say present here tonight - who also rowed in Goldie (and later in the winning Blue

Boat of 1975). The following year we went Head of the River, bumping First and Third and then (wait for it!) Jesus. I was privileged to coach the Second May Boat, as a member of a coaching team with a string of successes to come over the next few years. My fellow coaches were tremendous fun: Ken Wylie, Richard Cutting (an Old Johnian engineer then resident in Cambridge) and Colonel Faulkner (another Old Johnian, like Ken retired from the Army, and who appeared swallow-like each summer in his camper van before embarking after the Mays on a leisurely journey to Burgundy, Bordeaux or wherever). In 1974 the Second Boat bumped Jesus II to become the highest Second Boat on the river; it was to rise as high as 8th on the river in 1979. Parenthetically I might say that the Second Boat did lose its position to Downing II in 1985, but we bumped back in 1986 and to the best of my knowledge have held pride of place ever since, a proud record which our Second Boat more than conserved earlier today with great courage and skill.

1974 was an important year for LMBC in many ways, not all apparent at the time. Not only did we retain the Headship of the Mays, but David Dunn (who has coached some outstanding LMBC crews over the past 25 years and whom we are delighted to have with us this evening) was appointed a Consultant Surgeon at Addenbrooke's Hospital; Steve Gull (now the Senior Treasurer and a mainstay of the Fellows' Boat) was elected into a Title A (Research) Fellowship; and, not least, Peter Goddard (now Master and President-designate of LMBC) was elected a Title B (Teaching) Fellow. Evidently the College Council and authorities at Addenbrooke's were looking to our future, though whether such considerations were uppermost in their minds I think we can reasonably doubt!

But to return to the First May Boat. Since 1974 we have been Head of the River eight times, never falling below 4th place until 1992. This is an enviable record, unmatched by any other College. In recent years things have not been so rosy, at least for the LMBC men. Some wags were heard to note down at the river this evening that at the present rate of progress, the Second Boat will shortly bump the First Boat, but I trust we can dismiss such jibes as merely representing the envy of less

happier Clubs. Rowing is an aquatic sport, and history tells us that when LMBC goes down it soon bobs up again:

> If thou canst Death defy
> If thy Faith is entire
> Press onward, for thine eye
> Shall see thy heart's desire.

Specific mention of LMBC men is the cue to remind us that women were admitted to St John's and joined the Club in 1983. As if to mark the occasion, that year Lady Margaret provided the first male cox (Jimmy Daboo) of the University Women's Blue Boat! Disregarding any lingering male chauvinism, and stoutly cheered on by the vast majority of the men, our women rapidly established themselves as a force to be reckoned with, and since women took to VIIIs for the May Races in 1991, LMBC have been Head of the Mays twice. Our racing scarlet, and the eponymous blazer, are now to be feared irrespective of whether they are worn by the bearers of one or two X chromosomes! And to prove that our initial participation into women's rowing at the highest level was no flash in the pan, we have since provided a second male cox (Richard Marsh, also welcome back among us this evening) of the Women's Blue Boat.

Only one thing mars my pleasure: the failure thus far to achieve the Headship of the Mays simultaneously by the men's and the women's VIIIs. No College has yet managed that distinction. It has to come, and I urge you to be the first to do it! Do it soon, and add yet more lustre to the finest Club on the river.

This short *tour d'horizon* would not be complete without mention of the Fellows' Boat. I recruited the first such crew in 1970, at a time of apathy, even antipathy, among some Junior Members towards team games; the purpose was initially to save a place on the river for which no Club or Gentlemen's crew could be found. However, having expected to be bumped quickly each night, we found ourselves rowing over three times, making a bump on the Saturday, and meriting a mention in the Times Higher Educational Supplement! The cox was my then tutorial pupil, John Durack, aka Fitz, and without whom no May Races since

would be complete. The die was cast: a Fellows' Boat has appeared most years and, we like to think, brought a little more fame to an already distinguished Club. We have won our oars 3 times, the first occasion being 1973, when the crew also included Dr Reid (now Senior Bursar), Mr Macintosh (now Dean and President), Dr McMullen (now Professor of Chinese) and Dr Mervyn King (now Chief Economist at the Bank of England and elected an Honorary Fellow of the College this year). The present Fellows' Boat continues to make up with intellectual distinction what it may sometimes lack in speed; meanwhile we keenly await the first appearance of one of our women Fellows, which under the present rules (as I understand them) would have to be as cox, unless our women rise to the challenge of fielding a full VIII! We shall see.

Two people deserve special individual mention this evening: Dr Steve Gull, who took over the arduous post of Senior Treasurer and deserves the warm thanks of us all, and Roger Silk. Roger and I have known one another now for more years than either of us cares to remember, and I am sure I speak for you all when I say thank you to him for being quite the finest boatman on the river. An LMBC without Roger is hard to contemplate.

Which brings me back to the beginning. Every club has to look to its future in these hard times and LMBC is no exception. The College is about to launch an appeal in aid of our sporting facilities, the LMBC component of which will be run in conjunction with the Old Johnian Henley Fund. In recent years, the OJHF has been an increasingly conspicuous provider of financial support, chiefly in the form of equipment, and there can be scarcely anyone here this evening who has failed to benefit from this in some way. It is essential that the Appeal should succeed, and I urge you all to play your part in contributing and in bringing its existence to the attention of Old Johnians, and others for that matter, everywhere. I am confident of success. When I mentioned it to one old heavy of my acquaintance, he said that he felt very comfortable supporting LMBC: he knew where the Boathouse was, unlike the Library, which was the subject of the most recent appeal! I can report that he wasn't noted for his bookish nature as an undergraduate, but happily that has not deterred him from becoming a distinguished

captain of industry. LMBC must have imparted something useful. You all, I am sure, quite properly know where the Library *and* the Boathouse are . . . .

My final task is really a pleasure. It is to ask you to join with me in drinking to the health and future successes of the Lady Margaret Boat Club. May our successors derive as much pleasure from belonging to one of the world's great sporting clubs as we do.

Vive laeta, Margareta
Beatorum insulis
Si possimus fuerimus
Semper caput fluminis.

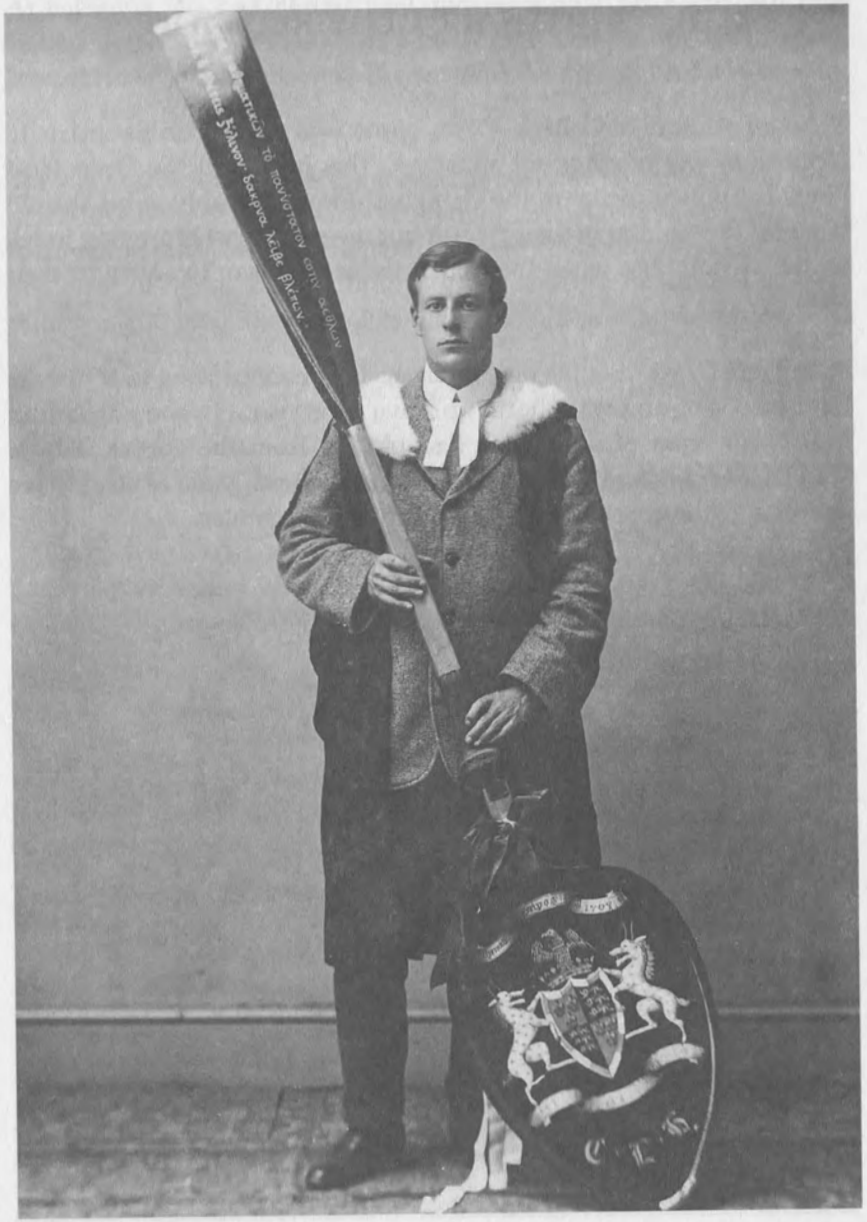
THE RETURN OF THE WOODEN SPOON

CL Holthouse was the last winner of the Wooden Spoon, the trophy awarded to the man who came lowest in the Third Class of the Mathematical Tripos, in 1909. An account of the Wooden Spoon is to be found in the second volume of the History of the Lady Margaret Boat Club. The Spoon now hangs in the Small Combination Room in the College.

In the late sixties Mrs Easten and I saw many houses in Winchester when looking for one to move to when I retired. Suddenly, hanging on a wall in one of them, we saw The Wooden Spoon. We knew it at once, because we had read about it in the History of the LMBC. The owner of the house was CL Holthouse, the winner of the spoon, and he and Mrs Holthouse were selling to move into a retirement home. He was worried about his spoon, because he would not have room for it after the move, and what should he do with it? I suggested that the College might like to have it and, if that were so, we might deliver it.

He then wrote to the Master, JS Boys-Smith, who was very pleased to accept it on behalf of the College, and invited all four of us, plus the spoon, to lunch. In the event, Mr and Mrs Holthouse did not feel equal to the journey. This was perhaps just as well because the spoon was too long, and we had to drive from Winchester with a window open and the blade, wrapped in a polythene bag, sticking out in the rain. However, it came safely to its present resting-place.

GP Easten (BA 1931)



CL Holthouse and The Wooden Spoon

THE FOOTBALL CLUB REUNION

The first Alumni v College soccer game was played on Saturday 18 October in warm, even hot sunshine. This heat, and the Deep Heat liberally applied earlier in the changing -room, probably aided the old bones of the Alumni in the first half but the strain was beginning to tell by the second, just when the undergraduates began to warm to their task.

To my relief, I was not the oldest player. That honour went to Mr James Platt who is 66 and was shortly to leave for a year as a soccer coach in India. Our team of volunteers had players from the Forties, Fifties, Sixties, Seventies and Eighties, and as there were only ten of us (College lent us a goalkeeper) we all had to play ninety minutes.

The Alumni Soccer Team

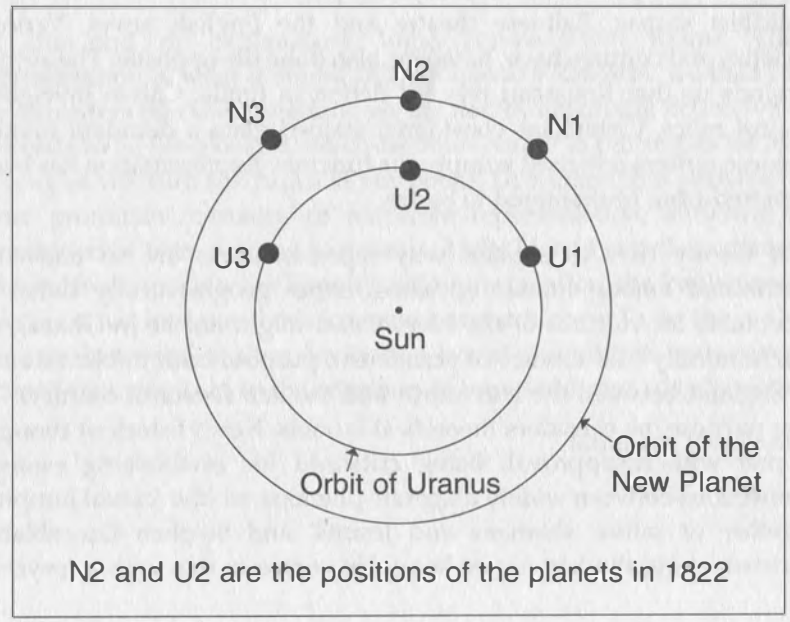
At half-time, we had played well and were only 1-0 down, but then College, who were using this as a pre-season trial for the 1st XI squad, brought on *eight* new players! The sun and young legs beat down on us, and we lost 5-0.

The playing-fields of St John's looked as magnificent as ever, the beers in the new Buttery tasted better if anything, we were royally entertained to dinner in the Wordsworth Room and, as I slipped thankfully into my bed after all these exertions, a line of Wordsworth tucked me in - 'We must run glittering like a brook in the open sunshine, or we are unblest'.

Richard Dunn CBE

JOHN COUCH ADAMS AND THE DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE

Last year we unfortunately included an inaccurate diagram of the Orbit of the New Planet. This year's reproduction is the correct diagram.



N2 and U2 are the positions of the planets in 1822

Heal, Director of Studies in Philosophy and a Fellow since 1986, has been chosen to succeed him. Not since the election of Martin Charlesworth in 1937 have the Fellows chosen as President someone who had not been an undergraduate at St John's. But then applying to St John's was not an option open to Jane, who graduated from New Hall in 1968.

Now Jane is the most senior of our 22 female Fellows and about 40% of those graduating from the College this June were women. Significant changes have occurred but, even with a female captain of LMBC and successive female Presidents of the JCR, returning Johnians of whatever generation have no difficulty in recognizing the College they knew, their College. Whether it is for a reunion dinner, an open weekend or to dine at high table, we hope that Johnians will take as many opportunities as they can to come back and find out what is going on.

Peter Goddard

COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS

2 May 1999

The fifteenth verse of Psalm 145. The words are, of course, more familiar to members of the College in Latin than in English. *Oculi omnium in te sperant Domine et tu das illis cibum in tempore . . .*

The words form an important part of the grace said here as in many of the older Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The grace is derived from medieval monastic models, these having the verse from the Psalm, a very short lesson from the New Testament and a collect. The New Testament verse can still be heard at Peterhouse, though it has long fallen out of the grace said here. All is, of course, said in Latin. There can be no doubting the beauty and antiquity of this institution, and the profound effect it has on people, whatever their particular religious persuasion – an effect produced by daily repetition. It taxes the inexperienced tongues of neophyte scholars (and some Presidents) and tests the reactions of the seniors for the first signs of decline. Old Johnians, hearing it throughout their lives, at seven-year intervals between reunions, sigh quietly and tears of recognition sometimes prickle at their eyes as the familiar words extend a welcome back more eloquent than the hearty handshakes of reunion. Cardinal Ratzinger, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith – i.e. the Inquisition, visiting the College and hearing the familiar words, was inclined to judge us a reasonably Catholic place.

If the words of the grace are nowadays shunted weekly by electronic mail to the scholars, and if they are taught by tape-recordings and phonetic transcriptions, they owe their origin, partially in letter and certainly in spirit, to an inscription of the 14th century BC and, perhaps surprisingly, not that of an Israelite psalmist but of a heterodox Egyptian Pharaoh, whose name, Akhenaten, was subsequently erased by the Egyptian establishment from all official records. He was a Pharaoh *ejectus*. His hymn to the sun disk is inscribed in the rock above the tomb of his father-in-law at Tell el-Amarna in middle Egypt. Now is not the time to treat of this extraordinary man and his theological

revolution, of his tendency, so some claim, to monotheism. Enough to say that something of his work eventually came down to an Israelite psalmist who modified it and gave us the majestic Psalm 104, a hymn of praise to the God of Israel as creator. For Akhenaten the sun in its regular course gives birth to and sustains all life; for the psalmist it was the God of Israel, the God who redeemed his people from slavery and whose requirements were justice and truth. Words from Psalm 104 found their way, in turn, to another Psalm, Psalm 145, and here is the text of our College Grace. The eyes which had contemplated the beauty of Aten, the sun disk, have become the eyes which look to God, as the eyes of a servant look to the hands of his master or as the eyes of a maidservant to the hands of her mistress. The eyes eloquently paint a picture of expectation and of dependence. The hand is the open hand of God's liberal generosity.

The general sense of the words of Psalm 145 is clear and finds fuller expression in Psalm 104 on which it is dependent. All creation is sustained by the gracious providence of God, without which it dies and returns to its dust. *Imples omne animal benedictione.* In this phrase the original Hebrew is somewhat ambiguous, meaning literally 'you fill all living creatures with what pleases'. The question arises whether it is God or the creatures that are to be pleased. It is likely that the original means that every living creature is pleased by what it receives – i.e. it gets what it wants. Our Latin version uses the word *benedictio* – all living creatures are filled with God's blessing which pleases both him and them. How splendid a translation which preserves the original meaning but also hints most strongly that the really important gift of God to his creatures is the blessing of his powerful grace upon which they are utterly dependent and to which they can only respond by uttering his praise! The 1980 English version, much associated with this College, has retained something of this Latin enrichment with 'you fill all things living with your bounteous gift'.

Apart from these details, the words and the institution of grace before meals rightly represent the spirit of the Jewish/Christian tradition. For food, sustenance, daily bread, are always in that tradition a parable of the more general providence of God. They are regarded as the tangible,

daily and essential symbol of God's open-handed generosity in the lives of individuals and societies. For the Jews, bread from heaven was coincident with, and part of that mighty act of God's providential care by which slavery was exchanged for freedom, identity and an inheritance. In the annual commemoration of their salvation, it is the meal that becomes the occasion of their expressed gratitude; in their eating of Passover food is the celebration of God's goodness. In the ordinary ritual of eating there is courteous reflection and joyful understanding. Intimately connected in its origins with this Passover meal is the distinctively Christian modification of it. That meal has had various names which reflect something of the different understandings of it – not least in the period of the College's history. But whether it is called the Mass, the Eucharist or the Lord's Supper its fundamental constituents are commemoration and thanksgiving and it is those elements that are rightly our preoccupation this morning. Parallel with our long tradition of communal dining, the Eucharist has consistently played a central part in the life of the College since its foundation. It constitutes the focus of our commitment to religion as the second of the statutory aims of the College and it is clearly in accord with the wishes of the great majority of our benefactors. Religion is not, of course, inconsistent with the other statutory aims of education, learning and research, but rather is radically consistent with them. For the cultivation of forbearance, of what we have called since the 1920s, 'love of the brethren and all sound learning' facilitates and enables our easy corporate commitment to those our other statutory aims. I do not, of course, wish to deny that some early members of the College suffered martyrdom as a result of religious intolerance and lack of forbearance. Yet now we have relearnt the older lesson *fides suandenda non imponenda*; and in our modern world for the College to continue corporately to salute a religious flag, while giving total freedom of conscience to its individual members, surely protects us from having to salute a political flag. The yoke of the Christian religion in the modern College is rightly easy; its burden, like that of its Lord, is light. Fellows who bother to turn up once a year for this service display a welcome and sufficient *pietas.* Undergraduates, many simply too busy (and profitably busy) to come to chapel other than to the Advent Carol Service also do their light duty.

And many, passing through the courts, are not unaffected in the long term by the sounds of our *opus dei*, daily undertaken by the clergy, the choir and those their practising contemporaries. All this was made possible by Lady Margaret and other benefactors. Each time the choir walks into the chapel it costs us something like £300. And every penny is worth it. Here I must add a footnote of appreciation of the College's contribution to religion in the form of the choir. Music, beautiful music, music performed to the highest standards lifts most of us to a spiritual plane; it is the only area, perhaps, where human endeavour is able to equal or surpass the beauty of the natural world. Our choir is simply an incalculable benefit to us all.

But to return to the Eucharist as the central Collegiate expression of thanksgiving and commemoration. That duty is undertaken and preserved by a practising core of observant fellows and junior members. What is accomplished in this act is solemnly to set forth the death and resurrection of Christ. That death was a real and horrible death, as the gospels at length make plain. And Christ's resurrection, mysterious and miraculous, is perceived specifically in this solemn *anamnesis* of his real and actual death.

They are all dead. The benefactors whom we commemorate today are all dead. Indeed as long as the college has existed it has not been meet or right to commemorate the living. If anyone were disposed to give us £10 million pounds we would not commemorate his name until he was dead. Again, for example, we are right not to commemorate the Cripps Foundation; it is Cyril Thomas Cripps whom we must commemorate. For he is dead. And all of us here today will, at some future time, be dead. What then is this commemoration of ours? What are we up to?

In the earlier days of the College, it was in the context of the Mass that its founders and benefactors were commemorated; indeed their benefactions were designed to pay for, to endow, Masses in their memory and for their benefit. The perpetuation of their names was, then, linked to the essential focused *anamnesis* of Christ and the benefits of his example and of his merit were, by the sacrament, applied to them. If his resurrection constituted the first-fruits of the dead, then the incorporation of the deceased benefactors with Christ through the

sacrament ensured, or rather, proclaimed their ultimate well-being; their niche in the ongoing process of salvation. Again their lives, commemorated, were, by the sacrament, explicitly hidden with Christ in God. Their individual contributions to education and learning achieved by the same benefactions were purposively made subservient to Christ's all-sufficient achievement. This very Catholic expression, *ex opere operato* in its objective nature, is nonetheless, I submit, properly understood, not inconsistent with later Protestant reaffirmation of the sole sufficiency of grace through Christ. More recently, our commemoration has been somewhat 'demythologised' and the names, read out, give rise simply to a direct and solemn expression of gratitude to God in the words of the *Te Deum*. That too is a noble, adequate and sufficient way of doing things.

I wish to suggest, however, that we do well to remember the more rigorous and ancient theory of commemoration. We live now in a world which fosters and applauds self-interest and self-aggrandisement. Financial success has become one of the all-important tests. And in the University *my* research, *my* promotion, *my* department's five-star research achievement are tending to foster a species of ruthless selfishness at the expense of the proper and authentic notions of service to others. If we are not careful it will destroy the precious and delicate balance of life here as it has been passed down to us. Within that proper balance some, if not prophets, are dedicated and unpromoted teachers; others, if not apostles, spend their precious time befriending and caring for our young people. Others again, if not teachers, are dedicated members of the College staff. There are, as St Paul has it, many forms of work, but all of them, in all of us, are the work of the same God. St John's has rightly been long and widely appreciated as a friendly and welcoming place. If that appreciation of incorporation is true, it arises from a proper understanding that all are not prophets, all are not apostles, all are not teachers and all are not financial benefactors. Yet all are and can be benefactors, and, through the notion of incorporation, all benefactions are seen by God as equal contributions.

The Christian religion has from the foundation of the College infused this place; its incense sweetens the air; its mortar has secured the brickwork. From it, frankly, we have class. Yet the essence of that

religion, of that class, is humility. Personal achievement is properly related to the life of the College, seen in long perspective. Benefaction, in whatever form, is traditionally evaluated and understood by reference to the example of Christ, and its worth perceived in relation to his all-sufficient merit. To say that is to claim, as I robustly claim, in the name of Lady Margaret, John Fisher and our other benefactors, known and unknown, that their lives, their deaths, their memory, their souls are, by our action today, as well as by our dedication to the College, incorporated into Christ's death and thus into his resurrection. It is just this that the College in its foundation, in its continuance and in its success is privileged to accomplish for them, for us and for future generations. Here, precisely here in this insight, is a massive unity of purpose, securely founded.

The qualities of humility, of faith and of thankfulness are succinctly, satisfactorily and even physically expressed in the words of Psalm 145 and of our grace:

> The eyes of all look to you in hope, and you give them their food in due season.
>
> You open wide your hand and fill all things living with your bounteous gift.

The eyes of all; the eyes of our Foundress, the eyes of John Fisher, the eyes of all our benefactors down the centuries. And our eyes now, today. In this sense we are one with these our benefactors in the communion of the saints and its miraculous little exemplar, the College of St John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge.

Andrew Macintosh
President 1995-1999

THE NEW PRESIDENT

JANE HEAL

When champagne is served mid-week in Chapel Court one must assume an exceptional cause for celebration. Such an event marked Jane Heal's election to the office of President of the College on May 13. She will take up office, succeeding Andrew Macintosh, at the start of Michaelmas Term. Recent national press coverage of St John's 'First Lady President' implies that the election of a female president is, per se, a momentous occasion in the history of the College. However if one is looking for a 'First' which more accurately reflects the significance of the election within College, it may be that Jane Heal is the first philosopher to have been proposed for election by an engineer and seconded by a lawyer. Similarly, one can take the absence of a contest as further evidence of the breadth of support for Jane's election across the Fellowship.

The office of President is perhaps one of the most intriguing and interesting in College, not least because it carries so few clearly specified duties. As such, the role and responsibilities of a President tend to be defined and performed according to the personal style of individual office holders. The election of President marks the start of a transition process for College. No simple rite of passage is possible since any new President represents both continuity and change. On election, the apparent paradox rests on how to add a new layer of presidential authority to those deposited by previous generations, how to (re)create the new order in one's own image. A President is neither Assistant Master nor Senior Fellow in any simple sense of the terms. Much hangs on Presidential manner when it comes to attending to the good government of the Fellows, Scholars, Students, Officers and Servants of the College. In such statutory respects, the office of President is about authority and order, balance and harmony. Tempting as it might be to construct a Pendulum Swing theory of presidential elections based on notions of descent, inheritance and hard acts to follow, it is more instructive to focus on the person and outlook of the new President herself.

Jane Heal (photo: Julia Hedgecoe)

Jane came to Cambridge, from the Oxford High School for Girls, to read history at New Hall in 1964 . Her subsequent transfer to the Moral Sciences Tripos marked the creation of a second generation philosopher for her family. Jane's parents both were first generation academics and Oxford Philosophers. Martha Hurst (Fellow of Lady Margaret Hall) and William Neale (Exeter College and Corpus Christi on his appointment to White's Chair of Moral Philosophy), together wrote *The Development of Logic* (1962), the standard work on the history of logic. Jane's interest in the philosophy of mind developed during her years at New Hall and set the scene for future research into links between language and thought. Throughout her career, Jane's work has explored interrelated aspects of language as a social activity in relation to the interconnection between mind, thought and language. Doctoral research was followed by Research Fellowships in the 1970s at Newnham, then Princeton and Berkeley. In 1976 she embarked on a fondly remembered decade as a Lecturer in the Department of Philosophy in the University of Newcastle upon Tyne. Jane returned to Cambridge in 1986 on appointment to a Lectureship in the Faculty of Philosophy. She was elected a Fellow of College in the same year. Her acclaimed *Fact and Meaning* represents the culmination of different strands of her work on language and thought. She was made Reader in 1996 and a Fellow of the British Academy 1997.

Jane views what she calls the challenge of becoming President in a characteristically measured and logical manner. The initial challenge lies in 'the undertaking of a job with no first order brief of its own.' She considers the office in the wider context of other roles and offices within College, and the different, intermeshing layers of academic work. It is not surprising that as a philosopher, deeply committed to both College and Faculty, Jane's outlook on the scope of the office of President centres on questions of balance and order in relationships between individuals and institutions. In typically generous and orderly terms, she expresses a general sense what a President does as 'ensuring that everyone feels happy doing their own job, and can do it as well as possible'.

The importance of the individual within the collectivity is a recurrent theme in Jane's reflections on College life. For Jane, the social and intellectual dimensions of life are inextricably linked in College as a community and place of scholarly activity. The essential strength of collegiate life lies in a commitment to individual members' welfare and interests. This is reflected in such diverse facets of everyday activity as commensality, supervision and the tutorial system. In this regard, Jane focuses on her time as Tutor as a wholly instructive and valuable experience. If in some quarters it is currently fashionable to regard the tutorial system as something of an anachronistic luxury, for Jane, it is an essential luxury which we can, and must, sustain. The system in many ways sustains itself through its capacity to be adapted to needs of new generations of undergraduates. What College has sustained over time is the valuable role Tutors play in recognising, nurturing and supporting individual strengths and encouraging potential. In Jane's view, a Tutor learns a great deal in the process. Being a Tutor creates an opportunity for understanding how the College operates, an appreciation of the contributions made by individuals to the collectivity, and insights into other academic fields quite different from one's own. The system represents College's 'relish for individuality': its support for individual needs at all levels of the system and attention to detail where all members of the community's academic and personal development is concerned. The tutorial experience, from both sides of the fence, might be said to encapsulate the diversity of collegiate life.

More than ten years after her election to the Fellowship, Jane has warm recollections of her first encounters in the Green Room. She recalls the friendly atmosphere at High Table and welcome diversity of interests among the community of Fellows. In a telling aside, she comments that

in six months she came to know more colleagues in St John's better than those she had worked with for a decade in the Arts Faculty.

However in 1986 she was no real stranger to St John's. Two decades earlier, Renford Bambrough, Jane's Director of Studies at New Hall, had supervised her in College. At the time of her election to the Fellowship, Bambrough was nearing retirement. She succeeded him as Director of Studies in 1988. Within the realm of professional and personal connections to College across time, there also is an interesting degree of overlap in the careers of Bambrough and Heal. The connection is perhaps most apparent in their parallel intellectual interests in Wittgenstein and questions of thought and language. In more College-specific terms, like Bambrough (President 1979–83), Jane served as Tutor within three years of election to the Fellowship. Michael Brearly has described Renford Bambrough as a 'philosopher by vocation' and it does not seem inappropriate to think of Jane in similar terms. What seems beyond question is that she will approach the office of President in a vocational manner. In presidential office her philosophical interests and methods also may represent a considerable advantage when it comes to authoritative thinking and communication.

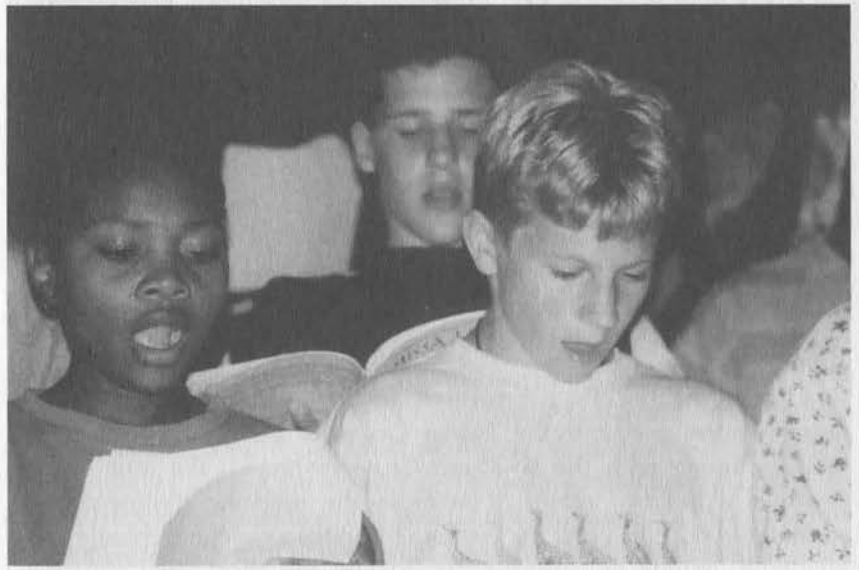
In both personal and professional terms, it might be argued that aspects of life and work will combine when Jane Heal assumes office in October. For some members of College, past or present, a description of the sine qua non of presidential duties might include reference to the disciplinary function of a walk in the Fellows' Garden. From the nature of the office it is obvious that in any encounter between President and miscreant Fellow, one person's stroll or saunter may be another's hike or canter. In the light of the President-elect's views, it seems wholly erroneous to speculate on questions of pace or route in Fellows Garden. In reality, a concern with the mode of perambulation should prove to be wholly irrelevant in any such encounter with a philosopher President. More generally, what seems beyond doubt is that a profound scholarly interest in the implications of speech, thought and action provide a sound logical and moral basis for every facet of presidential office.

Helen Watson

THE CHOIR'S TOUR TO SOUTH AFRICA – SUMMER 1998

The high tenor solos of the *Missa Luba* on a Sunday morning seem to be a thankless task. Organ scholars on gourd and bongos grin excitedly, unaccustomed as they are to the limelight. But this is more than just an exercise, and certainly no cheap stunt. This is our latest import, a reminder of a successful journey, a vote of thanks to those who made the trip possible on both sides of the ocean. Hopefully the tenor section would agree that it is worth it just to see the look on the faces of an unsuspecting congregation.

Drifting off to sleep, stirred only by the 'whoop' of a lonely jackal, waking in the morning to the scratching of a springbok outside the tent, this is no way to start a choir tour. After a brisk outdoor shower and a mug of coffee overlooking the expanse of the veldt, and as the sun begins to warm the game reserve, this quickly becomes the only way to start a choir tour. A return visit to South Africa, once more made possible by very generous donations, begins with a rehearsal in a game park.



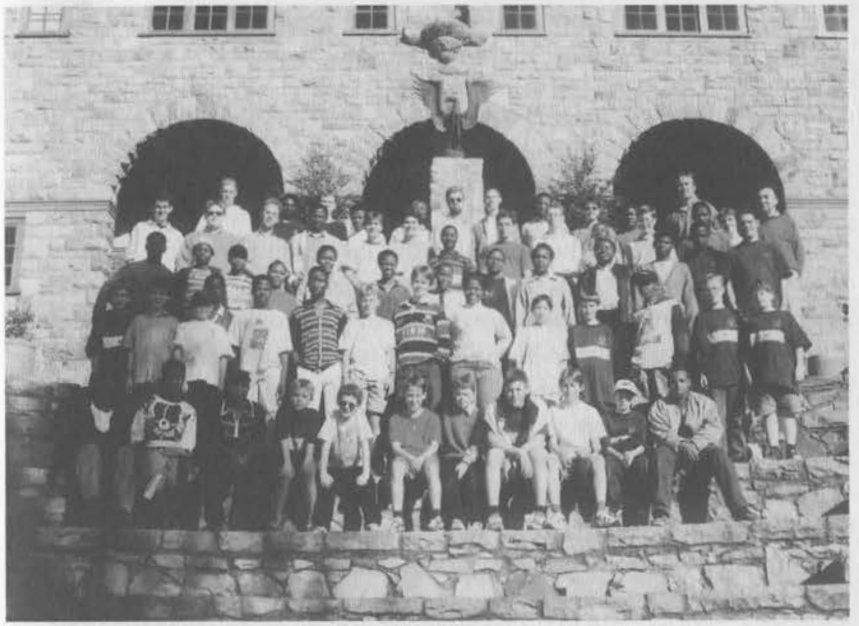
Singing the Missa Luba

Lesedi Cultural Village, where the boys have spent their first night, is the venue for our first braai, our first audience and also our first glimpse of African singing and dancing in a cultural exchange. Xhosa, Pedi, Zulu, Ndebele and St John's College Choristers join in a turn around the fire. It will become obvious over the next two weeks that it is impossible to escape the history of this country, but however synthetic a meeting, there can be no better introduction to some of the members of this Rainbow Land.

Our stay in Johannesburg includes a few days at another St John's College and an introduction to the *Missa Luba* by a black choir from one of the city's locations. Over two days we record the piece for Classic FM and spend some more time cultural exchanging. Few members of the tour will forget the inter-choir football match. Keegan would be proud to know that our lads cope well with the altitude, do not suffer from the oversized pitch and scrape a tactical draw. Our choristers are sadly beaten for spirit by the all-singing, all-dancing ladies from the opposition. I was made to feel small when I expressed my concern that we would not be able to tell the teams apart without a kit, only to be reminded that they would be in black and our side in white. Racial categorisation is one sign of a past regime, Blacks, Coloureds and Whites. I struggled to hide my surprise the first time I was addressed as "Oi, Whitey!".

Johannesburg has proven to be something of an ordeal. The hosts have been very hospitable, the climate superb and the singing a great success. But there is no escaping the thinly veiled barbed-wire fences, locked doors and tense atmosphere. The corrugated iron huts are tastefully hidden behind trees but this is not a city for dropping in on a neighbour uninvited. A visitor would not make it past the outer perimeter walls.

East London takes the pressure off in fifteen minutes. Watching an orange moon rise over the Indian Ocean at yet another braai, and walking home with the Southern Cross overhead, the tour quickly becomes a holiday again. A swim in the morning, followed by a sunbathe and a concert in the evening provides a welcome change to the inevitable regime of concert-travel-concert the choir trips abroad so often sink into. Plettenberg Bay similarly provides room for a concert, and an evening's Karaoke entertainment to the surprise of regulars, on the long drive to Cape Town, our final destination.



Members of the two choirs at St John's College, Johannesburg

The view of Cape Town, Table Mountain and the vast expanse of the Cape Flats from the Hottentots Holland Mountains is breathtaking. A car park. Upon closer inspection, it becomes clear that here the familiar corrugated iron is less well hidden. Thousands of shacks the size of small cars stretch for miles, reaching out from the main roads that feed the centre of this colourful metropolis.

Two concerts, one in the extraordinary acoustics of Bishops School, also our kind hosts, and the other in Cape Town Cathedral, must be the highlights of the tour. This Cathedral, whose very sanctity even had not been respected during the apartheid era, provides the perfect climax to our journey from Johannesburg. Sitting reading the paper in the crypt tea-rooms, we might as well be in St Edmundsbury, but the bags at our

feet are full of gifts from Green Market Square. Pedlars from all over Africa have had a roaring trade this afternoon.

With the memories of Japan much more recently in mind, South Africa was the much needed break from hard work, well-deserved but all too frequently missed. The Rand exchange rate helped matters: Auntie Ruth's beer-money has never gone so far. But the naïve impression perhaps provided by the smiles of the last Rugby World Cup that all was well in South Africa did not survive reality. It was a great shame that our paying audiences had always to be white. It was in saving us from the feeling that we solely served an expat community, that our meagre opportunities to meet other South Africans proved so valuable. The *Missa Luba* in our Chapel in the Michaelmas Term undoubtedly lacked something. The energy and excitement shared in the tiny chapel of St John's College, Johannesburg could not beat the cold Cambridge wind ripping across the Fens. It is for this reason that the tenor soloist should enjoy his solos, not only as a vote of thanks to the organisers, but also as a vote of recognition to the participants, from both sides of the ocean, who made our tour special. Undoubtedly this is a Rainbow Land, but it will clearly take all the patience of the population to house all the colours of the rainbow in this one rugged country.

Malcolm Green
Choral Student

A SNAKE IN THE CAVE

I came up to St Johns in 1938 and, after a year spent under the clouds of war, more engaged in politics than academic studies, I was sent to Sandhurst for Officer Training. Subsequently I joined the First Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters in Cyprus and after a relatively short period in the Libyan desert was then taken prisoner-of-war.

Prison camp in Italy was not intolerable, apart from the shortage of books and information generally. The book situation was partly relieved when my parents, with the assistance of my Tutor at St John's, got a list of books needed for my university course and sent them through the Red Cross. They arrived just when Italy arranged an armistice with the allies and the camp was taken over by the German army who immediately made plans to evacuate us to Germany. That was when we were taken to Sulmona, put on a train to Germany but managed to escape and found our way to the cave. We were not alone; the mountains of the Abruzzi were full of allied escapees at that time.

We spent some four weeks there before deciding to try and make our way to the Allied lines near Monte Cassino before the snow covered the mountains. Together with a fellow officer in the Foresters, I went into the hills but was captured by a German patrol. A short while later I again escaped from a train taking me north when it was bombed by Allied aircraft. I spent some six months in and around Rome under German occupation, hoping that the forces advancing from the south would eventually take the Italian capital. They did of course, but shortly after I had been recaptured and experienced a brief stay with the Gestapo before being taken to Germany for the final year of the European war. Not all was over, however, since the war in the Pacific continued and after a few weeks' leave, we were sent for training for tropical warfare. Thankfully, the war there too ended before I was sent out and after a short spell in Belgium I was granted an 'early' release, after six-and-a-half-years, and like many others returned to St John's to finish my degree, which I took four months later. With some breaks in Africa and elsewhere, I have remained here ever since.

In May 1998, I decided to go back to the Abruzzi, not being quite sure whether those events had happened to me or not. I wrote these notes on my return.

To get to Chieti, we drove early in the morning over the new autostrada across the Appenines to near the Adriatic coast, and straight to the University. This was being built in the valley below the town near the railway station and the old prison camp, Campo Concentramento 21, where I had spent a year in 1942-43 after having been captured by Rommel's forces in Tobruk (Libya). After giving my lecture I was taken off to see the prison camp where the same buildings had now become a military centre for training Carabinieri. The Colonel showed us around and took us to the compound I had lived in, as well as to the parade ground where I had had to attend roll-call every morning and evening, and where we gathered to play games, to walk and talk, and, in the evenings, just to sit until the loud speakers finally broadcast an Italian version of the German song *Lilli Marlene,* to announce 'Lights Out'. The Colonel then took us to the mess for a drink, to show me Carabinieri memorabilia and to present me with a Carabinieri medal, a bottle of wine made for the regiment and several reproductions of paintings of men marching up and down the parade ground, captioned 'for God and Country'. 'Pro patria mori'!

Later that afternoon I was taken to the city of Chieti on the hill above the camp that I had previously seen only from below, an unspectacular town dating from the Roman period with a fine museum.

The following day we set off back on the road to Rome to go to the town of Sulmona right up in the middle of the Apeninnes and birthplace of Ovid. This was another Roman town in the mountains with nothing of the architectural quality of Tuscan or Umbrian towns of similar size. That was where, after the Badoglio armistice, the Germans, who had taken over the camp, took us in lorries before shipping us northwards. There we were put in another camp (No. 83) which had been 'liberated' at the Armistice before the Germans could arrive. The prisoners had run off to the Maiella hills and were scattered all around the countryside. The camp was in a totally disorganised state, with useful items like knives and pieces of iron lying around, which were to prove of invaluable help when we later decided to break out of the cattle trucks in which we had been locked to be sent to Germany.

I was taken back to the camp by two teachers of the Enrico Fermi Scientific Lyceo who formed part of a group carrying out research on the relationships between escaped prisoners and the local population during the early 1940s. They had published a book entitled 'They shared when there was no bread' which carried an important message for them about a model of peaceful relationships between peoples formerly at war, trying to show the intimate rapport that existed between Italians and the Allies. They were full of information about British prisoners and I learnt much about their adventures including the names of books they had written.

The following day I climbed aboard the small 'bus' provided by Chieti University, together with six local students who had been asked (or had volunteered) to accompany me. We drove slowly along the nearest road to the railway looking for the spot where I had jumped out of the train. The road and rail climbed rapidly and we were already in the midst of mountains, giving me warning sensations of vertigo. How had I managed it fifty years before? The answer was that we had then travelled only at night, except in the hills, fearing to be discovered. Night concealed all, including the fact that where we had jumped off the train, adjacent to the small country station of Avezzano, there was a high viaduct which made my head turn even to think about.

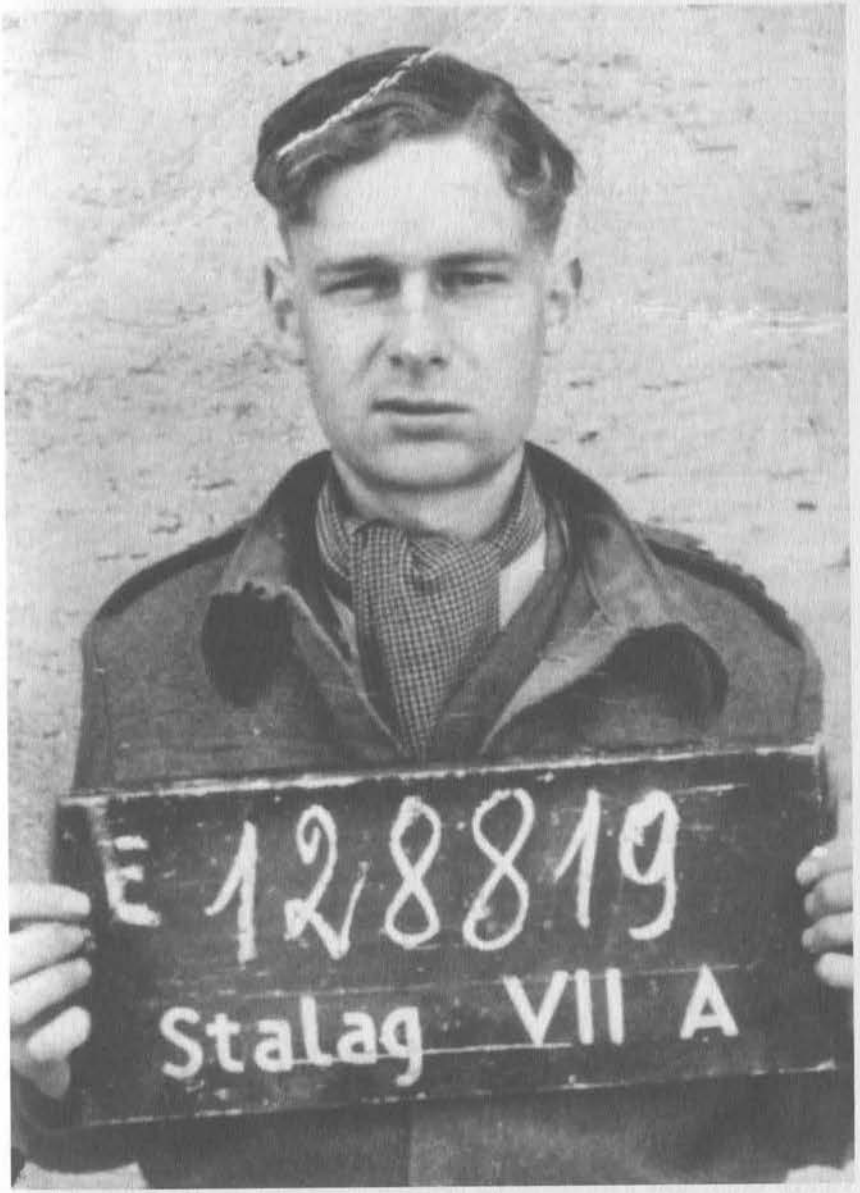
We had jumped out, lain still until the train had passed on, then slid down a bank to the road which led into the valley above the steep banks of the river. We followed the river gingerly, fearing to meet friend and foe alike. Eventually we approached the electricity station. Thinking that it would be guarded by German or Italian Fascist soldiers, we scrambled up the hillside away from the valley. It was a steep rough climb which ended when we came to more open mountain pasture where we took shelter for the rest of the night in a ruined sheepfold.

After we had been discovered by some local shepherds as we hid from their sheep, we had been shown a shallow cave above another village which I remembered as Casale di Cocullo. Every evening the inhabitants had brought us food, usually potato and onion broth, plus a little bread for the next day. These rations enabled us to live for the next month, though we later moved to another 'grotto' above a flatter part of

the hillside where there was a vineyard. On one occasion we had come out of our hiding place to help gather the grapes and clean up the field.

Fifty years later, the van drove slowly by the 'Centrale', then up the steep country road to the hillside village of Avezzano itself. The road went on towards Casale; the slope was quite steep and I preferred to walk part of the way, getting a feel of the flower-strewn countryside. What was immediately different about the area was the almost complete absence not only of sheep but of the small, scattered, hillside fields that had so impressed me in the autumn of 1943. Then the mountain was full of sheep, often herded by young girls who used a spindle whorl to spin the wool as they followed and guided their flocks around the hillside. The lower slopes had been covered with small patches of cultivated land where the inhabitants grew almost all their immediate needs. Now there was little evidence of the agricultural activity which had so attracted me at the time and perhaps because of the great contrast with my rather flat Home Counties terrain had led me to anthropology as a way of developing my knowledge. Here was a society that could look after itself in times of emergency.

The village today appeared much as it had done earlier. Many of the houses had been smartened up and most of them had cars standing nearby. Otherwise it seemed rather lifeless, except that by the side of the road was a café and general store. We stopped the car and I ordered a coffee. Meanwhile the students had gone inside to talk to the lady who ran the place. After a little while they all came out together and the proprietor greeted me warmly and explained that when we had been in the cave, she had been six years old and had sometimes climbed up with her mother to bring us the evening soup. The curious thing was that while I had anticipated the physical terrain and had come back essentially to retrace my steps and find out if what I thought happened, had indeed done so, I had not considered the possibility of meeting people who recalled our stay. It was a long time ago and of short duration. Like most Abruzzi villages, this was one from which many people migrated, often to America, though some returned to buy a small plot and farm. So it was with some surprise that I met Clelia, the owner of the café and general store, and was recognised by her.



Jack Goody, Moosburg, Bavaria, early 1944

Her surname was Marinilli, which I had spelt as Marinelli in the memoir of my escape that I had written in Germany after being recaptured for a second time in Rome and which had just been published in Italy by Il Mondo Tre. I had a copy with me which I hastily glanced at to remind me of the other names I had written down. The second aspect of the village that had profoundly impressed me was that of 20 families in the village, 18 had that same surname. This was still the case and soon enough I was hearing about what had happened to the other Marinilli. My friend Michele, who called himself Mike after his sojourn as a migrant labourer in New England, had gone to Canada with his family after the war, but was now dead. Others started arriving at the café. A vigorous man of 70 approached with arms outstretched crying 'Giovanni' (my Italian name). He was Amerigo, nineteen at the time, whom I had mentioned in my book; he came frequently to the cave in the evenings. He was close to my age and now a partner in a vehicle-repair shop in a town some twenty minutes away by the autoroute that now scars the hillside below our cave, but he comes back to the village most weekends and holidays. Casale was like that now, a commuting village; local agriculture hardly existed; the younger inhabitants had mostly migrated (that had long been the case with Abruzzese villages where the economy had always been fragile compared to the plains). The ones who now lived there seemed mostly retired or working elsewhere, like Amerigo.

He took me up to the village to show me his house, a modest looking terrace construction that had been put in a good state of repair. He showed me where we had all come 'that famous night' when we were about to climb up into the National Park of the Abruzzo and make for Monte Cassino. For we had decided that it would be impossible to remain in the cave after the snows had arrived, so we should try to make our way to the Allied lines before winter set in. It was Amerigo and his friend who led us up the mountain side through the pine forest to the mule track, before which we had gone to his house to 'change'. He showed us the room where this happened, then a store room for the village shop, now a modernised bedroom. We had put on some clothes the villagers gave us, over the top of our pieces of tropical uniform, which we were wearing when captured in Libya, to protect us in the

cold mountain air. One of three sisters, often seen leading sheep on the mountainside, had given me a warm vest she had knitted from wool she had spun. Mike had produced a new white shirt he had purchased in America. Now Amerigo took us outside to be photographed at the doorway and pointed to the route he had led us up the mountainside. His memory was extraordinarily detailed. He remembered the names of my three companions, Franco (Frank Fisher), David (David Smith-Dorrien) and Edouardo (Edward Pickforth). He recalled conversations. One evening (and only one) the village priest came up to see us. It was always difficult trying to explain that Protestants were also Christians. Thinking it might do some good for our status, I remarked to the priest that my friend Frank was the son of a bishop (of London at the time), completely forgetting what this meant in a Catholic country. I was now reminded by one of the villagers, fifty years later, that one of my friends was a bishop's son.

We returned to the café and Amerigo brought out a bottle of champagne with which we toasted one another, including all the absent Marinillis. A number of other residents of the village walked down to the café, bringing other memories. We, the visitors, had a communal lunch, consisting of local sheep's cheese and salami, helped down with wine from the Abruzzo and followed by coffee. Amerigo then explained that the retreating Germans had blown up the viaduct but had been frustrated in their attempt to destroy the generating station. Not long after the armies had passed to the north, a jeep arrived at the village asking to see Mike and other Marinilli who were rewarded for the help they had given. They thought that we had all escaped successfully through the hills and had reported the help we had received. I explained that I had been unable to get in touch as I was recaptured, escaped again spending some six months in and around Rome before being captured for a third time and taken to Germany where I was in camp for a further year. The only way that the British authorities would have known of their help was through my companion, Frank, who had made it to the British lines near Monte Cassino and been suitably decorated.

Such rewards had inevitably led to discontents. One of Amerigo's friends had not been there at the time but had been taken to work in

Germany, so he lost out. Other stories of hardship and success emerged, mainly success, of children or grandchildren who had been to the University, had migrated elsewhere or were working at the power station or on the railways. One Marinilli was the station master of the next stop along the line, at Cocullo itself and he produced various brochures about the town. Cocullo was the 'parent' village of Casale and famous for its snake cult. On the first Thursday of May the statue of the patron saint, San Domenico, is paraded round the village with living snakes curled about his neck. Other parishioners follow, handling snakes on their way to the church. The study of this cult had been a major part of the life's work of Di Nola, a pupil of the well-known anthropologist-folklorist of Southern Italy, Da Martino. He had recently died and a celebration of his life and work had been held in the village. I was cordially invited to go there but it was time to return to the town of Sulmona where I was expecting the arrival of a friend from England, Juliet Mitchell, who had urged me to make the journey, so we arranged to meet here again the following day and find the cave that had been our home.

The next day we set off early for the village because the students had planned a visit to the mountain town of Scanno and possibly further to the River Sangro which I had crossed on my way south before getting captured. I was not altogether happy at the idea. I found the area much more mountainous than I had thought. I then used to travel at night. Now my vertigo was more pronounced. Indeed I found the track up to the caves already steep enough as we went under the new autostrada and up on a hill path to the site of the vineyard where I had worked and which had now reverted to a field of wild flowers and low bushes. The caves were above, up a steep bank. I clambered up to see the first but the one we had used turned out to be further over, up a longer, steeper slope. The students and I stood rooted where we were while Juliet bounded up the hillside, to be followed by one of the girl students. The two of them reached the cave which was undoubtedly the one we lived in as it had a central pillar propping up the roof. They took some photos and entered the cave. There was a sinuous movement against one of the walls. Looking up they saw a large snake, probably non-venomous but nevertheless frightening, which had taken over the cave. When they

reported this to Amerigo on their return, he immediately seized a stick and climbed up the hillside, wanting to catch it, perhaps for some cultic purpose in Cocullo. Unhappily for him it had disappeared further back and we returned to the village empty handed. I decided to stay and reflect there that afternoon while the rest of the party drove further into the hills. I installed myself in the café and my friends went off for lunch, promising to return later to take me down to Sulmona. I was offered lunch by Clelia and her husband, who gave me a three-course meal accompanied by television. It was a far cry from war-time shortages.

After coffee I returned to the café and sat listening to the conversations. There was much talk of absent villagers, of America north and south, of the places to which the Abruzzese had travelled. This small, isolated and apparently impoverished village was also the centre of a world-wide web, with friends and relatives in every corner. My friend Mike had died in Canada; Clelia had paid a visit to the States; one of those present spoke constantly of Argentina.

I returned to Sulmona that evening and met the rest of the party who were about to go back to Chieti. At the hotel, there was a message that a certain Marinilli was trying to get in touch with me. I said where we were going to have dinner and not long after we had sat down we were joined by a nervous, voluble man who proclaimed himself the son of the shepherd who had found us in the sheepfold. He had just arrived from Anzio, south of Rome, where he lived. He sat down at the table but would eat little and proceeded to recount a series of 'memories' of which I could make little sense. Whereas Amerigo and his friends remembered what had happened with extraordinary precision, this man (who was a young boy at the time) had me confused with other people and other times. Yet he persisted firmly in his assertions and would hardly brook my denial.

Why had he rushed down to pay me a visit at the last minute? For money? Hardly; he seemed quite well off with one son at University and another at a College. He invited us to stay in his house when we were in Rome. It was rather the prestige of wanting to be part again of this resurrection of the past, part of what had been an important phase

in the life of the villagers, making the boundary between war and peace. We arrived with the fall of fascism when the allies were about to advance. We spent only a month living in the caves which, though we did not know it at the time, were the haunt of cultic snakes. But for them we were important markers of the great transition. That was why most of their memories were so precise.

Jack Goody

MORALITY AND FOREIGN POLICY

Introductory Note

This lecture, delivered in February, gave a fair account of law and policy as they existed at the time. But since then, as we all know, things have moved on with a vengeance. NATO intervention in Kosovo and the surrounding criticisms and justifications have broken much new ground in the continuing foreign policy debate between realists and idealists. It is too early to judge the lasting impact of these developments. But the following text must now be read with this imminent and remarkable sequel in mind.

Percy Cradock, June 1999

Since leaving government service I find I have become a kind of amateur historian. It is something that happens to former diplomats. Before beginning therefore I should like to pay a small propitiatory tribute to two remarkable professional historians whom the College has lost in recent years. I refer to Professor Sir Harry Hinsley and Dr Henry Pelling. I knew Harry Hinsley over a long period as Fellow and Master and admired him not only as a historian but also as someone whose work for intelligence helped make possible British and Allied victory in the Second World War. His magisterial history of British Intelligence in the Second World War is the monument to that time. Henry Pelling was an old friend from undergraduate years and a notable exponent of austere scholarship. As a beginner in the field of history I am glad to have the opportunity to pay my respects to these two distinguished professional exponents of the craft.

I have undertaken to speak today about morality and foreign policy. Some of you may regard this as a startling figure of speech, oxymoron I think is the word, a conjunction of opposites, a contradiction in terms. But whatever view you take of the choice, I hope you will not feel it to be an arcane subject. Everyone has views on foreign policy, on how to put the foreigners in their place. Far from being the closed preserve that it once was, foreign policy, as one of my distinguished colleagues has put it, has become a public park where anyone is free to kick a ball about. And as for morality, it is a matter where we all feel we are well endowed and where we are in the normal way of business both

practitioners and judges. Particularly judges. On both these grounds it will be felt, I hope, that this is a very accessible topic.

I cannot do better than begin with a quotation from that masterpiece of English political philosophy, *Leviathan*, by Thomas Hobbes. You will all recall that in it he speaks of the life of man lacking central government as solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. You may be less familiar with the passage where he describes international society, also lacking central government. I shall read it to you.

"Yet in all times Kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independence are in continual jealousies and in the state and posture of gladiators; having their weapons pointing and their eyes fixed on one another; that is their forts, garrisons and guns, upon the frontiers of their kingdoms; and continual spies upon their neighbours, which is a posture of war."

Within domestic society the primitive condition of fear and insecurity has long been remedied by the institution of state governments, of whatever kind. Within international society it still exists and many would see it as still the distinguishing feature of international relations. We have a society of sovereign states, lacking central authority, colluding and contending, seeking always to maximise their power, to promote their national interests and above all to ensure their national security, for without the basic attribute of security nothing else is possible.

This has been the human predicament for as far back as we can see. The Greek states of the classic period, though wonderfully enlightened in so many respects, nevertheless in their relations one with another pursued policies of almost undiluted self-interest and Thucydides' great work recording their manoeuvres and conflicts is a handbook of realpolitik. You will recall how, in analysing the causes of the Peloponnesian War, he puts his finger on the Hobbesian fear at the heart of international relations. The war was caused, he says, by the growth of Athenian power and the fear that this aroused in Sparta. His Athenian delegate in the famous Melian debate reminds his listeners that they live in a world where the strong do what they have the power to do and the weak accept what they have to accept.

Nor were things so very different in other parts of the world. Before their forcible unification under the Qin dynasty, the Chinese kingdoms in the Warring States period of the 5th to the 3rd centuries BC colluded and contended in the most cynical way. The period produced a classic text, "The Stratagems of the Warring States", which might serve as a title for any study of Western diplomacy in the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th or even 20th centuries.

According to this analysis, the only players on the international stage, the only actors in the international free-for-all, are states. They are the only possible subjects of any international law. They may choose to bind themselves but accept no higher authority. The duty of those who serve and direct them is to promote the national power and influence in each case and under the doctrine of *raison d'état* statesmen cannot be bound in public affairs by the same morality they would respect in private life. As Cavour said, "If we did for ourselves what we do for our country, what rogues we should be".

This is the doctrine of realpolitik and its most flamboyant practitioners are to be found, I suppose, in the Western Europe of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. We all have our favourites, Frederick the Great seizing Silesia at the outset of the War of the Austrian Succession, the partitioners of Poland, Bismarck and the Ems telegram. But perhaps the supreme and certainly one of the earliest exponents was Cardinal Richelieu, who, in his single-minded efforts to strengthen France and thwart the Hapsburgs, was perfectly prepared to prolong the Thirty Years War and ally Catholic France with Protestant Swedes or heathen Turks. You may recall Pope Urban VIII's extraordinarily open-minded remark on hearing of Richelieu's death, "If there is a God", said the Pope, "If there is a God, then Richelieu has much to answer for. If not, then he was a great man."

And there are some who would see the Richelieu genes, only slightly diluted, in the present day manoeuvres of the Quai D'Orsay.

I have been describing so far, in deliberately simplified form, what might be called the realist tradition in foreign policy. It is certainly the most visible, the most enduring tradition. Historically, it is the way that

states have behaved. And I have to say that it most nearly corresponds to my own limited experience as a practitioner. This is still mainly the way that governments reason and plan.

But there is another tradition, more fragmentary, less honoured in practice, but still of ancient derivation and it may be of growing influence. This is the moral approach, asserting the primacy of justice, law and right, the belief that there is some overarching standard beyond national interest by which foreign policy can and should be judged. Its origins can be found in the old belief in natural law or law of nature, in the Greek case, the aspiration, despite their appalling behaviour in practice, to certain common political institutions, the Amphictyonic Council and the Olympic Games, in post-classical times in the moral and religious restraints of mediaeval Europe before the emergence of the nation state.

Its spokesmen have asserted that morality can be the only basis for foreign policy and that there can be no distinction between the morality of the individual and the morality of state. Gladstone spoke in those terms when he condemned the so-called Bulgarian horrors in 1876. He was not in office at the time and I have to say that the exponents of this school have tended to be out of office. When Gladstone was in power in 1882 he occupied Egypt. The dissenting tradition, sketched so well by AJP Taylor in his book, "The Troublemakers", reveals a rich vein of British politicians and publicists, on the fringes rather than in the seats of power, who saw a special wickedness in foreign policy as it was practised and either advocated no foreign policy at all, or, at the other extreme, regular interventions by Britain to champion moral causes.

In America the tradition has been stronger, in part because of religion, in part because of America's original isolation, its happy exemption from what was seen as the corrupt diplomacy of the Old World. And American foreign policy, whether isolationist or interventionist, has rarely been free from a strong moral coating, which at particular times has amounted to something like a moral crusade. President Wilson and President Carter are the obvious examples. The Nixon-Kissinger period on the other hand was an uncharacteristic interlude of realism.

Foreign policy can be approached from these two different standpoints of realism and idealism, reflecting on the one hand the struggle for power, on the other the search for international order. I have deliberately emphasised their differences and, as you will be quick to remind me, there are more recent developments which go some considerable way to mitigating the conflict between them.

In the first place, it can be argued that foreign policy is not, as so often assumed, a complete moral desert. It could be asserted that a kind of international morality exists if only for the reason that men have talked and even at times acted as if it existed. There have been instances in history of restraint, of magnanimity going beyond the confines of immediate self-interest. An ancient example often quoted is the Athenian rejection of Themistocles' advice following the Persian retreat that the Athenians should set fire to the fleet of the Greek allies, then conveniently in harbour close at hand, and so ensure lasting Athenian ascendancy. The suggestion was rejected as being, I quote, "Exceedingly advantageous and exceedingly dishonourable". In more recent times, at the Teheran Conference, Churchill angrily rejected Stalin's proposal to execute 50,000 German officers after victory. And so on. In great movements like the suppression of the Slave Trade and British decolonisation after 1945 there were impulses that went beyond narrow self-interest.

It could be claimed that these are no more than isolated moral spasms. But another more effective civilising influence, reducing the tension between realists and utopians has been at work over several centuries. I mean the development of practice, convention and treaty setting limits on international anarchy and helping the growth of international ethical norms. The process began with the recognition of the inviolability of diplomatic agents, a practical necessity if states' business was to be conducted smoothly. It extended to agreement on such matters as freedom of the seas, the rights of belligerents and neutrals in time of war. It has been expressed and formalised in treaties, multilateral or bilateral, and eventually, more ambitiously, extended to the creation of international institutions, the League of Nations, then the United Nations, the International Court of Justice, the Declaration of Human

Rights and so on. On a less universal scale, regional institutions have been established, each with its corpus of rules, like the European Community or the Commonwealth. And governmental organisations have been supplemented by a great network of non-governmental organisations. All these have in their various ways filled the middle ground between realists and utopians, going beyond narrow national interest and limiting the scope for individual states' self-assertion. The fact that this has been a voluntary process, by deliberate self-limitation, by states' agreement rather than by central fiat and that compliance with the higher standards has been patchy to say the least, does not mean that this has not been a remarkable advance.

We have also seen since 1945 the development of the concept of international crimes, conventions against torture, genocide and the like, which are justiceable either before international tribunals, or even, as the Pinochet case may illustrate, before national courts. We now have a treaty establishing an international criminal court. And the tendency has been to extend this jurisdiction. States are no longer the sole subjects of international law and the impermeability of states, the doctrine that what a state does within its own frontiers is strictly its own business, is being eroded. International law is not of course the same as morality. It is also imperfect where states' vital interests are concerned and the UN itself is in many ways a flawed instrument. And side by side with the new internationalism, we have a growing reluctance on the part of the great powers, particularly America, to involve themselves beyond their "near abroad". They seem to want international order on the cheap and are unwilling to pay the necessary price, above all in terms of loss of their nationals' lives. But when all that is said, international law has a strong ethical component and the effect of its extension is to reduce the area of naked self-assertion and to erect new and higher general standards.

A further development restraining state behaviour has been the growing influence of domestic public opinion on the operations of foreign policy. Up to and beyond the Napoleonic Wars very few Europeans concerned themselves with foreign affairs; it was a preserve of princes and a small aristocratic body of ministers and advisers who

probably had more in common with their foreign counterparts than with their own nationals. Even as recently as this century Sir Eyre Crowe, Permanent Under Secretary at the Foreign Office until the 20s, could say that he deplored all public speeches on foreign affairs. Today it is rather different. Foreign Secretaries themselves set up outside bodies to advise on foreign policy issues. Television screens are daily filled with harrowing pictures from the world's trouble spots and with moral advice and admonitions, if only of the simplest kind, like "Something must be done". The pictures often give a false impression of reality; the advice is often oversimplified and sensationalised; and the underlying assumption of most producers is that no analysis programme can be of any value unless it demonstrates that governments are either fools or knaves. But that does not mean that such interventions can be entirely ignored. Certainly, governments if they are at all responsible must lead and guide rather than run after public opinion. But no foreign secretary can act in 18th-century disregard of it. As early as 1935 at the time of the Hoare-Laval Pact and the consequent fall of Sir Samuel Hoare, it demonstrated its potential. It was a major factor in America at the time of the Vietnam War. And today a policy flagrantly disregarding popular sentiment, as for example selling arms to Saddam's Iraq, would simply not be sustainable.

All this means that a foreign policy of a purely amoral, Machiavellian variety, the kind of policy the press in their more imaginative moments love to attribute to governments, would not be practicable even if there were ministers and officials sufficiently irresponsible to try to apply it. In practice there will always be factors of realism and morality at work. Realism will remain the predominant element. Moral sentiments do not in practice prevail over what a state sees as its vital interests. Loyalty to a world community is not yet powerful enough to override patriotic national concerns. And international law, unlike municipal law, tends to be ineffective on the major issues. But where the stakes are not so high it is usually obeyed. And into modern decision-making the wider, altruistic considerations will enter, whether because of conscience, international convention, or treaty, or international law or growing UN involvement, or engaged public opinion.

We see this illustrated if we turn from the general to the particular and look more closely at the British case. If we think of British ministers we may charitably assume that, of whatever political colour, they and their advisers are men of moderate virtue, who pursue British interests but also seek a better world. They want peace rather than war, stability rather than instability, democracy rather than tyranny, international prosperity rather than poverty, free trade rather than protectionism. They want these things, not necessarily because they are virtuous men, but because anything else would be contrary to Britain's national interests as a small, densely populated island crucially dependent on free international commerce. In other words, they seek a broadly moral foreign policy for the most enduring of reasons, enlightened self-interest.

We can go on to say that for a power like Britain, of the middle rank, the options in foreign policy are in practice very limited. Take any major issue. The British government will have to take close account of US policy: since Suez it has been clear that we cannot afford to diverge too far. It will have to consult closely with European partners. It will have to apply any relevant treaties or conventions. If, as is likely, the UN is seized of the matter, it will have to act in conformity with the relevant UN resolution. The scope for free decision, for originality, for moral error or wickedness if you like, will be very small. And though the submissions to ministers in the Foreign Office will argue the issue in terms of British national interests, because that is the way that Foreign Offices express themselves, there will perforce be a large element of wider, if you will moral, considerations seen as part of that national interest.

It also follows that the scope for change in foreign policy as one government succeeds another at Westminster is similarly small, however much newly installed ministers like to claim the contrary. Whatever the domestic revolutions, Britain remains bound by the same treaties, alliances, obligations. Its geographical position, its overseas links, its opportunities, its basic predicament remain unaltered. Even the most iconoclastic new government is unlikely to be able to alter course more than a degree or two.

Against this background it is reasonable to ask what is gained by claiming, as occurred last year and this, that Britain was adopting an

ethical foreign policy? The claim carries with it the unflattering implication that hitherto British policy had been unregenerate, untouched by higher considerations. For the reasons I have given, this claim will scarcely bear examination.

It is true that Mrs Thatcher was not given to invoking moral absolutes; in fact she took some pleasure in making out that she was harder-nosed than was the case. She avowedly pursued British interests, but she saw no necessary contradiction between that and the approach to a better world. And in that latter respect she achieved a great deal. The effect of her close alliance with President Reagan, the steady military and economic pressure exerted on the Soviet Union, her personal relationship with Michael Gorbachev, and the encouragement to his reforms, all this helped bring about one of the greatest and most beneficial changes in post-war international affairs, namely the liberation of Eastern Europe and the collapse of the old Soviet Empire. Most of us would see that as a great moral as well as a political advance.

Claims to introduce an ethical foreign policy, I am afraid, only oversimplify and distort the complex mix of realist and moral elements in any British foreign policy decision. They play into the hands of the single-issue specialists. They also obscure the necessary continuity of British foreign policy. They make too much of motives, whereas the only worthwhile foreign policy criterion is results. To take one notable example, Neville Chamberlain had no doubt the highest of motives; he genuinely sought peace and security in Europe; but by his methods he ensured that he found neither.

Equally we find on examination that much of the debate over morality in foreign policy in fact turns not on objectives but on means, on competence rather than virtue.

We find this illustrated in the debate on human rights. The most strenuous advocates of such rights claim that only an aggressive, declamatory tactic can advance the cause and that traditional approaches sacrifice higher moral objectives to short term political or commercial gain. The claim is also made, or implied, that only the most vocal advocates really believe in human rights, that they alone have a

monopoly of virtue. Whereas in fact traditional diplomacy pursues the same objectives but in a quieter and arguably more effective way. An aggressive public approach to say China on the subject of human rights may induce a warm glow of virtue in the breast of the protester but is unlikely to do more than anger and antagonise the recipient. Whereas quiet persuasion in the context of a constructive relationship has been shown to bring some success. President Clinton in his campaign rhetoric before election was loud in his denunciation of those who truckled to Peking, but is now a convinced exponent of constructive engagement.

In the same way it is claimed on behalf of the former Governor of Hong Kong that pressing ahead with democratic reform in the colony in the face of Chinese opposition was a meritorious and moral course, promoting democracy as opposed to the appeasement of those who believed that Hong Kong was best served by cooperation with China. Whereas in fact both British schools had the same objective of promoting democracy. The only difference was that Mr Patten's policies were, unfortunately, rather less good at it. They left Hong Kong with less democracy and less protection than would have been the case had the alternative policy been followed. What appeared as an issue of morality turned out to be simply one of competence.

Another practical issue much canvassed in the context of ethical foreign policies is the matter of arms sales. Again, on nearer examination, the issues turn out to be less clear cut than popularly supposed. Arms sales are not necessarily and inherently bad. A state has the right to self defence and, lacking an indigenous arms industry, has to buy somewhere. In the absence of a general self-denying convention against sales of the arms in question, and there are an array of such agreements, British refusal to supply would merely give commercial advantage to others. As the Italian writers on statecraft of the 16th century observed, no prince can afford to subject himself to moral restraints greater than those accepted by others, which means that the way forward has usually to be general arms agreements rather than individual demonstrations of virtue. It is also usually not arms for national defence but arms that might be used for internal repression that are the sensitive area and here any British government treads very carefully. In practice the difference in this sector

between one British government and another boils down to semantics, to phrases like arms that could be used for internal repression as against arms that are likely to be used for internal repression.

We have also to take into account the value of the arms industry to Britain as a source of wealth and a provider of jobs. Over 400,000 British jobs in the traditional manufacturing industries are dependent on the arms trade. These are real and immediate goods in the eyes of ministers taking the decisions; against them is to be set the contingent and remoter evil of the possible misuse of the products in a foreign country. These are not easy moral questions to resolve. Few of us would see increased wealth and employment in Britain as any other than of benefit to the world at large. Nevertheless we have on many occasions refrained from arms sales, as during the Iran-Iraq War we banned sales to either side, an embargo which, despite repeated press claims to the contrary, was upheld, to considerable British commercial loss and considerable gain to our allies and competitors.

What I am endeavouring to convey here is a sense of the complexity of most foreign policy issues, the varied nature of the elements involved and the unhelpful effect of comment concentrating on a single aspect such as ethics. All British foreign policy is to some degree ethical, to some degree realist.

In fact this lecture reaches what are, I am afraid, undramatic conclusions. It has endeavoured to illustrate two distinct traditions in international relations, realist and moral. Of these the realist remains the more powerful, given the imperfect state of international society. But realist considerations have been increasingly modified by international norms. In practice today, particularly for governments like that of Britain, both realist and ethical factors enter into most foreign policy decisions by governments of whatever colour. And to claim the introduction of an ethical foreign policy adds nothing to sensible discussion of foreign affairs and makes pretensions which are only too likely to be exposed as the practical business of government proceeds. This is not to discount ideals but to remind ourselves that politics is a muddy medium where conscience and power constantly meet, that the

world is imperfect and that, at least in matters of foreign policy, we have to deal with it as it is, not as we would like it.

I said at the outset that foreign policy is nowadays seen as an easily accessible topic. It is not for that reason an unimportant one. Britain within the next few years faces foreign policy decisions of historic importance. The time that could be spent in illusion, in nostalgia, in comforting visions of our own superiority and the weakness of foreigners is rapidly running out. We need at long last to come to a clear-sighted view of our place in the world, our capacities to influence it and the course we therefore have to follow. For that to happen informed public debate is needed, and for that in turn an altogether higher level of media reporting and comment than we have hitherto enjoyed is required. Above all, clarity, realism, a freedom from pretensions on the part of government is a prerequisite. At this crucial juncture I have to say that I do not see ethics in foreign policy as the central issue. But I do see knowledge, clarity, realism, the absence of illusion as crucial. And I hope that my talk today may have made some small contribution to that end.

Percy Cradock

The Rt. Hon. Sir Percy Cradock gave the fourteenth Johnian Society Lecture at St John's College on 23 February 1999.

CAN PEACE AND JUSTICE BE RECONCILED?

As the Romans used to say, Sir Harry deserved well of the republic by his services to his College, his University and to his country. It is an honour to give the first Lecture which bears his name.

By all accounts Sir Harry was a man of shrewd and questioning intellect. Perhaps, therefore, it is fitting to choose for the theme of the Lecture a question which yields no immediate or obvious answer. While they are still in office Ministers and perhaps Vice Chancellors and Heads of College are required to give complete answers before they sit down to any question which they may pose in the course of what they say. Retired politicians have no such constraint.

In discussing the role of justice and peacemaking in foreign policy I am dealing with a puzzle which continues to return at frequent intervals to perplex those in charge of our affairs. Not that they always admit it. Indeed, from the mouths of politicians peace, liberty and justice are often uttered in the same sentence as if they were interchangeable concepts. If you look at the inaugural address of any American President, whether Kennedy or Reagan or almost any other, you will see what I mean. Peace, liberty and justice are goods which every incoming administration commits itself to pursue as if they were all straight furrows to be ploughed in the same field. The foreign policy speeches of a British Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary are much the same. Yet in practice there is often an acute tension between peace and justice which the diplomat and the politician try to resolve, not always with success. I choose this tension as my theme because one of the dangers which besets modern diplomacy in our democracies is double-think, leading to double-talk. This is not to accuse our rulers or their predecessors of hypocrisy. Very few politicians are hypocrites, because the first people whom they persuade with their arguments are themselves. But in describing the world, its anxieties and its possibilities, they fall too easily into the temptation of the preacher. This is particularly true perhaps in Anglo-Saxon countries or among those formed by Anglo-Saxon culture. Gladstone, Woodrow Wilson, Nehru were all flawed statesmen because they too often fell into the temptation of the

preacher; Her Majesty's present Ministers on a lesser canvas are exposed to the same danger.

The absolute and crowning example of confusing noble objectives was the declaration of fourteen points by President Woodrow Wilson in 1918. He was addressing his own people, but also a Europe exhausted by war and therefore open to a Messiah. Woodrow Wilson responded exactly to their hopes. He told them that in order to have peace you must have justice, which had to be based on democracy and self-determination. He set out as his objective the destruction of everything which had flowed from the Treaty of Vienna, of alliances between powers, of empires, of secret diplomacy, of staff talks, of all the mumbo jumbo of spurs and epaulettes which he and others associated with the pre war age and the slide into Armageddon.

Woodrow Wilson used tremendous phrases because he was a stylist as well as a statesman and perhaps half a saint.

"Every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and the powerful.

No peace can last which does not recognise and accept the principles that government derive all their powers from the consent of the governed, and that no rights exist to hand peoples from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property".

For a year or two, really only a few months, the most powerful man in the world was also its most convinced idealist. The failure of that effort is well documented and need not be described here. I would, however, pick out one element in that failure. The principle of self-determination was to some extent applied in Europe. The Austro-Hungarian empire, which was the standing contradiction of self-determination, disintegrated and Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia were created. Ironically it was precisely in the name of self-determination that Hitler roused the Sudetens and achieved the dismantling of Czechoslovakia.

In 1945 the rhetoric was similar. The texts of Franklin Roosevelt are not all that different from those of Woodrow Wilson. But the outcome at

Yalta and Potsdam was more realistic, even brutal. I remember how in 1990, during the discussions on German reunification, I spent much time trying to ensure that the western borders of Poland were protected by a treaty. But of course those western borders of Poland, and indeed of Czechoslovakia, were settled in 1945 not by self-determination but by ethnic cleansing and the expulsion of the German inhabitants. Churchill and Roosevelt accepted these and other injustices in order to avert a conflict with Stalin's Soviet Union. I have just been reading the letters which Churchill wrote to his wife at that time. They show his unease; indeed in later years he sometimes thought that if the 1945 election result had been different he could have achieved a better deal for the Poles and others. This must be doubtful. There was no appetite in 1945 at the end of another exhausting war for threatening our most powerful ally with force – and yet without such a threat Stalin could not have been brought to abandon his vision of a Soviet Union protected forever by a band of subservient satellites. Some protested at the time, for example Lord Dunglass, later the British Prime Minister Sir Alex Douglas Home; but these noises were thin and few. The need to subordinate justice to peace seemed overwhelming. The outcome was imperfectly disguised in the rhetoric which attended the birth of the United Nations.

The Cold War then imposed its own choices. The struggle between the two alliances to some extent made moral choices easier, since it was always possible to argue to one's self and others that the need to outwit and contain communism was overwhelming. But now ten years after the collapse of the Berlin Wall we can see that the choices crowd in upon us and turn out to be as difficult and poignant as ever.

We look for justice to be applied both to individuals and to dealings with nations. Let us discuss the individuals first. Here both the enthusiasm and the pretentiousness are stark. The classic case always cited is that of the Nuremberg tribunal. At Nuremberg the three prerequisites to the successful prosecution of international criminals were all present. First, the crimes which they committed were without doubt abominable, almost beyond belief. Second, the criminals were physically within our power, helpless and defeated. Third, they were not only helpless but useless; we needed no Nazis at the negotiating table in 1945.

We can see now how difficult it is to apply justice when any one of these three prerequisites is missing. The international community had reached a half way stage towards the creation of an international system of criminal justice. A tribunal exists to try war crimes arising out of Rwanda, another tribunal to try war crimes arising out of Bosnia, and perhaps now Kosovo. Agreement was reached last year at a conference in Rome to set up a general United Nations Tribunal to replace these *ad hoc* arrangements. There was so much self congratulation at this apparent success that its outstanding weakness was somewhat overlooked. The United States, the world's only superpower, did not join. Why this reluctance, despite the important concessions made to bring them on board? Perhaps it was because an onrush of practical common sense overpowered the natural American idealism. The need for such caution is illustrated in a question put to me by a radio interviewer in the context of the Anglo-American air operation against Iraq – Desert Fox. One of the American missiles had killed civilians in Basra.

"Should President Clinton be tried as a war criminal?" asked my interviewer. The possibility of that sort of question makes it less strange that the present proposal for an international criminal court should cause problems for the only country in the world which has the instinct and the means to exert itself on behalf of world peace wherever that is endangered.

The present approach tends to catch only the defeated. Its advocates frequently use the old tag 'fiat justitia ruat caelum' 'let justice be done though the heavens fall'. To this must I fear be added the other Latin tag 'vae victis', 'woe to the defeated'.

Medieval theologians rightly spent much time analysing the definition of a just war, and we do the same today. During my time as a Minister Britain was involved in three substantial military enterprises, in the Falklands, in the Gulf and in Bosnia. All three of these were, I believe, just but different. In the Falklands we retrieved distant islands which were ours, both by right of occupation, and more important in this century, by the wish of their inhabitants. In the Gulf our clear objective was the reversal of aggression. The war would not have been so evidently just, and would certainly not have received the necessary

support at home or in the international coalition of the willing if it had been a crusade against Saddam Hussein intent on changing the Iraqi Government and keeping a new Iraqi Government in power.

Bosnia was much more complex. Out of the Bosnian experience emerged once again the old truth that you can have peace without justice, but you cannot have justice without peace. Milosevic was the principal, though not the only instigator of war, in Croatia then in Bosnia, now in Kosovo. But unlike the Nazis in 1945 who were not needed by any one, Milosevic was needed at the conference table in Dayton, Ohio in 1995, just as his representative was needed at Rambouillet to discuss Kosovo in 1999.

Of course this may not always be so. Once Milosevic has fallen from power the question of his indictment before the Tribunal may well arise. It is worth noting that the existence of the Tribunal may, contrary to one of the main arguments in its favour, help to keep dictators with their criminal record in power longer than would otherwise happen. The temptations of a quiet old age and a villa in the Crimea are obviously less if accompanied by the danger of arrest and indictment. Meanwhile it is only the small fry who are swept into the grasp of the Bosnia Tribunal.

I turn to the question of justice as between peoples and nations. There are broadly two approaches – Vienna or Versailles, Metternich or Woodrow Wilson, legitimacy or self-determination. The present consensus is obscure. On the whole we tend to favour legitimacy, while using other language to describe it. Thus we deny to the Albanians the right to secede from Kosovo, just as we deny to the Bosnian Serbs the right to secede from Bosnia. The argument is confused because those who advocate self-determination for the Albanians in Kosovo are the keenest to deny it to the Bosnian Serbs in Bosnia. When David Owen, using his robust but sometimes uncomfortable logic, argues the case for self-determination in both cases, there is a hiss of disapproval. I believe contrary to David Owen that on balance we are probably right to go for legitimacy. But we then find ourselves saddled with an obligation to help communities live together which we have prevented from

separating from each other. This is a semi-imperial task which we have assumed in Bosnia and may be about to assume in Kosovo. We create an international presence, economic, political and military as a form of bandage beneath which we hope the wounds of a divided nation will heal. When we look after a time to see if we can remove the bandage we find that the wounds beneath it are still raw and unhealed, so that our international presence is indefinitely prolonged.

In the Middle East and in Africa we find similar, indeed in Africa worse dilemmas. Kurds, for example, have drawn a short straw. In the Treaty of Sèvres they were given undertakings as a nation. These undertakings were withdrawn in the Treaty of Lausanne. It was not that the western powers had suddenly become cynical. Between the two treaties the Turks had reasserted themselves under Ataturk and changed the balance of power. Lloyd George found to his cost that there was no appetite here or anywhere for confronting new Turkey on behalf of the Greeks, let alone the more distant Kurds. Today no-one would propose taking huge slices out of Turkey, Iraq and Iran in order to build a Kurdish state. The consequences for the peace and stability of the Middle East would be too blood-stained.

In Africa, as all the text books point out, the boundaries were fixed by the colonial powers as defining real estate which they intended to posess forever, rather than as viable frontiers for future independent nations. Yet the African states once independent have on the whole preferred to keep the colonial boundaries rather than negotiate (or fight) for boundaries which more closely fitted ethnic differences. In this they were surely right. I vividly recall the map of the City of Belfast which hung in my office in Stormont Castle when I was Secretary of State. It showed in orange and green the different Unionist and Nationalist streets of that City. It resembled one of those modern pictures which appear to be created by the artist throwing pots of paint at the canvas. There could be no question in Belfast, or in much of Africa, of solving a problem by the more scientific de-limitation on the ground of different communities. The alternative solution is to try to help the differing communities to live together in the greatest available harmony. In the light of experience no one can claim, whether in Northern Ireland or in the Balkans or in Africa, that this take is either easy – or impossible.

It is not easy for those – including myself – who believe that there should be a moral dimension to foreign policy to reconcile that with the facts which I have been describing. The worst method is to blind ourselves and others to the facts simply because they are sometimes brutal. Unpalatable facts have to be accepted. We have to try to mitigate their effects. This involves abandoning an even-handed approach, and dealing with each situation as best we can. This may mean, as with China, in pressing for a decent respect for human rights without threatening sanction, let alone air strikes, if our requests are ignored.

It may mean, as in the Balkans, mounting a substantial international effort. It may mean launching an intricate peace process to deal with the particular problem. These peace processes have to be constructed out of local materials. They may provide for a local means of reconciling peace with justice. We have to be careful to respect those local architects and refrain from words or actions which may bring their building toppling down. Thus, in South Africa, the peace process involved a Truth and Reconciliation Commission under Archbishop Tutu rather than putting the practitioners of apartheid on trial. In Chile this meant allowing Pinochet to retain position as a life senator after he had peacefully abandoned first the presidency and then the command of the armed forces. In Northern Ireland the peace process has involved the Secretary of State parading through the Maze Prison, negotiating for political concessions from convicted murderers and letting those murderers out before their time. In each of these cases there has been a local reconciliation of peace with justice which, however unpalatable, we will be wise to respect.

After the horrors inflicted on so many innocent people in our century by Hitler and Stalin we are now edging towards a better world in which we take three steps forward for every two steps back. It is right to work patiently for that progress. We should not deceive ourselves by over simplifying. The world of the soundbite can be treacherous and deceitful. We need to show greater sympathy with the peacemakers on the ground as they wrestle with the stubborn facts which they inherited. Lawyers in courtrooms and those who write newspaper editorials should be chary with their generalisations.

Two years ago I went to Mass in a Ruthene Catholic church near Vukovar. Seventy percent of the town was destroyed by the Serbs in the fighting of 1991. The church where the service was held had been defiled by the Serbs, and this was the first service after it had been cleaned and re-opened. The UN Commander in the district preached a very short sermon from the altar steps, choosing as his text "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord". For Mr Klein this was not a distant moral injunction but a practical operational necessity. His mission would collapse if any community in that district took vengeance into its own hand with reprisals against the others who lived there. From this and many other examples I believe that modern diplomacy has a moral starting point from which we would advance more surely towards a decent world if we from time to time allow priority to the peacemaker over the preacher. We require principles in our leaders; but their principles need to be partnered by clear vision and plain speech.

The Rt Hon Lord Hurd of Westwell CH CBE

Lord Hurd gave the first Hinsley Memorial Lecture at St John's College on Wednesday 4 March 1999.

A SHORT SPELL IN CHINA

(A method to placing one's name in print in *The Eagle*)

It was with great pleasure that I received the most recent copy of *The Eagle*. Its absence had been noted. The break had occurred when I went to Hong Kong for a few years and as a direct result had heard nothing from Cambridge. Life in the East had been so intoxicating that no time had been given to correct this error. My mind had been engrossed in learning Cantonese. This is an addictive hobby; the language full of fun with many Cockney style double meanings and rhyming slang coupled with seven tones to work round. My proficiency was average. The highlight for me was one shopkeeper who addressed me from around a blind corner. Once he had turned the corner he started looking for the Chinese person accompanying me. Veterinary duties for the government covered an enormous range of subjects. I left my mark by designing the animal hostel for the new airport: one day it would be a pleasure to return to inspect this minute contribution to one of the largest airports in the world.

On opening the pages of *The Eagle* what a flood of memories came back! Then, *quelle surprise*, I find my name in print. Furthermore my name, like Abou Ben Adhem, heads the list of 1975 matriculation Johnians who the College has lost touch with. How could the College have lost me and yet still send a copy of *The Eagle* addressed perfectly to my home? There is no doubt an easy commonsense explanation: the College found my location after final proofs were approved. However, I wonder if some more intellectually stimulating explanation could be found: when I matriculated the Master's wife Mrs Mansergh used to be present and we all had to be introduced to her. However, she always told you your name before you could introduce yourself. Was some similar phenomenon at work here? Or perhaps the College had discovered a very practical application to relativity theory by which questions were answered before you asked them? Had Dirac left them some deep secret? No doubt members of the Senior Common Room had more credible solutions.

On further investigation I found other names. The Chaplain Michael Sanders giving the commemoration of benefactors address. He was a great College Chaplain while I was up. It was no surprise to see him remind the College of the ringing tones of the College prayer 'Bless O Lord the works of this College which is called by the name of thy beloved disciple, and grant that love of the brethren and all sound learning may ever grow and prosper here'. I have to admit the practical aim of this style of blessing has been one of the touchstones to my life. It is not only a blessing full of emotion but one that is exceedingly clever in implicitly bringing in so many different threads of Christian virtue. Mike had been an active Chaplain in communication with all Christians in the College and encouraging them in their faith. He was one of the prime movers behind good relations between all sections of the College Christian community. I should know, as for a while I was College Rep. for the CICCU and had bible studies with the Roman Catholic Rep. CJ Smith. Mike was an excellent cox much in demand by gentlemen crews: success often came his crew's way. But his wife Leslie was always very edgy come bumps time. Mike ended up in the river a couple of times when having succeeded in bumping the boat ahead the boat behind would not avoid him.

Then another name I recollect, Richard Perham: now a Professor. My veterinary undergraduate colleague Simon Meyer and I were supervised by him. We both had active extra-curricular lives. Simon was an expert at horse dressage and combined this with a hectic social calendar. I played as much sport as possible, co-directed a Lady Margaret Players' play and kept the photographic society moving. (A few of my prints were on the cover of *The Eagle*.) Seconds Hockey Cuppers was won every year I was up (1975-1980): we enjoyed ourselves greatly and never to my knowledge fell to the low of only fielding a hockey team of 8! (Shame on 1998.) The result was that during dark winter months late afternoon biochemistry supervisions were torrid occasions. Our brains were tired and had evacuated nearly all the biochemical information given us at lectures. Richard Perham used to coax us to attempt to say one single sentence on biochemistry which was accurate and lucid. Eventually his diplomatic front snapped. Perhaps it was not only our perceived ignorance but that we were

members of his College that goaded him. One of us had said something exceedingly offhand and inaccurate.

'YOU SCROFULOUS TWITS!' he shouted at a distance of less than five feet in the confined space of a small supervision room. Simon and I were taken aback. Gentlemen were not used to being addressed like that. We left the supervision irked and determined to show him. This we did. We obtained our best results in 1a Tripos in Biochemistry. I even considered doing biochemistry for Part II but the lure of Land Economy was too great.

My tutor Dr JA Leake at first fell out with me on this choice of Part II. He suspected that I might be trying to skive a year in company with the high number of blues who studied the subject. Once I reassured him that this view was not true but had considered the subject had possible applications to a vet in farming practice he relented (i.e. he invited me back to his rooms after throwing me out!). The irony is that his instinct had been correct: I had wanted an easy time to release me for other interests. Then I discovered to my horror I was studying a two-year Part II in one year. Land Economy turned out to be as hard as any veterinary subject. Overall the course was a success. It did assist me in furthering a brief academic and practical career in tropical veterinary medicine with a few papers published and a lab test developed as a result.

I am not in the custom of advertising my College background: hopefully every Johnian lives a life which in some way honours his or her academic roots. A few times I have been asked by people intrigued by Cambridge would I like to go back to John's. The answer is always: 'I'd love to'.

'Why?'

'O, the style of life.'

By that I don't only mean Christian virtues but the value placed by all College members on order, dedication to work, and excellence, and also on the allowance for rampant disorder, a large amount of healthy recreation including sport and many practical jokes – provided in all of these scenes all sound learning and love of the brethren is ultimately achieved.

When I was up a group who best portrayed this were the porters. Two incidents I treasure. During the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations our New Court neighbours joined us in producing a large dinner in our rooms. Our party comprised about twelve: 6 men and 6 women from other Colleges. We had had a sumptuous meal after which song sheets were handed out comprising mainly patriotic songs. We so impressed ourselves with our singing that we decided to advertise our talent. As one body we went to the roof of Cripps building and started with Land of Hope and Glory swiftly followed by Rule Britannia, we had just commenced a *fortissimo* version of the national anthem when the door of the Cripps Porters' Lodge burst open. A porter rushed out onto the grass brandishing a powerful torch. He started searching the night sky in the region of Cripps roof for the sound. The full force of the beam struck us as we were in the second verse of the national anthem: we continued even louder. Almost immediately the torch went out. We saw the porter put the torch down by his shoe. He then raised himself up back straight, stood to attention, saluted and marched stiffly back to his lodge. We deemed honour had been satisfied and ourselves quietly retired to our rooms for more liquid refreshment.

The Samuel Butler Room ran out of teabags late one night. Mimicking one of the foolish virgins I went to the Main Porters Lodge not asking for oil but rather for a couple of teabags for my guest and me.

'Teabags? Sir!' the porter seemed to me rather put out. I knew it was late but not that late: the man's speech was abrupt. I was desperate.

'Yes teabags. You know, I make a cup of tea with it and I need two since a friend is with me. I would be very grateful if you could help me, obviously I would pay or make amends, even double.' On I ploughed attempting to ignore what would nowadays be called an attitude problem displayed by the porter.

'Sorry, I can't help you at all, Sir'. His manner was emphatic.

'Well, that's that' I said and leaned my head against the glass door while I left. I was halfway out when I heard the loud report of a tin being slammed down on the Main Lodge's front desk. A voice boomed.

'I do happen to have some proper TEA, Sir, and you are always welcome to that, never teabags.' I turned to see the porter with a half smile offering me his own personal tin of a rather superior brand of tea.

Richard Brown MRCVS

INPRINT

InPrint is a new magazine for critical and creative work. The first issue was published in the Lent Term 1999 and this issue is reviewed in The Eagle. *Here we have reprinted two of the pieces in the first edition.*

InPrint

I think I should tell you, it was the happiest I can ever remember being. We were climbing up the hill collecting timbers to repair the school roof. The teachers of the school were accompanied by our very own chain of children threading through houses perched upon melting terrace fields, past women beating their washing to aimlessly chewing buffalo along the uneven dirt paths up into the forest dusted upon the spine of the hill. I borrow the word 'hill' as their word used within a landscape that has its clouds kneel at mountains' feet. The distinction didn't stop me sweating and slipping as I climbed whilst my students skipped and smiled. Tomsir hot? Tomsir tired? The science teacher who walked beside asked such questions in order to interrupt them with answers about himself. Of course, he walked up the hill everyday. He offered me his hand. I took it without hesitating (I'm only aware now that I might have refused) and children, already holding each other's hands, beamed. No relief promised itself at the top only the fact we would have to carry the timbers down, the trunks tied by a thick leather strap to our foreheads. We all climbed on, with my children's hands covered with berries, my children's legs heavy under the humidity, my brow sweating years and we all climbed on. At the top Headsir stood, enormous with his back eating into the sun and shadows in his face. The trees had not yet been cut. No-one stop smiling. It was not a mistake, it was a walk and now we could go back. We were lighter without the thought of those thick leather straps. The path dropped away and it became impossible to walk steadily as our legs began to fall beneath us into a pace. We smiled and allowed our pace to become faster until the effortless rhythm of the falling spoke for our legs as we fell down the hill. Faster with the forest thinning, faster with a child's call of my name landing with every step, ever faster the view growing, the land opening,

the sky appearing and ever faster each foot lost. And as I fell down that hill, fell amongst my class, fell down before the Headsir, fell past the very hills that were my home I was happy. And it was slow; slow without the beats of thinking, slowed without the chimes of consideration. At that moment I could have held every reason I had to smile within the palm of my view. And you know, even in that moment, even flushed with pleasure, I couldn't help wanting to *tell* someone that I was happy. Even in that moment when my smiling was as simple as the children around me, I saw my happiness within the future of its telling. With my feet tumbling over, my pleasures breathing past me, I was enjoying feeling I was living something worth telling.

Just spilt my tea. The taste of ginger tells me it's my tea. They've often heard me speak of my fondness for ginger. I was writing home when she brought the tea, balanced in the metal cup, balancing on a metal plate. She wouldn't leave, wanted to watch me write, watch my hand. She mouths the words when I write, not my words but the ones she thinks she can read, her lips seeming to taste each other, together sounding more than my pen's scratches. I stop and listen. She stops too and thinks it proper to leave. I finish writing home, sad that she is no longer reading behind me.

Thomas Robert Smith

From 'Journal-Keeping'

Do well to avoid an unrecorded day,
Lest the very firmament shake, cry out
At vague permanence, lament the day
That it must forever doubt –
As something only possibly so.

Sweet memories need sweet words,
    And happy men keep journals.
Guilt finds pardon in humble words,
    And men of peace keep journals.
Solid things make words,
    And solid men keep journals.
All days long for words,
    And beg men to keep journals.

G. Ien Cheng

ST JOHN'S INNOVATION PARK II

Development of the Innovation Centre Concept

In my previous article on the St John's Innovation Park I described my impressions of the Innovation Center at the University of Utah, opened in 1978 under the leadership of Professor Wayne Brown (*Eagle 1998, pp.30 and 31*). Utah was one of four universities in the USA funded by the National Science Foundation to develop the innovation centre concept. In 1982 Professor Brown set up the Utah Innovation Center Inc. and transformed the organisation into a private corporation. The key elements of the Utah model were:

(a) a building with central facilities providing a pleasant working environment;

(b) a management team providing business and technical advice;

(c) strong links with the university, providing access to libraries and equipment and consultancy advice from staff;

(d) access to start-up capital for new businesses (in exchange for equity) and links to outside venture capital organisations for funding later stages in the development of the businesses.

On my return from the USA I concluded that steps should be taken as soon as possible to provide for interaction between the then entitled St John's Research Park and the University. In 1983 the University had approved a reconstituted Wolfson Cambridge Industrial Unit, and Mr SL Bragg became its Director on 1 January 1984. During the previous two years the College Council and its Committee on the Use of Endowment Income had been considering assisting the University *inter alia* by providing all or part of the funding of a post in the Wolfson Cambridge Industrial Unit for three to five years. The Committee considered that at least a part-time post would be necessary at an early date, to assist the Senior Bursar in the establishment of the Research Park and in the creation of links between it and the University, and that the University for its part would be assisted by the funding of a least a

part-time post in the Wolfson Unit. The Committee recommended in principle, and the Council agreed, that a suitable full-time post be established for up to five years, subject to discussion with the University and the approval by the Council of a scheme, to be prepared by the Committee or a special Committee constituted for the purpose. Discussions took place with Mr Bragg but matters did not develop in the way that had been envisaged until much later.

I was visited in October 1984 by Wayne Brown, who in addition to his activities in Utah had set up an Innovation Center in Tennessee near the Oak Ridge Research Laboratory. He was looking at the possibility of setting up a further Innovation Center in Worcester, Massachusetts, and was considering where there might be a Center in Europe. He had been attracted to Cambridge in view of what was about to become known as the Cambridge Phenomenon. He was accompanied by Dr Bill Bolton, who had visited the University of Utah in 1981, at the time that he was running an entrepreneur project with undergraduates in Cambridge, and had visited Wayne Brown several times since. Bolton was helping to run the manufacturing engineering part of the University Engineering Department and also running a company located in the ICFC starter unit building on the Cambridge Science Park. He explained that he had found the lack of support facilities in the ICFC building a considerable disadvantage. Wayne Brown and Bill Bolton seemed attracted and interested in collaborating in the establishment of an Innovation Centre on the College site, and I explained our attitude to investment in buildings or alternatively our willingness to see buildings put up on long leases by other companies.

Bill Bolton was of the view that "existing mechanisms for the support of companies with a track record are adequate, whereas those for embryo or seed companies are weak and underdeveloped". After further discussion I invited him to put his ideas on paper and circulated his paper to the Council. His proposal had three elements:

(a) formation of a School of Entrepreneurship to provide an educational environment during the development of a viable product and business plan for launching a new company. After a one to two year period in the School "the student" would have researched and identified a market opportunity, developed a product and prepared a business plan. This scheme was a development of the New Business Proposal section of the Production Engineering Tripos, in which Bolton had noted undergraduate interest in setting up companies;

(b) provision of an Innovation Centre which would give direct help in developing the initial business plan and offer office and laboratory space, basic services and access to professional advice. Bolton imagined that funding of the order of £1 million per year for five years would be necessary, after which the operation would be funded from profit on the equity share the innovation centre company would take in new companies in return for its support. The costs of running the centre were thought to be about £300k, leaving the rest for modest investments in the embryo companies;

(c) construction of an Innovation Park on the rest of the site belonging to the College, providing units of 1500 sq ft and upwards for the next growth stage of the new companies. Bolton envisaged that the companies would move out in due course as they became successful.

This pattern (apart from the School of Entrepreneurship) followed that of the Utah Innovation Center; it remained to be adjusted to fit the Cambridge circumstances. The Council agreed that further discussions should be focused in the first instance on the Innovation Centre concept. It is interesting that at the time of writing the idea of an Entrepreneur School is actively being promoted in the University, the St John's Innovation Centre also being involved. I hope to write more about this on a separate occasion.

The funding referred to in Bolton's paper, for investment in start-up companies and possibly for building finance, could only come from venture capital sources. Early in 1985 contact was made with several such companies, but though enthusiastic interest was expressed the proposals were not thought to be concrete enough at that stage to attract investment without further development. There were also discussions on the possible corporate structure with accountants and others.

Meanwhile, I had heard that another group in Cambridge was well on the way to establishing an Innovation Centre. Partly for this reason the Council agreed to a press release dated 7 February 1985 stating that "plans are well advanced for the establishment of an Innovation Centre on land belonging to St John's College..." The facilities which it was intended to provide in the Centre were described and there was reference to "strong connections with the University through Dr Bill Bolton of the Cambridge University Engineering Department, Mr SL Bragg, the University's Director in Industrial Co-operation and a number of Fellows of St John's College." The press release was timed to appear just before the publishing of "*The Cambridge Phenomenon*" by Segal, Quince and Partners, referred to in last year's article. The Innovation Centre was to be operated by "a company which will be British owned and British run", but in addition enjoying a link with the high technology expertise and markets of the USA through Wayne Brown. It is sad to note that not long after that time Wayne Brown died, with most of his immediate family, when the aircraft he was piloting crashed in bad weather.

In view of the difficulty in raising outside finance, and given the experience of the College and its advisers in developing and managing property, the most rapid way of making progress was to assume the role of developer. The endowment considerations mentioned at the beginning of last year's article meant that a proper investment return in rent from the Innovation Centre should be obtained. This was quite different from the position for start-up companies in the Utah Innovation Center, where in effect rent was traded for equity. The return on equity in start-up companies is highly speculative and the College unaided could not undertake that risk. On the other hand, it is no bad thing for academics becoming entrepreneurs to discover at the outset that all the inputs to a business, including space, have to be paid for in some form or another. The College Agents carried out preliminary appraisals, which at that stage were necessarily cautious since the concept was untested and manifestly risky. These initial appraisals encouraged me to continue with the planning of the Innovation Centre, which as well as providing accommodation was intended to be the focal point of the whole Innovation Park. At that stage the title "Innovation

Centre" was provisional and it was thought that it should almost certainly be changed since a building named the Cambridge Innovation Centre had already been constructed by developers on the Cambridge Science Park.

Architectural competition

To help with the development of the Innovation Centre and Research Park the Council agreed in May 1985 to authorise the Senior Bursar to engage the services, as a Consultant, of Mr IM Purdy, who by then had retired from the distinguished service in the City and County Councils described in last year's article. He established a project office in the former school room within the All Saints triangle, and he drafted a detailed brief for an architectural competition in consultation with an Innovation Centre Advisory Group including Dr Bolton and seven Fellows of the College. The brief stated that "the College is looking for excellence both in architectural design and in detailed concepts associated with the general development of the site. The Innovation Centre is intended to act as a focus for the development and within the parameters of the planning restrictions should be as visible as possible. The first stage of the project envisages (a) construction of an Innovation Centre and (b) an overall landscape scheme for the whole site." A landscape plan was required for the site, to provide a park-like setting within which the various buildings would be situated, ensuring that adequate landscaping was in place from an early stage of development. Reference was made to the view of the Inspector appointed by the Secretary of State for the planning enquiry who said "in my opinion the land occupies a position of great importance in the maintenance of a viable separation between the northern development limits of Cambridge and the village settlement of Milton". Supporting documentation for the brief included the report and proof of evidence from landscape architects who had been retained for the planning enquiry. The proposed common services part of the building was described in considerable detail and the graphics, lighting, street furniture (colours, signs, lighting etc.) were to be designed as a co-ordinated whole, providing an integrated design which could be used not only for the Innovation Centre but for further developments on the

site. Emphasis was placed on flexibility in the use of the building, internal areas to be completely clear of supports. Materials were to take account of ease of maintenance and a guideline cost figure of £35-45 per square foot was specified; an assessment of life-cycle costing based on a 30 year period was requested. The brief stated that the final design of the building would be developed between the appointed design team and the client. The architects were told that firms using the premises were likely to be in an extremely tight financial position so that a fine balance and judgement would be required to create a building which meets the specified requirements, and yet is not too expensive to build or maintain.

Six firms of architects, three from Cambridge and three based in London, were asked to participate in a limited architectural competition; with three weeks of the competition left one of the London firms dropped out and the RH Partnership of Cambridge was invited to participate. The six firms made presentations to members of the advisory group on 18 October 1985. Each firm had received a copy of the brief and a questionnaire prepared by Mr Purdy and Mr Victor Bugg, of Davis Belfield and Everest, Quantity Surveyors. A shortlist of three firms was agreed, and further enquiries were made, particularly of two of the firms from Cambridge. Mr Purdy had extensive discussions with both firms and they produced additional material and revised their designs. Both Victor Bugg and John Dyke of Carter Jonas reported their impressions of the schemes.

The firm chosen was the RH Partnership of Cambridge, and the full design team is listed in footnote 1. It is a pleasure to say at this point that the College has greatly benefited throughout from the friendly and expert advice of the firm, in connection with the strategic development of the Innovation Park and the design of the four buildings in addition to the Innovation Centre which have been completed on the Park.

Readers of the previous article will recall that at the time of construction of the Innovation Centre and design of the following two buildings, all of these buildings had to be accommodated on the 200 foot deep strip of land in the city of Cambridge. It was necessary for the economic

development of the whole park to design buildings and the associated landscaping and car parking such that a relatively high density was achieved on the City Council land. It was also necessary to achieve as high a ratio of lettable space to total space as possible, consistent with producing a building pleasant to work in and of architectural distinction. Discussions continued with the design team after their appointment; the scheme was simplified by making it linear rather than three times cranked as in the competition entry, and the central area became a most attractive three-storey atrium which provides an admirable focus and entrance point for the Innovation Centre. The redesign also resulted in some additional small lettable units on the second floor which improved the economics of the building, as did the simplification in the "street" serving the units on either side of the atrium. A detailed account of the changes in the scheme from the competition entry to the eventual building appears in an article in the Architect's Journal of 17 February 1988.

Tenders were opened on 23 June 1986 and after further negotiation of a cost reduction bill with the lowest tenderer, Shepherd Construction Ltd, the contract was let to them at a contract price of £2.065 million. At the time of receipt of tenders, a final check of the financial return was carried out. Some of the contract cost was to be charged to the Estates, Repairs and Improvements Fund to reflect the expenditure on drainage and landscaping which were for the benefit of the whole 22 acre site. The remaining sum with professional fees, letting fees, legal fees and an allowance for voids before the building was completely full produced a total development cost of £2.273 million. Rental income was expected to amount to just over £201,000 representing a gross return on capital of 8.8%. Alternatively, if the building plus the land was valued as an investment producing a 7% yield (which was the market's view of such property), the residual land value was about £600,000. This was a little less than the market value of land at the time, but bearing in mind the importance of the Innovation Centre as the first building on the whole site, the financial appraisal was considered satisfactory so the contract proceeded. Regular meetings of the design team took place under the chairmanship of the Senior Bursar, representing the College together with Ian Purdy, who

maintained close contact with the architects between meetings and throughout the period of construction.

Description of the Innovation Centre Building

The building included forty one separately lettable units, ranging in area from 140 square feet to 1,260 square feet, so arranged that adjoining units can be joined together to be let to the same company, and with the further possibility for units on the ground floor and the first floor to be connected together by a private staircase. (In practice this latter possibility has never been used). The total net lettable area was 24,235 square feet, and additional communal facilities included a conference room which could be divided into two small rooms, a kitchen and restaurant area and space for offices and computer equipment. Basic facilities were provided for each unit: power point, water supply and drainage, gas and trunking for additional wiring and there was generous ducting within the building for easy installation of more sophisticated services should individual units require it. Most of the lettable accommodation is on the ground floor and the first floor and eight small units are located on the second floor. All floors are connected by a lift and there are arrangements for installing heavy equipment in any of the units on the ground and first floors. The design provided for high floor loadings on the ground floor so that heavy equipment could be accommodated, though in practice most tenants have required relatively light laboratory, workshop or office space.

The central corridors are important to the ethos of the building. They are lit from above through light wells at regular intervals, which were designed to provide the vertical communication between units if that should be necessary. Each unit has its own front door opening from the corridors. All units have secondary doors opening to the outside of the building on the ground floor and to external walkways at first floor level. These secondary means of escape enable the delivery of bulky or heavy items, but also enable the corridors to be unimpeded by fire doors and smoke lobbies. The light wells provide wider sections of the corridors which contain, at ground floor level, tables and chairs for informal meetings as well as giving a feeling of spaciousness. The

central full height atrium includes space for a receptionist and switchboard operator, and an exhibition area, with generous seating accommodation. Initially the restaurant was on the first floor atrium, served by a small kitchen. The photographs convey an impression of the central area and the general layout of the building.

Project Management

The project was managed on behalf of the College by a group consisting of the Senior Bursar, Bill Bolton, Ian Purdy and from late 1995 Walter Herriot. He had been with Barclays Bank in Cambridge from 1976, latterly as a Senior Lending Manager with responsibility for directing the Bank's high technology policy in the region. In 1986 he became Associate Director, Corporate Financial Advisory Services Department in Coopers & Lybrand. Because of the other responsibilities of members of the group, we formed the habit of meeting in the evenings, sustained by sandwiches and wine.

In late 1985 I was impressed by the remarks of a local solicitor (Lewis Isaacs) who dealt with the affairs of a number of high-tech companies, to the effect that normal institutional lease terms were too onerous for start-up companies. Together with the College solicitors and John Dyke of Carter Jonas, three year Tenancy Agreements were designed providing for termination by the tenant at one months notice. In appropriate cases the Agreement would be contracted out of the Landlord and Tenant Act 1974 to ensure that the tenant had no security of tenure at the end of the term. Paradoxically, agreements of this kind served the College well even through the period of property slump in the early 90's because nervous tenants who would have taken fright at institutional leases remained in the Centre with the comforting knowledge that they could leave at short notice if really necessary. Advice on the property side continued to be given by John Dyke, and also by Nick Hood who had recently joined Carter Jonas, dealt with detailed negotiations of terms of occupancy with prospective tenants, and joined the group.

The Opening of the Innovation Centre

The building was handed over by the contractors during the first week of September 1987. By mid-February 1988, the building was almost fully let. This enabled there to be a revised appraisal of the investment return, which after allowing for the value of the land (by then £700,000) showed a return of 7.1%. Excluding the land value the return on cash invested was 9.2%.

The planning group had discussed a number of alternative possibilities for providing support services. Mr Tony Barnard was appointed on a contract basis to supervise the provision of services. He was about to leave the service of Cambridgeshire County Council, where he was Controller of Central Services in the Department of Land and Buildings, Mr Purdy's old department, and was responsible for 100 staff in the purchasing, bursarial and administrative services. Mr Barnard recruited a telephonist/receptionist (Theresa Rinaldi, still with the Innovation Centre, now in a senior capacity). Mr Barnard established a company to provide typing, secretarial and clerical services for the Centre directorate, telephone switchboard management, post, messages and receiving goods, cleaning of the common areas, booking and servicing the conference and meeting rooms. On a repayment basis, secretarial services were provided for tenants including fax and photocopying. The College Catering Manager, Mr Fairhurst, supervised the provision of basic catering services within the Centre. In addition to the "in house" services, several companies within the Centre agreed to provide advice on patents and intellectual property matters, a company secretary service, publicity consultancy, provision of market research data and toxicological and related services. Firms of solicitors and of accountants were willing to provide a "surgery" type of service to new companies within the Centre.

Dr Bolton was designated Director of the Centre on a part-time basis, with a remit to be in touch with prospective new company tenants and existing tenants in need of advice. He also expected to take a lead in making contact with University staff, in consultation with the University Industrial Unit and with a group of Fellows of the College in

commercially applicable fields. As was to be expected, arrangements changed considerably in the early years of the Innovation Centre. These will be described in a subsequent article.

Christopher Johnson

Footnote 1

The Design Team for the St John's Innovation Centre

Architects: RH Partnership, Cambridge
- Jack Lewry – Partner responsible for planning discussions and future developments
- Jeremy Buckingham – Partner in charge of detailed design, working drawings and co-ordinating all the consultants
- Ray Chudleigh – became project architect after John Cole left the Partnership in April 1986 to join another practice

Quantity Surveyors: Davis Belfield and Everest, Cambridge
- Victor and Stephen Bugg – Partners in charge
- Derek Smith – project Quantity Surveyor

Structural Engineers: Hannah, Reed and Associates, Cambridge
- Gordon Hannah – Partner in charge
- Charles Cook – Associate in charge
- Nick Patterson – project structural engineer
- James Caesar – project civil engineer

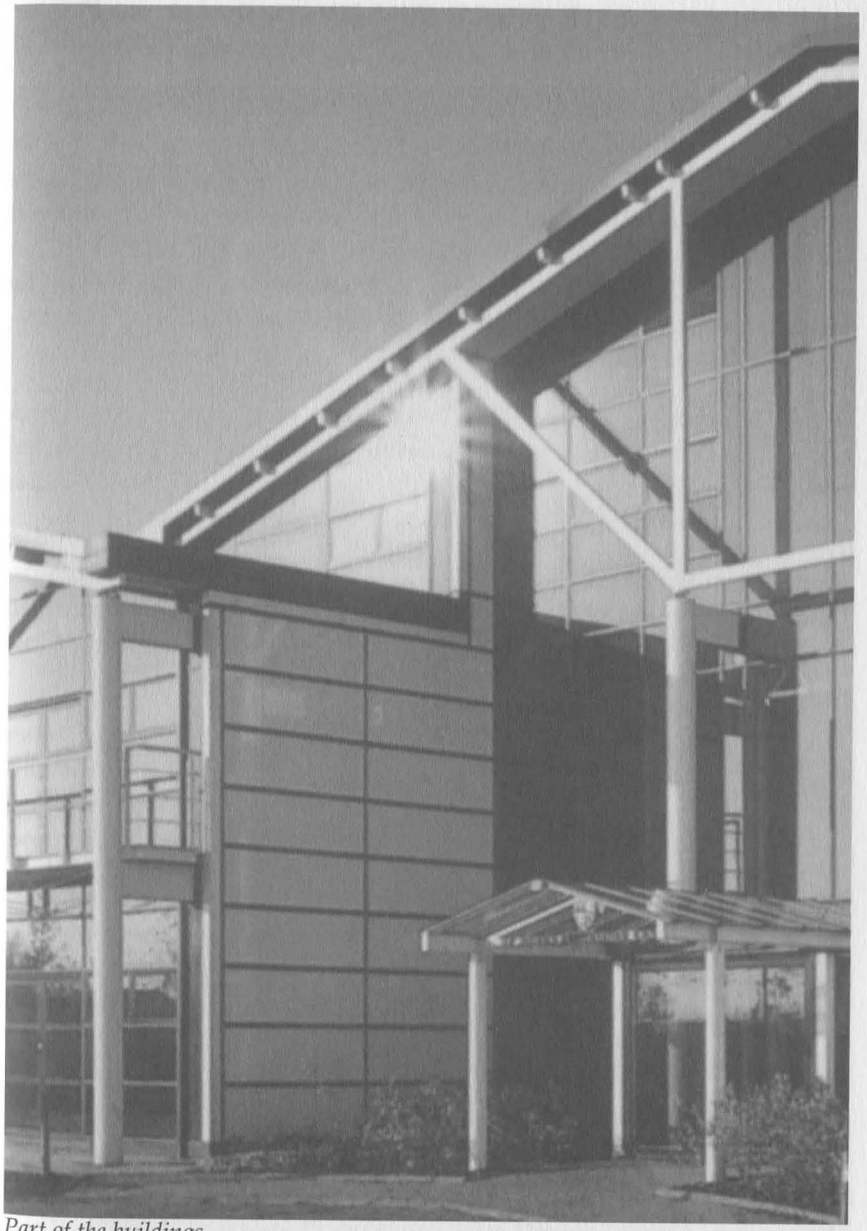
Landscape Architects: Gordon Patterson, Stevenage
- Gordon Patterson assisted by Jamie Buchanan

Mechanical and Electrical Engineers: Oscar Faber, St Albans

Main Contractors: Shepherd Construction Ltd, Northampton (Head Office York)

Property Advisers: Carter Jonas, Cambridge
- John Dyke and Nick Hood

The Atrium



Part of the buildings

THE FIRST COMPUTER

The Computer Laboratory celebrated the 50th anniversary of the building of the world's first fully operational and practical stored-program computer in April this year. Maurice Wilkes, Fellow of St John's, matriculated at St John's in 1931 and was appointed University Demonstrator at the Mathematical Laboratory (now the Computer Laboratory) in 1937, having carried out research at the Cavendish Laboratory. The Laboratory was taken over by the Ministry of Supply during the War and Maurice Wilkes became the Acting Director once it returned to civilian use in 1945.

In 1946 Maurice Wilkes was appointed Director with 'the duty to advance knowledge of the science of mathematical computation, to promote and direct research in it, and to supervise the work of the ... Laboratory under the general control of the Mathematical Laboratory Committee.'

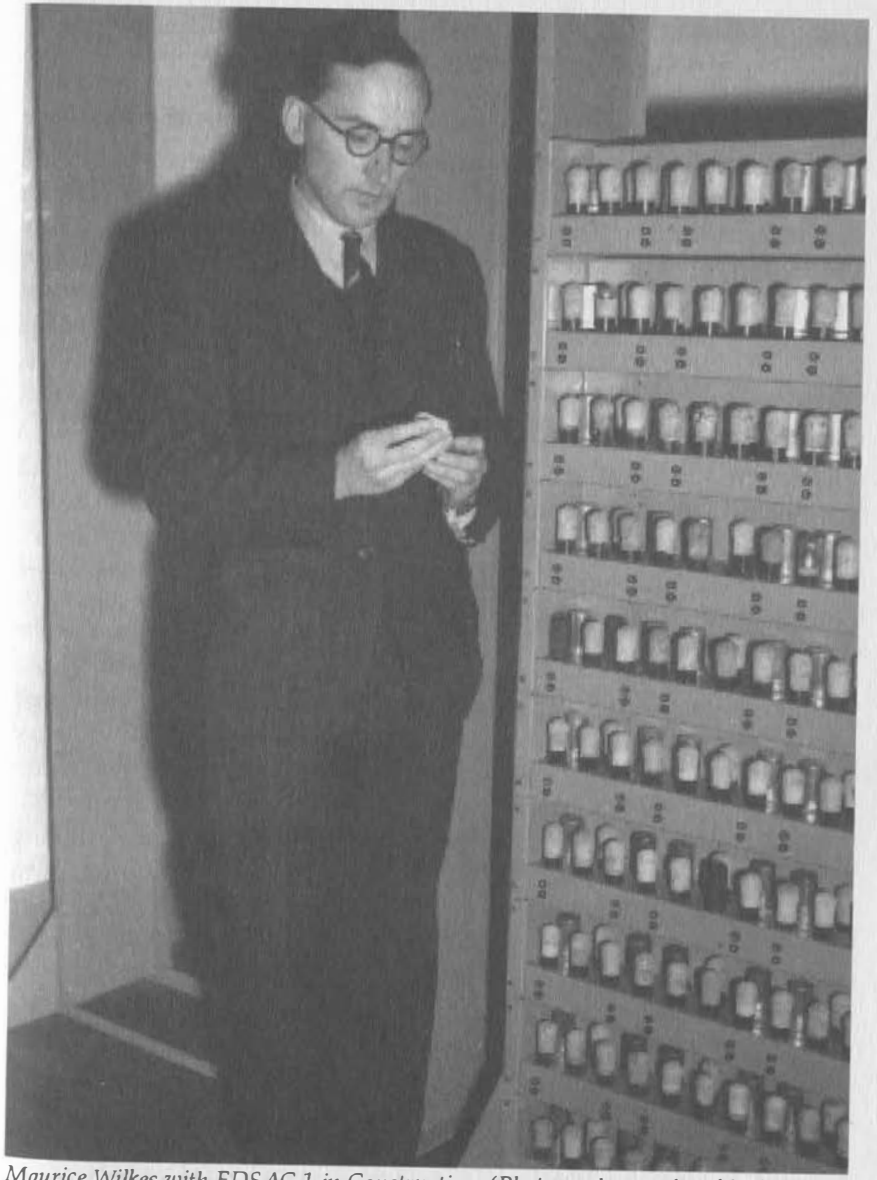
Work began on EDSAC (Electronic Delay Storage Automatic Calculator) in October 1946 and it was not until 6 May 1949 when the first successful programme was run on the machine. The programme computed a table of squares.

EDSAC had 3,000 vacuum valves arranged on 12 racks and used tubes filled with mercury for memory. It could carry out only 650 instructions per second (compared with many millions nowadays). A programme was fed into the machine via a sequence of holes punched into a paper tape. The machine occupied a room which measured 5 metres by 4 metres.

The first computer became known as EDSAC 1 and work began on EDSAC 2 in 1952 with a grant from the Nuffield Foundation. The first course in Computer Science started in 1953, using EDSAC and was the first formal course leading to a university qualification anywhere in the world. EDSAC 1 was used heavily from 1953 onwards for theoretical chemistry, X-ray molecular biology, numerical analysis, atmospheric oscillations and early work on radioastronomy.

The Cambridge Computer Laboratory maintains its world-wide reputation and honours for members of the Laboratory have included

two Turing Awards and fellowships of the Royal Society, the Royal Academy of Engineering and the British Academy.



Maurice Wilkes with EDSAC 1 in Construction (Photograph reproduced by kind permission of the Computer Laboratory)