WILLIAM LAWRENCE BALLS

Obituary

WILLIAM LAWRENCE BALLS, 1882—1960

WILLIAM Lawrence Balls was a Norfolk man, born at Garboldisham on September 3, 1882, and educated at King Edward VI School, Norwich before coming up to St John's College. He matriculated in the Easter Term, 1900, and was elected a Scholar in June 1901. He obtained a First in the Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I in 1902, and a First in Part II (Botany) in 1904. He was awarded the Walsingham Medal in 1906 for an essay embodying the results of original research in science. He took his B.A. in 1903, M.A. in 1907, and Sc.D. in 1916. He was elected Fellow in 1908 and held his Fellowship for six years. In 1955 he was elected Honorary Fellow.

Balls had a distinguished career in applied botany. He was appointed Botanist to the Khedivial Agricultural Society in Egypt in 1904, and worked for the Society until 1910, continuing in Egypt under the Egyptian Department of Agriculture until 1913. These nine years were formative, not only for Balls himself, but for agricultural botany both in Egypt and over a far wider field. His work on the physiology of the cotton plant in Egypt, and on its reactions to soil and water supply and climate, was the beginning of modern crop physiology. I remember in my first postgraduate year a discussion on the possibility that techniques devised by Balls for the study of the cotton plant in Egypt could be adapted for the study of the wheat plant in England.

Balls left Egypt in 1913 and turned his versatile mind to the problems of cotton technology. He designed, built and directed the Experimental Department of the Fine Spinners at Bollington. He had early developed an interest in cotton technology, and at Bollington he played an important part in developing textile research, and particularly in forging a link between the grower who had no idea what happened to his cotton after he pressed it into a bale, and the spinner who did not know how it got into the bales that came to him from Liverpool. Nowadays cotton growers and cotton spinners meet and discuss their common problems with a great deal of mutual respect and understanding. It was Balls who saw the need and who largely devised the means of creating that understanding.

Balls returned to Egypt in 1927 and remained there with the Ministry of Agriculture for the following 20 years. In that time he drew together the two sides of his interest in cotton. He pursued his study of the causes of deterioration in Egyptian cotton

varieties. He developed a breeding system that produced numerous new, high yielding varieties and devised a seed multiplication system that ensured a pure seed supply. And he planned and developed a testing laboratory that made it possible to distribute in bulk, seed of strains that had been tested and verified for spinning quality.

During the war he served as Chairman of the Scientific Advisory Committee to the C. in C., G.H.Q., Middle East, and put his scientific and technical ingenuity to such problems as the design of mine detectors, and the making good, from local resources, of deficiencies and omissions in Army supplies.

Balls played a great part in the planning of research on cotton. He was a member of the committee set up in 1917 that brought the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation into being. He served on its Administrative Council from 1921 to 1935, and on many of its committees. I met him first on the Corporation's Studentship Selection Committee, when I was a young and frightened applicant up for interview. Some months later he devoted a day of his time at Bollington to two of us during our studentship year, and he and Mrs Balls gave us lunch—Balls continuing uninterrupted the instruction on cotton matters begun earlier in the labs.

Many years later, during the war, he found the time to write from Egypt to Trinidad to warn me of the probable consequences for the West Indian Sea Island industry of his cotton breeding successes in Egypt. Then in 1945 I had the good fortune to visit him at Giza, and to see him at work in the breeding plots and the experimental spinning mill, and relaxing at the Gezira Club, where he was engaged on a study of the effect on the bowling green of the curious morphology of the *Cynodon* species used as a lawn grass.

Balls was extraordinarily versatile. The inventive capacity of his mind was matched by his technical skill with his hands. He not only designed his own instruments. He made them. He wrote with authority on his subject, and no one can claim to be educated in tropical agriculture who is not acquainted with "The Cotton Plant in Egypt", "The Development of Raw Cotton", and "The Yields of a Crop", to name three out of a long list of his publications.

He retired to Fulbourn, where he led an active life, writing, making bits of apparatus, reading widely, and even trying his skill at landscape painting in oils. He was always ready to talk on any of his many interests, and his wide knowledge was available to all both at his home and in the Combination Room.

He was elected F.R.S. in 1923, and was awarded the C.B.E. in 1934 and the C.M.G. in 1944.

He died on 13 July, 1960, leaving a widow and one son, to whom we extend our sympathy.

J. B. H.

Obituary

LEONARD STANLEY BAKER

THE death, on 22 May 1961, of L. S. Baker at the age of 74 years has deprived many Johnians of a friend who was hardly less well-known in the city, county and university. Here, however, it is appropriate to speak of him mainly in connection with the College he served for 36 years and upon which he left his own very definite mark. Len (for so he was universally and affectionately known) was a local man and was born, the second of eight children, at the village of Comberton in 1886. He first entered the College's service when he left school at the age of thirteen, and stayed for six years. He then moved to Fenners, where he came under the tutelage of Dan Hayward, and was afterwards, with an interval for war-service during which he was badly shell-shocked, groundsman to Elstowe School in Bedfordshire (1912—23) and to the Bedford Ladies Physical Training College (1923—26). It was Dan Hayward again who persuaded him to apply for the post of head groundsman at St John's and, very happily, Len was appointed. He came home again in April 1926 and remained in his post until his retirement thirty years later.

Those years were fruitful and constructive. The grounds in 1926, apart perhaps from the cricket square, were far from good. The Hockey Club in 1928 reported that Len 'was at times the butt of oaths regarding knees cut on cinders', and weeds were almost as plentiful as grass. Even as early as this, however, everyone was admitting that 'he is doing a world of good with our ground'. The present hockey pitch was largely his creation; so were the match tennis courts which were laid out by him when the southern part of the playing fields was taken into use by the college; and the cricket pitch was almost always the object of his personal care. Apart from this and much more, the weeds were eradicated not only by scientific methods but by the labour of himself and his staff, and even by that of his family and their friends. Further, when time allowed, he was a willing cricket and hockey umpire for college and other sides; and it was a happy moment for Len when, in the year of his retirement, the college won the hockey cup after many lean years and his name as umpire for the years 1926—56 was placed on the boards in the pavilion.

As much as for the grounds and the games, however, Len had a concern for people. Despite ill-health in his later years and

LEONARD STANLEY BAKER
Official Umpire, 1934

'bronical' trouble particularly, he was always friendly, eager, Puckish; always ready for a talk and full of questions about the many men sport had brought his way; and always wonderfully youthful and happy with youth while the years passed. At Club dinners he could be relied upon to add something to the occasion and this capacity did not desert him when he made his last public appearance in the College. His retirement was marked by the Master presenting to him a silver tankard on behalf of the General Athletic Club, and Len expressed his acceptance in a witty speech which was not devoid of a swipe or two at things and people he would have had otherwise. The tankard had inscribed upon it the gratitude of the College 'for his long and faithful service as groundsman', and to that may be added his very real achievement (which is also his memorial) of making indifferent into outstandingly good playing fields. He will be remembered as very few in his position are remembered: as an ideal groundsman of a ground he made near to ideal.

E. M.

SIR JAMES WORDIE

Obituaries

SIR JAMES MANN WORDIE, C.B.E., thirty-seventh Master of the College, died at his home in Cambridge 16 January 1962, aged 72. On retiring from the Mastership, 30 September 1959, he and Lady Wordie removed from the Lodge first to the University Arms and then to a flat at Pinehurst, Grange Road; his health was already failing, but he lingered on for more than two years, devotedly nursed by his wife, retaining his interest in the College and Johnians to the end.

A largely attended Memorial Service was held in the Chapel on 31 January.

Wordie came up to St John's in 1910, as what was then called an advanced student, from Glasgow Academy and the University of Glasgow, where he had taken his degree. He graduated at Cambridge through Part II (Geology) of the Natural Sciences Tripos, advanced students in those days being separately listed and not classed. In 1913 he was awarded the Harkness University Scholarship in Geology, and the next year he was appointed University Demonstrator in Petrology. Association in the Sedgwick Museum in Cambridge with geologists returned from Scott's expedition to the Antarctic, notably Debenham and Priestley, awakened his interest, which he never lost, in Polar exploration, and he joined Shackleton's *Endurance* expedition in 1914 as geologist and chief of the scientific staff. R. W. James, his contemporary at St John's, later Professor of Physics at Cape Town, was also a member of the party. As is well known, the ship was crushed in the ice, and Wordie was with the main party marooned for months on Elephant Island while their leader made his boat journey to South Georgia for help. Wordie seemed reluctant to talk about his experiences, but he was once heard to remark that Shackleton would have got on better if he had been a better mountaineer.

Wordie returned to England in 1917 and joined the Royal Artillery, serving in France until the end of the war. Back in Cambridge he soon showed that he had not lost his zest for exploration; in 1919 and 1920 he was second in command of the Scottish Spitzbergen Expedition, and in many Long Vacations between 1921 and 1937 he led a series of expeditions to Jan Mayen and Greenland and elsewhere in the North Polar Regions.

Meanwhile, he had been elected a Fellow of the College in November 1921, and in 1923 he was appointed a Tutor. He

was Junior Proctor of the University 1923-4. On Benians' election to the Mastership in 1933, Wordie became Senior Tutor. He succeeded Charlesworth as President in 1950, and finally, in 1952 he was elected Master.

All this time his enthusiasm for Polar work never flagged and he soon became known as the leading supporter and adviser of workers in this field. The managing committee of the Scott Polar Institute in Cambridge, of which he was chairman from 1937 to 1955, the Discovery Committee, the British National Committee of the International Geophysical Year, the Royal Geographical Society, of which he was President from 1951 to 1954, and the Trans-Antarctic expedition of Sir Vivian Fuchs, his former pupil, were some of the many bodies which turned to him for help. In 1947 he was sent out by the Colonial Office to the Falkland Islands, where, according to his own account, he spent most of his time playing cards with the Governor; but he found time to visit South Orkneys, South Shetlands and Graham Land. As late as 1953 he contributed (with R. J. Cyriax) a long introduction to John Rae's Correspondence on Arctic Exploration, published by the Hudson Bay Record Society.

Deservedly, many honours came his way. These include the Back award and Founders' gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society, the Bruce medal of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the gold medal of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, the Daly medal of the American Geographical Society, honorary degrees from the Universities of Glasgow and Hull, the C.B.E. in 1947, and finally a knighthood in the New Year Honours of 1957. His Honorary Fellowship of Trinity College, Dublin, was in part, no doubt, a compliment to the College from its younger sister.

In addition, as a correspondent points out in *The Glasgow Herald*, the Wordie Glacier in Greenland and the Wordie Crag in Spitzbergen are named after him. Incidentally, Wordie was responsible for the restoring of the name 'Briggs Island' to an island in Mistake Bay, Hudson Bay, discovered in 1632 by Captain Luke Foxe and called by him 'Briggs his Mathematicks' in honour of Henry Briggs (Fellow 1588), of logarithm fame.

Wordie married, in 1923, Gertrude Henderson, and had three sons, all are members of the College, and two daughters. All his children are married, and there are, to date, eleven grandchildren.

To his contemporaries Wordie always seemed to retain a certain charming boyishness and an impish humour; he was fond of pulling one's leg. I remember, too, a certain fine night during the Long Vacation when he came round to my rooms and insisted that I should accompany him on a tour of the roofs of second court; we were both Fellows at the time. And on another evening after

Hall he constrained the great T. R. Glover to come, rather unwillingly, to the Midsummer Fair. He rather despised convention. When he was Proctor he forgot that his presence was necessary at the formal election of the Vice-Chancellor on 1 June, and went to London without telling his authorised deputy, who likewise was away from Cambridge. There was great dismay and confusion in the Senate House; the officials went into a huddle and determined that, under the University Statutes, the only thing to do was to hold the election in his absence, declare it void, and hold another election later on. When Wordie returned, he found a summons from the President of Queens', rather a stickler for etiquette, and went round to see him and apologize, not wearing academical dress, and with a cloth cap.

Wordie was an excellent Tutor. He appeared somewhat casual; his records seemed to lack order, and the table in his study was heaped with piles of books and papers in apparent confusion. But his memory of members of the College, their doings and their family connections with the College was usually unfailing. He certainly knew his pupils, and his judgment in sizing them up was rarely at fault. To quote from a note published in *The Eagle* some ten years ago, 'He has shown a remarkable capacity for giving the right advice to a man who is at the outset of his career and whose whole future may depend largely upon the decision. Generations of his pupils have had reason to bless him.'

As a member of the College Council and as Master he sometimes had difficulty in finding arguments in support of a line of action which he felt the College ought to follow, but he fought for it with pertinacity, and seeming obstinancy; and he was usually right.

FRANK SAMUEL HERBERT KENDON was born 12 September 1893—"the third child to my father and mother, at a boarding school for boys" as he says in the opening sentence of *The Small Years*. After some years of flickering, painful for his family and friends to watch through, that once lively light was extinguished on 28 December 1959. Having spent some time re-reading his letters to me, in an attempt to recapture something of what I enjoyed when he was here in the flesh, I realize yet more fully that it requires another Frank Kendon to find the words and fashion the phrases if an adequate portrait of him is to be given.

The school at which he was born is Bethany near Goudhurst in Kent. It was founded by his grandfather and Frank's father and the father of the late E. A. Benians, our former Master, were later headmasters of the school. The school provided the early education of the two sons as it did that of the late Lord

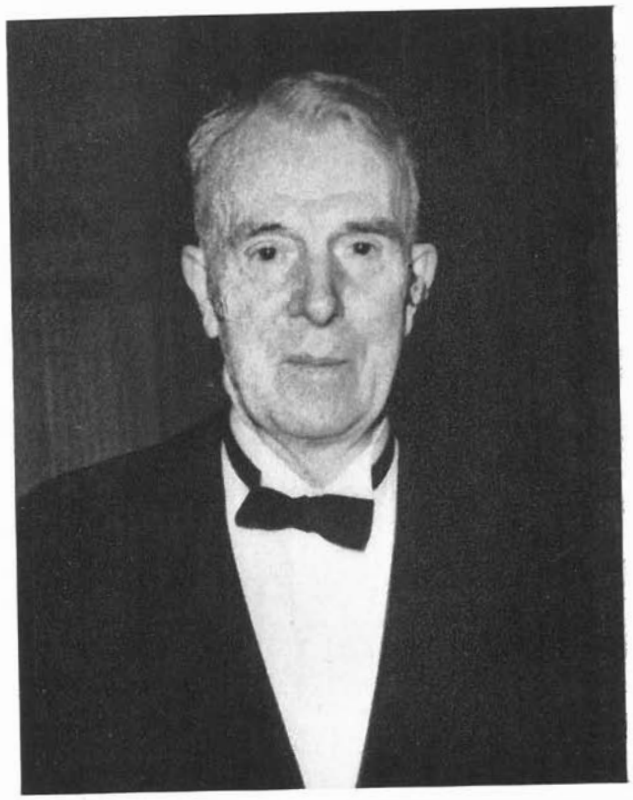
Stamp, among others, and still flourishes today. Those who have read *The Small Years*, described in the obituary in the *Times* as one of the minor classics of English autobiography, will not need to be told how Frank's early years were spent, but will have seen more plainly than in anything I can depict what poetic spirit possessed him.

After the war of 1914—1918, in which he served as a telegraphist with the Royal Engineers in Egypt, he came to St John's College at a time when Benians was Tutor. Whatever his experiences during the war, and of these he talked little, he now entered a new life. To quote from the *Times* again—"it was a period full of experiment and liveliness, especially in the field of literature. The English Tripos had only recently been established and Frank Kendon, in company with J. B. Priestley, Gerald Bullett, Edward Davidson and other eager young writers were quick to seize the opportunity of reading for an honours degree in something less rigid than classics or history." His first book *Poems and Sonnets* appeared in 1924 and under the influence of Coulton he wrote *Mural Paintings in English Churches.*

Having failed to obtain a post at the Victoria and Albert Museum he joined the staff of *John o'London's Weekly*. He was never aware of financial realities and it is said that when, at the interview, he was asked what salary he expected he replied that he had not thought about it, and that when a sum, small but not unreasonable, was mentioned he replied that he could live on much less than that. Having gained his experience with the paper, still finding time to write poetry as well as his *The Small Years*, he joined the staff of the University Press at Cambridge in 1935.

Although I had met Frank on his visits to Cambridge before and had read his book as soon as it was published it was now that a friendship, which has meant so much to me, began to grow. It was so lovely to find in the man what I had read about in the boy.

What he did for the University Press is shown in the artistry of the lay-out, the decoration, the book-jackets and the supporting publicity of the books that appeared. I often went to see him in his room at the Press and saw him at work. He brought a wide range of knowledge and feeling to his task and from it gained deep satisfaction. He went out to meet the authors and illustrators of the books. I remember his talking about his visits to Walter Rose, the author of *The Village Carpenter* and *Good Neighbours*, in order to get the spirit of the place while Rose was writing the latter book, and about his discussions with John Hookham who illustrated the book. It is a source of satisfaction



FRANK SAMUEL HERBERT KENDON

WILLIAM BLAIR ANDERSON

to me that I brought these two together—in many ways they were kindred spirits as evidenced by Frank's inscribing his one novel, *Martin Makesure*, to "My friend John Hookham". The authors, however, know best what Frank did for them and I cannot do better than quote from Christopher Fry, whose *Firstborn* he recommended to the Press Syndicate—"I am one of the very many who gained immeasurably from friendship with Frank Kendon; from his warm discerning counsel and criticism; from his conversation, sometimes incisive, sometimes gently adventuring from his letters, more often than not written in fine pencil, letters which would break off to become a poem, and return with no very noticeable change of gear to some other matter in hand: as though his poems were intensified moments in his general craft of being alive." Many others must have felt all this about this friend.

Apart from, or should I say a part of, his work at the Press and his poetry was his love of pictures. It was a great gain to visit with his company the Fitzwilliam Museum, as I frequently did, or the National Gallery and watch his loving examination of the pictures, especially of some favourite, and listen to his comments. His attempts to get into the picture by close examination of detail and the way his fingers hovered over the more exciting parts made his companion fear the approach of the guardians of the gallery. Needless to say, he had read his Ruskin carefully. His knowledge of pictures included the practical side; he could use his pencil and brush and he tried his hand with the graver and etching needle. Part of my education was to take proofs of my efforts in wood-engraving for his inspection; they always received minute examination and true criticism to my great benefit.

There were no Two Cultures for him; the abstractions of the physical sciences he may, with many others, have found difficult, but the spirit, particularly of the biological sciences, was in him; so much so that he could take home the manuscript of a scientific book and so get into the heart of the matter that he could help the author to express his ideas more clearly. His knowledge of the countryside, its birds and plants and handicrafts, was loving. His increasing deafness did not cut him off completely from the voice of the birds—a collection of gramophone records came to his assistance. He knew intimately the countryside round his home at Harston and the details of the landscape on the road from there to Cambridge were deeply etched on his mind, for he watched it through the seasons, hot and cold, as he rode his bicycle to the Press or, on an exhilarating day, made his way on foot.

He was so absorbed with the activities of a full life that he did not seem to worry about public recognition. One unkind review

of his novel cut him deeply. His election to a Fellowship at St John's College gave him satisfaction.

Although I have read most of his published poems and prose and treasure his Christmas greetings in verse I am incapable of making a literary assessment and so have sought the assistance of another of Frank's friends, H. S. Bennett, who writes as follows:

"As a literary artist Frank Kendon was almost wholly impervious to current fashions. His reminiscences of childhood, *The Small Years* (1930), can be compared with the works of two other poets, James Kirkwood and Laurie Lee who have recently rendered the impressions of the innocent eye, evoking child-experiences similarly perceptive. But Frank Kendon was neither following a fashion nor setting one. He was giving shape to his own experience. This book has been more appreciated than any other he wrote. His one novel was almost still-born. It is, like everything he wrote, *sui generis*, totally out of fashion and unlike any novel written before or since. It is a modern pilgrim's progress, the story of a man finding himself, expressed in a style careful to the verge of preciosity and yet conveying a very direct and simple response to life, the hero—everyman—is saved by love, fidelity, integrity and reverence for life; (if any modern writer influenced Frank's thought it was Albert Schweitzer). The poems record a similar vision of life. Imperviousness to literary fashion militated against their success; other techniques held the attention of critics and Frank Kendon's poems went unread or were dismissed as neo-Georgian. Yet this estimate is only partly just; his poetry has affinities with the best of the Georgian poets, with Edward Thomas, W. H. Davies and early Walter de la Mare; but he was no imitator of any of these. He resembled them only in his faithful recording of sense impressions, in the absence of sophistication and in his muted rhythms. His is the kind of poetry, unobtrusive but entirely genuine and distinctive, that is likely to be re-discovered from time to time. It is minor poetry, but it could only have been written by a careful craftsman bent on rendering precisely what he perceived. The rare quality of his personality informs the poems, they are fastidious, scrupulously exact in their recordings and they reveal a quick responsiveness to moral and sensuous beauty."

WILLIAM BLAIR ANDERSON (B.A., from Trinity, 1903), who died in Cambridge on 9 December 1959, was born in Aberdeen on 28 July 1877. He was the eldest of a family of two sons and five daughters, the eldest of whom became the wife of Alexander Souter (B.A., Caius, 1897, another distinguished Latinist and afterwards Regius Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen) and died in 1959 three months before her brother.

Aberdeen was Anderson's first university, from which he was to receive in later years, first its D.Litt., and then its honorary LL.D. He entered it in 1894 from Robert Gordon's College and graduated M.A. in 1898 with first class honours in Classics. In his final year there he was awarded the Liddel Prize for Latin Verse and the Jenkyns Prize in Classical Philology, and in 1899 the Fullerton Scholarship in Classics. At Aberdeen he was influenced by the very different virtues of John Harrower and William Mitchell Ramsay, who in 1886 had succeeded respectively to the Reguis chairs of Greek and Humanity: for in the words of the *Aberdeen University Review* which commemorated in 1960 the fusion of King's and Marischal Colleges a century before, Harrower was "the greatest teacher of Greek in the country" and Ramsay, whose fame lay in Anatolian studies rather than in Latin, "a gifted maker of knowledge". Later at Cambridge and as a scholar of Trinity Anderson was similarly impressed by A. W. Verrall, of whose brilliance in particular as a teacher of Greek and Latin composition he would speak warmly. Here indeed consisted part of Anderson's own strength, for he won the Browne Medal for Greek Epigram in 1902 and honourable mention in the competitions for the Porson Prize and Chancellor's Medals in 1903. His was a distinguished generation, for it included Gilbert Norwood of St John's, who later held chairs at Cardiff and Toronto, and L. H. G. Greenwood of King's, who was afterwards a Fellow of Emmanuel.

Between his first classes in Parts I and II of the Classical Tripos, Anderson returned to Aberdeen in order to assist Ramsay in 1901-02. In 1903 he went to the University of Manchester as an assistant lecturer at the same time as R. S. Conway (B.A., Caius, 1887) was appointed Hulme Professor of Latin. In 1906 he became Professor of Latin in Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, as T. R. Glover had been some years earlier. Unlike as Glover and Anderson were, they both retained the happiest memories of Queen's in after life, but it was not possible for the latter, to his regret, to revisit Ontario in later years as it was for the former. At Queen's Anderson had a colleague in a class-fellow at Aberdeen, Thomas Callander, who occupied the chair of Greek for 31 years and also died in 1959. It was in 1912, during Anderson's tenure of his post, that, after much controversy, Queen's was separated from the Presbyterian Church in Canada and became a non-sectarian university.

His return in 1913 to Manchester as Professor of Imperial Latin brought new strength to classical studies there, for Conway's interests were on the whole confined to comparative philology and to Latin literature of the Republic and the Augustan Age. On Conway's retirement in 1929 Anderson became Hulme Professor of Latin and the department of which he was head went from

strength to strength. It was a notable recruiting centre for higher appointments and to-day classical studies in England are the richer for the many men in senior positions who worked so well in their younger days with Anderson.

When A. E. Housman died in 1936, Anderson was appointed to succeed him as Kennedy Professor of Latin, and in May, 1937 he was elected into a Fellowship at St John's. To be thus adopted by the College of Kennedy and of Housman's predecessor, John E. B. Mayor, pleased Anderson very much, and he was immediately at home in his new environment. Like the first Kennedy Professor, H. A. J. Munro, as well as Mayor and Housman, Anderson was a bachelor; but the kindly and generous hospitality for which he had been so well known in Manchester with the help of his mother until her death and of his two sisters, was continued with the latter in their Cambridge homes, first in the Madingley Road and later in Hinton Avenue. He was at all times a benevolent and encouraging teacher and colleague, cautious in his judgements and painstaking in his help, with the highest standards and a quiet sense of humour in enforcing them. During the war and after his retirement from the Kennedy Professorship in 1942, his assistance with College instruction was greatly valued, and the opportunity to exercise his continued skill as a composer was enjoyed alike by the teacher and the taught.

Anderson originally possessed a strong physique, and the interest in games which he maintained all his life was that of an active participant in his younger days. But a serious illness before he returned from Kingston to Manchester left him with a C3 grade in the first world war, during which he served in Intelligence, and with indifferent health for many years, although he still enjoyed a game of golf long after he came to live in Cambridge. Fortunately he was still well enough to derive the greatest enjoyment from a gathering in St John's of his Manchester and Cambridge friends in the Summer of 1957 to honour his eightieth birthday.

In his scholarship Anderson was a perfectionist, and this quality of mind, together with his innate conservatism and the state of his health, no doubt prevented the flow of his published work from being commensurate with his learning. A Pitt Press edition of Livy's ninth book in 1909 attained the highest standards of that series, and the first volume of his edition in 1936 of the poems and letters of Sidonius is a masterpiece in the Loeb Classical Library. In apologising to *The Eagle* and its readers for this deferred obituary, the writer had hoped to notice the posthumous appearance of the second volume; but this is still postponed. Many of Anderson's articles and reviews were concerned with the Latin poets, notably Vergil, Lucan, and

Statius, and were written with graceful lucidity and penetration. He had indeed collected materials for editions of Lucan and of the second book of Statius' *Thebaid*, but these remained unpublished.

One of his reviews has described an eminent foreign Latinist as "a scholar of charming modesty, who has devoted a long life whole-heartedly to the advancement of learning." Those who knew Anderson would thus remember him, whether or not they recalled the context from which these words are taken. When Housman published in 1926 his edition of Lucan *editorum in usum*, the delicate blend of generous admiration and whimsical irony which greeted it in *The Classical Review* early in the following year was characteristic of the man who was found worthy to succeed him a decade later. It was not for everyone to rebuke the "familiar imp" that possessed Housman and "both served and plagued" him. "But", concluded Anderson, "Hosius is a human scholar, and sometimes errs, while the imp is both superhuman and inhuman, and never spares. So throughout the book which we have been considering many gibes are flung at that worthy, modest scholar—gibes sometimes, indeed, harmless, but oftener peevish or harsh or cruel. Wherefore those who admire the imp's master are grieved for him and for his country's good name, and wistfully wonder if imps are as immune from correction as cherubs." *Le style est l'homme même.*

R. J. G.

Obituaries

LUCIEN MACULL DOMINIC DE SILVA (B.A. 1914)

LUCIEN MACULL DOMINIC DE SILVA (B.A. 1914), Honorary Fellow, died at his home, Willow Brook, Hassocks, Sussex, 28 November 1962.

De Silva was born in Ceylon 25 April 1893, the son of G. de Silva. He was at Royal College, Colombo, and at Trinity College, Kandy, and came up to St John's in the Easter Term 1911, where he took both parts of the Mathematical Tripos. He was called to the Bar in 1916. He took silk at the Ceylon Bar in 1931 and was Solicitor General of Ceylon from that year until 1934, acting as Attorney General in 1932. In 1933 he was appointed Puisne Justice of the Supreme Court of Ceylon, but retired from the service of the Government of Ceylon the following year. He took silk at the English Bar in 1938. During the next ten years he was chairman successively of the Bribery Inquiry Commission of Ceylon, of the Commission to inquire into the law relating to mortgage, credit facilities, and protection of lands of agriculturists in Ceylon, of the Ceylon Delimitation Commission, and of the Ceylon Commission relating to companies. He was a Ceylon delegate in 1947 at the Commonwealth Conference on Citizenship, and in 1949 at the Commonwealth Relations Conference in Canada.

In 1953 de Silva was sworn a member of the Privy Council and became a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and in 1956 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the College.

In 1930 he married Anne, daughter of George G. Edwards, of Llandrinio, Montgomeryshire. There were no children.

Lord Morton of Henryton writes:

Lucien de Silva was sworn as a member of the Privy Council in 1953 and sat regularly in the Judicial Committee until his last illness. He proved to be a very valuable member of the Board, sitting in every appeal from his native country Ceylon and frequently in appeals from other parts of the world.

His well-balanced mind and wide knowledge of law were of the greatest assistance in the deliberations of the Board, and when work was ended he was a charming companion, with a delightful sense of humour. Throughout his life he remained a loyal Johnian, and his election as an Honorary Fellow of the College gave him great pleasure.

In conversations with the writer of this note (whose fourth year at St John's ended shortly before de Silva matriculated) he loved to recall his days as an undergraduate, and often said how much he enjoyed the visits which he paid to the College as an Honorary Fellow and the welcome which he got there.

He will be sadly missed by his many friends in the legal profession.

HARRY BANISTER 1882-1962 (Ph.D. 1926)

THIS is not a record of his earlier, and rather adventurous, life, or of his general academic achievements, which were considerable, it is part of the story of Harry Banister as a Johnian. He came up to College in 1922 as a Research Student. He was a fine player of the violin, and was interested, not only in music as a source of enjoyment, but also in the human problems of listening to sounds. He devised and carried out many valuable experiments on the localisation of sound, and was awarded the Ph.D. degree in 1925. He was then appointed to a new Lectureship in Experimental Psychology in the University, and this led to his being given dining rights at the College High Table, which he greatly appreciated, and made full use of, throughout the rest of his long life.

During the 1920's psychology was developing rapidly in Cambridge and in this St John's played a prominent part. W. H. R. Rivers was at the height of his influence and activity. He was made College Praelector in Natural Sciences, and, as everybody who was up at the time will remember, he took this as an opportunity to establish close and friendly relations between senior and junior members of the College. After Rivers's death the ideals for which he stood perhaps suffered a relapse for a time, but they remained alive, and were to grow strong again as the years went by.

At first Banister's informal contacts in College life were mainly with the Musical Society, of which he was an active and valued member. But, like many others in his time, he was strongly influenced by Rivers, and he turned his attention more and more in the direction of medical psychology. The fact that he came into this field already mature, with a wide and varied experience behind him, added to a native bent to study and to understand men and women won him marked success as he came to deal with individual problems of behaviour. When "Dave" Raven became Chaplain and Dean and, later, M. P. Charlesworth was Tutor and then President, these three were closely joined in establishing afresh, and in a special, more individual, manner close friendly relations between all parts of the College Society.

Harry had been a considerable sportsman in his earlier days in India, riding, big game shooting and playing polo. All this had to be set aside, of course, when he came to Cambridge and became more and more immersed in College activities and University teaching. There came a day, however, when he and I decided that we would take up golf together. Thereafter once a week, whenever it was possible, he drove me to Royston in his astonishing old Trojan motor car, which not infrequently demanded to be pushed from behind before it would go forward, and we played a round followed by tea at the club house, piling up vast scores and enjoying every bit of it. A year or two before this Mr Sykes had started a High Table golf competition, which was played at St Ives during the long vacation, and he produced each year a silver cup for the winner. Harry's golf improved rapidly and before long he became Secretary for the Competition. When Charlesworth succeeded Sykes as President and presented a new cup to become a prize for each winner to hold for a year, Harry continued, with unfailing enthusiasm, to organise the event. Play was in due course removed from St Ives to Royal Worlington at Mildenhall, and Banister remained as Secretary until a very few years before his death. I believe that the last semi-public occasion which he attended was a Sherry Party given in honour of his eightieth birthday by the other members of the High Table golfing group.

When the College Council made the new title of "Member of the Combination Room", Harry was in the first batch of elections. This gave him great and unqualified pleasure.

It is not too much to say that if he could have come to College earlier in his life, and if he could then have produced research of the quality which won his Ph.D., he might well have become a Fellow. That this did not happen made little real difference. His capacity for friendship, his sober good judgement, his human insight, and his unfailing loyalty won him a place in St John's which gave him immense satisfaction, and will remain to all of us who knew him well, a cherished memory.

F. C. B.

T. ALAN SINCLAIR, M.A., D.LITT.
(B.A. 1922, Fellow 1926-1929)

PROFESSOR T. ALAN SINCLAIR, who on 10 October 1961, died suddenly in hospital at Belfast, was a member and former Fellow of this College, one of the numerous succession of students who since the day of Sir Joseph Larmor have come to St John's from the North of Ireland. He belonged to a family which has had a long and distinguished connection with the academic, political,

and industrial life of Ulster; and, in keeping with this family tradition, some of Sinclair's best and most enduring service was given to the educational work of the province, notably in his long tenure (1934-1961) of the Chair of Greek at Queen's University and in his membership of the Board of Governors at his old school, the Academical Institution, where a junior like myself can remember him long ago as a power in the Classical Sixth and as a prefect who could exercise firm persuasion in the interests of cricket—the game that all though his life he most liked and enjoyed.

It was after the First War that Sinclair came to Cambridge to read for the Classical Tripos, with Philology as his speciality in Part II. Immediately after graduating he was appointed to a Lectureship in Classics at University College, Southampton (1923-1926), and next to a Readership in Classics at Birkbeck College, London (1926-1934); and, if I remember correctly, it was during his tenure of this latter post that he was elected into a Fellowship at St John's. In 1934 he left London to take up his appointment as Professor of Greek at Queen's University, Belfast; and it was here in his native province, that as writer, teacher and administrator, he made the contribution to education which was his main lifework and which endures as his chief memorial. While still at Birkbeck, he had collaborated with Professor F. A. Wright in producing a History of later Latin Literature, a field somewhat outside the range of Sinclair's main researches: but his true classical interests were soon demonstrated in the important edition of *Hesiod's Works and Days* which he published in 1932, and later by his *History of Greek Literature* and his *History of Greek Political Thought;* and, at the time of his death, he had been at work on a translation of Aristotle's *Politics* for the Penguin Classics. In his time at Queen's he took a large part in the administration of the University, as Head of the Department of Greek for 27 years, as Secretary of the Council of Professors for 11 years, as Registrar, and as Dean of the Faculty of Theology. In all this he served his University with a loyalty and devotion which were as unassuming and modest as they were efficient and wise. I have heard a good deal from his colleagues about his qualities in office—so just, so methodical, so friendly, and above all so reasonable. And he was just the same with his pupils—a man of much precise learning and of great industry who expected from them a high standard of attainment or, at any rate, of endeavour: and, given this, he treated them with an engaging patience and encouragement that were altogether characteristic of his generous mind. It is not surprising that among his own people in the North of Ireland this scholar and man of letters was regarded with deep respect and affection: it is particularly

gratifying to recall that his qualities of mind and heart were recognized and appreciated in the other part of Ireland and that in Dublin the National University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Letters *honoris causa*.

W. H. S.

Obituary

ROBERT JOHN GETTY

ROBERT John Getty died suddenly at his home in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, on 24 October 1963. The world of classical scholarship on both sides of the Atlantic was deeply shocked and grieved; but the passing of such a man is not only a blow to scholarship: it is a real loss to friendship, for few are able to acquire as many friends of every age and occupation as he.

Born in 1908 in County Londonderry, Northern Ireland, he went from secondary school in Coleraine to the Queen's University, Belfast, and received his first degree in 1928. He then proceeded to St John's College, Cambridge, and obtained his second B.A. with First Class Honours in the Classical Tripos in 1930. An M.A. followed in 1934. His first post, from 1930 to 1934, was that of Assistant in Latin at Aberdeen, where he worked with Professor Souter, and met the young Assistant in Greek, Margaret Wood, who became his wife in 1935. He spent the next three years as Lecturer in Latin at Liverpool, where he was associated with and became a close friend of J. F. (now Sir James) Mountford, who was then Head of the Department. In 1937 he returned to Cambridge as Fellow of St John's College and University Lecturer in Classics. During the war years he served the United Kingdom Government in various Departments, doing work of an important and confidential nature. In 1945 he returned to Cambridge for two years, during which the present writer was privileged to be one of his pupils, and, like all his pupils, one of his friends.

He left Cambridge for Canada in 1947 to take the post of Professor of Latin at University College, University of Toronto, and in 1951 succeeded Gilbert Norwood as Professor of Classics and Head of the Department. He gave generously of his time and talents in many capacities: as teacher and colleague, as a member of the Editorial Board of *Phoenix*, and in all aspects of the work of the Classical Association of Canada, of which he was a Vice-President. In 1956 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and during his eleven years at Toronto he became a familiar and welcome figure at meetings of learned societies not only in Canada, but equally in the United States. He was Visiting Professor for one summer at Chicago, and a most devoted member of the Classical Association of the Mid-West and South and of the American Philological Association, serving as President of the latter in 1959. In the previous year he had crossed the border more permanently to become the first Paddison Professor of Classics at the University of North Carolina and,

ROBERT JOHN GETTY

for a year, Chairman of the Department of Classics in succession to B. L. Ullman. Robert Getty was one of those men of whom it may be said: "*caelum, non animum, mutant*", and he remained the same in Carolina as he had been in Toronto, never sparing himself in the causes of scholarship and friendship, and always "going the second mile" both on his home campus and at meetings where he could be relied upon to play a full role, equally on the platform and behind the scenes. No task, however irksome, was too irksome for him to perform; no word or act of thoughtful concern was ever left by him unspoken or undone.

He was the author of a study, *The Lost St Gall Manuscript of Valerius Flaccus*, of an edition of Lucan, *De Bello Civili* Book I, of bibliographies and of numerous reviews and articles, chiefly dealing with Latin poetry, especially Vergil, Horace and Lucan. He was an authority on the work of scholars such as Bentley and Housman, whom he greatly admired, and in whose steps he followed. He was a perfectionist, without being pedantic, in his quest for the most precise understanding of textual and metrical problems. He had a remarkable grasp of the complexities of ancient astronomy and took keen delight in the discussion and elucidation of astronomical cruces in classical literature. His style was marked by clarity and careful polish, and, especially in conversation, enlivened by his cheerful and robust sense of humour. He used rather wistfully to quote Aristotle's μεθ' ἡδονῆς ἡ προσεδρεία as the perfect motto for the dedicated scholar, and one may wish that he could have found it possible to enjoy to a greater extent that undistracted concentration. But the demands made upon him by the positions which he filled, together with the unselfish attention which he gave to his ever-widening circle of pupils, friends and colleagues, never left him with enough time to achieve all the works of scholarship for which he was so well qualified by his natural talents and his impressive erudition.

Perhaps the best and most fitting tributes to Robert Getty's unusual qualities as a man and a scholar—his friendly courtesy, his good humour, his intellect and his learning—were paid in two letters to the student newspaper of the University of North Carolina. One was written by a member of the Library staff, reminding us that much of his time was spent in and for libraries, consulting, borrowing and recommending purchases of books; the other by a student who recalls the affection and respect which he inspired. Both letters are expressions of personal feeling written with sincere emotion. There are not many academics, however eminent and however worthy, whose passing would evoke such spontaneous testimonies as these, and these are merely representative (as this memorial is representative) of countless other unwritten tributes of regret and gratitude.

R. M. H. S.

I FIRST met Robert Getty in 1938 when he came back to the College to teach. At that time he had temporary quarters in D2 Third Court and there one sat at his side opposite a bookcase containing the 160 volumes of A. J. Valpy's reprint of the Delphin Classics. Robert would explain that he had bought this set for its indices to the Latin poets and not for its text; these indices were invaluable to a Latinist and so he had extracted them from their Regency boards and had had them honourably and separately bound up. After conversation of this kind he would hand back one's compositions for the week carefully amended in red ink with numerous marginal references to classical authors and works of scholarship. Looking back now I can better appreciate the time and trouble he must have spent on that preliminary work for the supervision. He was extremely conscientious. Then he used to talk about scholars past and present, their merits and demerits, habits, quirks and family connexions; he had a very good memory for significant gossip. One heard about Bentley's legal battles, Porson's Bacchic potations, James Henry's vast defence of the four introductory lines to the *Aeneid*, Housman's controversy with Postgate, and how Headlam was Bentley's great-great-great-great-grandson—all this in a humorous Ulster brogue and a rather formal diction that carefully avoided the colloquial. For he was very ceremonious and almost exaggeratedly polite; I often tried to get him to go through a door first but never succeeded. I remember being very impressed by the expert way in which he managed introductions and by his remarkable knowledge of all the members of the High Table and their particular lines of work. As for his own work I still admire his edition of the first book of Lucan and especially that part of the introduction which deals with Lucan's rhetoric. Latterly much of his time was spent in reviewing other scholars' books. An excellent example of his thorough and constructive criticism is his review of Platnauer's *Latin Elegiac Verse* in Classical Philology 48, 1953 pp. 189-192—a review indispensable to any serious user of the book. But I owe more to Robert himself than to his work. It was he who first taught me, as he must have taught many others, the meaning of scholarship.

A. G. L.

Obituary

The Late Mr H. Summers, Kitchen Manager

In the summer of 1960 Mr Sadler retired after nearly 30 years as Kitchen Manager, and the College was fortunate in being able to appoint as his successor a man of wide experience in catering. Mr Summers came to us from managing the catering for a number of Public Schools in the West of England. He quickly identified himself with the College and he was proud to be in charge of all the catering involved in the celebrations in 1961 of the 450th anniversary of the Foundation. He did not spare himself in his work for the College, and there was hardly ever an evening Hall that he did not supervise himself. There was a constant stream of visitors to his little office—senior and junior members of the College, secretaries of University societies and of outside bodies all coming to arrange lunches, parties and dinners with him, as well as many business callers. If this made it at times hard for the Steward to find an opportunity to discuss Kitchen matters with him, there was always peace for a talk in the Backs where he could be found each morning feeding his particular group of ducks. His untimely death in the early weeks of this year was an unexpected loss to the College.

Obituary

Frederick Barry Kipping, 1902-1965

Fellow 1954-65

Dr F. B. Kipping died on January 12th, 1965, after an association with the University of almost forty years, and with the College of some twenty years. His story at Cambridge began in 1919 when he came up to Trinity College in October 1919 as an Exhibitioner from Nottingham High School. He read Natural Sciences and in both parts of the Tripos achieved Firsts. He started post-graduate work under Dr W. H. Mills on the stereochemistry of some substituted piperazines and was awarded the Ph.D. degree in 1925; during this time, like many research students today, he worked as a College supervisor and as an assistant demonstrator in practical organic chemistry classes. It was probably during this period that he discovered his predilection for teaching. Much of his subsequent research was stereochemical in character, the possibility of getting unequivocal answers to his questions was one that appealed to him and is characteristic of his direct approach—not confined only to chemical spheres! Often this kind of research was complicated and laborious requiring a great deal of patience and tenacity, two qualities that he possessed in good measure. His stereochemical interests covered tin compounds, sulphonylthiolthanes and cyclobutanes to mention a few but were not confined to those: he also worked on problems connected with natural products, one of them, protoanemonin, a lachrymator, may have had something to do with his duties in the Second World War as we shall see.

He was appointed to a University Demonstratorship in 1930 and for many years lectured on Organic Chemistry to students reading the two parts of the Tripos. He supervised for the College from Michaelmas 1934; he was elected a Fellow in 1954 and was appointed to a College Lectureship in 1955. He was the Director of Studies in Chemistry for the College from 1961 and also helped Pembroke College in this way. It was as a lecturer and teacher and later as an administrator that he excelled. He was nothing if not candid and he was keenly interested in the kind of undergraduates he taught. For example, his comments to me would vary from "I'm impressed how pleasant our freshmen are this year", to "I told him I'm Director of Studies for John's—a *men's* College—not Girton"; referring to the long-haired leather-

jacketted type of undergraduate he occasionally encountered in recent years. Comments like the latter were made with panache and a deep gruff voice that cannot have failed to have had their effect. His lectures were clear, brief and critical and before the increasing volume of material in recent years made it impossible they were illustrated with a large number of experiments. He was an excellent supervisor of the Socratic kind, helping his charges to find their own way and use their knowledge. Dogma in his pupils was discouraged, a deep curt "why?" would often arrest in full spate the fluent and plausible exponent of imperfectly understood views. He particularly liked to help the less-able people he supervised, and had very great patience and understanding which his bluff exterior to some extent concealed. To shed light where there was none before *is* one of the rewards of the supervisor—to Kipping it was the most intensely satisfying feature of the supervision system.

It has been said that Kipping was at his most characteristic in the practical classes. Not for him the spectator's chair; armed with test-tubes he went round the benches and both by experiment and by terse and often devastating comment he stimulated the scholar and stung into action the more sluggishly inclined.

In 1937 he was appointed to a Lectureship, an office he held until his death. Two years later, with the country at war, he made use of his talents in the national effort. February 1940 saw him in the Air Ministry as a Senior Scientific Officer and with the rank of Squadron Leader he was posted to the Middle East Command as an adviser on chemical warfare. When the Ministry of Aircraft Production was formed in May 1940 the chemical warfare staff was transferred to it and in October 1941 Dr Kipping was promoted to Wing Commander. He returned to England in November 1941 as chemical warfare adviser to Fighter Command and Army Co-operation Command. In February 1942 he was made an assistant director of Scientific Research but retained his responsibilities with Fighter Command. In this capacity he advised the Ministry of Aircraft Production on chemical matters, represented it on several committees and helped to maintain liaison with universities.

From 1945 his administrative duties here steadily increased in scope and importance. He served on the Council of the Senate and on the General Board but his most valuable work was probably done as secretary of the Faculty Board of Physics and Chemistry. His capacity for hard work, his attention to detail, his direct approach backed by a reliable memory were invaluable assets to his colleagues. Again and again he was re-appointed to this key position; a fitting testimony to his efficiency.

He was a kind man with what might be called an active compassion. He soon recognised that more should be done for teachers and other university officers who were not fellows of Colleges and gave valuable help in the formation of the University Combination Room—he was the first Chairman of the Managing Committee and contributed much to its success.

Kipping had many interests outside chemistry and university administration. As a young man he played the saxophone though this was an accomplishment that he kept well-concealed. His interest in magic however lasted throughout his life and for many years he held office in the University Pentacle Club. As hobbies he collected shells and stamps; he was also a keen sportsman—with tennis as his major interest. Characteristically he was not only an excellent player in his younger days but contributed much to the game in terms of its organisation. He played for Nottinghamshire and later for Cambridgeshire; he served on the Committees of the County and English Lawn Tennis Association and was vice-chairman of the L.T.A. Council in 1964.

Kipping was also a keen golfer and always enjoyed taking part in High Table tournaments for example; he won the cup in the September before he died. It is again characteristic that while playing with him in that tournament he said to me casually, "I'm getting married you know, (this was unsuspected)—it would have have been today but the tournament was on". This was not gamesmanship but what one might call vintage Kipping! Dr Kipping married Margaret Williams in 1926 and there were two sons and a daughter of this marriage. In 1955 his wife died and he lived alone until 1964 when he married Mrs Ursula Ward-Smith who survives him.

In this short account of his life it has been possible to mention only a few of his many achievements and characteristics. How may those of us who knew him as colleague and teacher summarise his personality? Blunt, yes, but he had deeper qualities of compassion and understanding of other people's feelings and motives as well as a well-developed sense of humour. We in the College have lost a sincere and able colleague and the University a fine teacher and administrator.

R. H. PRINCE.

Sir Edward Victor Appleton,

G.B.E., K.C.B., F.R.S.

B.A. 1914. Fellow 1919-1925 and 1936-1939

SIR EDWARD APPLETON, Honorary Fellow, died very suddenly at his home in Edinburgh on Wednesday, April 21st 1965, aged 72. He was one of the world's leading physicists and, more than any other, the founder of the science which we now call Ionospheric Physics.

He first came to the College in 1911 and was elected to a Scholarship in 1913. He took the Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I in 1913 and Part II (Physics) in 1914 and obtained a first class in both parts. When war came he enlisted as a private in the West Riding Regiment, but was later transferred to the Signals branch of the Royal Engineers and became a Wireless Officer with the rank of Captain. At this time the earliest wireless valves were coming into use and some of us can remember Appleton's stories of experiments with them in the trenches. This interest continued and led later to his only text-book, a small monograph on the Thermionic Vacuum Tube which has since run through numerous editions and is still widely used by students.

After the war he returned to Cambridge to work in the Cavendish Laboratory and was elected to a Fellowship of the College in 1919. He now began research and by 1923 had published seven or eight scientific papers mostly on wireless valves and their use in electrical circuits. From 1923 onwards some of his papers dealt with the propagation of radio waves and the possible effects of electrically conducting regions in the earth's atmosphere. The work culminated in December 1924 in the direct experimental proof of the existence of a region about 100 km. high which can reflect radio waves. This Kennelly-Heaviside layer had been postulated as early as 1902 but Appleton and M. A. F. Barnett gave the first unambiguous demonstration of its presence. Shortly afterwards Appleton left Cambridge to become Wheatstone Professor of Experimental Physics at King's College, London. But the experiments continued and led, a few years later, to the discovery of a higher reflecting layer known at first as the Appleton layer. He renamed these layers the E-layer and the F-layer, wisely leaving some alphabetical leeway; some lower layers called the D-layer and the C-layer have since been discovered. The whole group of ionised layers is now called The Ionosphere. Appleton was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1927.

Before he left the College in 1925 he was Director of Studies in Physics. He was succeeded in this post by a theoretical physicist, D. R. Hartree. Both of them had worked on the theory of the effect of the earth's magnetic field on the propagation of radio waves through the ionised upper atmosphere and deduced independently a formula giving their velocity and attenuation. This is now the famous Appleton-Hartree formula, though in fact it was also published at about the same time by another Johnian.

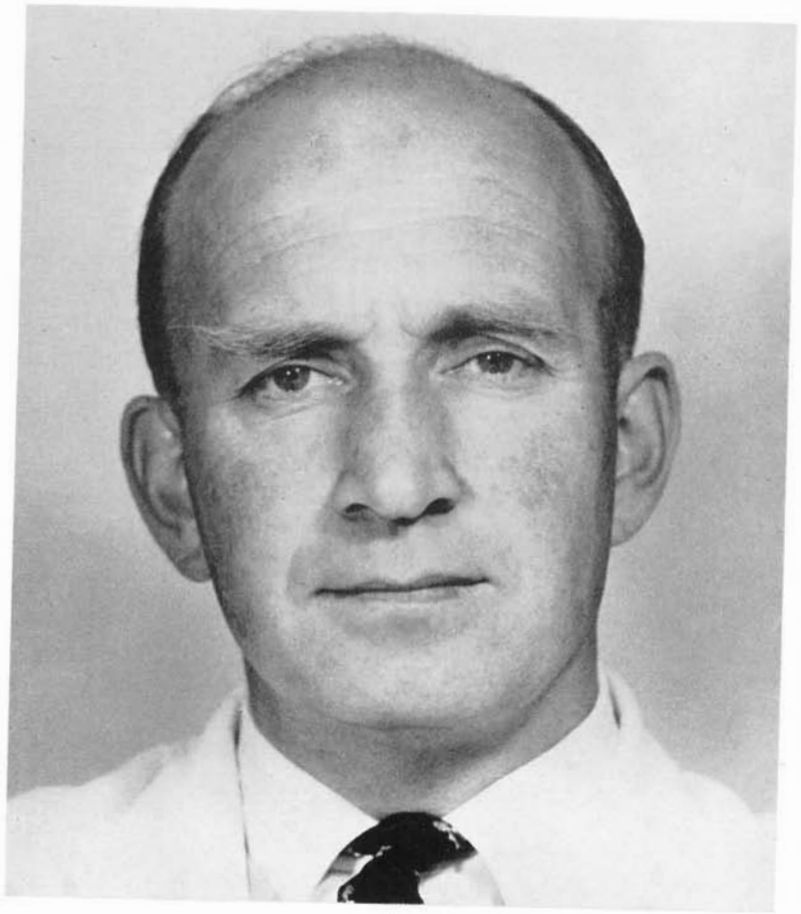
Appleton returned to Cambridge in 1936 as Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Cavendish Laboratory. He was re-elected a Fellow of the College and had rooms in B New Court. Here we used to meet ionospheric physicists from all over the world. Here too we watched the Boat Race on one of the first occasions when it was televised.

In 1939, he became Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, a most important post involving a major share in the direction of our scientific resources for war. He was knighted in 1941 and awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1947. In 1949 he became Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, and held this position until his death.

In addition to the heavy responsibilities of his position at Edinburgh he was editor of the *Journal of Atmospheric and Terrestrial Physics*, affectionately known as "The Appleton Journal", and he continued to publish scientific papers, mostly on the formation and changes of the Ionosphere. In his later years he also wrote many articles of a wider scientific interest, for example the Reith Lectures, in 1956, entitled "Science and the Nation". Of particular Johnian interest is the Sir Joseph Larmor Memorial Lecture published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* in 1961 (Vol. 61A, p. 55) entitled "Sir Joseph Larmor and the Ionosphere".

He was elected an Honorary Fellow of the College in 1946.

September, 1965. K. G. B.



JAMES WILSON MILLEN, M.A., M.D., D.SC., SC.D.

Obituaries

James Wilson Millen,

M.A., M.D., D.Sc., Sc.D.

THE death on the 14th of March, 1966, at the early age of 51, of Dr J. W. Millen, Reader in Anatomy in the University, was a great loss to the department in which he served, and to medical undergraduates in the University. I believe, too, that the Fellowship at St John's College feels diminished by his passing.

James Millen was an Ulsterman and, like most of that ilk, proud of his origin. He was born in Bangor, Co. Down, on 1st February, 1915. He was a pupil and eventually Head Boy of the Grammar School there. He left school with five distinctions in his Matriculation subjects, and in 1932, at the age of 17, became a student of medicine in The Queen's University of Belfast. There Millen had a distinguished undergraduate career, being awarded, amongst other distinctions, the Malcolm Clinical Scholarship. He graduated M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., with honours in 1937, and after resident posts in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast, he joined The Queen's University Anatomy Department as a demonstrator in 1938. Three years later he was appointed to a lectureship in Anatomy, and in 1944 was elevated to a specially created post of senior lecturer. From 1941 until his resignation in 1948, Millen was second in command in the Belfast department, and as such, was responsible for a large amount of its administration, including the arrangements for dissecting room work. At the outbreak of the war he volunteered for the Armed Forces, but owing to a cardiac condition, his services were declined. With the absence of many members of the University on active service, heavy demands were made on those who remained; consequently Millen acquired further administrative chores and a number of extramural duties. An enumeration of his special responsibilities in Belfast during those trying days would be otiose here, but attention is drawn to them for two reasons. In the first place he was given responsibilities and experience unusual for a man of his seniority and status, wherein probably lies the explanation for his success in administration in later years. Secondly they can explain why he was slow in starting on an effective research career. Indeed, with his commitments it is surprising that Millen was then able to carry out any investigative work. Nevertheless he did so and his

researches were submitted as a thesis on the "Form and Subdivisions of the Stomach", for which, in 1943, he was awarded the M.D. degree with Gold Medal.

At the end of the war Millen could have looked forward to a secure academic career with an assured future in Belfast. However, feeling thwarted in his research interests, and overwhelmed by teaching and administrative duties, he sought leave of absence and, in 1947, spent the period granted in the Department of Human Anatomy at Oxford under Professor Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark. There he changed his field of interest from comparative anatomy to that of the structure of the nervous system, and, exploiting technical methods developed in the Oxford Department, he carried out careful investigations on the innervation of blood vessels. The resulting paper, though short, represented a distinct contribution and it is still referred to in the literature.

In the following year, at the age of 33, he accepted a junior appointment in Cambridge as a University Demonstrator in Anatomy, a decision entailing a considerable diminution in academic status and seniority. In 1950, however, he was made a University Lecturer, and soon assumed responsibility for the undergraduate neuroanatomy course. Owing to the greater length of the preclinical period in Cambridge the structure of the nervous system can receive more attention than in most other Medical Schools. Millen took advantage of this situation by increasing the undergraduates' access to more and better material, his interest in techniques adding much to the beauty of the students' histological sections. Meanwhile, and in association particularly with D. H. M. Woollam, Millen commenced the publication of a series of papers reporting investigations on the non-nervous elements of the central nervous system, and on experimental teratology. In 1957 he was appointed to a University Readership in Anatomy, and, in 1959, was elected to a Fellowship at St John's College, a distinction of which he was very proud. He had earlier been awarded the Belfast D.Sc. for his contributions to anatomical knowledge, and, in 1963, the degree of Sc.D. was awarded to him by the University of Cambridge. He was for five years secretary of the Faculty Board of Biology "B". The experience thus gained gave his opinions on the problems of medical education and of University administration a special value, and in recent years his forthright expression of them at Faculty meetings was received with much respect.

Despite a reserve not uncommon in Ulstermen, Millen was essentially a friendly person, who liked working with people. He also believed that two minds are often better than one. Consequently much of his research was carried out in conjunction

with other workers; as indicated above, it fell into two principal fields, one concerned with the cerebrospinal fluid and the blood supply of nervous tissue, the other with experimental mammalian teratology. There is not an absolute separation between the two sets of studies, however, for the investigations on the cerebrospinal fluid had repercussions on the teratological studies, especially in regard to the experimental production of hydrocephalus. Special attention can be drawn to the investigations on the perivascular spaces of the central nervous system. The critical review of these spaces which Millen and Woollam published in *Biological Reviews* in 1954 has been widely recognised as the most coherent and critical analysis of the various, and often confused, views on these spaces that has yet been published. The teratological studies have also been widely influential, showing, as they do, the significance of vitamin deficiences and excesses in the production of developmental abnormalities of the mammalian nervous system. Perhaps even more important was the demonstration that the teratogenic effects of environmental alterations (including those of nutrition) can be modified, potentiated, or diminished by the simultaneous administration of certain drugs, including cortisone. The extensive experiments on which these contributions were based were carefully planned and admirably carried out and analysed. Prior to the thalidomide tragedy, they constituted the most extensive work on experimental mammalian teratology that had been carried out in Great Britain. Hence the investigations achieved considerable prominence, both nationally and internationally, when the necessity to develop experiments for the screening of pharmaceutical products for possible teratogenicity became apparent. If the work did not demonstrate precisely how the effects of certain adverse environments and influences on developments are mediated, it did establish a firm basis for the exploration of the mechanisms involved, and this at a period when teratogenic studies did not have that respectability which was later to be conferred on them by the discovery of the deleterious effects of thalidomide. Much of Millen's investigative work was summarised in two books, *The Anatomy of Cerebrospinal Fluid* (in conjunction with Woollam, Oxford University Press, 1962) and *The Nutritional Basis of Reproduction* (Springfield, Illinois, Thomas, 1962).

In addition to these significant contributions, and there were others, in two fields of anatomy, Millen forwarded the subject in other directions, not least by the high standard of his advanced teaching and the help he gave to research students. He was himself a careful worker who delighted in elegance in histological and injection preparations, and would spare no pains to achieve

what he regarded as the fullest exploitation of a technique. In his elementary teaching Millen achieved that, not very common, balance between dogmatism and enthusiasm which undergraduates so much appreciate and from which they can so clearly benefit. Although his knowledge of human anatomy was most detailed (for Ulster is only Scotland extended and the Edinburgh Anatomical tradition is the Scottish one!) Millen was not one who, in Dean Swift's words "consider anatomy the ultimate end of physic". As a qualified doctor who had once had surgical aspirations, he believed that all medical undergraduates should acquire a sound knowledge of the body's structure but he was not averse from the climate of contemporary opinion in anatomical pedagogics that that sound knowledge should be based on a general biological approach. Consequently he was most critical of those who would make the subject merely descriptive and ancillary to clinical medicine. Equally, however, he disliked an approach which, as it were, deliberately divaricates as far as may be from any presentation of anatomical facts of use to the practising doctor. That a piece of knowledge can be applied did not, in his opinion, make it *ipso facto* non-scientific or intellectually disreputable.

Millen had two side interests which must receive brief notice. He was a devoted follower of Rugby Football: in spite of his physical handicap he had played the game as a boy, and he followed the progress of the teams with which he was brought into contact with passionate interest. In Belfast he had been President of the University Football Club. An Irish victory in an International always gave him intense satisfaction. A victory by the Varsity team over Oxford when there were Ulstermen in light blue jerseys elated him for weeks. He was a connoisseur of the game and savoured all its fine points. His other interest was in books. Though not a collector himself he had a wide knowledge of anatomical literature and he much enjoyed those services he was able to render on the Library Syndicate. The ultimate creation of a first-rate scientific library in Cambridge was a project very dear to his heart.

Of Millen personally it is difficult for the author of this notice to write with restraint; I taught him and, in due course, he was to supervise a son of mine. I knew him from his student days, and eventually became a close colleague for some sixteen years. I am aware of the high opinion held of him by his teachers and fellow students in Belfast. During his short sojourn in Oxford he again gained great personal esteem. In his Cambridge period all who had contact with him, undergraduates and colleagues, within and outside the Anatomy School, held him in high regard. Medical undergraduates in two Colleges, Clare, to which he was

first attached, and St John's where he was Praelector and Director of Medical Studies, were devoted to him, and I am sure will be to his memory; they were continually calling to see him, and in his absence always enquired for him. He was glad that his Praelectorship at St John's kept him in regular contact with old students after they had gone down. At the time of Millen's death a distinguished anatomist wrote to me "I am certain you will feel Millen's loss terribly. He has been one of the outstanding members of your staff, a man of unusual ability, and also a man who attracted affection from all who knew him". This was a fair assessment.

Members of the College will know how happy Millen was in his home life; to his wife, son and daughter, the deepest sympathy will be extended by all who knew this able, dependable, forthright servant of College, University and the subject to which he was devoted.

J. D. B.

George Humphrey

1889-1966

In 1946 St John's decided to establish a Dominion Fellowship (nowcalled "the Commonwealth Fellowship"). George Humphrey was then Charlton Professor of Psychology in Queen's University, Ontario. He was English by birth and had graduated with high honours in mathematics, classics and philosophy at the University of Oxford. Following this he had studied psychology at Leipzig, where the great Wilhelm Wundt was still in command, and had occupied a number of posts in America. He had published a first-rate book on *The Nature of Learning* which, in spite of an enormous accumulation of further volumes and articles on the same topic, is still alive and worthy of wide study. He was already at work on his *Thinking: An Introduction to its Experimental Psychology* which, to be published four years later, was further to advance his reputation.

Humphrey had made many visits to England and Cambridge, and was already known at St John's When, therefore, he became a candidate for the Dominion Fellowship in 1947, he was duly elected. He entered the College in the Long Vacation of that year, and very quickly and happily settled into the life of the society. He retained a deep affection and an unfailing loyalty to St John's to the end of his life.

But he did not then stay to see his Fellowship out. In 1947 also, the University of Oxford determined to establish an honours school in psychology, philosophy and physiology, with a Professor at its head. Humphrey was offered and accepted the appointment. In Oxford he stayed until he reached his retiring age in 1956. His primary interests and concern were to develop experimental teaching and research in psychology on a firm foundation. He was able to establish the Oxford Institute of Experimental Psychology, and though he was often worried by what he conceived to be a rather general lack of understanding, the subsequent growth of psychological interests in Oxford has shown that he built wisely and well.

After leaving Oxford he went for a time to live at Hove; but the attractiveness of life at Cambridge, and especially at St John's was not to be resisted. He returned, was welcomed at College, made a member of the Combination Room and given dining rights. He now actively renewed some of his old friendships, and made many new ones. His life outside of the College was in

general happy and full of activity and he completed much editorial and original writing. In the spring of 1966, after a brief illness, he died of pneumonia, on April 24.

Humphrey had wide interests, not only in psychology but also in philosophy, in scientific developments and in public affairs. In addition to the two books already mentioned, he published *The Story of Man's Mind* (1923), a translation (with his first wife) of Itard's *The Wild Boy of Aveyron* (1933), *Directed Thinking* (1948) and (with M. V. Coxon) *The Chemistry of Thought* (1963). With Michael Argyll he edited *Social Psychology Through Experiment* (1963) and (also as co-editor) *Psychology Through Experiment* (1963). It is less widely known that he wrote also two novels, published in the late 1930's and called *Go Home Unicorn*, and *Men are Like Animals*. These achieved considerable success, but Humphrey was, for some reason, shy of becoming known as a writer of stories and they were published under the name of George Macpherson.

Humphrey was a good companion, always ready to talk, often in an entertaining manner, with views usually inclined towards the left and frequently unconventional. For St John's his love was genuine, deep and readily expressed.

He was twice married, in 1918 in Canada to Muriel Miller, and in 1956, after a lecture tour for the British Embassy in Germany, to Berta Hochberger.

F. C. B.

Obituaries

J. S. Bezzant

It is hard to dissociate him from those rooms on E, New Court where he lived: the wide steps with their winding ascent, the tiers of books outside his main room as well as inside; then the haze of "Erinmore" flake tobacco, the pipe and shirt sleeves with such wide braces (navy issue?), the picture of the cruiser on the wall (or was it "Repulse" with which he went down?) and the old writing materials before him on the desk by the far window. The atmosphere of that room, spacious, formal but slightly heavy, sombre even, always reminded me of Victorian photographs of his beloved Hardy's working room at Max Gate. New Court belonged to him rather as that different court off Fleet Street with its eighteenth century house still "belongs" to Dr Johnson: the building stands for a kinship deeper than the accident of their simply having lived there. It was in or near New Court that some of those "scenes" of his period as Dean of discipline took place: the sending down of nearly thirty undergraduates in the space of five minutes (all to be reprieved immediately the next morning); the painting of the stone eagle after bump suppers (". . . you'd think they'd think of something new"); the trouble over the tipping of receptacles containing water on to noisy punt parties during exam time ("it wasn't always pure water either"); the jokes about the tortoise with "SJC" in red on its back (he once invited an idle and sleepy supervisor to take it for a run)—all these were connected with New Court. It was into New Court that there raged the telephone calls after that cataclysmic fire
people within a ten mile radius or more and for which he had unwittingly granted permission. "Tell them the Dean is drunk" the porters were instructed to say after he had endured an hour of vituperation by telephone and before breakfast. It is from New Court that, for the night of the May Ball because of noise, I picture him walking still, the large taxi waiting outside the Great Gate, the black homburg tilted slightly backwards, the umbrella unrolled. I think he loved being Dean. At least once, he was obliged to thunder across Hall that the grace reader should "read it again . . . properly!" Perhaps he rather enjoyed the thundering. There was no pettiness here. He simply enjoyed the battle of wits which college discipline seemed to him to demand. A victory he relished even more. Once, he decided

that the 1st XV could be released from their own sentence of being gated if they could successfully repel an expected attack on our own bump supper. He enyoyed the elegance of such a solution. "I wasn't born yesterday" he would add. At the parties he generously gave for the choristers, his main enjoyment came not from the conjuror but from the choristers' attempts to beat the conjuror. This was somehow very characteristic. This side of him could be seen both in the glint in his eye as he stood up to preach and also in those terrifying visits to Evensong at King's where he would not only sing loudly through the Psalms but through the Canticles as well. Perhaps his real excellence as Dean lay in the matching always of his duties with his humanity, especially his generosity. How often did the five
then, gradually, the friendship which has been so suddenly cut off.

What exorcised from such friendships the boredom which often separates old and young? Partly the picquant wit and mild cynicism. Most of us will recall him describing that night before his ordination when he sat up in bed and realised that the only parts of the Creed of which he was at that time sure were contained in the four words "crucified, dead and buried". This ironical, sceptical side of him gave the greater force to his affirmations. But there was also the shyness. It generated the long stories; it also made almost any private meeting with him feel important because one sensed the reticences and difficulty with which he was grappling. He was, surely, the most unparsonical of parsons. This sprang from his integrity, his truthfulness to himself. Pupils sensed the same integrity in his teaching and thinking. False cheerfulness or religiosity he hated. "Churchiness" he mocked: "Ubi Mowbray, ibi ecclesia" was one of his favorite Knoxisms. He simply loved shutting up bishops preferably with one of those letters of his on the special, thick notepaper. His victims included an Archbishop as well as Henson, Bishop of Durham whom he admired. But he was fascinated by episcopacy especially in purple. Pomp and ecclesiastical power aroused fascination and ironical doubt all at once. Immediately the ironical smile would come and the glinting irreverence. He was an outstanding preacher. Even dons came to listen to him. His sermons had affinities with those famous notices. They were superb fusions of heart and head. The careful, ornate language possessed a smouldering ire, even passion. "One thing we don't want in this college" he is reported to have said, "is a religious revival". Perhaps he was too well aware of the propensity for strong religious emotion in himself. This was touched deeply by the music of the Chapel choir.

He loved the choir and its music with all that unpredictable complex affection of his and came to services almost as often after his retirement as before. For me, his devotion to the Chapel worship is the most telling testimony to its beauty and power. I can just see him still, on a weekday Evensong, at the far end of the Chapel, singing the Psalms, alone in his stall. His phenomenal memory really had known the entire Psalter by heart.

There was also that superb "no nonsense" side to him. His kindness had no nasty warm underside of the self pity which clings. He pointed out to his doctor that the poor man was his medical adviser, the decision about accepting the advice remaining with himself. He was no doubt a dreadful patient. But this courage and independence also constituted one of his great virtues as a colleague. That he lived in college was important here: it gave us contact with a courage born of long struggles with ill health and suffering and thereby heartened us for our own lesser battles.

I cannot omit a final word about him as a man of faith without serious misrepresentation. It was his greatest gift to some of us and held everything else together. "Faith", he once wrote, "is not opposed to reason but only to sight. It is not concerned with believing historical or other propositions on inadequate evidence. It is reason grown courageous, the spirit which inspires martyrs, the confidence
triumph . . . There is a venture in it, but not a prudent calculation of chances. It involves the self-identification with the highest we know, with the good cause only because it is good, in trust that it will win, though with an equal willingness to suffer final personal defeat with it rather than join in any possible victory of evil over it. It is this which makes faith a moral virtue."

All this was not a matter of words. It had been questioned for fifty
tragedy. Yet it evei pointed to resources which his own goodness sufficiently commended. That pointing was his greatest gift to me.

After Hall I would often talk with him in Second Court, and after bidding goodnight watch him walk under the Shrewsbury tower and across Third Court, losing sight of him as he went up the steps to the Bridge of Sighs. Not long before he died, he told me there in Second Court that he had returned to Hardy and spoke of his delight in re-reading "The Woodlanders". In almost the last letter I ever received from him he said that Marty South's closing words of the book were the best epitaph any man could wish for. Perhaps they can fitly stand as his own.

"If ever I forget your name, let me forget home and heaven . . . for you was a good man and did good things."

Sam Senior

THE Revd. Sam Senior died on 25 February 1967, and so passed to his rest one who was as well known and liked in the city as he was in the University. He was born on 3 November, 1886 in the village of Scholes, Cleckheaton, near Bradford and was christened Sam. Throughout his long life he remained devoted to his village and especially to the church which he had served as a choirboy in his early days; in his will he bequeathed a substantial sum to complete the building as it was originally designed in the last century.

He left school at fifteen, becoming a pupil-teacher at Carlton Street School, Bradford, and later moving to Cheltenham Teachers' Training College, where he qualified in 1908. His first
and it was during this period that he took his degree as an extramural student at St Catharine's College. In 1916, he married Mildred Hellings, who died in 1948; there were two sons of the marriage.

For many years he was an active member of the Cambridge Rotary Club, and was Chairman of the International Service Committee, leading several parties to the continent. This love of foreign travel was a feature of his life and, while Headmaster of the Choir School, he organised visits by the Choristers to Spain, France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland. This form of education has now become commonplace, but was by no means so forty years ago.

Senior was appointed Headmaster of St John's College Choir School in 1912, and held this post until retiring in 1955. For most of his life, therefore, he was closely connected with the College, and especially, with the Chapel services. He was ordained Deacon in 1916 and Priest in 1917, and he held the post of Precentor in the College from 1948-1955. The possessor of a well-produced tenor voice, he was also an accomplished musician; his singing of the chapel services was a model of its kind. He was active, too, in other Cambridge churches, and served as Curate of St Sepulchre's from 1916-1937 and Curate of Great St. Mary's 1937-1955.

As Headmaster he guided the early lives of many present-day Cambridge citizens. In his School boys learnt basic educational subjects, but also manners, courtesy and loyalty. The Christian doctrine that he taught mirrored his own child-like faith; it was

as free of academic preoccupation with logic as it was of South-bank gimmicry. It is not going too far to say that he was loved by his pupils—this could easily be demonstrated at any reunion of the St John's College Old Choristers' Association, a body which he was instrumental in forming. As a colleague he was easy to work with, but not easy-going, and was, in fact, quite out of the ordinary in his attention to detail (the exact musical details of his funeral service were agreed upon two years before he died). His hospitality was renowned and many generations of undergraduates have enjoyed Sunday luncheon parties at his lovely old house in Bridge Street.

Senior's death leaves a gap in the thinning ranks of those who can, with affection, be called "Cambridge characters", he will long be remembered in the College, the City and the University.

G. H. G.

being useful. When somebody asked Ezra Pound "What use is poetry?" he answered with a question, "What use are all the flowers in the public parks?" A theoretical physicist answered a similar question with a similar question: "What use is a baby?" Wittgenstein pointed out that we do not think because it pays any more than we bring up our children because it pays.

Another form of forgetfulness finds expression in the incantation: "If we were planning this for the first time now we should never do it like this." (The subject and object of the comment may be a college or a university or a town centre or the British Constitution or anything else bequeathed to us by any of our multifarious benefactors). And the comment is nearly always correct. All these things are different from what they would have been if we had been able to build them from scratch. But they are not necessarily the worse for it. If we were designing the Cotswold villages or Trinity Library or the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, we should conceive them very differently. But even if we had the self-confidence of those who demolished our old Chapel and built this Chapel, it is to be hoped and prayed that we should be saved from ourselves.

It ought perhaps to be considered whether we do not need a periodical Commination of Malefactors.

If that were done, I should hope to hear recited in the roll the names of all who commit the last and greatest of the fashionable forms of forgetfulness, one that should least of all be found or fostered in a place of education and learning. The grossest of all forms of intellectual irresponsibility is to demean and disparage the human intelligence and understanding, to take from it all the questions, political, moral, religious, philosophical, that call for its subtlest and most sustained operations, and to hand them over to settlement by dogma, whim and passion. It is understandable that men should sometimes be wearied and disheartened by the consciousness of their infinite ignorance, but the cure for such despair is to remember that our finite knowledge and understanding has grown, is growing, and will continue to grow unless we are faithless to the trust that our benefactors have placed in us. They knew, and we know, but we may still sometimes be tempted to forget, that the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

J. R. BAMBROUGH

Obituaries

PROFESSOR THE REVEREND EDWARD CRADDOCK RATCLIFF

I

LIKE most interesting people, Edward Craddock Ratcliff was a complex man. At least one part of his personality sprang from an unhappy childhood, following the death of his mother at his birth. Early life for him was a loveless complex of prohibitions. His account of it reminded me of the boy in Saki's *Sredni Vashtar*, playing a lone hand in a largely self-created world, overshadowed by the threat of invasion by aunts. It may have contributed to making him self-reliant and a scholar; it did little to enrich the emotional side of his life. He used to say that he agreed with Talleyrand's observation (I may misquote) on women: you may put yourself in their arms or at their feet, but never in their hands. He placed emphasis on the latter part of the aphorism.

If the springs of his emotional life lay partially buried, it may have been to the

profit of his friends, in whom he took an absorbed interest and treated with understanding and generosity. Many friendships lasted a lifetime. On the whole, he did not choose his own kind, but those who contrasted, both in character and tastes. His own conformity was balanced by a taste for eccentricity in others, provided that there was something genuine to justify it. No opinion which he formed was second-hand. It was this which made him so refreshing and explained his observation that on the whole he was not attracted to intellectuals because he found them unintelligent.

At Queen's College, Oxford he linked the Upper Common Room with the undergraduates in a way which no one else did. He taught them that civilised living sprang from the Mediterranean and that the past was part of the present. He taught them to think accurately. There was delight in the way that he made solemnity the instrument for humour. After his return to Cambridge, to his own college, there were many undergraduates, as well as Fellows, who felt the same warmth and affection for him as his Oxford friends.

His deep scholarship linked him with learned minds all over Europe and ranged far beyond his particular subject. One area to which it did not extend was the mechanical and scientific side of life. For a period of time I tried to teach him to drive a car. We escaped injury, but the narrowness and frequency of the occasions drove us rapidly to a common conclusion: he was unteachable. Typically, he gave the car away. Thereafter he took cabs.

After his death I heard from a Fellow of St John's of two occasions when, as an undergraduate, he had taken Ratcliff sailing at Fowey. It shows him as a man not lacking in courage. They were alone in a small boat, aiming for a town along the coast, but inexperience led to trouble and they were lucky to get back. Three days later they tried again and were caught in a storm. It was more than apparent that the chances of being carried out to sea and of capsizing were greater than the chances of survival. Craddock Ratcliff did not speak, to offer unwanted advice, or comfort or criticism. He sat in the middle of the boat, relaxed and impassive.

Unexpectedly, the undergraduate got the boat back. They went to the hotel, bathed and dined, talking of indifferent things. Only at the end of the evening did Ratcliff refer to the experience. He said: "The next time, I think that we will take a cab."

Cambridge and his friends are sad to lose this remarkable man.

N. C. R.

II

To those undergraduates who had the privilege of enjoying Professor Ratcliff's friendship, the sense of loss on hearing of his death took no account of the half-century or so that separated their generations. This was due entirely to his unique capacity for drawing around him a circle of young men, widely different in their interests and abilities, and uniting and delighting them with his hospitality.

This hospitality was the most obvious manifestation of his kindness and his generosity, yet he took an immense personal interest in our lives. His respect for the little amount of learning one may have possessed was remarkable for one so eminent and distinguished in his field. He recognised achievement, however small, and rewarded it with his characteristic charm and encouragement, but intellectual

arrogance he could not stand and he rarely forgave bad manners. After his death, in an age when it is fashionable to draw attention to the so-called gulf between undergraduates and Senior Members, it is fitting to recall that the Professor was a natural and original exponent of the art of fostering relations between them.

A character as colourful as the Professor's not unnaturally attracted its critics. Many of his views may have seemed, and perhaps were, old-fashioned or, in some respects, unacceptable, but it is suggested that what in others might take the form of enthusiasm, or even passion, in him was felt in terms of respect or considered disapproval: his instinct was of moderation.

Those who knew him well will cherish particular memories. Before his Tripos one of us received an invitation to lunch with the Professor in the Wilberforce Room between papers. The luncheon consisted of very dry mutton (no fat), Ryvita (no butter) and half a bottle of champagne and was repeated the following day. The invitation was couched in the following terms: " . . . the champagne will be as dry as the Gobi Desert, the lamb has already been warmed . . . only thus can mind prevail over matter in the afternoon." This was typical of his deep concern for one's welfare.

St John's and Cambridge are now deprived of the learning and the company of a remarkable man. We miss him for his friendship and for his solemn, somewhat measured sense of humour; for his unforgettable anecdotes—ranging from Queen Victoria to Hermione Gingold; for his support of the Committee, notably at the Garden Party, where his presence seemed to lend an air of respectability to that indulgent occasion; for his delight in sending holiday postcards—"seaside art" as he called it; and for his affection for cats. Many of us will never forget the unfailing inspiration and encouragement he provided, a backbone of companionship throughout three or more impressionable years.

P. W. B.
G. J. K.

III

The Professor liked to toy with the idea of returning after death, having seen two ghosts in his time, both in India. One of them was a young subaltern in full regimentals, writing a love-letter: he had died by his own hand. Ratcliff's own spirit would be very welcome. He used to say "I will never haunt New Court: it would make my ghostly teeth chatter."

D. H. V. B.

PROFESSOR HENRY ALBERT HARRIS

Henry Albert Harris, Emeritus Professor of Anatomy and Fellow of the College since 1935, died in Cambridge on the 10th September, three days before his 82nd birthday. Two years ago, on the night of the day of St John the Evangelist, we had drunk his health together with the healths of two other Fellows who had become eighty that year—Professor Sir Frederick Bartlett and Professor Ernest Walker, and all three had replied with characteristic and entertaining speeches.

H.A., as everyone called him, was born on the 13th September, 1886, at

Rhymney, Monmouthshire, where his father was manager of the Bessemer Steel Plant. When he was four years old they moved to Merthyr Tydvil, and there, when he was eight, his father died. He was the youngest of six children brought up by his mother. He took his B.Sc. degree in Physics and Chemistry at University College, Cardiff, in 1907 and taught first in schools in South Wales and then in the East London College. He decided to become a doctor and at the age of 30 entered University College, London, and, when medically qualified, was demonstrator under Sir George Dancer Thane and later Sir Grafton Elliot Smith, himself a Johnian (Fellow, 1899; Honorary Fellow, 1931).

Apart from a year as Rockefeller Foundation Research Fellow (1925-26) he shared his time between University College and University College Hospital; and was appointed liaison officer between hospital and college. In 1927 he was appointed Assistant Professor and four years later was Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and appointed Professor of Clinical Anatomy, a post specially created for him at the College and Medical School. In 1934 he was elected to the Chair of Anatomy at Cambridge, and in the words of *The Times* obituary of September 12, 1968, "left a relatively new, well-organized department with a model museum, of which he was curator, for an antiquated department, with a dilapidated and disorderly museum and somewhat unsatisfactory teaching arrangements. He wasted no time in establishing the teaching on a sound footing. In 1937, money became available for a new Anatomy Department in Cambridge." This building and its organisation remain a permanent memorial to Harris. A recent article in *Murmur*, the journal of the C.U. Medical Society, and signed by an undergraduate "A.M.", contained an unpleasant denigration of H.A.'s work in Cambridge, which caused him a great deal of distress during his terminal illness. Professor D. V. Davies writes "I regard the article in *Murmur*, signed by A.M., as both inaccurate, ill-informed and almost malicious. Had Harris been well he would have undoubtedly dealt with it in an appropriate manner."

When he retired, H.A. took up the post of Professor of Anatomy in Cairo: it was a kind of sentimental pilgrimage to a country he had admired through Elliot Smith, who was himself the first Professor of Anatomy in Cairo in 1900, and whose work there on mummies caused him to develop his extraordinary Egyptocentric hyperdiffusionist doctrines. He was in Cairo on the 26th January when Shepheard's Hotel was burnt down, and indeed on that day he had arranged to lunch at Shepheard's with Sinclair Loutit. His "underground" phoned him and he managed to get a message to Loutit: thereby both were possibly saved from a violent assault or even death.

Harris was "sacked" by the Egyptians and on the 18th March, 1952, went to Khartoum where he held the Chair of Anatomy for nearly four years, once again taking part in the building up of a new department of anatomy. He thoroughly enjoyed his stay in Egypt and the Sudan despite the political upheavals. In Cairo he lived in a flat in Gezira which he described as follows: "It is Newmarket, Hurlingham and Kew in one, with race course, polo, tennis, swimming, etc., and most gaudy and wonderful trees, shrubs, and flowers. The shops are stuffed—from caviar to Quaker Oats, from Armagnac to Coca-Cola." Of the Nile Delta he wrote, in his characteristic fashion, "there is no castration so the land is active", and of Egyptian politics, "I hope Anthony Eden doesn't give way to them, though I suspect him. The Sudanese will know what to do with them. Scalpel fore and

aft." In the Sudan during vacations he spent much of his time trekking through the desert and southern Sudan with his friends Robert Kirk, Dean Smith and John Bloss.

He retired from Khartoum at the age of 70 and since then lived quietly in his house in Selwyn Gardens. He had married Margaret Llewelyn Webb in 1912, and she was a pillar of strength to him in those early, difficult days when at a mature age he was turning from science master to doctor. She, and their five children—two sons and three daughters—survive him. He was a devoted family man.

Harris wrote many papers on anatomy, radiology, embryology, anthropology and teratology, and a book, *Bone Growth in Health and Disease* (1933). Of all the anatomists of the last half-century H.A. was the only one to have a structure named eponymously. The *British Medical Dictionary* has this entry:

> Harris, Henry Albert, 1886- , Cambridge anatomist. Harris's lines, transverse lines at the growing ends of bone due to illness.

This type of line was originally thought to occur only in rickets but H.A. showed that it could appear after any serious illness. He called it a "line of arrested growth" and used these lines to measure the rate of growth of bone. His remarkable work on this topic sprang from the fact that he was not only interested in anatomy but also in clinical medicine, pathology and radiology.

Professor D. V. Davies has kindly supplied me with these comments on him as a teacher. "Harris lectured mostly on the principles of Anatomy. He was a vigorous and powerful lecturer and the lectures were punctuated by homely analogies and very enjoyable topical jokes. Any attempt to 'rag' Harris in a lecture was met by an amusing if incisive response. His lectures were always beautifully illustrated by a few clear line diagrams. He had little use for lantern slides—he regarded them as the lazy lecturer's aid. Before lecturing Harris always looked over his notes and would see no one. He never read his notes in the lecture. No attendance register was ever kept, but he always had a full house. On St David's Day the students always flew a Welsh flag on the roof of the Anatomy Department and decorated the lecture theatre with daffodils and leeks. Harris ate the leeks for his lunch. *Vivas* in H.A.'s time were as much teaching as examination sessions: his own *vivas* were certainly of that nature."

U.L.F., writing in the *British Medical Journal*, says "In his talk he was sometimes picturesque . . . he had an excellent command of the spoken word, and was able to paint vivid, sometimes lurid, pictures in anatomical lectures which became graven into the memory. Those who as junior demonstrators stood in awe of him sometimes imagined him as a prowling lion, seeking whom he might devour. But in reality he was a kindly person, especially to those who became ill during the long and strenuous medical course; to those he gave good advice both medically and financially. Also he was a very conscientious adviser to postgraduate students who were far away from their home bases, especially when they became tired and dispirited. He was not an anti-feminist, although in the 1920s and 1930s many of those in academic power were so. It was on H.A.'s nomination that the present writer was appointed as the first woman examiner in Anatomy for the Tripos in Cambridge."

Ten of Harris's staff hold or have held chairs in this country and the U.S.A. Every teaching hospital in England and Wales has students of his as Consultants.

As a token of the affection with which he was regarded by his old pupils he was, on his eightieth birthday, presented by about 400 of them with a silver tankard and a cheque for over £900.

It was appropriate that when Harris moved from the London he knew to the Cambridge he did not, he should be made a Fellow of St John's, the college of his old mentor and colleague, Elliot Smith. He was particularly happy, as a good and loyal Welshman, to belong to a society that had educated Edmwnd Prys, William Morgan and John Williams. He was at times very provocative and even aggressive. His direct and blunt approach made him enemies; his unerring gift for detecting the bogus and insincere made him to some a difficult person, but to us in St John's he soon became one of our most loved colleagues. We admired his uprightness and toughness. The academic world, like all worlds, is full of nonentities and lazy, mealy-mouthed men: H.A. was a positive character, hard-working, honest, outspoken. Generations of Johnians will mourn him: the Combination Room on a Sunday night after dinner will not be the same without Harri Bach, glass of claret in hand ("Port does not agree with a Celt", he used to say with characteristic extravagance) holding forth on almost any subject.

The exigencies of rationing in 1946 made me, when Steward of the College, start the St John's College Pig Club, with a small nominal membership—half Fellows and half staff. When rationing ceased we kept on the Club as a splendid anomaly, with a fairly large membership of Fellows and staff who meet four times a year—the summer meeting, to which wives are invited, in the Wilderness. H.A. was the President of the Pig Club for many years until his death, and few will forget his racy speeches at our meetings or his recent generous donation of a fund to give assistance to any members of the staff in special need. He was always on the side of the under-dog and the under-privileged. He judged every person as an individual and was as happy and easy dealing with the newest kitchen porter as the oldest scientist. He was the ordinary man who achieved great scientific distinction and never lost the common touch. The memory of his rich and warm humanity will cheer and refresh a great cross section of Johnians of recent years.

GLYN DANIEL

HERBERT SHARP

THE passing of Herbert Sharp earlier in the year in his eighties will be sad news to an older generation of Johnians to whom he was a well known figure as a lay clerk in the Chapel Choir.

H. S. Sharp joined the choir in 1910 as a young man and was the possessor of a magnificent tenor voice. At the time he was faced with the problem of deciding whether to take the plunge and, as many of his well wishers urged him to do, make a full time career with his voice, or to seek other and more secure employment with music as a subsidiary occupation. Fortunately for the College he chose the latter and he remained as a tower of strength to the choir until age and the change over from lay clerks to an all choral-scholar choir in 1949 necessitated his retirement.

Herbert Sharp was a veritable Peter Pan for not only did his voice last much longer than is usual in a singer, but in his seventies and even when he had passed his eightieth year he was still in great demand as a producer for amateur societies of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. To see him at work, as the writer was on occasions privileged to do, was a fascinating, if humbling, experience.

A considerable personality.

L. H. S.

Obituary

NORMAN BROOKE JOPSON

I

THE wing-chair on the right of the fireplace in the Green room is empty. Not that he for a moment laid any exclusive claim to it, and after lunch or Hall it had many other occupants. But in the morning, or in the middle of the afternoon, that is where he would be found, reading or dozing, and always pleased to have a little company, even if, just latterly, he would often drop off again into his doze after a few welcoming words. For many of us it will long remain a slightly haunted chair, with not the least touch of the sinister, for its inmate was, and will continue to be a small, kindly ghost, with a fringe of white hair, and a strange ability to remind us of our own better selves.

He did, and will go on doing this, not because he was a moralist. He was much more of a mannerist; that was the side from which he took in morals, by an intense and sensitive interest in the details of social life, modes of conduct, of address, even of dress itself. No one could give you a more concrete and vivid notion of undergraduate—or graduate—manners over the last seven years. And it was from this side, too, that he took language. It was for him the most elaborate and interesting case of social conduct, and his interest in it was so utterly natural, innate even, and so intense that he never realised how good he was at it, or perhaps how exclusively it dominated his interests. He would read literature now and then, but would find in it such an array of manners that he barely noticed anything else. In Jane Austen—with whom he had, one would have thought, deeper affinities, he was above all interested by the necessity for young ladies of good social status to call their fathers nothing but "papa". And in Dorian Grey, which he read scores of times in scores of languages, he was untouched by the rather watery fable, but absorbed in the slightly differing versions of manners, gestures, and of course speech itself. There was, indeed, something Confucian about him. He would have made a fine Chinaman—or let us say two fine Chinamen: there was quite enough of him for that.

But this special gift of his was not appreciated by others much more than it was by himself—perhaps because he made so little of it, and took it so much as a matter of course, and no credit to himself. He retired early from his chair because, he once told me, he found that the direction of modern linguistic studies had swung so far away from his own interests, into forms and fields where he could not follow it, and didn't even want to. "They keep on sending me off-prints", he told me, "full of phonemes and morphemes and levels of analysis—even old pupils of my own have taken up with all that. You know the sort of thing." I did, of course, know the sort of thing, and understood well enough that it made him feel ill-at-ease. It would make anybody feel ill-at-ease. There is a story about him and J. B. Firth, the most eminent British wielder of phonemes and morphemes yet, and almost exactly contemporary with Jopson. It is probably half-mythical, but like so many myths, it is nearer three-quarters true. Firth was asked his opinion of Jopson:

"Wonderful at any language you like—known him all my life, y'know—talks them, reads them. But hasn't the faintest idea of any general principle that matters." And Jopson on Firth: "Very clever chap y'know—known him all my life, full of phonemes and morphemes and all that. But when you ask him about the languages he's talking about, he can't read a word, let alone speak them." The fashion was against Jopson, and he came to feel that what he could do was no longer worth doing, that it, and he, were unwanted. So he gave up the chair. It is not so very often, in academic affairs, that good manners are taken as far as that. Probably he was more comfortable for the decision in himself, but from a larger point of view it was a pity. If there was some justice in Firth's criticism of Jopson, there was certainly some—and quite as much—in Jopson's criticism of Firth and his like. Modern linguistics is bedevilled by hordes of speculators who, on a foundation of thin sand, build theoretical erections with elaborate facades. So often do the foundations prove to be thixotropic, so often does the whole edifice collapse, that no more notice is taken of these overnight disappearances than was taken of collapsing tenements in Juvenalism Rome. It is quite characteristic that the foundering father of transformational grammar should have given, as an example of a statement grammatical but meaningless, a sentence about "green thoughts". Marvell's lines about "annihilating all that's made To a green thought in a green shade" had escaped his notice. They would probably have escaped Jopson's notice too. But then he would never have been at the risk of making general statements about grammar and nonsense or their transformations. The example he set, of knowing, comprehensively and richly, the facts themselves was not only valuable, but needed. It was, though, very characteristic that he himself could not quite grasp that he was needed. He was diffident, conscientious, much too good-mannered to outstay his welcome, so he went.

It is almost impossible not to wonder a little whether his comparative lack of inches made him throw up this sponge, and some others too. It would no doubt have mattered much less if he had not also been so good-humoured and considerate:—if he had been, as some small people are, a little given to waspishness and malice. But he was not. It was really important to him that things round him should be pleasant, and he did his best to make them so. Not, however, at any price. There was a gesture of his that I shall never forget (as I get older, I find the gestures of the Fellows even more interesting than their opinions). It was the sudden assumption of a new posture and mien; his slender back, always upright, was held even straighter, his shoulders were thrown back, his head too, so that his chin came forward, and one saw that it might well be formidable. His lips were pursed, and at the same time one corner of his mouth was drawn up, not in a smile, but rather in the faintest possible sketch of an incipient snarl. It was the very gesture of a man squaring up to something that mattered, despite his lack of an inch or two. And for the moment, his stature was formidable. One did not argue with Jopson for so long as that posture remained. But it never remained long. The mouth would relax, wreath into its more usual smiling suppleness, and the formidable man had gone.

His tendency to diffidence was increased by his immense interest in social observation, for he by no means excepted himself from the friendly exercise of this faculty. He would, in discussing the manners and mannerisms of others, readily compare them with his own, with much more objectivity than of vanity. The

most surprising, because much the most elaborate, example of this with which he ever favoured me was on one autumn afternoon on the old walled river bank where Cripps now stands. I was angling there for small fish, with which I intended to catch bigger fish in better waters, and Jopson joined me. He was good enough to express astonishment at the rate of my captures, and said that when he usually watched anglers along the Cam there was little movement. I explained to him, of course, that it was being a Fellow of the College that made the difference, since the qualities needed to become a Fellow, if applied—or misapplied—to angling were bound to produce results very different from those commonly observed. He then turned his attention to the tin of maggots which I was using as bait. They were, as is usual in warm weather, wriggling and squirming in and out of each other in a mindless, faintly rustling frenzy which for my own part I have always found rather revolting. Jopson contemplated them more philosophically, and I think I can trust myself to quote his philosophy verbatim, so much did it strike me twenty years ago: "Those must be maggots: maggots. I've never seen one before. But I know what they are, because I know the name for them, and they're connected with fishing, and flies, and so on. You know"—and the usual rapid precise pace of his speech was slowed for the rest of this discourse—"you know, I suppose that's what I've done all my life; I've known about the names of things, without ever really bothering what they stood for. Probably that's why I've been fairly good at them, because I always did just what the dictionaries told me, without thinking about it. When I was reading Classics, now, right at the beginning, if they told me to translate *quercus ilex*, or something like that, into 'holm oak', then that's exactly what I did. And I was generally right, because I hadn't the faintest idea what a *quercus* was like, or an *ilex*, or a holm oak. Is this"—he looked upwards—"is this a holm oak now?" I assured him that it was an elm, and he went on to illustrate this main point by seeing in how many languages he knew the word for maggot, though until that afternoon he had never seen a maggot itself. He ran out somewhere in the twenties. I have remembered the incident, and what he said, because it was memorable. Rarely, if ever, have I heard a piece of self-analysis so penetrating and honest, so unembarrassingly free from either rancourous regret or wounded vanity. He accepted himself for what he took himself to be: and that was much less than he was.

Above all, I fear that he never knew—and certainly no one would have dared to try to tell him—what a special place he held among us. When the famous questionnaire went round, asking the undergraduates how many Fellows they knew, it would have been meaningful to add "in addition to Professor Jopson". As for the Fellows, the odd thing is—and this was the essence of his special and utterly irreplaceable quality—that to try to write a tribute to him is to find oneself awkwardly saddled with mumbling a tribute to them. He put us all on our best behaviour. His essential politeness and considerateness, his lack of inches, his cheerful sociability, beset by a certain loneliness, an appearance sometimes of vulnerability, and yet that sudden gesture of squaring up to life, as a rather formidable man—what could the worst of us do but our best for him? And so, year in and year out, we—all of us—have seen men of great minds, reputations and personalities, deliberately holding themselves in a little for him, checking the force of their natural grasp within which, if unchecked, anything delicate would simply crumble to pieces, leaving them with the impression that it had never been there. Upon their strength, he imposed

something of his own warmth and politeness. And as for the younger Fellows, generation after generation of them, finding themselves living with him in that rather special group—the group of the Saturday night Hall, of the bachelors who live in College—one has seen them educated in considerateness and kindness, by the pleasure of giving him their company, the occasional duty of making sure that he regained his own rooms in safety and comfort when the sociability he enjoyed so much had made him a little dizzy for all those stairs. There was nothing slight or inconsiderable in all this. It needs and deserves much better words than mine to express what we have lost—and what we have had from him.

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds,
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds
From this solitary Being have received
(A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow are.

Ours is not, perhaps, a world much troubled by want and sorrow. But it knows how to lack kindness, good manners, affection and tolerance. It stands in greater danger of coldness, cynicism and arrogance, now that he is gone.

HUGH SYKES DAVIES

II

NORMAN Brooke Jopson belonged to an academic tradition which is now fast dying. He believed that the true function of a professor in this university was to induce young men to love his subject as he did, and that the other task of manufacturing books, articles and reviews was a secondary chore. In consequence he wrote but one book—*Spoken Russian*—which he produced in collaboration with a London colleague a few years before the war. On the other hand, his eager but critical enthusiasm for the history and principles of language infected all who heard him, and his best and most abiding book was written in the hearts and minds of his pupils.

Joppy adhered to the older Cambridge custom of lecturing in his own College—a practice which involved the young men reading his subject in some hectic bicycle sprints between Mill Lane and St John's. But it was worth the perils of one-way traffic and the bath of perspiration, for the voluble enthusiasm of his lectures was infectious and memorable. Often dressed in black coat and striped trousers, he would stride back and forth across the front of the lecture room puffing at his cigar between sentences and punctuating his remarks with examples scrawled on the blackboard. Occasionally he would wear a grey suit and on rare occasions he would appear in grey flannels and an Emmanuel blazer. Of this he once observed: "You know, gentlemen, I'm not an Emmanuel man, but on one occasion after a hockey party a man took my blazer and left this one behind." Though he loved the company of young women, their academic presence in lectures caused him occasional embarrassment. Knowing that it took a little longer to come in from Girton he would take advantage of the delay to deal with recondite aspects. "Now, gentlemen, before the ladies arrive, here are some splendid examples of the first Teutonic sound shift." He would then hastily write up the evolution of some four-letter words through Sanskrit, Greek, Slavonic, Latin and English. Soon admonished by a light footfall on the stair, he would hastily clean the board, and bowing graciously would remark "Ah, good morning Miss X, I was just on the point of dealing with Verner's Law".

However, the study of Comparative Philology for undergraduates who read Classics, Modern Languages or Oriental Languages in the early 1950's had its

social as well as its intellectual side. In days of Crippsian austerity still in flower, when the cash sterling price of liquor was the same as today and salaries one-third the size, Joppy held regular lavish wine parties twice a term for all his undergraduates in his lovely set in I New Court. Always there were some eminent visiting scholars to talk to, savouries from the college kitchen, abundant wine and gramophone records of numerous strange tongues ranging through Portuguese and Turkish to Japanese and Mongolian. A rare and splendid treat was to be asked out punting, for Joppy owned his private punt and was an accomplished master of the skill. On such occasions the talk was usually linguistic, and I well remember him discounting the relevance of Hittite Laryngeals whilst deftly negotiating Magdalene Bridge and several awkwardly moored punts. To speak personally, through Joppy one young Clare man acquired a respect and affection for this wonderful teacher's College of which he was one day himself to be a Fellow. Nor did Joppy's friendship cease when a man went down and far away, for my first learned article was published through advice and help from Joppy at a distance of 10,000 miles.

Unlike the late Sir John Sheppard, Joppy was not discovered as a publicist for his subject until late in life. This was a pity, for his 1955 lecture tour of Australia was a superb success. He formed an instant liking for the Pidgin dialect of the New Guinea territories which the Australian government has since come to share, but which was a daring heresy in 1955. Before the chief legal and professional luminaries of the State of Victoria, a community whose prudishness deserved its name, when these notables had gathered in the main University lecture hall in their starchy city of Melbourne wearing their dinner jackets and evening gowns, Joppy made a plea for Pidgin in a public lecture. "Ladies and gentlemen, I remind you that English has a serious deficiency in the first personal pronoun which Pidgin has supplied admirably. For us, 'we' may mean either 'the two of us', or 'our group': Pidgin distinguishes clearly by using 'you-me' for the first and 'we feller' for the second. An admirable instance of the latter occurs in the Pidgin New Testament, where the disciples say to Our Lord sleeping in the boat amid the storm, 'We feller all bugger up, you boss no care'." Giggles of suppressed undergraduate laughter were accompanied by a stony silence in the front rows of the Establishment. From the platform the faces of several eminent clerics were a fascinating study.

As a scholar Joppy was often unfairly discounted by his colleagues in other centres because of his failure to publish. This however does not mean that he had no views, or that the vast range of languages he had learnt had failed to offer him distinctive insights. During his professional career in this field linguistic thought was dominated by the French and London schools until after the war, and thereafter increasingly by the disciples of the American Bloomfield. Meillet and Vendryes were concerned, like Jopson and his Cambridge teachers before the 1914 war, with *historical* phonology and grammar: the London school grew up under the influence of the amazing Polish *emigré* anthropologist Bruno Malinowski and reached its climax under that brilliant and forceful New Zealander the late Sir Raymond Firth, and its emphasis was purely *descriptive*. Bloomfield's thought was stimulated by the American army's wartime crash courses in foreign languages, and he came to see language increasingly in terms of ringing the changes by word substitution within standard sentence patterns.

The attitude Joppy took to these various movements has largely been vindicated by future progress. Influenced by an older theory of anthropology which felt that retarded societies reflected the ancient common life of the whole primitive world, Meillet noted the appearance of odd elements in common in geographically remote fringe areas of Indo-European speech like Celtic Ireland and Vedic India. These he was apt to regard as survivals of the primitive Indo-European tongue, and on this principle Sturtevant in America claimed that the aberrant features of Hittite, another ancient "fringe area" tongue represented aspects of the parent tongue. Joppy was quick to point out that these elements were often in direct conflict with the facts offered by the large and centrally placed Indo-European subgroup, the Slavonic languages, and that ignorance of Slavonic vitiated much of Sturtevant's theory. The recent rise of the "main stream" theory of cultural development which sees primitive retarded societies as exhibiting no mere survivals but exaggerated and developed survivals of primitive habits serves to vindicate Jopson's objection.

With Malinowski's contempt for history and preoccupation with discovering meaning from observation of sound and social function of the unknown utterances he had still less sympathy. He admitted that a field anthropologist might need to work thus, but he thought it quite ridiculous to neglect obvious resources of known meaning and history when we had them. To be fair, a useful model could be constructed establishing word divisions in a text by prosodic analysis and then comparing them with the institutionalised words of the grammatical and lexical tradition; but some members of the structuralist group tended to work in a polemical rather than an experimental manner and to deny the relevance of historical grammar and regard the whole idea of linguistic evolution as fallacious, maintaining that one system of sounds merely replaces another system. Though critical of Firth's school, Jopson always expressed great respect for their ability and thought the concept of "context of situation" a useful one.

Bloomfield became important at a period when Joppy's flexibility of mind was failing and he tended to see his view as a learning device rather than a theory of communication. "Why, yes, that's very good, you know. That structural substitution idea is just how I learn a new language: I look first at the British and Foreign Bible Society version of the first chapter of St Mark." But the development of Bloomfield's insight in the new generative grammar of Noam Chomsky has served to support Joppy's belief in the value of institutionalised paradigms and vocabulary, elements needed to make sense of a theory of historical grammar.

A pupil of Giles and Rapson, Jopson stood in the great tradition of 19th century comparative grammar. But, a flexible, modest and generous man, he saw the merit of new descriptive techniques as well as their dangers, and had a just discrimination between the temporary and lasting innovations in language study which has found vindication in developments since his retirement.

R. G. TANNER