

The Eagle

A Magazine supported by Members of
St. John's College.

1923.



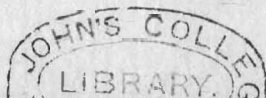
Printed for Subscribers only.

Printed by Whitehead Morris Ltd., Westminster.

1923.

Volume FFFF

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The Subscription for the current year is fixed at 6/-. Life Subscription £5.

Subscribers are requested to leave their addresses with Mr. LOCKHART and to give notice of any change.

Contributions for the next number should be sent in at an early date to one of the Editors (Mr. White, Mr. Raven, G. R. Potter, L. H. Macklin F. M. Eagles).

N.B.—Contributors of anonymous articles or letters will please send their names to *one* of the Editors who need not communicate them further.

It is desired to make the Chronicle as complete a record as possible of the careers of members of the College. The Editors will welcome assistance in this effort.

A special case, for binding volumes of THE EAGLE, bearing the College Arms, has been brought out by Mr. E. Johnson, Trinity Street.

The following may be obtained at the College Buttery on application to Mr. LOCKHART:

1. The College Boating Song, by Dr. G. M. Garrett, words by Mr. T. R. Glover; 6d.
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The Eagle

VOL. XLIII. No. 189.

July, 1923.

Body No. 19

I AM going to write it all down calmly, just as it occurred. If anything happens they always say "while of unsound mind," and I am perfectly sane. Of course, of course. If I wasn't quite sensible could I give all the details in their logical order? I want people to know later on that I am absolutely normal—only her eyes are killing me.

It started a year ago with a letter from her. Just an ordinary letter in an envelope delivered by post. It came by the afternoon delivery, I remember. She wrote demanding money, hinted and threatened, and the alternative was ruin for me. Exposure. God knows it was all trickery, she was squeezing me because I was the easiest of the men she had known. I was no more guilty than a dozen others, but she knew, knew I couldn't face exposure.

The threats continued. Like a devil she tortured me. Five time I scraped up money, only to have her back again. More money or the exposure that meant simple ruin for me. I saw my career, all my precious research work, in the power of that devil. Merciless. Quite.

It went on until in desperation I arranged to meet her.

I waited till we were well out in the country and then asked :

"How much?"

"Five hundred pounds," she replied. "Not a darned cent less, it's five hundred from you or your people, I don't mind which."

"But I can't possibly," I said, aghast. "I haven't got it." "You'll have to find it," she answered shortly, "or get rid of me."

I swear I never thought of getting rid of her like that until she suggested it, but after that I had black thoughts, and horrible little devils began to stir up clouds of evil ideas, and urge me to take the easiest way out. I suppose I was weak, but the more I thought the easier it seemed.

Then we came to the Pool, and I looked down into the water and watched the undertow sucking down leaves and sticks and dragging them away into the depths.

The current babbled and muttered, "Easy, easy, push her in and get it over." Then she sealed her fate.

"Look," she said, bending over the edge: "A poor drowned rat."

"Yes," I replied, "the bank's undercut here and it couldn't get out."

Then absolutely cold-bloodedly I pushed her over. It seemed the only sane thing to do at the time. I wonder now why I did it. One short, bubbling scream, and the undertow snatched her and twirled and twisted her shadowy body in its murky depths. Of course, of course.

She only came up once and I thought I caught the word "Haunt," but it may have been fancy. I walked up and down for half-an-hour, but she didn't appear again so I plodded solemnly back in the growing shadows.

When darkness grew, I began to think I could hear things—stealthy footsteps following, dripping garments, close behind, but I couldn't see anything and put it down to reaction. That night I got drunk to try and forget, but I couldn't.

I saw things in the darkness, just a shadowy figure which disappeared when the light went out.

I can hear you saying "Imagination," but I don't think it was. The next day I could feel something behind me, keeping pace with me in the street, sitting behind me at lectures, reading the same book in my rooms.

I must have turned round hundreds of times, but, however quickly I did it, I never saw anything. Whatever it was it kept out of sight, and only let me know of its presence by that curious, prickly feeling at the base of the scalp and cold little shivers chasing each other up and down my spine. The diabolical thing was that though it never left me it never kept its distance, always crept nearer and nearer and then darted away again. Perfectly calm as I am now, I know there was something behind me.

That night I slept with the light on and my back to the wall. Thank God it can't squeeze itself into cracks or it might force me out into the open, I thought. Something, someone was always there stepping delicately in the shadows, watching and waiting for me to sleep. Every time I dozed

In the next few days the feeling grew worse, much worse. I could do no work, I could play no games, and at night I dare not move out of the light of my own electric lamps. Once I tried to get into a Church

I have had to give up fires too, although it is the beginning of December. You know fires make the shadows quiver, make horrible dancing things leap and caper about the walls,

make you think they are alive and gibbering at you, and then they make noises, stealthy, crackling noises, that make you listen, and then something slides down and makes you jump; and the flames, how they roar and twist, just as if they are angry and want to get out and dance and flicker all over the room. Ghastly! Of course.

I am trying to make you understand what Hell I have passed through, and somehow I think you will.

By the end of five days I was a physical and mental wreck. I had not had more than twenty minutes' consecutive sleep day or night, I was always listening for noises that didn't exist, always looking for something that wasn't there, and always the feeling of being stealthily watched. Yesterday I decided that if I went on as I had been doing, something would snap in my brain and so, after a breakfast eaten with my back to the wall and with something watching every mouthful, I hurried off to the Anatomy Schools.

While I was putting on my coat someone told me that our body had just come up. The news failed to interest me much, even when I started work, until I felt something forcing me to look at the face. Inch by inch my eyes rose. I closed them in a vain effort to shut out the sight which I knew would meet my gaze, but at last I opened them to find myself staring into the accusing eyes of body number nineteen.

Her hair had gone, her cheeks had sunk in, but there were still the eyes and an oddly triumphant smile hovering round her lips. Everything swam round for a few minutes and then I went on with my work, with those eyes still staring, boring into my very brain.

Then I felt the flesh stirring under my scalpel, horrible, soft, putty-coloured flesh, yet I swear it moved, and all the time those awful eyes, staring, staring.

After that I tottered to my feet and, forcing my legs into a sort of mechanical motion, staggered across the room, conscious of a piercing gaze following me all the way to the door and down the stairs.

All the way along the busy streets something kept step with me, ready to twine its cold, wet arms round my neck if once I dared to turn. Always behind me.

How I got back to my rooms I don't know, but I walked all the way up the three flights of stairs with my back to the wall and edged slowly round the room into a corner.

I sat there until afternoon, creeping slowly into a Hell of madness and despair, and the horrible darkness coming on, then a relief came in the shape of a couple of men whom I knew slightly. I tried to talk but they put it down to drink. Laughed!

However, they took me out for a walk, and, as chance

would have it, we went down by the river. I talked all the way, you see I had to make a noise to keep her at bay.

I never noticed where we were going until we stopped to turn round, then I saw that we had reached the very spot. Even as I turned something seized my throat and I felt—but you must understand it wasn't imagination, it was true. I am sane. Could I be telling it calmly like this if I wasn't quite sane?

My friends, they never left me for the rest of the day and even got up a bridge party at night. The feeling wasn't so bad in company as a rule, but last night it was there the whole time. Every time I played a card something whispered and told me which to play and all the time I could feel that I was being watched and played with just as if I was a mouse with a gigantic cat ready to leap in and crush me at a blow. As a rule I am an appalling player, as you know, but last night I couldn't go wrong.

At four this morning the feeling almost left me, so with mutual good wishes the party broke up.

Why, I even attempted a joke about my tame ghost and nothing happened.

When left alone I began to count my winnings and congratulate myself on my victory, as I thought in more senses than one, when I suddenly felt eyes looking at me, peering right through me.

I have just found out where they are.

Over my door there is a heavy curtain and they are just behind that. Indeed, I can even see the curtain bulging with the shape of her body.

It may fall out at any moment, and I can't face the eyes. . . . A few minutes ago they forced me back until I found myself leaning against the window groping for the catch; it opens on to the river.

One of two things must happen; either I must throw myself into the river, or pull aside the curtain; I think it will be the river. I am writing this so that whatever happens people will know I am sane.

I have conquered for the moment. I wrenched down the curtain and trod it underfoot.

There is nothing there, absolutely nothing. Nothing in the curtain either, not even a pair of eyes. I've searched every inch of that curtain and I can't even find her eyes. It would have been funny if I had found her eyes, wouldn't it? Of course.

I must be going mad. I'm certain there was nothing there, yet I can still feel the eyes following me every movement. I think the eyes are behind the door. Of course they must be behind the door! She's dead, and she can't

get in, I can keep her out as long as I like, all except her eyes. I wish I had eyes like hers, then I could see where she was and kill her. I am sure I shall be mad before daylight unless I can come to grips with her and kill her ghost as I drowned her body! I wonder if you can kill a ghost? I think I shall try. If I can open that door and seize her before she can get away I shall be free once more. If only I could be free!

I am going to open that door, so I shall soon know, if not it is the window, and I am writing this before I jump because they always say "while of unsound mind," and I am perfectly sane. Of course.

J. LYLE-SMITH.

THE NINE O'CLOCK

Sleepy I wake and doze again
 Again I wake outside the sun
 Is golden; then the Cuckoo's note,
 The lazy, lazy Cuckoo's note—
Cuckoo—Cuckoo "What? Half-past eight?
 O, thanks—and breakfast ready, too?"
 Up! out of bed! but very warm
 And very pleasant is my bed
 At last I'm out—I'm bathed—I'm dressed—
 I've brushed my teeth and combed my hair—
 I've breakfasted—I've lit my pipe
 The clock! By Jove, I must be quick
 Here's pen, here's note-book, cap and gown;
 Anything else? No—all complete
 Both tyres right? I think I've time—
 The Arts School Door—on with your gown,
 Pipe in your pocket What! the Door
 Shut! No one round! I must be late
 A notice? Damn! *is indisposed*
And will not lecture here to-day."

J.G.D.

Recollections of a Tricenarian

GOOD word, that! But I believe it will satisfy E.E.S. and T.R.G. as being correct. I remember the difficulty I once had in successfully concealing from these two gentlemen my extreme weakness in dealing with the Latin numerals. However, on the analogy of "*octoginta, octogeni, octogenarius*" I suppose we have "*triginta, triceni, tricenarius*"—though I will not vouch for the last word as being really hall-marked Classical. I must look it up. Sure enough, here it is: "*Tricenarius*, —a, —um, adj. Of or containing thirty"; used by Front. Aquaed. 29 (I do not seem to remember having read this work: hardly Classical, I suppose). "Front." however, must have been something of a Sportsman. He makes it mean "thirty quarter-digits in diameter"! A word to be remembered for Latin Prose purposes! The word is also found in "*Sen. Excerpt contro. 3, 3 fin.*" and in "*Arn 2, 58.*" So now you know! ("*Sen.*" I might make a possible shot at; but who in the name of Lewis and Short is "*Arn.*"?)

I choose this title for the following animadversions, not because I am thirty quarter digits in diameter but because it follows a time-honoured precedent. In the days when I was correctly described as "*in loco parentis*"—I mean, of course, "*in statu pup.*"—these classical tags tend to get rusty when one is a Tricenarian—in those days, I repeat, there was a perfect glut of anecdotal papers published in THE EAGLE, and headed "Recollections of an Octogenarian." "Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian," "Memories of a Centenarian," and so forth. This tradition has, I see, been revived by W.A.D., a younger contemporary of my own, in the March EAGLE, though he has dropped the characteristic title. "Bricks without Straw," is something of a comedown, though possibly it may be more honest than "Recollections of an Octogenarian."

These "Bricks without Straw," dropped by W.A.D., revived most pleasant memories. I helped him to drop a good many of them. In the prehistoric days when he and I strolled about on the grass in New Court, posing as lords of creation until we heard the step of a College porter approaching, I was privileged to belong to three separate Triumvirates, my colleagues in Triumvirate I. belonging to the year senior to mine, in Triumvirate II. to my own year, and in Triumvirate III. (the most memorable) to the year junior to mine. Now a Tricenarian is at a disadvantage as compared with a Centenarian, in that the latter has usually successfully buried his less tough contemporaries many decades ago. The Tricenarian has to keep an eye on the law of the land concerning

copyright, slander, and so forth. The Third, and most distinguished, Triumvirate is still happily extant, and I hope the other members will not take legal proceedings if I refer to them thus in print as "Ted, Bill and Fred."

Well do I remember the golf course in Bill's rooms, and the excruciating moment when he nearly lost his knee-cap when prodding under the table for the ball with a mashie. There fell a devastating silence, too deep for swears, while the sufferer, with no syllable of explanation, suddenly lost interest in the ball and limped like a half-trapped duck round the room. The silence was broken by gusts of tearful and unsympathetic hilarity from Ted and myself. Bill got quite shirty about it. Most of my recollections of the activities of this particular Triumvirate are associated in my mind with spasms of helpless merriment.

Well, too, do I remember a historic occasion on which Bill retired to his bedroom and shut himself in. Long time he remained there while his sorrowing companions heard issuing from the bedroom noises like the moaning of a sick cow whose calf has gone to be transmogrified into veal, and who will not be comforted. We forced an entrance and found him spread butter-side down upon his couch, the picture of woeful despair. His sole explanation was that he was "mourning for King Edward."

Ted had rooms just under the eaves on about the fifteenth floor of New Court, and used to sit on his window-ledge pretending to read the Classics, with about seven-eighths of his person protruding over a sheer precipice. Fair sisters, cousins and aunts, being shown over the College by dutiful undergraduates, used to glance up at his giddy eyrie and scream, fainting into the arms of the dutiful undergraduate nearest to them. Strong men had been known to look up at him and blanch visibly. His window was an excellent strategic position for bombarding peace-loving and unsuspecting citizens with lumps of sugar as they entered New Court. One such victim, having received a lump of perfectly good sugar on his chest, apparently from heaven, looked carefully around, and perceiving nobody about, consumed the gift from the gods with evident relish. I hope he said his Grace first. At the beginning of one Summer Term I threw a lump of sugar from this window with such violence that I "threw my arm out," and could not throw a cricket-ball (or anything else for that matter) for the rest of the season.

The ring-leader of Triumvirate I. was "Pat." who I see is now a D.Litt., or something equally distinguished. He was a composer of ribald verses and a parodist of no mean cunning. One of his few publishable efforts even now rings in my head at times. In those days we had a highly officious and un-

popular Head Porter, who used to tell us not to smoke in cap and gown, as the Dean would fine us if he saw us, and we should have to pay. A favourite expression of his was "Of course it ain't obligatory!" Pat, his head protruding from his window on the top floor of Second Court, when he saw the Head Porter approaching, used to roar out in a raucous voice to the tune of "Three Blind Mice" the following exercise in *vers libre*:

"You'll 'ave ter pay!

You'll 'ave ter pay!

You'll 'ave ter pay!

Please don't smoke in yer cap an' gown!

The Dean'll fine yer if he sees yer!

'Course it ain't obligatory,

But you'll 'ave ter pay!"

Perhaps one of Pat's brightest achievements was to light a pipe, throw the lighted match into his waste-paper basket, and go out for the afternoon, sporting his door behind him. He found no little stir round his locked door on his return some hours later. Luckily little else was burned besides the contents of his w.p.b.

The most historical re-union of Triumvirate III. since the members of it dispersed was a meeting packed with memories for me, who for once took the leading part, but it really comes outside the scope of this paper. It was the occasion on which I was Bridegroom, Ted was Best Man, and Bill was Deputy Best Man. The competence and efficiency of the Best Man in this crisis were beyond criticism, and I can thoroughly recommend him as being far the best Best Man I have ever had. The Second Best Man is no longer qualified for the situation, and so requires no testimonial from me.

"*Haec olim meminisse . . .*" The tags do come to the top when a Tricenarian writes his reminiscences. I hope the reader will forgive an old dotard who, when THE EAGLE condescends to take notice of some petty achievement of his sees printed after his name "B.A., 1911." Most of the members of my three Triumvirates are past or present Editors of THE EAGLE. I look back with pride upon the time when I used to sit in judgment upon the early literary efforts of the future author of "Alf's Button," whom I am delighted to see "John-o'-London" brackets with P. G. Wodehouse at the top of the list of contemporary humorous novelists. I wonder whether I ever turned down anything of his? I hope so. It would be something to carve on my tombstone. But, joking apart, having held the honoured post of Editor myself, my heart goes out to the present Editor whose pathetic letter I so lately received. "There has recently been a great dearth of 'copy.'" Familiar sentence! Not only 'recently,' my dear sir, let me assure you! And in twelve years' time

the then Editor will be writing to you in very similar strains. But it is your last sentence which brought the tears to my eyes: "If you can't do anything else please send us your commiserations!" You are welcome to them, sir, and I have done something else, too. Your difficulty now will be to persuade your fellow-Editors to pass it for publication. Please do not trouble to write me a tactful letter if they refuse. I have been an Editor myself, and I quite understand, thank you!

F.C.O.

REVERIE

Ah, tender flower,
That shewest forth thy Maker's handiwork
And mighty power.

I sometimes think
How happy, then, in lowly place to be—
The river's brink.

What carest thou
If men and all they touch are spoiled and marred?
Untouched art thou.

"But," says a voice,
"That flower, if sweetly perfect, is not so
Of its own choice."

"If man can be,
And often is, alas! so wretched, so
He can be happy."

"This flower has not
The understanding and the knowing mind
That is man's lot."

"More glorious 'tis
By far, with knowledge to enjoy and count
Our happiness!"

Commemoration Sermon

Preached in the College Chapel on the day of S. John ante Portam Latinam, 6 May, 1923, by the Right Rev. E. C. QUIRK, Bishop of Jarrow.

St. Luke xvi 25. "But Abraham said, 'Son, remember.'"

A DAY of Remembrance! Such, I assume, is the essence of the Commemoration Day of a College, or of a University. It is the day on which we recite in pious memory, the names of Founders and Benefactors. We recall their noble deeds and generous gifts. We wonder at their foresight and their wisdom, which—from what we call "the dark ages"—shed on us still the light of intellectual life. Thus "we praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

In this College, dating back in its earliest foundation before the University existed, we think of our noble Patroness the Lady Margaret, Mother of Henry the Seventh, who, in 1511, transformed the ancient religious Foundation of the Hospital of St. John into St. John's College. It has been quaintly said of the old religious house, that "the Scholars were overwise, and the Brethren over good." But be that as it may, this College in its earliest days was full of earnest and successful students, who, as we have been told, "either for divinity on the one side or the other, or for civil service to their 'Prince and Contrie,' have been, and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to the whole realm."

Such is our goodly heritage, the "lot is fallen unto us in a fair ground," and we may well say—

The words are a call to remembrance, that in the parable came too late. It was the echo of many a similar call, heard in the years that were past: but never listened to, never heeded, never obeyed. And now too late the sleeper wakes, to find that he can neither save others, nor save himself.

As we study the parable, we observe that *the rich man is asked to remember first the advantages in his own life*. He had been one of the privileged class. His good things were countless. His riches were not expressed only by his clothing and sumptuous living; but everything that from the material point of view makes life worth living was at his disposal. He possessed all the intellectual and literary luxuries of the day. And the representative of the Masses lay at his gate; full of sores and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the table of this representative of the privileged class.

And is there not cause for us too to remember our life's good things?

To some of us, late in life, let us hope not too late, the call

comes to-day. And looking back over half a century, and the time when we had the good things of University life, the call comes: "Son, remember!"

And we do remember, humbly and gratefully. So much received, so little given. So rich the privilege, so poor the return.

To some of us, life here was the turning point, physically, intellectually and religiously, and as we look back to the pious founders of our characters and careers, by us the call is heard, "Son, remember."

And if, to the Seniors, this call comes; it comes with fresher force, and fuller hope, to the Junior Members of this College. For to give, here and now, this ancient Foundation offers a lifetime of opportunity, privilege, and advantage. Not material and secular only; but spiritual and eternal. You can, if you dare, sell your birthright for a mess of pottage; never to regain it, though you seek it diligently and with tears.

But on the other hand, you may, and I trust will, lay up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may lay hold on the life, which is life indeed.

Secondly. The rich man was asked to remember the disabilities and disadvantages in the lives of others. "Lazarus!" the very name represents all that is honourable, and forlorn, and hopeless in the non-privileged class. Our own Foundation was, in its origin, the Hospital for such a class, with its old chapel and its infirmary. For its XIIIth Century Chapel was used as the College Chapel, until this Chapel was built in 1869.

In the last half century this realization of the disabilities and disadvantages of the non-privileged class has once more come into the forefront. This College expressed it in its Lady Margaret Mission in South London. It was the first University Mission of its kind, of which I had personal experience myself, when Vicar of a South London parish, an experience to me profitable indeed for realising and remembering the tragic disabilities of others. As you know, the College has now transferred its Mission activities to the Maurice Hostel, Hoxton.

But it is the Industrial North; its teeming masses, and its strenuous work, with which I have for long been most intimately connected. And there Labour is no longer lying down, no longer at our gates, silent and downtrodden. Now we have only to think of Sunday last, "Industrial Sunday." Or see its banners on Labour Day, May 1st, and you read the words, "The Advance of Labour!" Labour may not be "fit to govern" yet; but it means to try; and it is the duty of the present governing class to make it fit. Not by merely recognising that impossible ideal, "the equality

of opportunity." For opportunities are never equal anywhere. But what we ought to realise is *the equality of service*; the recognition on the one side that brain service is as arduous and useful as bodily service; and on the other side that the service of the hand is as deserving of honour as that of the schools, of Education, and of Intellectual Achievement.

On this Commemoration Day then let us remember thankfully and humbly, our good things. "Our Fathers have told us what Thou hast done in the days of old." "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," and is given for the service of others. "The true mission of the Church" it has been well said "is the greatest of all missions. It is to help men to live higher and more unselfish lives . . . to fear, not external misfortune or death, but only dishonour," for it has been said again, "The Church is the Union of those who love, for the sake of those who suffer."

In this way let us of this College strive to serve, for the words of our Lord and Master are true, "Unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask more."

The Lists of Love

I DON'T know what it is about me. Somehow I suspect that, as a lover, I am doomed to be a complete "also-ran." Molly, of course, was adorable, but I could never help feeling that I didn't quite "get there" whenever I was with her. I was too shy and distant. As for Molly, she never said the thrilling things which girls who are in love ought to say, never clung to me and never wept. In fact, she was just ordinary, and I do think that in the circumstances a girl ought to be a little more—well—er—extra-ordinary. But I suppose it was my fault.

And then I read *The Lists of Love*, and that changed everything. It is a thrilling story, with whole pages devoted to the most realistic love scenes between people who, I am sure, must be very common in this world, though I admit I have never met any of them.

The hero is a fine, strong, full-blooded man—I never like stories of empty blooded men myself—who brings off a succession of the most daring coups. Take this, for instance.

"My adorable Dorothea," he hoarsed, his voice palpitating with desire, "you *shall* be mine."

"Ah no, Horatio! are you mad?" she cried, half turning

away from him and putting out a dainty hand, as though to ward him off. "Have I not told you that I have already plighted my troth, nay more, become engaged to, Sir Richard."

"Sir Richard who?" he hissed.

"Boodlebag," she whimpered.

But Horatio knew the ways of women, knew that all down the ages woman has repelled but to allure, that when she says "no," she always means "yes." And, moreover, he knew Sir Richard for a timid æsthete. Not for a moment did he hesitate.

He rushed at her, caught her fiercely in his powerful arms and crushed her to his heaving breast, covering her with wild, passionate kisses, murmuring the while "Oh, Dotty! Dotty! be mine. You *shall* be mine."

And since woman has always loved the bare, primeval fierceness in man, she yielded herself, body, soul and everything else to his embrace.

Of course I realised what was the matter with me; I was far too timid. I resolved to alter all that at once.

We were walking in our usual somewhat futile way down a woodland path when I decided that the moment had come to display the hidden forcefulness of my character.

I stopped suddenly, gripped Molly's shoulders and, gazing at her with all my soul in my eyes, said, in as palpitating a voice as possible, "My adorable Molly, you *shall* be mine."

And Molly, half turning away from me and putting out a dainty hand as though to ward me off, answered: "Oh! Thomas! Are you mad!"

But I knew now the ways of women, knew that a woman repels but to attract. Not for a moment did I hesitate.

I rushed at her and was about to crush her fiercely in my powerful arms and cover her with wild, passionate kisses, when I received a stinging blow in the face, and an icy voice said, "I don't know if you're mad or merely trying to be funny, but, anyhow, I've had enough of you," and Molly, turning on her heel, strode off in a fury, leaving me bewildered and very unforceful.

The next day she broke it off.

By gad! wait till I catch the fool who wrote *Lists of Love*.

T.R.O.F.

Chancellor's Prize Poem

Saint Francis of Assisi

He tells of his conversion from the ways of his youth to one to whom he preacheth in the street.

" Wilt thou not listen—wilt not turn to me ?
 Nay, frown not boy, nor bite thy lip with wrath,
 Nor seek to twist thy mantle from my grasp ;
 I have a message for thine ear—nay, nay,
 These are not words meant for thine ear alone ;
 These are words that I would thine heart might hear.
 Stay, for I bid thee ! stay—look in mine eyes ;
 These have seen visions—dreams of the boundless heavens
 Swept by the dove-wings of the seraphim,
 Yea, of the Throne, gemmed with the stars of night,
 Girt with the argent armour of archangels,
 Hosts of the heavens—a splendour, a glory as of flame.
 Look in mine eyes—I bid thee come with me.
 I have a message for thine heart to hear.
 Nay, turn not from me : thou art young, thou'rt wise
 With the world's wisdom : noble thou art ; thy word
 Of weight, for thou hast lordship of the land.
 What hath the earth but beauty for thine eyes ?—
 There is one thing that thou shalt learn ere long.
 Come with me ; come with me, for I would tell
 Not of the wisdom in the mouths of men :
 Not of the silence of the ancient hills,
 Not of the slumber of the winter woods
 Nor of the murmur of the ceaseless seas—
 These things have knowledge of the aged earth
 And wisdom won of their eternity :
 But I would bid thee hearken to the song
 Of the swift birds that waken with the morn
 When the dawn's lips have kissed the world awake ;
 Harken their sweet shrill singing in the forests
 Where the green leaves toss and stir and shiver
 Thro' the silence of the drowsy noon.
 There is a greater wisdom in their voice
 Than thou shalt find upon the lips of men :
 Theirs are the heights and deeps of song ; and lo !
 What sorrow ever breaks upon their singing
 And weeps within their laughing lutany ?
 There is a greater wisdom in their voice
 Than thou shalt find among the silent hills
 Whose breasts bear burden of eternal age,
 And theirs the grandeur of mortality.

Ah ! happiness—singing to soar and die—
 For sorrow dwells among the eternal hills
 But these—are these not wiser, having learnt
 From death the wisdom of fleet happiness ?
 Death is most wise, and they are wise, knowing death.
 —Come with me, come with me. Thee shall I teach
 The secret that the birds sing towards the sun
 Greater than the said silence of the woods,
 The sorrow of the mourning midnight wind,
 And all the secret splendour of the stars.
 Come with me ; come with me. Thou shalt forget
 Thy sorrows in the sighing of the seas
 Thy laughter in the light of waking morn,
 And in that happiness that springs of death
 Learn there where sorrow and laughter are made one.
 Come—I have learnt my wisdom thence ; yea I :
 Once was my heart careless as thine, mine eyes
 Sought the world's laughing face and found it fair.
 I had no heed for aught save idle pleasure ;
 Mine was the sorrow of sad satiety.
 Look in mine eyes ; yea, once these were as thine,
 Quick for the pleasure of the passing hour,
 Bright with the light of the desires of youth :
 Yet lo ! they have looked beyond the silent stars
 And the skies had no veil to bind their sight.
 Canst thou not see my dreams within mine eyes ?—
 The silence of the night is loud for me
 With wandering whispers of a tongue divine ;
 I have divined the secret of the spheres—
 My lips shall teach thee what mine heart hath learnt.
 Thus it befell ; was it a year ago—
 Ten years ? Ah God—I know, I care not now—
 I left the night-long revel with wild heart
 Afire, and wilder brain, dizzy with wine ;—
 Passed down the silent streets whose reddened stones
 Gleamed to the footsteps of the fiery dawn.
 The air was still about me and no stir
 Or sound of life woke in my deadened ears.
 What thoughts were in my heart I know not now :
 Naught but a whirl of formless phantasies,
 Dull repetition of a drinking catch.
 —Thus had my life been for how many years,
 A flame of passion and swift, strong desire,
 A flame that wasted of its own fervency.
 Weary my heart was on that waking morn
 And sadness held a mantle o'er my mind.
 Beware—beware thee of light loves, light joys !
 Shall not the wine turn bitter in thy mouth,

At length ; the glad kiss burn thee on the lips ?
 Shall not the rose-wreath wither from thine head,
 And thine heart hold naught save sick vanity ?
 Yea, yea ; so hath it been—so shall it be.
 Thou hast my very laughter, my wild eyes.
 Harken thou yet ; look on my face and learn.
 Thus, as I stumbled down the echoing street
 With blinded eyes and ears that heard no sounds
 Save of the echo of the night's wild song,
 Sudden there came a rush of many feet,
 A blow—a cry—a darkness and a silence ;
 A cold wind breathed as from the lips of death.
 I know not, nay, if with that waking morn
 Death had stretched forth a hand and made me his,
 If for one moment it was granted me
 To tread the strange, dim ways of alien worlds
 And seize one glimpse of things known not of men.
 'Twas not a dream—nay, not a dream—a flame,
 No more—a vision, a fading radiance,
 And sudden knowledge of things once withheld.
 How can I tell thee, how there burned on me
 The gathered glory of a thousand spears,
 The shining shields and the proud panoply,
 The high helmets of the cohorts of the heavens.
 Above mine head the silent hosts stood high
 With winged feet sandalled and shod with stars,
 And arms with shining silver braceleted.
 Thus stood they, voiceless, a mailed multitude,
 With tall spears rank on rank, a glory as of fire.
 And mine heart trembled in my fearful breast.
 Ah, listen yet ! Sudden there rose a cry
 As from one throat from all the armoured host,
 A noise of brazen trumpets, loud for war,
 A thunder of hoofs ; and in my dazzled eyes
 Flashed the swift splendour of the shaken spears.
 Lo ! I had sinned, I had sinned, and in my heart
 Rang that wild cry with warning, and I shrieked
 Mad with my fears—" Give me my life, my life ! "
 There was a sudden silence o'er my tears,
 A stir of wings about my stricken brow.
 And then a voice spoke—whence I dared not look.
 My tears had ceased and my heart's tremour stilled.
 What said the voice I know not now, alas,
 Save that it bore a message to my heart
 I hear in the swift whisper of the wind
 O'er the grey solitudes of secret hills.
 What said the voice I know not now, alas,
 But a great peace fell like the hand of sleep

Upon mine eyes and on my burning brow.
 And the voice sank to distant echoings,
 And all the winged warriors of the heavens
 Sank into mist and the blaze of their arms
 Died as the sunset splendour into night.
 —'T was not a dream ; 't was not a dream ! I woke
 With careful hands about me and the sun
 Red on my face, dim with the misty morn.
 One spoke—I heard not aught ; one strove to stay
 My rising. Naught I felt : mine eyes were blind
 To all save visions of the winged hosts.
 I knew not that I trod the street's grey stone ;
 I knew not him who walked an hour before
 There where into the splendour of morn I strode :
 There was a thunder of clarions in mine ears ;
 There was a radiant glory in mine eyes !
 —Hear'st not the cry ?—I bid thee follow me !

D. W. A. L.

The College Mission

THE welcome progress, recorded in our last report, has continued during the past months without any sign of abatement. The summer period is always a lean one for any club, but this year we have scarcely felt the difference, as far as numbers and enthusiasm are concerned. This, no doubt, is partly due to the lack of summer weather, but it is also to a very great extent the result of the expansion and development of our activities. The numbers, indeed, at the present time compare very favourably even with past winter seasons, and the approach of the summer camp will go far to counteract the result of any long-delayed spell of hot weather.

The cricket season is in full swing. For the first time in our history we have two teams this year playing regularly. And although we have suffered a severe blow from the inexplicable action of the L.C.C., who have this year suddenly forbidden us the use of a school playground for our cricket net—a privilege which we have enjoyed for at least the last fifteen years, and for which we took the trouble and expense of procuring a tunnel net, and boring holes in the concrete of the playground to support the poles. It seems strange that the L.C.C., who presumably are appointed for the purpose of looking after the interests of the people of the districts of which they are in charge, should thus deliberately and for no apparent reason put their ban on the enjoyment of some fifty of their old pupils, more especially as the school caretaker is as keen on it

as we are ourselves; but for whatever cause the fact remains that we have had to suffer.

As a result of this our record up to date has not been so good as it has been in the last few years. Out of six matches, we have only won three, with an equal number of losses. For the first time for three years we have lost on Hackney Marshes, our home ground. Though this is in part the result of the late continuance of the football season, which prevented us from getting any practice before our first match, it would have been very different if we had had the use of the net during March and April. The second team has at present been spending most of its time in trial matches, deciding the composition of the team, but we have now got a full programme for the rest of the season and have begun by winning the only match we have so far played.

Swimming is very keenly pursued, and it is exceedingly pleasant to be able to record that this occupation is run entirely by the boys themselves. On only a few occasions have officers been able to be present, yet under the management of a very capable committee, the Wednesday evening meetings have gone with a swing. Water polo has even been tried with success, and although we are as yet not very expert, we may be able to challenge the College in another year or two.

Rowing shows no signs of losing the popularity which it met with at its start. Lack of coaches has been a great handicap, and has compelled us to make several breaks in our work, but it has not been due to any failure on the part of the boys that this irregularity has occurred. In May we sent in a four for the Lea Regatta President's Cup. We were beaten in the first round by the ultimate winners, but we did sufficiently well to merit a paragraph in the London Press. Indeed one paper—the *Evening News*—gave us a headline in one of their editions, commenting on our rapid progress, and we at least achieved the distinction of running the winners closer than anyone else! We are hoping to go to camp this year at St. Neots, where a regatta under N.A.R.A. rules is to be held on August Bank Holiday, and we are determined to enter a four, if we can manage to get a camping ground near. The fares will be a difficult problem, but we have set to work to run some summer dances, in order to raise funds for this. Already we have raised about £3 or £4 which will go some way to reducing our expenses. If only we can raise a few more our difficulty will be overcome.

The regular Club dancing season came to an end on Saturday, May 5th, with a special "Carnival" in which streamers and hats played a not unimportant part. At this dance we were delighted to welcome Mrs. Stephens, who has been so kind to us at Merstham, and her staff. The evening was a

great success, and we hope that our visitors enjoyed it. As a result of these dances through the season, we were able to contribute £17 to the general working expenses of the Club, and that although the lack of a playable piano necessitated the expenditure of 30s. a week on the hire of one. For next year we have been promised by the kindness of a friend who desires to remain anonymous, the gift of a piano of our own, so we hope thereby substantially to increase our profits.

Boxing, which is usually perhaps regarded rather as a winter occupation, is going with great vigour at present. We have always been unique in this. In the winter other activities tend to lessen the enthusiasm for this pursuit, but at the Club there has always been a keenness to box, even in the hottest weather. This year our enthusiasm has received a tremendous spur from a visit from the Varsity Boxing Captain and his brother. The two Nerys most sportingly came down and judged a full evening's boxing, and then added to our debt of gratitude by giving an exhibition display. It was exceedingly kind of them to spare the time for this, and they have further promised to come again next term and bring a third expert with them to act as the referees and judge. Meantime we have had four very encouraging competitions at four different weights (in the absence of scales the weights have been somewhat uncertain) for which we have had a total of about 30 entries. It is most unfortunate that we cannot get a trainer to teach us the real science of the game, but failing such a one, the elder and more experienced boys have done much to encourage the younger talent.

The printing class has been full of activity. The acquisition of a number of junior boys, who are full of keenness and desire to learn, has enabled us to expand our output, and we are at present engaged in printing pamphlets for our Ward Services. As soon as this is done, we hope to get to work on a hymn sheet, which shall include the hymns that are in regular use with us. At present our old hymnbooks have a habit of shedding the pages of the most frequently-used hymns, and a pamphlet containing only these hymns will be a real godsend. By September we hope to be ready to print the annual report of the Hostel, and if we can manage this we shall save nearly £20 to the Club. The other Evening Classes are going along steadily and we are rapidly becoming proficient at Algebra and Geometry. French is progressing more slowly but is still making a steady advance. The English class has for the moment had to abandon activities.

Since last report we have to thank many for kindnesses and presents. In the first place we would thank the College for the splendid time they gave us at Whitsuntide and the ladies of the College for their kindness in enabling us to

bring up the girls of the boys who are engaged. We had a splendid time and by the time we had torn ourselves from the sumptuous repast that Mr. Armitage gave us at the end, we could scarcely muster up strength to walk to the station to catch our train. We brought down 20 boys and four girls and it says much for the generosity of the College that despite the imminence of examinations, we never lacked a host for any meal! We would also like especially to thank Mrs. Leatham for her kind gift of clothing, J. L. Bryan for his kindness in sending us three bats and various valuable pairs of boots and shoes, N. T. W. Lund for a most welcome gift of white flannel trousers, H. H. Fagnani, J. H. MacLellan and C. W. Walker for cricket bats.

Before closing these notes we would call attention to the fact that our summer camp will begin on August 4th and continue until August 11th. It will probably be at St. Neots, near Huntingdon, but failing that it will be at Bushey in Hertfordshire. If any who read this are able to come and help us to enjoy it, we shall be very pleased to welcome them. A card to Mr. Epps at the Club or Mr. Raven at Cambridge, will elicit full particulars as soon as they are fixed. We cannot have too many helpers, so will all who can manage it, please accept this as an invitation? Finally we are at present likely to be very short of workers next year at the Club and if any who are going down or have gone down can come and live with us and spare us their evenings, or come regularly once or more in the week, we shall be very greatly indebted to them. The Resident's House has plenty of accommodation, and for a charge of 30s. a week for bed, breakfast and dinner we can put up as many residents as we can find. We are unfortunately losing Mr. Epps in August and we have no one so far to take his place. If anyone thinks it is possible for him, we should be awfully glad to welcome him to the work.

L.M.B.C.

President—The Master. *Treasurer*—Mr. Cunningham.
1st Boat Captain—G. A. D. Tait. *2nd Boat Captain*—W. E. Gaccon.
Hon. Sec.—R. B. T. Craggs. *Jun. Treas.*—J. A. K. Martyn.

It is a painful task to have to record the doings of the Lady Margaret boats in the May races; an unfortunate year met an unfortunate end. But let the hand desist from painting the bad side of the picture now: everyone, whether mildly, or keenly, interested in the Lady Margaret, knows the

worst and has smoked the critical or scornful pipe over the descent of the First Boat every night. Even some of our most faithful friends are beginning to lose heart and get impatient at continued failure. But there are still a few, —and all praise to them!—who see good even in the disasters of the past year. Towpath critics it may interest some to know, have seen good material in our boats, and foresee great successes next year.

Very hearty thanks are due to the coaches who so patiently laboured with us. Dr. C. H. S. Taylor gave the First Boat a really promising start in the clinker ship and led us well on the way to efficient leg-work. The fruits of his labours were, unfortunately, lost when work started in the light ship; though his interest in us continued to the very end. Words literally fail when one tries to record the great efforts of Col. Thompson, who coached for the last three weeks: his enthusiasm and ability did the crew a great deal of good. Mr. Collin very kindly managed to find time to take us for a week in the middle of term, the unpleasant time of approaching Trips: and the Revs. S. E. Swann and H. B. Playford took us for two odd outings each, thereby exhibiting the true rowing spirit and, incidentally, doing a deal of good. If the crew had rowed all through the week as they did on Wednesday up to Ditton, when they were nearly in striking distance of Caius, there would have been a different tale to tell.

Mention should be made of the many friends who cheered us on with breakfasts and in other ways. And, in particular,



of Mr. E. H. Craggs, whose work in London does not prevent him from allowing his wide knowledge of rowing to be a valuable asset to the Club.

The Second Boat was regarded by the papers as a very promising crew (this is not an intentional insult) and was undoubtedly powerful. It was unfortunate that the standard of the boats round them was also high. The spirit of the crew in training was good to see. It is with real gratitude that we thank Mr. R. Meldrum for his coaching: he has the consolation of knowing that he produced a crew of considerably greater speed than the Second Boat of the previous year, and one which for some time successfully rivalled the First Boat.

A word must be said in conclusion of the enthusiasm and optimism of the late Captain, A. F. Dunlop, which amazed those who realised the difficulties of his task. He has unfortunately left us: but his energy, we honestly believe, has ensured success in the coming year and more mural decoration of the good old sort.

The immediate need is a finer racing spirit throughout the Club. Let us remember what "Tim" says, that a good oar is not discovered until he has won a race.

The first crew was as follows:—

bow	N. T. W. Lund	11st. 3lb.	5	L. Elliot-Smith	13st. 2lbs.
2	L. S. Mayne	12st. 9lbs.	6	A. F. Dunlop (Capt.)	12st. 12lbs.
3	L. H. Macklin	11st. 3lbs.	7	D. H. Sanderson	11st. 12lbs.
4	G. A. D. Tait	11st. 6lbs.	stroke	R. B. T. Craggs	11st. 5lbs.
	cox.	R. S. Dawson	9st. 4lbs.		

Henley Fund Committee

A meeting of the Henley Fund Committee was held on June 8th, 1923, when it was decided not to send a boat to Henley.

CRICKET CLUB

16 Matches. Won 3. Lost 3. Drawn 4. Scratched 6.

WE started this term with nine old colours and two or three good Freshmen. There was, therefore, every reason to suppose that we should have a really good season. But it was not so. First, there was the weather. Secondly there were Triposes, Operas and what not. All combined to squash Cricket. But this does not excuse our

moderate form. Other Colleges, curiously enough, had to contend with Triposes, Operas and weather. In my opinion there were two reasons for our failure.

First, we never became a team, but were a collection of individuals who had little self-confidence and less confidence in each other. This led to many evils, such as people being run out, and also to a certain extent accounted for the second reason, which was our bad fielding.

The number of easy catches dropped by the team this last term was phenomenal. The nerves of the bowlers became ragged, with the result that there would be huge eighth or ninth wicket stands against us.

Fielding is a matter of practice and concentration. The amount of practice we had was not very great, but ought to have been sufficient. The concentration was either lacking or misapplied. Take the case of a slip. Between the time that the bat hits the ball and the time that the ball reaches him, he has got to see that the ball is coming towards him, then judge exactly where the ball will be and put his hands in that spot. If he does this quickly enough he will find that the ball will stick in his hand. But if he is slow either the ball will have passed him, or he will have to snatch at it as it passes, with the inevitable result that he will drop it. To anticipate the ball in this way he must watch it closely from the moment it hits the bat. And in order to do this last he must be ready before the ball is hit.

An outfield has plenty of time to watch the ball in the air and judge where it is going. But having taken up his position he watches it to within, say, two feet of him. Then he does one of three things. Either he gets panicky and cries out in his soul "I shall drop it"—which he does; or he relaxes his mind and begins thinking of his tea, or whether the next man will hit them up like this. And he too, unless he has "timed" the catch perfectly, will drop it. Or finally he may think hard about the ball, even after it has touched his hands, so that, if he has misjudged the ball and it does not hit the right part of his hand, he can rectify his error and stop the ball from bouncing out.

Judgment and concentration are essential in fielding and batting. Judgment is acquired by practice, but concentration is apt to wear out after a long day.

Summary of results:—

April 28th.—v. Old Johnnians. Drawn.
 Old Johnnians 193 (Bryan 87. Titley, not out, 49).
 St. John's ... 167 for 9 (Walker 44).
 April 30, May 1.—v. Emmanuel. Won by 4 wickets.
 Emmanuel ... 117 (Woodhouse 7 for 27).
 St. John's ... 119 for 6 (Skinner 44).

May 5th.—*v.* Queens'. Drawn.

St. John's ... 206 for 7 (declared) (Thres 80 not out).
Queens' ... 104 for 5.

May 7th, 8th.—*v.* Caius. Won by two wickets.

Caius ... 216 (Woodhouse 7 for 61).
St. John's ... 220 for 8 (Kefford 69. Hey 58 not out).

May 15th.—*v.* Downing. Won by 91 runs.

St. John's ... 160 for 2 (Skinner 74 not out).
Downing ... 69 (McLeod 5 for 20).

May 18th, 19th.—*v.* Clare. Lost by 103 runs.

St. John's ... 112 (Skinner 32) and 169 for 7 (declared).
(Thres 45. Eagles 44).
Clare ... 215 (McLeod 6 for 64) and 29 for 5 (Woodhouse
[5 for 7]).

May 22nd.—*v.* Sidney Sussex. Drawn.

St. John's ... 175 (Pennington 73).
Sidney Sussex 116 for 6.

May 25th, 26th.—*v.* King's. Lost by 97 runs.

King's ... 273 (Skinner, 3 for 24).
St. John's ... 176.

May 28th.—*v.* Jesus. Abandoned.

St. John's ... 199 for 5.

June 5th.—*v.* Christ's. Drawn.

St. John's ... 190 for 3 (declared). (Walker 63. McLeod 51
not out).
Christ's ... 116 for 5.

June 7th, 8th.—*v.* Trinity. Lost by 7 wickets.

St. John's ... 58 and 116 (Thres 27).
Trinity ... 147 and 30 for 3.

Characters :

F. M. EAGLES.—A sound bat. Rather inclined to imagine himself a Jessop after he has made 30 runs. Fair ground field, safe catch, but slow in throwing in to the wicket.

E. C. MARCHANT.—Bowled well in the second half of the season. Length a bit short at first. Greatly improved slip fielder. Would advise him to stoop a bit more, though.

L. C. WOODHOUSE.—Has bowled consistently well and thoroughly deserved his Crusader. Ought to have made more runs than he did. His fielding is really very good.

D. P. THRES.—A pretty bat, with some powerful strokes. Generally starts rather shakily and is too fond of the rising ball on the off. A brilliant field on his day.

H. K. KEFFORD.—A forcing bat who has played one or two fine innings. A good catch and throws in well, but a bit slow on his feet, and is disinclined to bend.

N. C. MCLEOD.—A really good fast bowler on his day and fine bat. Great things are expected of him next year.

P. E. MELLOR.—Has played some good innings. Safe catch and will stop anything, but not quick enough off the mark.

T. I. SKINNER.—A really good bat, who takes a lot of trouble, but gets impatient if he does not score fast. Slow starter in the field and between the wickets. In the latter case tries to watch the ball all the time he is running, which makes him slow. His bowling is improved enormously and he is now a very useful change bowler.

H. H. FAGNANI.—Improved as a wicket keeper and has made runs.

T. W. PENNINGTON.—Useful left-handed bat, with a curious style. Must learn not to cock the ball up into the air when pulling. An excellent field.

C. W. WALKER.—When G. O. Hovil found he had to resign the captaincy, Walker took on the office and has proved himself a most keen and able captain. His batting has been wonderfully polished and effective, and whether he makes runs or not his batting is always a joy to watch. A sound and brilliant fielder and a useful change bowler. Awarded his Crusader early in the term.—[ED.]

Batting averages, 1923 :—

	Inns.	Runs.	Highest	Not out.	Average.
Skinner ...	13	362	74*	2	32.91
Thres ...	10	222	80*	1	24.67
Walker ...	10	218	63	1	24.22
Eagles ...	10	203	44	1	22.56
Pennington ...	6	124	73	0	20.67
McLeod ...	6	97	51*	1	19.40
Kefford ...	9	153	69	1	19.13
Mellor ...	11	139	37*	3	17.38
Woodhouse ...	8	70	31	3	14.00
Marchant ...	7	58	23	1	9.67
Fagnani ...	5	22	15	2	7.33
McLellan ...	5	33	23	0	6.60
Smellie ...	7	31	14	1	5.20

Bowling averages, 1923 :—

		Overs	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Skinner	...	17	1	70	7	10.00
McLeod	...	69	11	219	16	13.70
Woodhouse	...	138.5	28	425	37	11.50
Walker	...	16	2	56	3	18.67
Smellie	...	38	5	141	6	23.50
Marchant	...	91	15	268	10	26.80
Williams	...	46	9	166	6	27.67
Thres	...	13.4	0	102	2	51.00

St. John's College Cricket Tour

ON Thursday, June 14th, about lunch time, a number of figures were seen to arise from their respective couches—on which they had since breakfast time that morning been trying to supply the lack of sleep caused by the College Ball overnight—and staggering into a medley of cars, proceeded to burn the trail from the Seat of Learning to Brighton. Thus was the tour begun. A great factor in its success was the fact that we had plenty of road transport—some of which is illustrated in this article—and most of which deserves description. First there were twin vehicles of a famous American make—no, not Fords—steered by our Captain and prospective Rugger Skipper respectively. The latter's owned no brakes, the doors wouldn't open and the horn only worked when held against the steering column—otherwise it was in perfect condition. Next we had Dippy's XYZ which hated its silencer and constantly shed it—the result being many rumours of hostile air fleets approaching, spread amongst the peaceful hamlets of Kent and Sussex during our stay. The writer's Rolls-Ford and two motor bikes completed the procession.

At Brighton we stayed at the palatial Hotel Bristol, h. & c. on every floor, all mod.—but no, this is not an advertisement for seaside lodgings. We arrived there to find Brighton in the grip of what purported to be “King Carnival.” In the innocence of our hearts, we strolled down the front after dinner, only to have so-called ticklers thrust in our faces, our mouths and eyes stuffed with confetti, while bladders thudded lightly (?) on our heads. Above the babel of noise someone was heard informing one in a hoarse voice, “Nar's the time to get your own back! Two large bags a penny!” We fled hastily and sought the sanctuary of the hotel—at least the majority did—one or two of the bolder spirits were overheard trying to buy half a “large bag” from a confetti merchant with their last copper some while later.

The next morning we proceeded to Eastbourne where we were joined by Jack Bryan. Heartened by his presence and

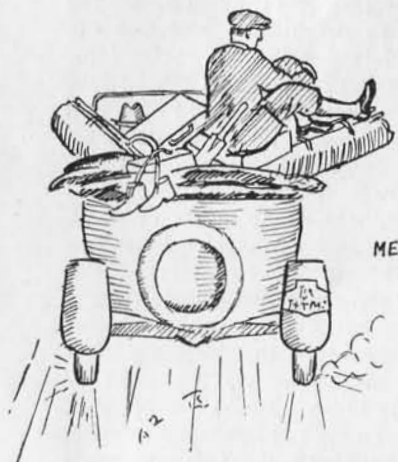
helped by his scoring shots, we proceeded to thump the bowling about, but with our score at 189 for 3 wickets the rain descended and that was that! Returning to Brighton, we played the College the next day, but a different tale had to be told. Nothing went right for the bowlers and the school scored 220. We then proceeded to lose eight wickets for 130 odd runs and despite heroic efforts by the tail—our “Sporting Parson” (who had come to umpire and was made to play) 40, Woodhouse 31 and Fags 13 not out—we were beaten by 16 runs.

The next day, being Sunday, was spent in divers ways. Percival Mellor had a great time missing trains to Hastings, most of the remainder spent many links of their gold chains at “Ski Ball” and similar games of chance on the Palace Pier.

Monday we played the Sussex Martlets on a perfect wicket on the County ground at Hove and, thanks to a perfect innings of 85 by Wilfred and a somewhat lucky 70 odd by Oscar, were able to declare at 253 for 8. These innings were especially good as the Martlets had out their strongest bowling side including some four or five county players. Our opponents were dismissed for 119 by Woodhouse, Skinner & Co. The next day we moved with bag and baggage to Lewes for the return game with the Martlets on the Dripping Pan Ground. On a wet wicket we did astonishingly well to dismiss our opponents for 135. This feat was helped by Fags behind the wicket dismissing A. A. Saunders, the Sussex amateur, by producing the ball from a snick from between the bottom of his pads with the air of a conjurer producing a rabbit. Kef. decided that he had at last found a ground to suit his style of batting and thanks mainly to a hard hit 69 by him we passed the Martlets' score for the loss of five wickets. Kef. was eventually found out by a fieldsman perched on top of a surrounding garden wall disguised as a fruit tree. We then betook ourselves to Canterbury which was reached about 10 o'clock by the main body. The Skipper, Dave and Frank rolled up in the early hours of the morning—much to the disgust of Oscar, whose pyjamas were with them—and explained that they had been having great fun practising mending punctures.

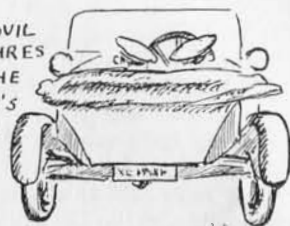
Wednesday we played at Broadstairs and put them out for 91—our Cambridgeshire amateur, Marchant, taking 5 for 28—aided by more acrobatic feats by the wicket-keeper. Kefford proceeded to show that Brighton “is so bracing” by getting 91 out of 120 odd for the three wickets that fell before we passed their score.

Thursday we mounted the heights by Dover Castle to play the Garrison and thanks chiefly to Kefford and Marchant were able to declare at 276 for 8. We had been told that the home side were very strong, but aided by a bad wicket Raven



AN IMPRESSION OF THE TEAM
TRAVELING.
A COMMON SIGHT ON THE
ROADS

MESSRS. HOVIL
AND THRES
IN THE
LATTER'S
CAR



CAPT. H.H. FAGNANI
IN HIS "GWYNNE"



THE SAME
DRESSED FOR
DEPARTURE
FROM THE
COLLEGE

MR. H. KINGSLEY KEFFORD
(TOURING TREASURER)

THE MATCH AT EASTBOURNE

THE
SAME
GIVING A
MUSICAL
EVENING



BUT THE
AFOREMENTIONED
'GWYNNE' COULD
ACQUIRE A
PRETTY TURN OF
SPEED.
A STRAIGHT BIT
ON THE DOVER RD.



THE CRICKET



MR. G.O. HOVIL
THE LOB
BOWLER.



A BOUNDARY FIELDER
ON THE "DRIPPING PAN"
AT LEWES.



UNORTHODOX CATCHES BROUGHT OFF
BY MR. FAGNANI



ON THE
ROAD TO
CANTERBURY



UGH!



MR. FULLJAMES
DIFFERED FROM
MESSRS. HOVIL AND
THRES IN THIS
ONE RESPECT



THE MATCH
AT MAIDSTONE
WAS SOMETHING OF A
PROCESSION FOR ST JOHNS. ENJOYABLE TOUR.



AND SO HOME
— AFTER AN
EXCEEDINGLY
ENJOYABLE TOUR.

TOUR. 1923.

and Woodhouse put them out for 22—the former taking 5 for 10 and the latter 5 for 6! Whilst on the subject of this match we should mention the excellent hospitality offered to us there. The same remark applies to our next and last game at Milgate Park near Maidstone.

This is the home of Mr. Fremlin, of beer fame, and possibly people with suspicious minds will find cause and effect of our defeat in this fact. We will pass lightly over this side of the question and describe the game. At lunch time, with the wicket playing well, our opponents had scored 140 for the loss of 1 wicket. After lunch the wicket cut up considerably and they were out for an addition of 34 runs, Smellie (*alias* Stinker) and Marchant doing execution with the leather (technical term). We started disastrously, Wilfred being run out owing to a misunderstanding without receiving a ball and a procession followed—eight wickets being down for 37. The tail, chiefly owing to Frank (18 not out) pulled things round a bit, but we finished the innings at 74 runs with another unfortunate run out. On following on we proceeded to show what we should have done before in the first knock, sixes being plentiful.

In retrospect the tour was very successful from every point of view—all our strongest opponents being defeated. In this connection it should be remembered that we were without McLeod and Pennington during the whole tour, Skinner after the first four matches and Fulljames, Thres and Marchant during the first part. During our last match Raven was engaged in hitting sixes at Lords and would doubtless have done the same at Maidstone had it not been for this other engagement.

From the social point of view the only fly in the ointment was that Oscar insisted on making speeches in his sleep and Fags on singing in his bath. Our misogynist, Kefford, "tickled the ivories" with great skill, to the delight of everyone except the proprietress of the hotel. As before stated the tour was a great success and it is hoped that it will be repeated annually.

Lawn Tennis Club

President.—Mr. Benians. *Captain.*—S. K. Chaudhuri.
Secretary.—C. S. Graham.

THE season has been quite successful for both VI's, although at the beginning of the term our prospects were not too good. The team was got together early in the term and thus had the advantage of playing together. The tournament was won by C. J. Bland, who beat J. R. Bamber in the final by 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

The 2nd VI has done exceedingly well and, although losing the first two matches, was only beaten once more, when a weak side turned out owing to Exams. As there were about ten players in the running for their second colours, it was hard to choose, and in the end, to decide for the last two places, five men played off singles against each other in turn, the two with the greatest number of wins receiving colours.

The great match of the season was against Trinity Hall in the League. As we were both unbeaten teams we were out to do our best to win, as the winners would probably get into the First Division of the League. Unfortunately we were badly defeated by 8-1, but we can console ourselves with the fact that their team included three blues.

We were very glad to have Mr. A. Beard, an old Colour, bring down a six to play against us. Next year we hope to have several such matches.

St. Thomas's Hospital also brought down a six, but rain made play impossible.

During May week an American Mixed Doubles Tournament was arranged and 36 couples entered, but owing to too much dancing and frivolity a great many failed to turn out. The event was won by Miss Howell and R. Sutcliffe.

The 1st VI beat Mayflies, Peterhouse (L.), Corpus, Clare (L.), Emmanuel (L.), and Christ's, and lost to Queens', Trinity Hall (L.), Mayflies (L.) and Mr. Beard's VI.

The 2nd VI beat Corpus II, Magdalene II, Queens' II, Corpus II, Caius II and De Freville L.T.C., and lost to Peterhouse II and Caius II.

A 3rd VI played one match, defeating Ridley Hall.

Swimming Club.

				P.	W.	L.	D.
Water Polo	6	3	2	1
Swimming	3	1	1	1

THE temperature of the river has been so low throughout the term that none of the Clubs of the Water Polo and Swimming Leagues was able to complete its programme.

At the beginning of the season the Club was placed in Division II of the Water Polo League, but challenging and beating Trinity, we secured a place in Division I. The team was almost entirely composed of 3rd and 4th year men and had the weather allowed a reasonable amount of practice, would have been very powerful indeed.

Nest, our Secretary, worked very hard and keenly and saw us through the majority of our fixtures. He was invaluable as first string for the 100 yards and scored most of

our goals at Water Polo. E. B. Mayne also proved a tower of strength, swimming first string in both the 50 and 220 yards.

J. J. Nery and Oatley, although playing in unaccustomed places, proved to be a most efficient pair of backs and will form a strong nucleus, with R. A. Layton, for the constitution of next year's side.

In the Varsity Swimming Sports E. B. Mayne won the Varsity diving and C. W. Oatley was second in the polo ball "chuck." The College, represented by J. J. Nery, H. C. Nest, G. H. C. Field and E. B. Mayne, finished second to Caius in the Inter-College Team race.

Colours were awarded to E. B. Mayne and C. W. Oatley.

It is to be hoped that the river will be warm enough during the Long for a number of practice games, so that a more extended trial may be given to first year men than has been possible during the May Term.

General Athletic Club.

President.—Mr. Benians.

Treasurer.—Mr. Appleton.

Secretary.—D. P. Thres.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1921-22.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.				
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance from 1921-22	355	19	11	L.M.B.C.	...	640	0
Subscriptions ...	1,612	7	0	Field Clubs	...	910	0
Dividend from Stock	5	5	0	Athletic Club	...	35	0
				Swimming Club		10	0
				Donation to C.U.S.C.	5	0	0
				Compounding Fees			
				C.U.S.C.	...	34	12
				Debating Society		3	0
				Collectors' Fees	15	13
				Bank Charges	...	1	6
				Balance to 1922-23	318	19	10
	£1,973	11	11		£1,973	11	11

Gadflies' Concert.

Monday, March 12th, 1923.

THE College Chorus—whether as Gadflies or Musical Society—and their various leaders have entertained us with Gilbert and Sullivan on many occasions since the War; they have always been good and have supported excellently a splendid succession of solo-singers. At this Concert choruses from the *Beggar's Opera*—"Fill every glass" and "Let us take the road"—with A. L. Thomas as Filch

and the Chorus as Macheath's gang, were added as variety from too Gilbertian odes. All the singing was much appreciated by a very large assembly of members and their friends.

But undiluted singing might be rather tiring for the whole of a smoker and the problem of providing non-musical and, if possible, comic interludes, which had considerably exercised the minds of the Committee, was happily solved by the production of a live cinema, photo plays in natural colours and three dimensions. Arundell and Wilson, who had carried till Saturday evening the chief weight of the Marlowe Society's Volpone, were in charge; they called together the volunteer actors who met in motley attire on Sunday afternoon, selected the rough sketch of two plots which were elaborated by Fagnani, Stuart and others, hastily rehearsed and produced them at a venture the next night. Considering the hurriedness of the preparation, the result was amazingly successful—certainly the audience laughed greatly, either with or at the performers.

The first play "Van John of Rose's Creek," a drama of the wild west, featured Hovil as "Bertha Bloggins"—charming, fearless, innocent heroine—and the usual assortment of lover, old father, wicked sheriff, etc. Horses and sheep in great number also appeared. After breathless adventures in innumerable reels all ended happily—the sheriff, found out at last, being compelled, in the absence of a pastor, to marry the triumphant couple.

The second play "The Heart of a Hound" dealt with domestic misunderstandings. The Father (Arundell) and the Mother (Herbage) leave the happy home severally in company with a long-lost Sister and a long-lost Brother; they meet unaware of the identity of each other's companion at the theatre in neighbouring boxes, and naturally imagine the worst. At home the Baby (Sutton) and the faithful Dog (Sanderson) have an encounter with burglars—the whole cast including a large police force appears on the scene—and, after explanations, all ends happily, the long-lost brother and sister turning out to be long-lost husband and wife.

Musical Society

President.—Professor Rapson.

Treasurer.—Rev. J. M. Creed.

Director.—Dr. C. B. Rootham. *Committee.*—D. D. Arundell, H. C. J. Peiris, H. V. Dicks, L. H. Titterton, L. H. Macklin, B. S. Jaquet, R. S. Maxwell, L. H. Hardern, B. C. Nicholson, J. L. Herbage, F. A. Richards, and O. R. Fulljames (*Hon. Secretary*).

The May Concert was given in the College Hall on the evening of June 11th, to a large and appreciative

audience. The first item, a Bach Concerto for solo violin, string orchestra and continuo was a conclusive proof that Johnian instrumental talent is as strong as ever. Indeed, the College will not be in need of violin soloists while a Handel Sonata can be given as F. A. Richards and B. C. Nicholson played it later in the evening. The College Chorus, too, who with the Choristers sang English Folk songs and Elizabethan Madrigals, reached a high standard of perfection in interpretation. The Male Voice Quartets also were well received, especially a very humorous setting of the nursery rhyme "Jemima."

Of the more "solo" items were songs given by D. D. Arundell and H. C. J. Peiris, the former of whom sang for the first time Dr. Rootham's "The West Wind." O. R. Fulljames and L. H. Macklin gave an amusing duet by Purcell, and a novelty on the programme was H. K. Kefford's Hautboy Solo which was received with much applause. The concert concluded as usual with the College Boating Song sung by the First May Crew, and the Musical Society may be congratulated on a thoroughly good and successful evening's entertainment.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. CONCERTO in E major for solo violin with accompaniment of Strings and Pianoforte. *Bach.*
Allegro. Adagio. Allegro assai.
Solo Violin: H. BANISTER. Pianoforte: M. H. A. NEWMAN.
Violins: F. A. RICHARDS. B. C. NICHOLSON. H. C. J. PEIRIS.
A. V. DICKS. L. H. HARDERN. G. D. SHAW.
Violas: O. R. FULLJAMES. K. G. LOW.
Violincello: E. G. DYMOND.
Double Bass: E. D. BERRIDGE.
2. MADRIGALS.
(a) "Take here my heart" *Thomas Weelkes (1596.)*
(b) "This sweet and merry month" *William Byrd (1611.)*
(c) "Lady, the birds right fairly" *Thomas Weelkes (1596.)*
THE CHORUS.
3. SONG. "The West Wind." *C. B. Rootham.*
D. D. ARUNDELL.
4. HAUTOY SOLO. *Praeludium. Jarnefeldt.*
H. K. KEFFORD.
5. VOCAL DUET. "I spy Celia." *Henry Purcell.*
O. R. FULLJAMES, L. H. MACKLIN.
6. QUARTETS.
(a) "Ward, the Pirate" *English Folk song, arr. by R. Vaughan Williams.*
(b) "The Jolly Ploughboy" *Sussex Folk song, arr. by R. Vaughan Williams.*
(c) "Jemima" *Anon.*
H. C. J. PEIRIS. J. L. HERBAGE.
O. R. FULLJAMES. L. H. MACKLIN.

PART 2.

7. FOLK SONG.
"The Two Sisters o' Binnorie" *Arr. for unaccompanied Chorus*
(North Country Ballad). *by C. B. Rootham.*
THE CHORUS.
8. SONGS.
(a) "When you are old." *Frank Bridge.*
(b) "The Song of the Palanquin Bearers" *Martin Shaw.*
H. C. J. PEIRIS.
9. SONATA for two VIOLINS and PIANOFORTE in G minor. *Handel.*
Andante. Allegro. Arioso (Poco Adagio). Allegro.
F. A. RICHARDS. B. C. NICHOLSON. M. H. A. NEWMAN.
10. FOLK SONGS.
(a) "Ca' the yowes." *Arr. for unaccompanied Chorus by*
(Scottish) *R. Vaughan Williams.*
(b) "There was a tree." *Arr. for unaccompanied Chorus by*
(Hampshire) *Gustav von Holst.*
THE CHORUS.
11. QUARTETS.
(a) "The River Spirit's Song." *R. L. de Pearsall.*
(b) "When Allen-a-Dale went a-hunting." *R. L. de Pearsall.*
(c) "Down in a Flow'ry Vale." *Constantius Festa (1541).*
H. C. J. PEIRIS. J. L. HERBAGE.
O. R. FULLJAMES. L. H. MACKLIN.
12. THE COLLEGE BOATING SONG "Mater regum Margareta"
G. M. Garrett.
(Words by Mr. T. R. Glover).
FIRST MAY BOAT and CHORUS,
with accompaniment of Pianoforte and Strings.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

The College Ball

THE May Week Ball was held in the Hall, on Wednesday, June 13th, and was in the opinion of many an even greater success than those of previous years. The Committee has frequently been informed by friendly critics that it is time that a dancing floor should be bought and kept, and that by this means a great amount of expenditure would be saved; but none have been more fully alive to this fact than the members of the Committee themselves. Lack of funds has hitherto prevented the step, but this year an offer from Messrs. Stockbridge was accepted, and an entirely new floor has now been bought. Considerable anxiety was felt during the two preceding days, while the floor was being made actually in the hall, but on the night it proved a complete success. The weather was fortunately fine, if not warm, and nothing untoward occurred to mar the guests' appreciation of the Ball. Clifford Essex's Band was, perhaps, not up to its usual brilliance, and certainly did not play with as much life and vigour as last year: the standard of excellence that we expect to find in Clifford Essex is very high. The most noticeable improvement in the arrangements was a purely

domestic one, and the comfort of the Ladies' cloak rooms was entirely due to the interest and care of Mrs. Sikes. We understand that the financial position is entirely satisfactory.

Stewards.—B. W. F. Armitage, Esq. (Pres.), E. E. Sikes, Esq., R. A. S. Black, R. B. T. Craggs, A. F. Dunlop, H. H. Fagnani, D. J. Fleming, G. O. Hovil, L. H. Macklin, Prince John de Mahé, G. A. D. Tait, J. B. Wilson (Hon. Sec.).

The Adams Society

UNLIKE a considerable number of other Societies, the Adams (Mathematical) Society is not the oldest in the College. In fact, it began last term. Taking into account the great reputation of our College in the mathematical world, it may be a matter of surprise to some that, while for many years flourishing societies should have discussed legal, economical, historical, classical, theological and other subjects, mathematics has not been, till now, similarly favoured. Probably there is some truth in the idea that, in order to discuss mathematics—at least as that term is understood in this College—we require to say something, and that is not always easy.

The proposal to have a mathematical society originated mainly with the second year students, and Mr. Cunningham, when approached, at once gave his most hearty support. The inaugural meeting was held in Mr. Cunningham's rooms, on 27th February. After the company had been entertained to coffee by their host, the society was formally inaugurated, and the following officers were elected:

President: J. Hyslop; *Vice-Pres.:* T. G. Room; *Secretary:* T. A. A. Broadbent; *Treasurer:* J. W. Harmer.

Mr. White then gave a most interesting and amusing account of the work of some Johnian mathematicians, including such men as John Dee, Henry Billingsley, Henry Briggs, Brook Taylor, John Couch Adams, and Sir John Herschel. We gravely fear that John Dee's habit of studying for eighteen hours every day is not generally imitated by present Johnians!

At the second meeting, held in Mr. White's Rooms, W. Wilson treated us to some examples of an important theorem regarding the connectivity of manifolds. Either Wilson's knowledge, or our own ignorance, is very profound.

Our vice-president, T. G. Room, gave the first paper this term, in Mr. Greaves' Rooms, on the history of Conics. Room was decidedly good, and decidedly entertaining. How we wish some of our Trinity friends could have heard him!

At the last meeting of the session, after election of new officers, the retiring president held forth on the Dynamics

of the Aeroplane. He also assured us that his discourse would have been perfectly intelligible if he had been able to produce a model flying machine.

The attendance at all the meetings was good. The thanks of the Society are due to the senior members, who have given hospitality, have graced the meetings with their presence, and in every way have given all the assistance in their power.

The officers for next session are:—*President:* R. Schlapp; *Vice-Pres.:* T. A. A. Broadbent; *Secretary:* S. Goldstein; *Treasurer:* P. Fletcher.

Obituary

JOHN GASTON LEATHEM.

JOHN GASTON LEATHEM, Sc.D., Fellow and Senior Bursar of the College, died at Cambridge on Monday, March 19, 1923, aged 51.

Leathem came to St. John's, I think, by one of the Exhibitions given through an examination held at the end of the summer, wherein the restriction of age necessary for the scholarship examinations of the preceding December was not enforced. He took his degree in 1894 (Part II of the Mathematical Tripos in 1895), and was made Isaac Newton Student in 1896. He wrote a brilliant essay on the Equations of Electrodynamics, published in the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society (Vol. 17, 1899). In due course (1899) he became Mathematical Lecturer of the College, and took private pupils. The zeal with which he worked was evidenced by the enormous pile of manuscripts which he wrote for his students; and his character came out also in the respect he had for the personality of every one of these; in the humblest as well as in the ablest, he took a minute individual interest. Later (1909) he was chosen to become Senior Bursar of the College. He would himself, I think, have liked to continue also as lecturer in mathematics; this was denied him; but he bargained that he should be allowed to give an open lecture between nine and ten in the morning; this he did for many years. One of the pathetic things of his career, if the writer is not mistaken, was the constant longing to have time to continue his mathematical work. He wrote, in the leisure his work allowed, various small books and many papers which are indications of this: a collection of examples in Electricity; two volumes in the Cambridge Mathematical Tracts, one on Optics, the other on the logical questions

arising in the ordinary theorems for Newtonian attraction—for many years he was one of the Editors of these Tracts;— a new rendering, practically a new book, and a most fascinating one, of Todhunter's Spherical Trigonometry; papers on conformal representation applied to Hydrodynamics (in the Transactions of the Royal Society, and of the Royal Irish Academy), and others; and at the time of his death he was engaged on a book intended to introduce junior students to the theory of limits in the simplest way. This was nearly finished, and is being issued by Professor E. T. Whittaker. He was at one time Examiner for the University of London, and took a keen interest in the differences between their examinations and the Cambridge Examinations. There is one point about his mathematical work which should be remembered also, small as it may seem at first sight. He was, I believe, the first to express that the limit of y is b , when x tends to a , by writing $y \rightarrow b$, when $x \rightarrow a$. This notation has been adopted widely, not only in England, but abroad; and no acknowledgment is usually made—though the fact will be interesting to future historians.

His appointment as Senior Bursar was perhaps not entirely welcome to some among those Fellows of the College to whom the interests of the mathematical man are unintelligible. But it was pleasant to notice how, as it began to be recognised what careful thought, what accurate business capacity, and what a firm will, lay behind his actions, he gradually won recognition. And when the loyalty and courtesy of his nature, and the almost unexpected ability he had for taking an unbiassed view of personal questions, was well established, he became, I suppose, not only the most respected but the best regarded of our College officers. Few will ever know what trouble he took in helping to elaborate the scheme, intended to increase the public usefulness of the College in the study of scientific subjects, which issued in the appointment of a Prelector in Natural Sciences. He himself selected the word Prelector, and fought the opposition with which it was at first met. Through two years he acted as Secretary of the Committee which worked for this scheme. Few again, know the thought he gave to the salaries and financial means of the less well paid of the officers of the College and his constant readiness to take the responsibility of making proposals in such matters.

Of the hidden springs of his character it is fitting not to speak explicitly—nor, to the knowledge of the writer, did he do so himself with frankness, except on special occasions. Even when Rivers was taken, he left it to be inferred what he was thinking, and talked cheerily and conventionally—ill as he

was himself at that time. But those who knew him, guessed what was beneath, from the dignity of his reserve. Let us imitate him; we have loved him; that remains.

Although "Jack" Leathem, as his friends affectionately called him, was born and educated in my own native city (Belfast). I never had the opportunity of meeting him till he came up to Cambridge as a candidate for a scholarship in December, 1890. After taking my first degree in 1891, I went to Italy for a year, and only returned to Cambridge in October, 1892, when Leathem had completed his first year of residence as an undergraduate. From that time until I left Cambridge, in 1897, to begin my career as Professor, in Montreal, Leathem was my constant friend and companion. When I entered St. John's, in 1888, a few Ulster men made a sort of informal Society, meeting in each other's rooms on Sunday evenings, for the purpose of all sorts of acute discussions—political, theological, etc. When I returned to College in 1892 I found Leathem a member of this Society, and that is how our friendship began. As I found in Leathem one of the best and most constant friends I ever possessed, it is difficult to be moderate in my praise of him. He had a most delightful personality, warm, faithful, and at the same time reserved. In a word he was without that impetuosity which is often such a blemish in the Irish character. He had a clear sober judgment, and did not hesitate to tell his friends when he thought that they had done wrong. His principal failing was a physical, not a mental one. He had rather a sluggish temperament, and was disinclined for out-of-door exercise. It may be an idle fancy, but I cannot help connecting, in my mind, the fatal disease which carried him off with this habit of body. But both he and I realised that we were leading too sedentary lives, and after discussing various forms of sport we decided to revive our boyish beginnings at golf, and in the autumn of 1896 we began to play golf on a short course which then existed on the Grantchester meadows, within easy walking distance of the college. I fear, however, that when this links was closed, an event which happened soon after my departure for Canada, Leathem did not substitute any other form of exercise for golf.

In politics, as in religion, Leathem was, when I knew him, a strong Conservative. Most of our Ulster band were Conservatives, but we had one unfortunate Protestant Home-Ruler amongst us. This was R. McElderry, now Prof. of Classics in University College, Galway. He was at times somewhat unmercifully handled in debate, and I remember

that Leathem would always strive to prevent the attack from going too far.

On the religious side, Leathem who had been brought up in the austere doctrines of the Scotch Church, was a faithful adherent of the Presbyterian Church in Downing Street, the pastor of which at that time was a brilliant and attractive Scotch University man, who later took an advanced degree in Philosophy, and became a fellow-commoner of S. John's College.

Though, no doubt, Leathem's religious views broadened with advancing years, yet I feel sure that the core of his beliefs which nourished a deep religious faith remained unshaken and sustained the fine and lofty character which made him beloved by all who knew him.

The late Prof. Macalister was in the habit of inviting the undergraduates who attended S. Columba's Church to meet in his house after evening service on Sundays. Leathem and I frequently attended these meetings, and it was here that we were both first introduced to the results of the Higher Criticism, which at that time had hardly touched the Scotch Church in Ulster. The implications of the critical results were hammered out in debate, and Leathem like others of us found that the traditional position had to be modified.

One of my cherished possessions is a photograph of the Ulster group of friends which was taken just before I left Cambridge in 1897. Leathem is the second of that group to join the majority. The other, who preceded him, was McClelland, later Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science in Dublin. The group includes also McElderry and Houston, now colleagues in the Professorate in Galway; Locke, headmaster of a Manchester Grammar School, and Dale, who though not an Ulster man, was a strong Presbyterian, and who is now lecturer in mathematics in King's College, London. But not all of us were present when the group was taken. The most distinguished absentee was A. Robb, F.R.S., a life-long friend of Leathem's, who, though like the rest of us a strong Unionist, was far beyond us in 1897 as an original and brilliant thinker in philosophy and religion.

E. W. MACBRIDE.

LAURENCE HODGSON ARCHER-HIND

Laurence Archer-Hind was son of the late Dr. R. D. Archer-Hind, Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College and Mrs. Archer-Hind, of Little Newnham, Cambridge. He was born on 18th March, 1895, and was educated at the King's College Choir School, at Fonthill Preparatory School, and (from 1909 to Aug. 1914) at Haileybury, where he was in the

Sixth form, and a House Prefect. On the outbreak of war, he at once enlisted, and was gazetted **second-lieutenant** in the 7th Lincolnshire Regiment, but was obliged to resign his commission by reason of tubercular trouble in 1915. He was elected to a Choral Studentship at St. John's, and began residence in October, 1915, but after two terms he decided to take school work, in order to release a master for war service.

During the brief period of his residence at St. John's, he had already made a name for himself, not less by his personality than by his great musical ability. His many friends will agree with the following appreciation of his character and attainments, written by one who knew him well:—

"Very few events can be put on record in the short life of one who was always delicate. Laurence Archer-Hind was as delicate as his slight frame suggested; yet his life was full, for he was always happy and always enthusiastic. His *joie de vivre* was born in him, and he enjoyed everything even to the end, when he was pleased to be a 'stretcher-case,' brought home from Switzerland to die two days later. Almost his last words were, 'I have had a happy life.' He would undoubtedly have chosen to go on enjoying that happiness, but he faced death when it came, as a new and gay adventure.

"Music was his first love. Mr. Secley Taylor happened to hear him sing when he was eight years old, and wrote to his mother (in his characteristic style): 'It gave me real pleasure to hear your youngster's performance. I was surprised how exactly in the spirit of the composition he managed the phrasing. Only a genuinely musical nature is capable of assimilating and reproducing such qualities in so musicianly a way. I could see also from the way the boy listened to the Bach that he had got the root of the matter in him, and would be found later on worshipping at the right shrines.' These shrines proved to be Bach and Purcell; and in the *Fairy Queen* performances in Cambridge no one was more joyful than the Big Drum.

"His compositions began with comic songs, and a small boy's operatic efforts, and ended with a Suite in A minor (played at the C.U.M.C. Concert on May 19th, 1923), and a Tarantella for Piano and Violin. Happily for him he had a treble voice, which became a tenor. He won a choir scholarship at King's (this was not taken up), and later was a choral scholar at St. John's. At Haileybury he won the tenor cup, and used to take the solos in the school chapel.

"Laurence left Haileybury the day war broke out. He enlisted, and at Christmas was given a commission in the Lincolnshire Regiment, but in January, 1915, at Bovington Camp, he had a sudden hæmorrhage, which ended his career

in the army, though on his return to Cambridge he did training work for the O.T.C. As soon as he could he found a war job, schoolmastering at Mr. Pellatt's Preparatory School in Dorset. Here he found intense enjoyment, but suddenly his voice failed. Tuberculosis of the throat was discovered, and his beloved work had to be given up at a moment's notice. It was thought he had only some months or weeks to live. But he went on strict silence for nine months at a Sanatorium, and recovered, so that he was even able to sing again. This was 1917-18.

"In December, 1920, he married, and almost at once it was found that tuberculosis had attacked internal organs, and a critical operation followed. From this trouble he also slowly recovered. In October, of 1922, he went to Switzerland, with his wife, to escape the English winter. All seemed well, but there was a sudden relapse in March. He was brought home on his birthday (March 18th) and died two days later.

"He could not fulfil his musical promise, but so long as he lived his light was undimmed. It was his gallant spirit, his versatility, his intense interest in other people, his philosophy, that made the happy life. Supremely blest is 'He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster.'"

THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH

We regret to record the death, on Tuesday, March 6, 1923, in London, of Robert George Windsor-Clive, First Earl of Plymouth, High Steward of the University. He had been to the King's Levée and was taking off his uniform, when he was seized with an attack of hæmorrhage, dying almost immediately. We take the following from the *Times* :—

The facts of Lord Plymouth's quiet and retiring life are soon told. He was born on August 27, 1857, the son of the Hon. Robert Windsor-Clive, M.P., and at the age of 12 he succeeded his grandmother, a peeress in her own right, as fourteenth Baron Windsor. His father had died in 1859. Educated at Eton and St. John's, Cambridge—of which University he became High Steward in 1919—he married in 1883 Alberta, daughter of Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, long our Ambassador at Rome; and doubtless this connection, and the fact that his wife's family possessed a charming villa near Florence, partly accounted for Lord Plymouth's love for Italy and her art. This led him, during and just after the great war, to give much help and counsel in the formation of the British Italian League. In December, 1905, he was created Earl of Plymouth and Viscount Windsor; but it was only a revival of what had happened so long ago as 1682, when the

seventh Lord Windsor was created Earl of Plymouth "with remainder to his heirs male." This peerage remained in the family till 1843 when it expired.

The death of Lord Plymouth is an irreparable public loss, not only to his family and his many friends, but to all who take an interest in the right direction of the public taste. He fulfilled with zeal all the duties that fall to a peer and a wealthy landlord in this country, but he will be chiefly remembered for the assistance he gave, almost too unostentatiously, to art, architecture, town-planning and other departments of national culture. He was for a short time Paymaster-General in 1891, but a more appropriate post was offered him some ten years later. It was that of First Commissioner of Works, which he held from 1902 to 1905, and there could not have been a better appointment.

In or out of office he was a kind of friendly referee on matters of taste to many societies and many individuals. He was Chairman of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery and a leading member of the London Society (formed to teach London people to take an intelligent interest in their city); and it would be difficult to name any great question of a public improvement on which he was not consulted. For instance, he had a great deal to do with the Queen Victoria Memorial and the whole scheme of which it forms a part, and he worked hard on the project for a new Charing Cross Bridge and the complete reconstruction of that end of the Strand. In 1911, when the Crystal Palace and its grounds were ordered by the Court of Chancery to be sold by auction, Lord Plymouth stepped in and made himself personally responsible for sums amounting to £230,000. This was done to give a Mansion House Committee which had been formed time to raise the money. In December, 1913, however, there was a deficit of nearly £30,000, and Lord Plymouth, who had already subscribed £5,000, once more came forward and made up the amount outstanding.

In South Wales, Lord Plymouth was known as the "Good Earl." Here some 18,000 acres of the family estates are situated. His public gifts are too many to enumerate, but the most recent was the presentation to Cardiff of the Great Wood at St. Fagan's, which he intended to become a great pleasure ground for the new garden city planned at Ely. He identified himself closely with industrial developments in Glamorgan. When quite a boy he opened Penrith Dock, and some twenty years later he cut the first sod of another dock at Barry, the modern prosperity of which is due almost wholly to the vision and efforts of Lord Plymouth. He was Chairman of the Barry Railway Company, and was Lord Mayor of Cardiff in 1895. During the war he devoted practically the whole of his time to raising and equipping troops.

He also did much for the British Red Cross Society. He helped to bring about the creation of the Welsh Guards; he had been Hon. Colonel of the Glamorgan Royal Garrison Artillery since 1890, and was also Hon. Colonel of the Glamorgan Yeomanry and the 3rd Battalion Welch Regiment. A Tory of the old school, Lord Plymouth was for a long period chairman of the Union of Conservative Associations and president of the Cardiff Association.

A lover of many sports, he was a good shot and did much to encourage games. He was for many years president of the Glamorgan County Cricket Club, and he was formerly a keen golfer. An artist of no mean ability, he was president of the South Wales Art Society, contributing charming water colours to its exhibitions. He was especially an expert in stained glass.

Lord Plymouth interested himself in the British Pacific Science expedition recently founded by Mr. Neal McNeill, who is to lead the exploration work in New Guinea.

Lord Plymouth had three sons and one daughter. His eldest son who was A.D.C. to Lord Minto, Viceroy of India, died at Agra in 1908, and his youngest son was killed at Landrecies in August, 1914. He is succeeded by his second son, Viscount Windsor, M.P. for the Ludlow Division, who was born in 1889.

We regret to announce the deaths of the following members of the College, which have not been already recorded in the EAGLE:

THE REV. NORTH GREEN-ARMYTAGE (B.A., 1863), incumbent of St. Aidan's, Boston, from 1889 to 1906, died at St. Leonard's on January 15th, 1922.

THE REV. EDWARD HENRY GENGE (B.A., 1866), late Rector of Lilley, Herts., and mathematical master at Whitgift Grammar School for thirty years, died at Croydon, on February 1st, 1922, aged 78.

THE REV. ARTHUR BAYNES MERRIMAN LEY (B.A., 1871), formerly vicar of White Colne, Essex, died at Bishops Stortford, on February 28th, 1922.

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE FREDERICK HOSE, D.D. (B.A. 1861), died at Normandy Manor, Guildford, on March 26th, 1922, aged 83. He was born in 1838, the son of Frederick Hose, for many years rector of Dunstable. In 1861 he was ordained deacon, and in 1868 accepted the offer of the colonial chaplaincy of Malacca. In 1873 he was appointed colonial chaplain of Singapore, in 1875 Archdeacon

of Singapore, and in 1881 he was consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Singapore, Labuan and Sarawak, from which he resigned in 1908, having spent over forty years in the East. On his resignation the diocese was divided into two.

He was one of the founders in 1877 of the Straits Branch of Royal Asiatic Society, of which he was the first president. In his day he was probably the leading authority on the Malay language, of which he had exceptional knowledge, which enabled him to revise the Malay New Testament and Prayer Book, adding to it many additional Psalms. In later years he threw himself with equal enthusiasm into the study of the Dyak language.

THE REV. ROBERT VINEY (B.A., 1879), for the past seventeen years curate of All Hallows', London Wall, died on April 12th, 1922, aged 76.

THE REV. PERCIVAL SABEN (B.A., 1879), rector of Althamstone, Bures, Essex, died at the rectory on his 65th birthday, May, 1922.

MR. FRANCIS LAUDER MUIRHEAD (B.A., 1883), died at Downe, Kent, on May 26th, aged 64.

THE REV. EDMUND CARLES HOPPER (B.A., 1879), rector of Starston, Norfolk, died at Norwich, on June 7th, 1922. The son of the late Archdeacon Hopper, of Starston, he was educated at Marlborough and St. John's, where he was one of a group of men whose names made a singular company; there was a Hopper, a Leeper, a Skipper, a Walker and a Trotter. He was ordained in 1879 and worked for a year as curate of St. Barnabas's, Cambridge. In 1880 he went under the S.P.G. to Japan, to return to England in 1887. Eight years after the death of his father he succeeded Dr. Watson, Fellow of St. John's, in the rectory of Starston. He was a zealous worker on the Board of Guardians and an enthusiastic antiquary, devoting much of his leisure to examining and cataloguing the church place of the diocese. He was for some time secretary of the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society.

THE REV. CHARLES HENRY NEWMAN (B.A., 1883), vicar of St. Mark's, Millfield, Sunderland, died in September, 1922, while on holiday at Lucerne. He was born in 1860 at Newport, Monmouthshire, and was ordained in 1883 to the curacy of Tanfield, Durham. After four years there he became curate of St. Helen's Low Fell, Gateshead, and in 1893 was appointed rector of Hetton-le-Hole, near Fence Houses, a populous

mining district. In 1903 he moved to Sunderland. Of sturdy build, he achieved distinction in his youth as a three-quarter in Rugby football, playing for Cambridge University in 1880, and also for Blackheath and Wales.

MR. THOMAS KEMMIS BROS (B.A. 1857), died at Ballards, Limsfield, Surrey, on September 29th, 1922, aged 88.

THE REV. ROBERT PROWDE (B.A. 1868), vicar of Rawcliffe, near Goole, died on October 23rd, 1922, aged 76.

MR. REGINALD GILLIAT TOWNSEND (B.A. 1881), of Critchelle, Lockerley, died on November 8th, 1922, at Dunvegan, Skye.

THE REV. EDMUND HENRY WOODWARD (B.A. 1852), formerly Fellow, died at Brighton on January 14th, 1923, aged 94. He was for many years assistant master at Brighton College.

MR. HENRY EDWARD PLATT (B.A. 1875), died at Bournemouth, on February 17th, 1923, aged 70.

MR. JOHN EDWARD PERCIVAL (B.A. 1869), of Ashfield, Peterborough, died on February 27th, 1923, aged 75.

SIR ERNEST CLARKE (Hon. M.A. 1894), who for many years played a prominent part in agricultural administration in England, died at 31, Tavistock Square, on March 4th, 1923, aged 67. Born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1856, the second son of the late J. J. Clarke, he began his career as a clerk in the Medical Department of the Local Government Board, leaving it in 1886 to become assistant secretary to the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange. Six years later he was made secretary to the Royal Agricultural Society of England—a post which he retained until 1905. Many distinctions were conferred upon him during that period, including a knighthood in 1898, and an honorary degree in 1894 at Cambridge, whose first lecturer on agricultural history he became in 1896. His great interest in agriculture did not, however, prevent him from achieving considerable success in what were his two other great pre-occupations—music and bibliography. Many articles from his pen have appeared in the Dictionary of National Biography and other publications, and he was a vice-president of the Bibliographical Society and a chairman of the Committee of the Folk-lore Society.

THE REV. ALEXANDER WILLIAM WISEMAN (B.A. 1879), Hon. Canon of Manchester, formerly vicar of Ashton-on-Ribble, died at Chester on April 5th, 1923, aged 77.

MR. FREDERICK CHARLES NORTON (B.A. 1872), died in London on April 15th, 1923, aged 72.

THE REV. WILLIAM WARREN (B.A. 1877), formerly Fellow, died at Bournemouth on May 4th, 1923, aged 70. He was Naden Divinity student and Fry Hebrew scholar in the College, was placed second in the First Class of the Moral Sciences Tripos in 1877, and obtained the Burney Essay Prize. He was elected to a Fellowship in 1880, accepted the College living of Horningsey, Cambridgeshire, in 1887, but soon removed to Poslingford, Suffolk. In 1907 he was presented by the College to the rectory of Black Notley, Essex, which he held until 1918.

THE REV. JOHN LANE-HOPKIN (B.A. 1875) died on May 29th, 1923, aged 72. A Yorkshireman by birth, his first and only curacy was at St. Mary's, Hull, from 1875 to 1883, whence he was called to fourteen years of strenuous work at St. James's, Wednesbury. Leaving here in 1897, he returned as vicar to St. Mary's, Hull, but left again in 1899 for the vicarage of Great Barr, near Birmingham. Retiring in 1913, he took up his residence at Fairford, where he died.

THE REV. CHARLES HENRY DRINKWATER (B.A. 1853), vicar of St. George's, Shrewsbury, died on June 5th, 1923, aged 92. He was born at Shrewsbury, in 1831, in the house in which he died. He was ordained in 1856 and in 1863 was appointed rector of St. Thomas's, Hamilton, Canada. In 1868 he returned to England, and after holding curacies at Ixworth, Richmond and Exeter, was appointed in 1872 to Shrewsbury. Mr. Drinkwater was a keen archaeologist; a notable work was his transcript of the Shrewsbury Guild Merchant Rolls from John to Henry VIII.

MR. ROBERT HENRY FORSTER (B.A. 1888), died at Rest Dod, Combe-in-Teignhead, on June 6th, 1923. He was the fourth son of George Baker Forster, of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Wreay, Ullswater. He rowed in the Lady Margaret Eight which won the Ladies' Plate and the Thames Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta, in 1888. Afterwards he rowed for the Thames R. C., of which he was for many years captain, at Henley and other regattas up to 1903. After giving up rowing he devoted his time to coaching the club crews and

occasionally coached the Lady Margaret crews at Cambridge, where he founded the Forster-Fairbairn Pairs, in 1910.

MR. HENRY FRASER JAMES COAPE-ARNOLD (B.A. 1872), of Wolvey Hall, Warwickshire, Commissioner of land tax, died at Leicester, in July, 1923, aged 77.

College Notes

Mr. M. P. Charlesworth, Fellow of Jesus, has been elected to a Fellowship in St. John's, and has been appointed to a Lectureship in Classics. Mr. Charlesworth was Bell Scholar, 1915; Craven Scholar, 1920; obtained a first class in both parts of the Classical Tripos, 1920 and 1921; the First Chancellor's Medal, 1921; Hare Prize, 1922. He was a Procter Fellow of Princeton University, U.S.A., 1921-2.

The Adams Prize for the period 1921-2 has been awarded to Mr. J. Proudman, of Trinity College. The essay submitted by Mr. H. Jeffreys (B.A. 1913), Fellow of St. John's, is considered by the Adjudicators to be worthy of high commendation.

The Vice-Chancellor has nominated James Stevenson, Scholar of St. John's (B.A. 1923) to hold the Princeton Visiting Fellowship for the year 1923-4.

Mr. M. H. A. Newman (B.A. 1921) has been awarded a Rayleigh Prize for a dissertation "On Discontinuities of a Function of a Single Real Variable."

The Chancellor's Medal for English Verse has been awarded to D. W. A. Llewellyn, Exhibitor of the College. We print the Prize Poem elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. G. R. Potter (B.A. 1922) has received honourable mention for an essay submitted for the Members' English Essay Prize.

The first Winchester Reading Prize has been awarded to H. C. J. Peiris (B.A. 1923).

The George Williams Prize for Liturgiology has been awarded to Mr. E. C. Ratcliffe (B.A. 1920).

The Rev. John Roscoe (Hon. M.A. 1910), Rector of Ovington, has been appointed to deliver the Frazer Lecture in Social Anthropology.

The Linacre Lecture was delivered on Saturday, May 5, 1923, by Sir Archibald Garrod, F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine, Oxford, on "Glimpses of the Higher Medicine."

The Croonian Lecture of the Royal Society was delivered on June 21, 1923, by Mr. F. F. Blackman (B.A. 1891) Fellow, on "Plant Respiration as a Catalytic Process."

Mr. L. J. Mordell (B.A. 1910) has been appointed to the

newly established Fielden Chair of Pure Mathematics in the University of Manchester.

Mr. W. H. Bruford (B.A. 1915) has been appointed Reader in German in the University of Aberdeen.

Mr. R. Stoneley (B.A. 1915) has been appointed to a Lectureship in Mathematics in the University of Leeds.

Mr. J. Walton (B.A. 1920) has been appointed Lecturer in Botany in the University of Manchester.

Mr. N. Wragg (B.A. 1921) has been appointed to a mastership at the recently founded public school at Stowe, and Mr. E. H. Lockwood (B.A. 1922) to a mastership at Clifton.

Mr. L. J. Comrie (B.A. 1922), Isaac Newton Student, has been appointed Research Assistant at the Sproul Observatory of Swarthmore College, U.S.A.

Prof. Seward (B.A. 1886) has received the honorary degree of Doctor from the University of Geneva.

The University of Edinburgh has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Prof. H. F. Baker (B.A. 1887) and the Hon. Sir Charles Parsons (B.A. 1877).

The University of St. Andrews has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Dr. G. C. Moore-Smith (B.A. 1881) Professor of English in the University of Sheffield.

Prof. J. T. Wilson (M.A. 1920) has been elected an honorary member of the Linnean Society of New South Wales.

Mr. N. B. de M. Greenstreet (B.A. 1915), Surgeon-Lieut. in the Navy, has been appointed to H.M.S. *Kellett*, surveying vessel in home waters.

The Birthday Honours List, issued on June 2, 1923, includes the names of the Hon. J. E. R. De Villiers (B.A. 1897) Judge President of the Orange Free State, who is made a Knight Bachelor, and of Mr. M. H. W. Hayward, I.C.S. (LL.B. 1889), Member of the Executive Council of the Governor of the Central Provinces, who receives a Knighthood.

The Rev. H. Lovell Clarke (B.A. 1904), vicar of All Saints', Nottingham, has been appointed vicar of Armley, Leeds.

The Rev. C. E. Sidebotham (B.A. 1902), vicar of St. Matthew's, Scotland Road, Liverpool, has accepted the living of Stanley, offered to him by the Horsfall Trust.

Mr. J. R. Cleland (B.A. 1911) has been ordained Priest in the Liberal Catholic Church for service at Bath and Crewkerne, Somerset.

Mr. R. F. Patterson (B.A. 1910) is now principal reader to Blackie & Son, of Glasgow.

Mr. G. C. Craggs (B.A. 1905) has been elected to the Committee of the London Rowing Club.

A tablet has been placed in Harrow School Chapel to the

memory of the late Mr. John Cottam Moss (B.A. 1882), an assistant master from 1882 to 1912.

A carved English oak screen has been erected in St. Columba's Church, Downing Street, Cambridge, in memory of the late Prof. Alexander Macalister (B.A. 1883). A tablet affixed to the screen bears the following inscription:—

"To the glory of God and in loving memory of Alexander Macalister (1844-1919), Professor of Anatomy (1883-1919), Fellow of St. John's College, a Founder and Senior Elder of St. Columba's Church, and Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England. This memorial was erected by his family, 1923. *Vir Desideriorum*."

A tablet with the following inscription has been placed in the Baths:—

"On this site the first Chemical Laboratory for Students in Cambridge was built in 1853 for George Downing Liveing, Professor of Chemistry, 1861 to 1908."

The *Times*, of May 14th, 1923, reports the acquisition by the Department of Coins and Medals of the British Museum of a medal of Sir John Cheke (1514-1557), who was a Fellow of St. John's College, Regius Professor of Greek and Public Orator. An electrotype of this medal was presented to the College in 1907, and is now exhibited in the Upper Library.

Mr. J. M. Wordie (B.A. 1912), Fellow, has been appointed a member of an executive Committee appointed by the Colonial Secretary to control the researches recommended by the Inter-Departmental Committee on Research and Development in the Dependencies of the Falkland Islands, and in particular, the investigation of the question of the preservation of whales and of the whaling industry. The *Discovery*, Captain Scott's old ship, has been purchased for the purposes of the research expedition, and is being reconditioned.

A small Organising Committee, representative of the various interests and activities of the late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, has launched an appeal for a memorial to him. The Committee feels that until the amount raised and the wishes of the contributors are known, it is unnecessary at present to say more than that the Fund will be devoted to the promotion of those sciences in which Dr. Rivers took a special interest. It has, therefore, been resolved to create a General Committee of Subscribers to the Fund, who will later be summoned to decide on the form which the Memorial shall take. Dr. L. E. Shore, St. John's College, is acting as Treasurer of the Fund.

COLLEGE PRIZES.

MATHEMATICS

Tripes Part I
Goldstein, S.
Rapley, F.

Tripes Part II
Simmons, J. R. M.

Intercollegiate

Cockcroft, J. D.
Mahajani, G. S.
Nobbs, C. G.
Raghavan, T. N. S.
Yates, F.

NATURAL SCIENCES

Tripes Part I
Dicks, H. V.
Gray, R. A. P.

Mathematics

Broadbent, T. A. A.
Fletcher, P.

Geography

Marchant, E. C.

Modern Languages

Fletcher, F. C.

CLASSICS

Tripes Part II
Stevenson, J.

HISTORY

Tripes Part II
Barlow, H. E.

Natural Sciences

Dew, W. H.
West, W. D.
Wormell, T. W.

Law

Hulme, S.

Mechanical Sciences

Fisher, W. A. P.
Maclaren, A. S.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

READING PRIZES

1. Jaquet, B. S.
2. Tait, G. A. D. } *Aeq.*
Martyn, J. A. K. }

NEWCOME PRIZE

Not awarded

ADAMS MEMORIAL PRIZES

Room, T. G.

*Additional Prize*Harmer, J. W. } *Aeq.*
Yates, F. }

HENRY HUMPHREYS PRIZE

Ds Dunn, J. S.

*Mathematics*Broadbent, T. A. A.
Nobbs, C. G.
Raghavan, T. N. S.
Simmons, J. R. M.*Mechanical Sciences*

Maclaren, A. S.

ESSAY PRIZES

Potter, G. R. (Third Year)
Padley, H. W. (Second Year)
Berridge, E. D. (First Year)

CAMA PRIZE

Mag. Bhansali, M. D.

HOCKIN PRIZE

(for *Physics*)
Wormell, T. W.

HUGHES PRIZES

1. Constable, F. H.
2. Noble, P. S. } *Aeq.*
Room, T. G. }

HAWKSLEY BURBURY PRIZE

(for *Latin Verse*)

Stevenson, J.

GRAVES PRIZE

Noble, P. S. } *Aeq.*
Stevenson, J. }

ELECTED TO FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

*Classics*Noble, P. S.
Oriental Languages
Titterton, L. H.*Natural Sciences*Dicks, H. V.
Gray, R. A. P.*Geography*

Marchant, E. C.

Law

Hulme, S.

ELECTED TO AN EXHIBITION

Natural Sciences

Gregory, J. H.

HUGHES EXHIBITION

Not awarded

HUTCHINSON RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

Ds Emel us, K. G.

HOARE EXHIBITION

for Mathematics

Cockroft, J. F.

PHILIP BAYLIS RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

Room, T. G.

TAYLOR RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

Potter, G. R.

PHILIP BAYLIS SCHOLAR

Fletcher, P.

NADEN DIVINITY STUDENTSHIPS

Ds Boys-Smith, J. S.
Titterton, L. H.

MACMAHON LAW STUDENTSHIPS

Ds McIntire, G. S.
Ds Stallard, F. W.

STRATHCONA RESEARCH STUDENTSHIPS

Constable, F. H.
Ds Evans, I. L.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, DECEMBER, 1922

Scholarships of £80:

(for <i>Mathematics</i>)	Pollard, M. J. (University College of S. Wales)
(for <i>Mathematics</i>)	Lewis, F. S. (Marlborough College)
(for <i>Classics</i>)	Pepper, J. E. (Nottingham High School)
(for <i>Natural Sciences</i>)	Harper, W. R. (Gresham's School, Holt)
(for <i>Modern Languages</i>)	Lewis, C. J. (Brentwood School)

Scholarships of £60 :

<i>(for Mathematics)</i>	Herridge, G. H. (Crypt Grammar School)
<i>(for Classics)</i>	Woodcock, E. C. (King Edward VI School, Birmingham)
<i>(for Natural Sciences)</i>	Marsh, M. C. (Northampton School)
<i>(for History)</i>	France, N. H. (Felsted School)
<i>(for History)</i>	Sewell, J. E. (Latimer Upper School)

Exhibitions of £40 :

<i>(for Mathematics)</i>	Durley, T. C. (Hymers' College, Hull)
<i>(for Classics)</i>	Byvan, L. V. (Bedford School)
<i>(for Natural Sciences)</i>	Butterworth, J. C. (Radley College)
<i>(for Modern Languages)</i>	Moore, J. G. (Alleyn's School, Dulwich)
<i>(for Modern Languages)</i>	Simmons, G. H. (Christ's Hospital)
<i>(for Hebrew)</i>	Shrubbs, E. G. (Merchant Taylors' School)

CLOSE AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS, JUNE, 1923

Open Exhibitions of £70 :

<i>(for Mathematics and Natural Sciences)</i>	Redman, R. O. (Marling School, Stroud)
<i>(for Classics)</i>	Denny, G. A. W. (Shrewsbury School)
<i>(for Natural Sciences)</i>	Dunncliff, H. (Nottingham High School)

Open Exhibition of £60 :

<i>(for Mathematics)</i>	Hodge, W. V. D. (Edinburgh University)
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To Downman Scholarships :

<i>(for Mathematics and Physics)</i>	Thomas, A. R. B. (Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby)
<i>(for Classics)</i>	Trepte, G. W. M. (St. John's School, Leatherhead)
<i>(for Natural Sciences)</i>	Hutchinson, H. P. (Bootham School, York)

To Close Exhibitions :

<i>Johnson</i>	Thompson, W. J. (Oakham School)
<i>Somersel</i>	Herrick, H. J. C. (Manchester Grammar School)
<i>Lupton and Hebblethwaite</i>	Ghey, G. W. E. (Sedbergh School)