

The Eagle

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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, S. Walker).

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. 191.

March, 1924.

The Ideal Holiday.

*“ Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night ; ”*

AFTER each holiday we say and feel : that was the best holiday I have had. If we have spent three weeks at Torquay they seem more impressive than the month we spent last year in Italy or the six weeks in Scotland three years ago, though last year and three years ago we protested loudly we had spent the perfect holiday. In each place we visit we find much that is new and surprising and each day brings excitement and pleasure, but the impression does not last long or at least it does not remain clear.

I spent a holiday not so long ago, the details of which, I believe, will last longer than most, and from the memory of which I am continually drawing pleasure. There was no race of pleasures to inflame the mind and then blur in an annoying sense of past pleasure—only an unbroken quiet and joy, and the very few things I did (which were not in any way pleasures), stand out as though the quiet happiness flowed from them.

Our house was on moorland and it was winter. There were four of us—three ladies and myself. We got up about 8.45 a.m. and breakfasted at 9.30. We rose, therefore, always fresh and yet did not feel lazy or that we were losing the day. Breakfast covered the time until soon after 10.0 ; then we sat round the fire, in bedroom slippers, chatting and exchanging the newspapers—one a picture paper and one the *Daily Reader* which the ladies protested they ordered for me. After we had discussed such news as needed discussing one would grow restless and begin to carry dishes away to the kitchen ; then a second, and after a while a third, would join in this whilst I tried to read a little more deeply the *Daily Reader*. But as these ladies journeyed backwards and forwards they brought scraps of news or asked a question.

When 11.0 o'clock came this piece of work was finished and two of us would set off for Thramace to order one or two

things and very likely buy some stamps or postcards. Thramace was two miles away by a walk over fields and moorlands, only mostly downhill. At Thramace people were occupied like ourselves and pleasant but not busy, and we chose our postcards with care so that we knew no better purchase could have been made. I came to love Thramace and its stately church rising at the cross-roads and becoming this country town well. Often a bus would be standing at the cross-roads to take people into London, and this gave a little added romance to our town. We were near enough to men to enjoy our superiority, and as we returned up the hill we felt like heroes and heroines of Jane Austen.

Lunch was in every respect like breakfast only we sat five minutes less so as to get out for a walk whilst the afternoon lasted. And the fine Surrey country, especially with snow underfoot and a white sun shining! After a walk of two hours we returned with shining faces (or so we thought). The light was going, the fire blazed warmly and the end of day for which the first was made was coming on. The fire was arranged to receive the kettle, the tea was mashed and we began a winter afternoon's tea by firelight and lamplight. Now the conversation was swifter and lighter. After tea there was much to be done and with good arrangement everything was done without rush or scamping. The table was cleared, the piano was opened, the fruit-knives brought in, and the kettles. These were most important—four kettles drawn up in line for the four hot-water bottles. As each kettle boiled the bottles were fetched, still warm, from the beds and filled and taken back. The evening passed with conversation and music, and when it grew late a fifth kettle was needed for the coffee. After supper we sat again for an hour, stirring the fire to new life until, not tired but supremely happy and not wishing the dream should break, we went to our beds. And the wind blew against the house and more snow fell.

For the only week in my life I felt everything had been done satisfactorily. The right postcard was sent to the right person, the message was the right message and even the stamp was put on straight. There was no doubt about its being posted, it would be collected before tea and my mother would read it at breakfast.

H.W.P.

Some Notes on Rowing and Boat Design

THE writer of these notes has been asked several times in the last few months if he could say what has been the matter with college rowing during the last year or two.

Recently matters have taken a turn for the better, but the L.M.B.C. has still a long way to go in order to regain a really good position on the river.

Especially in the first and second boats there have not been wanting keen athletic men who have been willing workers. With the example of such men as Hubert Hartley and more recently of Frank Law, who have most efficiently represented the L.M.B.C. in the University boat, one naturally hoped for better things.

It must be admitted that the first boat would have given a much better account of themselves in the last May Races if the necessity had not arisen for stroke and seven to change places on the very eve of the races, so that the boat really had no chance of practising under the new conditions. With even a few days together it was a practical certainty that this crew would have caught Caius on the first night of the races and would have probably managed to keep the position thus gained to the end of the races, having in view the relative merits of the boats immediately following L.M.B.C.

The fact remains that although containing some very good individual oarsmen our last first May boat was only a moderate crew, and the style of the rowing was not at all convincing.

The writer has watched the rowing of the club very closely for the last two or three years and fears that it must be admitted that an inefficient style of rowing has gradually been developed in the L.M.B.C.

It has not been easy to form a definite opinion about the rowing because, at first sight, the crews generally have shown a good swing from the hips, a strong beginning and smartness in shooting the hands; and they have also struggled manfully to secure some kind of leg work. It is on very closely watching the progress of the boat through the water that the trouble is apparent, because a good swing and beginning and smartness of the hands are no advantage unless carried out so as to let the boat run between the strokes, and here I believe is the secret of comparative failure.

Turning now to the boat itself, it will be interesting to note in connection with investigations with regard to the speed and other qualities that technically a rowing boat is in a class between a tow boat and a paddle boat. The speed investigations are complicated of course by the intermittent

nature of propulsion and the very considerable longitudinal movement of the oarsmen, especially when on sliding seats. The speed lines of a racing craft may be very good for one part of the stroke but not so efficient when the oarsmen have moved so as to bring the boat into an entirely different trim.

It may be said, for instance, of the two best light eights now belonging to the club that the only position in which their speed lines are at all efficient is when the men have swung well back and reached the finish of the stroke. When the men are forward over their stretchers and the stern is drooping, the resulting lines are not so good as they should be, and cause considerable drag, and pull the boat up more than necessary. No rowing boat is ever designed to run "down by the head" because in this trim it would not be possible to steer. On the other hand, when the boat is too much "down by the stern" the speed is adversely affected.

It obviously follows that to let a boat run between the strokes the boat must be so rowed as to hold her "down by the stern" for as short a time as practicable.

It seems to me that in the club rowing almost everything has been sacrificed to getting a powerful beginning, and the men appear to be far too heavy over their stretchers forward, apparently crouching, over-reaching with the shoulders and straining themselves to get a bigger and still bigger beginning, although by so doing they are reducing the speed of the boat unnecessarily while gathering themselves up for this beginning, and the longer time they spend in a relatively forward position with their hands over the stretchers, the greater the amount of useless effort expended.

There is a corresponding tendency to rush the first part of the swing forward and so allow for the extra time taken in the forward position of the bodies. This rushing forward is in itself a detriment, bringing the boat down by the stern more suddenly than necessary. The resulting extra resistance to the boat's progress owing to this incorrect timing, throws unnecessary weight on to the oar at the beginning, and some oarsmen even complain they are not getting sufficient work on at the beginning unless they have the satisfaction of encountering this extra resistance. This is an obvious fallacy, as the speed factor in the work done by the oarsman under racing conditions is the efficient factor, and not the mere dynamometric resistance against the stretcher. The slower the pace of the boat, the greater may be the latter factor.

This speed factor is, of course, higher as the "finish" is approached; hence the necessity of taking the "finish" deliberately and smoothly, especially when keeping in view that the relative resistance at this point of the stroke is at a minimum.

Considering again the finish of the stroke, as remarked above, the crews generally show smartness in shooting the hands; but sufficient time is not taken in cleaning the finish right up, and there appears to be a general tendency to shoot the hands before the most has been made of the finish. In good rowing all the movements should glide into one another and there should be neither pause nor visible hurry at any part of the stroke, but if a pause could be imagined in the rhythm of the stroke, it must be as the oar comes out of the water at the finish, for in this position a boat is approximately running on an even keel with the speed lines in alignment of best advantage, and the boat is then said to be "allowed" to run between the strokes, in the language of expert watermen.

It follows from what has been said that a hard beginning, a long swing and smartness of the hands do not necessarily characterize a good style of rowing *unless correctly timed*.

A few remarks on leg work will not be out of place.

The act of over-reaching and straining over the stretcher does not lend itself to good leg work, as the body is brought into a bad position for applying the leg work and a tendency arises, so to speak, to let off the leg work all at once. This sudden transference of the weight of the crew in the same direction as the boat is travelling has the same effect as a sudden push backward on the boat and is detrimental to speed. It should be obvious also to any oarsman that some part of the sliding movement must be kept for the later part of the stroke, as it is at this point that the relative resistance of the boat in the water is a minimum and the speed factor will appear to the best advantage.

The pace of a racing eight varies according to wind and other circumstances, but for the purpose of argument may be taken at 12 miles per hour through the water on the average. It will be quite accurate enough, for the purpose of these remarks to assume that at various parts of the stroke the speed momentarily rises to nearly 13 miles per hour or falls to 11 miles per hour. The resistance of the boat's progress at 13 miles per hour as compared to the resistance of 11 miles per hour, after making a reasonable allowance for any drag caused by the drooping of the stern when the boat is running at the lower speed, might be taken approximately as 40 to 50 per cent. greater.

The consideration of these assumptions, which are very nearly true, will I hope bring out the point that a maximum average speed is of greater importance than any sudden increment of speed at any point of the stroke which can only be attained at an increased effort in proportion to the increased resistance. Without going further into calculations, which probably would only be appreciated by a trained naval

architect,
is generally established by these observations.

Oarsmen accustomed to row in light racing craft have from time to time noticed what is called "bouncing" or "galloping, under strain it invariably "whips" and a new eight-oar will "whip" as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches when the men take their seats; the middle of the boat going down and the ends rising.

To counteract this "whipping" it is customary in building such craft to raise the middle of the boat as compared with the ends, so that when the boat takes the water she will come to the designed camber. It is a point of great nicety and skill in boat designing to allow at every point in the length of the keel for this expected "whipping." The effect when the crew are seated is that the boat lengthwise becomes a spring. Any sudden transference of the weight longitudinally compresses or relieves the spring, retransference the rebound is quite apparent. Shooting the slide from front stop to back stop is the chief cause of "bouncing," "bouncing" becomes more marked when the rush forward of the bodies falls into step with the movement caused by unskilful manipulation of the slide. Bouncing can be instantly checked by holding the finish out very carefully or slightly altering the rate of striking. It has no relation to the merits of the design, varies according to the stiffness or age of the particular boat.

The effort of swinging and sliding the body forward on the recovery has considerable effect in propelling the boat. The full benefit of this effect, however, rushed forward at the first part of the swing and the swing checked over the stretcher unless the blade is covered instantaneously and a grip of the water secured by raising the shoulders up from the stretcher with pressure on the toes, this movement to be instantly followed by steadily pressing the slide back from the heels so that the back stop is just about reached the instant after bending the arms. Even then a skilful oarsman keeps a small part of his slide in reserve as long as possible to avoid anything like a sudden check against his back stops.

A good firm beginning is necessary to maintain the average speed and to neutralize the effect of throwing the body back from the stretcher, beginning, speed, beginning which has come into operation after badly checking the progress of the boat by heaviness over the stretcher.

It may also be well to add one word on over-reaching forward.

The act of over-reaching refers as a rule to the operation of stretching the shoulders away from the body and letting that part of the shoulder that should be really kept well back come over until it appears to be in front of the neck. As this movement is almost invariably accompanied by a curving back of the back from the hips, is secured forward, on the stretcher, and the blade of the oar tends to rise from the water, usually accompanies hanging over the stretcher and is, I fear, too prevalent among L.M.B.C. rowers to-day.

"Lying down," as it is termed, at the end of the stroke is to be avoided, but a good bold swing back well beyond the perpendicular is a great help to finishing the stroke out well and tends to increased speed.

Rolling of a boat is not so detrimental to speed as pitching but is very exhausting in its effect on the oarsman. Unfortunately our best boat builders, craftsmen, stability of surface vessels, and it is not at all an uncommon fault in the latest built craft that the position of worst stability is at the point when the men are all forward over their stretchers endeavouring to get an accurate grip of the water.

In the building of the new light four this point was taken into consideration (to the evident comfort of the crew) and in an eight-oar such an improvement could be carried out even to greater advantage in view of the greater length of the boat.

These remarks are offered from a somewhat technical point of view without particular reference to the prospects of the L.M.B.C. at the present juncture. It is impossible, however, for the writer to conclude without some reference to such matters.

Under the guidance of the present First Boat Captain and with the assistance of our new Senior Bursar, the present outlook for the club is distinctly brighter. The club has a number of very promising oarsmen and is once again efficiently represented in the 'Varsity Boat, is no reason under such conditions why the rowing generally should not reach a high standard, of the College.

E. HALL CRAGGS.

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The Cottage

IT was in the evening, about a week before Christmas, in the days when the Irish were perhaps a little less bloodthirsty than of late, and we were sitting round the fire talking of the times when we began to know each other intimately and when we did things together. It was cold and miserable outside, and this made the blaze seem all the more cheery and comfortable. There were four of us: Jim (who had always seemed to us very much like a certain type of book hero, both in name, for they are always Jims, and also in character), two others whose names don't particularly matter, and myself. We were all, of course, old friends and had known each other for years and years, but had not met together like this for many a long day; and now the conversation had turned sort of naturally, as is, I should imagine, generally the case on such occasions, to reminiscences. I had been telling them of my experiences at a spiritualistic séance and of the rather queer things I saw and heard and should not easily forget. That led us on to a discussion on the psychology of being afraid; not that any of us knew much about it. We had sat silent for a while, and then Jim moved slightly in his chair.

"Fear," he said, in a quiet, serious voice; "you talk of fear—it's funny, but it's just three years ago to-day that I spent the most terrible night I ever spent in my life, and I hope devoutly that I shall never have such an experience again."

I glanced at him quickly: his face wore that rather grim expression of a man who knows that his words come as a surprise to those listening, his eyes were bent on the glow of the fire, and I felt a thrill of excitement pass through me. I could see that the others were no less aroused. For Jim was no ordinary man. He was one of those very lucky people who have been practically everywhere there is to go, and done things which most of us never have a chance to do, and seen things, too; but it was pretty universally decided that he didn't know what fear was. O, I know that remark is far from being original. Heroes without number have been said not to know what fear is. But I can't help it. I can only say again, I don't think Jim *did* know what it was to fear anything. He laughed at the idea of ghosts, and would spend a night in a haunted house and emerge next morning quite unimpressed. Literally we had never known him to be afraid, and so we knew that it must be some very real horror that could make him speak of it in the tone in which he now spoke. After a while Jim went on.

"It was in Ireland. Partly as a holiday and partly because there was an old friend of mine staying there, towards the end of November I started out to spend a few weeks there before I pushed on again. It was a funny time of the year to go to Ireland for a holiday, but I'd never seen the place and decided to take advantage of the little spare time I had.

"For some unknown reason he lived in a remote house out on the west coast, somewhere between Black Head and Hag's Head, a mile or more from the nearest village and overlooking the sea. How he managed to get in regular supplies I don't know, but the place was certainly comfortable enough.

"Well, one chilly night we had, as we sat at dinner, been talking about Irish superstitions concerning certain places.

"Of course, most of it's all rot," said my friend, "but there's just one spot further up north which, according to rumour, it's really best to fight shy of."

"It sounded interesting and I asked him to tell me more about it.

"It's a small, dull stone house about eight miles north of here and a mile inland," he said. "It's absolutely isolated, and is surrounded by a few dreary trees. There's a small empty yard at the side of it. In this house live a very old man and a thin, white-faced woman, his wife. Who they are and how long they've been there nobody knows. They live quite alone, and the woman is said to be dumb. Everybody gives the place a wide berth, and no one will go within miles of it after dark."

"But why?" I asked, "what's wrong with this couple? Why should people be afraid of them?"

"That's just it," he answered, "nothing's definitely known, but some very strange stories have got about. Some say they are mad, these two, and are hatching some ghastly plot. Others think that they are only waiting for some luckless traveller to cross their path to—well, I don't know what. It's all so vague and queer that no one knows anything for certain."

"He went on to tell me all he could. While he had been speaking an idea had come into my head, and after he had finished, for he didn't know very much about it, I came out with my plan.

"Well," I said, "I'm going to see for myself, and clear up the mystery once and for all. I've got my motor bike with me, and to-morrow I shall go to the place, pretend that I have lost my way, and see if they can put me up for the night. If they've got no room, then I suppose I shall have to come back again; but at any rate I'll have a shot."

"But his face had grown very serious as I spoke, and he answered me quietly.

"'You'll do absolutely nothing of the sort, Jim,' he said, 'the place is not safe, I tell you, and it would be sheer foolhardiness to go near it after dark. I should never have told you about it if I had thought you were going to be so childish.'

"I knew he spoke like that only because he feared for me, and of course it made me want to go all the more. 'It's no good, Dennis,' I said, 'I've quite decided to go to-morrow night, and no one can stop me.'

"Then you're a fool, a pig-headed fool,' he burst out, hotly, 'it's not brave or clever, but just idiotic. You've got absolutely nothing to gain by it, and you may be exposing yourself needlessly to very real danger. I hope to-morrow you will be more sensible, and act like a sane man and not like a schoolboy trying to impress his friends.'

"After a minute's silence he apologised, but still begged me to give up the idea. Not very long afterwards, for we had finished dinner by now, he rose and said he thought of going to bed. A little later I followed his example, my mind unchanged.

"I wish now with all my heart that I had taken his advice and never gone near that awful place.

"Next morning Dennis saw that I had no intention of giving up my project, and the day passed quietly and rather cheerlessly. In the evening, after an early dinner, I started out. It was a wild night, already quite dark. In fact it was exactly the sort of night you'd expect for the thing I was going to do. The sky was overclouded and there wasn't a star to be seen; the wind was getting up a bit, too.

"It looked like rain, I thought, and I turned up the collar of my overcoat, got my motor bike round and started her up.

"So long, Dennis,' I called, 'I'll be back for breakfast to-morrow morning, so be down in time.'

"He was standing in the doorway, and he didn't smile.

"Good-bye, old man,' he said, 'and for heaven's sake take care of yourself.' He looked serious and very unhappy.

"You bet,' I told him, and was off.

"Well, I won't bore you with the details of that ride, but it was well after ten when I left the last habitation behind me, and found myself on the wild stretches of desolate ground which lay between me and the place I was bound for. The last villager of whom I had asked the way had looked at me with a white, scared face when he heard where I wanted to go, and entreated me to turn back. At length, however, having given me the information I asked, he turned and

hurried away. This sort of thing was by no means reassuring, I can tell you.

"I pushed on for another twenty minutes without slackening speed. It was very cold and windy now, and pitch dark but for the beam of light from my lamp; the rain, however, had so far kept off. All was unbroken blackness round about me, and there wasn't a living soul anywhere. Oh! I felt lonely then. It was all so wild and deserted. There was just the sound of the wind and the low throb from my engine, and that was all I could hear. I was going quite slowly, keeping a fairly crooked course, and in that way illuminating as large an area as I could. I felt somehow strangely depressed now. It was a feeling that surprised me, for I don't think I had ever had it before, or at any rate not so acutely. It was with me, like a heavy weight on my mind, and I couldn't shake it off.

"And this was the most difficult part of my journey. I had followed the directions of my guide, so I knew I must be somewhere near the cottage, but which way to turn now I hadn't the faintest idea; I could see absolutely nothing except what was illuminated by my lamp.

"Well, I wandered about in the wind and bitter cold for over an hour, wondering whether I had missed the place altogether and wasn't really near it at all; wondering what I should do if I didn't find it and where I should spend the night, and how it was all going to end.

"And then quite suddenly I saw it!

"With a kind of shock and sudden chilling sensation I came upon what I knew to be at the very heart of the depression I felt; for there, a little ahead of me I saw, by the light from the lamp, a small, grey, lifeless-looking cottage and empty yard, surrounded by a few tall bare trees. There was something unpleasant and terribly uninviting about the place, but now I was here I intended to see the thing through, and without more ado I rode up to the front.

"My first thought was that the place was empty, and then I saw a faint light through the curtain of the ground floor window on the right. The front door was open, and I entered. The small passage was quite dark and I saw to the right of me, ajar, the door of the room in which I had noticed the light. I knocked and receiving no answer, walked in.

"I stopped suddenly. I was in a small, low-ceilinged room: it was small, anyway, but its extreme narrowness made it seem very tight and shut in. It was only half lit by the feeble rays from an oil lamp. That sharp, unpleasant smell of a burning wick that is nearly dry was about the room, and I could see the dwarfed, yellow flame bobbing up and down in the dirty lamp chimney. There wasn't much furniture,

and what there was seemed very old and worn ; but it was difficult to see anything very clearly as a lot of the room was in deep shadow.

"At the further end, at a table, sat two people ; a very old man with thin grey hair, and a woman almost as old. The man wore a much-worn suit of rough dark grey cloth, with a slanting collar that hung low on his stringy neck. On his feet were what looked like old leather-soled bedroom slippers. The woman was entirely in black, and I noticed that she wore slippers, too. They obviously would make little noise as they walked. They sat together in silence in the half dark and watched me as I came in. They seemed a little strange to me as I looked at them. I don't know whether it was because of what I had been told about them or whether there was something about them that produced in me a transient sensation of insecurity that went as quickly as it came when I saw how old they were. Indeed there was something strange about the room itself ; there was about it and its two occupants an air of age and loneliness which had an effect on me which I can't describe ; a peculiarly depressing effect. I can't define it, but it was there.

"As I stood there in the doorway I began to explain.

"'I'm very sorry to trouble you,' I said, 'but I've lost my way in the dark, and wondered whether you could possibly put me up for the night. Any sort of bed will do, so long as I can get a few hours' sleep.'

"I was looking at the man as I spoke, and his small eyes were fixed upon me intently. As I said the words 'put me up for the night,' I was almost certain that his companion, who was sitting still and silent at his side, made some slight motion—whether she moved ever so slightly in her chair or just turned her head the least bit I cannot say, but I was conscious of a movement. At the same moment I saw the man glance at her ; quick and sharp as a flash the glance was, and almost involuntary, it seemed to me, and then he was looking at me again with those small, bright eyes.

"'You've lost your way, have you?' he asked, in a rather high voice, his eyes still fixed on mine.

"'Yes, I don't know this part of the country very well, and if I could spend the night under your roof, I could be up and away again as soon as it was daylight.'

"As I stood there and said it and looked round that lonely, half-lit room and then out into the black waste of night and thought of the weird things I had heard about this place, I wished with all my heart and soul it was daylight now. And suddenly I experienced a very strange sensation—the sensation that comes to a child when left alone in a dark room. It came to me, a grown man, with all its strange force. A kind

of dread that I've never known before came over me ; and as I looked again at those two in front of me and saw with a shock that the expression of the man had relaxed into one of strange relish that made his seamed, yellow face look incredibly evil, and that the woman sat there motionless and white-faced, listening intently to what I said, that dread deepened and grew more black.

"And for a moment, I confess, the idea of getting out of it there and then occurred to me. But that I put aside at once, and felt deadly ashamed that the thought should have come to me. Here was I, having said I was going to spend the night in this house, only just inside the door, and now thinking of turning back. And what for? Simply because of a feeling. Like this I reasoned with myself. But the feeling did not alter. It was like an intuition ; I had a feeling that I had better go before it was too late. The idea, when I looked at it impersonally, seemed so ludicrous ; and yet I think I persuaded myself finally that I would not remain. And then the rain began.

"It started with a gentle, purring sound which grew steadily louder, and after a few seconds it was difficult to hear anything but the dripping and the splash and roar of a heavy downpour. I looked out at the torrents of rain and knew, then, that this was the answer. With bitter certainty I realised that now I had got to stay.

"The steady, dull pounding of the rain filled my ears, and I looked slowly round me. The room seemed to have become darker ; there were black shadows everywhere. I turned in a panic to the lamp. The flame had dwindled and was shaking on the wick. And then my eyes went wildly to the two inmates of that room. The woman was gazing at a point on the table with a face devoid of any expression at all. I knew she must have heard the rain because she wasn't deaf, and yet she sat there paying no attention ; and so I looked next at her companion . . . and then stared in horror. He was sitting gazing fixedly at one of the small windows, where the rain slashed down in glistening streams, and I could have sworn that his eyes shone with an almost devilish glee.

"With a sensation of faintness I turned my eyes away. My courage was going now and I knew it. There was something awful about the place, something incredibly awful, and yet I didn't know why or what. I tried to take a grip of myself ; I would *not* go under. I'd ask to be shown where I was to sleep. I held tight on to myself and took a step or two forward. I began 'Will you . . .'

"The light went out.

"It simply sank away, and plunged the room into utter

impenetrable blackness ; leaving not even the faintest trace of a ray.

" My heart gave a great leap that took me at the throat and I heard my breath rasping in as I stood in the dark. I couldn't move. I stood there cold, with pounding heart, not daring to stir in case something should touch me. For perhaps five seconds nothing happened and no one moved, and then I heard a low laugh from the man and his chair creak as he began to get up. At that I backed against the wall with clenched teeth and waited. I heard the man move about ; there was the rattle of a matchbox, a scratch, and the yellow flame of a match lit the room. He took it to a candle on a shelf beside the mantelpiece and lit it. I looked about me and knew then what would have been immediately obvious to me at any other time. The lamp had simply run dry and had gone out because there was no more moisture on the wick. I realised bitterly then what a state my nerves must be in.

" The woman got up now and went to the shelf. As she passed her husband, who was coming back to the table, I heard him mutter something to her. She put the candle on the mantelpiece, took another from the shelf—it was just a stump in a candlestick—lit it from the first and came towards me. I knew she was dumb, so I didn't say anything, but with a feeling more hopeless than I can describe I turned to go with her.

" So it had come at last. I had got to face the thing which I dreaded and which, though I had begun to suggest it myself in a moment when I felt that to get that night over I should do anything, I had hoped to the last night somehow be averted. The idea of spending a night alone in a room of this house was simply awful to me. I was in a state of nerves now that I hardly care to confess to. I was breathing quickly, and turning sharply at the slightest noise. My heart was beating fast and I could feel the throbbing of some pulse just below my ears. The rain still poured down outside, filling the room with its monotonous sound. No possibility of leaving the house. No, I had got to go on.

" I went with her to the door, thinking of Dennis and wondering what he was doing. I thought where I might have been ; sitting in one of his bright, comfortable rooms. It all seemed very remote ; not as though I had left him only that day, but a long time ago. We were going to the door, the woman in front, I following. She passed out into the passage and I was doing the same, when something, goodness knows what, made me look back . . .

" Never shall I forget that grin. The man sat there with an expression on his face that haunts me still. It drew his

thin lips back taut over the pale gums till his yellow teeth seemed to stick from his jaws like pegs. The skin under his cheek bones was stretched like a drum, and his small black eyes shone and glistened in the light.

" The blood seemed to rush out of my heart. He was not looking in my direction and had not seen me turn. I began to feel very cold and was all quivering. The faculty of sober thought was fast leaving me : everything seemed to have a strange significance. The horror of that smile burned in on me and hung in my mind as the embodiment of all I had seen and heard that night : it was as much as I could stand, and I knew myself to be utterly afraid ; afraid of these people, afraid of their solitude, afraid of their house and all that was in it. There was a fear of something behind it all ; what it was I don't know, but I do know that nothing have I ever dreaded so much in all my life as I dreaded that night before me. You'll say, why was I afraid ? How could people, old as these were, affect me as they did ? Well, I don't know. I can only explain it in one way. There was Fear in that house ; Fear, perhaps, without reason or origin ; who knows ? There was for me at any rate, that night. I know, and I think you do too, that I've never been one to be easily frightened, but I tell you Fear had me that night, and with such a hold as to take the manhood clean from me. And yet I went with that woman. It's not a boast, because I don't think I could help myself. I simply followed her out of the room and up the stairs with a dull horror on me, a horror of something that I could not fight against.

" The rest of the house was quite dark. We went along a passage, past two doors, to a small, square bedroom at the end. She went in and I followed. I had a queer feeling as though I were going into a torture chamber and this were the torturer in front of me. Nerves and wild thoughts again ! And I was feeling feverish and then suddenly chilly. Then I was cursing myself for giving way to such impossible ideas. How *could* there be anything wrong with this room ? It contained a bed, a chest of drawers, a washstand and a chair. Absolutely ordinary. And the woman ? But right or wrong I could not help the feeling of repulsion I had for her. She put the candlestick on the dressing table, and as she passed me involuntary I shrank back a pace. She went out and closed the door and I was alone.

" I was going to keep calm and unflustered, and set about methodically to prepare myself for the night. I paused a moment to listen to the wind, for it had come up again and was lashing the rain against the window and howling in the chimney. But I knew that was not going to help me and so tried not to think about it and to shut the sound out of my

mind. The window was closed and I drew the curtain ; I walked over to the door and opened it wide. Then I looked at the candle, which I meant to keep burning all night, and hope left me again. Everything seemed to be working to crush the spirit out of me. It was nearly burnt out. There was about half an inch of it left, and then darkness would come, and with it all the phantoms of thought and horrors of imagination that I tried so hard to keep from me. As long as I had light I would fight with all the power that was in me against the thoughts that were trying to fill my mind, but with the darkness my armour would be gone, and I would be at the mercy of the night, and this I dreaded. I just had to wait for it, and when it came—well, I'd try to meet it.

"It was after midnight now and, slipping off my coat and boots, I lay down on the bed. The rain was still pouring down and the wind whistling and shrieking and lashing against the window. What a night! I looked round the room as I lay there, to take it all in, and so, feeling more familiar, feel more safe. There was the window on my left with the curtains drawn. In front was the washstand. I looked to the right, and there was a black oblong in the wall, where the doorway looked out into the dark passage. Suppose something were to come slowly round the corner out of the blackness of the passage—I turned my head away quickly. I tried to think of Dennis again. How had he spent his evening? Probably reading. He must be asleep now. Then I thought of my own affairs, of what I had done and what I was going to do in the future, and the future seemed to me a wonderfully happy time, with good things to come ; as it must to a man about to undergo a serious operation. The future seemed vaguely unattainable. And then back to Dennis again, and then school days. Should I ever have thought?—there was a fizzle and a splutter and the candle went out. The suddenness of it almost made me cry out. I lay quite still and tried to breathe slowly to get my nerve back. The room was in pitch blackness now ; there was no ray from the window or the passage. It was that close, thick darkness that seems to be wrapped round your face ; and I realised that now I must make my greatest effort yet to keep my thoughts from things of the night, that I must do all in my power to concentrate on everyday matters, on anything in the wide world but those thoughts which kept looming in my mind like shadows. I knew that if I let go of myself I was lost. I must put my whole mind into thinking of ordinary things.

"And I think I succeeded. I lay there thinking of one topic after another, never letting my mind slip back, but always hurrying it on to something else, until gradually it

became more easy. My thoughts ran on by themselves and I think by the intensity of my concentration I must have almost forgotten my surroundings.

"The incessant sound of the rain and the fitful howling of the wind as every now and then it sprang up and beat against the house and down the chimney was all that could be heard. The room was very quiet. The whole house was still and silent. I lay staring up into the blackness, my mind dulled with ceaseless thinking, motionless and making no sound, when suddenly my heart gave a great jerk that was almost physical pain, my thoughts vanished, and all the dreads and horrors of that long night rushed in on me.

"I had heard talking in low tones at the foot of the stairs.

"I lay absolutely stiff and a cold moisture sprang on my forehead and over my body. What I thought of in those moments I can't say. They were wild, meaningless thoughts. I lay glaring up at the ceiling in that black room, and I simply couldn't move. My ears were strained to catch the slightest sound, but sounds were blocked out, for the wind burst out afresh. It shrieked and dashed against the window and thundered away into the night, and then shrieked again ; and all the while I lay there stiffly. And then suddenly I heard a sound quite close to, on my right—my head twisted round in a flash—and all was over.

"Round the door post in the blackness of the wall there slid into view, very faintly and only just discernible, a white face.

"As I glared at that face, what little courage was left in me dwindled and died, hope sank away, and a chill settled down over my heart and froze my reason and I knew what aching, panic terror was.

"I lay no longer. I leapt out of bed in a sort of mad blind frenzy, not knowing where I was going or what I was doing, and rushed out of the door. I had a feeling that who ever it was was just outside the room, as I dashed along the dark passage in my stockinged feet. I stumbled down the stairs and into the half lit ground floor passage. I meant to get away, right out of this ghastly place, to run till I couldn't stand ; never mind the wind and never mind the rain, till I was as far away as I could possibly get.

"So I thought as I stumbled down those stairs and into that passage. I only just staggered back in time. There, just round the corner at the foot of the stairs stood the woman. She was standing in the attitude of one listening intently. She glared at me with a sort of wild light in her eyes, a light of triumph. They seemed to me the eyes of a maniac. Then still fixing me with her eyes she pointed to the door of the house. She was pointing for me to go out of it, and

though a second before I had rushed to make my escape by it, though it seemed but a moment ago the only way to safety and sanity, yet I *knew* now that come what may I must not go out of that door; nothing in the world should drag me through the door of that house to what lurked outside. My condition now was absolutely pitiful; I was shaking from head to foot. I shrank from her gaze, and I knew myself to be powerless to resist. I had no will of my own and no strength in me; I was utterly and completely in their power and I knew this to be the end of the battle. What was to be revealed to me I did not know. Sick and faint, I groped my way to the door and pulled it open; at the same moment I heard the old man coming down the stairs.

"The wind dashed into the house and I felt the rain stinging my hands and face. The two were standing in the doorway now, still pointing—pointing to the little yard beside the house; and out into the shrieking wind and blinding rain I stumbled, and then—Oh! heavens above! I *saw*. There it was, close against the wall of the yard, a low, squat, shapeless body—Oh! great heavens, it—"

Jim broke off and sat silent, his face twisted. We gazed at him, white faced and dry lipped, waiting for him to finish.

"What was it, Jim?" I cried. "What was it you saw?" There was a moment's deathly silence. And then Jim, with a smile of infinite sadness, turned slowly and faced us.

"It was my motor bike," he said. "I'd left it out all night in the rain, and the good folk had come to tell me."

* * * * *

It is February now, and, although we are once more on speaking terms with Jim, it will be a long, long time before any of us will listen to one of his stories again. P.E.M.M.

Concussion

ABRIGHT sun lit up the brisk November afternoon. I had accomplished my usual morning's hard work and as I strolled forth into the sunshine of the Emmanuel College playing field I was looking forward with no little zest to the game in which I was about to participate. It is a long walk from the Emmanuel pavilion to the soccer pitch and I ruminated as I went. In a few moments I should be plying the forwards with delicately controlled pass or weaving patterns round the opposition to crown

a scintillating run with a crashing left foot drive. (In your day dreams you almost invariably work along these lines whereas in actuality you find yourself racing with loud pants after an opposition forward and your forward passes are more often crude or lacking altogether than delicate). Mayhap instead of "notching the decisive point that enabled the visiting team to emerge victorious by the odd goal in five" by means of that powerful left foot drive it would transpire that I should effect a spectacular piece of headwork that would win the match during the last moments. At this point in my reflections a small cloud darkened the bright visions of my prowess to be, for on this same ground almost precisely a year previously I had executed a piece of work with my head which had resulted in my being laid out with a mild attack of concussion of the brain. Well, it would be very extraordinary if the same thing occurred again. The small black cloud dispersed as I thought of the prospect of a rattling game, a hot bath and tea. Aah!

I had joined the others by this time and nonchalantly taking a rasping drive at the ball sent it past the goalkeeper and clean through the back netting (Poetic licence).

The game opened stirringly enough. I felt fit and charged about touching an odd ball here and there and knocking a few people over, until suddenly I realised that one of the opposing forwards was threatening danger to our goal. The ball was passed out of my reach to the Emmanuel inside right and turning as quickly as possible I hared after that player. I was about a yard from him when I experienced a tremendous crash on my head and I could feel things inside being rather mixed up and shaken together.

Now I am sure this would make a more correct story if I said that the next thing I remembered was the incident of my awakening in bed long afterwards. I should dearly like to put in my heroine bending anxiously over the bed, her eyes wet with emotion—"Ah, he lives! Nurse, my Mortimer has opened his eyes."—Then rather bewildered I should drop back into unconsciousness with the dim remembrance of those sweet kisses upon my brow.

But if I told my tale thus I fear that my hard-earned reputation for being the most truthful man in St. John's would go by the board immediately. The actual and very unromantic truth is that I recovered from the first effects of the blow after a few minutes and attempted to play again. Unfortunately I could not see the ball or the players properly. They were there one moment—and gone the next. If only everyone had stopped still I might have been able to play, although even then I might have dribbled the ball on to the adjacent pitch and netted it triumphantly in the hockey

goal. Matters became worse and I realised that I had received my yearly dose of concussion on the Emmanuel playing field. I staggered away vaguely and somehow reached home. Except for my crude efforts at connected vision I felt moderately composed until I got near home. Then I was never more glad to see my rooms. After came bed and an attempt to forget everything. Unfathomable eras of time elapsed and then a doctor came. He hit his hand upon my knee where-upon my leg shot violently up into the air. I remember thinking in a fuddled kind of way that this was not the manner in which a well behaved leg should comport itself. For a mere leg surely it was taking too much upon itself. However I didn't take much notice of what the doctor said ("Cha! Cha!" or words to that effect I expect). He went away and after another space of tossings and turnings, and the consciousness of murmuring voices in the outer room, my bedroom was again invaded by a gang of five people. They moved grimly and silently as with some set purpose.

"We're going to carry you into the other room," remarked one of these strangers tersely.

He who spoke I subsequently came to know by the name of Nurse X. The others I later designated by the titles Nurses Y and Z and Sub-Nurses A and B. Except for some clear-headed suggestion from Sub-Nurse A there was no speech. (Sub-Nurse A is rightly renowned for his clear-headedness—in fact he might, sometimes, though not always, be called the "Common-Sense King of St. John's.")

Forthwith they proceeded to carry me. At the time I took no interest in the proceedings but I have learnt since that the situation was not devoid of incident. Apparently Nurses X and Y had taken a corner each of the head end of the bed, while the other three took the foot end. At a hoarse whisper from X the gathering proceeded to lift the mattress and its inert occupant. The people at the foot end of the mattress made gaily for the door little thinking of the difficulties besetting those holding the other end. As the mattress was lifted over the bed and towards the door Nurse Y was pulled over the iron framework of the bedstead holding grimly on to his corner. He hadn't thought of this contingency. Soon with an agonised glance at Nurse X who had the inside berth he let go altogether. By a supreme effort X held on and saved the situation, but he had not got a proper grip and his fingers slipped gradually. When it seemed that in no circumstances could he hold on any longer the outer room was reached and the situation saved again.

That night I had indistinct impressions of various people coming and going. Every now and then I beheld through a slight haze a new face by the bedside. There were various

answers to the polite queries as to what the devil they were doing here. The most priceless was that given by the afore-said Common-Sense King of Johns—Sub-Nurse A—who calmly gave out that he was working. Working in another man's rooms at 1 a.m. ! I believed him though thousands wouldn't have. Apparently someone was stationed there all night for fear I should throw myself out of the window. As a matter of fact I hadn't the energy to contemplate such an action let alone the desire to carry it out.

On the following day I felt rather better. However my brazenly independent limbs still shot about and I lacked the energy of a tortoise. The medicine man on arrival obviously thought nothing of me. He ordered boiled fish and rice puddings only, with no reading or excitement. Above all I was to do or think nothing. What a prospect, thought I, and I rethought this in stronger terms several times during the next week. When I got slightly better it proved an occupation that palled to lie for hours doing absolutely nothing. Finally in desperation I stretched a piece of string across the bed from chair to chair. This I twanged so as to get slight tunes therefrom. The ecstasy of a new occupation!

I had three main nurses and they were really rather wonderful. I spent my time abusing them and commenting unfavourably upon their facial appearances, but nothing could shake them. They relentlessly pressed boiled fish and rice pudding upon me. Once one of them even sent back to the kitchen a plate of buttered buns; no, stay, he ate them himself before my very eyes. Cries of shame! What annoyed me most was that in spite of all my rudeness to them Nurses X, Y and Z refused to leave me. They stubbornly persisted in keeping their tempers and only answered my streams of invective with pitying smiles. Z was, perhaps, the most aggravating. After I had been particularly truculent he would come up, pat the pillow and say, "There, there, curl up and go to sleep." Curl up! By Jove! That sort of remark hurts. However I got one back on Z later. One morning some four days after my accident he said begrudgingly:—

"Look here, my lad, if you're good to-day, you may have a cigarette this evening."

"Thanks very much," I replied, "but I had two yesterday."

Such a simple thrust kept me amused for hours afterwards. I had been allowed the cigarettes when Y had been in charge. I used to think him the most lenient but when I was convalescent he became the strictest of any. Y was a good nurse but he invariably knocked things over when he moved.

I will say that he did not do this during the first few days though.

I remarked that Nurse Z was the most aggravating, but Nurse X was even more persistent over some matters. One morning I thought I'd test his prowess a little and so I asked for scrambled eggs for breakfast. X scratched his head. He knew I was allowed eggs so he could not forbid them. Neither could he cook them, it seemed. X shot off to Y. Y said that the proteins were more coagulated in a scrambled egg than in a boiled one. X thanked him and went to Z. Z said he had never scrambled an egg personally but that it was quite easy. You just threw the egg in some water in a saucepan and awaited results. Nurse X returned and with a triumphant grin vanished into my gyp-room. Shortly afterwards there was a howl of surprise. It seemed that when he had thrown the egg in (a kitchen egg I believe) it had all shot promptly up with a cloud of boiling water and hit him in the eye. He thought the egg spiteful but persisted and shortly afterwards emerged, this time with a rather doubtful smile on his face and a plate in his hand. On the middle of a large white expanse of plate lay a few scraps of much mangled yellow material—"scrambled egg" said X, but he ate it himself as he said it might not be good for an invalid. I eventually had a boiled one (hard)!

Another of the exploits of X was in the hot-water bottle line. He thought one day that I was cold or in dire pain after eating one of his boiled eggs so he scouted around the college to find a hot-water bottle. He obtained one from a generous don who said he hadn't used it that term and probably would not need it now. The next day ushered in the coldest weather we had experienced for five years. The water froze in the jug on two successive mornings. I hugged the hot-water bottle. The generous don was heard to inquire every night how the concussion patient was progressing. What feeling he must have put into that query!

At last I was allowed to read for half-an-hour. Of course, Z attempted to take away the book after 25 minutes! Then came the great day when I ventured out on a long walk of 100 yards, supported on all sides by my three splendid nurses. Colossal effort. Then came a long period of convalescence lasting some weeks. On attempting to work again after this period a relapse set in! The moral of all this is—keep your head out of the way of swiftly moving footballs.

F.M.E.

Johnian Society

President—Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C.

Committee—Mr. B. W. F. Armitage, Mr. H. H. S. Hartley, Mr. A. S. Le Maitre, Mr. F. W. Morton, Mr J. C. Squire, Mr. G. A. D. Tait.

Hon. Secretary—Mr. E. W. R. Peterson, 81, St. Georges Square, S.W. 1.

FOLLOWING up the notice which appeared in the last number of the EAGLE, a circular has been sent out to a number of old members of the College with the satisfactory result that the Society, at the time of writing, has a membership of well over 200, which is increasing daily.

The Committee has met several times during the winter and has drawn up a Constitution and Rules in accordance with the desire expressed at the dinner last July.

In brief, the objects of the Society are to bring Johnians together by means of dinners and other functions, to publish a list of members, to keep Johnians in touch with the College, to arrange matches between teams of Old Johnians and the College and generally to further the interests of the College and its members.

Naturally the existence of the Society will depend upon its being continually recruited from the younger men, and so it has been decided to admit all members of the College except resident undergraduates who have not kept six terms. Third year men are invited to join, and Mr. G. A. D. Tait has been co-opted to the Committee as resident undergraduate member.

One of the great difficulties is the absence of an adequate list of addresses of Johnians. *Crockford* has furnished some and *Who's Who* others, and the Parliamentary Register has been of great use, but a large number of men have not yet been traced.

We have already been able to put one or two members in touch with men of whom they had lost sight, and the List of Members which the Society has in hand should prove of the greatest use.

Johnians are, therefore, asked to co-operate in making the existence of the Society known; subscribers to the EAGLE who have not yet sent in their names are earnestly asked to do so at once.

At the present rate of progress we shall have a membership of about 500 by the end of the Easter term, and we look forward to a thoroughly enjoyable Annual Dinner. It will be held on the evening of the second day of the University Cricket Match. Due notice of time and place will be sent to members.

L.M.B.C.

President—The Master.
1st Boat Captain—G. A. D. Tait.
Hon. Sec.—R. B. T. Craggs.

Treasurer—Mr. Cunningham.
2nd Boat Captain—W. E. Gaccon
Jun. Treas.—J. A. K. Martyn.

WE must congratulate Elliot-Smith most heartily, not only for continuing our unbroken list of "Blues" since the war, but also for the way in which he won his place in the Varsity Boat. He was the only man who rowed undisturbed through the early stages of training; and he may rest content with the thought that it must have been a very small minority of individuals, if indeed there were any, who even doubted his final inclusion in the boat. It is no mean glory to be the only heavyweight in a crew which was selected, apparently, with a complete disregard for the desirability of weight over the Putney to Mortlake course.

Congratulations also to Sir Henry Howard and the Lent Boat for their overbump on the first night of the Lents: the most ardent student of club records would have to work hard to find a similar case so high up in the first division. Except for the usual lapse in the middle of training, the crew was always very promising; their swing was described once as the best seen on the Cam since the war, and there was plenty of power and weight in the boat. Sir Henry Howard once again showed what a great asset he is to the Club. On the first night they overbumped Jesus II at Morley's Holt, admittedly with Trinity Hall chasing them hard up the Long. On Thursday the crew rowed much better and caught Third Trinity in the Plough; we must commiserate with Third on having to row an untrained stroke, though the actual difference to their crew was probably not as great as might be imagined. On the last two nights we gave Pembroke a hard race, but never got dangerous; on the Saturday there was no boat on the river faster.

The second boat was also good and was able to challenge the first boat in short bursts of rowing during training. On Thursday they bumped Pembroke II in the Plough, and on Saturday, Sidney I at the Railings. On the other nights they were unfortunate in having bumps in front of them. The third boat showed great promise but failed to keep it and went down three places. The fourth boat, of whom, perhaps, least was expected, nearly overbumped First Trinity V on Wednesday, but had to wait till Saturday before they caught them at First Post Corner. The fifth boat did not find their true form at all in the races, and were bumped each night.

The races showed that we still have not got the real bumping spirit, though there was great improvement.

Many of the Fellows entertained the crews to breakfast or in the evening, and we owe them all a very sincere gratitude for their kindness.

The sliding-seat work at the end of the term has shown steady improvement. Mr. Swann was good enough to take the first boat for two days, and in that short time he left a lasting impression of the possibilities of being on one's feet. It is a good sign that so many men are still rowing: there are distinct prospects for four really good May boats.

J. H. Wainwright entered for the Junior Sculls, but was beaten by the eventual winner, J. S. Barlow, of Trinity Hall, in the first round. J. C. H. Boone won two heats of the Bushe-Fox Sculls and showed very respectable form; he was beaten in the semi-final by the winner. We would take this opportunity of congratulating Mrs. Bushe-Fox on the big entry for this event: it is to be hoped that next year she will have the gratifying sight of a Lady Margaret winner. G. A. D. Tait and L. V. Bevan were beaten in the first round of the Forster-Fairbairn Pairs: 'flu was in great part responsible for the hardly creditable performance.

The Clinker Four made great progress under Sir Henry Howard's coaching. Unfortunately, Gaccon damaged his back in the last week of training and consequently the full programme of work could not be carried out. However, he stroked very well in the races and they make a magnificent effort. In the second round we beat King's by a length; in the final we were beaten by 1 length by Christ's in 8 mins. 19 secs.

The four was as follows:—

bow L. H. Mackinn.
 2 F. Yates.
 3 E. O. Connell.
str. W. E. Gaccon.
cox P. K. Feather.

1st Lent Boat			2nd Lent Boat		
	st.	lbs.		st.	lbs.
<i>bow</i> J. A. K. Martyn	10	13	<i>bow</i> A. W. Williams	10	2
2 D. S. Heesom	11	11	2 D. M. Sale	10	3
3 F. Yates	12	1	3 F. J. de V. Marindin	11	11
4 P. Fletcher	12	8	4 R. W. R. Wilson	11	8
5 L. V. Bevan	13	3	5 J. C. H. Booth	12	0
6 E. O. Connell	12	6	6 R. L. C. Footitt	13	1
7 M. F. G. Keen	11	13	7 G. R. Colvin	11	11
<i>str.</i> R. B. T. Craggs	11	7	<i>str.</i> W. E. Gaccon	10	2
<i>cox</i> P. K. Feather	8	8	<i>cox</i> M. W. Claridge	8	13

Rugby Football Club

AT the end of the Michaelmas term the College Rugger seemed to be at a low ebb. The first XV, admittedly without many regular players, were beaten by Trinity 27—10, while all the 2nd XV matches were on some account or another scratched (we hope always by our opponents). An "A" side went down to Cranleigh School the day after the 'Varsity Match. Elliott-Smith, the present rowing blue, playing his first game of rugger for two years and friends A. N. Other, A. Three-Quarter and O.N.E. More from Caius helped us to pull through with a win 9 points to 8 (we repeat, it was the day after "Rugger Night").

The first half of the present Lent term has been devoted to training for the Inter-Collegiate knock-out competition. In practice games the team was beaten by Clare (6—3) on a rainy day but easily overcame Trinity (34—8) and Emmanuel (28—13).

One could not say that the club was extremely fortunate in the draw of the competition, but perhaps the best was made of it that was possible. After a bye in the first round we were drawn to play St. Catherine's which game was played on their ground on the 31st January. The side was as follows: S. Walker, G. A. C. Field, E. C. Marchant, O. R. Fulljames, R. A. Milne, P. O. Walker, C. W. Walker, D. H. Sanderson, J. H. McLellan, J. B. Wilson, J. P. Hurl, J. G. Kellock, D. Champion, G. Morpeth, E. J. Shrubbs. After considerable delay an account of the non-appearance of the Referee, Mr. ap Rhys Price came to the rescue and controlled the game well. In the first half we could do everything but score and prevent our opponents from doing so as they were six points up at half time. Certainly the St. Catherine's defence was excellent, but the ball was hanging in our scrum and no respectable openings were made. However, on the change of ends matters improved. The concentrated marking of O. R. Fulljames was too good to allow him to be individually effective, but this allowed P. O. Walker and G. A. C. Field to go somewhat free and they scored five tries between them. Our opponents were gradually worn down and though E. C. Marchant was damaged, we won 23 points to 6. Fulljames' goal kicking was good.

In the third round our opponents were Pembroke. Didn't some of us just faintly remember a game (if such it was) against the same College about a year ago? We think the score was 51—nil against St. John's. We had heard beforehand that this time they were going to give us a "course" game forward, they certainly tried, but the

St. John's pack can play all sorts of games. The game was played on February 7th, a glorious day. Pembroke lacked W. B. Scott, while the only changes in the St. John's team were C. B. Gillespie for Marchant, who was not fit, and H. S. Magnay for Hurl. The obvious scheme of our opponents was to "take" the ball to our "twenty-five," then heel it to enable Francis to drop goals. He made some good attempts but, as it did not quite succeed against Oxford on December 11th, so it did not quite succeed against St. John's on February 7th; however, he did get one over. The loose rushes of our pack were good, moreover frequently did we get the ball in the scrum and line-out. D. Champion hooked well. Again Fulljames was well marked, he wanted to score so much, but although it could not be done he did not forget Milne who scored three times after running well. Also on the right wing Gillespie fed Field consistently with good effect, while C. W. Walker and P. O. Walker played well and pluckily at half, the latter scoring a good try. The ultimate score was 2 goals and five tries to 1 goal and 1 dropped goal (25—9). This score was due to the keen work of the forwards and superiority of our threes over those of Pembroke. Afterwards a most pleasant tea was given by Mr. Armitage to a large proportion of the College in his rooms.

On the evening of this match the Annual Dinner took place. It was well arranged by D. H. Sanderson and G. Morpeth. The President of the Club, Mr. Armitage, was present and the guests were H. H. Fagnani, who could not be prevented from replying for "the visitors," W. B. Scott and R. H. Jukes, the latter two being of Pembroke. Mr. Lockhart's contribution was greatly appreciated. One would not think that the only members present, who did not feel entirely up to scratch the following day, were certain of the freshers and, we regret, our venerable scrum half (surely it was "Mich's" Charlotte à la Merkin).

It was not the bad effect of the dinner above described that gave Caius such a handsome victory over us in the semi-final on the 'Varsity Ground on February 27th. Six blues, including the present English scrum-half, and seven 'Varsity trial men figured in what is one of the best College sides that has ever been. Their pack was quite a stone per man heavier than ours and the outsides were excellent; especially dangerous was A. T. Young's method of drawing the whole of our defence to one wing after which he flung the ball across to the other. Fulljames scored a typical try in the second half but this was not converted. The score of 41—3 did not quite represent the run of the play, but it was almost entirely due to the fact that Caius, who "scrumped" all their touches, got the ball every time in the tight and coupled with this Young was brilliant.

Caius eventually won the final by beating Trinity 46 points to 4.

The second and third XV's have been unfortunate in the scratching of so many matches owing to bad grounds, etc. May we just say that the alternative ground will be useful.

One note of thanks must not be omitted. The green cape, the "fair round belly with good capon lined," and the "Harty" smile from the college office *inter alia* helped to cheer us on our way. The 1st XV and the Club, generally, greatly appreciate the continued support that all members of the College, in whatever capacity, have given during the whole of what is we think correct to consider a successful season. S.W.

1st XV. Characters.

O. R. FULLJAMES (Captain).—A strong running centre three-quarter who knows the game and plays it. He has reduced the punt ahead to a fine art and is probably the most difficult man in the team to tackle. His kicking in defence is sound and as a place-kick he is extremely useful. Above all an excellent captain. S.W.

D.H.S.

S. WALKER. (Full back).—Has a safe pair of hands, a good hand off and a very long kick. At times simply brilliant. Must learn to captain the side without getting out of position himself, but his speed has often enabled him to make up this fault. Has been known to miss a tackle, and if he improved in this part of his play he would make a first-class full back. A good place kick. In the absence of Fulljames he has captained the side well and has been a very keen and energetic secretary.

D. H. SANDERSON. (Forward).—Has led the pack well throughout the season, but a little more of his voice might have been heard. Does a lot of work in the scrum as a good leader should. Has saved many a rush by his falling on the ball. His kicking could be improved.

C. W. WALKER. (Scrum-half).—Very sound. A trifle slow in his running, but not slow in getting the ball away from the scrum. Has a good reverse pass. Good in defence with a very useful screw kick which finds touch from any angle. Uses his head and develops a number of attacks on the blind side. Must get out of the habit of putting his head down and attempting to run through the scrum. It very rarely pays and usually leaves the pack without a scrum-half.

J. H. McLELLAN. (Forward).—A useful winger who gets across well and takes the opposing threes if they break through. A good pair of hands with a sound idea of passing. Is easily roused and can well hold his own. Dribbling good.

E. C. MARCHANT. A wing three-quarter who also plays a good game at centre. Has good hands and is a good kick. Should develop the hand off.

J. B. WILSON. A forward of the fierce variety when he gets roused. Very rarely gets through a quiet game. Rather clumsy in the loose but quite the best forward in the line out. His kicking could be improved.

P. O. WALKER.—Has played consistently well throughout the season, and has, therefore, been a reliable and safe fly half. Both attack and defence are good. He must learn to use the short punt when the opposing threes are lining well up. Quick off the mark, with a useful kick into touch when in difficulties.

J. G. KELLOCK.—A real hard-working forward who puts every ounce of energy into his work. Gets across to the corner flag and although he has often arrived just too late, has been able to stop the opposing wing from running round to score under the posts.

G. A. C. FIELD.—Has a great speed which is an essential feature of a wing three-quarter. When once he is moving is hard to stop. Has enough pace to run round his opponents and should develop this rather than a "cut in" when he frequently drops his passes. Should develop the cross kick and be able to kick when running hard. When given a pass and unable to make an opening he is inclined to rush blindly into his opposing three. A short punt would be more useful since he has the speed to follow up quickly.

D. CAMPION. (Forward).—A very good hooker. A clever dribbler who is always in the front of forward rushes. A useful place kick, especially when others fail.

G. MORPETH.—Has played some splendid games this season at forward. Has speed, weight and energy and should do very well next season. Plays vigorously throughout the game and doesn't seem to know what it is to be tired. Falls well and gets back quickly.

R. A. MILNE (Wing three-quarter).—A strong runner who can shake off a number of tackles. A little more speed would have enabled him to score more, but what he lacks in speed he makes up in cleverness. Good defence and has often come right across and taken the wing "three" on the other side of the field.

E. J. SHRUBBS. (Forward).—A winger who must learn to push more in the scrum. Follows up well with the out-sides and is often ready to take a pass to score a try. Too often kicks wildly ahead.

C. B. GILLESPIE. (Centre three-quarter).—His real place is undoubtedly at full-back, as he is a splendid tackle. He has filled the position of three-quarter very well. A strong

runner with a good hand off, he has not learned to give his passes at the right moment for a cut through, but hangs on to the ball too long. In defence he must get to the opposing three-quarters and not wait for them to come to him. He falls well and is a useful kick. With more practice he will undoubtedly become a good three-quarter as he has the speed when once he has got off the mark.

H. S. MAGNAY. (Forward).—Came into the side late in the season. Quite fast but doesn't use his head enough. Inclined to kick the ball too far ahead and must learn to fall on the ball. Very keen and always well up with the outsides.

J. P. HURLL. (Forward).—Dreamy, but good when awake. O.R.F.

Association Football Club

LAST October we entered upon the season full of hope. By the middle of November we were still full of hope and, in spite of some foolish slips, had every chance of winning the 1st Division League championship. By that time we had completed half our League programme and had only lost one match and had but 6 goals scored against us; we had then, undoubtedly, the best defence in the 'Varsity. Queens', however, had been performing exceptionally well, and when we came to play them at the end of the Michaelmas term they were in such a strong position that we were the only team that had any possibility of displacing them from the leadership. Owing to the fact that two half-backs were crocked at the time and Fleming was unable to play because of the proximity of the Varsity match, we had a weak team out. We lost an even though not particularly inspiring game by 1—0. Three days before we had, however, defeated Peterhouse by 5—0, so that if we could win our return match with Queens' we still had a chance of finishing first.

This return game was postponed till the Lent term. Unfortunately the same three players were again absentees, Mounsey and Eagles still being crocked and Fleming also now joining them. One does not wish to give the impression that our reserves were a poor lot. On the contrary, the 2nd eleven players who came into the team performed nobly, and in this connection should be mentioned the names of Thurman, Potter and Herridge, all of whom rendered excellent service to the side, the first-named subsequently securing his colours.

The first half of the deciding game against Queens' was full of thrills. A Queens' forward missed an open goal in the first quarter of an hour, and immediately afterwards

FAMILIAR FACES ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD.



Dobson at the other end hit the crossbar with a mustard shot. Subsequently Queens' scored twice. Then Blaxter, from a centre from Pennington, replied for us. In the second half Queens' had the better of the play and scored twice more. This destroyed our chance of winning the League. Incidentally the side had never had more than 2 goals against it before.

We were somewhat cheered a few days later when we beat Pembroke away after a great game. We played with greater certainty in this game and led 3—1 at half time. Pembroke then rallied splendidly, and with the help of wonderful shots from Cardew and Robinson the score became 4—3 in our opponents' favour. Then it was our turn to rally and we scored two goals in the last minutes of the game, thus winning 5—4. The backs played well and at least three of our goals were from good work on the right wing by Long Brown. In our next match the team suffered a surprise defeat from Fitzwilliam Hall, the side playing lifelessly and losing 2—1. Fisher came into the side instead of Mellor, who had damaged his ankle. Later in the term we reversed this decision when we won 2—1 away. In this game Mounsey and Eagles returned to the side, Potter and Blaxter standing down. Smith scored for us in the second half, equalising a goal already obtained by Fitzwilliam, and then Dobson headed the winning goal from an accurately placed corner taken by Pennington.

In our last league match we performed in very disappointing fashion, again losing 2—1 to Downing. The display in the first half was shocking and although we woke up a little in the second portion we could only score once through Fleming, who was brought into the forward line at half time. Dobson nearly scored in the last minute. In spite of our first half display we were unlucky not to draw.

Final League results:—

Played 14. Won 7. Lost 5. Drawn 2. Goals for 30, against 20. Points 16

It is rather extraordinary that our away record is much better than our home record; away we have only been beaten by Queens'.

The Knock-out Competition

We had the luck to be drawn in the easier half of the competition and had great hopes of winning it. We were especially desirous of accomplishing this, as we had collapsed in the League. In a preliminary round we defeated King's 6—2. "Spike" Pennington and Long Brown played particularly well in this game. Our next opponents were Emmanuel, and we beat them 2—1. We won fairly comfortably, although from the touch line it did not appear that the team was playing too convincingly.

After this the team went into training and, apart from Mounsey and Eagles, the side turned out all fit against Downing in the next round. A good-sized crowd arrived to support us. But the crowd and the training appeared to be too much for the players, who performed paralytically, with the result that we lost 1—0. Everyone seemed off colour, with the possible exception of Mellor, who worked hard and had ill-luck not to score with two colossal drives, one in each half. It was an unsatisfactory game and the one goal that Downing scored was a very scrappy affair. Downing invariably prove our stumbling block. Last season we lost to them and this year we have only taken 1 point out of them out of 4, in spite of the fact that we have taken 4 out of 4 from Trinity, a much better side. *Sic vita est!*

The Second Eleven

The Second Eleven have had a disappointing season. They started the season well but, partly owing to a lack of thrustfulness among the forwards and partly to the fact that the team has at times been rather depleted by the calls of First Eleven upon it, they have only won four League games, to wit, against St. Catharine's, Pembroke II. and Caius II. (twice).

W. A. P. FISHER has captained the side and played well throughout the season. The following have been awarded their half-colours:—J. E. Potter, C. G. Blaxter, G. H. Herridge, W. A. P. Fisher, V. C. Powell and C. G. Cooper.

Owing to the state of the grounds there have been few Second or Third Eleven fixtures this term.

T. C. SMITH.—Has played consistently well throughout the season, and the College is lucky to have two such good goalkeepers as Smith and Powell. Is apt lately to concede unnecessary corners.

J. T. BARKER (right-back).—A splendid back, who has now schooled himself into kicking strongly with either foot. Tackles fearlessly and is fast. Does not come far enough up the field and so often leaves the wing half a difficult job.

J. FLEMING (left-back).—Got into the Varsity side late last term and was reported in some papers as being the best man on the field in the Varsity match. He and Barker at their best are an almost impregnable pair.

A. L. THURMAN (right-half).—A hard-working half-back, whose sound play at either wing or centre-half has gained him his colours this term.

P. E. McI. MELLOR (centre-half and vice-captain).—Played wing half last term but has performed in the centre this term. His passes to his forwards are often delightful and he always has a powerful shot ready when necessary.

Nowadays gets through much more work than he used to, and had very bad luck when he just missed his Blue last term.

W. E. MOUNSEY (left-half).—Unfortunate enough to get crooked rather badly half way through last term. Head work good.

K. LONG BROWN (outside right and Hon. Secretary).—Has played some very good games for the side, but has deteriorated somewhat this term. Very speedy, but unfortunate in the fact that his centres often hit one of the defenders instead of reaching the inside forwards.

R. A. DOBSON (centre forward).—A bustling type of player who has scored many goals this season. Has improved enormously since securing his colours at the beginning of this term.

R. W. SMITH (inside left).—The only Fresher to get his colours. A very powerful shot with either foot. Has played very well at times, but considering his shot and physical advantages has been a little disappointing. Has an excellent long cross pass to the right wing.

T. W. PENNINGTON (outside left).—Perhaps may be said to be the success of the season. Outside left suits him better than inside left and his runs and centres are usually a joy to watch. Certainly deserves a Varsity trial.

F. M. EAGLES (centre-half or centre-forward).—Captain, but has not been much use as such owing to developing concussion in the Michaelmas term and not being able to shake it off.

London Matches

Away on tour in London :—

v. East London College	Draw 2—2
v. University College	Won 4—1
v. Royal School of Mines	Lost 0—2

In Cambridge :—

v. University College	Won 5—1
v. St. Bartholomew's Hospital	Lost 1—2
v. East London College	Won 1—0
v. Royal School of Mines	Won 4—0

The London Tour which functioned for the second successive year was another success, except that in the last game one of the team broke down in his car. As he had the clothes of two other players as well, things were rather awkward. After waiting vainly for the missing motorist, Dobson set about the absolutely impossible task of finding some boots large enough to fit him. He borrowed something about size 12, but these were still three or four sizes too small and he was left a cripple with cramped feet for all the Christmas vac. It is rumoured that he was unable to dance in conse-

quence of this disastrous cramped foot experience and had to sit out all the engagements he had at the Balls he attended.

Perhaps this is not true. Anyway, with one member of the team not arriving at all, another losing his way and arriving late, and Dobson practically a cripple, we lost 2—0. This, in spite of the fact that our last year's captain, D. J. Fleming—who played in two of our three London matches—strove desperately to stem the tide. We won the return match here last Saturday (March 8th) by 4 goals to 0, and but for the remarkable "keeping" of the Royal School of Mines goalkeeper we should have won 8—0. For the second time this term (the first being against Pembroke) the team played with surety and vigour and the forward line for once was successful, Fleming being brought up to inside left, Smith dropping to left-half and Mounsey to left-back.

During the London tour we stayed at the College Mission in Hoxton, where we had our second annual indoor games contest with the Hoxtonians. We just won, though I believe there was some dispute over the final reckoning up. The year before we were beaten badly but this time we had four expert billiard sharps in Fags, Kenneth Long One, Herridge and Mellor. We hear that Dot Fleming, Senior, lost his game of draughts because he was distracted by someone bidding him good-night. The report that he subsequently knocked the board over is, we believe, untrue.

McI Mellor and Long Brown were the unofficial winners of the "billiards fives" contests that the members of the team indulged in during lighter moments.

The dancing prowess of John Barker and C. T. Blaxter was shown at the dance that took place after the annual club tea to which we were all invited by Mr. Dave Raven.

"Spike" Pennington caused a minor sensation by ordering liver and bacon for tea at an A.B.C. one evening. The same gentleman lost his hat on the Met. another day, owing to some conjoint disorderliness by many members of the team.

The results of the matches against University College, London, are gratifying since this team are the probable winners to be of the London knock-out competition.

F.M.E.

Hockey

ON paper the prospects for the Lent term were good, but owing to injuries the teams took some time settling down. G. S. Graham and A. R. Hinton were given trials for the Varsity side at the beginning of the term.

The 1st XI had a fairly successful season finishing up in the top half of the 1st Division of the League. The defence

is good though rather wild when pressed; the two backs, L. H. B. Light and L. S. Leversedge have played some very fine games but the opposing forwards should cover one another.

Our strength is at half where the line is ably held together by G. S. Graham, who has been the initiator of many attacks and who works untiringly. The forwards had to be resorted to as two of last year's team were unable to play. T. Finnegan was brought from back to centre forward but was later moved to inside-left. F. H. McCay's forceful tactics resulted in many goals being scored, and next year he should be a great asset to the side.

Owing to the very wet weather experienced this term many of our matches have had to be scratched and as a result the league has not been finished.

One of the best performances was in the match against Jesus. After being 4 goals down at half-time the team managed to win by the odd goal in nine.

Our last league match was played against Emmanuel and after numerous grounds had been found unfit it was eventually played on the Trinity new ground. Though pressing for three-quarters of the game the forwards lacked finish in the circle and we were defeated 3-1 after a very hard game.

Goals					
Played	Won.	Lost	Drawn	for	against
10	5	4	1	36	22

The 2nd XI after a bad start proceeded to win with one exception all its succeeding fixtures. Again a number of matches had to be scratched and the team was unable to rise from Division IV to Division III owing to a dual defeat by Caius early in the term.

The team is above standard and gives promise of a good season next year. J. D. Cockcroft was moved from back to centre forward and proved the man for the position, but he should learn to use his left wing more. The wings were fast and the inside forwards shoot hard on occasions. The defence on the whole was sound, but it was inclined to lack cohesion.

Goals					
Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	for	against
13	8	5	0	66	26

The 3rd XI have been very unfortunate in not being able to play more matches, but next year it is hoped that we shall have the use of an extra ground.

The College Hockey as a whole would have had a more successful season if the players had learnt to adapt themselves to the state of the grounds. A study of the Varsity XI would improve the standard of play throughout the College.

M.L.T.

Athletics

IN the first round of the Inter-Collegiate Competition we were drawn against Emmanuel and easily beat them on February 8th by the comfortable margin of 74½ points—35½ points. We gained the first two places in the Mile (Bland, Ollett); Long Jump (Loveridge, Acosta); Putting the Weight (Waring, McLeod); 220 yards Hurdles (Powell, Fisher); Three Miles (Bell, Bland); Pole Jump (Edmunds, Field); and the first place in 100 Yards (Loveridge); 120 Yards Hurdles (McLeod); Half Mile (Wills).

We were thus qualified to meet Trinity in the semi-finals on February 23rd. Our prospects were generally regarded as rather poor, since Trinity had succeeded in beating Christ's by over 20 points. But everyone rose to the occasion and—it is to be admitted—with a very fair sprinkling of good fortune, we were finally only beaten by the extraordinarily narrow margin of ½ points.

It was a "ding-dong" contest throughout. After the second event the points were equal; similarly after the third; at the "weight" we led by 4 points; the high hurdles and the half-mile were equally divided, so we retained this lead; we lost ½ points on the high jump and 6 points on the low hurdles, but at the end of the three miles we were leading by 3½ points. A "first" or a "second"—and a "third" in the last event, the Quarter Mile, would give us the victory. Tanner and Phipps (Trinity), fighting for second place, collided near the finish owing to sheer exhaustion, and Wills finished second to Harrison (Trinity). Tanner scrambled to his feet and crossed the line, but Phipps was awarded third place by the judges and Trinity were thus successful by ½ of a point.

It should be mentioned incidentally that we were considerably favoured by Reed (Trinity) registering three "no-jumps"—one of which was 22 ft. 8 ins.—while on the other side of the account is the misfortune to Bland, who sprained a muscle in his leg during the course of the three miles; had not this occurred Bell and Bland would easily have finished first; instead, despite Bell's kind efforts, Bland was unable to get home before the first Trinity man.

Results in full:

100 Yards.—1st, C. F. N. Harrison (Tr.); 2nd, R. Hoare (Tr.); 3rd, J. O. Tanner (J.).

One Mile.—1st, E. J. Bland (J.); 2nd, H. V. E. Jessop (J.); 3rd, C. T. Smith (Tr.).

Long Jump.—1st, G. W. Burns (Tr.) ; 2nd, G. A. Acosta (J.) ; 3rd, A. J. Loveridge (J.).

Putting the Weight.—1st, D. A. Waring (J.) ; 2nd, E. Reed (Tr.) ; 3rd, N. C. McLeod (J.).

120 Yards Hurdles.—1st, N. C. McLeod (J.) ; 2nd, G. W. Burns (Tr.) ; 3rd, S. P. Thompson (Tr.).

Half Mile.—1st, L. K. Wills (J.) ; 2nd, S. W. Freese (Tr.) ; 3rd, S. V. Phipps (Tr.).

High Jump.—1st, T. R. O. Field (J.) and S. P. Thompson (Tr.) ; 3rd, N. C. McLeod (J.), R. Hoare (Tr.) and C. E. Elliott (Tr.).

220 Yards Hurdles.—1st, R. Hoare (Tr.) ; 2nd, G. W. Burns (Tr.) ; 3rd, J. D. Powell (J.).

Pole Jump.—1st, P. R. Edmunds (J.) ; 2nd, E. Reed (Tr.) ; and T. R. Scott (Tr.).

Three Miles.—1st, J. C. H. Booth (J.) ; 2nd, J. H. Bell (J.) ; 3rd, C. H. Gooch (Tr.).

Quarter Mile.—1st, C. F. N. Harrison (Tr.) ; 2nd, L. K. Wills (J.) ; 3rd, J. V. Phipps (Tr.).

In the Weight Waring did a very good "put" of 39 ft. 10½ in., while Wills won the Half easily in 2 mins. 6 secs. F. H. Ollett and E. C. Marchant were unable to run owing to being crocked, while G. A. C. Field was playing Rugby for the 'Varsity.

In the University Sports, Waring came second in the Weight and McLeod second in the Hurdles. We all hope that they will succeed in getting into the team this year, but it still depends on the fitness of some of the old Blues still in residence. In any case they should have no difficulty in gaining their places next year. Wills was second in his heat in the Half Mile, covering the distance in well under 2 mins. 2 secs. In the final, however, the strain of his effort in the heats and the unfortunate loss of his own shoes at the critical moment all told against him and he was not at his best.

Bland also has our sympathies ; he was running very well this term and should have got a place in the Mile, but unfortunately crocked at the last moment.

Medals are this year being given for winners in the Inter-Collegiate Sports. Next year, reverting to an old tradition, it is proposed to charge an entrance fee of 1s. for the College Sports in the October term and give Medals on the results of these. To make the Sports a success will everyone with any capabilities whatsoever please make a point of entering ; so that next season may be even more successful than this. There is no reason why we should not then win the Inter-Collegiate competition.

St. John's College Golf Club

THREE matches only were played this term out of the six or seven arranged. Sidney were beaten 3½—2½ as were Emmanuel. A strong side of the Gogs Club beat us 5 matches to 1 owing to the fact that two of our men were absent with 'flu. A. Fell, H. P. Bazeley and G. S. Graham are quite useful players. The first named should do well another year. Of the rest of the side suffice it to say that they are somewhat erratic and make up in energy what they lack in skill.

The Golf Club has now been added to the list of constituent clubs of the Amal. H.K.K.

Eton Fives Club

THIS term had been full of disappointments and regrets as regards this club, disappointments in that several of the matches were scratched by other Colleges owing to unforeseen circumstances arising ; regrets in that the club has not succeeded in remaining immune from defeat.

Two matches only were played ; in the first match against Clare the result was a draw, each winning two matches, in the second match against Emmanuel a defeat by four matches to none—a result which we hope next year to reverse.

A lack of performers has made it extremely difficult to arrange practice games, and next year it is most important for more members to join the club.

In passing it might be remarked how welcome would be the gift of some kind benefactor who would see to the covering of one or two Eton Fives Courts in Cambridge.

There is at present not one Eton Fives Court which is covered in, and consequently matches are at the mercy of this inclement weather.

As regards the performers, J. W. Harmer in spite of intense energy does not vastly improve, and I. Langton May performed only very moderately indeed in both matches and was not up to last year's standard.

A. D. S. Pasley and G. E. Martineau also played with energy, though perhaps lacking somewhat in the finer arts of the game.

Mr. Raven, when able to play, performed with his accustomed skill.

It is sincerely hoped that next year some new talent may be discovered in order to vanquish all opponents.

College Mission

OWING to the absence of the Head of the Mission these notes must necessarily be curtailed. On February 23rd the Mission 2nd XI came up and played the College Soccer 2nd XI. After a close game the College won by an odd goal, although the Mission were leading at half-time. Twenty boys came up altogether and the visit was again a great success. It was gratifying to find quite a good number of the College helping to entertain the visitors, not only by having them to meals but also in joining them in ping pong and bridge after Hall.

Mr. H. H. Fagnani is now resident at the Mission and has been of great assistance in helping to run the club. We hear that his great knowledge of billiards has enabled him to give especial coaching in this game.

The visit of the Soccer team to the Mission during the Christmas vacation will be found reported elsewhere in this number.

Debating Society

WERE it possible in any way to discern that "inextinguishable blaze" of prosperity which the last secretary, a notorious optimist, observed in this society, the present writer would feel happier. As it is, however, the outlook is gloomy. We have tried to attract, and failed. Like the hunters of the legendary shark who

"charmed it with smiles and soap"

we have endeavoured to charm the public with distinguished speakers (such as our noble Dean) and gallons of coffee. We have invited the fair sex to come and argue with us; we have suggested, at enormous expense, Lecture Room V, and we have pasted the College with blatant red notices. But St. John's cares for none of these things, and gallons of wasted coffee bear witness to the fact.

But seriously speaking, things are not as they should be. This is a very old society and, in contradiction to most, is a pan-college one, supported by the Amal. Society. Everyone is a member; there is no entrance fee and no subscription. And yet the attendance at debates this term has averaged about 18.

We know very well that the theatre and the cinema make heavy demands upon the time of the undergraduate; but, even so, we are unreasonable enough to think that members of

the College might give a little more support to one of their own institutions.

There are two objections commonly levelled at this society, namely, that the motions are boring and the speeches worse. But these are hardly sound arguments, for the remedy lies in the hands of the objectors: surely they should come and improve things. Of course, the final and most weighty objection is "well, what's the good of it all." But here we must beg leave to be silent; for if anyone genuinely cannot see the value of learning to speak we are sorry for him. Perhaps after all he does well to stay away.

In conclusion, we should like to thank all those who have spoken, both on and off the paper this term, especially G. A. D. Tait, for some thrilling tub-thumping, Mr. J. M. Creed, for a most polished piece of oratory, and G. M. Guinness, for some inspired nonsense which rescued a debate from the quagmire of despondency into which it was sinking.

Musical Society

President—Professor Rapson. *Treasurer*—Rev. J. M. Creed.
Musical Director—Dr. C. B. Rootham. *Committee*—Mr. D. D. Arundell,
O. R. Fulljames, L. H. Macklin, R. S. Maxwell, B. S. Jaquet,
F. A. Richards and B. C. Nicholson (*Hon. Secretary*).

ON Friday, November 30th, the last concert of the Michaelmas Term was held, there being a record attendance of eighty. R. N. Martin played an Almand by Blow, two Brahms Waltzes, and a Chopin Etude. His playing at times lacked conviction, especially in the first solo, but, as usual, he did justice to the Chopin. Handel's violin works are almost invariably refreshing. Though simple in structure, the Sonata in E major, played by B. C. Nicholson and J. Butterworth, is full of melodic interest, and is an excellent example of well-balanced phrasing. D. B. G. Robinson showed himself a much-improved singer, his interpretations of Tschaikowski's "Don Juan's Serenade," Elgar's "Shepherd's Song," and "The Roadside Fire," by Vaughan-Williams, being noticeable for that feeling of artistic restraint that is so often lacking among many vocalists.

Purcell's Golden Sonata for two violins and piano was played by F. A. Richards, B. C. Nicholson, and Mr. M. P. Charlesworth. The opening movement is remarkable for its impressive stateliness produced by simple though very effective means. However, the work is too well known to need much comment, and it is enough to say that the pleasure

with which it was received was another slight proof of the lasting appeal of one of our greatest national composers. For the last item, R. S. Maxwell, B. C. Nicholson and F. A. Richards sang three rounds, "Turn again, Whittington," "White and Grey Sand," and "Haste thee, Nymph," and one of Byrd's canons, "Hey Ho, to the Greenwood." Any deficiency in the attempt to recapture the spirit of these quaint compositions was compensated for by the earnestness with which the performers tried to render their hearers oblivious of the mundane surroundings of the Fifth Lecture Room.

A well-attended smoking concert was given on Friday, February 1st. The César Franck Sonata in A for violin and piano can hardly be heard too often; with its wealth of character, expressed in such varied moods, there can be but few who do not feel its fascination. B. C. Nicholson and Mr. D. D. Arundell gave a spirited performance of the first two movements. Through no fault of the pianist, there is often a tendency in the second movement for his part to predominate, especially if the violin is not capable of very powerful tone. The difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory balance is accentuated when, as on this occasion, the concert room is not large. To show his versatility, F. A. Richards appeared for the first time as a bass soloist. He did his best with the shortcomings of the English translation in the Mozart air, "Within these Sacred Bowers," from "The Magic Flute." However, since we do not all enjoy the gifts of language, it is on the whole more satisfactory to realise the meaning of the words, even with some loss of artistic effect. His other song was, "The Owl is Abroad," by Purcell: as delightful and original as ever.

The College is fortunate in having yet another pianist in A. L. Rolls, a Freshman this term. He played several Preludes that were written by Scriabine at a time when he still restricted himself to normal harmonic expression. The performance had certain dull periods due to a want of variety of tone and colour. O. R. Fulljames sang "O Let the Solid Ground," "Birds in the High Hall-garden," and "Go not Happy Day," out of the Somervell song cycle from Tennyson's "Maud." The last song was ruined by being taken at an unaccountably fast tempo. With such a good lower register, it is a pity that his upper notes tend to sound harsh through faulty production. A Handel Sonata in G minor for two violins and piano was played by F. A. Richards, B. C. Nicholson, and Mr. M. P. Charlesworth. The quiet charm of the largo contrasts well with the robust last movement. The only indication that this is one of the composer's earliest works is a certain lack of subtlety in the writing.

Altogether two very enjoyable concerts.

The Historical Society

President—Mr. E. A. Benians. *Secretary*—J. F. O'Meara.

ON December 5th, 1923, Mr. W. G. Constable, of the National Gallery, read an extremely interesting paper on "The Relation between Art and Social Life," in which he showed the intimate connection between periods of social and artistic prosperity, and spoke of the modern movement towards the application of art to industrial conditions.

At the first meeting of this term on January 23rd, 1924, J. P. Hurl spoke on Danton, describing his contribution to the events and thought of the French Revolution. On February 6th, Mr. E. Bullough, of Caius College, read an account of the Relations between Church and State in Italy since 1870. Mr. Bullough approached the subject from the point of view of a municipal official of the Vatican district, to whom fell the task of maintaining order in a difficult period, and of establishing communications between the Holy See and the Italian Government; a process in which there were amusing as well as serious incidents.

On February 20th, the Secretary read a paper on "Don John of Austria." In the absence of the President, the chair was taken by Mr. G. G. Coulton. The Secretary is conventionally debarred from describing the quality of his own effort; but the paper was followed by an interesting discussion on sixteenth-century seamanship.

The last meeting of the year was held on March 5th, when R. Ellis read a vigorous and fascinating paper on Alexander the Great, in which he presented a somewhat novel view of the character and achievements of the hero.

This concluded a successful session which was on the whole well attended and fruitful in discussion.

Medical Society

President—E. W. Winch. *Vice-President*—C. W. Walker.
Secretary—R. E. M. Pilcher.

THERE has only been one meeting of this Society this term, at which we were fortunate in getting Dr. J. H. Drysdale, F.R.C.P., of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital and an old member of the College, to come and speak to us on "the importance of a knowledge of the blood-forming tissues in Chemical Medicine." Dr. Drysdale began by

outlining to us the histology of the blood, and then went on to describe how this knowledge should be applied in clinical medicine. He gave us a very interesting and instructive lecture and one of the utmost practical importance to those of us who are shortly going up to a London Hospital. The best thanks of the Society are due to Mr. B. W. F. Armitage, who has on this and many other occasions lent us his rooms for our meetings.

Law Society

President—N. E. Wiggins. *Vice-President*—Dr. P. H. Winfield,
Secretary—P. O. Walker. *Treasurer*—J. G. Kellock.

ON November 26th the Law Society were fortunate in having a large attendance to welcome back Dr. Winfield to the Society after his visit to America. It was fitting to the occasion that Dr. Winfield should read a paper on "American Law Schools." The course at Harvard University was fully dealt with. We were informed that American law schools are attended by graduates only, and students are, therefore, older—and perhaps more serious in their work than the average Cambridge student of law. That this was possible had never occurred to us.

The other meeting of the Michaelmas Term took the form of a debate with Girton on December 3rd. Mr. R. M. Jackson proposed "That this House disapproves of Lawyers in the House of Commons." Taking into account the nature of the Society it was not surprising that the motion was lost by 5 votes to 13.

The Lent Term was opened with a visit to the Pembroke College Law Society, where the subject for discussion was the Parliament Act of 1911. The standard of debating reached a high level, but party feeling was too much in evidence, and towards the end the debate became rather heated. However the meeting was adjourned just in time to limit the contest to one of words. The opposition, we fear, would have been in a perilous position had the meeting been allowed to continue.

On March 3rd the Society were invited to debate with Girton College Law Society on the subject "That an International Court of Justice will supersede war." Miss Pell opened with an eloquent speech, in which she cleverly put before the House a difficult case. Mr. H. S. Magnay replied with much wit. Mr. N. E. Wiggins, speaking third, doubtless lost many votes for his side by his lengthiness, and Miss White

must have returned most of them by her brevity. After others had spoken we departed having thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment of our hosts. The motion was lost by one vote.

The Society wound up its activities of the year by listening to a most amusing paper from Mr. C. H. Ziegler, full of humorous anecdotes which have been heard in the Law Courts from time to time. P.O.W.

Classical Society

THE usual weekly meetings of the Society have been held throughout the term and have been well attended. With the exception of one occasion meetings have been devoted to reading ancient authors. The works read include the "Rhesus," the "Bacchae" of Euripides, the "Characters" of Theophrastus and the Dialogues of Lucian. On Wednesday, February 27th, the Society went *en masse* to witness the performance of the "Birds" at the New Theatre. The play was greatly enjoyed by the Society which testified its appreciation in no uncertain fashion. The entrance of G. A. W. Denny, the only member of the Society in the play, as Meton, the philosopher, was hailed with enthusiasm. We could have wished he had had a larger part, as he acted extremely well.

Theological Society

President—H. W. Padley.
Ex-Presidents in Residence—Mr. Creed; J. S. Boys Smith.
Secretary—D. S. Heesom. *Treasurer*—R. S. Dawson.

A NUMBER of papers dealing with the various aspects of Christianity have been read to the Theological Society. Dr. Oman and the Rev. E. C. Hoskyns have paid us visits. The former read a most suggestive paper on "The Idea of the Sacred," which dealt primarily with a recent book of Otto's. He considered that it was this idea which had played the chief part in developing man into a rational animal, and that it was more fundamental even than the idea of God. Mr. Hoskyns gave an exegesis of St. John, ix, which was much appreciated.

Two members of the Society also have read papers. A. A. Fyze gave a thoughtful and clear description of a muslim view of Christianity which led to a brisk discussion, and later D. S. Heesom read a paper on "Inductive Religion," which dealt with some of its philosophical and psychological aspects. The meetings have always been fairly well attended but the membership has been rather fluctuating.

College Lectures

THE first lecture in Hall in the Lent Term was given by Sir Ernest Rutherford, on January 25th, the subject being "Atoms and their Structure."

The lecturer indicated how the vague ideas of Kelvin as to the electrical nature of matter were made more precise by the discovery of the electron and the subsequent researches of Sir J. J. Thomson, and then gave a detailed account of the work done in his own laboratory at Manchester between 1911 and 1913, in particular the experiments of Geiger and Marsden on the scattering of α particles from radio-active bodies, which lead to the idea of an atom being a miniature planetary system, with all the positive electricity concentrated at a nucleus, round which revolve electrons.

Finally, as typical of recent research, the lecturer described in general terms Bohr's assumptions regarding the motion of these orbital electrons, and Moseley's verification of Bohr's theory in the case of X-ray spectra.

The L.M.B.C. 10 o'clock law saved the lecturer from the usual cross-examination.

The *Birds* of Aristophanes provided the subject of the second lecture given by Mr. E. E. Sikes on February 8th. Comedy, he explained, was produced for pleasure, i.e., aesthetic satisfaction, and instruction was in no sense the aim of art. Two main conventions were involved in Attic Comedy (*a*) language, (*b*) environment. The latter included the methods of artistic representation and involved an appreciation of the social ideals of which comedy was the representation. Stage-management was modern but easily capable of justification. After a further account of the nature of Aristophanes' humour and of his humanism, Mr. Sikes outlined the argument of the *Utopia* in which Mr. Persuasive and Mr. Hopeful found themselves. He digressed occasionally to illustrate the way in which the play fitted with the social ideas of the Athenians and with the political situation in 414. Previously Athenian comedy had been essentially political, but in a play of the nature of the *Birds* political allusions were dangerous at a time when Athens was restless at the prospect of Niceas' expedition against Syracuse and at the mutilation of the *Hermæ* at home. In this the *Birds* marked an epoch in the history of comedy, for Aristophanes with great skill combined farcical situations and a thorough mastery of character with an entire absence of serious purpose. Yet the play could only be understood in the light of the combination of superstition and irreverence which was a favourite feature of Athenian character.

Mr. W. A. Darlington (29th February) talked to us about the future of the theatre. The future lay with the ordinary audiences and it was the education of this general public that really counted in the long run—whatever such men as Gordon Craig and Granville Barker might suggest to the contrary. The theatre must cater for the great public because of the high cost of production—a play cost more to produce than any other form of art. His advice might seem to imply that a playwright must write down to his audiences and this, he claimed, was what Shakespeare did. Shakespeare gave his audiences what they expected and through the medium of a stock company. Marlowe, on the contrary, was not a good dramatist although an excellent poet. Respect for the conventions expected by the audience was a primary necessity in this most democratic of the arts; make-believe was more valuable than extreme realism; elasticity was a primary essential. Mr. Darlington's own audience, if select, was, on this occasion, highly appreciative.

Liberal Study Circle

THE membership of the University Liberal Club in the College having reached record numbers, it was thought possible to start a Study Circle for the purpose of discussing in an informal manner some of the problems of the day. The Circle has met regularly every week and stimulated by free cigarettes has covered a very wide field, ranging from Liberalism to Socialism, Financial Reform to Electoral Reform, Housing to Unemployment. Though the discussion has at times shown a regrettable tendency to wander out of the sphere of politics, its errant nature has usually been discovered in time for it to be brought back to the right track.

These meetings, it may safely be said, have served a useful purpose. They have enabled all who have attended to tear away the veil of airy platitudes with which political problems are usually surrounded, to realise their true nature and to criticise and suggest possible remedies. Those who have kept away may have saved time, but they have certainly lost knowledge and information.

Obituary

THOMAS GEORGE BONNEY

I SUPPOSE it is a penalty of survivors to be made writers of obituary notices. Experience in this function has not lessened my dislike for it. I am always heavily conscious that, with the best will to say only what is just, one can never feel sure of not conveying a wrong impression; and the possibility is painful.

In the case of Dr. Bonney it would be absurd to say nothing of the conflicts in which the warmth of his nature involved him. But it is the fate of most loyal and affectionate men that the milder operations of their characters attract the notice of contemporaries less than the occasional collisions.

When I came up in 1867 Bonney was Junior Dean. There were then two Deans, and the junior administered the disciplinary regulations for Second-year men and Freshmen. The regulations were minute. For instance, till 11.0 a.m. the wearing of cap and gown, even if you had but to cross the court, was obligatory; and the gown must be worn, not carried. Hence in the College Alphabet the two lines by Thomas Moss:

G was the gown. "Throw it off: it's eleven."

H "Half-a-crown, Sir—it's 10.57."

For the rules were enforced by fines, which the porters collected. In particular, the Chapel rules were rigid. If I remember aright, seven Chapels a week was the number required. This total was reckoned with a quaint subtlety. If you kept two on Sunday, it was enough to keep four on the week-days. Any Undergraduate would tell you that "two on Sunday count for three." But this was warmly denied by the officials: the correct version being that four were accepted on week-days provided you kept two on Sunday. This quibble may give some notion of the moral atmosphere in which a plain-spoken man like Bonney had to live and drive students to Chapel.

That he hated the duty was evident to all; but he did it like a man. Your silly and insincere pleas were cut short, to your own relief. "Gated at 8 for a week" was an ordinary sentence. You knew you had earned it, and Bonney never irritated an offender by futile "jaw" to which you couldn't reply. In short, he was a man ruling men, and did his work like a gentleman.

What gave an exceptional colour to his action as Dean was the difficulty found at that time in the matter of sermons in Chapel. This department was generally conducted in a

perfunctory manner, but one of the senior Fellows took upon himself to maintain orthodox views, and to denounce latitudinarian doctrine. That he referred to Bonney, was the general opinion, probably correct. And Bonney was not slow to answer the challenge. I shall never forget hearing him preach one evening, evidently in a white heat, and pause in the middle of his discourse, only to start again with bated breath "*You have been told by those who ought to have known better.* . . ." and so on. Such scenes were not edifying, and sermons in Chapel were for many years discontinued. But the champion of "broad" views had suffered great provocation.

It is pleasant to record that years after, when Dr. Reyner had gone to the Rectory of Staplehurst, the two pulpit adversaries met in London on the friendliest terms, and the Rector invited the Professor to come and preach in his church. Both meant well, and now both are at rest.

As Tutor Bonney was not remarkable for great success or failure. He was good and manly, but the office was not specially suited to bring out his proper gifts. He had some very good pupils. But he was all the while subject to the irritation arising from the dominance of a reactionary majority on the Governing Body. By the new Statutes of 1860 the three remaining by-Fellows on the Platt foundation had become Foundation Fellows. And they had all survived and passed up the list so that they became members of the acting Seniority. The result was a decided check to the reform movement in which Roby, John Mayor, Liveing, and others had borne a part as supporters of Dr. Bateson. It was a weary time for Bonney; and he was not sorry to leave the Tutorship for a Professorship of Geology in London.

But just then (1881) Dr. Bateson died, and several of the Fellows wished to make Bonney his successor. The Lay element in the Society was by this time strong. The particular type of Clerical rule developed in recent years had made it certain that a Layman would be chosen, if the Statutes allowed. But the new Statutes of 1882 were not yet in force, and the sitting Commission had no dispensing power to meet the situation. So a Cleric had to be chosen. Having been in the thick of the contest, I can say with confidence that Bonney would have been Master but for the fear he inspired in many of the more active juniors. I do not mean that they were afraid of strong government. Unhappily it was Bonney's way to "deal faithfully" with those who differed from him, whether they did not go far enough to satisfy him, or went further than he approved. Rightly or wrongly, this led to the election of a candidate supposed to be more neutral.

To discuss the "might-have-been" is vain. That so straightforward and earnest a man should suffer a marked

rebuff, was matter for sincere regret. But I cannot honestly say that it was matter for wonder. The dread of intolerance in either direction was at the time very strong, and the non-residents who came up to vote found it hard to understand, not having been through recent experiences on the spot.

It may be said that I am doing wrong in bringing up stories of the past, better left to die. Very true, so far as outside publications are concerned, but hardly in the case of *THE EAGLE*. That Dr. Bonney returned to Cambridge in his later years, still energetic and full of interests, and that he has passed away amid the general respect of all who knew him, need not be set out in detail. Of his manifold activities in the course of a long life he has left a record in the *Memories* published by him in 1921. This I had to review for *THE EAGLE*, and I am assured that my treatment of it was void of offence. Therefore I am emboldened to add here a few closing remarks.

When a man is a Geologist of distinction, past President of the British Association, and at the same time Canon of Manchester, and an active non-parochial Clergyman, he has in his own career the making of a full life. I believe he thoroughly enjoyed it, and that no disappointments or frictions seriously impaired his happiness. He could fight and forgive; he could not feign. Such a man is not bored by monotony, and has no insincerities of his own to regret. And this is both the effect of a sound constitution and a contributory cause of long life. Bonney once expressed himself to me by quoting the words of Moloch (*P.L.*, II, 51):

“ My sentence is for open war : of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not.”

And this was indeed his general attitude towards all matters of dispute. I cannot wish that he had been a time-server.

W. E. HEITLAND.

21st January, 1924.

The following is a brief summary of the facts of Dr. Bonney's life; for fuller details and an appreciation of his geological work reference may be made to articles (by Professor Sollas, one of his pupils) in *The Geological Magazine* (September, 1901), and in *Nature* (February 9th, 1924).

Thomas George Bonney was born July 27th, 1833, at Rugeley, Staffordshire. His father, the Rev. Thomas Bonney, son of the Rev. George Bonney, vicar of Sandon and sometime Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, was master of the Grammar School, Rugeley, and perpetual curate of Pipe Ridware, a small parish five miles away. He died in 1853, leaving a widow, the daughter of Edward Smith, and ten

children, of whom Dr. Bonney, then just entering upon his second year at Cambridge, was the eldest. He had been educated at Uppingham, where he became head of the school. At St. John's he read for the Mathematical and the Classical Tripos, taking his degree in 1856 as 12th Wrangler and 16th in the second class in the Classical Tripos.

Already at school he had begun to collect fossils, and at Cambridge he occasionally went to hear Sedgwick, but he never attended a regular course of geological or other scientific lectures. After taking his degree he was compelled to leave Cambridge on account of his health, and it was then that he made his first acquaintance with the Tertiary fossils of the Isle of Wight. He became a mathematical master at Westminster School, was ordained deacon in 1857 and priest in 1858, was elected to a fellowship in St. John's in 1859, and returned to the College in 1861 as Junior Dean. He threw himself whole-heartedly into the movement for securing in the University a wider recognition for the study of natural science, and one of the first results was an open exhibition in natural science offered by St. John's. In 1868 he was appointed tutor, and in 1869 College lecturer in geology. The professor, Sedgwick, was by this time in failing health, and the teaching of geology in the University devolved in consequence upon Bonney, who became the founder of the flourishing school which has given pre-eminence to Cambridge in this subject ever since. Among his pupils in the early 'seventies were Sir J. J. Teall, Sir Aubrey Strahan, and Professors Sollas, Marr and Watts. "All regarded him not merely as a tutor whose duty was to exercise strict discipline, but as a personal friend deeply interested in their welfare. He invited confidence, and there were few subjects he was unwilling to discuss. In country walks, where he had but one companion, even religion was not taboo, and the most heretical views were listened to and considered with kindly tolerance. At his hospitable table conversation over the wine did much to broaden our youthful outlook upon life; and on the numerous occasions when we gathered together at an evening reception in his rooms, we were introduced to some of the leading investigators of the day, and learnt that these princes of our science after all were human."

In 1877 Bonney was elected Professor of Geology in University College, London, but still continued to lecture at St. John's; in 1881, on being appointed Secretary of the British Association, he left Cambridge and went to live at Hampstead.

He was President of the Geological Society in 1884-6; and received the Wollaston Medal in 1889. He was elected to the Royal Society in 1878, and was vice-president in 1899;

Boyle lecturer, 1890-2; Rede lecturer, 1892; president of the British Association, 1910-11. As a clergyman he was also active, being one of the Cambridge Preachers at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, 1876-8; Hulsean lecturer, 1885; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester and an Honorary Canon of Manchester.

Besides his contributions to scientific journals, Bonney published several books on geological subjects, of which the more important are "The Story of our Planet" (1893), "Charles Lyell and Modern Geology" (1895), "Ice Work" (1896), and "Volcanoes" (1898). Reference should also be made to his books descriptive of Alpine scenery—he had from his youth a love of mountains and mountain climbing, and was at one time president of the Alpine Club.

Dr. Bonney retired from his professorship in 1901, and made his home once more in Cambridge; but he did not cease from his geological labours and made numerous additions to the already long list of his published writings. A small room was assigned to him at the Sedgwick Museum, and here he installed his collection of rocks and rock-slices, which he presented to the University, but retained for the time in his own hands. Very often, however, he found himself attracted to the neighbouring room, in which undergraduates gather for practical work, and by degrees he established himself as a regular volunteer demonstrator. His fondness for the society of young men was very marked, and he seldom failed in attendance at the meetings of the Sedgwick Club.

In College he was a familiar figure, for he attended Chapel and dined in Hall daily, and never failed to appear at College Meetings. He was excellent company, and was always ready to talk about the men and the things he had seen. He held strong opinions upon many subjects, and these he would express with force, and sometimes with fire. He was a very kind friend, and not least so to the more Junior members of the High Table.

He died, after a lingering illness, on December 10th, 1923, aged 90.

ANEURIN WILLIAMS

Aneurin Williams, who died on January 25th, 1924, was, I venture to think, one of the most remarkable Johnnians of his generation. His father, Mr. Edward Williams, of Middlesborough, though in many ways an admirable specimen of the best type of north-country industrialists, was by birth not a north-country man, but a Welshman. Edward Williams' father and grandfather were both of them Welsh

bards, the latter one of special distinction, and from them, perhaps, Aneurin inherited a distinct gift for verse, which he has handed on in an increased measure to his son, Mr. Iolo Williams. Williams was educated at a private school in Surbiton under Dr. Dawes, who, I should imagine from what Aneurin used to tell me, was a teacher of considerable personality. His education was not specialised, and at the age of 16 he gained honours in London Matriculation, which in those days implied considerable general attainment. The next year, 1876, he came up to St. John's a few days before he was 17. He was thus much the youngest man of his year, but, though there was a pleasing simplicity about him, he was by no means immature in mind. His general training, however, had not fitted him for Tripos work. I believe that for a few days he tried mathematics but speedily found that he had far too much headway to make up to hope for success. He, therefore, went over to classics, and to this in spite of much discouragement he adhered. He had done, I think, no Latin or Greek Verse composition at all, and in other ways in training, to say nothing of age, he was behind VIth form public-school boys. He worked, however, splendidly and when in 1880 he came out in the 2nd Class his place probably represented more classical progress than that of any other man of his year. He also rowed, and his name appears in the list of the 3rd boat in the Mays of 1879. He spoke fairly frequently at the Union, though he never, I think, held office there.

When he went down, he was called to the Bar, but never, so far as I know, practised. For some years he was actively attached to the great iron business of his family in Middlesborough. But his heart was in public life and social questions. Though he may be truly called a life-long liberal, his opinions went through a certain amount of flux. For a short period in the eighties, I remember, he had some leaning to socialism, and in 1886 he was for some time an energetic opponent of the Gladstonian programme, though he afterwards became a firm home-ruler. His first try for parliament was in the Maidstone division in 1906, but in spite of the great liberal wave he failed to carry what was then a stronghold of conservatism. In the election of January, 1910, he was elected for Plymouth, but failed to retain the seat in the December election in the same year. In 1914, he was returned at a bye-election for North West Durham, and sat for it till 1918. I should say that he decidedly made his mark in Parliament, though I do not imagine that either Mr. Asquith's or Mr. Lloyd-George's Government looked upon him as a very submissive follower. One story I have heard (I do not vouch for its truth) seems to me significant. Mr. Lloyd-George once ascribed some

remark or proposal which he was criticising to Williams, who at once denied it. "If it wasn't you," rejoined Lloyd-George, "it was somebody like you." The rejoinder was probably intended to be rather impolite, but it brought out the fact that there were many views and causes of which Williams was felt by the house to be the staunchest and most independent champion.

One of his most important tasks in the War Parliament was to act as a member of the Speaker's Conference on Electoral Reform. The Conference resulted, among other more important things, in a redistribution of seats, and thus in the election of 1918 Williams appeared as a candidate for the Consett Division of Durham, which was to a large extent coterminous with his old constituency. He refused Mr. Lloyd-George's "Coupon," but was none the less elected and sat for Consett till the dissolution of 1922. During this Parliament he held for two years the responsible position of Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee. When the dissolution came he was away on a voyage for his health. His family fought well for him, but the Labour Candidate carried the day. In the recent election, while Williams was lying on his deathbed, his daughter Miss Ursula Williams contested the seat, unsuccessfully indeed, but with considerable distinction.

The causes which Williams championed were many, but probably the most important were Proportional Representation, the Garden City Movement, Co-operation and Co-partnership, The League of Nations and Armenia. I should say that the last of these was nearest to his heart, and roused most strongly that profound, yet ever practical chivalry, which was one of his most endearing qualities. His last appearance in Cambridge was in 1920 at a public meeting in behalf of Armenia. In all these movements he took a leading position either as Chairman or Treasurer or Secretary. He was a vigorous, lucid and fairly prolific writer. His longer published works were on co-operation, including an article on the subject in the British Encyclopædia, but besides these he contributed many articles to the leading periodicals. One of these may, perhaps, find a mention in the histories of the future. It is an article published in the *Contemporary Review*, of November, 1914, called "Proposals for a League of Peace." Williams, though by no means a "pacifist" in the sense in which the word was used then, was, at the very height of the war fever, the first to foreshadow the future League of Nations. The reader will find in this article a large part of what Wilson afterwards drafted, and also, I may add, some points, the neglect of which has lessened the effectiveness of the League.

His health was never, I think, of the strongest. In 1922, he broke down and was ordered a long sea voyage. When he was in Australia he received the news of the death of his wife who had long been in delicate health. He returned apparently better for the voyage, but the recovery proved delusive. An operation was found necessary, and in spite of temporary improvement, the case became hopeless. It is characteristic of him that in *The Times* of December 8th, six weeks before the end, there appears a letter from him of considerable length and vigour on the lesson of the elections just concluded, and even at the end of the month he carried on a correspondence in the *Westminster Gazette*.

He married, in 1888, Miss Helen Pattinson. Of her death I have already spoken. His only children are the son and daughter mentioned above.

Williams' public life cannot be better summed up than in the words of "A.G.G." in *The Nation* of January 26th: "The death of Mr. Aneurin Williams removes from the public life of the country a fine and disinterested spirit, and leaves many good causes bereft of a devoted servant. He ground many axes in his time, but never his own."

In private life he was a man of unusual sincerity, candour and kindness, and the present writer may perhaps be excused for adding, from his first days at St. John's, the most faithful of friends to him and his.

F.H.C.

STANLEY DOUGLAS ALLDRED

The death of Stanley Alldred was a direct consequence of the war; and, although his name cannot be added officially to the Roll of those who fought and fell in that war, he deserves equal honour and remembrance. His long illness, patiently and bravely borne, showed the stuff he was made of, while he was denied the opportunity of showing it in face of the enemy. Of all the men in his generation at St. John's, there could have been few or none who would have done better service to his country in war or peace.

He was born on March 24th, 1899, the younger son of Mr. Frederick Alldred, of Holbeach Hurn, Lincolnshire, and was educated at Pocklington School (1911-1917), where he became Head of the School and Captain of Rugby Football, Hockey and Gymnastics. He won a scholarship in Classics in December, 1916, but joined the Artists Rifles Training Corps before residence (August 31, 1917), and was gazetted to a commission in the R.F.A. (September, 1918). His service was in Ireland, where he contracted what ultimately proved to be tuberculosis in a leg. After the armistice he seemed well

enough to reside in College (Michaelmas, 1919), where he kept four terms, and in 1920 was placed in the First Class of the Inter-collegiate Classical Examination—no mean achievement in the circumstances. Early in 1921 the trouble, which had never disappeared, grew worse, and in the March of that year it was found necessary to remove him to a military hospital. His letters from there proved his indomitable pluck and good spirits. "This is a very maimed and cheerful ward"—he wrote to me—"I have not heard it discuss the Greek play, though it dissertates on the state of the money market and indulges largely in the time-honoured ward-jokes of the recent war. Really altogether a goodly company. I shall feel perfectly at home when de-Cantabridgised a little . . . I am to be attached this morning to a set of shackles known as a St. Thomas' splint and rendered more or less immovable. I do not remember whether St. Thomas was martyred or what form his martyrdom took."

It was hoped that the disease might be stopped by amputation of the leg, and Alldred was moved to a hospital at Brighton, where he married Miss Victoria Tonge-Smith, and was devotedly nursed by his wife. Many of his friends saw him there, and we were impressed, as ever, by his unabated cheerfulness. He seemed well enough to leave hospital in November, 1922, and moved to Rustington where he died on December 9th, 1923, maintaining to the last his interest in things intellectual and musical—he was devoted to music—and refusing to acknowledge that he was "ill."

E.E.S.

RICHARD POLGREEN ROSEVEARE

Canon Richard Polgreen Roseveare, vicar of Lewisham and canon residentiary of Southwark, died on February 24th, 1924, at the age of 58. Last year he underwent an operation in St. John's Hospital, Lewisham, for the removal of a growth behind the eye. After leaving the hospital he resumed his work for a short time, but was compelled to lessen his activities, and among other offices which he resigned was that of Rural Dean. His old trouble reasserted itself, and he returned to the hospital for a further operation, but some weeks ago it was recognized that there was no hope of saving his life.

The son of Mr. William Roseveare, of Monmouth, Canon Roseveare was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his degree as a senior optime in the Mathematical Tripos of 1888. He became an assistant master at the then newly-opened school, St. Dunstan's College, Catford, under

the headmastership of Mr. C. M. Stuart. Ordained in 1889, he also served as curate at St. Mary's, Lewisham, under the late Dr. Legge, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, who was a member of the family in whom the patronage of the Lewisham benefice has been vested since 1689. Curacies in Staffordshire and Yorkshire followed, and for six years Canon Roseveare was rector of Great Snoring with Thursford. In 1903 he returned to South-East London—where he was then remembered as a footballer who had played at Blackheath—as perpetual curate of the Church of the Ascension, Blackheath, and six years later he became rector of St. Paul's, Deptford. There he built the clergy house, served as Rural Dean of Woolwich, chaplain to the Miller Hospital, and, during the early years of the war, in addition to his parish work, acted as a special constable, regularly undertaking a nightly share of duty.

Seven years ago he was instituted as vicar of Lewisham, in succession to Dr. Hough, then Archdeacon of Kingston, and now Bishop of Woolwich. In 1919 he was made Rural Dean of Lewisham and also an hon. Canon of Southwark Cathedral, being promoted to a residentiary stall in 1922. He took an active part in the movement to bring before the parishes the claims and history of the Cathedral. In his work at Lewisham begun during the darkest days of the war, he fulfilled the expectations that his reputation had aroused. Two of his sons—Harold and Bernard—fell in the war. The Lewisham Hospital, then filled with wounded soldiers, was in his parish, and he became a frequent visitor there. One of the last occasions on which he preached was on Armistice Day last year, when, in the presence of the local civic representatives, he delivered a characteristic address bearing on the health and well-being of the people, housing, and education, subjects in which he was deeply interested.

A correspondent in the *Church Times* calls attention to Canon Roseveare's activity in connection with the Ministry of Healing. "He was one of the first in recent times to see the need for the revival of this ministry as part of the ancient and proper work of the Church, and one of the pioneers in making that ministry a reality in life rather than the theory of a visionary. He was warden from its inception of the Guild of St. Raphael, for the Ministry of Healing, and was a member of the Archbishops' Committee on that Ministry."

The Bishop of Woolwich writes: "He was a man of real power and difficulties did not discourage him. The greater the difficulty, in fact, the more he put into it. With that power there was, underneath, a very wonderful strain of love and courage. This was not always manifest at first sight, and sometimes people did not at first quite understand him, imagining that he was a strong, brusque man. But underneath

was a wonderfully kind heart. There are numberless instances of the kind, unselfish way in which he did things. From the time of his illness, which began about six months ago, he passed through terrible pain, but never once did he make complaint. He has done a wonderful piece of work for South-East London. He and I were very near to each other, and I shall miss him very much."

Two of Canon Roseveare's brothers and three of his sons have been members of the College. His eldest brother, William Nicholas (B.A. 1885), formerly Fellow, is Professor of Mathematics at University College, Natal; a younger brother, Walter Harry (B.A. 1901) is vicar of St. Catherine's, Hatcham. Of his sons, the eldest, Harold William, was elected Scholar in Classics from Marlborough College in December, 1913, but did not come into residence on account of the war, and died of wounds, September 20th, 1914 (*see* EAGLE, xxxvi., p. 210); Martin Pearson (B.A. 1921) is a master at Haileybury and Edward (B.A. 1922) is to be ordained in Lent, 1924.

THE REV. CHARLES EDWARD BOWDEN (B.A., 1855), at one time rector of St. Columba's, Edinburgh (1872-88) and formerly rector of Ellough, Suffolk (1896-1900), died on November 30th, 1923, at 13, Powis Square, Bayswater, aged 91. A writer in the *Church Times* describes him as the last link with the Tractarian Movement.

He was the son of Mr. John Saunders Bowden, a London solicitor, and was born at Stoke Newington, in 1832. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and King's College, London, and came up to St. John's in 1855. He was ordained by Bishop Phillipotts, of Exeter, to the curacy of St. Teath, Cornwall, at a stipend of £50 a year. "Here some remarkable practices prevailed. When prizes were to be given to the Sunday School children, the books were previously arranged on the altar, giving it the appearance of a book-stall. The manner of collecting the alms was singular; the churchwarden's hat served the useful purpose! He first lined it with a large silk pocket handkerchief, and when the alms were collected, he gathered up the four corners and this was placed on the altar. A mixed choir seated in the gallery, singing to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ, was one of Father Bowden's recollections; exchanging his surplice for the black gown in the vicar's pew, because there was no vestry, was another."

From St. Teath's he went to Wellington, Somerset, where he married in 1859. Successively he went to Bardsea, Lancs, and to St. Peter's, Vauxhall. In 1866, Father Bowden corresponded with John Keble, in respect of the curacy

at Hussley. Not requiring immediate help, the latter recommended him to offer his services to his brother, the Rev. Thomas Keble, at Bisley, in Gloucestershire. His offer was accepted. He also met others of the Tractarians, Pusey and Manning, and knew Dr. Neale and Canon Gregory, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. In 1900 he retired and went to live in the parish of All Saints', Notting Hill, where he frequently gave voluntary service. "A deep humility and self-effacement were the marked characteristics of this kind and gentle priest, and gained for him the sincere regard and affection of those who knew him."

MR. FREDERICK GEORGE STOREY (Matric., 1886), Barrister-at-law, died of influenza, followed by bronchitis, on February 24th, 1924, at South Bailey, Durham, aged 56. The only son of Mr. Samuel Storey, he was born at Sunderland, on February 17th, 1868. He was educated privately, and during this period paid a long visit to Australia. He came up to St. John's in 1886, but his course was interrupted as he had to take charge of his father's various newspapers during the latter's enforced absence from England for three winters in succession. He afterwards returned to Cambridge and was also called to the bar by the Middle Temple. For a time he practised in London and in the North, but at the renewed request of his father gave up his profession and devoted himself entirely to the business of a newspaper proprietor, in which he was most successful. He was the chairman of and principal shareholder in the *Newcastle Daily Journal* and *North Star* Company and vice-chairman of the *Sunderland Echo*. In his earlier days he was active in local affairs, being a member of the Sunderland Town Council and of the Durham County Council, but increasing failure of hearing compelled him to give up work of this kind.

THE REV. HENRY HOWLETT (B.A., 1868), Master of Archbishop Holgate's Hospital, Hemsworth, Pontefract, died on December 4th, 1923, aged 77. He was an Exhibitioner of the College; was vicar of All Saints', Leicester, 1891; rector of Ackworth, Yorkshire, 1891-1906.

THE REV. ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH (B.A., 1883), late vicar of Hamble, Hants., died on Sunday, January 27th, 1924, at Horsham, aged 64. He had been vicar of Moulton, Northants, 1888-92; Lecturer of Sandown, I.W., 1894-1900; vicar of Hamble-le-Rice, 1900-19.

THE REV. ALFRED CHARLES CLAPIN (B.A., 1850), for 34 years master at Sherborne School (1850-84), died on January 16th, 1924, in his 98th year. He was Bachelier-es-lettres of the University of France, 1843, and was the author of *Optical Problems* (1850).

THE REV. GORGES FETTIPLACE JOHN GWYNNE EVANS-GWYNNE (formerly EVANS) (B.A., 1865), died on December 30th, 1923, at Canterbury, aged 81. He had been vicar of Sapiston, Suffolk, 1871-80, rector of Eastwell, 1880-90, vicar of Potton, 1890-1901, of Stamfordham, 1901-12, rector of Rettendon, 1912-19.

MR. ALEXANDER LEOPOLD MORRIS (B.A., 1885), died at 17, Springfield Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, on Monday, December 3rd, 1923, in his 60th year, after a lingering and painful illness. He was born on June 10th, 1864, and took his degree from St. John's as 13th Junior Optime (bracketed) in 1885. He was called to the bar by Lincoln's Inn and practised until his health broke down two years ago. The Rev. T. B. Tatham (B.A., 1886), rector of Hockcliffe, Leighton Buzzard, writes: "He was always an enthusiastic Johnian and a warmhearted friend. I went down, by his desire, to officiate at his burial at Hollington, Sussex, after an un-interrupted friendship of 40 years, first formed at St. John's."

MR. JOHN WILLIAM BRODIE INNES (B.A., 1872), died on Saturday, December 8th, 1923, at Milton Brodie, Forres, aged 75. We take the following from *The Times*: "Mr. Brodie Innes was a man of much learning and versatility—a Morayshire laird, a Scots advocate, an English barrister, and a writer of curious and original books.

Brodie Innes traced his descent from Malcolm, Thane of Brodie in the reign of King Alexander III, who died in 1285. He was the only son of the Rev. John Brodie Innes, whom he succeeded in the property in 1894. Born on March 10th, 1848, he went to St. John's, Cambridge, and took the degrees of B.A. and LL.M.; he was also an advocate of the Scottish Bar, and was called to the English Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1876.

As a writer Brodie Innes united enthusiasm for anti-quarian research and for romance, with a special leaning to demonology and witchcraft, as well as criminology. It was his wont to present the results of his researches in the guise of fiction, a convenient means of offering interpretations of his material for which he could not claim historical certainty.

Thus in "For the Soul of a Witch" (1910), he drew an extraordinary romantic picture of a young girl, of half-noble, half-gipsy ancestry, who has a double nature, being both an angel of light dedicated to holy and radiant works of faith, and also to a witch and a werewolf, wholly evil. This is woven like a tapestry against the background of the years following Flodden, and is based on certain records of the Morayshire clans. Similarly in "The Devil's Mistress" (1915), he made a blood-curdling tale out of those records of infernal pacts with the Devil in which many matter-of-fact Scots people of the later 17th century firmly believed. He portrayed his imponderable horrors with an artistic restraint which made them all the more impressive. Other books of his that may be mentioned are "Morag the Seal," "Old as the World," a romance of the Western Isles, "The Golden Rope," and "The Tragedy of an Indiscretion."

He married, in 1879, Frances Annesley, daughter of the Rev. Charles Voysey, of the Theistic Church. His only son was killed in action in 1915.

DR. WILLIAM ARTHUR BOND (B.A., 1879), M.D., F.R.C.P., died of pneumonia following influenza, on February 20th, 1924, at Torquay, aged 67. We take the following from *The Lancet*: "Dr. Bond was educated at King Edward VI School, Norwich, and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was scholar and 14th wrangler. He went on to St. Thomas's Hospital, holding there the position of house physician, and later, house appointments at Queen Charlotte's and the South Western Fever Hospitals. For a while he studied in Paris, after which he took the M.R.C.P., Lond. His earliest public health work was done as medical officer to the St. Olave and Holborn District Boards of Works, when he gained experience of the hygienic problems of meat storage and transport, which then needed much attention. When Holborn amalgamated with St. Giles, Dr. Bond became full-time medical Officer of Health for the combined Metropolitan Borough of Holborn, an appointment which engrossed all the busiest years of an active life. Gradually his recommendations resulted in a thorough overhauling of meat inspection, and in a series of prosecutions which initiated reform. He retired in 1921. Outside his official life he was active in his profession, being hon. secretary to the Royal Institute of Public Health and one of the earliest supporters of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which, for several years, actually met in his office. His work was careful and systematic, and his writings, both official and quasi-popular, were lucid and finished. Although he did nothing to bring himself

prominently into the public eye, the public health service will remember Dr. Bond with honour and gratitude."

THE REV. HENRY GRASETT BALDWIN (B.A., 1880), died on February 29th, 1924, at Willey Park, Farnham, aged 69. Ordained in Toronto, in 1879, he was rector of Ascension Church, Toronto, 1879-96; chaplain of Christ Church, Mentone, 1896-1903, and chaplain of Trinity Church, Rome, 1904-12.

MR. HERBERT COWIE (B.A., 1872), formerly Fellow, H.M. Inspector of Schools in Devon and Cornwall, died on January 17th, 1924, aged 73.

College Notes

THE Master has received the Honour of Knighthood (New Year's Honours, 1924).

Sir Donald MacAlister (B.A., 1877), Fellow, received the honour of a baronetcy at the New Year's Honours, 1924. He has also been appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of the City of Glasgow.

Other Johnians whose names appear in the New Year's Honours are Mr. C. L. S. Russell (Matric., 1891), I.C.S., Resident at Hyderabad, and Mr. C. M. Webb (B.A., 1894), C.I.E., I.C.S., Chairman Development Trust, Rangoon, Burma, who received knighthoods; and Mr. James Donald (Matric., 1895), C.I.E., I.C.S., Member of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bengal, who becomes a Commander of the Star of India.

Mr. L. J. Mordell (B.A., 1910), Professor of Pure Mathematics in Manchester University, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He is well known for his researches in the theory of algebraic numbers.

The first Whewell Scholarship in International Law has been awarded to A. D. Evans (B.A., 1923). This is the first award of the First Scholarship since 1914. Mr. I. L. Evans (B.A., 1922), Fellow, and Mr. W. W. Hitching (B.A., 1921), have been re-elected to Second Scholarships.

Dr. P. H. Winfield (B.A., 1899), Fellow, has been appointed to examine in Common Law, Criminal Law, Evidence and Procedure at the Inns of Court.

Mr. G. A. Lyward (B.A., 1920) has been appointed assistant History Master at Trinity College, Glendalmond.

Professor R. Whiddington (B.A., 1908), formerly Fellow, has been appointed by the College a Governor of Giggleswick School.

Mr. E. V. Avery (B.A., 1922) has been appointed to a mastership at Whitgift Middle School, Croydon; Mr. L. C. Soar (B.A., 1922), is a master at Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon.

Mr. L. S. B. Leakey (Matric., 1922) is accompanying Mr. W. E. Cutler, of the University of Manitoba, on a British Museum expedition to East Africa, with a view to exploring the fossil remains that occur there, especially of dinosaurs. Mr. Leakey was born in Kenya Colony, his father being a missionary near Nairobi, and it is anticipated that his knowledge of the natives and their languages will go a long way towards assuring the smooth working of the expedition.

F. G. Constable (B.A., 1923) has obtained the B.Sc. degree of London University, with first-class honours in Chemistry.

The Seatonian Prize for an English Poem has been awarded to the Rev. Telford Varley (B.A., 1887).

Sir Humphry Rolleston (B.A., 1886) has been appointed to serve on the advisory committee of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, and on the committee of the Radium Institute.

Mr. F. R. Parnell (B.A., 1908), economic botanist to the Government of Madras, has been appointed to a post under the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation. He will proceed to South Africa shortly to work under Mr. S. Milligan, who has recently been appointed to advise the Government of South Africa on all matters connected with cotton growing.

Mr. I. David (B.A., 1920) is Organiser of Adult Education and Lecturer for the Tutorial Classes Committee of the University Colleges of Swansea and Aberystwyth.

Dr. T. E. Page (B.A., 1873), formerly Fellow, has received the honour of the Freedom of the Borough of Godalming, in recognition of his public service as councillor and alderman for 30 years. Dr. Page was for 37 years (1873-1910) Sixth Form master at Charterhouse, and is a member of the Governing Bodies of Cranleigh, Charterhouse, and his old school, Shrewsbury.

Sir Lewis Dibdin (B.A., 1874), Dean of the Arches, has been appointed Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury.

The College has one member of the new government, Mr. Robert Richards, (B.A., 1908) M.P. for Denbighshire (Wrexham), who is Under-Secretary for India. Mr. Richards has been lecturer in economics at Bangor.

Mr. J. L. Paton (B.A., 1886) is resigning the High Mastership of Manchester Grammar School, which he has held since 1903.

Mr. A. C. Trott (B.A., 1921) has been appointed British Vice-Consul at Resht, Persia. He writes: "One can always go down 24 miles to the Caspian Sea and enjoy a bathe, followed by a lunch off fresh caviare."

On January 28th, 1924, Mr. H. C. J. Peiris (B.A., 1923), was called to the bar by Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. M. A. H. Ispahani (B.A., 1923), and Mr. S. G. G. Edgar (B.A., 1923), by the Inner Temple.

Dr. J. H. Drysdale (B.A., 1884), has been elected a councillor of the Royal College of Physicians.

At a meeting of the *Comitia* of the Royal College of Physicians of London, on January 31st, 1924, licences to practice were conferred on the following members of the College: Mr. A. F. D. Darlington (B.A., 1921), St. Thomas's; Mr. J. Holmes (B.A., 1921), St. Bart's., and Mr. T. M. Preece (B.A., 1921), St. Bart's.

Mr. F. H. Colson (B.A., 1880) has been nominated by the Council of the Senate to be a member of the Cambridge County Education Committee and of the Sub-Committee for the management and carrying of on the Cambridge and County School for Boys.

Mr. F. I. Kitchin (B.A., 1893) has been approved for the degree of Sc.D. by the University.

The Rev. G. F. Mattinson (B.A., 1884) has been appointed a Governor of the Devon County School, West Buckland.

The Rev. A. Brooke Smith (B.A., 1890), rector of Edgcote, Aylesbury, has been appointed rector of Middleton Stoney, Bicester.

The Rev. Christopher Gathorne (B.A., 1905), curate of Holy Trinity, Carlisle, has been nominated to the perpetual curacy of Hutton Roof, near Kirkby Lonsdale.

The Rev. H. A. King (B.A., 1892), rector of Holt, Norfolk, has been licensed as chaplain in the Chapel of the Kelling Open-Air Sanatorium.

The Rev. Canon M. B. Williamson (B.A., 1886), rector of Falmouth since 1918, has been appointed Archdeacon of Bodmin.

The Rev. A. L. Manby (B.A., 1879) has resigned the vicarage of Startforth, Barnard Castle.

The Rev. Geoffrey W. Turner (B.A., 1879), vicar of Madley with Tyberton, Hereford, has been appointed Rural Dean of Hereford South.

The Rev. Norman Ashby (B.A., 1907) has been appointed Chaplain of Elstree School.

The Rev. John David Thomas (B.A., 1899), vicar of Barlestone, Nuneaton and Rural Dean of Sparkenhoe, has been presented by the College to the rectory of Barrow-on-Soar.

The Rev. T. W. Hunt (B.A., 1901), senior curate of Northwich, Cheshire, has been appointed vicar of Lower Peover, Knutsford.

The Rev. Canon A. C. England (B.A., 1894), vicar of Hessele, has been appointed by the Archbishop of York to be Rural Dean of Hull.

The Rev. J. E. H. Wood (B.A., 1913), vicar of South Searle, has been presented to the vicarage of Cropwell Bishop, Notts.

The Rev. H. B. Bentley (B.A., 1901), assistant priest of St. Andrew's, Worthing, has been appointed to the vicarage of All Souls', Clive Vale, Hastings.

The Rev. E. H. G. Sargent (B.A., 1909), curate of St. James's, Hatcham, has been appointed vicar of St. Peter's, Highgate Hill.

The Rev. G. A. Bingley (B.A., 1914), curate of Newchapel, Lichfield, has been appointed curate of Southfleet.

The Rev. J. B. Stopford (B.A., 1882), rector of St. Mark's, West Gorton, has been appointed an honorary Canon of Manchester Cathedral.

The Rev. J. C. H. How (B.A., 1903), Superior of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, Cambridge, has been appointed Diocesan Missioner in the Diocese of Manchester. He has also visited America for 10 days' preaching at St. Mary the Virgin, New York, during Passiontide and Holy Week.

The Rev. G. V. Yonge (B.A., 1910), curate of Minehead, Somerset, has been appointed rector of Newton Tracey, Barnstaple, and Horwood, Bideford.

The following members of the College were ordained at Advent, 1923: Mr. J. R. Bamber (B.A., 1922), Ridley Hall, on December 23rd, by the Bishop of Manchester, deacon; Mr. S. M. Epps (B.A., 1922), King's College, London, and Dorchester Missionary College, on December 27th, by the Bishop of Rochester, deacon, licensed to St. Mark's, New Brompton; Mr. R. S. Phillips (B.A., 1923), Ridley Hall, on December 16th, by the Bishop of St. Alban's, deacon, licensed to Luton; Mr. E. H. J. Noott (B.A., 1920), on December 23rd, by the Bishop of Worcester in the parish church, Hartlebury, priest.

Mr. C. E. A. C. Monck-Mason (B.A., 1909) has been appointed His Majesty's Vice-Consul at Skoplje, Yugo-Slavia.

Mr. G. A. Sutherland (B.A., 1913), lecturer in Physics at University College, London, has been appointed Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester University.

Birth.—

KINGDON.—On January 21st, 1924, at Ealing, the wife of Donald Kingdon (B.A., 1905), Attorney-General of Nigeria—a daughter.

Johniana

“NOTES ON ROULETTES AND GLISSETTES.—This sounds rather frisky for the title of a book by a ‘Lecturer and Fellow of St. John’s College, Cambridge,’ and we should feel easier as to the future of St. John’s College, if we could receive an assurance from the College Authorities that they have examined the work in question, and can vouch for its being of the highest respectability.”—*Punch*, 2nd April, 1870.

“During the high wind of Wednesday afternoon, between four and five o’clock, two stacks of chimnies on the north side of the middle court of St. John’s College fell in with a loud crash; one stack broke through the roof on the floor of the Rev. R. Duffield’s keeping room, with such force as to beat through into a bed-chamber in the Master’s Lodge. The other fell into a room where a student providentially escaped unhurt. At the same time four of the fine elm trees in the walks of the College were torn up by the roots.”—*Cambridge Chronicle*, 5th March, 1824.
