

# THE EAGLE

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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.



# THE EAGLE

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## NOVEMBER

THE wind-grieved poplars trace against the sky  
Their sad grey pattern as the shivering wind  
Weaves through their sequin-spangled branches sere  
Whispers of fear that shuddering sigh,  
As breeze-bowed from their tall tops falls  
A dirge for the dying year.

Along the river's deep sedge-winding edge  
The willow's tresses drip sad drops that weep  
Into the water olive-grey and clear;  
Their green-gold-dappled dresses dredge  
The depths reflective, rustling as they sigh  
A dirge for the dying year.

Under the stone-old bridge the river flows,  
Heedless as fluxive Time across the line  
Dividing Past from Future. E'en the drear  
Winds blowing presage future snows.  
Alone the river's murmuring does not chant  
A dirge for the dying year.

F. W.

## HEREDITY

**H**ow sad the plight of modern man,  
 Crossed with how many a tribe and clan!  
 The kinks of many an ancient brain,  
 Hints of a possible simian strain,  
 To-day still ruled by yesterday  
 And ages further still away.  
 The Saxon sways my thoughts; the Celt  
 Has credit for whate'er I've felt;  
 The Eighteenth Century holds the scales;  
 But Prehistoric Man prevails.  
 The ape and tiger do not die;  
 They live a great deal more than I.  
 No! when I feel my Ego most,  
 They say 'tis some resurgent ghost,  
 Whose native taint is potent still  
 In his descendant's blood for ill.  
 —Strange that so little place should be  
 Among my ancestors for ME!

O genus infelix, antiquo sanguine natum!  
 Tot sunt in nobis semina mixta virum.  
 Mens veterum perversa movet, mens cruda priorum;  
 Simiaque in proavis fertur habere locum.  
 Praeteritis servimus eris; hodiernaque cedunt  
 Hesternis; generi sic dominantur avi.  
 Si ratio vincit, ratio sata Saxone vincit;  
 Si furimus, pulsat Celtica corda furor.  
 Judicium exercet si forte humanior aetas,  
 Vis tamen in nobis barbara major erit.  
 Simia non moritur, non tigris; bestia vivit,  
 Non ego; sed vitae plus tenuere ferae.  
 Vitae si videor mihi conscius arbiter ipse,  
 Tum quoque, sic dicunt, umbra resurgit avi;  
 Umbra resurgit avi; labes in sanguine manat;  
 Fata quis elabi possit avita nepos?  
 Sic dicunt, miranda quidem; majoribus illis  
 Sit locus; at rogitō, cur mihi nullus erit?

T. R. G.

## SONNET

WHEN all my victories are worn away  
 And passionless and desolate you find me,  
 Weary in the snare of time, a prey  
 For time's last thrust, my weapons lost behind me,  
 Bring no bladed word to make me rise  
 For battle with the world that bore me down.  
 But let a quiet deepen in your eyes  
 And our unworded silence be the crown  
 Of glories gone. And may no memory  
 Renew the love we shared one time together;  
 Let it be forgotten utterly.  
 But say some usual word about the weather,  
 Carelessly. And when my life is done  
 Say only, if you come, "He loved the sun."

R. G. E.

## THINKING

OFTEN when the sky grows cold  
 With sunset's ending,  
 Breathless will the air become,  
 As if it waited for a new alarm.  
 And I have seen the day go down  
 With rough torn clouds  
 And flying tufts of mist  
 All golden from the unseen light,  
 And jagged streaks of grey  
 That suddenly cease movement,  
 When the fire is faded,  
 Lying calmly o'er the steely rustling sea;  
 And only when the waves bring in  
 A quiet forgiving breeze  
 That tidies up the scattered field,  
 In night's supreme beloved relief  
 Will they renew their march.

P. S.

## MOUNT CABURN

THE Stone-Man came, and stood on this wind-swept hill  
 And looked out on the Weald,  
 Fearing the infinite forests, and the chill  
 Marsh levels of fen and field;  
 He dug his ditches and kept his scanty sheep  
 Where the topmost crest lies bare;  
 And only the grass-grown rings around the steep  
 Show now where his homesteads were.  
 The Saxon on the hill-top scanned the plain  
 Where the Stone-Man had stood,  
 Measuring river and meadow and river again,  
 And knew that it was good.  
 He built his wattled barns among the trees  
 And sowed his fields of corn,  
 And left the hill to the larks and the lone sea-breeze  
 And the footsteps of the dawn.  
 And no one walks here now with the friendly clouds  
 As they come trooping by,  
 Or cares if the small mist blows from sea, and shrouds  
 The downs and noonday sky;  
 No voice is heard, nor any sound at all  
 But the sighing of the wind  
 And the distant lowing of cattle, and the call  
 Of cocks that crow at Glynde.

K. H. J.

## ON CLIMBING

## A DIALOGUE

*With apologies to the FESTIVAL THEATRE and its recent  
 production of "The Pleasure Garden."*

- A. "Are you alone?" was the question.  
 B. "Quite," was the answer.  
 A. "And have you been alone all day?"  
 B. "Quite."



- A. "This evening—you will be with your friends?"  
 B. "No!"  
 A. "And what have you done to-day, what will you do this evening?"  
 B. "Think!"  
 A. "And have your friends understood, will they understand?"  
 B. "They have great joy in it: some of them understand."  
 A. "Spinoza says that a true idea is something different from its ideal."  
 B. "I remember."  
 A. "Did Spinoza believe that it was so?"  
 B. "I cannot decide."  
 A. "I too would consider what he believed: but I have not thought as you. Tell me."  
 B. "I could not presume to tell the mind of Spinoza, who is dead: but I will tell you what it is they understand."  
 A. "Your friends?"  
 B. "Yes! For to-day they are there and it is alive."  
 A. "It is alive? Tell me."  
 B. "The days since they set out from home are enough to have brought them to the beginning place of their adventure. This morning many hours before dawn they arose from the mountain-hut they slept in. They reached it by a mule track yesterday. To-day they began to climb where there was no path. When they began they carried lanterns to plant their steps in the dark. While they could not see they only felt the mystery above and around and below their tiny ridge. If they heard waters rushing or listened to the air among the mountains, they were quiet. Their bodies in the cold morning only wished to work in silence, with no anxious questioning or search, or thought. Do you understand?"  
 A. "I do."  
 B. "You understand that quiet, that content. It is not often for us in a day."  
 A. "You have made me understand."  
 B. "Your body and my body cannot follow them through

- the strength of their day. We cannot be there in the release of the splendour of their absolutely unsullied dawn."  
 A. "We understand its magnificence."  
 B. "We cannot follow them in their great spirit and strength in hand when they begin the broad day. We understand their firmness."  
 A. "And when they have reached the summit?"  
 B. "Oh! it is too difficult: they will understand what we will never know."  
 A. "Can we not learn what they will understand?"  
 B. "I dare not speak of the sublime which will come to them. I dare not speak of their spirits' independence. To see so much, and be so much part of it and in it, and not to know the coldness of separation."  
 A. "The coldness of separation."  
 B. "Yes! To escape, as we do when we think, not only from being out of relation with life——"  
 A. "But what also?"  
 B. "They will turn to each other's face, and they will see there an answer, and they will not be alone in their terrible joy."  
 A. "And so they are greater."

## TRIPOS LURE

*[How the Greek Verse Composition paper appears, when one is first confronted with it at 9 a.m.]*

- EUDOXIA. You have me all: but I in thrice do mourn  
 Nor shall not, yet through having understood  
 How foul a thing it is that fearing thus  
 What then I feared not, yet am fearful now,  
 Which was not neither could be by thyself  
 Abetted aided and assisted yet forlorn  
 Except that having once though sore perplexed  
 Resolved to choose yet one nor then repine,

Or do the deed and hence live purposeless  
 From that unutterable purpose whence  
 I should not want to see what yet remain'd;  
 Or else if I should set, which God forbid,  
 That what I did, through having yet to do, above  
 The rest, would henceforth strive in vain  
 Invulnerable, yet with torment undefiled  
 Prick me with scorn and circumstance desire.

CHORUS. To us, unless we err, thou seemest blind.

SWINBURNE, *Syncope*.

B. O'C.

## PATIENCE

**I**F you want a receipt for that popular mystery  
 Known to the world as a man of St John's,  
 Take ev'ry art, ev'ry science and history,  
 Jumble 'em up as they jumble the dons.  
 The wisdom of Sikes, who is known as the President—  
 Genius of Larmor, who can even speak Erse—  
 The birthday of Stevens, the senior resident—  
 Sternness of Harker, who's apt to be terse—  
 The genial Charlesworth, and Previt  with a car—  
 Aptness of Shore, when he's up on the roof—  
 Glover, when talking of old or new Ithaca—  
 Mixtures of Palmer, who's rather aloof—  
 The faith of a Creed on the island of Hereward—  
 White's mathematics, and Yule of a merry word—  
 Coulton, the bane of both Belloc and Chesterton—  
 Silent Dirac, who goes up in his best to town—  
 Bartlett and Banister, all in a row—  
 Blackman and Benians and Claude Guillebaud!  
 Take of these elements all that is fusible.  
 Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible.  
 Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,  
 And a man of St John's is the residuum!

If you want to be smiled on by kind Lady Margaret,  
 Cultivate Brindley and sail on the seas.  
 Evans's grace, if you wine and you lager it,  
 Mixes with wireless as championed by Lees.  
 The taste of a Cunningham, quite gastronomic—  
 Raven, who's doing his best as a Dean—  
 Jeffreys, who's known for his fame astronomical—  
 Picture of Engledow, coaxing a bean—  
 The manners of Rolleston, the Royal Physician—  
 Verve of a Rootham, the greatest musician—  
 Foxwell and Dymond and Rapson Sanscritical—  
 Wordie and Prior, by no means eremitical—  
 Winfield and Howard and several more,  
 Briggs and the Chaplain to make up the score.

If you want a receipt for the state called pupillary,  
 Think of the junior members of Hall.  
 Here are the people you may find auxiliary.  
 Add 'em all up, no omissions at all.  
 The fervour of Banks, who is just like a rowing man,—  
 Baines, who succumbs to a glassful alone—  
 Serious Leathem, who's only a knowing man—  
 Charm of a Tooth, who's contention's bone—  
 The virtue of Yates on a point fumigatory—  
 Passion of Barber, who's so anti-Yateory—  
 Suave Sanger-Davies, who's friends with the organist—  
 Med'cine of Schwab, who is not a misogynist—  
 Carris the Hercules, Tanner the pure—  
 Virtue of Berry O.K. de la Tour.

## SOME CAMBRIDGE TYPES

[*The following definitions are suggested for the edification of sociologists. (N.B. It is the exception that proves the rule.)*]

*An Undergraduate:* A schoolboy who lives on delusions, chief of which is that he is at last free from the reins of authority and that his main object in life is to demonstrate it.

*A Conservative:* The proud possessor of a certain tie, obtained by signifying with a subscription his refusal or his inability to think out any social questions.

*A Scientist:* One who has reduced the art of stamping at lectures to a science.

*An Economist:* One who economizes in his lectures.

*A Musician:* Through assuming the pose that he dislikes any music which is popular he comes to believe it, and therefore plagues his neighbours at the most inopportune hours with hideous and monotonous concatenations of noises.

*An Aesthete:* One who associates only with other members of his mutual admiration societies, and cultivates his feminine characteristics in order to satisfy his craving for the notice of outsiders, the more disparaging the better.

*A Rowing Man:* One who shirks or ignores the responsibilities of his individuality by segregating with other members of his extrovert species, and declaims to the world at large the superiority of his herd to all others.

*A Sportsman:* One who defies authority and social convention with impunity.

P. E. V.

## AN AFTERNOON IN THE LIFE OF A DON

### SPRING...AND DR WELLESLEY

ARTHUR JOHN WELLESLEY, M.A., SC.D., went down the steps out of the stone archway with its great folding doors, down on to the gravelled pathway and there stood still. Why he did not know. As a rule he plunged straight across the broad stretch of grass in front of him, unseeing, deep in his thoughts, absorbed in the contemplation of this or that problem which was awaiting his attention at the Science Schools. The old habit he had formed when a demonstrator of rambling slowly along the Backs on a round-about way to the laboratories had clung to him through the years, though he now went faster and faster along the well-known paths, never looking to right or left of him, uncon-

scious if the trees were bare or in leaf, and the grass spring green or autumn brown. Perhaps it was the high colouring of the afternoon which had struck him, or the unusually vivid contrast between the cool dimness of the cloisters and the dazzling brightness of the Backs. Or perhaps it was the heavy fragrance of the lilac and the wallflowers that had caught his nostrils... He felt a novel reluctance to go on. Things seemed in some mysterious way different to-day, to take on a new and yet an old meaning and reality which he had long forgotten. He sniffed eagerly at the scent-laden air, and let his eyes wander over the familiar scene, the half-hidden bridge to the left that Wren had built, the tennis-courts in front of him, sprinkled already with white and moving figures, the mass of trees flanking the Fellows' garden in the distance, and the gleam of the river as it curved. He wanted to sit down on the grass and lie back, and let his eyes grow leaden with sun, as he had done in distant days in the cornfields of his native Essex. "Fool," he said to himself, "to let the spring catch you as it might some lorn and callow youth. You at your age, forty-three and a responsible member of the Regent House, to want to lie down on the grass and kick your heels in the air like a child. And you have always deplored the youthful mannerisms of the Junior Tutor. To let tears come into your eyes at sight of a view you've known for twenty years!" But perhaps it was the glare of the sunlight that had troubled his eyes. The close work he had had to do must have been a strain on them. Probably he needed glasses—another sign of old age creeping on. He would have them tested again. He shrugged his shoulders and plodded on over the turf. To the right of him he could hear, beyond the avenue of beeches and the road, the click of bat on ball. Yes. The College were playing the Cryptics. He prided himself on keeping up to date with College activities. He approved of games and liked the easy camaraderie they bred, the more because he had never mastered it. He was himself a dud at all games, except swimming, and he still found himself ill at ease with any but his own scientists. Occasionally he had the First Boat



"to Port," but it was always an awkward time, and both parties were glad when it was over.

As he came to the winding path that followed the river his eye caught sight of a figure on a bicycle coming rapidly towards him. No bicycle could ever be large enough for Bolton, a fellow-collegian and his colleague in the Chemistry School. His long gaunt figure hung loosely like a scarecrow over the saddle, his tall grey head was bare to the wind, and a long black despatch-case flapped from the handlebars. He gesticulated wildly at Wellesley and very nearly fell off his mount in a totally unnecessary attempt to attract his attention. But Bolton was like that. He could not talk without his hands. Once when he broke his wrist skating he was practically dumb for a month. "My dear man," he began from ten yards off in that high-pitched scolding voice that went so ill with his great frame, "I've caught Duplessay on the hip. My reply to his article in the last *Science Quarterly* must disarm him. It looks even better in print than when I wrote it. Here, take it and read it for yourself," and he thrust the bulky periodical into the younger man's hands and was off and away, pedalling furiously, before Wellesley could open his mouth. But that again was typical of Bolton. He did not ask that you should talk to him. He looked merely for an intelligent listener. But his passion for written and, if possible, public controversy on obscure and minute points of limited scientific interest was an international byword. It was the breath of life to him. It kept him young and energetic. Yet there had seemed something different about him to-day, Wellesley thought. Was it just his quickened imagination or had there been a sparkle in his eye besides the light of battle? Was it possible that Bolton even, at fifty and more, was feeling the call of the spring?...

He tried hard to shake off his mood when he got back to the laboratory at last, but somehow the long squat room with its shining glass and steel, its piping, its dirty "stink" cupboards, and its masses of inchoate apparatus piled here and there, distracted and annoyed him. When he looked out of the window he saw the sun shining not on the green of leaves

or grass, but on a bright and bare zinc roof, while only a tiny patch of sky escaped from the towering pile of brick all round. He found himself hating the ugliness of science, its noises and smells and messiness. Why must the scientist always be condemned to great ugly barrack-like buildings without any pretensions to line or form? Even his own little sanctum, where he came at last restlessly to throw himself in a chair, seemed cramped and hot and higgledy-piggledy...

There was really nothing definite for him to do that afternoon. The rooms were deserted for the term was nearly over. Many of his men were "down" already, or busy entertaining their May-Week visitors. As a rule he was perfectly happy pottering about, but to-day the scent of the lilac was with him still and he could feel the sun on his hair. His thoughts went back to the cornfields and orchards of his youth. There was one orchard at Wethersfield that would be a cloud of rose-pink bloom now. Rose-pink, rose-pink... God, what a word! And what an ass he was. Before he knew where he was he would be making poetry about the spring. But...rose-pink... Twenty years ago it might have reminded him of a woman's ribbons, those fluttering useless strands that would sometimes escape from their hiding, and cause him a mild thrill. But now he was dead and unresponsive to any woman's glances. Even Nina Oldcastle, the plump and much sought after "belle" of his third-year classes, confessed herself baffled by him. He did not approve of the modern girl. In his shy way he believed that woman was meant to be a mystery to man and the post-war flapper with her bare arms and thinly-clad figure distressed him. He had had an embarrassed moment a year ago when on the river in his canoe—for this was the only exercise he took—he had suddenly rounded a bend high up near Byron's Pool, and had come across three girls bathing. They were stark naked, but he was much more ashamed than they. They had laughed and waved, and one it had seemed to him had beckoned. But he had swung round and paddled away very fast, clipping the paddle in and out of the water at a furious rate, his face hot and his hands damp with sweat...

He was interrupted in his musings by a soft knock on the door of his cubby-hole, and his assistant, Miss Cleethorpes, came in. "It is four o'clock, Dr Wellesley, shall I make the tea?" she enquired in her prim way. He nodded and bent over the papers which had been lying neglected before him. But try as he would he could not bring himself to concentrate, and he found his thoughts flying off at a tangent again. What a funny little creature this assistant of his was. She had been with him and Bolton for seven or eight years now; and he had a high opinion of her as a practical and useful scientist who had enabled him to bring to a successful conclusion more than one of the research experiments which had made his name. Bolton on the other hand thought her clumsy, and often complained of the unkind fate that had saddled them with a woman about the place. What was her history? Ah! yes; he remembered now—a commonplace, sad, little story; sudden misfortunes at home in her second year at the University had prevented her from proceeding to what would undoubtedly have been an excellent degree, and she had been taken on at the laboratories in a position of confidential assistant, which had been more or less created for her. Wellesley had never thought of her as a human being; even though for some time past she had been in the habit of making him tea in the afternoons, their conversation on such occasions was invariably confined to matters of "shop." Eight years had broken down none of the barriers of reserve on either side.

But this afternoon, in his strange elated mood, he found himself looking at her, appraising her, wanting to talk to her on a thousand subjects that came crowding into his mind, wanting to find out if she had any interests outside the laboratory. Was she really dowdy and plain? Subconsciously comparing her with the girls who came to his classes he found much that pleased him. True her clothes were old and worn (how much did they give her a year?), and her hair seemed terribly straight. But her face was small and delicately proportioned, even though it was hidden by an ugly pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. (How could he get her to take her

spectacles off so that he could see properly the colour of her eyes?) As she moved silently, and unconscious of his scrutiny, about the little room, he noted with approval her brown brogues were rubber-soled, and there were no silly French heels to make a clatter on the stone floors and staircases. As she bent over the gas-ring, the heat gently flushed her face, which ordinarily was very pale... He fell to watching her deft hands moving among the crockery, and to wondering how he could break the silence. After a moment or two he spoke, "Do you find those glasses of yours comfortable, Miss Cleethorpes? My eyes have been troubling me lately, and I am thinking I shall have to take to glasses, for working at any rate." She whipped them off and passed them to him. "No, they are extraordinarily light and comfortable too." (How easily his ruse had succeeded. He felt pleased. And how much nicer she looked too without them. Her eyes *were* light blue after all.) The ice once broken they went on to talk freely of other things with an altogether unfamiliar friendliness, and all the time Wellesley's mind toyed with a variety of pleasant possibilities. He felt an absurd desire to move his hand a few inches further along the table as they sat drinking tea, and place it on hers. He began to wonder if her trim figure would not look well in one of those tight sleeveless frocks his women students were in the habit of wearing at this time of the year. Perhaps he might take her on the river, when term was over, and they would not have to run the gauntlet of a hundred eyes. Heavens! What an utter fool he was, and yet somehow he didn't care. His heart was throbbing adventurously, his skin was tingling, his brain seemed strangely alert, and he seemed to see a responsive sparkle in her eyes, a nervous excitement in her movements... When she had cleared away the tea-things, she did not go out at once as was her wont, but stood hesitating a moment, and then came slowly to his desk. "I think I ought to tell you, Dr Wellesley, that I shall be leaving the laboratory in a very short while"... Leaving, what did she mean? Leaving *now, now* when he was on the threshold of a discovery more precious than any he had made hitherto? Mentally he put

out a finger and shattered at a run the row of card-houses he had built up in the last half hour. Back he came into the old world with a crash, and the room seemed suddenly stuffy, and the walls to crowd in on him and crush him. But why, why, why? Then in a flash he had it, it was Cross from Oxford who was always enticing away his best men; Cross had offered her a job, a better job there. Well, they would make her stay; he would have her salary raised, doubled if necessary; she was worth it... With an effort he pulled himself together and enquired in tones that seemed to him at once shaky and brusque, "But this is most sudden and surprising, may I ask what you're going to do?" Again she hesitated before replying, and then she looked up and he could see her eyes were dancing, "Yesterday Professor Bolton asked me to be his wife. He says I am too clumsy here, and that a woman's place is in the home." And she laughed quietly. "We are to be married in August. I shall be awfully sorry to leave the laboratory, but I expect you too will really be glad to get rid of me." Without waiting for the stammered words of congratulation which he forced to his lips, she went to the door in her familiar mouse-like way and was gone. Mechanically, Dr Wellesley picked up the *Science Quarterly* and turned to Professor Bolton's latest article...

K. A.

## VAN GOGH

"VOICI déjà trente ans et tout est dit" ought to be the motto of anyone who attempts to write on the subject of Vincent Van Gogh. For he died, in 1890, at the age of thirty-seven, known to a few people as a lunatic who happened to paint and since then has been the subject [or object] of much literature which has converted him into a painter who had the misfortune to be a lunatic as well. And whereas he showed throughout his life lunatic tendencies, it was only during the last ten years of it that he painted. It was his intensity, his belief in things, which

made possible his pictures, in spite of faults of technique which he never managed to overcome, at least to his own satisfaction, though he studied patiently long and hard. It is the most surprising thing about him that he should have been labelled a Post-Impressionist, been hailed as a leader [after his death], and been copied, indeed be still copied, when all the time his own life was a struggle between what he felt within and what his hands would not express properly. He was his own hardest taskmaster always: and it was only by moments that he forgot to be painstaking and really had his fling, with no self-criticism and no regrets. But in these moments he produced his loveliest pictures.

Born in 1853, he was the son of a Dutch Calvinist minister and a semi-peasant: few of his ancestors had any distinction, and, of his nearer relations, one uncle only, who had founded a picture-dealing business at the Hague, showed any. Of his six brothers and sisters [he was the eldest] one was stillborn, one Theo, and the rest nonentities. Theo's claim to fame rests on the fact that he paid for his brother all his life, was good and docile and a friend to him, and died within six months of him: which provides good sentimental material for the biographers. Vincent drew a cat in childhood and modelled a clay elephant: he was alternately sent to and taken away from school by his "fond parents": and at the age of sixteen started in his uncle's business of picture-dealing—with Goupil's in London. This went on for six years—then followed a period of no fixed activity. Goupil's dismissed him because he found picture-dealing a dirty business, and had taken to religion in order to counteract the effects of it, and in 1878 he tried to put his religious feeling into practice by becoming a missionary to the mining district in the south of Belgium. After three years of disillusion and semi-starvation, he left the district, this time with painting, not religion, as his consolation. For the next five years he lived a nomad life in Holland and Belgium, disagreeing with his parents in the home and his teachers in various art-schools, and in 1886 he suddenly moved to Paris, where brother Theo worked in Goupil's. As he had already been paying for



Vincent to live in Holland, it did not make much difference if he paid for him in his own flat: so for two years Vincent, who had arrived having "heard of the Impressionists," but knowing "nothing about them," absorbed revolutionary artistic theory. He came full of ambition to paint a quintessence of peasantry, or of hapless fisherman's-wifery *à la* Israels, with a duel palette and a restricted technique: he left in 1890 with a new vision of the paintableness of anything and everything, a lightened palette and a more assured technique: and he went from the grey northern skies of Brabant and Paris, to the blazing sun at Arles. Here he was seized with frenzy, painted a picture every two hours sometimes, and eventually broke down. His reason gave way under the pressure of arguments with Gauguin which Gauguin always won. He was a Frenchman and therefore intellectually organized, in violent contrast to the romantic, uncontrolled Van Gogh: and by saving his own throat from Van Gogh's razor he drove him to cut off his own ear. This made Van Gogh famous in Arles, but the curiosity of crowds did not help him to recover his balance. So he went to a lunatic asylum at Saint-Remy, where he alternately painted wildly and had fits which laid him out for months. And in 1890, Theo, paying the piper still, had him brought nearer Paris. Here he tried to enforce an opinion upon his doctor with a pistol and so resigned himself to his own hopelessness by shooting himself, and even so he did it so badly that he took "an unconscionable long time a-dying."

Quite apart from the fact that no picture of his sold during his lifetime, he found himself a failure in everything. He had something in him which made it impossible for him not to get across with people. It was not that he saw or thought or felt so differently from them: only that he did it so much more intensely. It was always a question of neck or nothing, with religion among the miners, with walking, with teaching himself drawing, with appreciation, with painting. A tree was a living thing, so was a table-cloth: and being a living thing it was never the same twice. That accounts for his painting the same subjects several times over—the sunflowers,

for instance, or the Arles postman. And he was never concerned with how or why he painted. All the talk about deliberate distortion and form and balance and the rest he failed to understand. He saw the world as vivid, as living, and set himself to represent it so: and if it turns out that his representation is, for the spectators of his pictures, interpretation, that is far more the spectators' business than Van Gogh's. He had the "infinite capacity for taking pains" which some suppose to be indispensable for the production of works of art; but, what is much more important, he was attempting to give an ordinary value to everyday objects, to make them real in an ordinary sense, not to give them formal significance or pattern. His pictures are those of the "natural man"—to whom everything is important in itself. That the flat blue southern sky and the raging southern sun and the tempestuous southern cypress trees seemed to him of greater importance than all other things is easily explicable in a southern climate: and he saw it with northern eyes. But he painted boots and crayfish and faces with almost as intense an interest, along with streets and oranges. He believed in everything but himself, and it was this combination of the importance of outside as compared with inside himself which brought him at once to that amazing vividness and reality of his pictures, as of his religious effort, and to suicide. "The world was too much with him."

H. G.

## MIXED MYSTERIES

*With apologies to MR EDGAR WALLACE and others*

### I. THE DOPER

DETECTIVE-OFFICER CUSTARD, of the C. O. D. (Criminal Obstruction Department) was nonplussed. For over a year he had been trying to lay his hands on the author of the countless dastardly outrages daily committed all over the country. Obviously, they were the work of the same arch-fiend. In every case the victim was doped, though with different stuff each time.

Time and again had D.-O. Custard all but grasped him. As often had the mysterious criminal slipped from his clutches like an eel. Each time Custard swore a fouler oath than before, and each time he put a penny in the missionary-box. He was a conscientious man.

Now, he sat in his office at the Yard groping in his pocket for a penny. Suddenly, the door opened. In came an Ortona driver, sadly under the influence of alcohol. He reeled towards the inner office, went in, and shut the door behind him.

D.-O. Custard looked puzzled and stopped groping.

"Who the Hades is that? Go in and take his finger prints."

Constable McMullins sprang to obey. At that moment the door of the office re-opened violently, to the detriment of Constable McMullins' nose. It was not the intoxicated driver. It was the Proctor, calm and unconcerned, who came out and left the office without speaking.

"WHO THE HADES WAS THAT?" roared D.-O. Custard, when he found his voice.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," said Constable McMullins, rubbing his nose, "perhaps he'll come back again."

"I'll clap him in gaol if he does!"

"By the way, sir," said the Constable, "you have forgotten to put that penny in the box. And it's twopence now."

D.-O. Custard glared, but fished for the coins. His hand was poised over the box. Simultaneously, both doors opened.

From the inner office came his fascinating daughter, Brenda. From the street young Derrick Featherstonehaugh, the Chief Commissioner's son. Boy and girl looked at each other.

"Darling!"

"Darling!"

They clinched by Detective-Officer Custard's desk...

"Time!" said Constable McMullins, looking at his watch.

"What does this mean?" asked Custard, getting up.

"We have solved the mystery," said Derrick and Brenda both together.

"You've found the Doper?"

"There is no Doper," said Derrick.

"Then what the devil——?"

"Threepence, sir," said the constable.

Derrick and Brenda explained, chanting in turn.

"Somebody's..."

"...been putting..."

"...alcohol..."

"...in the British Man's Beer!" concluded Derrick.

"Well, I'm——!" gasped Custard, and put fourpence in the box.

"Shall I go round to the greengrocer, sir?" asked the constable.

"The greengrocer? What the——what for?"

"To say no gooseberries are wanted to-day."

Derrick and Brenda watched them depart.

## II. WHO AM I?

I cannot stand this suspense any longer. There is a horrible mystery surrounding my origin. I have often asked my mother to disclose the secret, however awful. She has always put me off. If I importune her, she promises me that I shall know when I am older. It is useless to protest that I am already old enough. God knows, at forty life has few secrets for me! But she merely says, "You are not old enough to hear it. When you are older you shall know all." And our friends are equally reticent about my birth. Ever since I was a child I have never been able to understand why others should celebrate their birthdays with feasting and mirth, while I—my birth is hushed in secrecy as a hideous thing. No one has even told me when my birthday is.

But I shall find out the truth. Suspense has made me desperate. I have stolen the keys to the safe where my father keeps his documents. To-night I shall know all...

...I have stolen my father's secret papers. I have seen my birth-certificate. Now I know the dreadful truth. I can go to my grave with an easy mind... when I am old enough.

I was born on February 29th.



## III. A FACE IN THE CROWD

I had never seen him before. I don't suppose I shall ever see him again.

I was walking down K.P. to my work one morning. The street was crowded with people similarly engaged. Then he distinguished himself from the hurrying passers-by and accosted me.

"Pardon me," he said, gripping my hand and wringing it warmly until I winced. I have never felt such a grip in all my life since.

"Pardon me," he said, "but this is a great moment."

I agreed that it was big; simply tremendous. It struck me that his face was unfamiliar. I said so.

"No, I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before. Here's my card."

He handed me the slip of ivory vellum. Mechanically I put it in my pocket without looking at it.

"You know, it *is* a pleasure," he went on.

"What?" I asked, taken off my guard.

"Why, meeting you."

I could think of nothing to reply.

"Well, so long. Here's to our next encounter." Then he disappeared into the crowd.

When I got home I put my hand in my pocket and felt the card he had given me, which I had completely forgotten. I took it out and gazed at it.

It was perfectly blank.

I have never seen him again. Probably I never shall. He was just a face in the crowd.

LANCE.

## A COMMISSION

Extract from the

PRECIS of the proceedings of the Commission (1929) for enquiring into the Causes of, and the Justification for, the continued existence of ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge.

At 2.30 p.m. on April 20th, 1929, the Commission assembled for the final meeting—Lord Boanerges taking the Chair.

His Lordship, summing up the results of previous meetings, reminded the Commissioners that it was their duty to decide whether the Foundation under consideration was contributing to the public good proportionally to the extent of its revenues. While all must regret the passing away of ancient and famous institutions, it were ill advised to allow sentiment to sway the judgment of reason. The Law of Growth, declared his Lordship, was the Law of Life—the grandest of human conceptions was liable to fail to adapt itself to changes which a wise man must accept, even if he deplored them. "Our little systems," he said, quoting a recent Laureate, "our little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be."

His Lordship recalled how a number of the Commissioners, disguised as artisans, had been present in the College during a recent period of extensive repair; also how, with the assistance of the Dean, large parties of their agents had been introduced into the College as boys from the Mission. As a result of scrupulously careful observations—many hundred-weights of notes and diagrams had already been presented to the Commission—the principal activities of the members of the College had been ascertained.

In general, life appeared not to centre in those institutions where it might be most expected. Although there existed a commodious dining-hall the undergraduates seemed to prefer to dine in restaurants in the town; an expensively equipped library attracted few students; and the handsome chapel was almost deserted. Immediately adjoining the Hall, however, was a space known as the "Screens"; here, for a few minutes

each day, the undergraduates would gather to discuss their affairs. This, it was to be supposed, was the *fons et origo* of College activity.

Members of the College could be divided into a number of fairly well differentiated classes, which seemed to maintain very little intercommunication. These classes corresponded in a curious way with the intellectual or athletic activities of their members; but it was not clear whether the undergraduate determined the course of his career with reference to the class to which he temperamentally inclined or *vice-versa*. Most noticeable was the Boat Club. (Here, on the motion of the Dean of Barnwell, the Commission adjourned for dinner, a written memorandum on the Boat Club being supplied to each member.)

At 8.45 p.m. the Commission reassembled, and Lord Boanerges resumed his summary. It would not be necessary to refer again to the Boat Club, he said, except to remark, in fairness to the College, that the danger was recognised and checked. These people were carefully separated from their fellows at meal times; a house had been provided for them near the river; while in the critical early and late spring periods they were wisely urged to go to bed early, and to observe certain self-restraints.

Attention must be drawn to another group of similar appearance which had caused considerable perplexity to the Ethnographical Committee, until it was realised that it consisted indeed of two separate branches. On the one hand an Aesculapian sect was distinguished, and organically related to these, if biologically more advanced, was another type of inmate: for whereas the former applied their medical science to anecdotal *grivoiserie*, the latter were taken out to the meadows to satisfy their characteristic virility with round games—their favourite pastimes being Hockey, Football and Cricket (a form of Rounders). In common with the Boat Club this group could be picked out by their use of the cry "Whatcher!"

Radically different from these were two further groups. The so-called theological society consisted largely of ordi-

nands and other atavistic cases, and the Commission might leave it at that.

The Nashe Society, on the other hand, was not so lightly to be dismissed. As a body it stimulated itself with punch into the appreciation of Beauty and Abstract Rhythmical Flow. Individually its members were still more peculiar; two of these, for instance, shocked their more sensitive brothers by their artistic poster designs; another, more pallid if more virtuous, surrounded by his admiring circle

Like Cato gives his little Senate laws,  
And sits attentive to his own applause.

A section quite different from any other consisted of those species devoted to music in one or other form. There was firstly a society formed to demonstrate that the most involved masterpieces of the great composers could be played (or sung) with little capability and no practice. Secondly, in connexion with the College chapel, was a number of hired persons of various ages, whose exercises in that edifice the rest of the College appeared reluctant to disturb. It was noteworthy, in parenthesis, that whereas their efforts were approved of, nay paid for, the production of music by more efficient and up-to-date devices, such as the gramophone, was forbidden.

To turn to a peculiar survival from the days of the Hospital of Saint John, it had been noticed that a number of deserving old men, about fifty in all, was supported by the College, being fed daily upon a substantial quantity of wholesome food. They were occasionally permitted to address imaginary audiences in large empty rooms, though why or when was not known. One of the more active of these had been heard carolling Gilbert and Sullivan in the baths, an institution where his colleagues were rarely noticed.

To this dismal catalogue, continued his Lordship, must however be added one asset. In the garden stood an Abyssinian Sponge tree, to punch which afforded endless delight to the more sane members of the College. This feature was undoubtedly worthy of preservation, and should, he thought, be moved to the Embankment Gardens. The rest of the property should be handed over to the Cambridge Borough

Council for conversion into a tea-garden, which would be much appreciated by sightseers visiting the neighbouring university.

The amendment proposed by Major I-n H-y B—th, that the Abyssinian tree be made into sponges for the use of the clean-limbed Britishers, having been rejected, the Commission unanimously accepted Lord Boanerges' proposals.

## CORRESPONDENCE

FIRST COURT,  
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE

Sir,

The recent successful repair of the College Library, and the equally striking restorations of some of the more vulnerable parts of the Chapel, inevitably draw attention to a task which has awaited completion for nearly one hundred and sixty years. In 1772 the ingenious Mr Essex finished his renovation of the south side of the First Court, this being the initial stage of an intended adaptation of the whole court from the original Early Tudor style to the more urbane Classical model.

But since then the virtue of the nineteenth century supplanted the virtuosity of the eighteenth, and the corresponding change in academic taste introduced yet another style in the Chapel of Sir G. Gilbert Scott—"intended," as the Guide Book says, "to be that prevalent in England in 1280." This Gothic irruption undoubtedly complicates any attempt at fulfilling the original design of Mr Essex, or even to secure some degree of uniformity.

It may be taken as axiomatic that the four sides of the court should present to the eye a general similarity of style; three courses, short of total demolition, are thus possible.

Firstly: to accept the principle of Gilbert Scott, that work lingering from before the Gothic Revival should only serve as foundation for Romantic exuberance; and to follow the example of the Fellows of Sidney Sussex, who in 1831 com-

missioned Mr Jeffrey Wyatt to improve and decorate the buildings of Ralph Symons, to whom Saint John's owes its second court. This plan would have the advantage of affording Mr Tapper, P.R.I.B.A., an opportunity to elaborate his chaste designs in pasteboard; but it cannot be denied that the Chapel itself, which would be the inspiration of the renovated court, is as impermanent as if it really dated from the thirteenth century; and its final subsidence could not but weaken the newly acquired unity—for the present policy of replacing the pieces as they fall off can only give a temporary stability to a rapidly decrepitating structure.

Secondly: to follow Mr Essex's plan to its logical conclusion, adapting the east and west sides of the court, and the Chapel, if still extant. While the Tudor elements are easily effaced (even the Great Gate presenting no insuperable difficulties), it is to be feared that the manner of 1280 would prove less amenable. By no reconstruction could the figures of several College worthies which now adorn the buttresses support a classical entablature. The method used with some success at Trinity Hall for producing a more or less classical appearance is perhaps inapplicable to so large a building as the Chapel; possibly a compromise might be effected in the manner of the Chapel of Peterhouse.

The third possible course should be mentioned for the sake of completeness; namely, to remove Mr Essex's work, disclosing those large portions of the original Tudor work which remain beneath, and to restore it as far as possible to its former condition. On the present Chapel's collapse, some building more in harmony with the rest of the court could be either constructed or purchased.

Yours etc.,

ALPHA and OMEGA.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

## LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB

*President:* THE MASTER. *Treasurer:* MR E. CUNNINGHAM. *First Boat Captain:* R. H. BAINES. *Second Boat Captain:* N. BOOTH. *Additional Captains:* R. J. TOTHILL; O. V. BEVAN. *Secretary:* B. M. DAVISON. *Junior Treasurer:* R. H. S. TURNER.

## LENT TERM 1929

THE story of Lady Margaret in the year of the Great Frost, when the Lent Races were postponed and all divisions rowed on slides. The First Boat went down three places: the first night to Hall at Ditton, the second night to Caius at Ditton and the last night to Clare before the Railings. The last was one of the several good races of the Lents, for leaving Clare a little at the start we went gradually up on Christ's. From First Post Corner it was one of those races where the stakes are high and two seconds' difference in speed means a difference of two places on the river. We were within ten feet of Christ's when we were bumped. It is a disgrace to Lady Margaret to be eleventh in the Lents, but no disgrace to the crew itself, who worked very, very, hard and reaped no harvest but of sweat and tears.

The Second Boat had to row over twice before making its first bump on Jesus III in the Gut. On the last night the Second Boat went up from the start on Sidney Sussex I and gradually until Grassy, where cox, thinking he had touched, and determined not to repeat the experience of the night before (when he had had to go from the Gut to Ditton before the Jesus cox signalled) eased and steered for the bank. A good length was thus lost before the boat went on again but with a well-steered and hard-rowed Ditton this was shortened to a third of a length. It seemed that Sidney with renewed hope might keep away, but we crept gradually, very gradually upon them, and Sidney collapsed at the Glass-houses. With length, power and determination steadily maintained, it was a very gallant row.

For the Third Boat "flu" provides a legitimate excuse; they lost three useful oars through illness. They rowed pluckily and the boats that got them were all good—Fitzwilliam House I, Trinity Hall III and Emmanuel II on the second, third and fourth nights. The Club's best thanks are due to H. P. W. Gatty and V. E. Fuchs, who quite untrained came into the Third and Fifth Boats respectively; the one on the very day of the races, the other only on the day before. Rowing in a race requires no small quantity of "guts" and to come in untrained and so late and to row so hard was singularly sporting in the best sense that word affords.

The Fourth Boat went down on the second and third nights to Emmanuel III and Caius IV. They rowed much better on the last night than before.

The Fifth Boat sank to Pembroke V and then to King's III, where, despite the efforts of McLaren at stroke, it remained for two nights the bottom boat on the river. This is a pity.

The Club Pairs were won by R. H. H. Symonds and D. Haig-Thomas.

The Senior Sculls by F. B. s'Jacob.

The Junior Sculls by J. R. Owen.

We are, at the time of going to press, preparing for the Mays and making a solid attempt to justify the kind things Major Beith said of us at the last Johnian Society Dinner. Several good oars have joined the club this year and quite a lot of latent talent has been discovered. The first three Lent crews were:

<i>First Boat</i>			<i>Second Boat</i>		
<i>Bow</i>	E. G. Jones	... 11.12	<i>Bow</i>	J. Sargent	... 9.11
2	F. E. Plutte	... 11.4	2	J. D. Gardiner	... 10.6
3	R. H. S. Turner	... 11.7	3	R. G. Chapman	... 10.7
4	J. D. G. Kellock	12.3	4	F. J. Connell	... 11.2
5	J. R. Owen	... 11.10	5	E. H. Shupbach	... 10.10
6	O. V. Bevan	... 12.9	6	E. H. Whittaker	... 13.9
7	R. H. H. Symonds	12.0	7	G. E. Boyd-Shannon	11.7
<i>Str.</i>	D. Haig-Thomas	11.7	<i>Str.</i>	G. P. Easten	... 10.10
<i>Cox</i>	Viscount M. Inaba	7.6	<i>Cox</i>	S. R. Vincent	... 9.1
<i>Coaches:</i> R. H. Baines Sir Henry Howard			<i>Coaches:</i> N. Booth R. H. Baines		



*Third Boat*

<i>Bow</i>	A. C. Wild ...	10.6
2	H. P. W. Gatty ...	11.12
3	R. J. Nicholson ...	10.2
4	K. G. Collier ...	11.4
5	F. R. F. Taylor ...	12.4
6	C. J. Platt ...	11.6
7	J. E. P. Prince ...	10.3
<i>Str.</i>	J. B. Millar ...	10.13
<i>Cox</i>	J. V. Jaurégui ...	9.7

*Coaches:* B. M. Davison  
N. Booth

## RUGBY FOOTBALL

IT is with mixed feelings that we look back on the "Rugger" season of 1928-1929, for once again we failed to survive the third round of the Knock-outs. The draw for the "coppers" was particularly unkind as all the strong teams were drawn in the top half, and we had the rather pleasing thought that if only we could beat Jesus, "Cat's" and Caius on our way to the final all would be plain sailing after that. However, we didn't! We arrived back to find "Rugger" out of the question with snow on the ground, and consequently we met Jesus in the first round without having had a single practice match. There was half an inch of snow on the ground and the weather was bitterly cold, and so dropped passes were the order of the day. However after a game chiefly confined to forwards we were successful by 13 points to nil. It then froze solidly until the day when we met King's, but we scored a lot against them and qualified to meet St Catharine's in the third round. In spite of a brilliant game by Collison and the untiring efforts of the forwards we were beaten by 6 points to nil. Some say we were unlucky to lose as we were pressing practically the whole time. Although natural modesty would forbid us—we should like to agree with them. However, St Catharine's certainly took the few opportunities that came their way and so deserved to win. There was some consolation in being beaten by the eventual winners of the competition and we tell people with pride that we were the only team to keep the St Catharine's outsiders from getting

their score into double figures. We keep quiet about the fact that we were the only team that didn't score against them!

Always the perfect optimists we hope for a success in the "coppers" next year and it only remains for Collison and Whittaker to be the first people to bring the cup to John's. Next year's side should be quite a good one as there is plenty of material to draw from, although it will be difficult to find two wing forwards of the class of D. R. Lascelles and J. W. Johnstone, and such an excellent pair of halves as R. S. Lewis and T. E. Rodd.

M. W. L. O.

## HOCKEY

FIRST among the events of the season must come our tour in Paris during the Christmas vacation. The team we took over was not a 1st XI, nor was it a 2nd, but a mixed bag from all three elevens. Nevertheless, we had our captain, F. L. Crossley, and we managed to achieve considerable success both on and off the field, defeating the Golfer's Club and the Standard Athletic Club but unfortunately losing to the Tennis Club de Paris. Typical of the superlative generosity with which we were treated throughout our visit was the banquet given in our honour by the Golfer's Club.

When the 1st XI got together again the next term we expected to repeat our success of the first term, when we overwhelmed every college we met with five or six goals to spare; but, owing to the appalling weather, we were not to be given the opportunity until the Knock-out Competition itself. The first round, against Queens', proved our capability, but "flu" robbed us of G. S. Parsons, who, together with F. L. Crossley, W. K. Harbinson and T. C. Worsley, had formed the backbone of the side, and St Catharine's, eventually victors in the final, beat us 3-1.

The 2nd XI too had bad luck not to win their division. With G. G. Willis as captain, well supported by G. C. Harbinson, J. B. Gardner and F. H. Coleman, they easily reached the final, only to be defeated just as easily by Peterhouse 1st. As can be seen it was undoubtedly a good season.

M. E. MCC.



## MUSICAL SOCIETY

*President:* THE PRESIDENT. *Treasurer:* MR E. CUNNINGHAM.

*Musical Director:* DR C. B. ROTHAM.

*Hon. Secretary:* J. R. M. JOHNSTONE.

THE Society has given three Smoking Concerts—as remarkable for the ambition of their programmes as for the large attendance on the part of the College in general—and an Entertainment in the Hall organized on behalf of the College Mission.

The first of these, on November 1st, 1928, was memorable on account of the fine sustained performance of C. G. Smith, who played the pianoforte either as principal or accompanist through every item but one until the seventh and last, when he performed with no lack of breath upon a flute. V. T. Sanger-Davies, supported by Mr Smith, gallantly stormed Mozart's Horn Concerto in E♭; J. R. M. Johnstone and J. C. McCormick sang, each in his own manner.

By Nov. 15th the principles of the Division of Labour had appealed to the Society, and piano-work was allotted to various members, among whom were L. Suggitt and P. Lamartine Yates. Beethoven's quintet for wind and piano was performed.

On Feb. 14th, 1929, Dr Rootham occupied the Society's platform for the first time since 1914, and sang with his usual charm and accuracy a Traditional Ballad—having first dwelt upon its history. In the second part of the programme he delighted the audience with Charles Wood's "Ethiopia" and a composition of his own. There was also a spirited performance of the Storm Movement from "Aeolus," which appeared on the programme as a Wind Quintet by Reicha.

## THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

*President:* J. R. M. JOHNSTONE.

*Hon. Secretary:* M. E. MCCORMICK.

THE activities of the Society in the Lent Term opened with a paper by R. W. Pope on John Wesley, an attempt to deal with religious conversion in terms of ordinary experience. At the next meeting, which was largely attended, the Rev.

C. S. Gillett, Dean of Peterhouse, read a paper on the New Psychology and the Christian Religion. Later in the term P. Lamartine Yates contributed a paper entitled Tuesday's Ethics; it produced a very good discussion.

On March 12 the Society held a dinner, followed by entertainments, carefully chosen to be in accord with the character of the Society, in R. W. Pope's rooms.

In the Easter Term, on April 29, Professor Rapson spoke to the Society on Buddhism. The meeting was an unusually large one, as befitted the Professor's admirable address.

## ECONOMICS SOCIETY

IN order to discuss the marginal shepherd and his flock, the shower of meteoric stones, the oak trees of the forest, the joint stock company that stagnates but never, never dies and other parables from the Bible of Economic Theory, a new society has come into being, with the name of the St John's College Economics Society.

The inaugural meeting was attended mainly by freshmen but the vigorous discussion showed that the future of the society was well assured. It was felt that it would be unwise to lay down too rigid a policy although the decision that the activity of the society should mainly consist of discussions of papers read by its members showed that the meeting meant business. The proposal that there should be an annual dinner was carried with acclamation.

The officers elected were:

*Hon. President:* MR C. W. GUILLEBAUD.

*Hon. Vice-Presidents:* PROF. FOXWELL, MR E. A. BENIANS, and MR I. L. EVANS.

*Chairman:* K. MARSHALL.

*Secretary-Treasurer:* T. C. J. YOUNG.

When everything had been discussed at least once, the society adjourned until next term.

## NASHE SOCIETY

*President:* J. G. LEATHAM. *Vice-Presidents:* J. C. SQUIRE, M. P. CHARLESWORTH, D. D. ARUNDELL. *Secretary:* E. F. LYDALL. *Treasurer:* R. H. BAINES. *Committee:* F. J. B. WATSON, H. S. DAVIES, R. W. POPE.

CONCEIVED on December 6th by the conjunction of the Committee and Secretary, the rebirth of the old Wordsworth Society under a new name was effected on February 21st, 1929. A learned and irreligious paper by Mr Scott Stokes, the dragon chronicler, attracted a distinguished audience, many of whom enthusiastically enrolled themselves as the Society.

Denouncing Mr Gladstone the Youth, and Disestablishment, Mr Scott Stokes considered that the ecclesiastical commissioners should cling to their doctrines and lands, without probing too closely into their origin; for after all, the Church's One Foundation was Keble College, Oxford.

On February 28th, Mr Anthony Blunt changed the subject to that of architecture. In answer to the question of one of the more earnest members of the College: "Who was Baroque anyway?" Mr Blunt described the monastic work of Prandtauer on the Danube, illustrating his remarks with photographs and drawings.

Mr Lionel McColvin, on March 11th, apologised for omitting to adopt the suggestion of sundry College wits to take as his subject "The Worm in Art," and spoke at some considerable length on "The Norm in Art."

On May 3rd, Mr Ernest Betts denounced "talkies" and abstraction to a mixed audience of experts, who upheld the principles of abstract visual flow.

Mr Hugh Gatty, on May 11th, discoursed on the life and ideas of Vincent van Gogh to a definitely masculine audience. Having given an account of the artist's varied life, he concluded that Van Gogh, unlike Gauguin, was not consciously interested in design, but painted things as he saw them.

In an interesting paper on "The Gothic Revival" on May 16th, Mr Geoffrey Webb pointed out, among other

things, that neo-gothic buildings had been judged, not by their formal qualities or defects, but by their historical or even ritual suitability. Hence, for instance, St John's College Chapel.

In the final paper of the term on May 23rd, Professor Hewitt at last dispersed the mystery surrounding the words "Bulbul, or the Pedigree of Omar."

There remains only the Society's "Haue with you" party to Saffron Walden and annual dinner, with Mr J. C. Squire in the chair.

## OBITUARY

## BALAK RAM

MR BALAK RAM was the son of Lala Madho Ram and was born at Jullundhar, Punjab, on April 21st, 1876. He was educated in the D.A.V. School and Government College, Lahore, and took his B.A. and M.A. degrees of the Punjab and Calcutta Universities in History and Physics. In 1897 he was awarded the Government of India Scholarship by the Punjab University and came up to St John's College to study for the Mathematical Tripos and the Indian Civil Service examination. He passed the open competition for the latter in 1899 and took his Tripos in 1900, coming out as fourth wrangler. Returning to India at the end of the year he served most of his time in the Bombay Presidency with a break of three years in the Finance Department of the Government of India. In the beginning he was an assistant collector but after about ten years' service he was taken into the judicial line and served as assistant judge and district judge in many districts. For the last three years of his life he was Legal Remembrancer and Secretary in the Judicial Department to the Government of Bombay, in which capacity he was also a member of the Legislative Council. For a month just before he died he acted as a judge in the Bombay High Court and was to act again from June next and would soon have been made permanent. In all districts in which he was posted Balak Ram earned the respect and confidence of both the public and the bar by his legal knowledge, tact and common sense. Mr C. A. Kincaid, I.C.S., who was a Judge of the High Court and afterwards Judicial Commissioner in Sind and who knew him well

both in his private and official capacity, writes as follows in *The Times* about his work as a judge. "He had an eminently judicial mind, and his judgments were admirably written. In civil cases he brushed aside technicalities; in criminal matters he was rarely led astray by the ingenuous objections that defending counsel advance against the conviction of their clients. In 1925 I again saw closely Mr Balak Ram's work, when he was Judge of Sholapur and I was Inspecting Judge of the High Court of Bombay. I found him full of fresh ideas, many of which were on my recommendation adopted by the High Court." He died at Mahabaleshwar of heart failure on April 17th, 1929.

But besides his legal and official work Balak Ram was keenly interested in many intellectual activities. He actively pursued mathematics even during his busy official career and was one of the founders of the Indian Mathematical Society, of which he was President for four years, and a member of the London Mathematical Society. He contributed many papers, great and small, to the *Journal* of the Indian Mathematical Society, and he had the faculty of clear exposition which was illustrated by his presidential address on Einstein's Theory in popular language. His chief interest was in Quaternions and Vector Analysis, Relativity, and the Theory of Numbers. He was last year struck by a remark of Ramanujan quoted by Professor Hardy about 1729 being the smallest number which can be expressed in two different ways as the sum of two cubes, and spent practically the whole of his holiday in Europe in calculating all numbers of this type up to 20,000,000. He completed his paper on this subject, giving his special method of calculation on his voyage back to India last November. He once said to me that if when he took his degree at Cambridge the Indian Educational Service had been open to Indians and he had had a chance of getting a professorship of mathematics he would have had no hesitation in resigning the Indian Civil Service and devoting himself to mathematics alone. He was a devoted Johnian and never failed to renew his acquaintance with his Cambridge friends when he came on leave. He was the Vice-Chancellor of the Indian Women's (non-official) University and a Fellow of the Bombay University at the time of his death.

I came to know him soon after he came up to Cambridge in 1897 and we took to each other immediately and have been intimate friends ever since then up to his death. We saw each other every day when we were in the same town and corresponded very regularly when we were away. We shared our ideals, joys and griefs

and there was hardly a day when we did not think of each other. He was simple in his habits and kindly in disposition. When the first ice was broken he was charming in conversation and social intercourse and had many friends both Indian and English. He leaves behind him his wife and a son who is employed in the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway. To me his death has come as a great shock for we were more to each other than the most affectionate brothers.

R. P. PARANJPYE.

ARTHUR HERBERT BAGLEY (B.A. 1888), formerly Judge of the Small Course Court, Rangoon, died at 23 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W., on April 24th, 1928. He was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1888.

PERCY FREDERIC BARTON (B.A. 1890), of Thurne, Ember Lane, Esher, and 98 Portland Place, died on May 11th, 1929, aged 60. He was the third son of the Rev. John Barton, of Cambridge. He received his medical education at St Thomas's Hospital and proceeded M.B., B.Ch. in 1899. He was physician to the Tavistock Clinic for Functional Diseases.

The Rev. Canon ERNEST JOHN HENRY BENWELL (B.A. 1895) died at St Adamnan's Rectory, Durrar, Argyllshire, on January 31st, 1929. He had been rector of St Adamnan's since 1907, and since 1923 Canon and Synod Clerk of the Diocese of Argyll and the Isles.

JOHN GEORGE QUIDDINGTON BEACH (B.A. 1884) died at Oakdene, Terminus Drive, Beltinge, Herne Bay, on April 25th, 1929, aged 68. He was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1886.

THOMAS OWEN BOSWORTH, F.G.S. (B.A. 1906), of Spratton, Northampton, died in London on January 18th, 1929, aged 46. He was born at Spratton, Northamptonshire, on March 28th, 1882. In 1908 and 1909 he was on the staff of the Geological Survey of Scotland; the remainder of his life was chiefly spent abroad as an oilfield geologist. In this capacity he travelled extensively in America, from Peru to the Arctic Circle. His published works include *The Keuper Marls around Charnwood* (Leicester, 1912), *Geology of the Mid-Continent Oilfields, Kansas, Oklahoma, and North Texas* (New York, 1920), and *Geology of the Tertiary and Quaternary Periods in the North-West Part of Peru* (London, 1922).



WILLIAM CARLESS (B.A. 1874), of White Cross, St Leonards-on-Sea, died on March 17th, 1929, aged 77. He was a member of the firm of Williamson, Hill and Company, solicitors of Hastings.

The Rev. FRANK COLEBY (B.A. 1870) died on January 31st, 1929, aged 81. He was Somerset Exhibitioner of the College, and took his degree as a Senior Optime. He was rector of St John the Evangelist, Annan, Dumfries, 1887-1910, and vicar of Charlestown, Cornwall, 1910-19.

ALEXANDER JONES DAVID, K.C. (B.A. 1884), died at Aylesbury on February 1st, 1929, aged 77. Before going to the Bar he practised as a solicitor in Newport, Monmouth. In 1881 he came up to St John's and took the degrees of B.A. and LL.B. He was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1883 and had chambers in 4 Harcourt Buildings, Temple, where he practised with success, being often called in for cases in South Wales. He was a Liberal candidate for Parliament for Cambridge Borough in the nineties. In 1909 he was appointed Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and in 1910 he took silk. He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and travelled to the United States, Canada and South Africa. He married Sarah, daughter of Ebenezer Lewis, of Newport, and leaves a son and three daughters.

The Rev. FREDERICK CHARLES DAVIES (B.A. 1879), C.B.E., vicar and rural dean of Reigate and honorary canon of Southwark, died on May 11th, 1928, at King's Lynn, aged 72. He was born at Crewkerne and was the son of the Rev. F. Davies, vicar of Wiggenshall, King's Lynn. In 1887 he became vicar of Ketteringham and in 1892 vicar of St Stephen's, Norwich. He was for ten years a member of the Norwich School Board and was also a member of the Norwich Board of Guardians. In 1901 he was appointed vicar of Reigate; since 1918 he had been an honorary canon of Southwark and from 1922 rural dean of Reigate.

The outstanding characteristic of his public life was his association with the friendly society movement, in which he was well known, having been elected by the free vote of working men to the Grand Mastership of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. He was also president of the National Conference of Friendly Societies.

He married Clare Isabel, daughter of Enoch Clarke, and had one son and two daughters.

The Rev. RICHARD SHEPLEY DAVIES (B.A. 1885), vicar of Earlsheaton, Dewsbury, 1894-1927, died at Eirene, Coleridge Road, Cambridge, in 1929.

The Rev. WILLIAM HENRY FERGUSON (B.A. 1891), of 66 Warwick Park, Tunbridge Wells, died on May 13th, 1929. He was vicar of Longwood, Huddersfield, 1899-1902, of St Paul, Stratford, 1902-19, of St Peter, Tunbridge Wells, 1919-21.

The Rev. JOHN GEORGE (B.A. 1866) died at 26 Upper Park Road, St Leonards-on-Sea, on January 23rd, 1929, aged 85. He was vicar of Ullenhall, Coventry, 1873-8, of St John the Evangelist, Hollington, Sussex, 1878-86, curate in charge and first vicar of St John's, Cherry Hinton, 1893-1903, vicar of Bathampton, Somerset, 1908-12, of Wendy with Shingay, 1913-16.

HENRY THOMAS GILLSON (B.A. 1859) died at Allcots, Castle Street, Porchester, on March 8th, 1929, aged 91. He was the son of the Rev. Edward Gillson, of Mount Sorrel, Leicestershire, and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1866.

The Rev. THOMAS ALFRED GURNEY (B.A. 1880), died in Cape Town on April 5th, 1929, aged 72. He was a son of Thomas Gurney, House of Lords' Shorthand Writer to the Crown. He was educated at Mill Hill, where he founded the school magazine, won the mile, and the gold medal for an English essay. After two years at University College, London, he came up to St John's, where he won the two miles. He became rector of Swanage in 1887, vicar of Emmanuel, Clifton, in 1901, of St Giles, Northampton, in 1910, and of Bishop's Nympton, South Molton, Devon, in 1919. He was interested in the work of the Charity Organization Society and of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, and wrote several devotional books.

The Rev. FREDERIC WILLIAM HARRIS (B.A. 1865) died at 22 Carlton Road, Putney, on February 1st, 1929, aged 85.

The Rev. JOHN POPHAM HAYNE (B.A. 1866) died on April 20th, 1929. He had been rector of Stawley, Somerset, since 1879, and since 1892 also rector of Raddington.

JOHN WYNNE JEUDWINE (LL.B. 1876) died at 17 St George's Square, S.W., on December 30th, 1928, aged 76. He was the son of George Jeudwine of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, and was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1878. He went on the Oxford Circuit and also practised in the Stafford and Shrewsbury Sessions.

The Rev. CHARLES RICHARD KILLICK (B.A. 1876), vicar of Holy Trinity, Runcorn, Chester, 1897-1923, died at Chambers Road, Southport, in 1928.

The Rev. JOHN SAM LADDS (B.A. 1868), of Ellingcote, Spilsby, Lincolnshire, died in 1928, aged 84. He was rector of West Keal, Spilsby, from 1879 to 1910.

The Most Rev. HARRINGTON CLARE LEES (B.A. 1892), Archbishop of Melbourne, died at Melbourne on January 10th, 1929, aged 58. He was the eldest son of William Lees, J.P., of Ashton-under-Lyme and Birkdale, and was born on March 17th, 1870. He was sent to the Leys School, Cambridge, from which he obtained a classical scholarship at St John's. After holding curacies in Reading and Lancashire he became, in 1900, vicar of St John's, Kenilworth. In 1907 he was appointed vicar of Christ Church, Beckenham, and worked there for twelve years, after which he became vicar of Swansea. In August, 1919, he was elected Bishop of Bendigo, but, in view of his very recent institution and the urgency of the affairs of the Church in Wales, he decided to remain where he was. In 1921, however, he was appointed Archbishop of Melbourne, in succession to Dr Lowther Clarke (of St John's, B.A. 1874, see *Eagle*, vol. XLIV, p. 323), and was consecrated in St Paul's Cathedral on November 1st, arriving in Australia early in 1922. His work had lain almost entirely in large urban parishes and his pastoral experience thus well qualified him for the oversight of his large diocese. Throughout his ministerial career he had maintained a definitely evangelical position; he was a good preacher and speaker, and had taken a leading part in the discussions of the Keswick Convention. He had been Stuart Memorial lecturer at Bow Church in 1917-18, lecturer in pastoral theology at Durham University, and member of the Governing Body of the Church in Wales. He married first Winifred May, daughter of the Rev. J. M. Cranswick; she died in 1927; and secondly Joanna, daughter of Mr Herbert Linnell, of Beckenham.

EDWARD RUSSEL FEATHERSTONHAUGH LITTLE (Matric. 1892), of Streatham Hill, died on April 27th, 1929, aged 56. He was the son of Edward Delaney Little, of St John's (B.A. 1859) (see *Eagle*, vol. XXIX, p. 223).

WILLIAM JOSEPH LOMAX (B.A. 1884), second son of the Rev. J. J. Lomax, vicar of Breinton, Hereford, died at 15 Old Deer Park Gardens, Richmond, Surrey, on February 23, 1929, aged 65.

WALTER BEZANT LOWE (B.A. 1877), of Bangor, North Wales, died on May 7th, 1928. He was formerly tutor of the King and the Duke of Clarence. He wrote *The Heart of North Wales*.

CHARLES NICHOLAS MURTON (B.A. 1877) died at The Grange, Edenbridge, Kent, on February 26th, 1929.

The Rev. EDWARD COPSON PEAKE (B.A. 1875) died in December, 1928, aged 75. He had been rector of Hinton Ampner, near Alresford, since 1900. He became secretary of the Winchester Diocesan Board of Education in 1913, rural dean of Alresford in 1914, and rector of Bramdean in 1918.

The Rev. HENRY HUNTER PHELPS (B.A. 1878), of 24 Devon Road, Bedford, died on May 15th, 1929. He was ordained in 1882, and was vicar of Titley, Herefordshire, 1895-1903, and rector of Withington, Herefordshire, 1903-20.

Sir JOHN PHILLIPS (B.A. 1877), Honorary Physician to H.M. the Queen, died at 24 Queen's Road, N.W., on December 8th, 1928, aged 73. He was the son of Mr L. Phillips, of Birchmoor Manor, Bedford, and was sent to Bedford School. He took honours in the Natural Science Tripos of 1876 and proceeded to the degree of M.D. in 1889. He specialized in midwifery and was until recently consulting obstetrical physician to King's College Hospital, where he had been a student. He was also Emeritus Professor of Obstetric Medicine at King's College, London, of which he was a Fellow. His book *Outlines of Diseases of Women* has reached a fourth edition; he also contributed to Allbutt's *System of Gynaecology*, and to Cheyne and Burghard's *Operative Surgery*. He was knighted in 1917 and appointed Honorary Physician to the Queen in 1918. He was twice married; first to Rachel Rattray, daughter of Robert Tweedie Middleton, of Hillfoot, Kilpatrick, Dumfriesshire, and secondly to Beatrice Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Clement Naish, vicar of Upnor, Kent. He leaves a son and three daughters.

The Rev. RICHARD DEARE PIERPOINT (B.A. 1861) died at Eastbourne on February 20th, 1929, aged 90. He graduated as a Junior Optime and with a third class in the Classical Tripos. He was vicar of St Matthew, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, 1874-89, and rector of West Halton, Lincolnshire, 1889-1900. He was the author of *In Uganda for Christ*, 1898.

The Rev. EDWARD AUGUSTUS BRACKEN PITMAN (B.A. 1868) died on May 16th, 1929, aged 85. He was educated at Sedbergh, was ordained in 1868 and became vicar of Old Malton, Yorkshire, in 1874. In 1891 he was appointed rector of Stonegrave, Yorkshire, and remained there until his death. He was elected F.S.A. in 1889.

Sir MUHAMMAD RAFIQ (B.A. 1884), a member of the Council of India, died in New Delhi on February 8th, 1929. He was called



to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1885 and after a few years' practice at Lucknow he joined the judicial service in 1892 as Judge of the Small Causes Court for Oudh. He acted on various occasions as judge and sessions judge in different districts of the United Provinces. He was promoted in 1911 to the Bench of Judicial Commissioners in Oudh, and in 1912 to the Allahabad High Court. He was knighted in 1923 and in the following year was appointed a member of the Indian Delegation to the League of Nations Assembly. He became a member of the India Council in 1925. A writer in *The Times* says: "While being a staunch Mohammedan of the modern school, he was entirely free from race antipathies, and his attached friends, whether in India or in London, belonged to all communities. Indeed, the friend whose counsels he most valued and to whom he would most freely reveal his inner feelings was the late Bishop Westcott, of Lucknow."

The Rev. WALTER HARRY RAMMELL (B.A. 1877) died at 69 Bouverie Road, Folkestone, on January 16th, 1929, aged 75. He was rector of High Halden, Kent, 1899-1908, vicar of Boughton-under-Blean, Kent, 1908-16, rector of Great Margeham, Kent, 1916-26.

HENRY REYNOLDS (B.A. 1878) died at Leigham Vale Road, West Southbourne, on February 4th, 1929. He was educated at Queen Elizabeth's School, Ipswich and at St John's, where he was a scholar. He obtained a second class in the Classical Tripos of 1878. For eight years he was a master at the Royal Institute School, Liverpool; in 1888 he was appointed principal of Cliff House (Preparatory) School, Southbourne, Bournemouth, a post which he held until a few years before his death.

WILLIAM GOODFELLOW ROBSON (B.A. 1881) died at Bowness-on-Windermere on April 22nd, 1929. He was formerly a solicitor at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FREDERIC ARTHUR SIBLY (B.A. 1883), of Flook House, Taunton, died on Christmas night, 1928, aged 69. He was the third son of Thomas Sibly, for 40 years headmaster of Queen's College, Taunton. For some time he was a law coach in Cambridge. In 1891 he became a housemaster at Wycliff College, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, and remained there until his retirement in 1921. Dr Sibly was secretary of the Taunton branch of the League of Nations Union, which owes much to his organizing power and enthusiasm. He was also well known as a rotarian and a conservative, and was a member of the Somerset Archaeological Society and a vice-president of the Taunton Literary Society.

The Rev. FRANCIS ABRAHAM SOUPER (B.A. 1867) died at Grantchester Meadows, Cambridge, on March 9th, 1929, aged 85. He was assistant master and later headmaster of St Andrew's College, Bradfield, 1867-77; but the school was at that time in grave financial difficulties, and the founder, who was also warden, was an autocrat who gave him little scope to introduce the necessary reforms. After five years as headmaster he resigned in despair and went to a private school in Eastbourne. His late life was spent as a country clergyman; he was vicar of Hilton, Huntingdonshire, 1898-1908. His son, Noel Beaumont Souper, of St John's (B.A. 1902), was killed in the War (see *Eagle*, vol. xxxviii, pp. 100, 238).

The Rev. JAMES STAFFURTH (B.A. 1875) died at 41 Thornhill Square, London, N. 1, on February 21st, 1929, aged 76. He was ordained in 1876 in the diocese of Cheshire to a curacy in Liverpool, held a chaplaincy at Ajaccio, Corsica, for a short period, and then held various curacies in London, notably at All Saints, Margaret Street, the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston Street, and St Mary Magdalen, Munster Square.

FRANK TERRY (B.A. 1881) died at 23 Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, on February 8th, 1929. He was the son of Edward Truelove Terry, of Dudley, Worcestershire, and was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1884.

The Rev. THOMAS WILLIAM THOMAS (B.A. 1875) died at Ripley, Great Shelford, on January 27th, 1929, aged 79. He was Somerset Exhibitor of the College. He was vicar of Wicken, Cambridgeshire, 1885-92, of St Barnabas, Cambridge, 1892-1907, rector of Newton-in-the-Isle, Wisbech, 1907-22.

The Rev. FRANCIS WILLIAM TRACY (B.A. 1880) died at Plymouth on March 27th, 1929. He was ordained in the Isle of Man, where he was a master at King William's College. In 1887 he was appointed headmaster of King Edward's School, Totnes, and was afterwards in succession headmaster of the South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, of the United Services College, Westward Ho!, of Harpenden, and finally warden of the United Services College, Windsor, retiring in 1911.

The Rev. WILLIAM ROBERT WAREING (B.A. 1874) died on September 15th, 1928.

The Rev. ARTHUR THELLUSSON WHYTE-VENABLES (formerly Oddie) (B.A. 1876), of Hill Brow, Shinfield, Reading, and of Redhills House, co. Cavan, died in 1928, aged 77. He was vicar

of Glen Magna with Stretton Magna, Leicestershire, 1886-1909, rural dean of Gartree ii, 1901-8, licensed preacher in the Diocese of Kilmore, Ireland, 1911-16, vicar of Kimpton, Welwyn, 1916-27.

KENNETH BERTRAM FRANKLIN WILLIAMSON (B.A. 1897) died at Penrith, Cumberland, on January 31st, 1929, aged 53. He was born at Monghyr, India, the son of James Franklin Williamson, Executive Engineer, Irrigation, Public Works Department, India. He was educated at Bristol Grammar School and St Paul's School, London, and was a minor scholar of the College. In 1897 he was Junior Demonstrator in the University Biological Laboratory, but in 1898 he obtained an Eastern Cadetship. He was back in England in 1902, where he took the Teachers' Training Course at Cambridge, entering the Indian Educational Service and becoming Inspector of Schools, Principal of Jubbulpore College and member of the Board of Biological Studies, Allahabad University, 1904-11. He then returned to Cambridge to appointments in the School of Agriculture and Bacteriological Department, 1912-14. During the war he saw service in the R.A.M.C. in Egypt and Palestine, being twice mentioned in despatches. He was chief instructor in agriculture to the E.E.F., Army College, Zeitoun. At the time of his death he was Professor of Biology in King Edward VII College of Medicine, Singapore. He married Emilia Stuart, of Somerville College, Oxford, daughter of the Rev. Robert Lorimer of the Manse, Strathmartine.

The Rev. WILLIAM SPICER WOOD (B.A. 1871), formerly Fellow, died at 25 St Mary's Street, Stamford, on February 19th, 1929, aged 80. He was 31st Wrangler and obtained a first class in the Classical Tripos in 1871, a second class in the Moral Sciences Tripos and a first class in the Theological Tripos in 1872. He was elected a Fellow of the College in 1872. From 1881 to 1923 he was rector of Ufford with Ashton and Bainton. He was the author of *Studies in St Paul's Epistle to the Galatians*, 1887, *Problems in the New Testament*, 1890, and of other works. He married, in 1884, Agnes, daughter of the Rev. James Wastie Green, rector of March. His father, the Rev. William Spicer Wood (B.A. 1840), was also a Fellow (see *Eagle*, vol. xxiv, pp. 219-23), and his uncle, the Rev. John Spicer Wood (B.A. 1846), was Fellow, Tutor and President of the College (see *Eagle*, vol. xvii, pp. 654-64).

RICHARD HENRY YAPP (B.A. 1898), Mason Professor of Botany in the University of Birmingham, died at 101 Oakfield Road,

Selly Park, Birmingham, on January 22nd, 1929, aged 57. He was the son of Richard Keysall Yapp, of Orleton, Herefordshire, and a younger brother of Sir Arthur Yapp, of the Y.M.C.A. He was educated at Hereford and at St John's, where he was captain of the University lacrosse team in 1898-9, and was placed in the first class of the Natural Science Tripos, Part I 1898, and Part II 1899. He was elected Frank Smart student of botany at Gonville and Caius College and was appointed botanist to the Cambridge University expedition to the Siamese-Malay States. From 1900 to 1903 he was curator of the University Herbarium and he was secretary and subsequently recorder of the botanical section of the British Association. He was Professor of Botany at University College, Aberystwyth, 1904-14, and at Queen's University, Belfast, 1914-19, when he was elected to the Birmingham chair. He married, in 1913, Lajla, daughter of Dr Klintberg, of Visby, Gotland, Sweden, and had a son and a daughter.

## COLLEGE NOTES

In the New Year's Honours List, published on February 28th, 1929, are the names of the following members of the College:

JOHN AMBROSE FLEMING (B.A. 1881), Emeritus Professor of Electrical Engineering, University College, London, Honorary Fellow, receives a knighthood.

Sir THOMAS HUDSON MIDDLETON (M.A. 1902), K.B.E., C.B., lately member of the Royal Commission on Agriculture in India, becomes K.C.I.E.

The Air Force Cross is awarded to EDWARD JAMES POYNTER BURLING (matric. 1912), D.S.C., D.F.C.

The Kaiser-i-Hind Medal, First Class, is awarded to the Rev. WILLIAM CHARLES BERTRAND PURSER (B.A. 1900), for public service in India.

Mr WILLIAM GEORGE CONSTABLE (B.A. 1909), formerly Fellow, has been appointed Assistant Director of the National Gallery.

Mr FERGUS DUNLOP MATON (B.A. 1909) has been appointed to the rank of King's Counsel.

Mr G. E. A. C. MONCK-MASON (matric. 1908) has been appointed His Majesty's Consul for the Vilayet of Aleppo and the Sandjaks of Alexandretta and Deir-Ez-Zar, to reside at Aleppo.

Mr D. R. HARTREE (B.A. 1921), formerly Fellow, has been appointed to the Beyer Chair of Applied Mathematics in the University of Manchester.

Mr H. ROTHWELL (matric. 1925) has been appointed Lecturer in History at Toronto University.

Mr A. HAMILTON THOMPSON (B.A. 1895), Professor of History in the University of Leeds, has been appointed by the Council of the Senate as a member of the Council of the Brontë Society.

Dr C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON (B.A. 1908), Fellow, has been appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury a member of a Committee on the records of past members of the House of Commons.

At a Congregation held on Friday, December 7th, 1928, Mr Z. N. Brooke (B.A. 1905), Chairman of the Faculty Board of History, presented Mr G. G. Coulton and Mr C. W. Previté-Orton, Fellows of the College, for the degree of D.Litt.

Mr H. S. FOXWELL, F.B.A. (B.A. 1871), Fellow, has been elected President of the Royal Economic Society, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Lord Haldane.

The College gave a dinner to Mr H. S. FOXWELL, F.B.A., on Monday, June 17th, in celebration of his 80th birthday.

Mr V. S. E. DAVIS (B.A. 1917) has been appointed Headmaster of Edmonton Latymer School, Middlesex.

Mr W. A. C. DARLINGTON (B.A. 1912), of the *Daily Telegraph*, has been elected vice-president of the Critics' Circle.

Mr S. GOLDSTEIN (B.A. 1925) has been appointed lecturer in mathematics at the University of Manchester.

Sir DONALD MACALISTER (B.A. 1877), Bt., K.C.B., Fellow, is a member of a Joint Committee to examine the practical steps which should be taken to secure the development of the teaching of biology, by cooperation between the universities and secondary schools.

The following University awards have been made to members of the college:

A Rayleigh Prize to J. G. SEMPLE (B.A. 1927).

The Yorke Prize to D. R. S. DAVIES (B.A. 1927).

The Lightfoot Scholarship for ecclesiastical history to W. G. WESTON (matric. 1928).

Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek epigram to D. E. W. WORMELL (matric. 1926).

The Thirlwall Prize and the Gladstone Prize to H. H. SCULLARD (B.A. 1926).

A John Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship in Greek and Latin to J. MEGAW (matric. 1928).

Mr P. H. LAYTON (B.A. 1927) was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple on April 24th, 1929.

The diploma of membership of the Royal College of Surgeons was conferred on February 14th, 1929, on Mr R. H. FRANCIS (B.A. 1926), St Bart's, and Mr A. W. WILLIAMS (B.A. 1926), Westminster, and on May 9th, 1929, on Mr H. P. HUTCHINSON (B.A. 1926), St Bart's.

The following ecclesiastical appointments are announced:

The Rev. J. H. YEO (B.A. 1915), curate of St Paul's, Deptford, formerly assistant missionary at Walworth, to be vicar of St Paul's, Bermondsey.

The Rev. J. E. HATHORN WOOD (B.A. 1913), vicar of Cropwell Bishop, Radcliffe-on-Trent, to the perpetual curacy of Owthorpe, Notts.

The Rev. J. M. SWIFT (B.A. 1908), a master at Liverpool College, to be vicar of Garston, Liverpool.

The Rev. A. H. ASKEY (B.A. 1884), rector of Swallow, Lincolnshire, to be rural dean of Caistor.

The Rev. Canon A. C. ENGLAND (B.A. 1894) to be Canon-Missioner of the Diocese of York.

The Rev. J. H. BENTLEY (B.A. 1906), rector of Souldern, Banbury, to be rector of Layham, Hadleigh, Suffolk—a College living.

The Rev. R. B. LLOYD (B.A. 1922), curate of St Mary, Crumpsall, to be rector of St Stephen, Harpurhey, Manchester.

The Rev. A. W. GREENUP (B.A. 1889), rector of Great Oakley, to be an examining chaplain to the Bishop of Chelmsford.

The Rev. F. P. CHEETHAM (B.A. 1912), principal of Egerton Hall, Manchester, to be an examining chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester.

The following have resigned their livings:

The Rev. A. J. RENDLE (B.A. 1876), vicar of Bledington, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. T. NEAL (B.A. 1896), vicar of Ancaster, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. A. W. SEWART (B.A. 1880), rector of Brignall, Yorkshire.

The Rev. A. R. MEAD (B.A. 1887), vicar of Lindfield, Sussex.

The Rev. G. P. B. KERRY (B.A. 1887), vicar of Braintree, Essex.

At the Advent ordinations, 1928, the Rev. A. M. EWBANK (B.A. 1923) was ordained priest in St Paul's Cathedral, and the Rev. G. L. JARRATT (B.A. 1903) was ordained priest in St Albans.

On February 24th, 1929, the Rev. H. N. HOLLINGWORTH (B.A. 1926) was ordained priest in the parish church, Mirfield, by the Bishop of Wakefield.

On Trinity Sunday, 1929, the following were ordained priest: the Rev. F. S. LEWIS (B.A. 1926) at Southwark; the Rev. J. H. NORRIS (B.A. 1925) at Blackburn; the Rev. H. W. PADLEY (B.A. 1923) at Sheffield; the Rev. R. M. SCANTLEBURY (B.A. 1927) at Canterbury. Mr D. B. HASELER (B.A. 1922) was ordained deacon in St Paul's Cathedral.

### *Marriages*

RICHARD BERTRAM WHITEHEAD, I.C.S. (retired) (M.A. 1925), formerly Fellow Commoner, to LEONORA MARGARET ELIZABETH, widow of James Hector Barnes, I.A.S., and daughter of the late Colonel F. T. Ebden, I.A.—on December 18th, 1928, at St Matthew's, Bayswater.

FRANK BERNARD BAKER (B.A. 1921), son of Professor H. F. Baker (B.A. 1887), to EDNA, daughter of the Rev. R. H. Wells—on April 9th, 1929, at the parish church, Poole Keynes, Cirencester.

## JOHNIANA

HENRY ANGELO (1760-1839), fencing-master, was once entertained to dinner by Byron at Cambridge. Their host then saw them off by the London stage. "Having gone to the inn too soon, and both of us being seated on the top of the coach, his lordship that no time should be lost, sent to St John's College for the good beer it was noted for, when, filling two tumblers, he handed them up himself to us, laughing at the many people that were wondering at his being so very busy waiting on the outside passengers. They all knew it was Lord Byron."

*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo* (1830), vol. II, p. 43.